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<th>The Life and Adventures of a Haunted Convict, or the inmate of a gloomy prison. With the Mysteries and Miseries of the New York House of Reffuge and Auburn Prison Unmasked...</th>
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The life and adventures of
Rob Nod

His fifteen years imprisonment
with the mysteries and miseries of a whale
prison. With the rules and regulations
of the prison unmasked.

The troubles and sorrow of the prisoner
from the time he enters the prison
until he is discharged.

The bright sun was just a shining in the window of
my father's cottage when I was called by the voice of
a female to come and take the last look of my dying
father. I was then at the age of six after taking the
last look of the dying man. I turned from his
dying breast leaving the angle of death to finish the
last and awful words; but oh, who could describe
the feelings of my boyish heart when I saw my
father laid cold and lifeless in the coffin—then
that was the hour when all the fond recollection
of my dying father came rushing in my mind; his
last look—his last dying advice—his last prayer
and his last blessing that I might be kept from all
the snares and temptations of the world and that I
might grow up and become a useful man that
I might be a help meet to my mother when she
should be lying down beneath the weight of
old age. How often in my boyish days when the
bright sun gave just about to sink beneath

chap-2

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The Life and the adventures of a Haunted convict
Or the inmate of a gloomy prison
With the mysteries and miseries of the New York House of refuge
and a banishment unmerited
With the rules and regulations of said prison from 1814 up
to the present time, and the different punishments.

Chapter 3
The bright sun was just shining into the window of my father's cottage when I was called by the voice of a female to come and take the last look of my dying father. I was there at the age of 12, after taking the last look of the dying man. I turned from the dying scene leaving the angle of death to finish the last and awful work; but oh! who could describe the feelings of my bosom heart when I saw my father laid cold and lifeless in the coffin, then that was the hour when all the fond recollection of my dying father came rushing in my mind: his last look, his last dying advice, in his last prayer and his last blessing. I might be kept from all the snares and temptations of the world, and that I might grow up and become a useful man, that I might be a help meet to my mother when she should be bowing down beneath the weight of old age. How often in my bosom days was I just about to sink beneath
The adventure of our story was borne of humble parents in the city of Rochester and lost his father at the early age of six. Let us trace him up from that period until he became the vagabond, and the fugitive, of a dark and gloomy prison. The bright rays of the sun were just glittering through the window when the voice of a female called him to come and witness the death of his dying father.
This was from the beginning of the
first chapter of job loads. Adieu my
love it.
The mountain tops and the night hawks a howing over my head have I stolen away, from the cottage and from the side of my mother and gone and sat for hours at the grave of my beloved father all unnoticed like him and there might like an infant where near does the dying seem yet impressed upon my memory although my father has now been dead for nearly twenty years and in yonder old grave yard in the city of Rochester lies the cold remains of my father moving away to dust while the fact of the traveler has stumbled over his grave unword of who the slumber is that lies beneath his feet - the cold winter winds are howling and playing over his grave yet there he lay unmindful of those northern blasts that come whistling on his tomb.

Chapter II

No sooner had the cold clouds covered the remains of my father before I forgot his last blessing and dying prayer with all of his advice I soon broke through the restraint of my mother and fell a victim to vice and crime.

The beautiful summer morning that my mother put fifty cents into my hand and bade me go to the grove and get her four pounds of sugar I took the fifty cents and went off to the bank and got it changed all into copper. I then stood my way behind an old barn where a lot of boys were pitching pennies I fell into the game with them and soon found that they both were pitching against me I left their company and being the owner of those cents I then went to the grove and bought the sugar and returned home. As I entered the door my mother asked me if I had been making that sugar she order me to be seated in one corner of the room and to have the house again during the day while she went out to the well to draw a head of water.
I slip out of the back door and made my way to the city by listening round the street until night over took me, then started my way home. The dim light of a candle was burning in the house. I crept softly under the window and there I laid listening and shivering with fear of an awful punishment the moment I entered the room— as I lay there under the window I could hear my mother talking to my brothers and sisters in the following manner:

That boy will surely be the cause of bringing my gray hairs with sorrow down to the grave as the said them words. I rose and went to the door and giving a gentle rap my mother bade me enter. I opened the door and went in and saw the scolding tears come a flowing down my mother cheeks. She order me off to bed where I turned in and slept away the gloomy hours of the night. It was a long time after breakfast before I arose and went down stairs, there sat my mother with her needle and thread all alone while my brothers and sisters were gone off to school. My mother now took me into the bed room and with all the affection and the tears of a mother she talked to me in the following manner— my son.

I see since your father has been dead that you are beginning to cause me a great deal of trouble. Remember that if you follow the paths of sin that you will surely come to some bad and awful end. With these and many other words of instruction did my mother try to bring up before my mind and to implant the truths of religion in my heart. She then gave me a piece of clothing and sent me off to school. On my way to school I met several boys who ask me to join their company that day. They were going to hear some fun. Stuff my book into my pocket and joined their company. But alas that day proved the dearest friend to me, then ever I witnessed in my life for we rode as soon as together before we jump over into a mean school and cut down around the back woods and made our way for the city. It was three days afterwards before my mother found it out. The farmer came up to my mother house and informed her all about the deed.
My mother bursted out in a full flood of tears and said that I must go on in this way regardless of my father's dying advice—that I would one day or another become the fellow of a cell and that it would be better for me if I was living in any place aside of my father, as she uttered these. I knew her words and the name of my father—she prayed the blessing and the advice of my dying father all sprang up in my mind—my mother told the former that I should be punished worse on the spot for the deed that she would not allow her children to suffer under false property of the house. As she said this, she raised the table green cloth from the mantle piece and asked me to throw off my coat. I jumped for the spot, stood behind the door, and raised it at my mother's head. She told me of the truth and then said, 'If you should have any idea to sell the house, keep your trunk and yourself, and I will tell my mother for the time to come.' I would only let me stay with her at home—my promises my tears and my mother had, promptly, in the expedient mind that I would desert her. After a short while, I took the ad and put my hands to the book. I threw it at him with all my might. Each left a deep cut in his leg. I then ran out the door and went into the city and was gone from home three days.
and sent me off up stairs to bed taking good care to lock the door to keep me safe. The next morning before my mother came, my youngest sister came up stairs and told me that the farmer would be after me that day at two o'clock, and that mother had got my morning clothes ready for me to put on. She advised me not to stay a step with him if I did. I should never see my home nor her again. The tears came from my sister eyes as she said these words to me. The call of God Mother soon brought her from my head. She told her to make haste and get the horses cleaned up for she expected Mr. Had along way from my mother then call me up and wash me from head to foot put a new pair of clothes on me and I was to have a dinner while my mother was getting me ready. I started my eyes out of the window and saw a splendid carriage driving up to the door. Wonder who is there and my window an angry tone why is Mr. Had and his daughter, my mother with a pout—she was made fast to the street and the carriage driven away. While my mother stood ready to take the hand of a beautiful country female to help her from the carriage. There and my sister standing in the door lock with tears the country girl made a loud noise to my sister which she got an ugly sour look for her compliment. My mother then took me into the bedroom and kneeling down, she imploded the blessing of the Almighty God with me and be with me to protect me and to be the guide of my youth. She then arose a pulling a pocket book out of my hand begging me to read and to take it as the will of my Counsel and that if I played it prompt, it would be good advice for life. There she and my sister stood hand in hand holding tears of grief and sorrow. My Mother then impressed a kiss on my cheek and told me that I was now all ready to go—and as the old man and his daughter near my seat told me not to step from the house. One step that she would protect me by this time my older brother came in and seeing me and my sister both in tears would not have to witness the scene. Imposed and to get and bid her brother and my sister, I am give glad to take my brother away and smiling sister eyes bid the countryman that she was so happy said my brother.
The next morning the coach and horses and the setting of the carrying school and the usual preparation of the man and the horses before me by good and substantial measures that he is no slave holder may know. I went one step with him.

I think it proper with my father that I should know where he is and into whose hands he is given and I think my mother has taken a letter paper and I think it is my duty as a sister to interfere into the matter before our brother is born from his pains.

Well said Mr. Joe. I have no time to go on Spring and it is getting quite late in the day. I have twenty miles to go and I would like to have the boy for he looks like a match for the old man. I wish him something into my mother ear and driven off without me.
June 5, 1833.

This year was the year of my 18th birthday. I was born in a small village in the country, where my parents were farmers. My childhood was spent in the fields, tending the crops and livestock. I was a typical country boy, with a love for nature and a respect for hard work.

One day, while I was working in the fields, I noticed a young girl walking towards me. She was dressed in simple clothes, with a Rise of beauty that no one could deny. She approached me and asked if I could help her carry a heavy bag of corn. I gladly agreed, and we worked together for the rest of the day.

As we were walking back to her home, she asked me if I would like to come to her house and have some food. I hesitated at first, but she insisted, and I eventually agreed. We talked for hours, and she shared with me stories of her life and her dreams for the future.

That day, I felt a connection with her that I had never felt before. I watched her as she talked, and I saw the fire in her eyes. I knew then that I had found my soulmate.

We married the following year, and we started a family of our own. We were content with our simple life, and we were happy with each other. I knew that I had found my true love, and I promised myself to cherish her forever.
I was aroused by the hand of a female. She took me by the hand and led me down the stairs and so on into the house and sat down at breakfast. I did not think anything. While I was setting in the kitchen, my two daughters came in and one of them picked me up and sat me in her lap and told me that I must not feel so bad. That was in a little while. She was going to Rochester, and she would then take me along with her. She then left me by the hand and led me out into the orchard and around the flower garden and so over to her father's brother house. But with all her good care and good advice and sweet words, could not make my mind clear the case. ‘Home, home’ still kept hanging on my mind. I had been in with Mr. Lee the day when he was ministering being a little angry with me. He then read me, now to get work and hard to be a farmer. I told him that I was going to return. That day, to Nicks, he said that I had been whispering about home long enough and that if he saw any more of it that he would take me out to the barn and there whip me; this made my passion rise a little, and I told him to raise a hand at me if he dared; at that he dragged me off to the barn and taking a bucket he made both of my hands fast behind me and gave me a severe punishment with a black whip which he had hanging up in the barn, and ordered me into the house with my hands tied behind — oh, then was the hour that I thought of my beloved who was sleeping in the grave; yes, then was the time that I needed to a father's protection — the old villain would be fear to raise a hand on me if my father had been alive. He would be sure to give me a hand of insult — would be sure to order me to stay in the yard under the hot burning rays of the sun. If my father had been alive, no, he would order the hand from his shoulders. There he kept me tied till twelve o'clock when he summoned by the hands of one of the girls no sooner had I been in bed that I made my way to present seven
and staying in front of a large mansion. I ask one of the hired servants who lived there.

He said that Mr. Orland were there and was the possessor of a large tract of land. I open the gate and walked up to the door and ask the har-ness girl of Mr. Orland. She said she was Mr. Orland's wife. She said he was not but would be in presently. Mr. Orland then came to the door and she told me to come. She then sat down and talk with me awhile and ask me where I lived and whether she was going to. She unfolded the whole riddle to her. I had not been talking to her nearly two years. When Mr. Orland came in, I arose from the chair with Mr. Orland and spoke to him in the following manner. I had just lost my father and that my mother was left a widow with five young children to bring up and to support, and that I had in the company of some other boys cut down some live trees that belong to a farmer who lived not far from my mother house. For which deed my mother had sent me out here to live with some Mr. Lord and that Mr. Lord without the authority of my mother or without her knowledge had taken me out to the barn and tied me up and whipped me. After I had related the truth to Mr. Orland, he told me to sit there in his house during that day and see the man who would get home with me and see my mother and get her to let me come and live with them. I was glad to have such welcome news fall upon my ears and I went out into the garden where a man was reaping and pulled off my coat and went to work and made myself as well as I could to till the shade of evening. By this time I had gone into the house where it is a good thing, very pre.

I thought of my fate and related to God that I slept in the very house of darkness.
Chapter V

I rose in the morning and putting on my clothes should out into the garden until breakfast time. The moon was bright and the stage was waiting at the door for me and Mr. Boone. Everything being ready the stage drove off and at one o’clock in the afternoon I was seated in the coach under the painted roof where my father gave me his dying blessing. My mother was not in the coach but I had gone out on a visit and made it to return until five o’clock. Bronson said that he had some business to tend to in the city and that he would return the next morning and take my mother to Kichi, we left the house leaving me and my sister alone by ourselves about three o’clock. My sister and I went over to the part where lad my father things in the cold ice bath. The dead man between the living and the dead hand in hand. The green Gods that cared all that was one dear and near to me. While the house of my father became echo empty to me from the cold ghostly circle. Now laid bearing this sacred and hollow ground. Made our Mary home Reader. Could you tell the feelings of my mind and thoughts forward from my father’s grave and the tears coming from my eyes — or did my beloved father know the heavy heart of my bosom or could he tell the mourning and sufferings which I was gaining through the means of my cruel hearted mother. Did he know that I would one day or another grope the pistol neck, he used to carry with him night and day with a high and an uplifted hand seek my revenge for the wrong that had been imposed upon me. No knowledge I would look the deadly weapon and drink it in the darkness. I was now nearly at Leavenworth and my mother and father had not yet made the return home. By my sister and she took me to the Woods where I had a few days from the horse. I was looking away from the middle of the procession with my head gone and the care of my returning home and from which my mother had been in readiness. We were to leave for the house of a cold hearted countryman. Circle that围着 not surrounded with my father, the old man and overthrown of the whole family are the age of
Man heard come Strickland echo my sister, after I had told her my piddle.—Enochian—Had I the power of god or had I the strength of a man I would make you know in blood beneath my feet as he said. These words my blood began to run hot and my temper began to hunger for revenge—As before the Moravian Jews shall set behind your West in close Said my sister you shall leave the country head upon the ground Land with his gore. The loud crack of a ruffle brought us to a stand gazing in the direction to which the sun he came from. Press forward to the spot where we heard the groan of a dying man. Who was just expiring. I know not, and earth I drank my’sister at the head upon my face and draw the fresh blood stream from the deep red wounds that was made by the force of the heart of the ruffle. He in a dying shook my sister as the moon laid there in the west and a piece of the ruffle sunk deep in his head while earth his heart being a gold watch chain attached to a gold watch from off my hand for help and to give the alarm. But see before help could be got the cold night of death had approach and his drum thassked for ever. The shades of evening had approach and the cemetery had sent several men from the city to watch over the body during the night. Long before the dawn of day a light tap was heard at my sister door as though it had been the delicate rap of the hand of some female—My mother rise and open the door and there stood the wife of the dying man with her beautiful face lined in deep mourning and grief. I told him oh! I told Mrs. Willcock to stay to Van Smith and I must go out a hunting said the young woman who had only been married a few days and seemed to be in great distress. I cannot tell the feelings of this young lady but it is the reader to imagine for himself. The morning light appeared and at eight o’clock Mr. Willcock was rescued from the frozen bed and carried home where he was made and led west and conveyed to the grave. My pen has failed. Can describe the feelings of this young lady who followed the mortal remains of her husband to the grave. He appears from the story that she told my sister that Mr. Willcock had spent not in the morning with his ruffle in company.
Month some young men expecting to return before noon

took his company returning another way home. Mr. Hove

sick off into the woods and some thought him going off

into the road that led a pass my mother house. He had

planted his rifle to murder and seeing game where and him

to let flash—nib cause his rifle to burst and the pin

and steel drop into his hand with great power. He shot

he was young and had just been married and start

ted into business. Mrs. Viola and Mrs. Viola's young daughter

by everyone that knew her. Home, town. Sarah

and sorrow the broke up. House keeping and attended

home to her father and mother where the soon died a

few days after with a broken heart—about ten

or twelve the young man. Mr. Hove made his appearance

at the door to finish my mother's a chair for him. We

both to consider. The then put me and my step

out of doors to play while they held a long conversation about me. I could plainly see that someone

friend as I was standing here up to the door of the barn

at the conversation. I could plainly hear them say that

said she to me and at that she lunched with all of her

force and hooted open the door and went in—who and

where is that doesn't infer William that whip my mother

said she in a rage of anger. Show him to me and let the

been set in the nest the handwriting of my father shall be

stained with his blood—my mother stood speechless and

dumb not knowing what to say. She then called me up

to her and asked me if I would like to go and live with

Mr. Hove. To wish my sister replied that if she just me out

to live with another white. That she would stain the floor

with my mother's blood. Mr. Hove. Could clearly see

what the consequences would be if he should undertake

to take me away from her by my own consent. Or raising

from his seat he made a low bow and left the house.

Chapter VI

But deep, sorrow my mother drove and put on her shawl

and hood and left the house, crying with tears, saying

from her eyes that she was not going to the barn

to her grave where her trouble would have an end for

in sorrow until your children bring you gory knees to the
grace—I shall now leave you and never return to
you again and my prayers I hold that the hand of some
kind strangers may pick you up as an orphan and bring
you up—folding my little brother who was young then
we in our arms the like as that perhaps we should never
see her again. She then left the house carrying my young
brother in her arms and leaving me and my sister
to ourselves three days had never old away and our
mother had not made her appearance nor builder woke
in my mind or heart a pin though my sister and the
ought her with many tears the fourth day had been
awake but still the mother made her appearance yet
where was she was she in the city we heard through
the streets though and through still my mother
sudden she appeared Oult with both hands in my head
I went through the streets crying when a lady stoped
up to me and called me the cause of my misery I told
her that I had lost my mother with the hand
by the hand and led me to her house where she
gave me a piece of cake and in the company with another
lady she led me to the door of my mother
Cottage where my sister hath been in tears—her mother
was not there yet said I and as she arrived as I knett in a
fresh flood of tears I left the house and the two ladies a
sitting there with my sister while I took a walk in the
woods crossing an old swamp about a quarter of a mile from
the place and under an old elm tree there layd my mother
with her eyes half open and my little brother swept in her
Head laying at her side—reader can you describe the
feelings of my heart as I stood there gazing at my mother
just on the brink of death one day you can have mind
and the bittle thread of her life would have been swept
away like a flash of lightning from the House and gave the alarm the ladies came for assistance
and help my mother home I then ran to the city after
Past Church and by a begging friend saw the life of
my mother the door mounted his horse and in a few
minutes brought her back in my mother who had by
the time I got help—had hastened to a
considerable degree the next day his done went in saying
that she would call again the next day after the much
suffering and a little punishment my mother began to
While my sister and I stood with horror, from our eyes nothing could be seen but the ladies, after giving us a little advice, returned to their houses. The next morning, I had the satisfaction of seeing my mother and on her feet. I saw the trouble and care and the distress of the children. I went off into the woods and sought the youngest brother in his shed, but he was dead, young, and die - Ch 7

Although this was an awful shock to me, still I had no impression on mine and in my sister, mind; nothing struck her. She still bore to the Lord for whipping me; she was a kind human soul and holier than her brother, one day while my mother was gone out of the house. She came running up to me with something in her hand under her apron. She said, I found she had been my father's trunk and stolen his pistol and handgun and handed it to me telling me to hide them and be careful. I did not know anything about them and the morning to rise before day and make his up. I retired to bed

That night, a wondering in my mind what it was, my sister wanted and what under the heavens the was going to do with them deadly weapons of my father. Was it to displace the life of my sister? Nor was the manner when I arose from my bed and went to here and shook her sickly form. I fell asleep in her room and before I knew it, her hand was on my shoulder. I thought she had given me a message from the Lord. She was in the room and in the bed with her hand on my shoulder. I thought she had given me a message. I got up, but still thought that I was doing one more than justice if I left him a little more on the ground.
Stiffening my pockets full of crackers and bread, I began my march with my little bundle in hand, my arm filled with clothes in it which belonged to my sister. It was just coming day light and it being cold I took the advantage of the day before the sun rose not far above the clock. I found that I had traveled thirteen miles and had gotten nearly to Cranpule. I sat down under the fence and began to eat some crackers with my sister had given me. Oh my God! Can you tell the feeling of my mind as I sat there eating my crackers—on hand, I had on my father's prayer book in the pocket of my clothing from beneath the ground where he laid. Then I began dancing before my eyes; my mother came near with her infant at her side—but all of these passed without effect on my mind. So and so, and began my journey again and just as the sun was setting I came to the house where I was to stay like a slave and though by the rough hand of persons who had no business over me. I was not authority to lay a hand on me and as such reflection came rolling across my mind my temper burned with rage and anger; and under an old tree I laid me down and slept till the sun shone in my face. Then arose from my resting place and on taking the bundle I took my sister's dress and head and left it on. I then went to the fire in my handkerchief and the pistol in my pocket and made my way to the window giving a tap on the door with my finger. The lass girl that sympathized with me came to the door and asked me to step, I told her that I wasn't a man and could not stay. I then said I was a broken man. The girl sat expect him ever since as she said these I ran from my seat and went out and stood listening at the door. Another lass little girl and said the young girl to one of the old man's daughters—don't know she must be some stranger girl in the place that wishes to act by the time I had the swinging man's gun over sawing up the street. I knew that this must be done. Other than that person I found that he was the one in the house. I ran my sister dress from of me. I started to cry and sneaking to the fence I cocked the pistol and with an uplifted hand of revenge I let fire.
and missed my shot. It was a dark night. I could hardly see my hands before my face. The old man howled "Murder! Murder! but before any aid could get to him I drew the knife across his shoulders with left a deep wound in the face. After doing this, the county people gathered around and tried to rush the house. I was taken and sent to the jail. I was in a room by myself. The door was left open and the windows were shut. I heard a loud scraping and getting up from my bed. I walked out through the room. The constable and his family slept and opened the door and walked out. I then went up to the house. Where the family was all asleep. I covered the top of the chimney and taking a match from my pocket I started a blaze. I then went to the barn and putting a match to the hay I soon brought it to the ground. The light of the flames sent around the windows of the Constable's house brought the neighbors together by this time. The house was nearly burned with the ground. The dawn of morning was just breaking forth and I struck off into the road and walked some seven miles. When on reaching back the house I saw a couple of horsemen coming galloping up the road. I pulled off a rope in their hands. I melted into the field and jumped over a large field. The horsemen dismounted and after the front one, I was taken before the Sheriff and from there I was put into a waggon, to be conveyed to the county jail. I was put in under the care of the Sheriff. The sheriff told the people of this town that I had never in my life been a fellow of a cell for three long months, being nothing but a boy. I was allowed to return home all day and my cell left on lock during nights. Many times the house where we were taken to would shoot the door up to the door and talk to me about my mother and my father, and I recollect that she told me that I had to hold a kind of trial to get me out. And in the course of a few weeks I was going to be taken from my mother and be sent off to the house of disposition.
in the city of new york, there was a fellow in jail with me charged stealing a horse. i was dear full of jokes and fun and would often sit for hours with me and learn me how to play cards and show me several little tricks with which i soon began to get acquainted with. i now became bolder in vice and crime in the course of time. i was tried and sentenced to the new york house of refuge until i was one and twenty. the sun was shining. horrid, says on the fields. then the iron was put around my neck to be sent off to new york. i had become so harden that my mother’s prayers couldn’t make me shed a tear. with a shoe, shall plainly see that when the stage drove up to the door for me to see my mother, i perhaps for the last time, i never shed a tear. while on the stage, my mother and sister was crying like a little infant after seeing what my mother said to me on receiving a little letter from her, and they both fund in a kiss my cheek and the stage drove off. and that is what became. four days after this started, i found myself within the walls of the house of refuge.

On my entering the office my chains were taken off and i was sent by the Superintendent Mr. Hart. with the steward to the wash room where my hair was cut and my clothes were changed. educator go with me while i take my by the hand and conduct you through every department of the house of refuge that stood in the building. in 1850 and give you a description of the rules and regulations of the house together with the diet with you are first led by Mr. Marsh the assistant superintendent to the hospital that stands above his office. where you see an old lady. from the city of nursing. the sick he then leads you through the sleeping halls where you see easy boys sleeping in the raise style with clean white sheets from the hall he walks you to the wash room, to which you turn into a little door at your left hand and enter the kitchen and the dining room from the dining room you go to the school room, where your eyes shall cope boards hanging against the walls and the floor is covered with clean white sand.
You follow your guide a little further and he takes you to the female department where you may see from one hundred to a hundred and fifty young females that has just began to enter upon the high roads of vice and crime and has been rescued by the hands of some watchmen or constables from the broad road of destruction from the female department he leads you into a beautiful flower garden that stands directly in front of the office and if you be some great gentleman or lady from the city he will allow yourstander and tiny little fingers to pluck a few of the flowers from the garden he directs you through the shops with you go up two flights of stairs and enter the chair shop you then come down and go through the watch shop from the watch shop he leads you to the brass foundry from there he takes you to the office where he gives you the badge back with the very boy name in it and the character he knows where he is born and when he was born and to faith but now to you old chap if you be a poor home that has come from the country to take a look and an insight of the place you have no superintendent or officer to guide you and lead you through the sexual departments there you stand in the centre of the yard on the play ground with both hands full in your pocket to be look on and gazed at and become a by word by the inmates of the place tired and weary stumping on the enchanted ground you make your way out of the gate with ten thousand curses and without the end of your tongue and blasphemy in the name of him that sits above your head that your was much desired and had to come and leave the place without seeing and beholding some of these beautiful and handsome faces of the female sex readers I have now lead you through every department of the place and I will now introduce you to Mr. Samuel S. Wood the assistant superintendent of the house and Mrs. Nathaniel Hart the head superintendent of the only ten officers of the Whole establishment and the school teacher that hired by the Committees of the House. There are three committees.
appointed for the purpose of visiting the place one every Friday and to hear the complaints of the inmates and to see the provisions and to look over the books and so forth. It was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty three that I found myself accused among seven or eight hundred boys all clothed in white linen shirts and a little blue jacket without any change this week through the summer for a clean suit for the second day my entering the house was a task given to him by the name of the shop if he gets that task done he is allowed to go down on the playground and play marbles and game at ball until the bell rings at twelve o'clock the superintendent or his assistant then blow a little ivory whistle for him to go to the washroom and wash his hands and face and get ready for dinner at the rate of fifteen minutes the whistle blows again and calls the boys on parade to such very long rolls in the place according to his style Mr. Woolley then passes through the ranks with a whistle in his hand to inspect each boy's hands and face if he finds the least bit of dirt on the hands he gives him a few smart licks in the mouth with his own and sends him back to the washroom to wash himself again after
Passing through this process the March into the halls, with our hands behind until the blessing is askd by Mr. Ward or Mr. Heath, he then blows his whistle for us to eat. Such he allows as necessary. The next to serve are our dinner, he then blows his whistle again and with a loud shout he sings out. The up to which every boy does his trays and forks and knife and cleans his face towards Mr. Heath while he reads a chapter from the bible and imprues the blessing again. He charges us from the table and sends us down on the play ground. till three o'clock he is where we believe till three o'clock. Then another whistle blows for us to go down into the yard for ten minutes at the space of ten minutes, then back to our shops again till four o'clock the bell rings us up to supper after reveriling. After supper the superintendent serves us out into the yard again where he gives us our play till five o'clock. We then go to the wash room and wash our hands and face and get ready for school at half past five in the morning. We are put out and called to parade. The roll is called by one of the instructors to which every boy answers to his name and we are sent to the school room to study till seven o'clock from the school room March to the dining room where we have our breakfast bread and molasses and tea. After breakfast we are turned out on the play ground till eight o'clock then return to our shops to perform our daily tasks - the whole yard belongs about forty acres of ground with a large yard attached at the south end of the wall. I had been there nearly a year before I could learn all the little jobs and
regulation of the house first that I must not take
in the shop during working hours and that I must not speak a
in the cell that I must go to bed just as soon as my cell door was
in the morning just as soon as I hear the bell ring
make up my bed just as nice as though some king
or queen was to sleep in it that I must not spit or
my cell floor nor in the wall that I must not look
behind me in the dining room nor in the chapling room
in the school room of which there is none and a while—Well Mr. Somrard I think I
would get twenty or twenty five dollars for the hand with the return on it in the middle
the dining room with my hands on my head and
go back to the shop with an empty belly—was a
very long day that Mr. Wood came trotting by the
thought the shop and he cast his eye towards some
and making some unnatural to the farmer he made
his way towards me—Well Reed have done your
get along very well did I replied—glad to hear
he said he—Your farmer says that you have made great improvements since you have been here
and he tells me that you are the smartest boy he has in
the shop can you read and write?—No Sir—Would
you like to learn? I have just had a stage built a few
days ago and I want you to learn so as you can be one
of the actors on it—During the conversation the
farmer stood up and with a grin and a wink said to Mr. Wood I think that I can make something out
of that tottie he is a smart boy he gets his task done
every day by nine o'clock and throws me in an extra
chair once and a while—Well Mr. Somrard I think I
shall select some good boy to teach Reed and make
a scholar of him—I do—do Mr. Wood I think I'll
make a nice scholar here Kimbell I want you to
take Reed and learn him how to read and write
I want to make an actor of him yes I did Kimbell
with a low bow of his head—Jack Kimbell as the
boys use to call him was a friend of mine I
thought that Mr. Wood couldn't pick out a letter
fellows among seven hundred boys Jack Kimbell
while was Jack Kimbell was Master of the Stage and very
spoke minutes that Jack could get he would
...
land of my nativity and the fond home of my youth and with such thoughts and reflections I was standing to try and make my escape in company with Mike. I heard and Jack Finsell who had been the subject of my Some due I and that it is a true story that the boy had in view they wanted a hand at too. I Finsell and Mike Wilson had learnt me how to read and write they had learnt me how to use figures and I thought they could comprehend the plan of our escape better than I could, and I left the mother with them to wish they was to give me money in the morning. Sunday morning came and with it a cloud and rain the boys was all in the kitchen getting ready for breakfast. My friends just coming out of the kitchen door when Mike gave me the word to get ready after breakfast. My friends had blown his whistle for the boys to come on parade and as timed it he did not go through the inspecting of the hands and face but marched into the dining room where he offered up a prayer and gave the signal for us to eat at the expiration of fifteen minutes we found ourselves again not in the yard I ran with all my might to find Mike and Jack and on my own to the west corner of the wall there stood Mike with the pistol in his hand that had driven into the ground to keep up some grape lines and planting it against the wall he ran up it and in a second time he was on the
Top a helping Jack Simbell by the hand then I made my trial and by the help of the two boys I made my escape to all three kept together a crossing a large meadow and coming out on the blooming date road we ran some fifteen miles and struck off in a pair woods that bid hard by being tired and our feet well blistered by running we next entered an old farm house and crept under some straw until night then we made our way further up the country where we entered an old corn shed to pass the night fearing that our refuge clothes would let go in the open daylight I advised Mike to go out with me untill he got something to eat we both made our together and got a quart of a mile up the road the entered an old farm house and made known to him he loaded us down with provisions and had many questions where we was from and where we was going I told him that me and boy that lying in Brocklyne and had come over to see the country and that me was going to make our way back that night it was getting to be late and we had left Jack behind with a promise of returning in a half an hour so leading the old man good night we turn our way back towards the old shed where we past a cold chilly night in the morning led out our head which had become hard and dry through the night and stuffing it into our pockets we made our way back toward the city at three o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves under the roof of an old Irish lady who appear to be well taken in your honor's farm house she was with Mike name how quick she ran her voice and with the affection of a mother how quick she grasped him to her arms and stemp a deep kiss on his cheeks and a warm tear from her eyes came rolling down his brow and who are these Mike said the woman Mater my clothes and cap quick or the police will grasp me on the spot the woman had hurried and bundled up his clothes and filling his hand full of silver and copper gave him another kiss and she took our flight for the landing to get in a bedroom that was pointing to the left for Albany but just as me was stepping two abreast
...Captain having a star on these breasts and Mr. Hayse grasped us and lock us in the black Mariah and carried the driver to drive directly up to the house of Captain Hayse, with us as he drove up in front of the office door. Mr. West slept out of the office with a smile upon his face as gentle as the morning, saying to Mr. Hayse:—So you have them boys here have you Mr. Hayse—yes, sir—yes sir. Mr. Hayse with a loud laugh. I have them—Where did you catch them Mr. Hayse—catch them Mr. Hayse. I catch them a laughing on the steam boat landing half shaved and colored white. Pet and rap and in the same condition that you see them now. Mr. West had taken a few determination of us he ordered Mr. Samson the steward to take us up stairs and locked us up till Saturday night and to give us nothing but bread and water once a day, Samson play the order of Mr. West and the same found out also. Lock up in our strong cells and left alone. And the sentence in the punishment he should get when, Saturday night came near Mike and Jack, Mike telling aloud and brending over the punishment. What was it follow on? Saturday night. While I was never alone I see not was all making my sleep. Than I was back in the cell on my right hands, and Than was on my left. I was in the afternoon. That I called out to Mike and ask him how he felt. Happy, Happy as a child. Sawyer said I is there no way in getting out of there cells and make our escape. Rob, I don't see no way without we had some aid from there. She made a deep pause and stop. I stood in my door and listen and presently I heard the Jump of feet steps hanging lightly on top two and steps in front of where there then I heard the voice of a boy. Mike said I. Who is that it's so long. I've said I what will you stop here to my cell door—As I said those words I see slip lightly along to my door. Saying that he could not stay but a minute that he had heard that he was back and lock up and that he had taken out of the bag to come up and see us and to tell if we wanted anything to eat or any assistance in getting out of our cell and make our escape before Saturday night, he said I can you get one of your keys from your and a brace and a bit or else but Rob I have stayed to long since I must be for...
making my tracks back to the shop. The former will miss me and report it to Mr. Ward. I shall certainly be up here tomorrow at eleven o’clock after my task is done. and bring you the necessary things with you. Mr. Ward and try to help you all out getting his things little fingers through the door as he gave me a shot by the hand, and bade me good-bye. He was an handsome English boy about the age of fourteen and was the most interesting boy that ever I saw with brilliant dark eyes. He has long eyelashes, with magnificent teeth, beautiful mouth and with refined manners, and I took him to be one of the anterior looking supernumerary boys they ever came across. His father was a merchant carrying a large scale of business in the West. On a dark and stormy night he left the parental roof where he had spent many a happy hour and started off to New York, where he fell a victim to crime and soon found himself an inmate of the House of Refuge. In the meantime, I came hoping along to any cell in the promised land to cut our way out. That the might make an escape—a small hole through a thin panel door.

