The Age and Adventures of Rob Raud
his fifteen years imprisonment
with the mysteries and miseries of author
prison with the rules and regulations
of the prison unmasked.

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

chap. 2

The bright sun was just a 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 then at the age of six 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 useful work that he 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 layng down beneath the Weight of
old age, how often in my boyish days when the
bright sun shone just about to sink beneath
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 afterwards, from the records and regulations of said prison from 1840 to the present time, and the efficiency of their system of punishment

Chap. 1

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 then at the age of 28, after taking the last look of the dying man. I stood 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 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 this 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 boyish days when the bright sun was 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 eight
let us trace him up from that period until he became the
wagavand and the fugitive of a dark and gloomy prison
the bright rays of the sun was just glittering through the
window when the voice of a female called him to come and
witness the death of his dying father
Mr. Piers this is the beginning of the first chapter of my book. Please not to forget to lose it.
The mountain tops and the night hawks
a howling 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 to him and there
night like an infant noae seek does the dying
scream yet impress upon my memory although my
father has now been dead for nearly twenty years
and in years old grace with the in the city of
Rochester lies the cold remains of my father mourned
away to dust. While the feet of the traveler has trampled
over his grave, mourning 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 at his

deme.

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

Toward a beautiful summer, meaning that my mother put
fifty cents into my hand and bade me go to the grocery
and get her four pounds of sugar. I took the fifty cents
and went off to the bank and got it change all into
coppers. I then started 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 three cents, I then went to the grocery and bought
the sugar and returned home. As I entered the door
my mother ask me if I had been making that
sugar. She ordered me to be seated in one corner of the
room and to leave the house again during the day
while she went out to the well to draw a quill of water.
I slip out of the back door and made my way to
the city, a listening round the street until night
saw back well, then shared my way for home, the dim
light of a candle was burning in the house. I crept
slightly under the window and there I laid a 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 brother talking to my
brothers, sisters, and others 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 running down my mother's cheeks. She
ordered me off to bed where I lay down and slept
during the glowing hours of the night, it was a
long time after breakfast before I arose and went
down stairs. Here 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
hard and cruel 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 advice and sent me off to
school on my way to school I met several boys who ask
me to join their company that day, but they were going to
have some fun. I just put my book in my pocket and
joined their company. Just as that day came on the
dearest friends met me. Then one of my friends in my life
for we were so sorry together before we jumped into the
man's school and cut down and made such fun for the city. It was three days afterwards before my mother found it out, the former came up to
my mother's house and informed her all about the deed.
my mother bursted out in a full flood of tears and
predicted that if I went on in this way regardless of my
father's dying advice that I would one day or other
become the fellow of a cell and that it would be better
for me if I was laying in my grave aside of my father
as she uttered these sorrowful words and the name of my
father the prayer the blessing and the advice of my
dying father all springing up in my mind—my mother told the farmer that I should be punished with
the part of the load that she would allow her children
to carry after her death to the knowledge of the farmer. As she said this
now the two greenhills from the mantel piece and over
the fireplace stood the door and raising it at my mother head
told her of the truth how we knew with that resolve
that I should deliver her hands out on the floor the old
farmer arose to take the as proved my head I sick
I threw it at him with all my might and 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—

There was a not directly day in the month of July and was motoring the
street and had been gone from home three days that the heavy
hand of a man tied up to me to notice me back to
my mother as I went along through the streets I was afraid at
by everyone that meet along shivering with the cold and cold
and I was joined it with hunger I soon gains the threshold of my
mother's house done covered with snow and earth—this set a
rich old farmer in the house who lived next to armor springs
ready to take me away—ah how I might have cried how
I lay my mother over to before he depart away from her
with what fair and faithful promises did I make to my mother
for the time to come if I would only let me stay with her
at home—my promises my tears failed me nothing my
mother had from the city life and live a country life after
striking a bargain with the old country honest the old
man raised to this it was that for the country my
mother wished second gone one smashing it and then
with a bad cold and made my head and feet fast to keep
me in custody until (Mr. Lord) for that was the common
name come after me. I thought my mother understood.
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 rising my youngest sister came up stairs and told me that the farmer would be after me this day at ten o’clock—and that mother had got my morning clothes ready for me to put on—she advised me not to put a foot without him—if I did she would never see my face nor her again; the tears came from my sister’s eyes as she said these words to me. The call of my mother soon brought her from my head. While telling her to make haste, and get the horses cleaned up she expected. Mr. Land along my father’s then called me up, and made me from head to foot put on new parts of clothes on me, which I used to wear Sundays. While my mother was getting me ready, I creased my eyes out of the window and gave a handful of carriage driving up to the door. Murdered who is there? exclaimed my mother in an angry tone. Why to Mr. Land and his daughter, my mother with a point—the horses was made fast to the fence and the carriage along again. While my mother stood ready to take the hand of a beautiful country female to help her from the carriage. There I and my sister stayed in the door both with tears the country girl made a low bow to my sister to wish her an ugly sour look for her compliment. My mother then took me into the bedroom and kneeling down she prays the blessing of the Almighty to go with me and be with me to protect me and to be the guide of my youth. She then arose, a pulling a pocket-handkerchief from her hand, begone to read it and to take it as the wishes of my Counsel and that of the Lord: I prompt it unto me saying fear not. Life—you and my sister stand hand in hand holding hands of you and yourself. My mother then instructed a kiss on my cheek and told Mr. Land that I was now all ready to go—w the old man and his daughter rose, my sister told me not to stay in the house one step that she would protect me by this time my eldest brother came in and seizing me and my sister both in their coats, not to visit the street, prohibiting and the greatest and dividing between me and my sister.

I am again taking my brother very complaining sister eyes and said the countryman by whose authority said my brother.
We will give you to understand said my sister that he is not again with you—whoeversaidmybrotherbutthatthisheis going into the hands of some slaveholder—not at all I claim the country said he made their way and light and at the end of every three months he may return home—my wrest all the time during the conversation stood on the floor with one hand up to her face not knowing what to say.

I suppose mother said my sister that you think it hard to see your children missing up and out going in your business—I do said my sister the city will surely give that boy if he stays home—unless that man can prove before you by good and substantial witnesses that he is no slave holder. My brother would go one step with him.

I think it proper said my sister that we should know where he is gone and into whose hands he is going into and I think my mother has taken a begging paper because in this matter and I think it my duty as a sister to interfere in this matter before my brother is born from his time.

