

to all who come, you will have to do it. Our orders are to allow every one twenty-one years old to vote. I called the attention of my brother Judges, saying, "there will be a hereafter to this." The Sergeant then guarded the window through which the ballots were handed in to be put in the Ballot Box with soldiers, took his place at the window, and rejected all who would not vote the yellow or Creswell ticket. He did not permit a single ticket of any other description to be polled, although I saw two men make several attempts, at different times during the day, to vote a ticket with Mr. Crisfield's name on it, and many other men were intimidated from offering to vote. Dr. Rider attempted to vote a white ticket, but was not allowed; he then went off, as he said, to Dame's Quarter, and coming back, said, "I can get a guard, and come here and vote my ticket in spite of these men," (meaning thereby the soldiers). I said, "Doctor, do it." He then said, "No, I don't want to make any disturbance," and he did not vote. I think—I am confident—Dr. Rider's ticket had Mr. Crisfield's name on it as candidate for Congress. He asked if he could vote his ticket, and the Sergeant or some other soldier refused and turned him back. I protested against the presence of the soldiers—said there was no need of them—that there would be no disturbance, unless they themselves created it; but nevertheless they remained, and prevented a free election.

[Signed.]

CYRUS L. JONES.