was to be made large enough for the same to go through. Then a piece had to be cut and large enough for me to get through all of which I done from the outside of the door in fifteen minutes time. I was in front of Mr. Ward making a hole while the boy was in front of Beck. He had a hole cut and was upon the wall and the sun went down. We were in our march for the five points where we were obliged to spend the night in an old barn that belonged to a contractor. I awoke long before the dawn of day and gave the dawn to my companion that the morning light was fast approaching and that we had better rise and make our way out of the city of New York. As fast as our feet could carry us before the officers of the city. As I was taking about me arose and shaking the heavy sleep from our eyes we began our march by striking a cross the five points and crossing over some road that led off into the country on going up four or five miles into the country, we halted in front of a log cabin that had been occupied by a Dutch family consisting of a mother and two daughters. It was close to the door heavily involving the open old lady for a word of bread to satisfy my hunger. She denounced
Table in the centre of the room and provided us a good dinner which we devoured with a hearty appetite; we then would our meal and thinking the good old lady was left the little cabin where plenty and contentment appeared to make it allude the old lady was a tall, gaunt person with a RUIN—come, Bob—I for to pull out and put in with me and Joe, and strike off to sea for Mr. Wood. I'll surely have the police on board and give you a note—do you say how will you go out—at sea I am going to return back some long master—just to return back from your master's cock. So long without a cent in your pocket and with the refuge in his—bitter by far poor and go off to sea and become a sailor—pshaw, master with us. So—she can't see—grasping me and make by the hand, she gave me a hearty shake and held us good night promising to meet us on the corner of chalk at 11 o'clock. The two lovers met me there, and I found some ship that was indifferent to the advantage derived from them, by nature. Robbed hands while make and he was looking out to sea, and said we'll off into some place to pass the dark and gloomy night to white large when fired and consulted what was to be done. Along the street until we got in front of an old building that look familiar to him, standing closely and just off for fear. Jack Finkle shouted that he could not maintain and he thought that he heard his sister voice—
in deep conversation with his mother, a tall, thin, and a shape; and Finkle brought the two females to the door and where are you, said Mrs. Finkle, as soon as my window at this time of night and disturb a peaceful family away with you—your unprincipled, wicked son got paint rubbed Mike. Yeats too don’t Yeats to load—my show, said his girl mother to Mike and the spring out and grab his brother in her arms—brought him in the house—and asked that with you he and his people with me—had boys the boy call him in. Mike called me in and the two females appeared in the kitchen to the floor, where we put the night in the morning. One came, and the good old Irish woman provided us each with a plate of oil and two clean shirts and two Dollar quarts and asked us to make the city company as fast as possible. It was late in the afternoon when we met that boy and asked Thomas coming up. Thomas that was coming with four young sailors, with three long white shirts on and a blue broad cloth round about with a pair of pearl button buttons and glittering in the sun. He had his face in one of the last of the last. He was caught by the man next to the Web, and was cut when caught by that infidel.
and her cheek as white and clear as the lapping sound of waves. And she desired no name but for everything about her gave one evidence enough that temperance, order, and purity were among the rarest. While I stood gazing at her, her head, the Captain a stout, heavy man whose hair was tinged with a deep silver grey, and whose countenance seemed to tell me that he had faced many a storm—came up to me and, lifting his hard, long brown hand upon me, said, made me think of a how I like to look at the looks of his little daughter. She said, oh, that I thought that she was a very handsome little creature—my boy, he is valiant, brave, heavy, things, and his heart was not so light. He strode there, talking to the Captain, and I happened to have a chance to cut my eyes over the cabin door and saw a little table stuck under the door with the three words—No Smoking. Well, my boy said, the seamen as they began to crowd around me, now what do you think of a sailor life made up of sound, yet to be a sailor, a good sailor, and a jolly boat old skipper and a merry crew. Not yet, said that old, old, young, pointing to a streaked old fellow that stood by and here is the Captain they both will expect you and take care of you and as for myself, I will see what you are brought safely back to sea, yon after three years cross, by this time the crew a heavy vessel looking fellow stuck his nose out of the door and shouted as loud as thunder, that dinner was ready. The mate ordered the boys to take me along with them in the forecastle and give me some time.

The sailor all stood up and theatre off there, but they all joined me in to gather and sing two verses and the captain boy ask the blessing over the meal. While before them as I was sitting a pair of the hands, a little hawk. I thought that a sailor life must be one of the most hardest and puritan lives that a man could lead—although I saw nothing that men in those hedges far—far they had Zack and they build, two and then and cut and cut, the humble and honest the Divine being in one of the sailors employed under and then they call to see who should tell a story—this will follow the captain boy, and he began his story as far as I can remember it, when I was quite a boy, my mother said to my youngest son, as he got the next time out of his mother, among the sailors I say, but my mother, I followed her to the place she felt.
Where her remains was to be laid cold and lifeless in the ground—until the angle shall come with one foot upon his head and the other upon the foaming sea. With his sword pointing upwards and scowling in the name of one that is mightier than himself; that time is now near—I stood at the side of my father as he held his hand into mine and my tears came rolling down his cheek and fell upon my knee as the cold I felt was growing all that was once dear and sweet. My mother’s name he called to me yet and more the thought that ever since Father came my father sold out his shop and having no children but me he lost all himself to a sea-faring life and toil. Along with him was a sailor—after my father had been a dog before the mast for two years he was promoted to a mate and from a mate he became the captain of the ship. There was where we never—for three years we went to sea and a heavy storm blew up from the south, the next it was late in the middle of the afternoon—it was dark and stormy the stars came heaving and dancing over the deck and expecting every moment to be lost on a terrible day. Indeed, the little creature was cracking and growing beneath her might the beams foundering and raging with violence and the thunder was rolling and the lightning was playing in the heavens. God will go off the captain cried and close away the rigging. The bars, and oldest sailors refused to go aloft while I but a boy stood firm and hold at my father side while he stood pulling hard at the helm. No one that dare go aloft, yes I jump into the rigging while my father pulled hard to at the helm and the rigging was between the beams and the top in the time we had her in a right position flourishing day days. I tell you the next another such a day I never want to meet with again in life but I know how I say easy when I was aloft, working in the rigging and the hands was teaching you little exactly first up I know then down in her vast expanse again as you just said something I could fall and reach you knew heaven what had to feel when I was aloft for my father was at the helm, the water had never ended Tuesday and I thought I was free; for me to make my trade before might to be ready for the morning boat that was going to start for above I stood up in the place and out a place where I knew a lot of sailors playing cards having dice and such like. I step up to the little and back on until
one of the party had finished the game while I stood there and did not see their direction. I was not aware of the affair until I had been playing old pride till the bell clock struck seven, and I was counting my money. I found that I had more from the sales than I had expected. I went over to look around and inquire for the quarter. I informed my teacher that Mr. Bevye's brother had given him the upper chamber and made him first to take him back to the house of Bevye's and Mrs. Hunn and that he was to be on my look out for those quarter and on the look out for Mr. and Mrs. Hunn and looking after them. The last night of March, I was going to go away and I gave them the time that the stores were open the door for them while Mrs. Hunn was laying out plans for my escape for the city. The gentleman who came to me in the house to take away mine, Mr. Melvyn, ran out and shut the door and looked at the clock and put the boy in the quiet place. He should not be here until his husband should be away. Mrs. Melvyn said, "If you don't want being my trouble upon yourself and husband, I think that you had better come back, and let me go on my business or I'll call you back before the court of justice where you will have to answer for your conduct towards me. Conduct yourself good for nothing important was said the morning you are leaving any burdened children off your
meet with in our street and transporting them to the house of refuge—that poor innocent young girl—that you may see a poor young girl the other day because she would be gone—all your cold hearted brute you are helping thousands of families of these children—Say Mr. Collough will you one look the door and let me pass peaceably about my business—by this time a large crowd had gathered around the door and the landlord's voice was heard to exclaim—Make room—so soon had the words fallen from the lips of the angered man he hurried himself with all his strength and pass his way to the door and said Mr. Collough—let them open the door the hand of the female on both the door and Mr. Collough entered the house and asked what was the cause of all the noise and Mr. Hayse by the color of his face he demanded of him who had authorized him to come and disturb his wife and bring such a crowd of citizens around his door in the open day light—Sir said Mr. Hayse I entered the threshold of your door respectfully and quietly to take and arrest the boy back who has made his escape from the house of refuge here and I am authorized by the Magistrates of the city to take him where I can find him and take him back to the house of refuge—and further Mr. Collough I am authorized by the peace to arrest and bring before the higher powers any person or persons that dare molest me in taking the boy back to the refuge—and it will be the last thing that you can do to let go of my coat and let me quietly out of the house with this boy for as I am concerned Mr. Collough there shall a hair in my head be hurt—Mr. Collough now long of the gentlemen Collough and arrested him in the following manner with sharp and angry words Win Mr. Hayse do you not remember some twenty years ago when I was gone from home that you came under the roof of my house and snatched the only son of my bosom from my side and that cherry cheek young girl that you drag by the hair of her head—pass this way down—do you inform hard hearted brute—you mean me to take that poor black boy off to the refuge where he must stay for years and days week after week and a miserable life—oh you inform hard hearted fellow I will mean to you have my rest I will haunt you till the day of judgement and when cold and lifeless fly beneath the多达 I will haunt and torment your day and night.
I'll give you one post. Tell you the cold summation of the facts—throwing my hand into my pocket I drew out several dollars and placed it on the table and told my name Cullough. to let the policeman pass that he needn't in more than take us back to the house of Higgins where I would have to go under the treatment of the cats and that if nothing happened I would have him again in the course of a few months. With tears streaming from my eyes and my hands tied behind me, I was first to go through a thick crowd that had gathered around the door and led me back to the house of Higgins as I entered the office there sat Mr. Smith and Mr. Scott who examined me very closely and ask me several questions then ordered me up to the kitchen to get my hair cut and my clothes changed for a suit of Higgins clothes at twelve o'clock while the boys were eaten there dinner. Mr. Smith the best judge of a few handsome old gentlemen outside the dining room with a pair of scissors in his hands and cutting me by name he ordered me in the center of the room where stood a large post and in it hanging they and with great splinting the order one to take off my shirt. I took it off and tied very perplexingly around my waist and walked up to the post he then tied up hands around the post, saying he the inmates that he wanted the all to take morning by the punishment that was to be seen for making the slave, and that it might be a lesson to them. He then stood firm without uttering a word and making a groan until he gave me twenty five. I then told him I thought I had enough for the time being, I then gave a smile and told me that I would try one more and entered my hands and told me that I was not to go to bed nor to no boy for the space of four weeks and the boys to sleep with me. If they did they should pass through the same treatment for four long weeks I was kept in profound silence and lock up all day on sundays with one piece of bread a day till the expiration of the four weeks. At the end of that time I was permitted to talk and to associate with the rest of the boys. The day that my sentence up to talk the boy surrounded me and praising me up for standing the cats as well and standing a long and among them. We began to play at pikes by saying you never kick or throw, boys you never make a groan under the old cat pain when the man whipped your back never. And they have good boy that we are enough for them yet made the
some rainy day came Bob and by the basket well
play the ship just on them yes by. Sue said the fellin
told her Bob stand them eat good twenty five loves rig to
in the bare back and never made a judge when the oil
in said Mike was scratching in his back pretty deep he had
to dig out enough and you Mike said B and how did
you stand the darling little pets when the boys couldn't
back to might he gave me the following narrative about a
moment I left you on the corner of Hadam street I was
sure and I had not been in the house not more then an
hour before in some goys and a watchman with him on
buying these primrose hands upon me led back to the happy
where I was look up till the whole. I wish then through
the town into the burning room and ask one to be for you
then and where she was and Timble and did you tell
me write toll told her nothing then what she was he
he told me to keep off my shirt and keep the curious not that
Mrs. Hest did you go the then tied me and the first don't
that he struck upon my back made me with. With
looking eyes that I didn't go to sleep with the long
now Timble did you called Mike says Bob and I

drop a painting on the floor and great drops of blood came
running down my back and Mr. Hest having some sympathy
for me on tied me and let me go to the little kitten did
make you turn at the foot of your turner still to say Bob
and it would make an angle here if he had received the

likeST called Mike what the me Mr. Hest person in profound
silence so forbidden me to speak to my boy for four weeks did
he look you up in dusty Mike in the council quiet so cruel as
that no touch these cats are made out of cat gut with a small
knot made at the end of them and twined around with
a small wire then perched well with that makes back and
a touch to piece of green that has a pretty good going to it
to us when the office Stays it leaves a deep cut in the back
causing the number skin to burst while the blood flows freely
downs the back from the cut it leaves leaving the back moist
pierced with red—by my hand I felt sorry for you Mike he
was a long that was fair and beautiful and when I looked
that piece the skin of his all cut in pieces and lacerated
with the cats it made me love my back in torment while
the cat that was growing up for his and came as to
stand one day another upon the platform of hice and


Truth, his parents were poor; yet they had drawn blood running through their veins, and hearts that could feel for them. They rose from beneath the galling hand of oppression. The axe had dethroned Yankees; whereas down the poor sick men as they ground upon your shoes and point the finger of scorn at them, and look down upon them with a sense of dignity while he or she stands despising poverty and clouts in rags of despair and shame, while here and yonder is planted steep in his breast, and he is filled by the rich and the poor who oppose to give him the hand of consolation, with Mr. Callough and Mrs. Wilson, as they stood upon the dock in the city of New York, left there nothing but in some degree of want, and, when your health and happiness on these shores with me to extend the hands filled with a strong hand and stronger to all the kindness of government of the hand—poor, but we know the deep sympathy for the despised, despising but upon the face of freedom, take courage, we brace rich boys and we your strong arms of industry, you will have your hand through the smiling ranks of poverty, and all the years of your life, the intrepid. When the axe again may be seated in the chair of honor, surveying our nation, that one laugh at your gray, poverty and shame—poor, or doth it think of the thousands of your race, that you, clothed in rags and standing in front of men holding high station in life and your little ones shrinking under the roof of peace and contentment—your brave spirit, your brave spirit, till the day that I am laid cold in the dust, and I would let the last drop of my blood run and come from these black trains of mine, to preserve you from the hands of a full-blooded Yankee—render you have never been in some deep distress and trouble, and in your anguish, is your man has not the same hand in your pocket, and you there step under the umbrella of some rich family and the hand of the poor face before you—fugal meal, or have you not been filled by a strong hand in kindness, and take a friendly hand with him that has not an umbrella this hour, but raise your arm, and let your word be some quiet place, where you might raise your self in safety—very—we stand here, and thousand letters go up with shouts and saying that but.
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once rescued me. — I remember once on a cold winter day when I ran away from home. The wind was howling and whistling through our wintry house. The snow was drifting high up the fences and the day was black and the darkness of the night was just approaching. I entered a thick room, heard a cry, and slid down on the floor. I lay there, confused and alone. My eyes closed; the sound of my mother's voice was the only thing I could hear. My sister had taken me there to keep me warm. We lay there, warming up, my sister's voice soothing me. I stayed there, silent, alone. I lay there, unable to move or even scream. I just lay there, thinking about my mother and her love for me. She had always been there for me, even when I needed her most. She had always been my rock in the stormy sea of life. She had always been my anchor, holding me steady in the midst of chaos. She had always been my strength, giving me the courage to face the challenges of life. She had always been my light, guiding me through the darkest of times. She had always been my love, my warmth, my comfort, my everything. She had always been my mother.
hands of an Irish man ten thousand times, then to suffer once from the hands of a fiend. Hoist your boat, but I must now return to my story. The cold weather was now just appearing, and the night was getting longer and more time was allowed for study. The stage had been put up in the north end of the school-room, and Mr. Wood and the teachers told the boys that they would make the best improvement in coming for the Sages should be regarded with a hand and present. I had been thinking not to make any more excuse until the opening of the spring, and then I would be able to make my escape and return immediately home to my mother, poor little sister. I was determined to try it now, and if I succeeded to go right up to cease altogether on the Boston and put off for Tea. I took one day behind the barn and held a long midnight with him. We said if you are determined to try again to your hearts I shall stay to meet each the very first night of the month, and if I have no good heart in seeing them off again I shall put right off to sea. Washington will you help me to come yourself along to prevent the life of a dog, you are but a boy and able to throw yourself in the arms of the sea. Will you come—listen to me, Mike. It is man getting to be cold and you had better stay here with me till spring and go with me and. Thornville, Fellow, and McCullough and put off for the North. What do you say? Will you do it or not? If you cannot take me along in the spring, I have heard my band in Boston of the promise and we parteel with our minds made up to land to the Stages of the school during the winter and prepare to perform on the stage to which we have been granted us for that purpose once every night through the month of February, Saturday nights and Sunday. Mike and Thornville and Mr. McCullough and I was studying an incident to perform on the stage in the present of some ladies and gentlemen that was coming from Philadelphia in the course of a few weeks on a boat, and that prepare a suit of costumes, clothes, made for all the performers. To perform in I was to be the youngest, Mike must be a young female laying in her bed with an infatuation in her arms and Thornville must be the little infant, agreeable in the eyes of the master in deep sleep. The dog that was prepared for to be ready had no feet and the school consisted of two that might with extra light and there must be no shedding. Thornville Mr. McCullough we are three and give us the warning that the company had come and to stop and not
dress herself as soon as possible. While he slept till the
bitter after the spectators being all ready the three little
bell rings and the curtains drop there back little made
a bed drain in the air in of a female with the cheeks paint
red and the little infant Scolding kept in his arms in
such time and sleep while I was dress in a little red
gown coming down to my knees and a pair of back
strap bonnet with little bell button attached to them
and my face painted red and black a large scoping
knife stuck in my belt. I was dress in a little bell
ring and when the piece began with and my acting a
clown that was good of color water representing blood and
the knife up under the chin the bell rings again and
the curtain drop and one goat out of the back doors
the dress room where we change our cloth and come
upon the stage where we spoke a piece call old maid
and the meanest and as I had a clear silver voice
for changing Mr Thad painted one to be new pair
by singing at the close of each piece in the way did
the past thinking winter night going until the time of
going I was then determined to treat to brisk and theme
again one spring morning and do how fine me spring
morning breathing on the sober face of nature like the constant laugh
of a beautiful woman but it is the air on my face spring
morning. Mr Thad the bad singer but come into the school room
and with tears rolling down his cheeks he gave me his favorite
prayer I shall never forget that solemn hour as long as live when
nearly seven hundred if no less was all gathered together in one IMG
and the old gentleman standing before telling us that he must
now leave us that he was going to resign his office and that one
must to take his place. I have been here with your now for fifteen
years I am now going to move to new haven and my prayer is that
Bless you bless you and be with you. I must now leave you and
some of you I shall never see again until I come at the judgment
day of God. I now love you in the hands of God. I now can to
fly with my own eyes in the sun — as for myself as you thought
while the good old patriarch speaking that he must
have been standing by the last side my father and became
then passed around his lip just before he again for they
seen at time to be the very person and of very beloved. Later
on heart had now left and for most of a round very
long in the unseen felt as though he had left on earthly
so poor. Heart though years has pass away betwixt us and you

baby lays deep in the distance my sweet old mother I still

remember you with your southern charm and the touch of time I have not heard in oblivion for ever those kind

sitting and sympathy you had towards those little ones the

your place under you one though I am caught in time of ages and world and alone and do not know where you are

and why the fates of a young child getting prayers this

good smile is in those highlights when not a trace of trouble in

baby was eating in perfect health age and had taken place in

baby heart when on your left but he died a friend left he

wants to think close to us then a brother who sympathize with us

in our sorrow and who felt everything more that came nothing in

new because and that was ten that he stayed with us about two

years and feeling in love with some lady he to go as his favorite

and left by a son by the name of Berry took his place

them there was the next day that we never seeing

went up on the town with Mr. Weed and Mr. Whit

and away Berry began to ride the horses with a

lyrical hand and taking the horses on the back

back every day with the cats for little things that

one Weed would do on his whistle at day after day did run

and better his father go from the minute with hopes that

Mr. Weed would return back by the nearest son Berry called

Mr. Smith from the table one day and asked him to take

off his shirt because he had heard with say in the street that

he knew one day maybe for distance when Mr. Weed would

come back again Smith took off his shirt and Berry

called him in the back while he put back look like

a pipe of paper and Berry gave me orders that say

long and another boy wish that Mr. Weed as in heart

was back to return to him and he would return what

so with the cats that he would not make another move in a

hearing this the boys couldn't put up with no longer

and they would continually a fight with and more

days every day there was more boys called in the

while Berry was there then mon Weed was called

in three years one day a little white boy by the

name of Big Miller had spill a little salt on the

table and Berry happened to past along and see the

called Miller from the table and ask him some

twenty time aside of his ears with the palm of his
hands after dinner was over the boys was let out in the yard to play Millers stayed along as far as the female department and sat himself down on the steps when he sat in silence alone mourning over the beatitude which he had just passed through presently I saw a crowd of boys gathering around him I ran with all my might to see what the trouble was and there he stood young Miller stretch out on the ground with his little hands stretched together and the flesh appearing from his stomach the boys pick him up and took him to the hospital and lay him on a bed while he was an old lady wiped the cold sweat from his brow the next day I saw Miller in the yard but he did not look to me as he did the day before for there was a great change taken place in his face the check of his usual animation was gone only the day before had some pale and white as a sheet young Miller of the best ever had any seat before in his life to sick he refilled he had not ate I had asked that question existed my mind back and remember of reading some of Father Brown lectures where he says that the cause of this arises from parents inflicting hard treatment upon their children in early life such as slopping them in the face and on the head and hoping them up with the flat of their hand and as I look upon Millers face I was led to believe that the kind Pastor was right for Miller became a subject to fits for years after this Mr. Toffy was an old preceptor or minister who had taken hold of the hearts of the boys in after years had been brought up at the presbytery oh how many ministers now days are kneeling down in their knees behind the pulpit and praying for sick and the afflicted for the orphan and the widow for the presbytery and the captain the soldier and the sister who is tossed upon the waves while no feelings are so sympathetic attitude upon the theme of grace for their sake they are praying for always blessed the black bearded white you are on your knees and cutting those sacred words and employing blessing from above in the behalf of their afflicted people whom you are praying that the little child of life has long legs and send you away to be up your punishment when you repine and unhappiness them with religion and meaningful prayers you will pray for the sick exhorted the poor wretches to fall and remind them upon your words of advice to return to any story it was about one month after this that a boy
The name of Peter Mackelroy hid himself behind a small bush that stood at the lower end of the yard just at the entrance of the house. He was a habitué of the place and knew all the boys. He was a mischievous fellow and was always ready to make a joke or add a dash of mystery to any situation. One day, after the boys had all got seated in the schoolroom, Mackelroy made his way into the room and sat down at the back of the room. He then took off his hat and said, "Boys, I have a little surprise for you." He then proceeded to tell them a story about a boy named Jimmy Dooley who lived in the next town. Jimmy Dooley was a mischievous fellow who loved to play pranks on his friends. One day, he happened to meet a man who was carrying a large bag of sugar. Dooley decided to play a trick on him. He took the bag and ran away, leaving the man standing there,speechless. The man then chased Dooley, but Dooley managed to make his escape.

After the story, Mackelroy said, "Boys, you see how much fun we can have with a little imagination. Now, let's all get back to work."

The boys all laughed and returned to their studies. Mackelroy was known to be a good storyteller and always managed to keep the boys entertained. He was a respected figure in the school and was always looked up to by the other boys. He was a man of many talents and was always ready to help out whenever needed.
and look upon the following day, they both broke out of their cells and made their escape. Marking my way to England and the Tall Ship as a sailor and went off to sea in the spring of 1839. I went in the city of New York saw a long teak hope and one dress in his broad cloth with a gold chain a swinging for his watch pocket and the captain of a vessel that lay in the harbor and asked for the captain he grasped me by the hand when I got up to him and called him by name and by the Howard I thought. The fellow would squeeze some pace off of me he conducted me aboard of the vessel and took me into his cabin where sat a young lady whom he introduced to me as his sister. She then drew out the table and ask me to annunciate myself by taking a game of cards with him until his lady returned and talk soon some of our voyage days just as she had finished the game we came a dazzling young girl who look to me as though she was just walking the town dressed in rich silks and held to her and gold chains lying round her neck with a gold watch. While his brother was smoking and dealing with some of the riches ports of the ocean. I took down with him talk and the two young ladies and was about to leave and make a visit up to the Home of Happiness when Captain Tall swung out and told me to write a poem. I wrote the Howard accompanying to the place and see how things look on our way to the village. Tall and me in a deep conversation about the fight he had with Tory and about the eating that him and me had received from Tory the hardships with me had gone through and ended by hearty laughter and pretty jokes. We reach the place and giving the bell almost ringing the gate keeper came and open the gate as required of there was a gentleman. There who acted as an officer by the name of Mr. Samuel Wood. The keeper of the gate. Howard was very suspicious in our faces and said that there native such officer there are then ask for admittance which he refused to give us until me had told him that me was once a robber boy in the old pay back in the livery and that me was under the care of him and that in case we would be glad to see our old friend. Mr. Samuel Wood. He was most concerned explaining me that me would give him two dollars if he would let me in or if he would just steer up to the office and tell Mr. Wood to come to the gate. I knew that if me think was there he would grant me his admittance and been glad to see us and grown was the knowledge of looking
around to see if any of our old servants still remained behind. The gate-keeper confirmed to us with our desires, that

that our friend was out there in the place that he was not known to gentlemens. Then by that same time he had been there in the place to drive him to go to the office and give in his name to the superintendent, and inform him who was now and to look on the old record books, and see if he could find the names and numbers still remaining among any of the old record. The gate-keeper said that he would obliges and went off and was gone about ten minutes and then made his return and gave us a note to enter into the head and walk up to the office, and told the superintendent that we was more boys in the house of refuge under the care of our friend and Mr. Reed, and that he would like to have the privilege of going through and ask each boy in the first time to any one old companion to get acquainted among the boys in the kitchen the superintendent gave us to understand the same. And that we had never been before, but appeared to be a very fine gentleman he conducted us through the whole establishment and not a soul could we see any old servants. He told me and Captain Tal, to come in there, and that was done when we met her. My Lord, said I am almost twice to Captain Tal, it is probable that not but a few years ago we knew Resolve and something among five hundred boys, and not one of them is now left among the last counsel to join us in our jokes of by gone days, and to tell us of the sorrows and troubles to much he has pass through times, we left the sitting old place in the house out of nearly four hundred men that were left, and one left to give us any account of the mysteries and perversions that was practiced within the walls of the old mission, and had gone from the cruel of the place up to the office and nothing but strangers to see the superintendent, then conducted us the office and spent several seconds with him if he could find two names, or names but One sign of them could there be found where was once names them to be found if not in them books. It was there, once boys in the old refuge that were to stand up in the slavery and it is true that we and Mrs. Tal and both boys who in the second

superintendent of our friend, and the third, and the fourth, but where any names can and cannot be found that the superintendent was acquaint with the second book and adding correctly for our names and numbers. Reader, our names are long ago has been given to the place and the desecrating fire that kept the old refuge and brought for a covering and crumbling.
to the ground, melted everything to pieces, her past away, and the old sound books had become wither under the feet of travel, had Mr. Wood been there, he would have stood of looking over them. He would have stood to look for one reason, but he would have seen or over, forgetting the hour, the situation, the books, and come to the conclusion that he would write. He fell in a conversation with me and asked me what I thought he would, or me, that I thought he was a very nice gentleman, a man of good feeling and full of sympathy, as a man of good sound judgment, and that he seemed to me to be so that he was exalted with the love and men, inflicting a punishment, as long as he described it as not inflicting any more on a boy, then he is able to bear me, so that he was a gentleman that thought the will, pain of them, that was under his care, and trying to impress it on the minds of them. He told me, and tried to impress it on the hands of them. He told me, and tried to impress it on the minds of them. He told me, and tried to impress it on the minds of them, and that the books, and truth, in the books, and truth, at the books. He did, as the Rev. Mr. Sargent, he was a

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The pressure of a handsome young girl, who was moving as flourishing in the role of a stranger as her many forms were new, is a living who once flourished in the bottom with these silks and satins are more woeing under the cold, piercing hand of poverty, the cold, inaction hand of time. Some three years have past into poverty and these god/dess, queen bees and fair, away, and become signs for other people to gage and share. I must now return back to the significant me story, where the reader will see that I was still a boy in the house of refuge on the day that fellow master boy and I, in all, were a poor, hard punishment, and with each groan, I felt, he was driven off to a dart and a lying cell. Under they was there some one the following day it was about two was Monday and week, and I had just got punish that Mr. Wood, made the next step to the refuge. It was the time of slave of slave. I had just writ down, and now was coming down, plan, when I met Mr. Wood. Wood said, ‘If we had but had more, he had been gone, almost, once you and I sat and around him with the other boys to look at our long and dear friend, Mr. Wood, facing me among the crowd that stood around him with me. It was longer. I told him that I was not sure if there was no chance of my getting another small deed, and he said I had, and here Tell the time, I should have known you not a great deal of time. I then told Tell me Wood that I wish he could come back and take his office, again, not missing my front or want in what I had said, but going my Lord, just as soon as Mr. Wood got through with his twist and had got out, to the gate. Very cold, and on the outside of the gate. Very cold, and on the way back with the cats and torment back to the ship to my master. The time. Time, and when the boys all got back I at the table, he called me and from the books and made go with my times for just a asking me Wood if he was coming back again after dinner, I called. Tell me, Tell me, and tell me, Colin, and tell me, Colin. One side and told him that I had to, meaning that just as soon as one was on, both I was determined to make my wages and pass right over into Sunday city, and get my living by pandering woman and not me. I was in earnest, so then, said I, and in earnest then, will be with you. Said the two boys, but don’t forget said I, to take mine with me.
The day past away and night rose on heavy drops of rain fell during the night and continued during the day only in the morning it that beautiful and solemn morning many persons in number rounded the streets corners in houses while the boys were down on the play ground and gone to the market of the town. We were dancing the stage and made our escape. I was determined this time to keep out of the way of Mr. Harper for I knew he would only keep out of the way long enough to cross the river on the long side that I was all right. As I was not before the day and there was not much people to cross the streets. Crossing a large block of land we fell out into the road that led to the city it was near noon and we traveled on till we reached Mr. McCollough house. We all went and in the midst of light the old Mrs. McCollough provided us with food and money to make our escape in to town. Mrs. McCollough had a sister living in town and she charged her son William to bring us down and the sister took care of them until she could. Up came one after getting our necessary things from the kinds.
with her. Well might the old beggar in love with his name look as beautiful as a flower and had all the qualities of the divine soul. Alice Mike and got them to eat. The old woman asked him if he would stay with her and her son. Mike told the crowd to make him a new suit of clothes. While he was sitting there, there came in a close fit of passion and went into the back room to play cards. Alice said, "Will it be our chance. He set fire to the room and set the bags of money on fire. A hand in the air. They would not put down and play all that day and all of that night. When staying the game, close our eyes in sleep in the morning. I counted over my cash and found I had come out ahead. The amount of thirty-nine dollars and ten was eighty-five dollars. Alice and Mary Sullivan had seven dollars. I had just six dollars when I came here. I divided it equally between the three of us. In the morning, the party broke up, and the sailors returned to their several ships, promising to meet us on the following night. The ship was paid and paid the old lady for our meal. After he had gone from her the day before, left her and Mike, a flower, then the anchor in deep love with each other, promising to make an arrangement in the course of the day. One would sail up the street across and burn it into a tunnel, take and put. Measured for a week on a suit of clothes, playing the boots, before they were done and walk out, telling him that she would tell for the clothes on Saturday afternoon. She then went up to the England洗澡. House. When I had past my first night and Tom being flesh, I had a bargain with the old woman for ten more dollars, but I had three from Alice and seven dollars in each. One then went back to the Saloon where we found Mike and the old woman kept deep in each other's arms and went home with her. For three months she had kept together and showed the hands of the police men at the end of three
Three months. I had been long enough to buy me four new suits of clothes and a friend and enough to convey me back to my native home to

Rich. Mr. Colling and Mr. Gellin was to go with us as far as Albany; it was on a Monday morning that we arose at early dawn and pack up our knapsack and to get ready for the steamboat that morning to commence my home and march; having all things ready, we rose down to the salon where Miller was to take us. It was the last week before the hands went out to sea, and surprise was in every place of call there; stood up and the

first policeman with quite bound hand and foot and that crying old hand of Gellin, turned me again while some other policeman fixed me. Gellin and me Colling and took us back to the saloon. And when we stood in the office door we entered the gates. We made up to the office and Gellin ordered the steward to have our refresh and dress in our ruggery clothes by

a little cloth at the door of the door and the bell rang for dinner and the whole place of us was called in the center of the dining room and Gellin ordered

to take off our shirts. Mr. Gellin told him that he didn't come back to take off his shirt, do you mean me said Jerry in a rough and an ugly manner. I say, to take your shirt off, I stand still and firm without moving a hand, until Mr. Jerry got up to me. Gellin and struck him on the face with the nails that Mr. Gellin could not stand, but struck Jerry by the throat and brought him to the floor, then some had Jerry been brought to the floor. Then we Collins made a noise and struck him several blows in the face, Gellin bellowed for help, but there was not a boy in the house that would rise to lend him a hand. The foreigner of the shops heard his cries and they went to his assistance and pull the two boys off me then people off our shirts, while the tyrant old scamp gave it forty five blows again I had always thought. That Mr. Rae who use to have the management of that institution was a very fair man in punishing the boys but he was a man of humanity, and Jerry the next day after we had come our punishment. I witnessed a scene with some want done again in the side of the game it was at the door of dinner, which the boys had put three tasks done and had gone down on the play.
made he granted my request and bade my hands from the post and proposed my punishment until the next by which time he had got a new pair of cats made and he promised me next time to give him both on my back according to my just deserts. Mr. Ward and Mr. Smith were men of getting men that did not use their authority with the cats like Mr. Terry in a proper gentle manner but in array of grand strictings and suppots always looking the poor little sufferer in the face with a smile and a laugh at every blow that he gave him and speaking a soft and refined word to him in such a manner that in the same way striking the little cat gave a soft blow on the back with the cats for some high crime that they had done until the little cats holloa and squeak not enough he would then with those little jaws and let them go—giving days hard scolding over all the words never taken in. Mr. Ward and Mr. Smith left these offices and resigned it to the hands of Mr. Terry who as soon as these offices had the contract broke up those ships and the boys went to work to learning them the whole instruction in four short hours no less than fifty thousand dollars worth of property all committed away to others and me was obliged to take up our night lodgings in the ships and in the houses from thence after...
Mr. Sawyer had brought me here. Tony called me into his office and ordered me to take my shoes off. I took my shoes off and tied my pants with my suspenders around me and put my arms ready to take a punishment for what I knew and why. Then he drew a near pair of Colt that hung up behind his office door and demanded a gold watch from me with the word that I had brought him with me. I denied openly. Mr. Tony, that I had never brought any gold watch, in under which I had no gold watch of my own in my hand. Since the day that my father died, I do not think much of anything. I thought that I would not chance to take any watch from me. Mr. Tony, I said, I do not chance to take any watch from me. Then Tony said, Tony in a rough voice said: "Tony in the following words, I will take you tomorrow. I will take you tomorrow. Tony in the following words I will take you tomorrow." Tony said, Tony in the following words, I will take you tomorrow.

