

saw no one there but one police officer; Arnold, the baker's son, came and said he had gone my security, and asked me to go with him to take a drink; he and three or four others went up Holliday Street with me, and when we got to Ras Levy's place we went in, and they asked me to drink; I took some whiskey—for they knocked me down flat on my back, and poured the whiskey into me, about half a pint; I holloed and screamed, and then they clapped me down in the cellar, and came down and robbed me and took my money, five dollars all to eight cents, from me; I wouldn't give it up, and they beat me on the head, hand and lip, and took the money away from me; then they marched me through a hole into the adjoining house, and carried me up stairs to the second floor; there Arnold's son beat me again; Sunday morning, about nine o'clock, I took the slats out of the window, which had been nailed on the inside, and went out on the ledge and stood there; I was going to jump, and I saw a party below with bricks, and then some fellow caught me by the collar behind and drew me back, and then they handcuffed me and gave me a lashing; I saw Marshal Herring standing on the other side of the street, about an hour in the afternoon; they kept me there till election day; they kept us all there like hogs in a pen; the floor was full of excrement and stuff of all kinds; I saw men brought in there who were searched and robbed; I saw one German, who was very anxious to get home, who said he lived in the country, twenty-two miles, and left his team at the market, and he made a noise to get out and they handcuffed him, and kept him so all night, and stripped him of all his clothes, except his shirt and drawers, and they took a comfort and put it around his neck and said they would hang him, and he went down on his knees and said he would be quiet, and then they let him alone; there was one of those who kept the coop whom they called "Governor," another "Captain," another "Steward;" they kept me in the coop till Wednesday morning, and they gave me a ticket and wanted to make me vote, but I wouldn't vote, for I ran away at the time the shooting commenced; I was at that time on the first floor; two squads of six were brought down before I was brought down; and when the party who kept the coop went out with pistols and guns, I saw them shoot; I followed out behind them and made my escape, holding the ticket, which was an "American tenth ward ticket," in my hand.

Question. How many persons were confined in that coop?

Answer. In the rooms where I was, a front and back room, there were some seventy or eighty persons; there were sixty-three there, I think, on Tuesday morning, and they brought right smart into the coop after that.

Question. Did you see any arms in the house, or in the hands of those who kept the coop?

Answer. I saw fellows come in with revolvers in their hands, which they pointed at the men in the coop, and told them to lie