

which I had in my pocket, with which I endeavored to strike the man, who, as I supposed, had struck me; I then felt a pistol placed right close to my head, so that I felt the cold steel upon my forehead; at that moment, I made a little motion of my head, which caused the shot of the pistol to glance from my head; my hat showed afterwards the mark of a bullet, which I supposed to have been from that shot; the discharge of the pistol, which blew off a large piece of the skin of my forehead, and covered my face with blood, caused me to fall; when I arose I saw my brother in the middle of the street, about ten feet from me, surrounded by a crowd, who were striking at him, and firing pistols all around him; he was knocked down twice, and at one time while he was down, I saw two men jump on his body and kick him; he had no other weapon in his hand than his stick; in the meantime, I drew my pistol, and fired into the crowd, which was immediately in front of me, every man of whom seemed to have a pistol in his hand, and was firing as rapidly as he could; in this crowd there were fully from forty to fifty persons; I saw at the second story windows of the Watchman Engine-house building, in which the polls were held, cut-off muskets, or large pistols, protruding, and observed smoke issuing from the muzzles, as though they were being fired at me; I then turned towards my brother, and endeavored to get to him; when within a few feet of him, I saw him fall, placing his hand on his groin as if badly hurt; at the same moment, a shot struck me in the shoulder, which went through my arm, and penetrated into my breast; from the direction the ball took, I am satisfied that the shot was fired from the second story of the engine-house; when I got up, my brother was still lying on the ground immediately opposite the door of the house into which he afterwards managed to get; I supposed that he was dead, and transferred my pistol from my right hand, which was disabled, to my left hand, and holding it in front of me, backed down towards Lee Street, the crowd following me; as I backed in that way, just, as I got near Lee Street, a fellow ran out with a musket from under a shed, and I pointed my pistol at him, which made him change his position a little; as I continued to back off, a brick struck me in the breast, and I fell; just at that moment the musket was discharged, and the ball whizzed over me as I was falling; while I was so retreating, the crowd were firing at me constantly; when I arose there was no further trouble offered to me, and in a few moments some one came up, with whom I went off; there were seven bullet holes in my coat, and the coat was cut as if by knives in various places; the pantaloons had also the appearance of having been cut by bullets; during all this time I saw no police officers, and it was only when I was on my way home, that an officer came up and asked me my name; my brother died that evening from the effect of injuries received there.