I know nothing about the time of the watch that I have not brought it. I will not bring it. I will not bring it. I will not bring it. I will not bring it. I will not bring it. I will not bring it. I will not bring it.
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my blood and stain your hands in my innocent grave not that it will follow up to the judgment I have been taken into the mouth nor do I know anything about it. I pray you let him stand around and inquire but he had a little piece from Dymo long in the mandible and look me in the face with streaming eyes and hold himself contrary the suffering weight of the cat. Reader would you hold the flowing of my heart and mind as I stand here with my parent in my parent would give me my sympathy as I look upon that beautiful wall and skin of demons whose is to be laid and strick like a place and that certainly ten feet that with the same naming at all about my tears. My sympathies will long finding hands and wait him nothing while from my parent or gettinglicken and mangled. I shall keep it my head and check my eyes that I might not look on the quick and bloody Miserere miss and stand a patience against story of the day of shame. Your parents almost in hundred and twenty lives and hold to prepare for more on the following day if he did not prevent the death and put to both of the office a staggering beneath the mighty creatures. He then cried it down at the turn end of the road and laid down in the sun with two hands cut all to pieces. I did not care so much about myself as I did about poor Dymo long shone only an hour before was clean from strops and would be as white then next day that I should see for to in me. And on the third day I might make my appeal to him that I might bring these men in plain open light to him who I would have much before. But the committee and brought man enough to his men and investigated the matter over and then if a man had any in punishing it in the brutality way that he did for what a big risk he had said although he would have his office not his head on in perpetuity towards us and he was still living in the city seeking an interest and exalting well. As I was upon my feet I look up the truth and so I been King came putting bloody slings with his head turned to the ground andStyleSheet myself and minge in with the rest of the house but that with his hands in his pocket a tear on his back against the females house steel and German by my boy in his head letting reach across and down blackfriars the two poor unfortunate beings that was shut up in a prison. Like himself but the Reader shall make what an unfulfilled
King came to the house after the King was in his bed at night. The old man had been sitting by some
rude hands of some of the citizens. The house was just turned
a building up the street and pulling it up by the hands,
among the number was Queen. King it was just suppos-
ting and Torg had blown his whistle for the house to stop
and get ready for supper but Mr. King took one look
at the whistle and thought that he would stay in the
old building and pitch out some more bricks before
the north himself first at the King of Lebes was
staying down to pick up a brick a large crowd of laborers
fell from our heads and made a large whole in his head.
King was taken up and carried to the hospital. The Doctor
was sent for and he pronounced his case desperate. He
would not live to the morning. As Torg stood
be the doctors he pronounced me with sleep and
Mr. Torg and take in our eyes off of our head next the
new gentleman. Mr. Torg if he would allow the case
and our Torg gave me minutes before the sight of the
eye look at me, as I said this word. Torg he stood
as white as a sheet in the face and said in a most
affecting manner that I might after the boys was at bed up in
the barn. The house arrived and in company with the
King. King was called and sent the nurse an old lady
a washing the blood from the wound. King had said it
all was still and silent as death the whole light of day was just
approaching him. Here he said stretch out in fine lengths with
his mouth wide open, inhaling for breath as the dying man. When
his eyes he saw one and Torg was standing around his dying
track the important and black in pitch black heated mugs
and the importance to. Torg and his black paint he was and
a certain that he was again expressing to take his black paint.
I told him that I had come up to see him before he died. Torg
said I have gone your reason yet I give the only informed
mugs do you construct what I have said to you. Torgs was
be aroused with tears streaming from his and rolling down
his black cheek. King Yes that the cold ice cold hand of
dead is ready to scratch you away. From your long life
and you can get no little thread with even hearts and your
softhall - I want to ask you one solemn question King before
you die right here in the presence of Mr. Torg. King will give
answer me that question. King, said he would tell me. King, did you ever see me and Kingman with a scabbard. King said Kingman did. Then why did you tell me. That he could not have called you. He called you. King did not stand by and see your heart break up in the you did. kern. You might say in any crisis to make Kingman said. King I have never tell me then in heat supposed you to tell such a spurn. I do. It said. King the King to gain the favour of me. But why I am a dying the Kingman for King is not well. Laying day. There are many to lay. I cannot save you. It seems in my prayer your dream started up for me this night. He this way might King your trust the. There is a help for peace. This might you might see that around your head of your that was split in the office day before yesterday. King my blood will have ever tell the story of judgment and many will be the long and lamented sight that you will upon. Our son and you did not come for me to hear. That King I am a dying. My good King to tell. King said. That Kingman the King he said that there was the imperial wrath. Started himself and and pulled up the ghost. And his black spirit back to its.
as I part his coffin there he layd in the same condition that he did when he died with his mantle windoam and his half close on. Reader I have no confidt to you the surprise and disquietude of the new-yeare. Howkeys more it would convey to you what it is that brings so many young brigs to this place where they have been under the cruel hand of torture and punishment and the harshest cut and strung up with the most severe irons until it becomes because they break over the foul streets of a mother or a father or sister and keep in the cold darkness and in early forenoon they leave the parental roof of this happy house and go a stray about the streets with extra pint to lay their heads in some large edifice where they live to drinks and gamble and enter the house of infame with the fact a prey to him and come under the long hand of the policeman. The houses being in the house of corruption and even when those little hands grasp at some coin and he read one some ignorant little of some supercilious or the explot of some high standing such as whether and the drunken wife spurning them because it was truth that there was such a highweight as fifteen hundred debt in some debt. Dickon who can become that one half of the robbers that are written in these have been named the little young grotto got a hold of them in the end and he shouted them with a great effort as though he were reading the life and the education of some great men of his country he grew a sturdy shook foolish lads until he got the whole salary perfectly by least and he flung out into the world with his mind stored full of words and deceptions he will be committed to the novel crime with he has been a reading ground for himself a shameful and a shamefully done a young man broken in a stable and a young preceptor some old man to bear beneath the shameful dignity of shame and nor at the world shall they see his

Despite the looks of a novel the excited ignorant things I cant have the sight of one are a curse to every one that reads Them. forever could have the book from them they are quite full of lies they are a still house of lies. forever could take any comfort in reading them give me the history of some great and good man and no is believing for the self of his country like them. a decent and fight against the stule.
of enemies every day, for the promotion and benefit of the country and harmonizing with a strong sense for truth, peace, and morality under the path of the world—these are the books I like to read. People are worse than books that will bring many a young man to a young cell, and many a sleeping mother to three graves. In short, men bring the reason back where he left me at the last look at my old friend there. King and I walked, my back bare, undress, with the prints of the cells and strongestman, threading under the grassing parts of a smangled back. Three days after the death of this King, I called strongestman and a French boy behind the boat, where we had held it many weeks together and told them that there was nothing in the way to hinder us from making our escape and return immediately back home to our friends and to stay in the city of New York one hour if we could possibly help it. After I had showed my plan in getting away, Nicholas Miller, the French boy, said strongestman promised to be ready at nine o'clock at the lower end of the same. I drew strongestman and Miller together, I told to the one and told them that there was no need to make no letter, the consequence be what it would, and I told them about those, we all three picked up behind the garden fence and walked up to the building that had been built down and taken up a long shot of tinder on place it firm against the end made by strongestman and Miller. The first place we made was the Hudson river, where I was forced to leave for the happy forms of nature here; it was near twelve o'clock when we got to the steamboat landing; there we all three stood without a shot from foot as a rag came between us on our backs but a coat of red stripes with the coat had made and not a single out of money in our possession, the rafter was sympathetic with us and imagine what a bad condition the main line two of us with our backs bare and ran with the coat and the back of our shirts thought; and gone with blood—how to get there is what we did. I knew now I seen the steamboat getting ready to start passenger after passenger. They aboard one after another out shot back and the road be a puffing back up the river with her long-riding right towards the land of Long Point. While I was standing in this distance and long condition a young gentleman died in the fashion of the day with a heavy gold and attach to the chain of watch came up to us and told us that if we was
...
The page contains a text written in English. The content is a narrative, possibly a journal entry or a diary, describing events and experiences. The text is quite dense and appears to be a personal account or a record of some kind. The handwriting is neat and legible, with no visible errors or corrections. The page number is 58. The text is divided into paragraphs, each beginning with a new line, and there are no headings or subheadings visible in the image.
from little fellows said the girls as they sat a chair in face of the fire for to warm and cheer their hands with some of the girls sit after not have brought any fresh meat to cook then began to question about our horses and the place of an activity and the friends are here to see—after getting the fish to have some port in full of color and size up and asking if he was ready to go for the thing I wanted to bring my bag out of the house and send some love that I might give a full report of my journey where they said one of the girls next door Madame in 5 it would fit to go and not to wait in the situation that you are now that the horse will sow that and hand the horse I had the horse of many that the ball was making this way towards over the kitchen—well my boys told the captain some idea for we had my supper with Miss and first here Es Johnson to the captain at the landing where he was being about looking man with a cigar in his mouth—these regents had not had a continued form in the town before and now you have me and all made me a present of the little cattle Es Johnson step up to me and put me in the bed and all the thing I would like today and live with him was more power and will have that bread someday poor boy who be turning to the captain—can say that he is a smart boy he looks time like a smart intelligent boy said the captain—get up boys said the captain and let Es Johnson be good backers back as from our seat and steps of our that while a crowd of ladies and gentlemen gathered around us to see our manner back from looking boys said the ladies were them little fellows here self and now said that Johnson is the little one boy than the other said the little ones than boys must have a river right for the bed to lay in tonight an account of their back from the Ripper your back out there boys sent Es Johnson who had taken a seat with me for said there three months before this from the doors of Ripper and two weeks ago in company with two other boys that with a friend of clothes and a woman to go back home to my Mother but just as more ready to lay around the town that great so badly the fast journey bottom old board of slope and it and I told me back to the house of Ripper and for making my escape I was brought out to the street with the short off me received thirty eyes blonson my hair back with the cut space
Fate and two days after a big broke up looking Morgan by a
name of Thomas King had told me. Here the inhabitants
that he had bought a gold watch in with me and that the
boy began to toss it to and fro and a place in it. He
then called us into the office and questioned us both thoroughly
about the watch which we could not give him any information
regarding. I then demanded him to be the next sitting at
take off one short right in the presence of Thomas King and
ask about one hundred and fifty dollars a piece on our books
and where he that Thomas King was. I'll be Johnson in
all, being full hearted the straightforward I gave no state of
before two days after and there it on his black pants
that boy the cold night of death was too and he saw
boys with the palm motions of the ground taking up a bill
and a horrid lamentation among his mates in all. He
then counseled to get out against that day. I know he did
and he formed a friend to one or shortly as you shall hear
I divide the plot and wished such well and gained my liberty.

The boy broke that fell on the head of King and that we
get along with his blood. I placed it from against the wall and
separate with the boy. The man and wills were made up.

Eld H. Smith's and the rest of the boys were found in one of the principal steeple,
building and other. The rest of the boys were told the last that
in an manner put the bill in place for us keeping during the night
well. I had a gentleman that tried by whispering secretly
in a unfamiliar I guess you have not a smart black boy that
you had better keep him and bring him up just what I can
give to do some boys and all have no children but one
daughters; I'll take the boy into my family and make an
adoption of him and to a smart kid will give him a chance
to get an academy education in the course of a year. during
the conversation the captain's wife and Mrs. Johnson and her
daughter had slip out to the nearest store and brought a box
of entertainment and prepare it for our backs of how I thought
of my master and the lady coming passing towards us with a letter
in the hands. I read it aloud last evening with my watch in
hand. I lay it helpless at the feet of my master.

The gentleman through I there heard in this protest and made
up a donation of wine fellows for us and left the kitchen for the
woman to go through the process of painting and look in.
Johnson spoke in a muffled way and told us to take off our hats and turn our backs to the fire. We played the game, and one of the hand girls took a piece of silk and made a circle in the room. All the girls were seated on the floor, and in each of the girls' hands was a roll of a narrow piece of silk. The pieces of silk were placed on the floor, and the game was to pick them up as quickly as possible. The game was to see who could pick up the pieces of silk the fastest. The piece of silk that was the fastest picked up was given to the girl who picked it up the fastest. The game ended when all the pieces of silk had been picked up.

We then went to the other room to continue the game. The room was filled with light, and the girls were all dancing. The game was to see who could dance the fastest. The girl who danced the fastest was given a prize. The game ended when all the girls had danced.

The game was over, and we all sat down to rest. We talked about the game and laughed. We were all very happy, and the game was a great success.
the last place that I knew. I made my way
with fear and trembling and the fight for me like a heroine for two
ing hours. With my heart in my mouth I came to a house near the
place where the incident took place. It was a large and imposing
building, but the people inside were not welcoming. I knocked on
the door, and after a long wait, a woman opened it. She welcomed
me with a smile and led me inside. She was very kind and made
me feel at ease. As we talked, I told her about my journey and
how I had come across this place. She listened attentively and
asked me if I needed any help. I explained my situation and how
I had lost my way. She offered me a place to stay for the night
and provided me with food and shelter. I was grateful for her
kindness and stayed with her for the night. She was a strong
woman and had a great deal of wisdom. The next morning,
I set out on my journey, feeling renewed and grateful for the
kindness I had received. I continued on my way, feeling more
confident and determined than ever before.
The Tower thinks a great deal of you because you are the only black person that I ever heard in this town before you; you must be smart and active and keep yourself neat and clean.

Elizabeth Davis, who is my maid, and I, live in the same room, and it is quite warm and comfortable. We go out to see visitors and to mix with the world. In the evenings, I read out loud, and she tells stories and sings songs. We also do some sewing and knitting together.

The other day, Mr. Johnson came to visit us, and he brought me a gift of tea. It is a very nice tea, and I look forward to having it every day.

In the morning, I rise early and dress myself. Then, I go to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Mr. Johnson. He always has his breakfast in bed, and I make sure that it is delicious.

After breakfast, I clean the house and do some shopping. We usually go to the market on Saturdays to buy fresh vegetables and fruits.

On Sundays, we attend church services together. It is a very special day, and we appreciate the opportunity to worship and connect with our community.

I hope that you are doing well and enjoying your time here. Please keep me updated on your activities and any news from home.
Wish that gone will get used to the by and by, and the you

want to do it no more. Then he did not give remem-
ber. I felt, said, that he had the same feelings as a

boy was going about him, and he said the same as he

said, and no one to place him on that. I was feel-

ing off of it, my dear, said 1803. I was feeling that I

was not the same as she, and did not like him. He

said he was feeling that I was not the same as she,

and one day he was feeling to the same that he

was not the same as she. I was feeling that I was

not the same as she, and one day he was feeling to

the same that he was not the same as she. I was feel-

ing that I was not the same as she, and one day he

was feeling to the same that he was not the same as

she. I was feeling that I was not the same as she, and

one day he was feeling to the same that he was not

the same as she.
behind the counter—otherwise I will have day after tomorrow with Captain Howes who is going to take for Albany and has promised to take me along with him—Well said Lexington I will see the city and have a talk with him and see if I can get him to change your place and give you something else to do as he did. These words in came Captain Smith and Captain Johnson with a

boy this word to end the talk with a laugh on his face long enough to
read them on your most urgent words before I was meeting some

boy for your hand as ever a daughter of mine—the young men

laughed and threw me a half dollar and told me to just sit on my post

and keep myself that it was a part for one—he held that you

being a bottle of wine and two glasses of brandy and signs up

it in a room in a house from near and told the boy to charge it we

take that quarter and throw her in your pocket to the young girl

left the bar room and went up stairs and began there right away by

playing the game of jacks after they had gone I had a thousand calls which I was unable to attend to alone the boy gave up

tell the bell ring for tea then I had a fine phrase across this chamber—mister of myself I am wish I could just ram across the room and

summons to the young man—she promised to meet me that night

after the hour of evening for the theater must understand that

I had been in the bushes that day and was being a playing at the dolly wheel

and had left me alone to do the evening business of the theater

from noon to five that night I could not see all—I remember a

bottle by some name and I found the most hard for me to

perform alone I carried the boy that John left the ordered place

for me a little half singing and calling for glasses of lemonade

for the young Miss and so a bottle of wine he had sent back

and need a room for the Honorable one to one and so went his way a

couple of dozens of brandies for Captain A and Captain B a
down signs and a plot of practice for the gentlemen from our ship, and then the little canoe that had brought me from the ship to the island. The canoe was now full of hungry faces, who were busily making themselves up to the boat and calling for an extra seat. The capitain and his helpers must have a present supper from the store and he to the cook, just as in just such a style as they would not touch the poor girls would have to have from it. But there would be no reason to give a canoe answering to Capt. Smith and his present so many and done up in a fresh style. I made a friend in the people that crowded of two pieces and at half past seven when Throgmorton returned the other. Of them and I called him up to my room and told him that if I lived to be ninety years old, I would have experienced some things spoken about two days ago. Because about my servant and brought before him the adoration of many. He is so gay - it nothing but an old schoolmaster and strange with them just into the pavilion and a month ago. I did not pass it and by the staid. Thus the gentlemen were always glad from the company which he had brought. But it was the strain. I like the house very much and being more than a house ten men to take ten beds among them. What his beard was and more like hair and moved in the gait of falling between the warm and the cool. For at the moment Mr. Throgmorton had entered the part of the room that he had got his horse in order. Let not any time the scenery should depend upon himself and was ready to face. A story from the moment it began to happen, this made me to keep around one little and to get ready to be if Throgmorton did happen to hear, if you who knew and should never think it was worth anything (with he would certainly do if he had heard what we were). Without him dead on the spot, and my own for the injuries and sufferings with which gone through in the preceding Throgmorton and Sir. I knew the place and one observed for you are able to be moved by a man. That was ground and dead, this a single blow lose your life before you even for that a found black hearth - that Throgmorton said it not what I am afraid of. It was what troubled my mind being up to late nights and storytelling and began to turn that useful has made in my congruous image as what I was waiting to hear down the current. Thus I went to the shore of 50,000 under the leads of it. Throgmorton and you know I am going to need. I was here and was coming in from the storm but the wind to be lightened that old wind that blew himself having once some of the women. Throgmorton's fire and she was well. Throgmorton said that they old Throgmorton once in the middle in the image of his master where he had taken a corner between his head and sat at the same table with his master and his face shown to one that you and S.
...consider at least him in the face without distrusting any opinion. 
About this kind of expressionism, if we had said to ourselves, 
follow those who look straight and truly wise, those who are 
acting like the best and those whose eyes are 
covering the face of the land. And though you have a sense of gold, 
life, in your heart, you remember old age. 
When the day will come, I will come over you and 
the sleeping herd will clip that arrow off of your headings.

They say old age is seen on boards of the best men, 
because they are more prone of my father mine; 
but back at the old breeds, were like another blacksmiths, 
but they have longer life and longer lives. 
They have a glory and the core of their glory, 
arcadian, and the sheep in the head, 
and through his name all to pass and 
left him a walking like a clown in the air, 
and the old age, the old age, the old age, 
and pick me in one of their little minds. 
That it was not just the old age that, 
and after all we have learned the sheep can get to 
clipping hair and birds, if we will only get up and work, 
and not meddle with the things. 
The old age, my more for he is a man. 
old sheepl I have seen the old horses play with little boys and 
girls, and women, and the oldest old, great. 
Tears to the 
west minute at six, and then at the time that the best physician 
sees in a month. He must not be 
sure, and the heart, 
both the morning, 
their heart, 
and the point. 
Thinks the last 
and not as a thing, 
and the old age, 
and to be a man once. 
So said, and laugh at least 
was so 
that if one pointed their fingers for him to look and took a 
rap at just then would have had his head in another direction

at one day. 

The old age, and living way made a great division and 
give the old age an invitation to 
steer in and stop with them. 
The old age accepted the invitation and 
steer it in the old age and 
and the old age, the old age, the old age, the old age, 
and pick me in one of their little minds. That the 
was not just the old age that, 
and after all we have learned the sheep can get to 
clipping hair and birds, if we will only get up and work, 
and not meddle with the things. 
The old age, my more for he is a man. 
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Thinks the last 
and not as a thing, 
and the old age, 
and to be a man once. 
So said, and laugh at least 
was so 
that if one pointed their fingers for him to look and took a 
rap at just then would have had his head in another direction
mines and to give her hostess a long introduction of its greatness. The rich, ladies, and gentlemen, that sat around the table of the house. One must remember that the great that does around the table move up and down, and give no regard to the plate, the nay, to the hand. I was at the table, and I saw a man with a great coat, and a gentleman, that was, that I saw a man that looked at me, and the dress of a man. Many handsome gentlemen and ladies in the house, some of them to come and say, I have a creeping, the only thing I can be a burden to every body. I arose myself up with ladies and gentlemen with the rich and the poor at the table, and in the house, I play and might around the heart and mind of many because of me, for I came in a moment to the glittering ground with you, see in my hand, to stand with you. For I only make one cloth, and give our greatest privilege and drink water from each other continued for a month. A few days after, I happen to pick up a newspaper, evidently, and I read my eyes on one of the columns written. A rich house and property once to be able to stand. I saw a man, again a few days after, and I was the same. Roughly with men covered with rage and rank deep in the cloth of degradation and not laugh, and never at by the rich and the poor, by the friends that had ate and drunk at the table. I may be happy friends to my at the door of the man. The rich and the poor, I hasten my side at, and ask him from the cloth of degradation. I have this young and sparkling man in mind, for in the winter. I wrote for no one came from away and I hear the rich man and his whole family carried off to an entirely green. I thought myself, and sit myself what has done all of this that has raised up the rich and the beautiful. Someone of this country, what has considering far and away. The earth to fall away to an entirely green to be I think that has done, so many riches and advantages in my street. Through our street, what is that has caused many a reasoning matter and better to fall than unfortunate sense that we are in a strong place. I think myself, looking you boldly in the face, I have done. I deserves no pity to me, I am not expected of people. I enter the things fabulous and pleasant places, in my mind, the young and the old, the young man said. In the distant, which locate at the edge of the edge and those dwelling in more others, I have to make any more dealings with him after the young man and I. In the two, the morning sun, rose, still leave the image of the house for one of the
Don’t get under bad tenor with bad, but play the beautiful land, and cut through the city. I shall have money enough to start the works with. I have a Lexington store and get my living by giving rides. A young man in the bank and keeps it open, and I shall keep on a pitch in the morning and try it through, and I wish to buy a lot of land in the banks of the river. I am going to see a man in the town of Joppa. He has promised to take me to all the young. I have been ordered a canal boat and a horse. There are friends in the town, and I had one bicycle and a young man demanded me to go down and bring up four pigeons, and three bottles of wine—M. T. Strongman called, and I had only gone a minute. I was driven outside and fetched, the pigeons and wine, and the young man, fetched me a milk, and a bottle of milk, and I was present for the wine. I went in a room in the morning as a book, as at the last I found that I was four weeks and a half not closing my eyes. The weather that night was very rainy in the houses, and I kept up the spirits. I was drinking and smoking playing cards. I was playing the beautiful land, and cut through the city. I shall have money enough to start the works with. I have a Lexington store and get my living by giving rides. A young man in the bank and keeps it open, and I shall keep on a pitch in the morning and try it through, and I wish to buy a lot of land in the banks of the river. I am going to see a man in the town of Joppa. He has promised to take me to all the young. I have been ordered a canal boat and a horse. There are friends in the town, and I had one bicycle and a young man demanded me to go down and bring up four pigeons, and three bottles of wine—M. T. Strongman called, and I had only gone a minute. I was driven outside and fetched, the pigeons and wine, and the young man, fetched me a milk, and a bottle of milk, and I was present for the wine. I went in a room in the morning as a book, as at the last I found that I was four weeks and a half not closing my eyes. The weather that night was very rainy in the houses, and I kept up the spirits. I was drinking and smoking playing cards. I was playing the beautiful land, and cut through the city. I shall have money enough to start the works with. I have a Lexington store and get my living by giving rides. A young man in the bank and keeps it open, and I shall keep on a pitch in the morning and try it through, and I wish to buy a lot of land in the banks of the river. I am going to see a man in the town of Joppa. He has promised to take me to all the young. I have been ordered a canal boat and a horse. There are friends in the town, and I had one bicycle and a young man demanded me to go down and bring up four pigeons, and three bottles of wine—M. T. Strongman called, and I had only gone a minute. I was driven outside and fetched, the pigeons and wine, and the young man, fetched me a milk, and a bottle of milk, and I was present for the wine. I went in a room in the morning as a book, as at the last I found that I was four weeks and a half not closing my eyes. The weather that night was very rainy in the houses, and I kept up the spirits. I was drinking and smoking playing cards. I was playing the beautiful land, and cut through the city. I shall have money enough to start the works with. I have a Lexington store and get my living by giving rides. A young man in the bank and keeps it open, and I shall keep on a pitch in the morning and try it through, and I wish to buy a lot of land in the banks of the river. I am going to see a man in the town of Joppa. He has promised to take me to all the young. I have been ordered a canal boat and a horse. There are friends in the town, and I had one bicycle and a young man demanded me to go down and bring up four pigeons, and three bottles of wine—M. T. Strongman called, and I had only gone a minute. I was driven outside and fetched, the pigeons and wine, and the young man, fetched me a milk, and a bottle of milk, and I was present for the wine. I went in a room in the morning as a book, as at the last I found that I was four weeks and a half not closing my eyes. The weather that night was very rainy in the houses, and I kept up the spirits. I was drinking and smoking playing cards.
Knowing me or saying anything to me to hurt or alluding more, why is it if you mean to leave my house, the rest must be left to you, it will be plain with you in the matter at once. The place will hold, but the curing I do not like it. If you see the family in trouble and would help by any chance as long as I live, I do not like to be a discouragement, but if she is, if I cannot have the smallest dog and I despise the looks of the place and if the dog is taken away from behind the country, I believe it is not only right but will be of service. I will not see Mr. Wilson have a talk with him and tell him you shout they there where you want my father and put it in a place, if you see in the first place, the leader wanted to do it and get my father and make my father just write there, don't go any further. If my father I promised the old, if the rest that I will stay until the matter, as it is with him, and I return will be into the bar room, and there sit some of the big boys and there will be a sitting this paper and looking over the morning paper, I will, rich, and the rest I will leave. When you are going to leave the country, you will not know for certain in your own mind, but if you are gone and have no letter more to write within the country, then by you. I will know him for business as well as to have some with him for seven years. They told me you are and may be the bright colors, and greater than you will pick up here for me like I will look after all, and you and Mr. Wilson will give you my mind and I believe that my father will please to be a father to you and will be a mother to you, and as far as to this, the will come to be as to sister to you as long as you stay with them. I will stay if the paper will take me out of the bar room, but if not, I shall futurc them and clothes aboard of the papers and board and have by the time. Miss Martha has made her appearance and took me to sit in her room. I told her the young girl into the letting in there for some eight ladies two gentlemen and say Johnson will not, Robert and Robert, and Martha I have consulted with my father about your case. I have told the matter over with Richard.
he says that Monday he is going to start for New York, and he would like to have you to lend him the barn room until he comes back. If you would bring a man with you to tend the farm, he promised, he would bring a boy with him to tend the barn.

In the meanwhile, a good boy Robert and stay here with me until I return, and I will be a better and more useful servant during the time you stay here with me, and in the mean time, I will take you home to see your mother and when you return back, I will see that your master listens a good education upon your what do you say to that Robert?

Mrs. Smith, I said, and I have heard the conversation that said judge Smith. Why did you say he was Roberts? Because you heard the chance of a good education for all the horses would you? Roberts said judge Smith. I shall say here. I was a boy that had been doing something wrong and opposite

me. Sir. I have no doubt what Roberts will say when the law court and put him in. Judge Smith, sir, Mr. Johnson, unable to

returns from Virginia. Dr. Johnson began to think what Mr. Johnson had done for me and the measure on that dark and cold night when he first entered the barn poor and helpless without a cent in money on a bed to lay our weary heads on, a manner to tell

our taciturn backs that had been tortured by the stroke of the cat — and with tears streaming down my cheeks, promised Mr. Johnson that I would stay poor unfortunated.

judge, Wellington was somewhat absent from the room. He might go and find some time place to give away at my good and sincere just as I got out of the door. He heard the voice of Wellington calling after me. I turned and opened the door, and missing the big tear from your eyes, I stepped up to the gentleman. He began to ask me the following question: Where is your native place? Roberts when you are going to

standing my arm out and pointing towards the house of my nativity. I told him that in yours was the best in the city of Rochester and the place of my birth, and the happy home of my childhood and youth — your father, yet pleasant, a judge Smith. So, my father lay, melancholy and tears to tears and your mother Robert, before he could get

that merit and affectionate you — wrote over his mouth. He told him that his father was a live when I slept the land of my nativity and what is it, Roberts? That has been going to far from your home. Here again visited out in full

food of tears and made ready to make my escape out of the
...for telling a lie in me and empowering is now telling by his words with Annie and Sophia his wife—what he did did to my father, said Mrs. Wellington. I went in and related the story as the reader has seen in the first page, step two and in the presence of these ladies and gentlemen. I pulled off my shirt and showed them my back where the mark of the cat was plainly to be seen. The line said Wellington that would stand and bear a boy in that manner. I would pull the0 the Howard that would stand in the manner that would do it. The Howard that twelve and twelve and a half I would have stood and bear a boy in this manner. And the Howard that would stand in the manner that would do it. The Howard that twelve and twelve and a half I would have stood and bear a boy in this manner. And the Howard that twelve and twelve and a half I would have stood and bear a boy in this manner.
As forth to Mr. Aspinall I applied to have the whole mystery and mystery that appeared and infant held, above Mr. Wood, and Mr. Tom that the Lord's heart was wounding and wicked by the hand of a tyrant, a man who was I sending the sins of blood under his feet, in a kind of manner, that had either been expelled or the had broken through the resolution of their provinces for a time and raving clear in a little prison, preparing them to make wide the speech upon the scaffold that had been prepared for some lepers. There is leaving between the heavens and the earth that God said, "Who is it that will show me what I can not show me the institution of a matter that were the days of the world."

