

or the object of the meeting to let one man throw these lights over, and I took hold of one of the lights to see if there would be any resistance made. While we were struggling, another man came over the side and gave me one tremendous blow in the eye, the only blow I have had these thirty years; it was a fearful one, and, of course, it settled me. It had been rumored that the meeting was to be broken up. I thought that it might be only rumor, and the only way to test it was to try and prevent these flambeaus from being thrown over. But I got a feeling proof that there was more than one in it, and I made tracks for home as soon as I could.

By Mr. *Whyte*. Question. How many persons composed that large meeting?

Answer. Well on to a thousand at least, I should think, according to my judgment. There were about 18 or 20 police officers between Fayette and Baltimore streets. They were waiting, I suppose, for somebody to be beaten, and then they would go in and arrest him and take him to the watch-house. But I got away without being arrested.

*Mahlon Talbot*, called and sworn.

By Mr. *Blakistone*. Question. What do you know of a Telegraphic Dispatch that was taken to you in the Superior Court, or wherever it was, and state the contents of it?

Answer. I think it was sometime last winter. I am not positive in regard to the time, but to the best of my recollection it was last winter, a Telegraphic Dispatch was brought to me by mistake, and I opened it without referring to the direction. I merely glanced at it, and as soon as I discovered it was not for me, I handed it to a friend, and asked him if he knew anything about it. I think he read the dispatch. He looked at it, and said it was for a gentleman at the Patriot Office, and I gave it to the little boy who took it there to him. Some time afterwards I was summoned before a committee of the Council, and was shown a true copy of the dispatch.

*Gov. Pratt* objected to the witness stating anything about the copy.

*She Witness*. I did not read the Dispatch.

By Mr. *Blakistone*. Question. Do you know the contents of it?

Answer. I do not.

By Mr. *Gordon*. Question. To whom did you hand the Dispatch?

Answer. To Mr. Cheney, one of the clerks in the office, and he looked at it. I saw nothing but the duplicate handed to me when I was before the Committee.

By the *Chairman*. Question. Who handed it to you?

Answer. One of the members of the Committee of investigation.

Mr. *Gordon*. Let the Dispatch be produced here, and we can see its contents.

By Mr. *Blakistone*. Question to whom was the Dispatch directed?

Answer. To a member of the City Council.

By Mr. *Gordon*. Question. Where is he now?

Answer. Here in the Court room.

Mr. *Alexander*. Let him be called.

Mr. *Blakistone*. We don't want him.

Question. [To Witness] Where was the Dispatch dated.