Beth said Mr. And I have not to own Spring and it getting quite late in the day and I have twenty miles to go I would like to have the boy for he looks like a smart boy the old man whipped something into my mother ear and drove off without me.

Early the next morning the team of horses and the rolling of a carriagewagon at the door peeping out of the window I know Mr. And and his daughter standing at the gate he had a new pair of shoes in his hand while his daughter held a new cap in her left hand he had bought these things for me for reinstatement to get me to go home with them as she extended her hand she said that he was in a hurry and at one if I had made up my mind to go home with them I told him that I would be here within four minutes I then left him and called my sister out of door and told the matter over with her to much she consented I should go planting that she should be sent Home over there March—the longer I stay the old fears done off with this boy and I am back myself seated under the roof of a lordly Mansion at dawn of day.
In the year of 1833, that my troubles commenced. I was found myself under the roof of a new home near Springville, with a sad and heavy heart. I went out under the shed, and seating myself on a pile of wood, I began to repent that ever I had left the home of my nativity. While ten thousand thoughts came pouring into my heart, with fond recollections of those brothers and sisters, at some of the advice of my dying father, to leave with my sister, Shadrach, before I left my home. The prayer with my sister had ended up the day before, I left for, pondering over those things with deep feelings. In the little pocket book that my mother had given me, and left me among my books, and the little prayer book, with the best book which she had found for me to learn—after reading a few pages of contents. I closed the little book, and had never open it from that day to this last still my mother handwriting still standing against me. The prayer. He led the goings and the proceedings. After closing the shed and looking around me, I arose and started around by the boards and so around by the kitchen door to

With the servants girl, she went and was done in and set down with her and cut some breakfast to break my fast. I felt that I was not hungry. She then gave me. I could not go out under the shed, and bring in some wood after I had fallen in the snow. She sat a chair by the stove, for me. She went up, then began to talk to me in the most feelingest manner. I stood from the mouth of a female before in my life. She asked me, where my mother lived, how many brothers and sisters I had. If my father was yet alive, and the name of my father. She broke the golden dishes and the silver candle. Was lost, and I bursted out in a flood of tears and went out of doors to seek some place where I might give vent to my feelings. Have said, and going the County did look to me, although it had a pretty manner, where I was. I had not moved inside of the house, during the day and had not eaten anything all that day. The snow was away plainly, and the current of coming snow threw her and mantle over the earth. I went out into the barn and covered myself over, with hay. I soon fell fast asleep and did not wake until
It was accused by the hand of a female. She took me by the hand and led me down stairs and so on into the house and sat me down to breakfast before me of which I did not touch. While I was sitting in the kitchen Mr. Had's 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 I was a little while. She was going to Rochester and she would then take me along with her. She then took me by the hand and led me out into the orchard and around the flower garden and over to her father's brother's house. But with all her good care and good advice and good words, she could not make my mind any better. The case of Home, Home still kept hanging in my mind. I had seen him with me the other day when he was running being a little angry with me. So I ran away now he got back and was going to be a journey. I tell him not I was going to start for Home that day to which he said that I had been whirring about Home long enough and that if he been my 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, for I would drag me off to the barn and take it better I made both of my hands fast behind me and gave me a severe punishment with a black whip which I had hanging up in the barn and ordered me into the house with my hands tied behind me. Then was the house that I thought my father and he was sleeping in the same room. It was the time that I needed it a father's protection, the old Villian would be slow to raise a hand on me if my father had been alive. I would be sure to give me a hard of insult. He would be slow to order me to the field to work under the hot burning rays of the sun if my father had been alive. No, he would have been the head from his shoulders. There he kept me tied till twelve o'clock when I was burned by the hands of one of the girls. I never had I been so much done to that I made my way to where seven.
and stopping in front of a large mansion, I asked one of the hired servants who lived there. He said that Mr. Orland lived there and was the possessor of a large tract of land. I opened the gate and walked up to the door, and asked the servant girl if Mr. Orland was in. 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 talked with me awhile, and asked me where I had been. She said, 'Well, now, I'll unfold the whole riddle to you. I had put those talking things in your pocket for you. When Mr. Orland came in, I arose from the chair and sat down, and spoke to him in the following manner—that 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 been in the company of some other boys and had done some hard work that belonged to a farmer. I wish not for

from my mother's house for which deed my mother has sent me out here to live with her, 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 and told me to go home with me and see my mother and get her to let me come and live with them. I was glad to hear such welcome news fall upon my ears, and I went out into the garden where a man was mending and pulled off my coat and went to work and made myself as well as I could to sit till the shades of evening fell. I was then called into the house, where I ate a good meal. After I had washed my face and retired to bed, I slept in the open air house of darkness.
Chapter V

I rose in the morning and putting on my clothes should out into the garden until breakfast time. I came right over and the stage was waiting at the door for me and Mr. Moore. Everything being ready the stage drove off and at 10 o'clock in the afternoon I was seated in the carriage under the painted roof where my father gave me his dying blessing my mother was not in she had gone out on a visit and found out that she would not return until five o'clock. Mr. Moore said that he would have business to tend to in the city and that he would return the next morning and bring my mother to Kich he left the house leaving me and my sister alone by ourselves about three days my sister and I went over to the spot where lived my father things in the cold ice sickly land of death there was blood between the living and the dead hand in hand going on the green sods that covered all that was once dear and near to me while the hours of my father seemed to pass from the cold spot quickly before I knew it the sacred and holy ground made our home. Reader, could you tell the feelings of my mind as I made my way from my father's grave and the tears coming from my eyes or did my beloved father know the heavy burden of my heart or could he tell the feeling of suffering which I was in gain under through the means of my dear departed mother did he know that I would one day or another go to the post in kich he used to carry with him night and day a high and a white hand with my revenge for the wrong that had been imposed upon me no knowledge of he would break the deadly weapon and sink it low in the deep the man whom nearly join union and my mother had not yet made the return home doing sister and me took on to the means of kich they laid a firm root from the house as I was walking away I opened it to the middle of the path and there my mother had gone and the cares of my remaining home and them there my mother had been in harmony she was home to be brought up in the hands of a cold hearted countryman. Circle that left me unkindly with my father she for the river and over thrown of the whole family.
man heard a sound that was a sound as if he had been on the ground a man's feet as he said. 