The boy you Smith, this Mr. Wood said, for the reason in was kind and obliging since inflicting hard and great damage upon a house, for what matter I said. This [illegible] with that Mr. Wood, and he is better way for a much worse known, than for a woman of years, in the first time, in the little education, that man knows it was not the same justification. That made so many improvements on our that he knew, but a stage for us to erect, what and where much more, and I hope to erect it. Thence to make it better for many, and Robert's stage. I can good guides and orders and
If I had got through both the pieces, Mr. Wellington put his hand in his pocket and gave me a hand-full of gold and silver, and over to the last pitch me a five gold piece. And Mr. Wellington told me not just and come in the sitting room at half past ten. I say, Sir, and Wellington gave me eight gold piece for a good education. I own, Sir, that he will appreciate and take the advantage of his time—join boys in lessons, and they do look for a good education. I seem to be, and to be a painting for knowledge and gaining for an education. But they say Sir, I will say half of the school expenses, you will pay the other. What say you, Sir? And I say, Sir, I will say. Well, I think the boy is a good young boy. I will tell him not to go—this is just a matter. That boy was brought up and became a 'smart man'—this is just a matter. That boy was brought up and became a 'smart man'—this is just a matter. That boy was brought up and became a 'smart man'—this is just a matter.
could only been sent to some high school for two or three years and there spent any time in learning some good and useful knowledge which might do me a deal of good in my life—here there was a boy in the school house of half and many learning arts of drudgery and reading being self-will and so with a deep expression of feeling and expression of feeling I had been with Brander somewhere for more and I had given up all hopes of getting away education being from the first table or dealing in books and but myself down and made myself contented as I could have done myself in a few and deep expression of feeling of the same I left the room and leaned directly for the post office where I applied letter either from my mother as the former had tendered that had promise to call at my house to see and and it was bad enough on calling for a letter she had written me not I became directly and found the young miss and upon the letter and found that she was from my mother and the other from Mrs. Hillman which came to stay close and wrote an old letter. The young boy who had read some books and wrote the letters and with that all for folks had haunting a sign and day after reading these two letters I went across the way and bought a heavy hand pessent I carried loaded with...
Hills with some fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen as he led the party he introduced Wellington and judge Smith to him having bought the house who had come the previous year for some purposes. Then they walked and partook some of the daily baking of ships that pass through the country and just up to a large hotel near the place and I was always among the gentlemen. Some of the officers of the firm and at the same time they are playing a deck cheap game on stage and treating you out of your money was such gentlemen. Indeed which I had to measure every day and gain from one room to another in the dead hours of the night with a bottle of wine or brandy among the large company of ladies and gentlemen, that came up with Mr. Johnson, I could not seem to escape the scene but tender each had promised to bring with him a hundred yards and 1 stuck first at this gentleman then at that gentleman as they came from the counter a table for ladies and sign demanding this room and that room to be dealt with nightly with light The Captain in the room would drink one both the horse and journey and go down to the tavern and get them two hundred bottles of wine and a few bottles of strong beer and that brought for me being then up to the house I say Mr. Johnson said we set a sign of method you took down great care to bring up some wine and wines from every vessel that you seen before but told me and desiring a tender to the place with which I had in my head all cordial and hospitable if I told these men I would say they would go and think they were in my best room and then asked my friend to walk into the street and bring up some lodging that might at any time in the morning receive the daughter of Mr. Johnson's niece to be living in a house and required of the servant girl if Miss was up the girl came up and gave me a note at my door telling me that Mr. Johnson wanted to see me I got up and put on my clothes and came down stairs and stood before the presence of Miss Johnson who began to tell me that her father had told a man in town and that he should be in on the next evening that came in a coach with me and I came here a poor helpless young stranger and in a strange land but I being a place to go to by my house was the first
He again was in the house and asked me if I would come to the room, as he had some business to attend to. I said I would, and he said he would come in a few minutes. He then said he would let me know what he wanted me to do.

He had some business to attend to, and he went into the room. I waited for him, and when he came out, he said he had some business to attend to, and he would be back in a few minutes.

He then said he would let me know what he wanted me to do. He said he would do what he could for me, but he could not do everything. He said he would do what he could for me, and he would be back in a few minutes.

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He then said he would let me know what he wanted me to do. He said he would do what he could for me, but he could not do everything. He said he would do what he could for me, and he would be back in a few minutes.
Robe in what way you wish to take back this reversed
Stingman—please to explain yourself—be Stingman,
said I to let us both cross over in a good boat on the
Rive, place so as to be ready to take the new wind when the press
and spirit from日内瓦 and SwitzerMattias, men, until the hour of nine—and almost that hour of the
Stingman, will be coming from the school house to his own house.
See that you have your pistol well prime as he stops at the door of his residence, I will step up to him
and fall into conversation with him—then during this
conversation I will pull the pistol from my pocket and
let it flash at his heart, within again hearing pistol crack,
your presentiments at日内瓦, and I will finish the last
stroke—and what if some bear the spirit of our pistol?—
said Stingman—l'm a heavy charge in mine. Stingman
and if I present it and discharge it, it will with Trans and once can
rare before any one gets the least out of the blood—ah, but
very Stingman be quick, give me another finn ready to have my revenge out of him for all the
and misery that ever he has brought upon me.
head crime when he was unperturbed with the cats or did he think that he was doing justice before God. When he was shedding your blood for the sake of gratifying a black heart and

shame your strong man, your honest blood and rage a rage of

black revenge and return the injuries he had been guilty of

open you a thousand times better for strong men if you will take that pistol which you carry loaded in your pocket

and shoot it to the bottom of the Hudson—then to go through

the streets with it loaded and not utter—it you arrogant

held his head down as I said then—drink not knowing

what to say or what to do in rage and madness I made my

way back to the Hotel—leaning. Sorrow, understanding them to come to some proper conclusion of the matter— as I was

the Hall I heard the voice of Murder—murder sounded

came peeling in my ears in a most pitiful manner. He

like a heaving sort of the sea. I covered the person

reported again. Presently at once the voice would die

away in a silent and dreadful manner. I made my

towards the room from whence they were, and you

pursued him and to my great astonishment and

amusement the very young man Wellington on the

bed and a dozen men binding him hand and foot and

making him fast to the bed—my God—think I in a corner before

the time it had reached him and made a fool of him—she

that has given you to mine and strong drink until

the servant has mounted from the bottom and clung him

hysterically to me in his terror and fear. The young man that was murdered

by that young man on the street is except in such case—let me

see let me take a peep at him and see if his I have

been that for once fair and beautiful youth. I look and to

I saw a young man that was kind of understanding— who had

put the sash around and mouth till it came to him

again and he death is so very deep until the iron hands

of the barber had pinch there tight hold on him and made

him’s lesser cut murder murder—inter close when he took

the young boy look like a bleeding face of fire his cheeks as

red as death. It is impossible pretty give a correct descrip-
tion of Mr. Wellington along in the bed bound

head and foot. I gave the reader a strict description of the

young man and he looks I have got to go down for a few
Moments into the mighty deeps and pull up an old log

leaves, and draw from thence a couple of old murrays.

With these, perhaps he has read over and over in the days

his childhood when he sat at the side of a pacing murre—

is my old murrays he here to us look and see what they

and when he was coming out of the ship there was him a

a coming from the tombs and the old fellow took up his

decending among the tombs and he was inquired into

madness and set strong in degradation that he had lost all

of his good principle and fasten, that he were present with

become, he is tertained that he was one—no the Spanish

man in the land, and the heaviest murrays that pack and

hates are not only all the old fellow— and he was just

an ugly looking old man, that the very heads of the pas-

was a head, and the murrays and plunged himself

the sea where they all perish— but an old acquaintance

he happened to pass that murr and looking upon his face

and the situation in which he was place and the for-

dication to wish he had brought in command a legion of

less desire to come out of him and the thoughts of the

ing about the voice of him that spoke once a man

justice and that poor hard rough looking old fellow who

animate before was transformed in an image of hell: one

and clotted in his right mind and he face there like an

ugly eyes the thirty old murrays gave one who has illness off

the image of a man that the almighty had given you and made

yourself equal with the bones; there is yet hope for you and

though you may be sitting among the tombs and sitting and

losing your flesh there is a hand that can watch these

little glints from your brows and make you to hang to

any one that passes can say my name is begin— I must now

fill up my little manuscript and find it deep in my bosom

hoping that it may serve me and done some good in after

time when I shall my reason to praying for it again. I must

now return the reader back to Sir Wellington and the dark

and terrible scene that lay before him. I have been trying
to compare him to one of these little imps with the private

from old legion murrays but the situation in which he was in

and not be compared to him to I must bring old friend

legion alone and introduce toy theater with the army of

Wellington—night came on—yes Reader the most darkest

and blackest night that ever I spied of I for one
be set up with him and deal not a regular portion upon me for him at certain hours of the night. He would sometime be calling his father by name; and then insisting as he was a man of delicate, being a tender sister of his at the last, would have his love in his grace for more than four years. So much as I say, Mr. Wellington said I, and bring your letter from the great man I do not know where the body—gladly Mr. Wellington would样 agree ye years indeed if it lay in my power!—his love for beautiful had by that means the reach of my own and I cannot tell to my own this did he say for a week continually might also say with one of his old companions that had come to a hundred years ago. Then I shew him the only thing my dying wish is that—plunging myself deeper and deeper into my own life and myself harder and harder by every word I gave him. While the words of my dying father began to grace colder and clearer my bosom on. So much as Mr. Wellington began to go better—indeed Mr. Livingstone and Mr. Johnson came in with sorrow and saying heavily some step with him the hour. Then—Wellington said that he did—Wellington said this—by said Wellington and let me know that I may get a little

I think my reason has returned to me a little—returning up and down. Yes, Johnson and Livingstone and Mr. Johnson united him and tell him he must tell me to pray by him and not to let him come here—go on. Mr. Wellington hearing my heart flown in pity, I am as I say at his eyes all turned up and black and a－while they bear so and there like a black little man. I tell him as he pitied me and then when to I saw our back two to pass by touched and I was under an indescribable obligation and gratitude for the blessings which he had bestowed upon me and I thought it were the only bound duty to administer to his supposed breach of him during the time of his illness—because Mr. Wellington said I as he pitied the poor bewildered and fast almost on a seen—a seen—dying child—wretched—wretched pain in my head—here I look in the face Robert—I hardly Mr. Wellington mentioned—poor child. This year being one up a little light witted Robert that I should wish—come and call my man for me. I say to come a little better—you Mr. Wellington. I will do what I may be in a little—ever—like a hiding of light and got the greater and made his hand and face and continue the grown father then took a deep at himself and in the grave and said I don’t look like the same looking young man that I.
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...
Breaking it one thousand pieces. What joy must have played and mingled in the bottom of that young lady's heart, at that sweet moment, and what joy and merriment must have been playing in the meeting house above what a happy temperance meeting must have had there. What a number of reasons must have risen in all the minds of the people that were singing those temperance songs, with such a crowd in the mind, would make one feel sorry though he never heard a hymn sung. Though the weary hours of time brings slumber upon me, and my mind may be called back to the theme of my recital, I will not forget that thought of that came flashing and playing before my eyes, and remembering that circumstance will fill a man to poverty some or other during the three last months of my Wellington stay. In America. I do not remember of having drank a drop of liquor, nor would I own to having at all. I have no taste of the tumbler that had the power of liquor in it after he had put the quid out. He had upon him during the latter part of our journey. I could not close the tobacco and I had made myself to a couple of travelling sportsmen as a matter of stock pigeons and went off with them to Charlestown.

Paging up at the Wellington hotel, a gentleman that was travelling through the southern states and playing whist was called the beautiful hand. Four thousand dollars, singing these songs with my Johnson; and studying the rule of nine and nine. I became a well-educated scholar. I always used to blame my hands, and in the books of crime, being well read, and then about my regret, and with one hundred and eighty dollars in my trunk, such had been made and saved by gambling with the common sailors. That I was a hand to pack up. There with them and to take my regular visits at the second table twice a week. Reading the "Minute of September" between the house of the and Johnson. And most exciting the last bridge that was a cross the river, that I heard the shouts of a crowd, exclaiming in vain and false. I must sing, let me Alone. The let us sing and let me pass gracefully along with my business, or you will be sorry for it.
the black. I called for the captain of the watch—let me add—
not pass quietly to my home. I had just made my way for
a grove, that lay on the tow-path where I had been before.
I could see the late hour of the night and was just passing
over a cross the bridge. The yelling horse ad a minute
before. I had no time for the girl and the girl.
I was lightly on my tip toes until I approached within tem-
porary the iron band that held the vessel, and impend-
ing to mdle the girl, and I was not far from the girl when
I could get a good light. I saw what was gained
between the two. I stood with my ground and drew my pis-
pron the side. I could see with a determination to help
the girl mdle my life. The girl was cut down. The girl
find the girl in a corner. I saw the girl where she
was. I stood and drew my pistol ready to let fall the
moment. I saw the girl under the brush.
I stood for the first time in my life with a pistol in my hand ready to put the girl to death.
I had no other way to help the girl. The girl.
I was not far from the girl. I would not put my life in danger. I would not put my life in dange.
When I saw the girl, I could not stand up.

She tripped me, and I had to take a step back. I felt my pistol and shot the negro in the thigh. He died a moment later. I then confessed to the fact.

I gave him the second charge of my pistol, but he was already dead. He was a local resident, and his name was John. He had been a slave before the war.

If you continue this practice, you will end up in the city of Richmond. But if you follow my instructions, you will never be in danger, and you will not be in need of this weapon.

I leave this to you. Sign your name and send it to me. And I will send you a letter.

This is the end of my story. I wish you good luck.

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answers that question—said a lawyer jumping up from his seat, and then, while he took his case in hand and the beggars in his eye, and I am going to defend the boy. I repeat the question: make a

just go to him—then you will allow me to ask the question why he made a hole in some shoulder blades with that stick that lay on the table. I will give you a piece of your own medicine. A stick that laid in your shoulder—Dick said I had struck my own count with it. I laid it down and pulled up the joy and pleasure that I had from picking up my self and holding my head up and looking on those two hundred spectators in the face that had always crowded into the room to hear the specimen. I said as I was crossing upon bridge between the houses of town and town last night, I heard the flesh cutter of a girl flying up through the sawdust and little dust that fell there, and let me pass over the town. And as I approached near and nearer toward the girl from whence there came the sound, there was heard a voice from the mouth of the girl again in loud and clear tones. I say I would not have her forced from the mouth of an unprotected person and bound over the railing of the bridge, I saw you pitch and to find at once and receive the girl from the prevailing hand of a rope and Jericho from a dying genius. How can I dare it? I am not a

nigger, said I. Smith, so I had the impudence to say his black hand in the face of my daughter, and he showed him to me, and he took his life. I will tell you, if the English black man I have in my body make room thereby my hands on the immoral hand—at Smith paid these words he came to the eye through the crowd to pray. He could do more but he was not to be seen among that multitude of people. It was good. I believe that Mr. Smith would have his life in his own hand, and when he got on the dungeon and so on with the false witness in the other page, after telling my story to the crown, Mr. Smith, step up to the lawyer and puting a second bank note into his hand, told him it was best for me. Of these many words, I speak no more. It came to sight on the spot, and it should be. He should and be. He should be. He should be, said he, when he was asked the daughter from the final hand of a negro. The girl was then called by the hand and was asked what brought her out. I said that he could not have her to do such a thing.
with them, but it got past dark before I started for home, and
having some business to go to next morning, I made
my way to Torgler's, where I might pass the night and the
next day to go to my place. It was extremely cold that night and the
next morning, and I left the house before day, not stopping to
breakfast. I was then determined to go to a place a few miles
north of the town and spend the day. I was to reach that place
that afternoon, but I did not think of anything else. I
looked at the sky and saw that it was going to rain, and I
threw on my cloak and started out, intending to stay at the place
I had gone to for the night, and to go on the next morning.

The wind was blowing hard and cold, and the rain was
coming down in sheets. I walked all the way to the place and
when I arrived, I found that there was a fire going in the
house, and that the people were all sitting around it, talking
and laughing. I went in and sat down near the fire and
listened to the stories they were telling. They were all
strangers, and I did not know any of them. I had been
traveling a great deal, and I had seen many different places.

I had been in the army for three years, and I had seen
many different things. I had been in battles, and I had
been captured and held in prison. I had seen many
different people, and I had talked to them all. I had
learned many things, and I had seen many things.

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different people, and I had talked to them all. I had
learned many things, and I had seen many things.
To begin, the case: Henry is your child. Suppose that one of your main
children had been abused in this manner by the aide hand of
some middle-aged man and the offender came along and seeing
in me to rescue the child, had agreed to his taking the case
and open a case for your child. Would you not stretch out your
hand and reward him for saving your daughter.

He was ungrateful and ungrateful. After the lawyer had moved on in
this manner of pleading and interesting for me that visited
all God had to force a ground up for it and we had to the
joint in the better and giving my case into the hands of judges
and myself that they would have it. I trust it accounts for
being devised and for using me pistol and shooting a man
in a distance. It. I was demanded back to the black house.

I had to wait for my trial till the winter of December. It was
late in the afternoon when I was taken back to jail and at
the door of Dr. Mr. Smith brought me down a black bed
and a plaster bed and a half. I went in through the men's
and were there. There was more regular
way for three months and one my teaching andmo

about nine weeks to Mr. Brown and the erectors and
and normal ladies came in the jail to see me and telling me

I have lost my life. Also that I found nothing but a new by

among strangers and in a strange land. While the case with

it to begin.
that I should not mean anything good as long as I lived in
and not be giving my fear nor to anything trouble by
more should not or on or his mother and me
one that would go before the great Clive got me into
one person to see me against one. I was in your
in Canada and he was not or over our owners
the caterer or he still takes up his abode in a state Where
her son they have to have him here before you say
Although every one all the people said he was for not in you
case, and are trying to raise more to get you and not go
I told my friends that I was very much obliged for
for allowing an interest in this case and hope that he will
call and see me very time an opportunity offers itself
If we ever have friends to have my friends and with the best done to me in the
morning being late the presentations with a light and
change Mr. Brinson to get me the principle
of having a light and let it and what can be
the great to send a print and here I have it to
after getting and there ordered to the papers they told
for the right to thimbles and candle in the sad emotions
with fines placed in the Brinlton and others man
pick men and although they try to understand my condition as complete
all could get my mind and my boys and leaving with more
and grief nearly the knowing me Brinlton had to take my
trunk and clothes and a chair and some bed clothes and for their
so that day I had friends who told strangers to come in
that were not fairly heeding all said about the rich

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afternoon, my dearest boy, I read a book called the
Mosaic family history, a reading and fancy book. The
book had been reading about two hours, and sat 
reading my fancy. I saw large drops of grief come 
pouring down the girl's cheeks, thinking that she might be hid 
away. I asked her what she was thinking of, she said Robert
She was thinking of my fiancee, of poor, poor girl,
and I felt myself:—I was in some fancy place, but if you could 
see the tears that I have shed before you, some tears you
would pity me, poor girl. Fancy me, I do pity you, and 
that lovely girl. I wish you was some time, you know,
if I was only with. my poor, poor happy heart, 
where do you the fancy? I were in Britain, Canada and Fance. I get out of the place. I shall never 
right time to my mother. I can save money enough to
carry me there. I have money in my bank that suits this fancy, and when your time is out, I will give you 
enough to pay your expenses there. Here come you some 
good people, and come over here fancy. To be in 
Canada, and with whom many?—the noblest, the 
most kind, from her tale gave me the following:
true narrative of the whole circumstance, which had 
not only brought her from her friends and home but
the wife. Spanding three long months in a county 
place, she did the common work—I felt in love 
with a young man, whose parents were rich, and to him 
I lived in good circumstances and promised to marry him, 
but another young that came over from the states.
I have between the marriage, break and pointed 
out to me, the riches his father had bestowed upon him, 
and the pleasures. I would say: if I could only 
find his hand and marry him. Well did you do it Fanny—
From Robert till I believe you, Fanny go on 
with your story. Well without reading with my 
father or my friends about the matter. The wife of 
the two lovers. I had better marry on. I rush 
right in the vigor of youth and beauty untold, from 
my own heaven. But married to your beloved him
at least did go Fanny—no Robert. I got married 
to him at last and cross the lake with him and 
take my to Syracuse, where my husband put 
up to the largest hotel that was in the town and
Called for a private room and a private waiter to attend to our calls on the fourth morning after we had put up to the hotel. My husband arose early in the morning and dress himself in a very good looking suit, but he had some very important business to tend to that day and he requested me to stay in the room until his return. I sat down to read and he placed with me a bunch of letters from friends. I had some coffee and ate some breakfast, but he told me that his business was urgent that he could not stop a minute and he planned not to leave it before a clock of lighting or like a thief that was hurried by his presence. What can this mean! said I to myself that my husband is taking such an early flight. Without his giving me the least notice of it, he has been a rolling on his seat in order to have a moment's peace. I cannot help thinking that he was my precious little treasure with all these crimes and he has been guilty of but a few more crimes, the only one was to be a rolling on his seat in order to have a moment's peace.

He then said to me, 'Sell the mattress, sell the bed, sell the most junior of these articles and be gone from this house. You are my mistake, my misfortune, and my greatest misfortune. You are guilty of all that is good and pure. What crime have you committed?'

Then said I to him, 'My dear husband, you are my pet, my little treasure, my one and only.'

He then asked me where I was going and I said, 'To our home and to the people who love us.'

He then gave me some money and said, 'Go and be happy, my dear.'
not having a place or not knowing where it lay
by my head—why didn’t you return back home? I’ve
told you before—I had the quaint to get home with
and if I had returned home—should have been a done
and a by word to everyone but just me—so I
didn’t care what became of me or what I did as by
as I could get a living and being advice by another
who much sought—I started all the everyday. I took
a young girl who was lost—drifting sick any day.
I took her advice and followed her. So after
a while she went to bed and yielded yourself down to
a shone and distance at last did you—say Robert,
for this girl open’d a wide but beautiful field of
riches and pleasures before me, and I gave
myself away for the first time in my life to interest
itself. I found myself lost up here in a valley but
for the term of thirty days. After the girl had got
through with her nourishment, I came from my seat
and began to pass the hill to and fro—and having
a good habit for singing I struck up the
following song with me and my father use to sing
in the happy days. When casions tells did find no
hiking place in our heart we used to meet and our
puppies—The author song is Frank Miller—
Come all ye females of a fated nature,
don’t ever turn your feet away any,
for many is the bright and shady mornings
That turns to a dark and a solemn day—
I thought that year—returning time to Wan—well
such a piece of madness wish I had—but look up
in my heart down my breath—very shed was my
line while her heart was yet serene and soft—while
the nature was giving way to grief and tears and
comfort and said—there was that young girl was
Young Roberts. Heard she was out late a few nights
ago and was found dead in the canal the next morning.
As you step Frank said I as I gave her some of these
old fragments do you see that her was yet composed and
it very put that she had any for her she fell into herself
and that it never felt of riches and pleasures she
heard your. Frank did you not know that within
that field laid the backbreaking heart of many strong
man that she had already slain—and that darling silk dress that glittered in your eyes. So when the sun goes down to the path of ruin—did you not know then—that was her dress in her everlastling shame and contempt which an old white drapery of some years ago or have you never read that they that go in unto her never return again—and that her steps leads to the gate of hell—and that her ways leads down to the cold chamber of death—or have you never read it? When she had brought many a young man to a heap of bread—have you never look’d over the old record book and found those old deceptions?—or I will tell you one at a which was given to me by one of the oldest men that ever lived. He says that her house is the way to hell leading down to the chamber of death. So you see how just by taking one fault to you lose your character, and soon for evermore so. But the girl had some feeling of repining. I was determined never to play another card with her in bringing them out in her sight again as long as I stayed in jail, I gave up my bed to her wish had been provided for, and chose to lay my head on the cold oak floor in the dark, that I might see her lying there beautiful like. It was morning. I have done and could do again with the sad measurement that one who was mighty, then I had taken my cold lodgings in the mountains with setting for his ever at night but the dampest air, and the cold snows of the winter, and in the morning he was bound to say that the files have holes and the songsters of the air have rest, but I am not here not to lay my head, clad and warm, and the coming, vanished together by singing and taken tears of reading to each other until the evening, after time, it made cold centuries morning when the turn came down and on both the door to let anyone poor soul, and to myself at the mas. I was happy I think danced in her shadows and getting ready to go—poor girl, I am afraid you will forget yourself, and find no way to turn down—you have no place to go, and no money to help you with—listen, and one—let me remember my promise, you—your little creations you for your little hosts are to listen stand the cold winter blast, I on look my trunk.
and, do in one manner of it that way's. I do keep up with her. I had given her one before I left. By Johnson—One Fanny and I will share with you poor girl I pity you from the bottom of my heart I have been in the very circumstances you are for from time to time without means to get home with and I know how to pity you, especially at this present season of distress with the end little, a grumbling and gracing in your face—throwing my hand into my trunk I have not fifteen dollars and handed it to her telling her to get a place to board and not fail to come and that, least once a week to time was not while I was telling her Mr. Brownson happens to step in to see how I get along and if I needed anything she look at Fanny and then step up to her and told her that she might come and work for her during that winter and if she were a faithful girl she would pay her one dollar a week, the girl accepted the offer and went home with Mr. Brownson and for three times she did Fanny with me along as I lay in jail bringing me all kinds of fruit-naive. I don't remember of surprising her of insult in saying a filthy word. I have no trying to take any advantage of her during our confinement together in jail—poor girl she had gone out getting good time for two days after the had gone a smooth, lying, set of criminals had come from Poland to arrange to get their trials and they were continually a gambling and disputing about the money on the board and it would end in fight and my heart mounted with joy that Fanny had gone and presented to take scars and filthy advice—time went on and there being no instant found against me and through the influence and kind interest of Mr. Brownson and Mr. Smith I was discharged, but not allowed to have my pistol again and education of thirty five dollars from the lady society—shouldering my trunk I return to the stage office to start for home that might winging at the stage office with Mr. Eady and that had gone. I was informed that they had gone on to Peabody and had left word for me to come right on as soon as I got out and find my trunk to get some money over to pay my for there. I found that some of the prisoners had on
lock my trunk with a fault key and taken out some twenty dollars I returned to the field and informed the sheriff of it and a search was made and the money found stuck in one of the cracks of one of the cells, no one knowing who put there and that evening at eight o'clock after giving them a call I went on my way home and the next night I met at the outside of my mother's cottage door after being absent from home and not seeing either brother or sister or mother for three years and seven months there I stood for the first time I stood a lingering between two doubtful whether it was best to give a light rap at the door or to stand right up like a man and walk right in and make myself known as a lost prodigal who had just made my return home. My brother must have been at the door a minute or so if this is the same old ladder and I once use to ride almost stand and listen and see if I'd see the same face that I heard all grown up I must ask lights around the house in my top toes and examine the old roof and see if it really is the same old place. That covered my head with years and precious yellow young one take a secret peep into the window and see if another dish line in the stays old cottage no perhaps I may be mistaken some other family may be living there at the head of strangers feet might in my mother's pound. Since I have been gone let me look it over let me throw another glimpse through the window while the pale light of the moon plays her thron from about ascension towers and see the richest face of my mother by the light of the pale compass of the night let me under the thrice light of your unseen eye and find a line and a little place to cease—lot darkness on me and that darkness better me and let all nature behra in silence till I approach the cottage door again with these receding tears that running from my eyes again and now standing at the old cottage door of my father's house for from here that I hear the cheerful voice of my mother. I guess I will raise the latch and see whose the first one that opens the door the door opens and I am folding my letters in my arms and trying to keep the broad cheek of my mother give back one back one back one dark and black clouds and let one
The moon breaks forth that I may look at that old oak tree that stands in front of the door—where once my little sister sat under its green leaves many a summer evening watching the brilliant bees and the lacy old followers uniting themselves and moving in the bow 086 dance to every breath of wind that comes sweeping over its leaves. Many was the evening just as the sun was sinking away in the west as one and my sister sat beneath its shady branches singing. Good night good night my own true love how swiftly those moments fly.

I soon must part this earthly

the hateful watchman cries

Casting my eyes to the east part of the house there I lay on my bed with my father's head on my knee. I am soon back to my mother as she is trying to let me up the stairs to the room again and pulling me in mind of my father's dying advice and the lead me away by the hand and press out a prayer. Too the streets in my behalf of what you do reflect second is that I hear as I pass the bed on which my father died.
day with open eyes when a sparrow will take
place within them wall and among them boys and
religion and truth spread it self among the
inmates of the place but never never will that
day come as long as a soul can get on the inside of
them walls. Every thing things they are grasp by the
hands of young children just as soon as they learn their
ABC’s and they learn him to lie cheat steal
their rob murder plunder and in the very
brightest and last of his day he finds an empty
cell in a state prison all through the influence of
reading novels and following the practice and
vice of some one that has been reading about
that has committed such and a crime or made
such a crime in the city of new york or
London. Such a thing my good Reader no
such a crime has never made they are
including you and drawing you into the
until your hands commit a crime and you
find yourself an old man in a prison and
there drag your a poor miserable life of a day
After getting fairly settled at home and seeing
my friends all well and comfortable I made
my way to the city and hired out as a bar
under in a publican to one Mr. Hills. Not
having much to do one day I thought I
would take a stroll towards home on one
of the back streets that led up to my
mother’s house as I walk slowly and
leisurely along the path I found that
there had been a great improvement in
building on that street. Since I had been
gone from home and found that many of
these buildings had let out to those who kept
bars of whiskey and as I was walking slowly
along I saw a beautiful young girl sitting in
the door and a young man who scared by the
fancied name of Warren a walking up and down the street passing the door several times and continually glancing his eyes on the girl
who seemed to be his interest. I past on until I
had reach the door of my home they last had
...deed herself to go out and take a walk and asked me if I would like to walk out with her. I replied that I would. We walked down the street again and there stood a line of carriages with the books of the girl leaning on the fence with his hand under his chin. My late acquaintance walked over to the girl and talked to her at the gate. While I walked around another woman was very quickly dressed in a gold gown and stepping from her coach and asked me who that young lady was. I replied to her over the fence that I did not know and that she was a stranger to me and that was very little that was left to tell, but you know what these doors or what she was for a carriage. I replied that she didn't. We then passed on again as the lady stepped out and is acquainted with her upon your walk up there with me and pretends not...
of brandy and take a drink with him in honor of each other's health. Incap was poured out a full glass for himself and giving a lower nod with his head to Mrs. Muliner he drank the liquor down as though it had been water and put the hand into his pocket and threw Mrs. Muliner a dollar bill telling her that he did not wish to change back. My sister got up and walked out the door and said her may back home leaving me with Mrs. Muliner and Miss Muliner—Mrs. Muliner took a glass of water and came and sat herself down in on my knees and there hung her arm around my neck and her head on her breast. She claimed that the last train five minutes past would and I could bring her suit in his arms and pronouncing her off in a back room where they was gone for fifteen or twenty minutes and then make her appearance with these papers and with quilt and clothes. Weck several time I tell me that nothing wrong had gone on between the two, telling her to keep mine eyes as though he was to be met next people see that he had just come from the house of inquiry and proximity he made his way out of the back door and look over the back door and made his way through lives and along until he gained Washington street which led him into the city. There were called away and rescue made his return back to Mrs. Muliner's house with a face as red as fire and his eyes flashing and turning as red as blood. I was playing cards with Mrs. Muliner on a center table that stood in the center of the room. When I entered the door. A gray man said I was to me—that damn invalid little French—he got my pocket book with one hundred dollars in it. You say he went it. Since I left the house. I when I have not been it now do I believe that are should be someone to ask your pocket book. I know the better that is regret. In a week time I know better. You get all use. I had it in my pocket when I got in with her and remembering of giving her a less talk half from it. Just what the asking for that reason said I. Perhaps you may be mistaken.
about your pocket book for I don't think the girl he got it—whet your eyes boy. I can't be mistaken. 
Said i never seeing 1s. longer cool down a little. I can't he mistaken for when she got in the— I pulled out a two dollars bill and put it in her hand and put the pocket book back in my pocket. I go in—with her—let me see said i never perhaps might drop it in the bed—perhaps it might have slid out of my pocket in the back. I go in and see as he said these words he flung open the bed room door and search the bed high and low but could not find the pocket book—I say then said i never in an anger of rage I meant that pocket book and money or by Gd I will throw the floor with your blood. I treated you like a lady and for you just what you ask and you took that pocket book from my pocket. And when the smoke is together and smoke I ask you like a gentleman to present it to me. less than five minutes here is one of the girls but you and I want the girl. The boy hand which had committed the crime on
and swear on one of a pastor against Miss
Writewin—she swears she went in and saw
Mrs. Writewin on the stand first—Will Writewin going
you last one hundred oars and a hundred of in
Mrs. Writewin and house down—she said must
Bill you on and decide what kind of horse it was
whether it was gold silver or bill said By Writewin
Bill Bill for said reason—By Writewin—Bill what
heard said Thos. Writewin—Bill saw one can't tell
By Writewin—What was going on in his opinion
Bill or what call you in there at all who
I saw—Bill saw one to By Writewin—I am the son
of a wealthy merchant in the city of Baltimore
and have a wornen brother that resides some where in
the city but can't tell exactly what I heard that
he lived on the street that Miss Writewin was
and I made my way up that way being bad and
very of having all day. I stop and next nation
house to get a drink of water I found my hard
next my hands—it being a hot summer day six and
my being ever present with patience. I lay down
on the lounging and before I knew it. I was curled in
the arms of sleep for some time or three hours when I
awoke I got up to take my pocket book from my pocket
to pay Miss Writewin for the use of her having
during my horse of days but to my great surprise I found that
my pocket book had been slept out of my pocket by the
thief on hand of that person. Sir some woman—
By Writewin—was there any one else in the house or
someone beside Miss Writewin while you were there
someone—yes sir. That going boy must there—question
well known to you know but what he took your money
answer—yes sir. There is no one took my money. The but
that girl—after By Writewin had examined everyone. I was
called on the stand as a witness against Miss Writewin
from one knee pull the look at such my stand here
and she wanted to give me a sky look and a wink
but I was not going back home—Miss Writewin
said do my job dont fear dont let nothing trouble
your mind. I know no business there about one
of them black curl by hair that constant bending
to singlet from your head he beats the lying dog.
and continued my business in the stock-room. I was keeping my hands deeper and deeper in all kinds of crime until I got in bed in crime. I was afraid to commit the blackest deed that was ever committed. I was hardened by crime that I would sit down and play cards on the table from morning until night. One might as well cut a saw-knife as tell the time.

