

stopped, under the impression that trouble was about to ensue; almost instantly there was a discharge of firearms, and in rapid succession, some thirty or forty discharges; at the commencement of these I observed a man fall from the curbstone to the gutter, as if shot; the crowd scattered in different directions, so that I could recognize individuals; I at once saw Gregory Barrett, a man known to me as Gregory Barrett at least, in the act of firing a revolver; I saw him fire three times, one of his shots taking effect in Daniel Duffy, another in Mr. Stiles; I did not recognize the third person he shot at; immediately upon discharging the third barrel of his pistol, as witnessed by me, a police officer approached him, whom Gregory Barrett took by the lapel of his coat, and pointing with his pistol towards the house into which Duffy had escaped, they both went in the direction of the house; at the door, and before entering, something was said by the police officer to Barrett, my distance prevented me from hearing what passed, but I presumed it to be a direction to put up his pistol, as he instantly put it away underneath the skirt of his coat; a few moments elapsed, when they came out of the house together, and passed in the direction of the polls, followed at a short distance by another police officer, whose number was 223; perceiving that Barrett was not in custody, but that the police officers were acting apparently in complicity with him, I crossed the street, and said to No. 223, that it must be apparent to him that Barrett was armed and attempting to take human life, and that it was his duty to take him into custody immediately, upon which he looked me sternly in the face and replied: "You be damned, attend to your own business;" my professional attendance was forthwith called to several persons who had been wounded in the affray, and I ceased to take any further personal interest in the matter at the time; I did not return to the polls until about between three and four o'clock, P. M., when I went into the neighborhood on a professional visit, and finding that the Reformers had retired from the polls, and were standing nearly a square distant, inquired why it was, and was informed that it was worth as much as a man's life to stand at the polls with Reform tickets, and that no Reformer of the fourteenth ward dared to do it; I did not choose that the declaration should be made with truth, so long as I resided in the fourteenth ward, and taking some tickets, I went to the polls to solicit votes for the first time in my life; I was met rudely by two or three persons on the pavement, and asked if I intended to vote that ticket; I replied that I had voted it already, and regretted that I could not legally vote it again, but I hoped to be able to induce some one to vote it before I left; whereupon a laugh of derision, accompanied by profane denunciation of the Reformers, clearly satisfied me that no one of less nerve than myself would dare to undertake it; failing in my purpose, after remaining from fifteen minutes to half an hour, and after a