These words my blood began to run that and my tongue began to hunger for revenge - as before the 

morning sun shall not behind you rest in cloud 

said my sister you shall leave the country from dead upon the ground. When with his gore, he 

bore down with a knife. I brought it to a stand near in the direction to which the sun he came from. 

press forward to the spot. Where I heard the groans of a dying man. Who was just espire. A known 

and earth entered my sister at the head upon her feet. And there were blood-wet from the deep, red 

mound that was made by the course of the hand. 

of the ruffle. He is a dying man. My sister at the head of the 

laid there in the mound and a piece of the ruffle 

pinned deep in his head. While next to her hand 

behind a gold waist. A chain attached to gold with 

from on my might for help and to give the chance. 

but one before help could be got the cold night of death 

had approach and his doom that is well. 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 mother 

door though I had been the delicate rap of the hand of 

some female — my mother rose and open the door and 

there stood the body of the dying man with her beautiful 

head leaning in deep mourning and grief. I told him, I 

said. Mr. Willcock to stay. I am with her and not go out 

a hunting said the young man who had only been married 

but a few days and seemed to be great. I cannot 

tell the feeling of this young lady. But to the reader to 

imagine for himself. The morning light appeared and 

at the door Mr. Willcock was rescued from death. 

lying bed and carried home. Where he was mash and 

laid out and conveyed to the grave. My pen for a while 

and not be able to discern the feelings of the young lady as she followed. 

the moral remains of her husband to the grave. I happened 

from the story that she said. In the story that Mr. Willcock 

had sent me in the morning with his ruffle in company.
Month some young men expecting to return before noon
she burst out into tears and come through and picked up
into the room that had a party. Mother, who had
looked into the room, said she was all in—where and
where is that doesn't know, will be—whip my back
she in a rage of anger throw a chair to see, and let the
venom be in the next the headpiece of my father she'll be
plunge with his blood—my mother stood speechless
and dumb not knowing what to say. She then called me up
to her and ask me if I would like to go and live with the
Miss—Miss my sister said, if she just come and live with another white that she would stay the floor
with my mother—Miss told me clearly see
what the consequence would be. If he should undertake
to take me away from her, by my own consent, and take
from his seat he made a low bow and left the room.

Chapter VI

The young men and my mother arose and put on their shoes
and hurried and left the house, paying with tears
waving her arms that she, with her head down and
in her grace where her trouble would have an end for
in sorrow will your children bring my good hair to the
grace— I shall now leave you and never return to you again and my prayer I hope shall be that the hand of some kind stranger may pick you up as an orphan and bring you up—3folding my little brother who was youngest in the arms of the lady—sitting there—3folding my younger brother in her arms and leaving me and my sister to ourselves three days had never stood away and our mother had not made her appearance nor had she been at home at ten o'clock though my sister and I caught her with every heart the fourth day had arrived but still my mother made her appearance yet where was she to be found in the city no person knew where I searched the city through and through still my mother could not be found there with both hands in my pockets I went through the streets in crying—when a lady stepped up to me and asked me the cause of my crying I told her that I had lost my mother to which she took me 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's cottage where my sister brother in tears—her mother come yet said I and as she answered no I knelt in a fresh flow of tears I left the house and the two sisters a sitting there with my sister while I took a walk in the woods crossing an old swamp and over a grove of wild box trees the grove and under an old elm tree there lay 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 yet have I not been and the thread of her life would have been snapt forever like a flash of lightning from off the house and gave the alarm the ladies came at her assistance and helped my mother home I then ran to the city after poor Mother and asked a beggar man to save the life of my mother the man mounted his horse and in a few minutes came to the house of my mother who had by this time by the help of the ladies been restored to a considerable degree the poor fellow some ondever saying that he would call again the next day after which a little punishment my mother began to
While we and my sister stood with tear-stained eyes, seeing our mothers face for the last time, and her last words to us, we knew that the end was near. She had done all she could to prepare us for the inevitable. She had taught us to pray and to never give up hope. She had told us to be strong and to never let our fears control us.

Chapter VII

Although it was a hard time for us, I still managed to find comfort in my sister's words to me. She had been a pillar of strength and had always been there for me, even when I was at my lowest. I knew that I had to be strong for her, even if it meant leaving her behind.

That night, I could not sleep. My mind was racing, thinking of all the things that had happened. I knew that I had to make a decision. I knew that I had to leave for my own safety. I knew that I had to protect my sister, even if it meant leaving her alone.

I woke up early the next morning, as if by some divine intervention. I knew that I had to leave, but I also knew that I had to be careful. I knew that I had to be discreet, so as not to draw attention to myself.

I left the house quietly, making sure to lock the door behind me. I knew that I had to be careful, so as not to draw attention to myself. I knew that I had to be strong, so as not to give in to my fears.

I walked out of the house, knowing that I was leaving behind everything that I had known. I knew that I had to be strong, so as not to give in to my fears. I knew that I had to be careful, so as not to draw attention to myself. I knew that I had to be discreet, so as not to draw attention to myself.
Struggling my pockets full of crackers and cheese I began
my march with my little bundle in endeavoring my am
on the day before the sun shone in the air and I
found that I had traversed thirteen miles and had open
to my plan I sat down to the fence and
began to eat some crackers and my sister had gone
and oh my God can you tell the feelings of my mind
I put those eating my crackers in hand and of
shaded my finger's playing in theasha
lighting from beneath the ground where he laid them.