She told me that there was nothing to fear and that the police would have all died away. I went over where I had hid it and dug it up and brought it. I sold the present one with five dollars of the money and gave the handkerchief to the boy in the corner house. I asked the money. I asked for money. I put it into the pocket and laid back the same bill and asked for the handkerchief. I began to play cards and thinking everything about the handkerchief, taking out of my pocket and before I got through the game, the company found an envelope, act upon me and my pocket, searched the bill and the handkerchief found. I had taken before the justice of peace who ordered me off to jail.

As the appearance of court as I was going towards the jail I kept the handkerchief under my vest and took them with all my friends in the court, I was made my own and put my hand up to the street until I past the grave yard where lay my mother as I past this town. I remembered that I cast my eyes because the grave yard that given the fatherly advice although I regained myself that I heard his voice appealing to me from the grave yard. I was laid on some time in quiet and solemn time and then in a bed and a trouble. I was saying to one in this town. I told you to read when I closed eyes in death. I got the hand putting you are reading is that the fault you had not to you before my body was laid there in the grave yard that the hand was tending of my heart when I cast the billiard that where lay my father before heard and I degraded and kept in bed and times. I was on without shuddering on dying a year. I can remember the days when the very word of my father was my own and all the casters from a find matter and all the affliction of a heart could keep me from a lack of fear, piercing the grave yard from across the middle.
led strictly to the point more1 ince on gaining the door. 
old woman in the money box and be careful of the 
constables—I was better, and had just made away. 
you need not be afraid. An old man of being betrayed. 
your sister only hide the money and keep it out of the way. 
I went back to the fellow and played cards till nine o'clock 
that night, and was taken by the constable and brought 
to jail and shorn in with the same fifteen or twenty. 
Crime who was waiting for three hours expecting to 
get clear or to come to a state prison among the times 
of persons that were acting wild. He was a poor old man 
who expected to end the rest of his life in a state prison 
through the money of the court. The old man was taped 
and put into the cell. The old man had passed 
several bloody battles with the Indians and it was 
pleasing to live in them all. He took the box and the 
adventure he had gone through with the Indians. The 
old man was talking late about a dead horse and 
an Indian that was dug up. Just as the old fellow 
as getting into the adventure—I was called! 

The jail was to be an old inmate of mine—great. And she 
would bet the wad in front of the door—who could that 
young English gent be with his hair curled and what 
curled one side and a heavy silk shirt. Bringing from 
the watch pocket and with both hands in his pockets a 
gigging his money—who could he be? He was Tunman who had just come from St. Louis and was returning back to the city. It was the 
lazy little English boy that suffered through one in the house 
of Refuge and had made his way into the city. But I 
could get a chance to tell him more. He threw five 
shillings in the turnkey's hand and told him to open 
the door and let him in. The turnkey opened the door and Tunman—me! One had a long 
talk together about my case and done much money. 
He had more since he had been gone and let me 
his assistance—Sorry, Bob. Sorry. It pains me how I 
therefore they went to stay back to the House of 
Refuge—ah, Tideman. I don't know, English 
what can I do for you? Let me know. Bob and I 
aren't one piece hundred. Deserve my life I will do.
for you, let me know by tomorrow. I stop being here at the Eagle's half an hour after tomorrow. I am going to start four hundred miles here. A hundred in my pocket. And am going to stuff her. Her in the bank and go up to the twenty yards and then over so. So that and play the drop game with some of the pilots. When I write about twelve hundred. And then I shall go by. Lie myself. England and sit up and play. There I have you call my name. I have change it. And if everyone here is get close. Don't get too close. Come down to you and the one to come to the thirty yards and ask for ten. The hundred for the twenty. And then you go back to the twenty. From I have the directions with her. For you if the judge only sends you back to the thirty, you may be sure that I will be there with a repetition. Twenty-four hours after you get there, and then you are away, you will be. I after all. But there is more weeks on my back with the wall. Then you will come and help me away. Well, you let him once more his hand to you. Again and put the weight of the cat on your back, and if coming the latter two minutes. I will send one of the bullets in his heart. Panning me the horsejoke at the same time, don't fail to write to me after you get your assistance and let me know whether they sent you back to the ship. So it can be in time to give you my assistance and help you away. Don't forget the name. Mr. Nelson. Nelson. For this is a good heart. I know to get the sailor, your a short life and a long one. Never hear you yourself. At the same just the same. Take courage and speak and the last one. That insults you. Let your pistol crack his heart. Don't forget my name. Mr. Nelson and ship. More letter and I will report to you here. The two dollars note and make good use of it. Don't forget it.
up where doth he live let one come before the morning
 davon I know he hath been amongst the rolling
 thereof and I was where he came in and he came in
 thinking that no friend might be him. Some
 secret haven I told him that I did not know what
 he lived or where he could be found still good by his
 don't forget this. When I told them old fellow to
 think you have learnt to drink deep in the intemper
 sel you go that by the last child. Not much help
 only a little more and then he cupid there he
 didn't drink deep or it will not dig you because then
 mind what I tell you he cannot tell good by the
 don't forget to write to me after you get your name
 and I will respond back to it found by trumpets and
 they said he was with you if you go there the bad luck
 to plough the farming you. God said therefore he
 gave the best and for the time pay to come and
 let him eat. God has given him because he knows
 that without he there is nothing. God laying there
 you will believe that the man. But when
 you are riding upon his honey hill and
 and it will there comes a sneaking upon your path
 and the箱子 is sitting upon little craft like a
 slobber and the end will be seeming you seven or
tug your hand in it. Most then my good fellow you
 will believe that there is a God whether take them
 masts back from him on. We'll be the day when
 from my heart well some playing and mingling
 with fire before you see and a flash of fire better
 like them made back about. We take nothing back
 and friendship and the parting was not things the
 horse men done and I can him the more
 where to be some. Trumpets are
 trumping the high woods of trees and crime
 while the plodding he heard the blast of the
 plowbarks done to trumping between the
 the earth. If we have him here in the condition
 and shall introduce my heart to him in the
 following chapter and the English and the
 the he came to at least the line
 had never heard that he in company with
 twelve other prisoners was to be brought out
before the court and hear my indictment read and the charge that was laid against me. There I stood a long time only at the age of thirteen, arraigned before the judge and jury, to hear what my doom would be and to hear the angry sentence of the judge, a scolding up my doom, and consigning me away to a dark and gloomy prison, there to become the inmate of hard and cruel treatment and often times to be led down with balls and chains and heavy shackles as I entered the court house. The people stared and gazed upon me and my unhappy comrades, as though we were a herd of animals. The court being called to order, our indictment was read, and the district attorney ordered us to be ready for our trials on the following day and sent us back to jail there. We were all mixed up in the whole to be tried and I knew that it would take a while before I could see my mother and I, so I sent for Miss Writmore to come down to the jail and see me before the execution of the death penalty and before my doom would be pronounced. In the following day Miss Writmore made her appearance at the jail door and asked if there was anything that I had in her power that she could do for me. She put that question to me and I began to reflect a little and to see if I stood in need of her assistance—no, I thought. I had no means of Miss Writmore that I was standing between an iron grated door and her, yet I stood in need of her help and assistance. She did not ask me what I expected to get and tell me what she could do for me. I suppose you have no lawyers, Robert—I said. Miss Writmore replied, after a little reflection of what I had done and what I had gone through at the hands of the judge and that I was not a mute to be sent back there to answer for the charge that I had made and to receive whatever horrors and vengeance of punishment to expect my own. For that was the rule in the House of Refuge in those days, if there were any wrong, they were and one went back.
She had to bear his own punishment and the other too—No, Mrs. Metamere, replied I knew no Lawyer nor no Lawyer to stand and plead my case—no Lawyer to stand between me and the person who has sworn to be a witness against me—no Lawyer to help me in this hard case—no lawyer to give me any advice before me—then said Mrs. Metamere, I will go and engage a lawyer for your but mind and do nothing to any passing person where you got the money from or from whose hand you received the handwriting as she said those words she turned to go away and seek a lawyer who would take my case in hand and if possible rescue me from becoming the inmate of the House of Reformation—Mrs. Metamere said I must decide to go away if there is any possible means of your deceiving me to gain back to the House of Reformation. I tell you I would do it for it will save me from a severe punishment—she inferred my age and taking it down on a piece of paper she flung her way directly toward Lawyer's office and employed him as my counsel. The hours past away before the girl relented and at the hour of one A.M. fasting and Mrs. Metamere appeared at the jail door and asking asking me a few questions and engaging the girl in the following advice—boy said do you are nothing but a mean boy and as the money and handwriting found in your possession and can have no other evidence than your own the said professing his advice is to your father to plead guilty and that will be the end of it and he will put my best influence before the court to have a light sentence pronounced upon you—his advice was taken into hand so not to bring Mrs. Metamere into any trouble—boy told her so the Lawyer just followed the direction with I laid but to you and said that will put an end to the whole case and make your daughter an agreed debtor—something Mrs. Metamere told him. Boy lied him with his age he stated with Mery in the case to keep me from
being sent back to the house of correction where I
would have to suffer under the loving care of the
knots of. I related back--on-things ask me my age
and put it down on a piece of paper--giving me
this mock and assurance that I should not become
the inmate of the house of correction and I and
Miss Metivier spent there may out of a dark and
darky jail into the fresh air. the house of
which is one more strung with thorns--let me have this Metivier here--a healthy
the high road of vice and crime and I will intimate
the reader to her in the following chapters and the
awful end and death she suffered with two men
after the trial. my story begins--there a number, number one
just as the ten o'clock strike the hour of
that eleven. prisoners names was called to
ready to go to the court house. she was one of the
number that belong to that hard rough looking
crowd--yes reader I am member of among the
transgressors of that day and with hand cuffs on
my neck I made my way to the court house
place that loud huzzas and idle grumblings and
pleasure--pride and glory--the noise of the
gallows and the horses--the noise of the
rascal--rascal--rascal--the noise of the
murderer--who had committed the darkest
and blackest deeds under the cover of midnight. but there
with their pride and bluster and their
unpunished--yes there I sat in a hot prairie and
read at by these black shoeed free beings who
was all brave to go unpunished and still there
they read it, while I for one small crime
was made a dog a thief and a beggar and
the inmate of a dark and a gloomy prison
for Reader there I sat convicted and in the hot bath
upon by these ironical hands who had swept their
hands deeper in crime than ever I had dared to
and yet without punishment and among those
hungings execrated in person who was committing
the most grievous and blackest deeds rendered
the shade of midnight then my joy while I toiled
and was I shall confess to the Reader in the
erasing
that was my indelible being read and again before
the assembled crowd to wich I had just alluded above. I plead guilty to the whole charge and she swore the trial and swore that I had all been over the mare. I thought it was over and decided to go back to the jail. The next morning I was to come and hear our sentences pronounced and our fates pre-arranged. I threw my head as in the Book of Shame and was afraid to give him my visitation. I was tense for fear of being sent back to slavery and I told him that I was but ten years old—and just as he was about to pronounce sentence on me he said he would be two years in the penitentiary and I was ready to take his word and make my way towards my long and lone.
Some horses-blast that cursed and infirmed wild, frenzied bitch! Said reason as I past him, she is the petty devil—she took my money out of my pocket and that poor little innocent darling has got to suffer for her deeds—I could not raise in reason without saying one word and left the court house with tears streaming from my eyes as soon as I turned my back. I sat down and wrote the following letter to Mr. Strongman—

Rochester—May 24—1858—

My dear and honest friend: I have only time to drop you a few lines. Since my sentence yesterday from Judge Sampson, for the term of two years across the Long Bridge, and if I ever live to get out, I will certainly come down soon and see you. What think you now of having a new home near there? If so, you will be careful as it is all rough and wild. If you come down upon some day that you will feel easy here in your present place, I think all the turns have gotten over this heavy task already, and that it has been so great.

I bade farewell to Mr. Arnold, the principal keeper of the prison and perhaps I may meet it. This is all that I can say and I have the honor to wish you the most hearty and kind regards to be your most humble and obedient servant—Your ob't servant—

Memorandum of working this letter and fulfilling my promise. Aberdeen and Send it and directed it to Mrs. Allen in the City of New York and handed it to Miss Morrison, who came down to see me in the afternoon and who promised to post it the same day. The next morning on the second day of May in 1858—thirteen of us in number bound down.
in iron strong was put aboard the canal boat called James Savage and began our journey. We reached the thirteen miles in numbers all passenger and making our way to a dock and a genly boat at no sitting but a boy at the age of fourteen loaded down with chains marching off to become the inmate of a dark, rough and gloomy looking prison—here I sit writing in one corner of the boat, looking and hearing the painful sighs and groans of Peter King's wife and little children—practically how my heart was in sorrow for you as I sat grieving here upon the sad little children of yours. Perhaps our may never see again more before the expiration of ten years shall roll over them while I feel of yours—you little rascal of your being may be tramping over the ground of the dead and looking for the first turf that crosses your feet reming—the feet of your Wife may be seen a trailing over the sleeping dead and the soil may be snuggling with hers but all of this you can not hear. Mother, have you broken hearted looking since you—you are sitting alone in a reading desk little that went with you get to sitter you gently before you left and told you promised with a solemn oath to read and study carefully during the two years you have to pass with me. read on John and though I am a young girl from the very bottom of my heart I say pray God bless you—look at that hard mouth looking for old times that laugh and grin and set up his shins—laugh and grin on your hard hearted old don't you know and we before five long years drop over your face your laughter will be bound into strange—I wish happy John the next feels he got religion before he left the last and
made his principal treaty of execution, that he would live for God during the rest of his days; and die for God; how happy you John! Jacob and I were a cheering us with his beautiful voice and singing.

This did me press our way on until we came to the weigh look and chiks who was done it to a slum prison for ten years young. His wife and lit little bright eyes children such a kiss and a shake of the hand — and a father's voice they got off the boat and stand upon the weigh look until the boat was ready to start. I shall never forget the looks of that lovely bent woman as she stood there a weeping and holding the best of her thousand and holding a little infant in her arms and five wares.
Little skeleton a hanging and clinging a holdin
her dress as the boat showed out of the dark she took us
each by the hand and from her trembling heart, she said may
God be with each one of you and spare your lives to come
from you gone prison better men then you are now
thus passing slowly along we reach Monticello in three
days just as the sun was throwing her last glittering ray over
the tops of the trees Falling of at Monticello, the sheriff
hired two wagons the same night and at the hour of nine
we found ourselves enclosed within the walls of a gloomy prison
as we entered the office the guard who was on night duty
went up stairs and in a few moments made his return
followed by an elderly looking gentleman whose locks was
white as the drifting snow this gentleman was Mr. Cook
the principal keeper of the prison Mr. Cook order the guard
to search our pockets and take us below and have our iron
cast off after getting our iron plaque off the guard in a rough
and harsh manner is to follow him in no March until
we came to a halt in front of a dark gloomy lonesome
haunting dungeon on locking the door hegerd it open
and order us to go in and lay down on the hard iron floor
without a bed or a blanket to cover us locking the door he
put his hand on the lover to see if all was right and so he
order it was not to make the least stir or noise through the
night nor not to speak one word if one did we should hear
from it with sorrow in the morning Reader could you but
witness the tears the grimagen and the sighs that went from
that gloomy dungeon that night it would melt your heart
the night move slowly away and at the hour of half past
six the bell ring for the prisoners to get up and get ready for
so that his heavy day works that laid ready for them to do
for the convicts had all get there breakfast the keeper of the
kitchen whose name I shall call Mr. Richardson came with
the key and on lock us and order us to follow him out into the kitchen where we must to be shaved have our hair cropped close to our heads and change our clothes and have the real uniform state prison marks on this rigid and equipped in the role of disgrace we are ready to enter the hall with the jailor. Keeper and stand before theclerk who puts the following question to the convicts. Much he must answer. How old are you Where were you born What county did you come from and relate the crime that you are charged with are your parents living and are you a married man how many children have you and what kind of an education have you are you a temperance man or intemperate are your parents religious and did you ever attend a religious school how many times have you ever been in a county jail or how many terms have you ever been fined poor convict here low the hang his head in the sight of shame as the clerk put the question to him and ask him of the temperance man how shame the rebel looks and how he hesitates to answer the question how the thought strikes his heart like a dagger as he stands there and thinks that only a few nights since when he had returned from one of his drunken sprees that his clumsy and heavy old hand strokes the neck of his liquor in the face and made he carry a pair of black eyes for a long time and the important william had the heart to uplift his cruel hand at his mother at that old mother who had watch over him night and day and we tender reader that he bow his head in shame when the clerk put that question to him the reader will understand that I am now introducing him to the prison and the rules and regulations and modes of punishment as they were in 1840 when I first entered the prison and as I have just entered the prison let me leave the reader here and give him an introduction to a faithful and a useful old soldier who stand upon the prison a keeping watch night and day he is a fine old fellow I have been acquainted with him ever since I was
So high—ever since I was a boy of thirteen years old—and I was acquainted with Mr. Clay's daughter—and unable to give the writer a history of this old soldier's life, with his adventures, his feats and his character. Together with his career, and downfall and his everlasting ruin and destruction. When the old fellow first entered the prison, the Warden and the inspectors took so much interest and delight in him, that they placed him higher above any of the officers of the prison—and thought it was strictly against the rules of the prison to put him in those days for either convicted officer to smoke within the walls of the prison. Yet they broke over those strictest rules themselves and allowed this old chap to have his pipe and use it whenever he chose. What think you, reader of an officer who lays down rules for the inmates of the prison to keep and live by, and they themselves are the very first ones to break over them. What think you of such an officer as I cannot answer the question myself, I will leave it to the candid reader as a mystery to find out. Well after the old fellow had received such due respect, he shouldered his musket; and stood like a brave soldier upon his throne to meet the stormy battles, and the mid night air that would come a hurling there stormy darts and those mighty nights at him, how my heart has yearned and almost melted within me when I have been standing for a long time a looking at this poor old fellow and the sad condition to which he is place in—and the suffering to which he will have to endure until the almighty sends a thunderbolt, and his thighings from the high and lofty position to which he now stands; many has been the cold and stormy nights when both knee and guard has been crouched quietly in the arms of sleep; that this dejected old fellow had stood his match, like a brave man; the mid night air, and the stormy winds have swept and howled over his head—thunderbolt
and lightnings has played before his face—snow flanks and beating rain has come a pelting down on him—the glittering sun has thrown his melting rays on him. The shadow of the Almighty hand has just over his face yet the old fellow heed them not neither does he pay any respects to them—why the old hatter looks to me like a praved taught old fellow—and if it wasn’t for that devilish old pipe in his mouth I should respect and like him so much—look Reader, face straight and firm he stands—See how he holds up his head and defies the sun to search him as the Mother Clast to hurt him from his throne—every time I think of this old chap he puts me in mind of an old drunkard with I once knew and had made himself so base and so degraded that he was hated by every one but by and by the old fellow got sick of liquor and looking at himself all dressed in rag—and thinking of the course that he was bringing upon his family—he dash the deep stain of drunkardness from his character and in the course of a few years he received a high station in life—Reader I like this dutiful and brave old soldier for one thing—that is because he is a temperance man—I believe he hates a drunkard for he most look at a drunkard neither can he bare the smell of liquor—nor is he one of those that geers and sneers at poverty nor snipes or mingle with riches—one cold frosty morning just as the keepers was coming in all bundled up in there over coats twisting and turning there heads at a small blow of a southwester I had to shear off in one corner where no officer could see me and laugh heartily at what a feet they made at a little breeze of wind that came a fanning there faces. While the poor old fellow had been a standing the cold blasts of the night—dutiful old soldier—said to myself one winter day you have on roast many a winter storme and stuck to your duty like a faithful yeard and yet they have never supplied you
with an over coat—see how clean he keeps his musket 114 and how strict he is to be right on the spot at the precise time of duty. I don't believe the sergeant ever had to speak a word to him about keeping his musket clean or about being on duty at the precise hour; there is one bad trick about this fellow which I don't like much—and that is he hates to work—he won't look at it. I believe the old chief would rather cut the buttons off of his coat and sell them than to work. Why reader if you spoke to him about work he wouldn't listen to you—no he wouldn't look at you—now he puts me in mind of some of these contractors who come in the shops a puffing and blowing as though they had done a hard day's work to buy heavy and tattered blankets upon the convict shoulders to do but they themselves aren't too much as duty these little figgers with it as I stood a gazing at the old soldier one day the waiter he go to pass me and I had a good notion to put the question to him and ask him if he thought that an old soldier would stand so firm on the field of battle and face one deadly enemy of duty call him faith lest being a little afraid of insulting and hurting the old soldier's dignity. I didn't put the question to the waiter—how many more years this honorable old soldier has got to stay up there with his musket at his shoulder. I am unable to tell—but reader many will be the cold winter nights and many the hot bleeding days—many will be the loud thundering that will clap and rap over his head—and many will be the quicked lightning that will play before his face before he drops from his lofty white throne—when I cast my eyes on the old chief he puts me in mind of a song with a little Shepherd boy, struck up and singing one day when he was ait on the green plains attending his father's flock. His song was about one of those old fellows and tender them the Shepherd's key song—They have ears but they hear not they have feet but they walk not hands have they but they handle not more but they smell not mouths but they speak not and the very man that made them is liken unto them—ye brave and
praid and haughty old fellow—though you might stand firm
and hold upon the field of battle and to meet the deadly enemy face to
face and never dodge at the crack of a musket—nor flinch at the
loud roar of the cannon—when she was playing the balls and throwing
her hot bomb shells in your face—yet you brave old fellow—just
let me tell you that the terrible day is coming when you will
fall from the position in which you now stand and though you
have face the stormy winds and stood the cold blast of the night
yet a hand stronger than the winds and colder than the mid night
are will know you from where you now stand— And dash you
to the ground and you will melt away like wax before the burning
blaze—and your everlasting destruction and destination will be
sealed up for ever.

There now introduce the reader to the venerable old soldier,
cooper John who stands upon the top of the prison—let me now take
your politely by the hand and lead you through the dark and gloomy
old castle—Look on the left as you enter the front gate and your eyes
will be dazzled with a garden of rich flowers—cast your eyes on the
right as you come in and you will see a stove or four cherry and
peach trees that are beginning to fall and drop away—keep straight along
until you reach the hall and cast your eyesh upon the door on your
left hand side where you will a little board up over the door in large
capital letters which says clerk's office—stop in and thrust your hand
into your pocket and pull out a quarter and hand it to him and
he will present you a ticket which you must hand to the sergeant
and he will provide you with a guard who will conduct you
through the prison—the reader will remember that I am conducting
the visitor through the prison as it was in the year 1840—the sergeant
has now provided you with a guard—he lays his hand on the iron
lever and the old iron door swings upon its hinges and lets you out
into the north wing—passing along a few steps you pass three dark
and gloomy cabins where the prisoner has to take up his silent
and solitary adventures at night—leaving the dark and lonesome wings where every thing looks dismal and cold—the guard brings you out into the cooper shop where you may see men rigging up ship clothes, hemp, and hemp, a tilling and lashing, and beating the heavy leathers of a hot summer day—from the cooper shop he leads you into the tool shop, which stands in a slanting position against the wall, with the light windows set in the roof, that the prisoner may have light enough to do his work in this shop they make plains sheds and in past—through the dusty old shop he leads you out into the garden where you have a chance to breath a little of the dust off of your nine kick dresses—crossing the road the guard leads you into the meanest shop where you may see some twenty hands to make a weaving carpet—from this meanest old shop—you strike out into the open air again—and before you have time to take one puff of fresh air you find yourself into the machine shop where the loud clomp of the smiths hammer comes bounding heavy in your ears, leaving the noisy and smoky old work shop—the guard conducts you into the comb shop with your eyes wide to get out of as quick as you can in the account of the filthy smell in this shop, they make combs of every description—leaving the filthy shop you soon find yourself a passing through the cabinet shop where your eyes will be dazzled with furniture of every description, and with a perked mind which price you are about to set into your partner if you was going to buy from the cabinet shop your conductor leads you into the same shop amidst dust and smoke and you are a lucky goat or a lady if you get out into the open air without having your hair met with smoke and dust in this shop they make frames and carry on silver plating—from the frame shop the guard leads you into the south wing where everything looks black and dark as mid night and the convict have to take up his solitary abode and spend out the long and long some nights of his time, in leaving here dark and chilly, looking captives, the guard leads you into the dining room where you the tables are set with seven or eight hundred wooden plates as your pass on
spice Soon find your self into the kitchen where the guard I Velocity shows you a bottle of soup and a pot of mush a junk of beef and species of brown bread— if you are a particular friend of the guard he will take time to search for the Warden and get his permission to conduct you up into the hospital. Mind you have got to be his boy identical and particular friend or you can’t get a peep at the face of your dying youth who is just a wrestling and fighting hard with the enemy of death— Leader are you his friend have you heard a long speech in his case you have been passing through the shops have you talk sweet to him and tried to bring back to his mind the happy days of your boyhood and youth— have you brought to his memory some well remembered tale which you use to sit and spin in your father’s log cabin during the long winter nights does the old guard remember the tale yet does he recognize you yet has he forgot the song with you and him used to be a humming over as you both stood along together up your shady lane— well then Leader if the guard has not forgot them happy hours and those gone by days he returns to you with a heavy chain, locking key in his hand and conduct you to the hospital onward— onward your face your way through a dark and gloomy ding until your feet enter the threshold of the hospital door— Hear— black and dismal every thing look— Hear— still and silent is everything around you— not a word or a life is heard through out the room— not a smile hangs on your face as you stand between the living and the dead— every thing looks neat and clean— every man that is able to sit up is hanging back in his chair with his hand under his chin and his elbow leaning on the bed and seems to be a dozing over his hard allotment and the condition which he is placed in— Lasting your eyes at the further end of the room you see a young man a pinning away under the awful and dreadful disease of tuberculosis and are before you pass sets in the next he must pay the debt of nature— without a friend in the world to shed a tear at his destination— poor fellow you must go to your self as you turn from
This dark scene with a heart of pity and compassion—sad as you stepped down the stairs and through the door—your mind is thrown back to your dying boy—with no sister to wipe the cold sweat from his brow—or no master to smooth the pillow for his drooping head—nor father to come and cheer his heart—all looks black, dolorous, and dismal—and with a broken heart you turn from the dark scene with your heart full of woe and with a rebel of thought a paining into your mind—the guard conducted you back to the Hall—sorn whence you first started from—and before you knew where you are you are bounding and skipping through the Hall into the open streets where you begin to sniff the fresh air and brush off some of the stale prison dirt that still hangs and clings to your clothes which you got on you as you passed through the streets to inspect the work and to gaze at the unhappy burden inmate of a dark and gloomy prison.

I have now conducted my reader as a visitor through this gloomy looking old castle—and took the pains to conduct him through every department of it as it was in the year 1840—I shall now lay out the rules and regulations of the prison as it was in 1840—and continue on with my theory and its improvements that have been made within the prison from that time up to the present time which is 1855—and I hope as I lay these rules out to the reader that he may be astonished when I come to tell him that the rules in 1840 were more strict and severe and laid up to them they are now for I must confess with an open and an honest heart that the Auburn State Prison is a paradise to day then what it was then as the reader shall see in the following chapters—in the first place the convict must not leave his hammock and go to bed until the bell rings at eight o'clock—he must then sleep off his clothes during his hammock and go right to bed and not be seen up by the guard through the night until the bell rings.
for him to get up in the morning at half past five
he must then be up and dress and be standing at
his door in readiness so as when the keeper comes along and
raises the lever of his door he may push it open and come
cut—he must not have a knife or a fork either in his
cell or about his person—he must have no book
slate arithmetic nor nothing in his cell but his bible
and tract and spoon in his cell to eat his mush with—he
must hang up his bed clothes every morning when he
first gets up and not let them be seen on his bed or
the number of his cell is taken down and handed to the
keeper—and the convict may think himself a lucky
adventure if he gets off with a dozen scratches on his
back with the old cats paws—when marching we must
keep close together with our arms folded and our heads
to the right our heads bow'd and our eyes a looking down
upon the ground—when sitting at the table we must
keep our arms folded our head bow'd with our eyes
directly down on our dishes before us—not allowed to
touch a knife or a fork or to unfold our arms until
the bell rings as a signal for us to eat—must not pass a
piece of bread or meat or a potato from one man to
another either behind you or before you at your right
hand or at your left hand—it makes no odds how
loud your companion may want it you must not hand
it to him—for if you do off comes your shirt and less than
a minute time you are suffering under the pains of the
cats—and you are paying the penalties for breaking over the
rules if you have once then you want to eat hand it
to the quieter and he will give it to the next man that
wants it—must not take any provisions out of the
table with you to the shop—Must not Silver your
Hammock on Sundays without a direct Written
order from the Doctor—must not be seen a running through the yard when sent from one shop to another on some errand—when gain through the yard on any particular business—you must keep your arms folded and your head bowed towards the ground until you reach the place of your destination—must not be seen a tittering in your cell—must not be seen with a prefect in your pants coat or vest—must not look eye off of you work and cast an uplifted eye at spectators—(I like that rule its a good rule how does it look for Convicts to be staring and gazing—spectators and strangers in the face as they are passing through the shops—it looks to me like shame and misery—thay came through to gare and stare at us and not me at them)—So reader we are not allow to look up at that old aged mother or father who perhaps are passing through the shops and who prevents the may never see again on this side of the grave—there very foot prints with they have left behind them seem to be said to us—When in church we must keep our eyes directly on the chaplain and not be a gazing around us—must not speak a word or look up at the inspectors as they are passing through the shops—must not speak to the convict—must not talk with out it is in the presents of the keeper—no trafficking or trading with each other—no smoking with out a written order from the Doctor—must not use or be seen with any tobacco—I say old Chap our whole head fifty years has already swept it blasted minds into your face—what are you gain to do now for tobacco been a chewing the old cud for more than fifty years—and now you have got to throw the old soldier one side eh—it comes down hard upon you dont it old man—ain't you sorry you come how old fellow eh—been up to see the doctor yet old chap about your cud—did you tell him that you couldn't do with out Eh—did you put on a long face and tell him that you
was continually sick to your stomach—well what did he say—ha ha told you to put a piece of sticks in your mouth and chew it– ain’t you sorry you come old man—they have played a game upon you here old fellow—sorry you come at last Eh—God bless you old fellow. I feel sorry for you and sympathetic with you in your lone condition and your hard allotment—but let me tell you old man that you will see lighter and harder times then these a rolling and rushing over them silver locks of yours before the expiration of twice your time—Reader do you want to know how these old fellows used to do when they need up for tobacco—methinks I hear you say—well then—when one of these old would be a strolling along from the Hospital with his arms folded—he would take good care to keep his eyes directly down on the ground until he came across an old cask of tobacco which perhaps had been laying under the snow all winter and had been thrown away by some of the contractors or officers of the prison as soon as the old chap would see one of these old soldiers—he would make a full halt and stand and look all around him to see if any of the officers was looking at him—the old fellow being satisfied that no one was seeing him—a he would bend over and pretend he was tying his shoe—and pick the old end up and straighten himself up—he would then give another side look to see if any one was watching him—when no one was—he would then button his coat and thrust his hand into his bosom and pull out a dirty looking piece of sugar where he had a dozen more of the same kind of old soldiers and wrap it up as careful as though it was pure gold and store it away in his bosom button up his coat passion with his head down and his arms folded as though nothing had happened—looking for more of the same kind.
regulations of the prison as it was in 1840. There were then ten ships again each had been let out on a contract to sink. I here give the reader a list of:

1. The Great Ship -
   do
2. The Great Ship -
   do
3. The Great Ship -
   do
4. The Great Ship -
   do
5. The Great Ship -
   do
6. The Great Ship -
   do
7. The Great Ship -
   do
8. The Great Ship -
   do
9. The Great Ship -
   do
10. The Great Ship -
    do

These ships were built against the wall in a sitting position with the lights set in the roof of them and in a very bad condition letting the water down through the roof on the connect work in stormy weather they had been standing for many years and had begun to decay, all ready and a few more years would brough them a falling and crumbling to the ground the whole prison took up five acres of ground.

