

them on the table behind the ballot box; this was between eleven and twelve o'clock; the party at the window came up and amid the most profane oaths and imprecations stated if they, the judges, did not put those tickets in the box what they would do, what they threatened was intimidation, "that they would smash their (the judges') heads if they didn't;" they unhung the shutters from the outside and they came at us in the attitude as if they were using a battering ram with the shutters as we, the judges, were standing inside near the ballot box, the shutters were taken from them by, I think, one of the police officers, and they (the shutters) were taken away from the house; occasionally men would be brought up apparently by force, to vote contrary to their sentiments; I recollect of seeing men taken off their carts or wagons on Fayette Street, and brought up; the parties who brought them up tried to force their votes in as illegal voters, they did not live in the ward, I was satisfied of that. One, I recollect, when asked by the judges where he lived, said he lived on the Philadelphia road, which is not in the fifth ward, and he was turned away by the judges of course; there were numerous men which came there and said they lived in Potter Street, and they were turned away by the judges; other parties who lived in Stirling Street, as they, said, were also turned away, they seemed to be under charge of the parties who brought them, and the parties would tell them to say they lived in some street within the limits of the ward; one of the men who offered to vote gave his name as William H. Lester; knowing him and his name, I said to him, "How do you do Mr. Coster?" upon which he backed down and went away; there was a boy whom they were prompting to vote, who called out his name as "George Nelson;" I said to him, "You can't vote here, you are an apprentice in a type foundry round the corner;" one of the other judges said to him, "Mr. Mowbray knows you, you can't vote here;" every now and then the fellows at the window would playfully like hold up their hands with a ticket folded and call out some name or other; of course these votes were not taken by me or to my knowledge; this was up to noon; in the afternoon they brought hacks there with parties in them, crowded with fellows in hacks and wagons, numerous, I could'nt pretend to give any idea of them—many with bruised faces, blacked eyes, cut heads, and the most filthy looking creatures I had ever seen in my life; one man as he came up said, "Adam Stutzel," I asked him where he lived, he said, "in Potter Street," I perceived he was a German; one of the judges asked him for his papers, one of those who came with him and had hold of him said, "I have his papers," and put his hand into his own pocket to pull them out, and handed the papers to Judge Abess; I looked over the papers and said, "That won't do, the papers are made out in the name of John Baldwin," and his vote was rejected; there was a great many brought there with no papers who were foreign-born citizens without papers, and who were