I saw it from my eyes and was lost to his
with her in his arms and all of those sad
sitting in the sun and as he went on the
and began my journey again and just as the little one
was singing I heard my cousin came in sight of the house
a woman I was tied to a chair and through the
rough hand of a man who had twice been to
and in my right ear 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 moon shone in her
shining beams in my face I then arose from my sitting
place and on taking the bundle I took my sister close and
held and slept it on I then moved the bottle in my
handkerchief the pistol in my pocket and made my way	o the house giving a rap on the door with my finger
the lady a girl that sympathized with me came to the door and
ask me to step in held her that I was in a hurry and could
not stay and I her said I in a hurry in a hurry and
the girl she asked him some minutes as she said these
I ran from my seat and went out and stood listening at
the door hearing her that little Unites girl and said the
lady girl to one of the old man's daughter don't know she
must be some strange girl in the place that wants me out
by this time I heard the humming voice of a wagon in
coming up the street I know that this must be
none other than my dear father man that asked
me to the barn throwing my sister close from of me
I steadied up a rap and turning to the fence I cocked the
pistol and with an uplifted hand of warning I let fue
and missed my shot. It was a dark night. I could hardly see my hands before my face. The old man fell over and said, "Murder! Murder!" but before any aid could get to him, I drew the knife across his shoulders. With left a deep wound from the shoulder down to the heart. The country people gathered around and the dogs were barking loud. I was taken and made fast by my hands and feet and taken to the County House where the prisoner was kept. I was in a room by myself. With the door left open, and the window made fast. I heard a loud swishing and getting up. My bed. I walked out through the room where the curator and his family slept and open the door and walk out. I then went up the stairs to the Curator's room where the family was all asleep in bed. A loud noise, I heard the door of the kitchen open and a man, and taking a match from my pocket, I lighted a light. I then went to the barn and putting a match to the hay, I threw it to the ground and the light of the flame shone around through the window of the barn and house. I brought the neighbours together. This time the house was nearly level 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 looking behind me, I saw a couple of horsemen coming up the road. I stopped with a rope in my hand. I wanted to jump into a large field, the horsemen came up and running down, the fence came over a full gallop after me and made me turn. I was taken before the Judge, and from hence I was put into a stagion. To be conveyed and taken to the county jail where I was just under the care of Mr. Austin, the sheriff. All theankind of court. 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 run about the hall all day and my cell left on look during night. Many was the hour when the warden would deem for chairs up to the door and talk to me about my mother and my father, and I recollect that the talk was so that for my disobedience. One time that I had took tools of any kind of tools to play with and in the course of a few weeks, I was going to taken from my mother and be sent off to the House of Offence.
in the city of New York, there was a fellow in jail with me charged stealing a horse. He was always full of jokes and fun and would often sit for hours with me and teach me how to play cards and shuffe. Several little tricks I soon began to get acquainted with. I now became harder 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; her golden rays on the fields. When the iron bars got around my neck, I was sent off to New York. I had become so hardened that my father advice and my mother prayers couldn’t make me shed a tear. With the readers shall plainly see that when the stage drove up to the door for me to see my mother perhaps for the last time in this world, I never shed a tear. While on the other hand, my mother and sister was crying like a little infant after hearing what my father said. One evening a little distance from the road, they both jumped from the box my check and the stage drove off, and that was the last I saw of my family. The next day after I 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. Heath with the steward to the wash room. Where my hair was cut and my clothes were changed. Leader go with me while I take you 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. You are first led by Mr. Heath the assistant superintendent to the hospital that stands above his office. Where you see an old lady from the city nursing the sick. He then leads you through the rolling halls. Where you see many boys lying in the nice style with clean white sheets from the hall and deliver you to the wash room. To which you turn into a little door on 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 close boards hanging against the walls, and the floor neatly sanded with clean white sand.
You follow your guide a little further and he takes you to the female department where you may see from a hundred to a hundred and fifty young females that has just began to enter upon the high roads of virtue and crime. It has been observed by the hand of some watchman or sentinel 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. If you be a man of taste or lady from the city, he will allow your slender and tiny little fingers to pluck a few of the flowers from the garden he directs you through the shops with you up two flights of stairs and into the chair shop where he shows you the badge back in his very short name and he character he knows where he is born and when he was born—just as you old chap if you be a good man that has some from the country to take a look and an insight of the place you have no superintend one officer to guide you and lead you through the several departments. There you stand in the center of the yard in the playground with both hands fast in your pockets to be look on and gaze at, it become a big head by the inmates of the place tired and weary stepping on the enchanted ground you make your way out of the gate with ten thousand excess and at the end of your tongue and blossoming in the name of him that sits above your head that you was much desired and had to come among and leave the place without seeing and beholding some of these beautiful and handsome faces of the female. But—heads I have now lead you through every department of the place and shall now introduce you to Mr. Samuel J. Words the assistant superintendent of the house and Mrs. Catharine Heart the head superintendent of the only two officers of the whole establishment and a school teacher that hired by the committee of the house. There are three committee.
appointed for the purpose of visiting the place on every Friday and to hear the complaints of the inmates, if there is any to be made, and to inspect the house and provisions and to look over the books and so forth. It was in the summer of eighteen hundred fifteen and that time I found myself crowded among seven or eight hundred boys all clothed in white linen, palfrens and a little blue jacket. Nick was changed twice every week through the summer for a clean suit. In the second day of my entering the place I was called to the office before Mr. Wood and Mr. Hart. Who ask me several questions and told me the rules to me and I was sent off to the chair shop to tail and labor until I was one and twenty. I had not been in the shop but three days before I began to learn the minds of the masters. The motion of the fingers, the shake of the head, and the aitches of the enquiring boys was revealed in the house. On the fourth day I was directed to Mr. Wood for walking in the yard during the morning hours. Mr. Wood then came to my reach bench and told me that I must not talk in the yard during walking hours until I got so as I could do my task by eleven o'clock and I could go down in the yard on the playground and play and do my talking by twelve o'clock. Every boy in the house was a task given to him by the master of the shop if he got that task done by eleven o'clock he is allowed to go down on the playground and play marbles as a game at ball until the bell rings at twelve o'clock the superintendent or his assistant then blows a little brass whistle for him to go to the washroom and wash his hands and face and to get ready for dinner at the rate of fifteen minutes the whistle blows again and calls the boys on parade to such very long roll call in his place according to his son Mr. Wood. Then pass through the ranks with a return in his hand to inspect each boys hands and face if he finds the least bit of dirt on the hand he gives a few smart smacks on the cheeks with his ruler and turns him back to the washroom to wash himself again after.
19v-20r