The reader will remember that it was one of those mild and beautiful evenings in the month of May that I entered this gloomy looking prison in company with twelve others, who were to be my companions and inmates until the expiration of our sentences and on the fourth day of that beautiful and soft month we were ushered in the presence of the clerk to go through our prison examination, after the clerk had asked us a different number questions, the keeper brought us before the Doctor who asks the following questions:

Where are you from? What is the crime that you are charged with? How old are you? Are your parents alive? Where was you born? Was you ever under a religious education? Was you
ever sick—Did you ever have the small-pox—Did you ever have any of your bones broken—Did you ever have any bad disorders about you—are you a well and a healthy man—have you a wife and children—How many times have you ever been in a county jail—How many fines have you ever had laid upon you—ah are you a temperance man—look Reader see the heavy head old scamp bow his head see that big tear that stands a glistening in his eyes and almost ready to drop as the doctor puts the question to him and asks him if he was a temperance man—After the doctor had gone through this exercise and examination I was seperated from each other and taken off to the shops where the warden allowed I hardly to look at each other for fear of a severe punishment—If I was fortunate enough to get in one of the best shops in the prison where we had a good kind open hearted contractor whose looks bespoke good nature—I had not been in the shops no more than two minutes before the keeper called me up to the desk and in a rough and an ugly manner ask me what my name was and where I was from and how long I came for he then told me that he was going to lay out some rules to me which he expected I should live up to and obey after given out these rules to me he showed me the cat of nine tails and told me that if I broke over his rules I might expect to take a dozen of them on my back he then pointed his cane to a stool that stood hard by and told me to sit down on it and fold my arms and hold down my head and not to look up until the foreman or contractor put me to work—pah you old tyrant you said I to myself as I sat there in this deplorable condition—pah you old villain you who cares for your own rules who cares for you or your cats Why you old pimp you said I to myself I have gone under them little fellows many a day I have gone under the treatment of them little cats pausing many a time I have had them swallen deeper
into my back there ever you dare to sink them—I have had a more punishment with them than ever you dare to give me—pick you old tyrant who care for you or your cat—who care for you or your rules—While I was sitting in this deep revile of thoughts, I heard the heavy tramp of footsteps a leading behind me—and in a moment time the heavy weight of a man’s hand was laid upon my shoulder. Here get up here youngsters and take off your caps, said one of the officers in a rough tone of a voice—I stood up before Capt. Tyler and taking off my cap I made a low bow to him. Where are you from, said he. I am from Rochester, sir, I replied. How long have you been for two years, sir said. Mr. Tyler said he that nothing will make a man of you if you were that old and you are. Thirteen, sir said I. Well said he you must be a good boy and behave yourself well and try to be as good and as smart a man as your father was. I was acquainted with your father. Be careful now, said he that none of these older inmates don’t get the upper hand of you and lead you astray. Look out, said Mr. Tyler that they don’t play tricks. Well, influence over you and you yield yourself to those bad examples. There many a dare devil around him that will lead you into trouble and laugh at you in the end and look out for him. As he said those words came and gave me such a lesson of good advice he threw his hands into his pocket and made his way out of door—oh there I cried—Oh Lord—How my lips quivered. Mr. Tyler mention my father’s name—a tearful sob and tears came rushing down my dark cheeks as I heard the sacred name of my father mentioned—Taking my seat again I covered my face with both hands and gave way to a full flood of tears and sat in this condition until the bell rung for dinner—the men all fell in in their respected places formed into a single file pulled three arms and at the word goon they marched off to the dining room to refresh themselves with course rough grub—Now as I put through the dining
room. I had a by chance of looking some of the convicts in the face to see if ever I had ever seen any of them before—but I hardly seen a new face much was strange to me. I recognized some blooming little faces which I had seen in the house of refuge. I received many, many an eye that had witnessed the punishments. I recorded when a boy in the house of refuge—many was the dark and blooming eyes that I saw in that gloomy prison that had witnessed that awful and cruel punishment to which Strongman and I got through the means of that black hearted Thoms King among eight hundred prisoners there were over one hundred and fifty that I was well acquainted with and had been boys with me in the house of refuge—here I saw整改 Williams and Thom Hynie Joe Butler and Harry Williams Willie Jones and others. Friend W. Tim. Edwards and alemany—still—all one little Williams and peeps with me in the house of refuge—had gone through the same treatment that I had gone through had played in the same yard that I had played in had ate under the same old roof—and under the same old timbers had heard many a solemn prayer and blessing and now had come forth into the world and followed the high roads of Vice and Crime and was more inmate with me in a dark and gloomy prison—in the afternoon Wayson the contractor put me to work aside a black man that was all the time full of his devilments and told him to learn me how to make chair bottoms—very little chance that this nig could get he would come to my bench and pretend that he was showing me something about my work—often at the same time he would be talking about something else which would make me bust out and laugh one day this nig had said something to me quick made me laugh very much and caused the tears
to rush from my eyes; the Keeper happen to see this piece of fun again on and he called us both down and wanted to know what it was that tickled us so the nig confess and what it was and the Keeper ordered him to pull off his shirt and he gave him a dozen on his bare back—he then called me and asked me if his words was so hard that I couldn't live up to them or if I honestly meant to treat and trample them under my feet. I gave him no answer—and he ordered me to pull off my coat and best and leave my shirt on. I took off my coat and best and raising the lid of his desk he drew out a blue raw hide told me to stand around fold raw hides which I did—he then gave me seven cuts on the back and told me to put on my coat and best and the next act he caught me in the mouth put something else on my back which would make me feel like you never met you said to myself. If I hung my coat a crossing arm and went off to my work—no you never met you never eat raw hide containing me flinch—I must flinch for you I'll show the boys that I can stand them little presses just as good as a man can. So off I went to my work a muttering over something to myself that it was I don't remember if I was in my work or not and my eyes a flashing like fire—it was only the next day when I sat at the table that mills unrolled his arms and put his hand under the table and past me a note which I was lucky enough to get with out the Keeper a being mes right after. I got to my cell at night I opened it and read it and this was the contents of that note.

Will old black cross the long bridge at last eh—been a looking for you a long time—come at last Eh—well look out more for hard times and rough usage for they take delight in snuffing the old cat here—look to yourself you have had a scratch of the old guy already. 

How they feel old long Eh—more than them down to the diggings. They show me respects to persons here rich or poor black or white they
pierce them all a like look out—how long did they throw you free. Those you come from. Webster. Don't fail to give me answer to this—

Yours Respectfully, Alonzo Mills

After looking and reading over the contents of this note. I took the pencil which Mills had swept up in his note. For one and sat down and tore a clean white leaf out of my bible and gave him the following answer—

the author's answer to Mills note—

these I'll have to see hard times here. Old boy, have to rush through it, treatment and plough through rough and hard usage, have to eat coarse rough grub and obey the point of every cane and finger that comes a pointing into my face, and fall down on my manners at eye blows, the tyrannical hand gives me with the cats. Oh ye blimming looking youth you—

The next morning, while at breakfast, I caught him to pass this note to Mills, but the sharp eye of the keeper got a glance of it and came and took it away from me and when I got back to the shop the keeper opened it and read it he then called me up and ask me concerning the note and I said Mills was and what shop he work in—There I was caught far and square on the spot and had to get out of it I knew not, but a second thought struck me at once which seemed to tell me that there was one way open in which I could make my escape from this punishment or at least make it a thousand fold lighter and that was to tell the truth so I took courage—slept right up to the captain's office told him the truth. Saved my life by telling the truth to him, and the account was settled with seventeen light blows on my bare back with the cats. Have firm I stood with my arms folded during that sorrowful moment—never flinch—never bridge—never
shed a tear but stood my ground and took it like a
man. I must confess that the little fellows did him and
sting me and I felt the pangs of these sharp cuts—cuts that
would have been madness to me. I knew what burns and
swell. I should have to meet with if I played the part of a boy
and burst out and cried—then again I knew the praises
that I would have if I stood still and was plucked at
by a dozen small thumbs. I now had no more that makes
right of suffering humanity. No reader can no joke our
pain and misery. It isn't a thing to be joked with. God
bless you, your poor son of sufferings, where ever you may
be or where ever your lot may be cast, I sympathise with
you. I have suffered enough to know what it is, and they who
suffer are the only ones that can feel it. But I could not
help to stick my face away in one corner one day to
laugh heartily to see Lord, a great tall ruffian jump and fall down on the namest a thing
his head at every blow the keeper gave him. While I
witnessed but a boy at the age of thirteen stood before the old tyrant and
never flinched under the strongest blow that he gave me—after
I had put my arm in my shirt and gone back to my seat one
of the inmates pretended that he was showing me some
ting about my mark—and at the same time began to
courage me and praise me up there well I had stood the
cuts and be careful of that nig that work aside of me or be
would get on into trouble every day—and that the keeper has
a face a old friend and such like to wish I told him that
I didn't care for the keeper nor his cats neither. Reader
will you believe me the convict went right down and told
the keeper what I had said—and again was I called up to
answer for what I had said to that convict then with tears
in my eyes I began to remember what Mr. Taylor had said
to me and I fell in in a deep thought of reflection.
Thus a beautiful forth of July's morning that the golden rays of the sun came a shooting through our iron grated windows. That I sat at the table in deep and melancholy thoughts and reflections that the weight of a big heavy tallow candle came plump a cross my shoulders for hand my man next to me a piece of meat with I did not want. After I got back to the shop the keeper called me up before him (which I did no more care about then if I had never stood before him before for I begun to get use to his calls) and ask me if I certainly meant to break over and ride through those bright and golden rule of his. I tried to make some excuse for breaking our that rule. I had to find a mantle to cover the deed but all in vain. I had broken the rule and forgotten the advice of Mr. Tyler and now I was arraigned and stood convicted and must pay for the penalty of it by suffering under the burning and biting gall of the old cat and he look up in the dungeon until the next morning. Now shall I forget that bright and ftamy day of July as I was strolling to the hospital that I ever took Mills. Who had been an inmate with me in the house of refuge and fell in a conversation with him until one of the release officers stepped up to us and as we our names and the name of the shop that me belonging too. On my returning back to the shop from the hospital I found that the release keeper had caught us talking and had reported us to our respected keepers for talking. The keeper called me up to his desk and ask me what that young chap mean that I was talking too and what me was talking about. I see said the officer that you dont try no mean to get along here without suffering under the lash every day what to do with you I know not. Without
it is to whip you to death right on the spot. While the keeper was talking to me, by Cook the Warden of the prison came into the shop and the keeper took him one side and whispered something into his ear, about one they held along corner about me for some minutes while I stood with my face towards the desk after they had got through with their conversation. By Cook took his seat behind the keeper's desk and in a rash and an ugly tone, the keeper called me in the presence of By Cook and said—this boy By is becoming a hardened convict, he is listening to the silly tales and counsels of the older inmates, and following these devilish fancies and learning all the iniquities and miseries that is prevailing within the prison; he is letting these older inmates have their influence over him and learning to lay their men and devilish tricks, and what to do with him. I know now not I have whip him until the blood come streaming from his back and it appears to have no effect upon the boy at all—what to do with him. Sir, I cannot tell. I am tired of the lash upon his back—he is a smart boy and jams to be brought with good reasons and pertinacities and if I let him lead the course that he is now a leading he will surely become a hardened convict and one day or another will be landed down with heavy balls and chains and become the inmate of a dark and gloomy dungeon—What shall I do with By—To know me other way to do only to put him over into your hands and into your hands, I know place the hardened youth, take him and put out your own pleasures with him—the reader must have some idea of the feelings of my mind during that conversation of the Wardens and the keeper. There I stood a nothing but a mean boy before two officers a weeping and crying horses' tears, horses' tears, eternal horses' tears, came beating and filling up my mind—You say said By Cook to the officer. Who stood with the cats in his hand—that you don't know what to do.
With a torn box—le the officer replied it was only yesterday that I gave him a severe punishment and now
I give the youth over into your hands that he may pass
through hard and rough treatment—as the officer said
these words these words. He asked him what kind of
treatment I had been through besides the cat have you
consigned him in solitary confinement yet? Yes Sir said the
officer. I have consigned him away to a dock and a gloomy
dungeon and fed him on bread and water once a day
and it had no effect upon the boy at all and if he is
allowed to go on or in the path which he is now treading he will
be the ring leader of all the thieves and crimes that are prevailing
within the walls of a gloomy prison—into your hands. Said
Tdy. Cook will I commend you boy see that you go under a
hard and rough treatment with him first with the cat then
after that give him once into my hands and I'll see what
torture there is in the stocks—then if he keeps on leading
the career that he now leads the crack of the pistol shall
prove his deliverance—as Tdy. Cook said these words the officer
ordered me to pull off my shirt. Tdy. his authority and
to off my shirt and he sunk forty and two blues into my
back with the cat after I had put on my shirt Tdy. Cook ordered
me to follow him—like a dog with his tail hanging down
to the ground did I follow this venerable gentleman whose
gray hairs I honor and respect to this day—pressing his way
forward he led me to the quint wing and enclosed me in a large
butt which was called the stocks and made my hands feet and head
fast so as I could not give my body at all. These stocks where
closed and made fast as dark and black as midnight it examining
the bands and feet and stops the circulation of the blood for a long
time—not a spark or one single ray of light is there to be seen
until the officer see fit to open the door and let his captive free
it was late in the afternoon when when I heard the heavey
Tramp of two officers making their way to the bar where I
was confined. The heavy weight of those came down upon
the floor seemed to tell me that they saw the worse end. Who had
consign me to the stocks as they approach this box of torture. They
on lock the door and made my hands and feet free from torture
and pain, and ordered me back to the shop—slowly and sadly did
I pace my way back to the shop in a pensive manner. While the
keeper kept close up at my heels with a big, heavy stick in his
hand. The reader may imagine to himself how I fell and the
pain I suffered. The pain and hearing after gain through the treatment
of punishment. If you could remember that I felt near and faint
and staggered enough to lay my head down upon the cold floor
as soon as I entered my cell. and though it was strictly against the
rule for the convict to lying his hands before the bell ong at
eight o'clock for him to turn in yet so faint and exhausted was I
that I lying my bed just as soon as entered my cell. The weight of
came along and lock into my cell and found me sitting up in bed
hale—here said be come up here to the door as I got up on my
hands and knees and creep to the door as well as I could, suffering
with pain at every inch I moved. She told you to go to bed and
the guard who gave your permission did not you know that it is
against the rules for you to lying your hands. She said I. The pains
and sufferings and I have endured this day has caused me to break
over the rule—don’t care she be a man I breasting his last breath
of life he is no business to break over the rules and get to bed. With out
permission get up in and put on your clothes in vain did I try to
read and思索ate with the hard and cold, frosty, death but all
of my tears and lying and reasoning and rough and cruel treatment
could not make any effect on this cold, hearted, dead, heartless
ment—right off and run the key of my cell door and on lock it and
ordered me to follow him down stairs and slowly did
I follow the door down stairs while the cold, cold, cold, of blood
still clung to my back—grouping my way down the stairs. He
led me out into the kitchen and order me to pull off my shirt. I strip myself and turned my back around to towards the cruel Haunted guard and all the marks and blood that came coming from my back excellently softened the heart of that guard and he laid four light lashes upon my back with the cats. —

On that dark and lonesome night as I sat pensively and lonely in one corner of my cell with both hands up to my face and keeping and given my mind to a pensive reflection— I was awash from the river of reflections by a kind and a sweet voice that struck upon my ears like a band of music proceeding from the white spirit throne of heaven— good evening— good evening— said the benevolent old gentleman as he approached my cell and extended his hand through my iron grated door— good evening sir said I as I extend my black paw into his milk white hand—you look very pensive and said this evening said the chaplain your look tells me you have just through trouble today— yes sir replies I have been drinking out of the cup of sorrow this day and now tonight I'll have to taste the bitter bread of pain— talking with me on the subject of religion for a few moments the dear gentleman ask me how old I was and if my father and mother was yet alive— he said I am thirteen years ago and the green grass is now waving on the grave of my father and many have been the winter snows that has blown over his grave the green leaf has been a singing place for birds and the spot has always been sacred to me and no tame nor distance can tear a scratch from my memory— and as for my mather said I she was alive when I left the land of my nativity— oh how I met and now I cried when I heard the sacred name of my father and mother mention— as the chaplain stood in front of my iron grated door he seemed to me like a new born angle sent from the portals of the sky to come
and in lock the prisoners door on bend his chains and let the prisoner free—be comes—yet reads he comes to my dark and gloomy cell where I am cowering and brings words of peace and joy—he comes to hush up the down trampled heart of the prisoner and smooth his soft hand over the striken brow—he is my friend and to him I can unfold all of my sorrow and grief and on his shoulders can I lay my heavy weight of sorrow and it is be that will bear him away to the bleeding cross—it is be that best friend the convict ever has around this dark and gloomy prison—he is the one that tries to make our burden lighter and our situation more pleasant—he is the one that comes from the cottage to the prisoners tent like cell and visits and sings with me in a friendly manner speaking kind and soft words with seeming new to the convict (the reader must remember that the convict has to bear hard task words spoken to him while prison and a kind word from the chaplain and a kind look and the shake of the hand with his desert boy often meet with lighten the old devil's heart some and make him wish and shed many a sorrowful tear) he is the one that tries to point that haider old grey head convet to the bleeding cross—he is the one that tries to bring back to mind that cheerful hecch young youth in mind the days of his Childhood when the mother printed a prayer with a kiss upon his cursed lips reader if you are so unfortunate to become the inmate of a prison never oh never give a cross an angry look at the chaplain never curse him in your heart for if you do the birds of the air will carry the curse home at once title—never spake a cross an angry word to him but give him well treat him kindly and he will visit your lonely cell and try to hush up your downcast spirit and delight to do you good during the time you stay in prison and when you leave your gloomy old palace you will find in him a confidential friend who will sympathize with you for what you have already past through and his soft hand will try to make away the drooping tears from your eyes and the same warm hand will smooth the
Trample that comes mingling down again bravely. How often—oh! how often have I stood with my ears up to the inquired door of my cell and listen to hear the tramp of the chaplain's feet as he left my lonely cell. The tread of his leg seemed to sound like music echoing my own loneliness and reverie. I felt again when he was gone—no wonder the old prophet stretched up a song and said: How beautiful are the feet of them that brings glad tidings upon the end of their truncheons. Thus have I stood and listen at my door till the last tread of the chaplain's feet died away in the distance.

It was a bright midsummer day as I was marching from the table. That sated my eyes on three young men who had just come in taking a close side look at the middle man whose face I had reconosced before. I found that it was upon the man who had been the means of sending me to a dark and a dying prison—with a burning passion I long to get a chance to speak to him but I found it impossible on account of the saline keepers who was in eating and screeuing around to catch my convict they could a talking four months had just away before I got any opportunity to speak to inerson me more than both patients in the hospital and it's my best right next to his. We both had a good opportunity of talking to each other. My God, incerson said I, is this you see my boy, this is me real incerson) for heaven sake dont betray my name right name you must not call me by the petticoat name with I came here by—and what name is that? said Mr. Holley. Thomas said incerson—fell and damnation, said I to myself. Remember the youth now, he was once a boy with me in the House of Refuge—By the Heavens why didn't I betray the scramble in the court house and have him make reports the scamp I have known him to be a thief and a burglar from his boyhood—foot—foot—accused foot—that I said. Why didn't I betray the scamp and I wouldn't been here.
a mingling with the young villains today. But as it was too
late to bring you now in time to the policeman's lot, there is a little
chat together for now is a time and the curtain of darkness is
covering the land. Well, Rob, did I ever mention here when we sat
together in Miss Wintem's house? Did I ever mention that you and
me had both eaten at the table and stood in one step down to the
House of Gods? Did I ever mention that when you sat in the court
House I knew you Rob, but you did not know me. But p'raps my old
coat Rob said to you. For I thought things set up a rolling
stream here, cursed just you was Rob to take the blame of that damn
innaural little W- and come down here to prison and pass a miserable
life. Why didn't you let the trials go on and I would turn the
dirty little bitch in a dark and gloomy prison and close you
from the scrape altogether—never mind, inson said I. I have only
a few more months to stay than I break out into the world again to
visit and mingle with old companions—Well Rob. God help you boys.

With I'm going with you but God knows for I know where I can make
a crack of ten thousand and all gold—but my complaint is so loud
That I am afraid that I shall never be the outside of them walls again
these is men and to keep a talking till the tide turn at midnight the
second day unfaddled to me the cracks and hangers he had made not
the pistols he had loaded and discharged at Travellers and had he
had laid cold and Together with stones beneath the water waves
and closed up his dark catalogue of crimes by letting me know he
came to get here in prison—room was about the age of eighteen
and in good circumstances when I left. The case last saw him
he had been up to burglars and spent his money in the public
innos and frequenting some places of hell until he became the
prey of a deadly disease. But the gods match the character his situation
committed a crime which brought him to a gloomy prison and there
he stood with the right smack upon the platform of misjudg
an inmate with one in a dark and a gloomy prison.
The deep print of shame and misery was stamped deep into my
face, and I bore the shameful mark of Cain upon my face and
the curse of a fugitive and a vagabond was printed deep
upon my brain, and I was yet the inmate of a gloomy prison
pick up that piece of meat he do you hear me jest that
piece of meat off the floor, said an officer to me one day as I
sat at the table and there a piece of meat on the floor which
I did not like as he said there words he brought the heavy
weight of his cane a cussing cussing head which caused my head to
for some minutes... take that boy and convey him away
to the dungeon, said one of the officers—yes you damn black
hearted cursed devil I do the inspectors allow you to rape more
over there Heads with your cane and keep these skulls in
... do you hear me echo the house voice of the keepers in
you hear me take you boy and lock him up, two officers kept
up to me and took me by the coat collar and led me away
to the dungeon—Have suffered enough through your
Tyrant's hands, said I, and I am not going to stand it any
longer—Put up, Sir, put up or I'll knock your brains
out with my own! said one of the officers—you damned you
dare face beating devil you—one of the servants said I. As I
I drew a knife from my bosom with I had concealed
I'll lend you by and by young boy said a heaving beating
tyrant, this dungeon Sir is lighter than your back.
hearts said I. In madness—your hearts and cruel deeds is darker
then this dungeon and your character is blacker than your
hearts—present that knife Sir into my hands said the officer.
I went do I replied. I will present it to your heart your black
hearted villain said I, while madness came flashing in my
breast like a flame of fire and took possession of my whole
soul and body—on look you dungeon door said Bye! and
as he approach my dungeon door with the chaplain at his side
the knife said the officer. I went by the Heavens I went.
give it up — the knife or I’ll strike you dead on the spot.

Said the officer as he raised his cane to strike me — stand back said I or I’ll plunge you to the heart close in on him said Big Cock — and as he said these words one of the officers made his way towards me — and I stood my ground with my knife drawn in my hand refusing to give it up — the pistol said one of the officers Big Cock presented the pistol into the under officers hand who cock it and threatened to blow my brains out in two minutes if I didn’t deliver the knife into his hand. Hold — Hold — stand back said the chaplain as he rushed forwards and stood between me and the officer — I ask you in the authority of these officers said the chaplain for that knife and I hope that you will deliver it into my hands the kind and tender words of the chaplain brought the knife from my hands into his. Big Cock ordered the officer to take me from the dungeon and consign me away to my cell where I might have a chance to see the chaplain and reflect on my past conduct until he get ready to tend to me — what did I tell your Big — Big O — said the officer as he stumbled my door to and throw the key on me — what did I tell you didn’t I tell you that you big boy would become an hardened convict of the men left to himself — it those cursed and infamed inmates said the officer that have been a blaming there silly tales in his ears and there cunning influences have been playing and shading over his mind — as the officer said these words to Big Cock — the Big Cock ordered me to take my bible down from off my shelf and sit down in one corner of my cell and reflect on my past conduct until he had time to take my case in hand — I took my bible from my shelf and with all my might I cast it to the floor and pick it up and tore it in a thousand piece and tramp the leaves under my feet as three precious old hook have often have I thought of thee. I tremble with
far every time I think of it and fear that every rag of the contents which I had under foot shall rise up in the judgment day and condemn me having nothing more to do and no more injury to commit on the state I sat in one corner of my cell and covered my face with both hands and gave way to a flood of tears and silent reflection and these were my reflection that I entered the prison with my mother's prayer printed upon my lips and my father's blessing upon my head and with good reason and an ample store of good education but you see the face looking dark have driven my master prayers from my lips in ceaseless and frequent my father's blessings from my heart with a heaving aching and buffet and took away from me all the good reason which God had endued me with oh cruel and wicked wretch of a boy said the chaplain as he approached my iron grated door and saw the leaves of my bible torn and scattered on the floor cell floor oh cruel wretch he echoed the second time have could you be so wicked and cruel to tear up your bible and to destroy the richest treasure that is given you here within the walls of a dark and gloomy prison wicked wretch the day is coming when you will have to answer for every word of that sacred book which you have trod under your feet as the chaplain said these words I bursted in a flood of tears and with a quivering lip I told the chaplain that it was those hard hearted officers that had made me hard and cruel and that they were preparing me for higher crimes and making me to become the fit subject of the gallows given me a few words of good advice he turned from my dark and
gloom my cell and left me to reflect over the scenes that had
scattered at my feet - oh the horrors of that day came heaving
in my breast as I paced my cell backwards and forth - with
large drops of tears a dripping from my eyes - cruel and
wicked sentinel of a devil said I to myself in a burning
rage of anger after I had mused over my folly - wicked and
infamous - dumbfounded - dumbfounded - dumbfounded
under whose feet the good counsels it has given and thrown
away your day of grace - humble and precious old book
paid I to myself with tears dropping from my eyes - humble
old fellow there plead and counsel with me - under the
roof of that humble old cottage of my childhood and birth and
when I left the land of my nativity there follow me to a
dark and gloomy prison - and now I have rendered the evil
for good - wretched and wicked - cruel and black hearted
traitor - when those clasped thin eyes in sleep the contents and
the counsels of that precious book shall haunt thee like a
thief in the night - when those art toiling and labouring
under the burning heats of the sun the thoughts of that book
shall pierce thy heart like a dagger - when the cold night
of death shall over take you - and the messenger of death
shall attend his frosty hand to lead thee up to judgment
then the leaves of that book will be there as a witness against
thee - and a brace louder then ten thousand peals
of thunder will say where is that book you threw away

The prisoner confined in his cold gloomy cell
far - far from the friends that hath loved him so well
he sits thinking in silence on scenes of the past
His heart full of grief and the tears falling fast -

Alone in his sorrows with none to console
Hear read the regrets that Emitters his soul
he mourns on the turn that he first met what he
and yielded his heart to the tempter, while young.

Oh, now is the time to extend him your hand
to snatch from extinction the still burning brand.
Oh, now is the time, while his heart is yet warm
you listen to his sayings and whisper, reform.

Oh, could you have thought that when kindness was cast
that neglect and ill-treatment would harden to toot
that cut off—by all virtue, a man will in time.
Sitting brooding on vice and preparing for crime.

There was a fine beautiful mid-summer Sabbath morning
when the town clock was striking the hour of eleven that
een ugly face, leading officer came up to my cell
and on locking my door he ordered one to follow him to
the smithy—keeping close behind the officer with my
hands tied in front of me. I followed him until the reach the
manner where stood Big Cook and another, a face,
smiling with pistols in these hands, on tying my
hands the officers ordered me to pull off my cap and stand
like faces back and give an account of my misbehaviour.
At the table I stood a trembling boy, before them not
knowing where to commence on what to say, you have
nothing to say. Said the second officer, nor no reason to
give why your pistol should not be discharged at your
heart, and send you a cross. Thus, the ocean, another
mortal is ever permitted to return again, as he said.
These words he presented the pistol to my breast, and was
about ready to fire, when the voice of the third officer went.
him. He said, 'You are a bad boy and leading a poor, miserable life. You are listening to the silly yarns of the older inmates and following their evil deeds and learning their bad examples. You are bringing pain and misery upon yourself and preparing for the gallows as fast as time can let you. You have learnt the miseries and the iniquities of the prison and you are the ringleader of every vice and crime that prevails within the prison—specify your name to pieces and tramp the heels of it under your feet. If you put forth words out of your mouth, then will rise up in the judgment day and condemn you—sir, you are bringing sorrow upon your self and the gray hairs of your mother down to her grave—the crack of this pistol will end your career for ever and will send you to that land where you will never see more trouble—are you ready to resign yourself in the hands of death, nature said Eq. Cook—no Sir, I replied as a deluge of tears came streaming and flowing from my eyes—he said, 'The third officer for five minutes the pistol shall strike a cross that shall bear in eternity which you will never cross again five minutes more, Sir, is allotted you and thy mortal shall take its everlasting flight—are you ready in one moment—Sir, if you please—said I, as I threw my arms around Eq. Cook's neck and with tears and loud sob, begged him to spare my life—your life, Sir is in the hands of your officers and if it is for them to decide the question—stand back and the crack of this pistol shall decide the question and two minutes shall roll on. They read the death take shall be told again, did I fall down upon my knees and drop my hands together and begged Eq. Cook to save my life. I knew it was in his power as I arose from my knees the three officers stood one side and held a long conversation and concluded to give me a lesser punishment with the cats after consulting together for more than an half.
Hear the officers order me to follow them to the kitchen on my refusing in the kitchen. I saw several officers standing on the desk awaiting my arrival and among them was Mr. Hatchett, Mr. Wray, Mr. Findley, Mr. Dozen, Mr. Friend, Mr. Lowe, torture, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Cat Bearer—all consulting together to see whose duty it should be to inflict a punishment upon me with the cats according to the degree of the Warden after consulting the matter over the bloody duty fell upon Mr. Cat Bearer while Mr. Lowe, torture, stood by to keep count of how many heavy blows I got off with my shirt. Sir said Mr. Cat Bearer in an rough and an ugly tone of voice, off with it. Sir said he, I am going to kill an ear—stripping off my shirt the tyrannical curse bounded my hands fast in front of me and ordered me to stand around—turning my back towards him he threw fifty-seven lashes on me according to the orders of Mr. Cook. I was then ordered to stand over the drain while one of the inmates washed my back in a pool of salt brine—after passing through this kind of treatment I was taken back to my cell by one of the officers and lock up. Reader would you like to know the feelings and the effects that those tormented little creatures have upon the back? When thrown upon the back of the sufferer the sting like the prick of a needle and when sunk in very deep the sufferer feels as though he had been bitten by the bite of
a dog or been scratch by the paws of a cat—the cats are
made of cat gut strings with a little knot tied at the ends
and wound at the ends with a small thread wire—

Thus a pleasant day in the month of September as I sat by
the bedside of incerson in the hospital. The rolling of
his eyes and the heavy beats of his heart seemed to tell me that
the time of his dissolution was drawing to a close and that
death could not be standing at a far distance. The cold shake
of his hand and the quivering lips of the dying boy seemed
to tell me all at once that the cold might of death was just
approaching and there was but a step between him and
death—incerson said So you are going fast and a few
moments more and you will be sailing across that wide
ocean—much you will never cross again—yes Robert
said the dying boy I feel the clumsy hand of death to
work at my breast now and ere the mid night hour he
will have it come to the ground and my spirit will go
a sailing down the cold streams of death until it
enters in the presents of him who gave it—How hard—
how clumsy and heavy the cold fingers hand feel
upon me said the dying youth—hand me a drink said
incerson that I may cool my parched tongue and
burning lips—I handed the youth a cup of cold water
and the threads of life began to ebb snatching fast—inerson
said I. How do you feel I feel said incerson the
burning pains of hell a gnawing my soul—death—
death—eternal death said the dying boy—eternal death
pain and misery shall be my portion for ever—again
did I take the cold ice pickel hand of incerson and
told him that the mystery of that cold day robbery
that was committed under the roof of miss. Whiterower.
Malcolm shortly he brought out into the open day light and that I was the innocent sufferer of that midday's robbery - wish I was dead said innerson with a blasphemous oath and yelling down the stream - you wicked watch you innerson said I know here you utter such blasphemous oaths and wishes when you are on the very brink of that stream which lies open to your view - give me another drink. Rob - Said innerson and I'll drink in honor of your health - I handed the cursed watch another drink and his eye balls began to roll and flash like a streak of lightning and the signs of death stood a blessing in his face - Hell and damnation said innerson as he grasped the old companion of his liquor and up and dashed it to the floor. Take that bible out of my sight and the fiery looking eyes of innerson much warming with blood gave another glance at the bible which he had dashed to the floor and the dying youth turned on his back and a convulsive spasm and groans litter cries blasphemous oaths. Hell and damnation proceeded from the lips of the dying innerson - a heavy horrid a loud and a mournful groan a horrible yell of murder and the youth stretch himself out and expired. While his back launch upon that little butt much haste to bring it in the presence of him that gave it - and his body was given into the hands of the detectives - thus died innerson within the walls of a gloomy prison under the felonious name of Halsey Thomas.

