

receive our votes because we had no papers; the man who had been in the carriage with us went about in the crowd and got two false papers and brought them up to the window, and under them two of us were voted; Teufel did not vote there; we were then driven back to the tenth ward polls, and were promised that we should get our watches and things, and be let off, but when we got there we were again shut up; after about ten minutes, three or four of us, I among them, were again taken to the tenth ward polls and voted again; after about twenty minutes, about twenty of us, I among them, were put into an omnibus and were driven to the fourth ward polls, and the whole of us were compelled to vote there; the judge asked for our papers, but the fellow who was with us said, "It's all right, go ahead, go ahead," and no further difficulty was made; after that we were driven to the second ward, and there again voted; there the judges asked no questions, but took all our tickets; we were then taken to Rough Skin Hall, and put down in the cellar, and then taken up-stairs and changed about in different rooms; up to half-past four o'clock we were kept there; we had nothing to eat or drink but a little piece of bread and a small glass of whiskey, from the time we were first shut up on Tuesday; then they told us we would have to vote once more and then we might go home; they then brought me out and made me vote again in the second ward, and they then let me go; I had not received my second papers at all, and had not therefore a right to vote at all; the ticket which I voted on all these occasions was the American ticket, long and narrow.

BALTIMORE, December 19, 1859.

JOHN KITLER.

Test—DANIEL E. MYERS, J. P.

FREDERICK TEUFEL, a witness of lawful age, produced on the part of the contestants, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

Question. Where do you live?

Answer. No. 361 Edgar Street, in the eighth ward.

Question. Were you cooped prior to November 2d, 1859, and compelled to vote? if so, how often and in what wards?

Answer. On Tuesday morning before the election, I went with my friend Kitler, the last witness, to the Court of Common Pleas, and got my second papers, and afterwards went with him to No. 11 Holliday Street, he wanting to get two dollars to pay for his papers, which he had been told in that court-room he could get at that house; when we went into the bar-room, after a few minutes, three or four men came from the back part of the house and seized us and threw us down the steps into the cellar; they then led us up-stairs, and thrust my friend into the room,