In passing through this process, the master raises his hands, until the blessing is said by Mr. Ward or Mr. Harris, he then blows his whistle, for us to eat. Such he allows us twenty minutes, or to staw them our dinner; he then blows his whistle again, and with a loud shout he sings out time. We rise up, and every boy drops his trowsers and falls and stands his face towards Mr. Ward while he reads a chapter from the Bible and implores the blessing again and deserts us from the table and sends us down on the playground till one o'clock. Then he dines in our room till three o'clock, then another whistle blows for us to go down into the yard for ten minutes, at the space of two minutes subsequent, he returns to our shop, again. The joy, he gives us up, after revolving one hour, and twenty minutes, then the master then goes into the yard again where he joins in our play till dinner. We then go to the north room and wash our hands and faces and yet ready for school at half past five.
Iam told that the master of the stage who has in the shop can read and write, Mr. Reed. He would like to learn. I have just had a stage built a piece of paper and I want you to learn so as you can be one of the officers. During the conversation, the master got up and with a grin and a wink, said to Mr. Reed: I think I can make something out of that lad; he is a smart boy; he gets his task done every day by nine o'clock and throws you in an extra piece of work. I would get twenty or twenty-five dollars a week in the hand with a vacation. I stand in the middle of the dining room with my hands on my head and go back to the shop with an empty bel lows. It was a cold day that Mr. Reed came to see the building. I thought they were done and I went out with the master to the gasman by the road. I saw the master towards Mr. Reed had a pair of glasses and held up a piece of paper. He said, after the boys use to call him, 'was a friend in mine.' I thought that Mr. Reed couldn't find out a letter, and I was among seven hundred boys. Jack. Young Tom was a master of the stage and very great improvements since you have been here. And he told me that you are the smartest boy he has in the shop. Can you read and write? Mr. Reed? He would like to learn. I have just had a stage built a piece of paper and I want you to learn so as you can be one of the officers.
21v-22r

As he has been passing through the department of the house been casted towards me while I have been stove tight away in some corner of the hall with a history in my hand reading and dreaming on the life of some old man whose broadsides blushing beneath the sunny shaft of that has found a grinding stone — I say that just to

run on these old fellows until there entered a pair of breath of them left — Robinson Crusoe leaving the happy home of his youth and childhood under the care of darkness to become a Marine of the sea and leaving his father and mother to spend the remainder of their days in grief and sorrow in his account — 

suggesting himself down at his father's feet and having

ill-behaved head beneath the elevated threshold to

recall the life of Capt. John Smith. Such is the books

that the piece of History which use to contain after

receiving a good common school education and being

away from home for two years without having the

least encouragement from Mr. Woodman Heart of

an returning home and being acquainted with the

inequities of the place I cast my mind towards the
land of my nativity and the fond home of my youth. and with such thoughts and reflections I was drawn to try and make my escape. In company with Mike Fowle and Jack Tindall, who had mention the subject of a male escape one or twice before, I was drawn to make a trial of it on the following Sunday. Mike was an Irishman, that had a father and mother that lived in the city on Chater's Street. Jack was a boy that was seldom out of his mother's sight, by the severe hands of death; and his father had took a sea voyage. It was on Saturday night on my gain behind the barn, that I found. Jack Tindall and Mike Fowle in a deep commotion. I stepped up to Mike and pulled his hand on my shoulder. I told him that I had been in the Refuges now two years. And that I was determined to try and make my escape. That night at the next corner of the wall—by the time he had made himself. I planned to go to Mike Tindall and Jack Long. Up—saying that was safe; and not to have any danger. And that if he had a step then he had in mind, this Fowle went back to the wall. Tindall and Mike Fowle had learnt on how to read and write. They had learnt me how to compute figures and I thought they could comprehend the plan of our escape better than I could and I left the matter with them. To which they were to give me answer in the morning. Sunday morning came and with it a cloud and rain. The boys was all in the kitchen getting ready for breakfast. Just coming out of the kitchen door when Mike gave me the signal to come. After breakfast, Mike had blown his whistle for the boys to come in parade and as train it was the signal for us to eat. At the expiration of fifteen minutes we found ourselves again out in the yard. I ran with all my might to find Mike and Jack and on my gain to the west corner of the wall. Mike Fowle with the piece in his hand had driven into the ground to keep up some grave lines and planting it against the wall. He ran up it and in a second time he was on the
Top a helping Jack Flemish by the hands then I
made my trial and by the help of the two boys
I made my escape, we all three kept together a
crossing a large meadow and coming out on the
blooming date road we ran some fifteen miles and
shut off in a piece woods that bad hard by being
tired and our feet well blistered by running me into
an old farmers barn and kept under some
until night then made our way further up the
country where we entered an old cow-shed to
pass the night fearing the over refuge cloths
would let us in the open daylight I advised
Mike to go out with me untill we got nothing
to eat we both walk out together and gain a
quarter of a mile up the road the entered an old
farm houses and made known our wants to
him he loaded us down with provisions and
some money to take back home and where we
was going we told him that we was boys that being
in Brooklyne and had came out to see the country
and that we 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
leavin the old man good night one being our way back
towards the old shed were we past a cold chilly night
in the morning taking our bed with had become hard
and dry through the night and stuffed it into our pockets
we made our way back towards 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 stricken in year her
forty five she was with Mike name—how quiet she
Knew his회의 and with the affection of a mother
how quiet she grasped him to her arms and stem a
drop on her cheek and a warm tear from her eyes
came rolling down his brow—and who are these
Mike said the woman Mother My clothes and cap
quiet 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 give
him another kiss and she took our flight for
the landing to get in a steamer that may point to
back for albany—but just as we was stoping two
abroad.
What was the following early on Saturday night. While I was nothing