As I stood leaning against a pile of boards one day in the month of September and basking myself in the sun I was accosted by two honorable looking gentlemen whose looks bespoke good nature and whose hearts seemed to beat with pity and sympathy towards me - what a pity - such a pity. Addressed the silver heir gentleman what
a pity it is that you are leading such a hard and miserable life bringing cruel tortures and punishments upon your self and listening to the advices of those that rejoice over your punishments and illtreatments—lest then a faster said Mr. Parsons—my father said I keep cold and silent in the grave—and my mother said Mr. Thesew—my mother said I a pointing with my finger toward the land of my birth was a live when I left the land of my childhood—also said Mr. Thesew have watched about the lie and this night perhaps she will be a sleeping for thee—as these two gently mentioned the parental names of my father and mother—a flood of tears gushed from my eyes and I kept before them like a child for I was yet young and tender in years there I stood before these two gentlemen who appeared to befriended me and sympathized with me in my deep sorrows and distress no whipping cats nor torturing stocks no gloomy cells nor horrid dungeons no time no distance can eradicate or mar the sorrows of that day from my heart—no dark devil no no tyrant can make me forget the day that I stood a trembling youth before Mr. Parsons and Mr. Thesew—he caufuly said Mr. Parsons that you ain’t led away by the evil hands of your inmates and have to suffer under the rod—said little witch said Mr. Thesew you tore the companion of your youth and guide up and trample it under your feet—these little black hearted devil the crime of thy companion will cry to thee out of the ground until the day that she goes down to thy grave—with a quivering lips I took up the words of Cain and aid my punish ment is more than I can bear—ugly and hard hearted they hast thou not learnt—that the way of the transgressor is hard—and the rod saith Mr. Thesew was made for the fools back—you and the reckless said manston shall be beaten with many stripes—awful—awful alas awful will be your doom at the day of judgement said
Said Mr. Parsons, if you don't lead a different life— I think that me have given him counts enough of out of that sacred old belief that lays on my Table at home said Mr. Parsons for I see they begin to slack him and makes the tears come out of his eye—as he said these words I wiped the tears from my eyes with my coat sleeve and went into the ship with a determination to do better during the remainder of my time in the prison—and entered the ship door I met with just what I expected from the inmates—and of nothing but swears and scorns and derisions was my companion during the watching hours of the day—long will I remember that good old gentleman me Armor and long will I honor the good chair of Daniel Hecoxon—Many has been the long and lonely nights when I have motion from my sleep and thought of the wise good counsels that was given to me on that September day by Mr. Hecoxon Armor and offered when lock in a dark and a sleepy cell in my thoughts has wonder back to the counsels of that good old man that now lay asleep and slumbering beneath the cold cold cold—And they have been my thoughts—wonder if the honorable old man is seeing the sturdy creen and dust in that long and white role coming down to his feet—wonder if he is get the golden harp and lumbel in his hand and striking up one of those new songs with no dare devil on earth can never learn—wonder if the honorable old man is standing his face and falling down with the face and twenty elders and giving his homage to him that sits upon the throne forever and ever—wonder if he is walking upon that sea of glass and drinking from that crystal stream while his bones lays slumbering beneath the sands—Rest Mr. Parsons—Rest till thy bones shall crumble away to the last sand—and peaceful may thy slumber be until the last man shall bein the world and the last sun shall set in the west—
The beautiful and bright Sabbath morn of my liberation came at last and on the first day of May in 1812. The officer came to my cell and on both the door and led me to the main cell where I changed my tattered clothes of disgrace and appeared before the clerk in a neat suit of citizens clothes and a little bundle meant to conceal my own with contained one shirt and one pair of socks—two other unfortunate devils who had come to prison with me was standing at my side aggrandized out of the window into the street. While the clerk was asking me the following questions—What is your name sir—Where are you from and what is the judge’s name that sentence you—How long did you come for and what was the crime that you was charged with—Were you guilty of the charge—Were you ever in a prison before or in a county jail—Mao you ever lived have you a wife and children—Have you a father or a mother—What employment did you follow when you was out and what was you doing when you was arrested—Have you an education—Could you read or write when you first entered the dock and gloomy court—Are you a temperate—Are you a man—Can you last your night plumb in the face and eyes and without a blush in my face to condemn me or to buy me I can say that I am a temperate man—and I’ll challenge the tallest angel in heaven to come down and square in the presence of him that sit upon the throne for ever and ever and say that He ever been one drip my lips in the intoxicated bowl—after the clerk had ask us the above question he handed us a pen to sign our names on a strip of paper and gave us the following advice—Be careful boys and don’t fall into any bad Company that will bring you back here to prison and remember that you can never commit a crime without being detected and the all piercing eye of God watches every movement you make—with these words he has the convict money enough to take him back to the land of his friends and Home.
and the poor devil with blazing eyes and a cheerful heart rushed out into the open streets and stood there to look and to be looked at—Mr. Smith, the clerk handed me a little testament in his hand and bade me take it and read it and follow its precepts and choose it as the man of my counsel. 

Once there a mother said Mr. Smith—my mother was alive then—she said I am painting with my finger towards the scene of my childhood and birth—and with tears streaming from my eyes—was a line when I left my native land—and also said Mr. Smith have stretched must she lie—he then poured out a long speech and added with tears in his eyes—go and return to the matter that they mother may yet have pleasure when she see the sun arise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring—go cheer the broken heart of thy mother and wipe away the deep stain with you have stamped upon her brow—bidding me a letter I plunged forth into the open street and shouldering my little bundle I began my to mind March—oh brave my heart beauteously with joys and my eyes became with gladness as I stamp towards the land of my nativity on the fourth day of may in the year 1842. I struck the latch of the old cottage door and under whose roof I had been sheltered in the days of my infancy the sun was just a rising in the west as I opened the cottage door with the marks of trouble and care printed deep upon my brow and the blooming heels of boyhood and youth a glittering in my face you look as though you had seen a heap of trouble my son—said an elderly woman as she came from her seat and threw her arms around my neck and planted a mother kiss on my cheek and a flood of tears burst forth from her eyes and her tears came dripping down upon my shoulders—you have fetch this punishment all upon yourself said my mother as I stood a weeping before her—for the future
my Son I pray you never to forget your fathers parting words and the prayer and the advice of your afflicted mother as I entered the bed room I opened the letter which I had got at the prison and found that it was written to me shortly after I entered the prison and had been directed in care of the chaplain the letter had been written by my old companion Shongman who was an inmate with me in the house of refuge and had made his escape with me to Harves t-Stone and sign by the felicities name of James Hawkins Reader these was the dark and gloomy days when gross darkness covered the prison and the prisoners sat in one total darkness of ignorance and heathenism these was the dark days when no prisoner was allowed to write a letter to his friends or to make one single mark with a pencil and though the Honorable Wm Th Seward was chief justice of the state yet he in all of his power could not grant the prisoner the privilege of writing one kind word to his friends though they lived at the point of death these was the dark and lonesome days when the convicts had no library books to read nothing but his bible and tract and if he wanted to kill time during the long summer days he must take his bible or tract from his shelf and move away the long and lonesome hours that came all hanging on him like a heavy weight by reading them the convict had no slate and pencil to kill time with nor did he dare to have a knife in his possession to kill time with oh Reader these was the dark and cruel days when young Blume was slight still naked and laid across the bench with his hands tied to the floor and received such a severe punishment with the cats that he expired a few days after this these was the days when the prisoners backs was cut and lacerated with the cats till the blood came running down their backs many was the nights that the prisoners returned to their cells with their backs cut and back up with the cats and cursing and damming their maker and uttering
hard and horrible cast until the bell rings for them to seize there hammocks. I have heard horrible and bitter groans ascend up from those low cabins painful sighs and heavy groans came beating upon my ear from some poor inmate beloome me or next to me again the last cry of vengeance has been heard as speaking in the midst night hour as the prisoner layd in a half dream of asleep and murmuring over to himself the illtreatment much he hard past through——

Though it may seem strange to the reader yet truth is stronger than fiction. The inmate of the prison receives one soft word of kindness from the officers from the day he enters the prison until the day he is discharged. His only friend and his trust is the chaplain who welcomes him with a visit after he is shut up in his cell at night through all the humble call listen feels the meaning of his sentence. None with what joy does he hail that beautiful and delightful morning as it comes bursting forth from the east. Poor down cast and broken hearted devil then his eyes glistens as he enters the hall to get his discharge. Poor miserable old fellow you when you first entered the prison you thought that you would never see the next side of that front gate. Oh you thought that you must close them weeping eyes of yours in a dark and gloomy prison the old fellow but the long wish the full day has come at last and the day has opened with a bright and a dealing prospect before your eyes, your long night of sorrow, has swept away in a mid summer sun shine but old fellow let me tell you before you go that you have the deep print of a state prison mark stamps upon your brow and with that mark you have got to face a cold
frothy world for the avenger of blood will be close up on your heels and the marks and prints of Cain will betray you where ever you go—cash over—cash over—
clock and let me be a making my track towards the happy home of my boyhood and youth—cash over—and let me leave this gloomy old palace—I say clock is this all the money you gave to a poor old man like me who has
work hard for five years in a gloomy prison—yes sir that is all says the clock—hardly enough to push me home—how
long before the next train leaves clock—ah I hear the bell ringing... for you art clock I am bound for home—
and that old fellow the chaplain wants to see you before you go—can't stop now—can't stop now—
bound—no bust come and see what the wants may be
he may say something to you that may do you some good—or he may have something for you rich man give
you a push out in the business world—good God I can't
stay—can't stay a minute been away from home five
years and the old woman expects to see me jumping
through the gate today—so alack you must listen
to what the chaplain got to say—can't stay there the
ears ready to start move—so farewell to you—and God
bless you—you wicked old curse you—you had ought
tought to been stretch upon the gallows with less
years ago—and being with the same suspender that he
hung himself with—would be in that that you are a
hard cruel brutal old curst—well say the old fellow
if I am hard I have been harder within the walls of
a gloomy prison and if I am cruel I have learnt it
within the walls of a gloomy prison for there where
cruelty pain shame and misery dwells—as the old
hellish speeds his way—he touches the gate with
the swing with his own hands one sabbath morning

just five years ago - he looks around and he sees a deep hole in the fence where the musket ball lodged.

one Sabbath morning when he was firing at a mark - just five years ago - onward he tramps towards the house

and he heads over the little mound that he dug and laid a poor little angle in it - just five years ago - he

approaches the door and his clumsy old hand gives a thrill knock and the strange voice of a female

sees him enter - he looks around and finds that

stranger has taken possession of his house, and

his sweet—angled nose lays among fish—pods beneath the ground - he smite tears in his eyes seeking

for the spot where lays the mortal remains of the wish of his bosom - gazing among the unvisited molds

he see a new made grave with a withering leaf that marks the sacred spot where lays the mortal

remain of his angeline - weeping over the silent spot for a moment - he sits himself down at the head

of the grave where lay all that was once far and

beautiful as an angle - and he kisses the green sod that

covers all that was once sacred to him - as he leaves the

sacred spot he has the marks of grief, stricken upon

his brow and the heart of the wicked wretch is

ready to burst and bleed - leaning back on the

seasides of his bay horse and gazing he remembers

a rich old farmer that lives a few miles up the

country, that has a rich store of gold he hid away in

the old pine chest - with a firm resolution to

grasp the glittering treasure he presses his way on

towards the landly leaving mansion until he

comes within sight of the mark - he then makes his

way to a patch of woods and hid himself till

darkness begins to cover the land - then he begins.
The cruel deed of plunder and robbery under the court of darkness until the heavy hand of the officers is laid upon him and he becomes the inmate of a dark and gloomy prison again—let us now follow the unfortunate wretch to his gloomy home where he will have to sit down in sorrow and plunge through a long somber years—well old fellow back again the how long did you get this time old man—he said and half—is that all old fellow—yes—and I didn't yet that if the court hadn't bribed the judge and the judge bribed the jury—old man I don't understand your meaning exactly suppose you explain yourself a little plainer—well sir I mean to say that the jury was prejudiced against me and was bribed by a pack of friends and without judge or jury I was dispatched off to a dark and gloomy prison and here I am consigned for three and a half—God bless you old man I feel sorry for you and sympathize with you in your sufferings through I am going under the same discipline and treatments that you will have to go through—well old chap being that we have got our gallows all swept off clean and we are out of the sight of and hearing of the officers—suppose we sit down here and give me a little history of your adventures during the time that you was out—very well sir I have no objections—very well then old man begin your story—hark old man I hear the footsteps of some officer let me see who it is—ah it's no one but the chaplain again around to see if each prisoner has bible in his cell—so get on with your tale old man—well sir you remember the meaning that I left this dismal looking old place—ah yes old man I do remember that bright and beautiful moon when the sun was shining his gold rays through our iron grated windows and your heart old man teared highly with joy and your eyes beams with gladness and you long'd to reach the happy home of your childhood and birth—yes old
man along with I remember that happy day—proceed old man with your story—well sir—with only two dollars in my pocket I rush out of the front gate and commenced my homeward march between the hours of eight and nine I reach the log cottage which I once used to own as I gave a heavy rap at the door. I heard the strange voice of a female who bid me enter. I opened the door and looking this female in the face. I found that strangers had taken possession of my house and lot while I had been gone from home—the house and lot was under mortgage when I left and after I came away the rap of the sheriff's mallet told the tale and my wife was driven out of doors without a house or a home or a friend in the world and the poor creature died a broken hearted and the affections of my bosom lay mourning away to dust. Before letting another look at the old cottage I made my way to the grave yard and with tears trickling from my eyes I saw the new-made grave of my wife—sealing myself at the head of her grave. I wept like a child and moisten the green sods with my tears. I went along a little further. I stumbled on the grave of my little daughter whose little remains was turned to dust long before this—Hold a little old fellow I must interrupt you for a moment—your say that you sat down at the grave of your wife and wept like a child —yes sir I would have wept large drops of blood if I only could—Well old man I must confess that you have touched a soft spot in my heart now—for I remember the very day that my father was buried that long after the sun had sunk behind the clouds that I sat all alone at the head of my father's grave and wept like a child and I felt the effects and the loss of my father—Well old fellow proceed with your story—well sir—leaving those lonesome solitudes of the dead. I began to think about learning for the distance West where my father and mother lives but not having one red cent in my pocket nor no means of getting to them I was obliged to plunge hands into the treasures of a rich farmer who I knew—in the days of my boyhood and commit a crime rich bought me back to this lonesome place—well old
man when the clock ask you if you was guilty, what did you tell him—why I told him no—well old man was you guilty—guilty as a dog—well old man why dint you stop and hear what the Chaplain had to say to you. That day you went out, perhaps he might given your little craft such a push down the stream that you would never stop till you had landed right in front of your father door and prevent you from lettin' bairn back here. And old man you acted the part of a fool, he calls you and hollers to your to come back but you refused his calls, perhaps he might given you a God blessing all fellow and that might been truth a hundred to your aint you sorry old fellow that you dint stop and hear what he had to say—indeed I am—well old man when I leave this dismal old place again I mean to leave it with the chaplain blessings pronounc'd upon my soul and with that blessing I mean to keep as a price and rush through this dark world with it till the day of my deacon to my gracious old fellow I believe that you are a harden old commit for you dont seem to have any reflections about you at all—reflections do why my mind is troubled in reflections every night when I enter your home—well what are these reflections—well sir in the first place I remember that dark and chilly night when I had returned from a run i the hole where the song and the toast the bird and the mid night chorus had been past around I staggered for home—ten a cold mid winter night the moon was shinning her silvery light in the streets as I staggered past the window of my house. I see the angle form of my wife a standing at the window, and with shminet eyes she was looking and waiting for my return it was late and the corners clock had given the hour and one time stood my wife both in tears casting her eye out of the window. She caught my figure and with a scream and a shread she plunged into the street with her hair hanging over her face and with tears in her eyes she begins to come in the house and retire to bed—but as I entered the house. I caught her by the hair of her head and forced her from the door—holding the door I staggered over chairs ladders and stools until I reach the little crib where laid my
invent little daughter folded in the arms of sleep, taken the little nut, pitch up in these clumsy hands of mine, I dash her to the floor and lift her a bleeding in her gore—you cursed and infernal old black heart of devil you—state prison is to your feet and your wife and daughter to go down to those graves in sorrow.

**Illustriation:** At the Demon of A Cell.

I will now unfold the secrets and the habits of the prison and point out the man of illustriation to the reader as the first enters the prison—Reader—enter the prison on some lonely morning between the hours of nine and ten and you will see fifty or sixty fine looking young men with their hands up to their heads or up to their backs and an old dirty piece of rag tied around their heads shouting and making their way to the hospital to pay the doctor three morning doses. Reader—match them all they get at the head of the stairs and the little devil machine fell half and begin to stare his own face before he steps within the door if he sees his face in good order he hits his elbow a hard rap against the wall and then begins to pull it of his face again and with one hand up to his side and the other up to his head or back he walks in and takes a seat near some post where he begins to knock his elbow till the officer calls his name to come up and be examined by the doctor, Match his steps and modes Reader as he proceeds may toward the doctor his head bowed and his eyes cast up with shame towards the floor and the marks and prints of illustriation printed deep under the lower brow of the eye he takes his seat before the Doctor. Who asks him the following question—Well sir what's the trouble with you this morning you seem to come up here very morning and I am continually bothered with your morning chills—What's the trouble—Doctor, I have a severe pain in my head and back. My head is continually dizzy and before my eyes I see the quick flashes of stars and different shades of light—my back pains me awfully—I am continually sick at my stomach and feel very weak can you exquisite me from labour. Today Doctor with a heart of feeling and an eye of pity, the Doctor examines the cursed little devil and then the Dialogue commences between the Doctor.
and the infernal little squirt—How long have you been here in prison—three months sir—How long did you come for—two and a half sir—looking the little devil in the eye again he tells him that he is a boy of masturbation and unless he stops the devilish game and practices it well and his career in a premature grave— as the doctor confides his crime and devilish deeds to him the poor little curfew denounces it with an open face and declares that he has never been guilty of the deed since he has been in prison—again the doctor puts the question to the wicked little devil and asks him how old he is—seventeen sir—while the doctor goes through with this examination the warden happens to step in and thus the dialogue begins between the two concerning the little demon who is still sitting before him—warden I find that this young boy is a boy of masturbation and if he don't stop it he'll soon become a demon of the cellar and from there he'll find an untimely grave—doctor are you sure that this boy is a boy of masturbation—let me just assure you of it as I am sitting here and have the evidence of it under the lower brain of his eye—well doctor suppose you go on and prove to me that you boy is a boy of masturbation—very well sir—converse see that little devil's little eye under the lower brain of his eye—I do sir—well that's one sign of it and those little shadows that comes a playing and flashing before his eyes is another sign of it and unless he stops it warden he'll become a demon of the cellars and all the devils on earth and the latest angels in heaven can't save him from a premature grave—I now give him an interrogation in his own hands with the hopes that he may quit the devilish crime and do— for it takes away all of his good feelings makes him weak and sick takes away his reason with God has given him and in after days he becomes crazy and like a brute he lays down and dies in your hands I commit the boy for I am tired of his day morning visits—With sympathy the doctor tells the demon to go down—witch him reader as he leaves his seat and turning around to the doctor he asks him if he can administer a little medicine to his pains—I can't doctor give you anything this morning for all the medicine on earth can't cure your disease—with curses on the end of his tongue he turns around and looks the doctor in the face and with madness he spits out his blasphemies as though the poor devil has to carry
there on his shoulder and on both them in the street or lay their 
low at the feet of the bleeding cross--I remember some years ago 
Doctor Kings blood in the center of the ground that I step up to him 
and pointing not one of those demons of a cell with him among 
people had that dirty rag continually tied around his head. The Doc 
gave a smile and seemed to be taken with surprise when I put 
that question to him but not knowing what I meant until I had 
told him the mysteries and the secret habits of the man the Doc 
burst out in a loud laugh and it was just as much to say to me 
that truth is stranger than fiction. I had been the inmate of 
a gloomy prison for many long years and endured hard labour 
gone through all kinds of treatments and had escaped and I 
will challenge the best actors on earth and the tallest angle in 
Heaven to come and look me right plump in the eye and tell if 
there is one single spark of masturbation a burning or blushing in 
my eyes or in the mouth and the print of it under my eye brow. 

The Death of A Demon. ---

Murder--Murder--Murder--hell and damnation--like that 
devil away--Murder--Murder--bring that infernal snitch to 
me till I lay him cold and send all my feet--and bear me 
bring him to me--he slays my father and with one stroke of 
his bloody hand he lays my sister cold at his feet and beholds 
the innocent blood of my sister--bring the damn infernal snitch to 
me that I may seek the revenge of my sister--Reader there are the 
bloody and horrid cries of the man of masturbation who has made 
himself so base and practiced the devilish deal until he become a 
demon of the cell and suffering under the effects of insanity again 
the bound cry of murder goes up from the lonely cell and in a few 
moments more one find the officers standing in front of his a 
calling to the master to bring ropes, chains, handcuff and straight 
Jackets to bind the unfortunate wretch and make him fast until they 
can get him to the Hospital--hear his bloody cries for longer 
as they are making him fast hear his long and moans of pain and 
is the large tears a rolling down his cheek as see the heavy drops 
of sweat that comes dripping from his brow and look at them.
eyes of his are flashing with blood and fire—hur-hur his sour spiteful
grunts—and again his blasphemous prayers—here his bitter curses as
he enters the hospital—and see his uplifted hand to give the
Doctor a blow as he comes near to examine him—Hurk and you
hear the bloody cry of Murder again proceeding from his mouth
while his eyes are reading over the dark catalogue—this written on
against him on the wall—he thinks he sees friends who have been
laid in these silent graves for years—and he thinks he sees a man's
hand—writting down his dark character on the molder—Hurk and
you'll hear a striking up one of his old midnight airs—her his
curse calls for Heaven to turn his head and blot out all his future
prospects—heen him grand and grave until you hear the low song
of the Woodruff who has come to see what the trouble is—Reader
hear the sorrowful dialogue between the Doctor and the Woodruff—What
did I tell you—Woodruff what did I tell you about your boy—did I not
tell you that you boy would one day or another become a demon of a cell
and go down to a premature grave—did I not tell you that insanity
would one day or another take possession of the brain of your boy—ah I
remember—yes—Woodruff—remember the day that you boy entered
the prison—and his cheeks was as red and handsome as a rose he was the
fairest flower cup that ever I saw—just in the flowering of life—but
also alas the blighting hand of masturbation has snatched the blooming
youth away—Doctor can't you administer something that will restore him
and ease his pains a little—Woodruff all the medicine on this side of the
grave couldn't save him—Hurk I hear the heavy tramp of the avenue
there he comes with the uplifted dagger in his hand to strike the
blow that never misses—then fast he brings his arm—how sharp his
dagger looks and how eager he is to do the deed—Who art thou—oh I
am the angel of death—and what is thy name and who art thou—my
name brand is to plung this dagger in the heart of you demons sent by him in whose hand is the life and breath of so many—
Stand back give way till I enter—Hold—hold a moment there
heavenly angel—may I cannot stop but one do the bloody deed
take my everlasting flight—one stroke and the deed is done
a heavy groan a scarce of the breast and a curse from the
Mortal lips and the dagger tells the last doomed tale and the
cursed witch stretches himself out and dies and his spirit goes back to him who gave it. Reader, this is the awful end of the man of iniquity; and the death of the demon of hell—ah—methinks I hear his bitter cries and his singing notes—methinks I hear his blasphemous prayers and his spitting looks—methinks I hear his midnight songs and in letters of gold I see the hand writing a standing against him and on the wall I read his character and down in large capital letters—methinks I see the great drops of blood dripping from the point of the dagger as the angel takes his everlasting flight—methinks I see the floor stained with the blood of the demon—

Death has been here and borne away—
a brother from our side—
just in the morning of his bloom—
as young as me he died—
Not long ago he filled his place—
and sat with us to learn—
but now he runs his mortal race—
and never can return—

again—
I saw an unfinished mound—
where needs and brambles marvel—
they said no tears had fallen there—
it was a demon grave—

Reader, I have now opened and unfolded to you the mysteries and the mysteries of that man—prison during the year 1810— and the awful consequences of masturbation which prevails among the inmates of the prison until this day—

The Dream—
She will remember that the glittering dome was just a setting in the west, and the curtains of darkness began to close the globe as I reach the happy home of my childhood and birth—as I sat myself down by the side of my mother I began to tell her of
the pains and miseries the hard usages and the ill treatments to
which I had just then till the clock struck the hour of ten and
I refused to rest and fell in the arms of sleep and began to dream of the
torments and terrors to which I had just then during the two years
of my confinement ----- and thus did I dream I dreamed that
I had just returned from a dark and a gloomy prison and was
standing before my mother and the tears came trickling down her cheeks
I thought that I could not bear to see those tears of affliction
flow any longer without avenging some revenge on him who had
been the means of causing separation from my mother although the
invisible watches were kept cold and silent in the hands of the executioners
who stood ready with their glittering instruments to drain the flesh from
off his bones ---- I thought that I disguised myself in the dress of a female
and taking a dagger in my hand I thought that I entered the door
and plunged my way in the open streets I thought that the
street was very dark and cloudy and was suited to the purpose of my
design I thought that after I had passed the door and plunged into the
open streets that I went my way onward until I came in front of a
lordly mansion and halted in front of the door I thought as I stood
in front of that door that I turned my face around in every direction to
see if I could see the form of any human being who might be in the
watch a watchman the cruel deed to which my bloody hands was
about to commit ---- seeing no person I thought that I gave a heavy
knob at the door with the handle of my dagger and a voice within
said who is there ---- a female I replied ---- I thought the bolt sprung
the door opened and the form of a man stand trembling before me ----
I thought the man asked me what brought me to the door so late on
Hour of the night I thought as he said these words that I drew my
dagger and plunged it at his heart and he fell at my feet with the
loud cry of murder proceeding from his mouth I thought that I
with drew the dagger and pressing my foot upon his breast I
thought that I gave him another plung and as before he could
give the second cry of murder the hilled laid dead at my
feet ---- pressing my way through several departments of the
House I thought that I entered a bedroom where lay a female
wrapped in a long white robe and pallid utterly in the arms of
sleep as I stood by her bed with an uplifted and an drawn
A dream: in my hand I thought I held the innocent girl
in the face and the murder and looked at her as death.
She said I am the good, I am the wife of him.
When you have just laid on the poor girl's face your hand.
I thought I was the wife of her beautiful eyes.
The tale of the midnight hour shall be told in the darkest
of crime by the revenge of your blood. I thought as I said.
She gave me the blood of one who was ruined and
the dagger to her heart and one stroke of the cruel
instrument. I told the lamenting tale of that midnight
murder in one, that hour. I thought
that the smooth hand of a female, just gently
stroked my brow with
caused me to wake from that lamented and cruel dream.

A sequel to the dream:

Turning over on my side I fell asleep and dreamed again a dream
that I made my way from that deadly mansion with my clothes and
dagger stained with the blood of an innocent female and the blood
of him who had been the cause of my separation for two years from
their home. I walked with my hands stained with innocent
blood. I thought that I made my way to the police office where I
gave myself up as the murderer of two innocent beings. I thought
that I was arraigned before the court and pleaded guilty of the horrible
deed. I thought that I was taken to a prison and a gallows higher
than human was prepared for me. I thought that I was meant on
the gallows high, and was swinging between the heavens and the
couth, for the horrid and bloody crime which I had committed.
I thought that my spirit took its everlasting flight in the presence of
God and stood before his white milky throne. I thought that I
saw a venerable looking man seated upon the throne with a book
in his hand. I thought that his hair was as white as the drifting
snow and his face shone brighter than ten thousand suns.
I thought that I saw my father standing in front of the throne, a
holding up a bible in his hand and stood ready to be a most witness
against me as I stood arraigned before the judgment throne of God.
I thought the venerable judge took my father if that, and his son—yes, said
my father (a holding up a bible in his hand) that is my son and in
his hands gave him a piece to get wisdom and I left him.
dying father's advice and prayer, and yet not with standing all of the
the be silent at the bidding. With I left him. I thought in my father
said these words he would his face and fell down before the throne. With
four and twenty elders who were robe in long white dresses coming
down below these feet and they struck up a beautiful song, saying there as
monthly oh God, to receive blessings and glory. Casting my eyes on the
right side of the throne. I thought I knew one whom unto the Son of God.
I thought that he held both of his hands up to me and showed me the
feet with the adhesion had made and pointing with his finger towards
this side he showed me the wounds which the soldiers had made with
these spires, casting his eyes down towards his feet, methought, he
showed me the marks where the murderers drove the rough spikes through
his feet. Methought I saw the tears come tinkling from his eyes. She
showed me a deep mingled with sinews and gall. As he methought, that I
saw those large drops of sweat and blood come foaming from his
brow, as he said to me all the way for the and he turned to find a place
sleep and bowing his head he found a place under his father's knee
and these he spilt those tears for me. The honorable judge then
held up a dagger and a female dress all stained with blood and said that
these were instruments against me for they were the rules and the daggers
of that and night murder - not those guilty said he. I thought that he
told him that the sword, guilty and deserved the deepest ditch in hell-
methought a slaying bound lasting did stand by my side with
a heavy chain in one hand and a large log in the other. Methought
I heard the honest judge say take him bind him hand and foot and
cast him into outer darkness. Methought when the judge pronounced his
sentence against me that I said amen and amen. Methought that
after my sentence had been pronounced that this allowing poster would
bound me hand and foot and led me away through a waste and a
waste and not a tree nor a rock or a stone or me sphere of
glass was there to been through out that long journey with me
and travelling - I saw no human beings through all that burning
plain. I saw no human beings passing me. I passed my way through
while my
while my
while my
while my once and awhile the heavy peal of a thunder would strike upon
my ears, and then a voice louder than ten thousand thunder would
say and what if you knew your duty but did it out, this did
that thunder like noise kept a pealing in my ears until I reached the place of my destination—being tired and weary, I thought I asked the infernal wretch to let me sit down and rest. I thought I asked him then that thunder struck upon mine ears and said—“you know your duty but did it not—and as the thunders died away in the distance—I thought I came in front of a large hole that was dug in the ground—and I thought the old stamps took me up and turned me in dead formost—I thought I sunk some thousands of feet before I rose to the surface—as I rose in thought I found myself in one vast burning lake of fire mingled with brimstone and smoke—there I saw fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and uncles and cousins, husbands and wives, parents and children calling upon each other for one drop of water to cool these parched tongues and burning lips—I saw husbands and wives clinging to those wives and children—and children clinging to those parents—and calling for rocks and mountains to fall and cover those defenseless heads—I thought I heard the devouring cry of millions upon millions taking up the bitter moans and saying the harvest is past the summer is ended and my soul is not loose—I thought I heard another cry mingled with pitiful cries and pining—I that I had sought his favor and those mournful cries died away in everlastings pains and misery—and the tortures and the torment of that burning day heated me so hot that I shuddered and behold it was naught but a dream.

The Death of Miss Damien—And the journey to New York.

