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for Dobson. for the fact is if you were not
a Condellite. you would not be allowed to get
near the Booth. unless at the risk of a Broken
Head. or worse. it was indeed a Red ^{letter} day for that
portion of Melbourne. for there ^{was} a number
of sore Heads to be ^{seen} about for some time after.

I had a close shave myself. i was seated at
a Table. with a lot of papers and other writing
materials. waiting for Voters that did not come
i had Dobsons Colors in my coat. and about
two or three o'clock. a gentleman touch'd me on
the shoulder and said if i were you i would
take those colors out of your coat for you may
get a Taste of those Palings that are flying
round I thank'd him and followed his advice
promptly enough. and just in time. for the
minute ^{after} Table Chair and every thing else
including myself went flying out in the road.
I was looking out for some means of making
my escape from the Mille. when W Dobson
drove up in Gig ^{trap} to run for it. I scrambled
into the trap fast enough you can imagine
and he drove away as fast as the Horse could
travel. I never knew who the gentleman was
that warn'd me about the colors. but i have
always felt he saved me from some very
rough treatment. for the Mob was all Drunk
and ~~frantic~~ frantic to go to any extent so much
for the Election

Port Phillip at that time was a
very poor Place indeed every thing was at a stand
still. the Squatters were all very badly situated
Wool was almost valueless. and that being the only
Produce at that time every thing was at a very low
price the flocks were increasing and no outlet
for them. so that to Boil them down for the