The first part of the story is a bit unclear, but it seems to involve a trip or journey. The exact details are not entirely clear, but it appears to be a significant event that happened on that day. The text is quite detailed and full of action, suggesting that it might be a narrative or a historical account.
making my tracks back to the shop. As the former will miss me and report it to Mr. Wood, I shall certainly be up here tomorrow at eleven o’clock after my task is done and bring you the necessary things with you. Need and try to help you all out, getting his slender little fingers through the door he gave me a shake by the hand, and bade me good-bye. He was an handsome English boy about the age of fourteen and the most interesting boy that ever I saw with brilliant dark eyes, long eyelashes, magnificent teeth, beautiful mouth, and refined manners and I took him to be one of the aristocratic-looking gentry boys that ever I came across. His father was a merchant carrying a large scale of business in the town on a dock and a stormy night he left that parental roof where he had spent many a happy hour and strolled off to New York where he fell a victim to crime and been found inside an inmate of the House of Refuge in the meantime. I came along in the cell with the prison keys to cut our way out that the鸡 might make our escape—a small hole through a thin panel door was to be made large enough for the same to go through then a piece was to be cut out 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 the window making a hole while the long way in front of Dick Rubber done existing him by twelve o’clock. He was upon the wall and as the sun went down the tower our march for the fire points where we was obliged to spend the night in an old barn that belonged to a coal-ward man. I awoke long before the dawn of day and gave the dawn to my companions that the morning light was fast approaching and that we had to make our way out of the city as fast as our feet could carry us before the officers of the city was aware. About me arose and shaking the heavy shop and from our eyes we began our march by taking the fire points and crossovers on 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 was occupied by a Dutch family consisting of a mother and two daughters. I stepped up to the door and kindly inquiring the most old lady for a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger she directed
Table in the centre of the room and provided us a good dinner, rich with a variety of dishes. We dined in a private room, and attending the good old lady as she left the table, where a plenty and entertainments appeared to make it a delightful scene. The old lady was a tall, graceful person, with a well-proportioned head and chin tied up with a handkerchief and tied. She was a young and perfect personification of German beauty - with blue eyes and blooming cheeks, red lips and a profusion of brown hair. Most classical beauty, and she was admired by all who beheld her. We then went back to the inn, where we had a good time. When we returned, we saw Mr. Wood standing on the corner of Chatam Street, where we held a long discourse — come here, for God's sake, said Dick, with me and the rest. And strike off to sea for Mr. Wood will likely have the police on board, for us to make our own way. What do you say, Jack? said we, and we struck off to sea for Mr. Wood will likely have the police on board, for us to make our own way. — come here, for God's sake, said Dick.
in deep conversation with her mother—a step on the windu and a shape shille brought the true feminine to the room and where you said Mrs. Hinn—that child come to my window at the time of night and disturb a peaceful family away with you—you impudent traitor—mother—can speak said Mike. Yeats love don’t Yeats to brow—my God said the girl mother its Mike and the shille out and grasp the brother in her arms—brought him in the house—and asked that until you he mad his people with me—her style the boy call him in Mike called me in—and the two people followed in. With a hand on the floor where we past the night in the morning. The next and the good old Irish woman provided us each with a plate of clotted cream cheese and two white bread and two white bread pieces and a broth coming up. That in coming with the four young sailors with three white dishes on it and a blue bread cloth round about with a rose of painted flowers painting and glittering in the storm—Well Bob, we have had not one of the best captains that ever rode upon the sea—tell you the truth—Bob—afraid better be caught by that infernal sea—we may and be taken back to the ship there to put off for lunch—but do you say we are not—your old man. In three days said one of the sailors—you had better go my father. The captain and bell see you will better go—said another sailor—your will suit the bigger to V By I had him say no longer than this evening. That he could get a great heart and that he should put him in the back room to make stuff and take them to the black Peter and put him before the mast. Suppose you come down and sit the right Bob—I know that you will suit him. He is a thick cheap that never speaks a word and none of his boys and as for the old things cats they haven’t been taken down from the captain’s room. Since the day they was hung up there when the oldmate was trying which of the boys he just calls upon the dark in a rough and ugly ways and his own left hand work in his ear and send him off with a band cipiny hand and a heart full of good wish do you mean you will not Bob conclude and take a look at the ship while she is loaded and get some change—I followed them until I came in sight of the shore where it said temporary for Bob not her name then. She layed bearing her beautiful little temples hand to the frail waves that came rolling and looking under her brow.
and her cheek as white and clean as the dusting around. Though
she desired the name, she lost for everything about herself,
the evidence enough that temperance, order and science among
the crew. A white frosty gale at her proud little head. The
captain a stout, heavy man whose hair was ruffled with a deep
streak of grey and whose countenance seemed to tell me that he
had faced many a storm. He came up to me and said, in a
hand upon me, with his eyes fixed on mine, I like the
beauty of his little daughter. She replied that she thought that
the man was a hard, handsome little creature—giving me my
victuals through Henry a small and bluff, many a heavy
galop, while I stood there, talking to the captain, I happened
on a chance to cut my eyes over the cabin door and saw a
black decker task over the door with three beats. He saw the
hourly. Well, my boy said the sailors as they began to crowd around
me, they do you think a sailor life made up your
mind, yet to be a sailor a good mate and a joyly bent
old skipper and a merry crew. Not yet. What—shout that
old mate, you don’t know? You noble old fellow that
stood by and here is the captain. They both hold spot
you and take care if you and as for myself, I should see
that you are brought safely back to New York after three years
crew. By this time the cool, a heavy, while holding fellow stuck
his head out of the door. And should, as loud as
Thunder that dinner was ready, the mate order the boys to take
me along with them in the forecastle and give me some time
it was a day with. Shall hang on my memory till my latest breath.
shall cease after we had all turned down in the forecastle the
sailors all stood up and taking off their hats they all joined
in together and sang two verses and the captain last ask the
blessing over the meal. North. North before them as I reciting
a piece of the hand. Sea business. I thought that a sailor’s life must
be one of the hardest and finest lives that a man
could lead, although I knew, nothing that mean in those words
for—so they had work and body build together and patience
and cold water and hard bustles. The wind having in one
of the sailors inhaled, thanks and then drove cattle to see
who shall tell a story the will fall on the captain. And then began his story as soon as I can remember it. When
began with a boy my mother said—saucy young private
as he got the word to cut out of his mouth, amongst the sailors
I could say no, but my mother. I followed her to the service ship.
Where she remains was to be laid cold and lifeless in the ground—until the angels shall come with one foot upon the land and the other upon the foaming sea. With his sword pointing upwards and praying in the name of one that is mightier than himself, that time is now over. I stood at the side of my father as he laid his hand into mine and many tears came rolling down his cheek and fell upon my knee. The cold smile was freezing all that was once dear and sacred to me. May my mother’s name be hallowed to me yet, and more be the thought that comes her Master knows my father sold out his sleep and having no children but me, he lost all himself to a surging life and tides. Along with him she sailed away, and the captain of the vessel where she now sitstell three years ago we never saw the sea and a deep storm blew up from the south. A day before the mast for two years he was promoted to a mate and from a mate he became the captain of the vessel he sailed where she now sits. Tell three years ago we never saw the sea and a deep storm blew up from the south. As the storm grew worse the vessel came heaving and rolling over. The deck and expecting every moment to be lost on a terrible day, indeed, the little creature was cracking and groaning beneath her might. The sea was foaming and raging with madness and the thunder was rolling and the lightning was playing in the heavens, like will go off the captain cried and close away the raging sea, the hardest and oldest seamen refused to go aloft while I, but a boy, stood firm in hold at my father’s side. While he stood pulling hard at the hawse one that dare go aloft, yes I jump into the raging while my father pull hard to put the hawse and the mast swinging as between the heavens and the sea in one hour time we had her in her right position. Terrible day. I thought that the same after such a day I never want to meet with again in life, but one day I lay dying when you was aloft working in the rigging and the mate was tasting your little creature first up to know from down in the water, how they rise again in the morning. You not said that you would fall and reach you because you had to fear when I was aloft for my father was at the helm, the mate had none said it this day and I thought it was time for me to make my tracks before night to be ready for the morning but that was going to start for always. I heard up the stairs and out of a place where I saw a lot of boys playing cards, smoking pipe, and such like. I stop up to the table and back on until
one of the party had finished the game, while I stood there doing
nothing, desiring to see the value of my plans. I met a man who
saw me in the afternoon, I had just seen his playing at the
bridge till the bell struck nine o'clock, and counting over my
money, I found that I had two of the four persons dollars,
which over ten dollars, and inquiring for his mother,
inform me that Mrs. Hume had just taken him from the
upper chamber and made him just to take him back to the
house of Mrs. Hume and Mrs. Hume asked me to be on my
best, and for three minutes to let the last word be said.