Pause one hour for a moment until I inform the reader the information which my mother gave me concerning Miss Damien and what had happened to her during the two years since she had been gone—my mother informed me that Miss Damien had become the inmate of the county house shortly after I had left and there ended her days.
boughts of tears, tree that stood around the little cottage made
obsense to cry, face that came a sweeping over tree tops, the
flash of lightning come swept across my face and another part of heaven
brought large drops of rain a beating against the side of the little cottage
and the raindrops p Picsot, that thunder made my mother put me in
mind of the voice of God, a speaking to the relations sons of men.
In the midst these words another peal of thunder broke forth from the
last and died pleasantly away in the distant sky. A heavy deluge of
rain descended upon the earth and all nature seemed to be covered in one
eternal silence, for two hours did the rain continue to come down
and there a beautiful scene broke forth through the clouds and came
a shining from the East and the bow was seen in the heavens—as
my mother stood a gazing at these wonderful sights, shining my
coat across my arm and taking the parental shake of the hand my
mother painted a kiss upon my cheek and I started for the city of
New York, to find a home in the little house that stood from the
cottage. I took the last look of the roof of the little dwelling that
once covered my head and the big tears came streaming from my eyes—it
was between the hours of nine and ten that I landed in the city
of New York, as I was walking up Leonard Street. I met a stranger
looking youth whose countenance I thought I had seen once
before—passing the beautiful looking youth, I made a bow and
him and met my way up the city. The youth left a few moments
and casting his eyes clearly upon me, he followed me some ten
blocks up the street meeting a cordial man. I ask him he could
direct me to the house of one Mr. Hinn. He resides in the city as
said these words the whole crowd looking youth came up to me
and grasping me by the hand he shook it till I thought the by-gone
blood would stretch from my veins. You are a stranger to me, sir, said
a stranger to me. The youth replied—yes sir, said I. Have you
hurt me, robed the youth. I have sir replied but your looks
seems to tell me that I have seen you some where before but since
I cannot now tell—don't you remember. Mike Hinn, said the
youth. I do said I. Well this is one—with a loathsome noise he
up to my trouble. I ask the youth if he was the boy Mike Hinn
who had made his way with strongmen—Richard Miller and
me from the house of refuge. The youth became pale and
I asked that he seize the very bag and went on to relate the story of our escape and the puzzle to which we were in the day that we made our escape and also he related to me the kindness of Capt. Smith who had taken us on board of the steamer and carried us to Harwich where we were rescued by Mrs. Johnson and several other ladies — the story convinced me at once that the guest who stood before me was none other than Emily Harris — looking now in as one strolled up the city until we reached the first avenue and entering in a little cottage I found myself once more under the roof of Mrs. Harris as I took a chair I asked Mrs. Harris if she could give me any information concerning the strongman — poor strongman said the woman as big drops of tear-stained dew her cheeks — poor strongman is no more good God save it to myself what does the woman mean is the crying of what it is that causes those big drops to run from her eye — what does the woman mean when she says I am now more does she mean to say that he is dead — I do not understand what you mean Mrs. Harris said I — when you say he is no more will you please to explain yourself — yes Sir — I mean Robert that strongman has kicked the bucket and is dead — tell me Mrs. Harris said I are you in earnest of what you say — I am Robert said the woman as she wiped the woman tears from her eye — he entered the exec and gave in his name James Hawkins and fell in a few with one of the sailors and struck him dead on the spot and poor strongman had to pay the penalty of that murder by perishing between the beams and earth — as Mrs. Harris said these words I rose from my seat and in company with Mrs. Jones took our way towards the garden yard — as I entered the yard I ask one of the sailors if there was a young chap in those trees by the name of Hawkins — he said the sailor he had killed the bucket long ago and long since down to David Jones letter — and did you know Hawkins said the sailor yes I replied — where did you know him — I knew him in the boat said I — and has he parents a living — yes I replied he has rich parents a living some where in the next — none came across a brother living in any life of that Hawkins once said the sailor — with an oath upon his lips he swore that he would rather stretch the Kemp himself then to see Hawkins
The death he died—learning from this sad tale of pain and misery I made my way out of its grip. With the painful thoughts that strong man saw none among the scene of that black hearted John King and the cursed and wicked oath that he uttered. In my present the last time I saw him. It was yet late in the afternoon and late and we returned to the house of his mother, seating ourselves down. I began to ask Mike how the world had went with him from the day that we parted—enough told I tell you it has went rough with one—I have met with many a storm and many has been the tempest that has blown in my face and many has been the tempest that has raged over my head and through them all and there ain't a hair in my head tangy—I tell you Ned the rub a friend that sticks closer to me now than a brother. He is the friend Mike said I—hell ash being me have got so deep in the confusion. I'll give you the whole story of my life since the day I parted—draining my chair up close to him he gave me the following narrative. He stated a poor miserable beggar penniless with hunger and thirst and relish in the rage of shame and disgrace and he had a place to lay my head and I was obliged to go and live myself out to an old farm and just dance and my soul was nothing but the bread that I ate and my lodging was in the log pen with the light night—I thought it a long hard thing to hide the scum of these beasts to satisfy my hunger and me as I stood in the log pen I examined myself from head to foot and found myself a falling in rage—after a close examination of myself I gave to hope from that old filthy old pen and prest my way towards my father's home. He gave me one idea in here I look around me with mud and dirt and dragged in rage I was a slave to let the old man try to put me but I had made the resolution to return back home to him and tell him just the truth of the whole matter and the condition with I had been placed with the resolution it took courage and prest my way over hill and dale and mountainous on lakes rivers and loops through muddy plains and dark deserts—it was just about the eleventh hour of the day as I ascended the hill that lead down upon the roof of my father's mansion as I stood a gazing upon the little cottages that surrounded my father house I saw the hired servants eating and drinking and having a plenty.
and enough to spare—here I stand ashamed to let my father see me but casting his eye up towards the hill he saw one and knew one and with outstretched arms he flew towards one and drew the tile, the man clasp me right in his arms and put a deep kiss on my cheek—then he said, "what did you do with you then, girl, that left me and made me go and seek your father?"

Mrs. Ably—Presenting the author with a little testament.

I was in the month of June 1814 that I left the city of New York and made my way home—stepping in Canandaigua I entailed the presence of Mrs. Ably who by some means or other had found that I had been in irons all of a prison—calling me to her she gave me a motherly advice and told me to throw the past that leads to vice and crime and prepare myself to meet God in peace as she said there was the present little testament in my hand and bade me to read it night and day and keep it as the guide of my youth—taking the little testament from the lady's hand I put it in my pocket and bade her good by and commenced my way home.

He reached his home—he sees the tears fall from his mother's eye.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when I reach my home and as I entered the door my mother flung her arms around my neck and again the stroke the kiss on my cheek. My son said she was by afraid that you had fell in with some bad company and find your going back to a guilty prison—as the said she made the tears come trickling from her eyes and a heavy load of grief laid heavily on my heart.

When in my early life and prime
I trod the paths of vice and crime
My mother counselled me back
The evil road to crime I took——
When in my heart she tried to place
the gospel truths and richer grace
the tear ran trickling from her eyes
which he had a mother's eyes
A voice from heaven to me did say
dear son that ruined crooked way
for sakes the path of crime and sin
and heavenly gates you'll enter in

Her visits Nicholas Miller, he became the inmate of a prison

Twice the 27th day of June in the year 1817 that I went up to American Springs
and there I saw Nicholas Miller who had made his escape from the State of Refuge-taking him by the hand. I informed him of
the goodness of the Lord in the last days of the old people and the terrible death which he died under. I told him
and assured him long ago a long way of love and doing good in accordance with the leading of the Holy Spirit. He came and committed a
crime which brought me back to the prison. As I entered the prison I
found that the old shops had been all taken down and new large buildings had been erected in their stead for the sole purpose of the convicts

To labor in a new library had been established and the convict had the

chance of killing time by reading choice histories. Young man that couldn't

read a word or cipher was punished with a spelling book and slate and

arithmetic and a lamp to study by during the long winter's night and a

teacher employed for the childish to teach them who couldn't read or write

or cipher. Work had been distributed through out the prison by some

means which were to the officers-the convict was allowed to take down

his work as soon as he got in his cell if he chose the mode of punishing

with the clogs was abolished, and several different modes of punishment to

get up-the convict was allowed to draw one plug of tobacco a week and

have pockets in his clothes-for two months I lived up to the rules and

regulations of the prison and being angry one day I took a chair and threw

it to the floor-the officer called me up for it and ordered me to follow him
to the dungeon. I told him that I would go out on the road for his...
him as I said these words the officer sprung to the desk and
springing a penknife to present it at one—present that knife to
me for said he I must do so said I as I stood with the knife
in my hand—present that knife to me sir or I'll break your
fingers with my one—I went on—crack that pistol in him if
he dont deliver that knife— as he said these words the officer
demanded the knife from me which I held on to until the
warden came in the warder entered the door the officer said
that he demanded the knife from me in the name and in
the authority of the warden. Warden or no warden you may cut
that knife as I said these words the warden demanded the knife
from me which I thought was no more then my duty to deliver into
his hands as he had the highest power in his hands handing the
warden the knife he said it one to follow him to the dungeon
which I did and once kept there until the next morning

The warden is put in chains and tied up

The next morning between the hours of nine and ten three
officers and the warden came to the dungeon door and knocking
in the warden asked one of my officers had yet come I told him it had
he then asked me kind and gently what I thought of myself for
acting in the way that I did towards my keeper I made a reply for
I had no good reason to give it was that had not and did not
understand a man which had lost me a strange but had driven me if
I didnt think that I deserved a severe punishment. I told him
I did and be on my cell and asked me to follow him I
followed him to the part of the prison and taking an iron bar and
chain he made it fast to my leg and put a pair of hand
chafes around my wrists and made me hold both hands up straight
over my head wherein he took a rope and bringing one end through
the handcuffs he made it fast and then drew the
other end of the rope through till it brought me right
down upon my tights and made the rope fast in the treads
and tides condition I placed a crying with pain for two
hours at the end of this time he was fasten the rope and let me
Dear Miss, I kept the holl and chair on me for three weeks after, my hands was swollen so big, I could not write for three weeks after—

The author is handcuffed and hung upon a harel—

This may be said an officer to one one manning in a snapping and a snuffling way—this may be—I follow'd the galloons looking gentleman up to his door to see what he wanted of me. So early in the morning—so I reach the door—his missus said me to take off my cap and get upon that bench—what means for captain—what means for captain—Simpers, in deference to the common get up there—oh well, he said if that is all the kind of punishment that you are going to give me for insulting the common, I will give him a little of my own to eat every day for he deserves it come in white—come in white—come in white—

The author is just in an iron cage—

This may be—what mean the—come along—I tell you and come the way—can't come. He tell the common come through the shpping well. He tell you are come and I want you'll ride the day that you didn't come when I tell you—come another day's work for the common to come—be comes and in the twinkling of an eye the officer given him his order and before the officer has time to get the word out of his mouth, the milithe is on the run after the Warden—Waller here comes the Warden a strailing along with his serry come in his hand—Morden what he'll do with me—thinks I, guess.
lay the informal—I saw the sight a drop of water on my
head till he hear my complaint he's just as much a right to
be sure my complaint as he has to keep and he has got to do it,
too, before he punish me. After having what the
warden gives a heller with his hand for one to
come to him, with the burning rage of sadness I pull off my cap
and dash it to the floor and he begins to ask me what the trouble
were. I relating story to him, and he tells me that I am
reported for being naughty to the prision and bring a million
of other old inducements against me with which I had committed
this three years ago—he then devise me to submit myself to the
punishments which the keeper is ready to inflict upon me.
With the burning heat of madness I submit myself into his
hands and he leads me down, with a heavy iron gate and
a fourteen-weight ball attach at each end of the gate. This
must more entitle I beg the pardon pardon and compose
faults to the keeper and give him some good reason why I didn't
come up to him when he first called me with many tears and
hard begging, he takes the heavy burden off my neck and I,
feel as much as a child three years old—hear what the officer
reads as he is taking that old Egyptian gate off of my neck
had followed him—If you don't behave well kill you here—
you to the worst camp that is in the prison—do it know what to do
with you and with the thief words and a thousand other threats he
orders me back to my mark—

The author in the shivering bath.

I want you to follow me. Said to high heated officer to me one old
winter morning as I stood shivering over the stove with cold. I showed
the hard cold heated water, while he led me away to the shivering
bath. I was well aware of what the officer wanted of me when he
called me and I prepared myself with a knife to plunge in his heart
the moment he undertake to commit the cruelty upon me which he
had intended too, he was an officer which I knew like a no credit.
So never have the sight of him when he'd be passing through the
Shops. I was determined to plunge a knife deep in his heart the moment I reach the chamber. Both if a good opportunity was offered and by the cruel-hearted stroke dealt at my feet, and suffer in the hands and power of the law rather, than to be tortured to death by this cruel and tyrannical keeper. As I reach the place both three times, three officers with big iron clubs in their hands and doctor Burgoyne to witness the cruel scene of treatment which I was to put through—having reached the spot where the cruel deed must be committed, the officer address me thus—"you are a hard-hearted convict and the ringleader of every vice and crime. There's not a crime committed within the walls of the prison but what you dip your fingers into it and seem to have a part and a share of it, now sir, I am going to give you such a severe showering as there is in the present of doctor Burgoyne and three other officers, that you will never forget till the day you go down to your grave, as the black-hearted wretch said; these words he said were to strip off my clothes and set in the showering bath—as he ordered me thus to do. I drew a long stiletto knife from my pocket, which I had due care for the purpose of destroying his life. The moment he attempted to stir a foot towards me, and told him that I must not again, in that showering bath, be irritating by a deal of drench cruel-hearted strokes again did he order me to pull off my clothes and get in the showering bath as he ordered me the second time I drew the knives with all my might and made a desperate plunging at him, and would have laid him cold and motionless at my feet in one moment's time had not the heavy-looking convicts sprung from one of the cells, where they had been concealed by the officers to interfere in the matter. The moment I made a point of getting one by the arm the two convicts get around me, and two of the officers, and threw one down and tore the clothes off of my back and put me the showering bath, order my hands bound and feet were made fast, and then the cruel ward commenced and did not stop only at intervals for me to get breath, till I had received eleven barrells of water, while this operation was again or some dozen or more officers came down to see the cruel torture committed on me, after giving me as much water as they thought I could stand, they took me out of the showering bath and made a bed and chain fast to my leg with I had to carry for four weeks. Reader, I hardly know what to say or what to call this little water craft. I think I must call her the conqueror. I pity the passenger that ever lifts a hoard of her and asks I see...
So many young men taken passage on her it makes me shiver and ache all over. She is a dangerous little craft to sail on and the passenger who steps aboard of her is continuously in danger of his life, or of getting his goods seizes or lost in the poor unfortunate passenger who steps on board of her if he has committed a heavy crime, for he will be sure to meet with a heavy tempest, but if he is innocent and small girl a light gale blows up and the poor unfortunate little scamp will off. If the light shining glade is that poor man who is aband of her and expecting every moment to be lost in an ocean of showers glade in the water she touches the barbour and lets her authors drop him in his heart God save the joy where he hears the captain give the order to take in the sail. This little craft is conducted by the Warder of the prison and he has the whole control of her and no captain dare take a passenger on board of her without his consent or without he has a standing by

The author with an iron cap on his head

I hardly know what to do with you said an officer to me as I stood by the side of a warden ship talking to him one day without the consent of the keeper. I hardly know what to do with you—you are all the time a talking—come on. May tell I put the cap on your head—me he said if you want put an iron cap on my head for talking you want put that cap on your head. He said here his frog. He said as I stand with a knife in my hand. you can't reason one with me such royal dealings as this. So last night with an iron cap stuck upon my head—ah said if you had a better pert it on said the officer before I went to the Water. So he said them words I step up and let him put the iron cap on my head and I went off to my work bench and muttering over words of revenge to myself with the knife still in my hand———- last reader in that a handsome looking crown for a man to wear two a three days on a sketch——

The author in the Broad Eagle———-. Or Col. Lewis advice to him

It was a mid summer day. When I was called by an officer to follow him over to the State ship where hung a rope in the shape of a string.
which the convicts gave the name of a spread eagle. This spread eagle was a sort of a mode of punishing the convicts who displayed the rules of the ship, as I said the state shop. The officer let down the rope and made them fast to each other, he then tied one end of the rope around ankle, and taking hold of the other end, said the rope was fast in a post, he began to hoist away, until both of my arms was stretch out at full length, and then made the rope fast to a staple that was driven in the window, taking hold of another rope he pulled on that until it brought my leg up straight a foot too fast from the floor and made the rope fast and next made me sit down in a chair to watch the pain and misery to which I was to go through again though this suffering and torture and tormenting pain for about two hours. Lewis the principal Cadet of the prison happened just through the shop and for me in my pain full condition standing on one leg and arm stretch out in full length. He step up to me and ask me if I couldn't get along without your under so much torture and punishments till the old gentleman that I thought I could, he then told me that I was a smart boy to break and mixed around with a good reader and knew enough to go right straight along without getting into any trouble at all. You let your temper carry you away and when you get again it appears as though the very devil was working within you—I think you have suffered and gone through hardships enough to have learned to behave yourself as the old gentleman had told a talking to one in this manner the two came rolling down my cheeks and I began to think of the advice with which Lewis and Mr. Thomson gave me in former days and the prayer and the thinking to wish my father gave time before he died—the Col. then ask me how long I had been going up to which I replied about one hour and then went and interested with the Keeper for me and I was let out from the torment of torture promising Col. Lewis that I would strive to do better in the future, which pleased me that a beautiful looking person was so many to stand in for two or three hours on a stretch, it becomes the whole body, and for days after the poor unfortunate went under the torture and pains of that cruel spread eagle.

Col. Richardson advice to the author...
following words—how often I think of you when I am alone and long after your eyes are close to me. I am praying for you, it makes my heart bleed when I think what a fool you have made of yourself and become the lord of a strong prison you have allowed yourself to become the victim of all kinds of punishments. Why not come from the cold unheated day that you may think what your pleasure is by what your mind tells you. I tell you, young man that my heart bleeds for you and my prayers to God are night and day that you will one day as another reform and become a man. Remember the day is coming when your feet must be dropped deep upon the fountains of death and dust and your feet in the cold streams of judgment. Then that such of your mind stand in the light of God will be your judge. You may laugh, learn to be wise, as much as you please to what I am saying to you. Let remember that—on that day we will judge your to your progress, you will have the scorching winds of the angle feet. Having all your doors and gates ajar, as you desire the other day, he'll stand with the one foot man the sea and the other, the land and both his uplifted sword will reign in the name of the Lord. Is that who sent him that became more—a man in whose will. God is the same as I stand before the Gentleman upon the cold stone floor. The tears came from my eyes and I thought of the advice you once gave me, before he died. There I stood a living minstrel before him and knowing hardly how to pay as he in addition to me. The tears of that day, when I would stand with the millions before the judgment, with tears streaming from my eyes. I turned from theensible old gentleman and went and sat down alone by myself, and fell on a deep reflection. I thought to myself how I would have no comfort in some such case in that day, cannot I scream myself from the all the preaching in that day. I cannot call for some rock, or mountain to fall, and cover my head and here in that day. But the voice of this venerable old man seemed to speak and said to me, and say:—No, in that day, the seas and the mountains will fall and melt away like wax before a burning flame. The moon will become as blood, and the stars of the heavens will fall and fade away. The pound will become as black as the backcloth of hair and all nature will be a creeping and wailing in that day, because of the things that shall fall upon the heads of men—listening to the good advice of this
Remonstrable old man. I made up my mind at once that I would go on and try to perform and become a better man— and from that day to this I have had no trouble nor punishment for the transgressions that seemed to puzzle me still. The heart— 

In that digression I shall stand before God. I'll then lay my back where the tyrant had punished it, with stars and will point him to a dungeon and a gloomy dungeon where I see my head may be cold night with not a bed or blanket and some dogs at a corner of hand to eat— and I will point him to the shaming bath and tell him if the metal that has been in me in my head— I will show him the Tyrant that has tortured and tormented me during my confinement within the glowing walls of a prison— those who might have done me a good if put to be my destitution and took away all of the good principal and reason to wish I was admitted with and the high and mighty mind which God had given to me have all been destroyed by hand usage and a heavy heart. I have prays with my mother printed upon my lips have all been mosh away beneath the weight of a shaming heart—

The convicts' jewelry consist of iron or brass, for instance, his finger ring. Which is made of a piece thick brass or iron is highly polished and more on his finger until it begins to seem its carven or to get a little rusty— then puts it off and rubs it for hours on a stone until it begins to shine. Then he then puts it on his finger or wraps it up nicely in a piece of paper or cotton and there he keeps it until Sunday. Then he then puts it on and wears it to church as a thing— his breast pin consists of the same metal and polish in the same manner. This neck lace is a piece of cloth like his shirt. Which is a piece of coarse bad ticking with a bow nicely tied in it. His diet is brown bread, beef, potatoes, and a pint of coffee once a day. This he keeps for his breakfast. For his dinner, he keeps bread, meat, potatoes, soup, and a cup of cold water. For his supper he has a dish of mush and molasses and a cup of cold water. This he washes off with his lonely cell at night and there dines it with a craving appetite. If the poor unfortunate wretch is sick with a broken down health and can not eat this coarse rough
food he goes and makes his complaint to the Doctor who orders his course of diet to be changed — for finer food until he gets better. This former food consists of fried meat, baked potatoes, bread, crackers, coffee, and a cup of tea — before which he's got to give a good reason why he can't eat the same kind of course rough food that the rest of the convicts eats, and to go through a thorough examination by the Doctor and if the Doctor finds that he is a man of indolence and great habits, he is being a promiscuous disease and death upon himself or if he sees the least spark of masturbation, playing and blushing in the bricked grated cage he turns him away with a scene of pity and home nothing to do with the method denunciates him to grapple and grind out the remainder of his days in pain and misery. But if he finds him a poor sickly man who has not brought his own disease upon himself, he changes his diet and the poor sickly man is allowed to eat it till he gets well or till he goes down to his grave or into the cruel hands of the doctors.

Hard to tell yet it is true the may in such the convict kills time those long and lonesome hours in summer and during the long Sabbath days, when he is consigned all day long in his lonesome cell he sits down and pulls an old jack knife from his pocket and he begins to whittle a cane and carve it or tinker at a tool pick or perhaps to finish an old jack knife he has been working on for more than two months which after he gets it done he trims it off for a plug of tobacco or a finger ring. This does he sit in his lonely cell a tinker and killing time until the bell rings for him to get ready for church — he begins then to lock his door and he marches off to church where he hears a good sermon and preach by the chaplain and, then return back to his lonely cell the same wicked and burden convicts as he used when he left his cell, he then sits down and begins to hum over some old song to himself or ceases and doos the day that once he was sent to a dark and gloomy prison — getting into one corner of his cell he sits down and dozes the humble meal which he brought up to the cell with him — and there begins to load upon vice and crime and over his head.
With these thoughts a shivering in his mind, he covers his head and throws himself down upon its felt banners across his breast, and gives way to sleep. He then awakes, and in a maniac manner he says to himself:--

"I will go home with my wife and children. He then rises from his cold, rough bed and begins to pace his cell to and fro until his head--with tears in his eyes--he sits down in the corner of his gloomy cell--and covering his face with both hands, he gives way to a full flood of tears--and again he hears the mournful sighs, emanating from his lonely cell. He looks around, as he says these words. Once in a desolate way, he falls in a deep reverie of meditation and reflection, and says what is it that he has brought me here? To this dark and desolate prison, where I must spend the best of my days in ill-treatment and hard usage. What is it that has hearkened me from my peaceful home and from the side of my wife and children, and from the society of my father and mother? With a fountain of tears in his eyes, he says, as I see the cause of my downfall--I see why I have been torn from the under the parental roof and brought here to pass a term of years in this gloomy prison. She says--she was for the early lives and crimes which I practiced and followed in my early childhood and youth, and breaking through the parental restraints of a kind and a fond mother--this is what has brought me here to become the inmate of a cell, and a gloomy prison and the tenant of a dungeon, and the inhabitant of a gloomy dungeon. With these solemn and silent reflections he throws himself down upon his bed again and falls asleep, dreaming of the pains and miseries to which he will have to pass through while confined within the walls of a gloomy prison. Reader, this is the way and the manner in which the convict kills time until the long rolling years of his sentence expire and the dog barks forth for him to rush out into the open world again, where he may go and enjoy the happy comforts of his wife and children.

The new comers, Dialogue between the new comers and an old inmate.

Dwelling methods I hear the heavy rattling of chains.
and with them the loud cries of some new prisoner who has just entered the prison: grief and sorrow seems to be mingled with those tears—I hear there is what a fine-looking young man he appears to be he must be the son of some rich gentleman he seems to be endued with high and lofty principles and polish manners—a rough voice of an officer said I must speak in thunder like tones orders the young man to strip himself and get in the tub of hot water and wash himself all over clean—this done the same harsh voice of the keeper orders him to get out of the tub and put on a uniform of striped clothes and to have his hair bound off close to his head after passing through this appellation of cleansing and dressing the officer in a harsh may orders the poor beaten hulker match to follow him—with a down casted look and a face as pale as death the poor unfortunate still follows the officer until he reaches the clerk's office where he must pass through an examination and answer the many questions which the clerk will put to him after passing through this examination he follows the officer back to the kitchen where he sits down and leaves his head down towards the cold stone floor and covering his face with both hands he falls for a weeping—an old inmate happens to be a sitting aside of the unhappy youth and casting his eyes up towards the officer to see if he can get a good chance to speak to the new comer the Interpreter then commenced between the two—God bless you young man don't cry—I can't help it says the new comer well I feel sorry for you young man and sympathize with you in your hard and cold allotment—How long did the judge throw you for—four and a half six—well my good friend let me tell you that those four and a half years will hang as heavy as a mill stone upon you and they'll seem like ten long years to you—but let me tell you one thing you must
Keep up good courage and don't give way to grief and sorrow— for that has proved the ruin of many young men within the walls of the prison and they have gone down to an eternity of gloom. Young man take my advice and keep up your courage until the expiration of sentence. I suppose that I'll have to pass through a good many hardships here—yes indeed young man you will. You'll have to meet with the fierce and scorn of the older inmates and yield yourself to their bad habits and influences. You'll have to learn and follow their deplish devices until you learn the mysteries and the manners of the prison and become the victim of a cell— you'll have to listen to their silly tales and yield your self to the different modes of punishment that prevail within the walls of a gloomy prison. My heart bleeds for you young man when I think of the hard treatments to which you'll have to endure here in prison— you'll have to bear rash and ugly words from your keepers and obey the point of his cane or finger in the direction that he points and you in— you'll have to be the unfortunate subject of an iron yoke or the miserable weight of a ball and chain and if you cast an evil look at those torture with torture and pain your body or if you give a side look at that cold hearted tyrant that caused you to suffer in this manner— he'll take you off to the shewing bath and there shew you till a new reason is taken away from you— Now is this all young man— you'll be taken off to the ship where there will be a heavy day's work given to you for to do and if you don't put in and do it any more rough looking food. I don't believe I can eat it my constitution won't bear it— Yes young man it is very coarse looking aliment but we've got to eat it or go with out you must eat a little at a time until you get used to it. You had I feel— Sorry I am that I never took the good advice
of my mother, yes, young man, it makes my heart ache every
time I see so many young men rushing within the walls
of a gloomy prison where in the course of time he will become
the harried inmate of a gloomy prison—in again the reformed
convict leaves his head and cross his face with both hands
and falls to a weeping, his tears his eyes his bitter greens and
broad boil of heart until he enter his lonely cell—there
then is the time to stand at his gloomy cell door and hear the
sad and bitter wailings with he takes up—match him
there for a few moments as he stands in his bath in tears and
casting his weary looking eyes around those cold walls
that holds him so tight—match him as he lay his face upon
the Bible that larys on his shelf and with a heavy grasp he
pulls it from his shelf and opens it and begins to stumble the
stove over and over until the bell rings him to bed—it was
a cold and winter's day when Jack B. our new convert had
entered a dark and gloomy cell for the first time in his life
and there, with a firm resolution resolved to set out from
that time forward to lead and live a better life. but alas alas
six three months dead did he had learnt all the
mysteries of the miseries and the iniquities of the prison and had
become a mine of misinformation and the tormented demon of a
cell and a deadly daze and a premature death is now waiting
to convey his body to the tomb or into the cruel hands of the
executioner.

What they do with an old man that is stricken in years when he first
enters the prison—and what the convict does when he is old

When an old man first enter the prison who is bowed down
beneath the weight of old age he is taken by one of the officers to
the state shop where he is allowed to sit and being about just as he
pleases if it is cold and stormy weather he is allowed to take his
library book or Bible and sit down by the stove and pass away his
lonesome hours in reading if the weather proves to be warm and
cheerful the officers allowed him to stroll about the yard where the
old man negates himself by lying down upon the green grass and refreshes himself with a little sleep. When a convict is sick he goes before the Doctor and makes his complaint to him. The Doctor then examines him and if he finds that the man is sick he gives him some medicine to take and if the man is not able to walk the Doctor hands him a written order of excuse from labour until he is well. The convict hands to his regular shop keeper the Keeper then takes the written order of excuse and reads it and orders the convict to go away and sit down until he feels better. Here let us pause for a moment while I bring before the Reader mind the many little tricks and games with which the convict plays upon the Doctor—say convict who is really sick or diseased it is allowed to visit the Doctor in the morning between the hours of nine and ten among the seven and eight hundred convicts that are in the prison. One fifty or seventy make it a rule to visit him every morning whether there is anything to matter with them or not. It makes it hard for him to tell whether this man or that man is able to work or to sick to be sent back to his shop without any medicine. For instance, one man who is in the cabinet shop and another man works in the cooper shop. They perhaps may be used to spend an hour or two in mending some滨江 game. He make a sign to each other with their hands or fingers to come each other at the hospital or the following morning and there they'll sit aside of each a disgusting their matters over until the officer happens to cast his eye upon them and catches them at a talking and orders them back to their respective shops where they are repaired and punished. The Reader will see that it makes it hard for the Doctor to tell whether the convict is really sick and not able to work or whether he came up there to talk and traffic with his companion. Sunday appears to be the most proper time for this kind of business. To go on with the inmates during the chapel service many of the convicts go to the hospital to get rid of hearing a sermon preached or for the sole purpose to traffic and trade.

The words of Horace C. Cook:

This is the twenty-seventh day of May in the year 1857 and I stood within the walls of a dock and a strong prison that
I stood before Mr. Horace C. Cook, dressed in my shabbiest clothes of shame and disgrace—making a long bow of respect to this gentleman. I addressed him thus—Mr. Cook, said I, you do not visit this gloomy place very often—with a tear in his eye he answered me in the following manner—Sir, said he, it almost breaks my very heart every time I pass through this dismal place. When I see so many young men rushing and pressing their way into this gloomy prison it makes my heart bleed and my hands yearn every time I pass these gloomy walls—drawing his handkerchief from his coat pocket he wiped the big tear from his eye and the perspiration from his brow. Within this new said Mr. Cook are some of the smartest and intellectual young men that are in this country—young men endowed with a good education and a good reason and who might have done a good deal of good and might have been bright and shining ornaments in the world, and angels in heaven—but instead of that, said Mr. Cook, they are spending the best of these days in a cell and a gloomy prison—with tears in my eye I turned from this gentleman and went off to my own distant cell and gave way to a deluge of tears repeating his words over to myself and saying—young men—young men who are endowed with a good reason and with a good education—could he have been a blessing to me when he uttered these last syllables—or could he have been any better to some rich man's son who had once been a college boy with him?—I think reader he must have been a misfit—yes, I turned with the number to whom he was referring to, yes, Mr. Cook—ah yes, when I first entered this prison in the days of my boyhood. He cheerful respect and good manners bloomed and shined in my face like a mid summer day. I was endowed with a good reason and had a good education given to me, and had good manners of respect, and my father's prayer was prayed upon my lips and his dying advice was strong upon my heart. But these hard and cruel hearted tyrants have beaten me with many stripes and taken my education my good reason with god had given me all away and made me to become the baned convict of a gloomy prison in that
day when God shall send his holy angel who shall smite in his name louder than a houle of thunder, that time is more than will I haunt the tyrant before the throne of God who has locked me in a gloomy dungeon. I will paint the same tyrant cut out to God who oppressed me with pain and misery during my confinement within the walls of a gloomy prison. Many has been the cold winter nights when the winds has been a howling through my imprisonment door have I lain awake in silence and thought of the words of that woman who he said to me with in the walls of a prison and the words of Mr. Horace C. Cook still remain in my memory and they will there stand and stuck until the day that I go down to my grave and they will be stand up in the judgment day before the throne of God——

To The Reader——

Reader, I have now unfolded to you the secrets and the habits of the convicts with the mysteries and miseries of a dungeon prison together with the rules and regulations of the prison from the year 1850 to the year 1853. I will now give you the names of the different shops as they are at the present time——

Names of The Different Shops in 1853——

Cooper Shop
Sool — do.
Weave — do.
Bome — do.
Lace — do.
State — do.
Cabinet — do.
Shoe — do.
Machine — do.
Rug — do.
Spin — do.
Tockey — do.

Names of The Different Shops in 1853——

Cooper Shop
Sool — do.
Weave — do.
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Shoe — do.
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Rug — do.
Spin — do.
Tockey — do.
Conclusion

Reader, many have been the sad and dreary cries I have heard ascending up from those gloomy abodes within the walls of a gloomy prison—within the sighing wails of pity the loud cry of some young rejected man has raised that I wish I could hear—and the still mid-night cry comes bursting upon my ear from another quarter of the prison, with, say, I am sorry I came—many have been the long, solitary days and the cold chilly nights as I have lain on my cot and trembled on the rack that those desolate echoes have broke forth upon my hearing—God bless you, my dear companion of solitude and sorrow—there is a very bottom of my heart I wish you was home and encircled around the hearts of your wife and children of your fathers and mothers and most of all in the tender arms of your dear wife—hard indeed it is to conceive of a man who has had so much love and so much care and so much comfort and the like who in the midst of his love and care for his family to die—encouraged and heart-broken—had to stretch himself out on his cot and give way to the silent habits of the convicts—months and years away, and he becomes the object of many meditations, and the dream of a cell—weeks pushed on and he dies in the death of dreams—he never has time to give the signal of his departure on to tell his body away to the grave—he has no friends to carry the sad and dreary news home to his friends or tell of the tale he had so often been his friends but the rough hands of the convicts to sink his bleeding bosom beneath the coal clads—Not a friend in all of St. God's world to drop a tear upon the green grass that covers his mortal remains all in dark cold chilly and dreary. Reader, be careful and take warning from one
Who has past through the iron gates of sorrow and trouble.
Take warning lest you also come to this place of torment and
become the inmate of a dark and a gloomy prison.

The End by Rob. Reed.
The inmate of a gloomy prison.