

brought there contrary to their wishes and they did not vote; I said to those who brought them, "Gentlemen, these men are not sons of the soil, and they can't vote without papers;" after that there was a young man came there who wished to vote and said he lived in the ward, I asked him if he would qualify that he was a resident of the ward; he went partially away from the window, and there appeared to be some conversation among the parties around the window with him, they trying apparently to persuade him to return; he then remarked to Judge Abbess, he would be willing to qualify; and by Abbess's request I placed the book on the end of the window to him, but very reluctantly, indeed. The party of whom I have spoken as standing in front of the window, right in the centre, with his back turned toward the judges, jerked the book out of my hand, and threw it into the street, and I did not get it back again; said I to one of the other judges, ask him for the book, and the fellow who jerked the book out of my hand said, "damn the book," and the young man did not vote.

There were crowds of parties who come up after that, a perfect onslaught of voters, I might say, whose tickets were taken by the other judges, but none of them by me, and these tickets were laid on the table, back of the ballot box, as before; the parties on the outside seeing the judges put the tickets there, cursed and swore that they should be put in the box; they directed their attention or conversation toward the two other judges particularly, with threats of violence if they did not put them in; one of the party got in on the window sill, his head being inside a foot or more, and swore that they would break up the box; I heard rallying cries of "Rose Buds" when these little things occurred, frequently through the day, "Oh you Rose Buds," and such cries; after that there was a hack load came up, and a man got out with a blue stock with the ends falling down in front; I heard him call the name, and hand the ticket in; I understood him to say he lived in East Street; after he had voted, I heard the name called "Levy;" the clerk called out, says he, "Ras looks very well to-day," and said I to one of the other judges, "is that Ras Levy;" said he, "it is his brother;" very short time before I left, I told the other judges I would leave; he said I had better to stay; I came out, and I made my way down to the corner of Front and Fayette; this notorious Grahame, who had been at the polls all day, helping to crowd voters out by filling up the gangway, followed me to the corner, and wanted to know "why I was so down on him;" "I told him I had done no more than my duty, &c.;" he made no attack on me, and I went home; I went to the Mayor's office and surrendered my commission to acting Mayor Spicer. There was an Italian, whose face I had frequently seen, and who formerly resided in the rear of the Stone tavern; he was brought up by two men, and they were holding his wrists, each one had a wrist, and they remarked that he was a voter and lived in that ward;