I went to Mr. Hume's and there I met the man who had just
been playing at the bridge, while Mrs. Hume was laying out plans for my escape for
the city, the next time he comes in the house, as I was unknown
by the name of Mr. Collough's, who had a son in the family,
and I wrote down his son William to
throw himself, and all the family over into his house.

Mr. Hume provided me a good supper and a good bed and
let me sleep nothing during the night. He treated
me comfortably so that I could not sleep in my own bed
and slept till near eight o'clock the next morning. Mrs. Mc-
Collough came very early and told me to get up and carry
breakfast and that she was going to retire not with a suite of her
own clothes, and that I must keep in the house all day and not go
outside of the room at night; she had been to see me safely
about the house and send me home to my friends. Mrs.
McCollough had gone off to her work and left me in the charge of
Mr. Hume until he returned at night. I got a looking out
of the minister between the hours of two and three and
Mr. Hume came in the house behind me on his trap
and being my hands behind me he asked me to
follow him, Mrs. McCollough ran out and shut the door and
skipped back and told the boy in his pocket money that I
should not step until her husband should say so.

Mrs. McCollough said, "Keep if you don't want being my
trouble upon yourself and husband." I think that you had
better come back to me and let me know my business,
I shall write you before the event of the case, where you
will have to answer for your conduct towards me.
Consider you good for nothing and went on to the
morning, you are draggery bridge children if you
meet with in our streets and transporting them to the house of refuge—that poor innocent young girl that you may pass my door the other day because she would let you pass—ah, you cold hearted brute you are Robbing hundreds of families of their children—Jaz—Mrs. Collough—will you one look the child and let me pass peaceably about my business—by this time a large crowd had gathered around the door and the loud voice was heard to exclaim—make room—so soon that the words fall upon the ear of the enraged man he linched himself with all his strength and pass his way to the door and said Mrs. Collough open the door the hand of the female on both the door and Mr. Collough entered the house with coldness and from him like a blaze hear the voice of his own he demanded of him who he 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 black who has made himself from the house of refuge thence and I am authorized by the Magistrates of the city to take him where ever I can find him and take him back to the house of refuge and furthermore Mrs. Hayse I am authorized by the police 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 me go of my child and let me quietly out of the house with this boy for as I am concerned Mr. Collough there shall a hair in his head be hurt—Mr. Collough now large of the gentlemen Collough and arrested him in the following manner with sharp and angry words Mr. Hayse do you not remember seven years ago when I was gone from home that you came under the roof of my house and snatch the only son going between my sides and that chary—that young girl that you drag by the hair of the head and pass this way do—Mr. Collough hand holded brute you never meant to take that poor black boy off to the refuge where he must stay for years and they must a poor and miserable life—oh Mr. Collough hand holded brute William I will never let you have my next I will recount you till the day of judgment and when cold and stiffly I lay beneath the sod I will haunt and torment your days and nights.
32v-34r [sic]
Some rainy day come Rob-and by the hearth we'll
play the ship; just on th' edge by. You said I fellin,
didn't Rob? Stand them cats good twenty five lashes right
on the bare back and never made a bludge—when the old
cat said 'Mike was strickin' in his back pretty deep. He had
to lay out enough and give Mike laid 3—and showed
you stand; the dearing little pain. When the days; brought
back—t' which he gave me the following narrative to the
moment I lifted up on the corner of Salten Street. I took
three and I had not been in the house but more than an
hour before in some places and a Scotchman with him on
buying these paying hands upon me; let back to the boy
who I was look till the last day. Mr. Wintle's brought
me down into the dining room and ask one before you
was and those but were and Finkble—did you with
them; write till I told him nothing—then what squire. He
liked me to stay off my skirt and keep the boys just that
Mr. Wintle said you do—be there said me and the last thing
that he struck upon you back mark me well. With
meaning eyes that I didn't yet seen with the long and
just Finkble—did you Kitten, Wattle—yes Rob and I
drop a painting on the floor and great deeps of blood came
pouring down my back and Mr. Wintle having some sympathy
for me on tied me and let me go over the little kitten did
make you lay at the feet of your family and to Rob and
it would make an angry heart if he had received the
shock. Make what the no Mr. Wintle person in profound
silence. I forbid me to speak to my boy for four weeks—did
he look you up in some beds—she's rounded quiet so cruel as
that. Reader these cats are made out of cat got with a small
knot made at the end of them and wound around with
a small wire than packed well with cuts makes kick and
auch a exquisite of rat that has a pretty good. Going to it
does when the officer kicks it leaves a deep cut at the back
causing the tender skin to burst while the blood flows freely;
leaving the back from the cuts it leaves leaving it with
stippled with red—for any part of feet vary for pump he
was a long that was false and beautiful and when I looked
that pump a shoe of his all cut in pieces and bared to
with the cats it made me know my back in horror while
make big that was growing up for lies and come on to
stand one day another upon the platform of water and
Truth is, his parents were poor; yet they had drawn blood running through their veins and hearts that could feel for them. That was true down beneath the great hand of oppression. She, the noble, kind, generous woman, seen now the poor children, upon their beds—upon their beds!—with a sense of diggery, while he is the hand—the diggery in poverty and the diggery in rage, of diggery and shame. While he is proud, and proud to plant a flag in his heart, and he is proud by the rich in the poor. Who refuses to give his kind of salvation to poor.

For, like a wolf, he will wither and starve in the city. He will eat the poor, to steal from them his strength of life, to steal from them what he wants, to steal from them the pride and strength of all the poor and indigent of the land—poor, for we have heart; and we think of these things with no one to tend them. There is no hand in a strange land, and stranger to all the laws and governments, the hand of a man to be had, to help and to be able to be had, unless you are a man of thought. So let the poor be in the pride and strength of their heart, and we think of these things, we want to be had.
once rescued me. I remember one on a cold winter day when I ran away from home that the wind was howling and whistling without and the snow was drifting high upon the fences and in the day. My feet were bare and the ground was hard and I had to walk on it. The knight was in a small cottage and there was a fire burning and the darkness was settling in. I entered a small room and lay down on the floor. My eyes were tired and my head was heavy. I do not remember how long I was there but I heard someone say, 'Do not let him go. I will take care of you.' I do not know who it was but I remember it. I was taken to a small cottage and laid on the floor. I was very cold and I was not sure what was going to happen. I do not remember how long I was there but I remember being taken care of. I do not remember how long I was there but I remember being taken care of.
hands of an Irishman ten thousand times, then to suffer one
from the hands of a field laborer. But I must now
return to my story.—The cold weather was now fast approaching
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 the teacher told the boys that
they were made the best improvement in coming spring for the
stage should be removed with a hundred present. He
then demanded not to be made any more use until the
opening of the Spring and then if possible to make some
move immediately home to my mother poor little sister.
I was determined to try it—more and if the necessaries to get
were up to nine hundred or a Boston and put off for tea.
Took one day behind the barn and sold a longituto
with him—We took it you are determined to try again as
you have been I shall try not with the very first day
that comes and if I have any heart in me, teaching them more
again. I shall put right off to sea—Take them and get yourself
away as quickly as possible to finish the life of a young man.
but if you can bear them yourself in the course of the sea it
is all madness—listen to me; It is worse getting to be cold
and you had better stay here with me till spring and go with
me and the Thoms—Hollins and McCollough and put off for the
North what do you say. Make all you do or nothing if you will
let me along in the spring I gave my heart in trust of
the promise and see patience with our minds made up to bid
the Ides of the school during the winter and prepare to perform
on the stage to which you have been granted to do that purpose
once every night through the month of February—Saturday nights
and Sundays. Mike and Tom Dellings and me was studying an item
piece 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 purchase a suit of
women clothes was made for all three of men and female ladies
as to perform in I was to be the iron and Mike must be a young
female laying on her bed with an infant in his arms and
Dellings must be the little infant apparently in the arms of
the mother in deep sleep. The day that was appointed for us to
be ready had come and the school room was let up and that
night with extra light and there must be no shedding
that night for Mike had call on us tomorrow and gave us the
warning that the company had come and to step out and
dress was as soon as possible. While he slept to the office, after the postman being all gone, the three little balls hung, and the curtain open, there stuck little with his cheeks painted red and the little infant, skimming, in his arms in deep sleep and sleep. While he was dress in a little red gown, coming down to my knees and a pair of buckles. Then he begain to with little bell buttons attach to them and my face painted red and black a large coiling, stuck in my belt the little bell rung again. And then the piece began with and begain again a cluster that was full of red water, representing blood and the close up under the chin the bell rung again and the curtain drop and went out of the back door into the wash room where we change our clothes and came upon the stage where we spoke a piece call old Jacob and the Alexander and 33 I had a clear silver voice for changing. We had painted one blue new pair by saying at the close of each piece, in the way did the part thinking, winter night coming with the start of spring. I was then determined to treat to ladies with again—on a spring morning—and oh how for me a spring morning breathing on the bare face of nature like the exquisite laugh of a beautiful women. But that beauty I say on our spring morning. Oh! that the bed begain the night and went to, sitting down his chest bringing me in his plater, I shall never forget that solemn hour as long and live when nearly seven hundred days was all gathered together in my magnum and the old gentleman standing before sitting us, that he must now leave us that he was join to reign his office and then must take his place. I have been here with you now for fifteen years, I am now going to move to more known and my prayer is that God may bless you and be with you. I must now love you and some of you I shall never see again until I meet you at the judgment. Oh that I love you and in the hands of God forever and ever to the place of every home, eyes in the room—and for myself as one thought while the good old patriarch speaking that he must have been standing by the last time my father loved towards some years,风采 from his eyes and his eyes and his face and his heart had seen life and for weeks afterwards every long in his furnace felt as though he had lost an earthly
I heard through years has past away betwixt us and you.

in the distance my good old father I still

I remember you with your library hair tinged with the touch of time. I have not looked in oblation for ever these kind of

feeling and sympathy you had towards those little men the

pines placed under your care—I am sure in love of joy and
carried with the being and dishonest and harden in the un

crime and have become the father of a young self-getting prayer is the

your smile is in those highlands where now not a trace of life can

but the earth and earthy joys still there had taken place in

every boy's heart when on their left—but not this still had a friend left to

the same who lived close to them a brother who sympathized with us

in our sufferings and who felt for love were that same walking in

new loosen and that was now that he stays with us about two

years and feeling in love with some lady he goes in his summer fun

and left his and some by the name of Jerry took his place.

Them all there was the wiser days that every I have known.

Mr. Wood and the Platt.

Mr. Scott away. Jerry began to ride the boys with a

language hand and punishing the boys on the back.

back every day with the cats for little things that

one would not have his whistle at day after day. But now

and bitter bemoanings go on from the mantle with hope that

Mr. Wood would return back by the heron. I'm Jerry called

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

off his shirt because he had been with say in the joke that

he had to say a few for distance when Mr. Wood would

come back again. Smith took off his shirt and Jerry
took him in the back till his face back look like

a piece of raw beef and Jerry went and said that if any

boy heard another boy wish that Mr. Wood a'm that

was back to report to him and he would liquevr. He had

so with the cats that he would make another worse

in a heavy that the boys couldn't put up with no longer

and they was continually a fight with Jerry and the

boys every day. There was one boy eat in the

pine while Jerry was there. Then my Wood was eaten

in three years. One day a little crowd boys by the

name of Big Miller had spilt a little salt on the

table and Jerry happened to paw along and say the
called Miller from the table and tied him some

twenty time aside of his ears with the palm of his
hands, after dinner was over. The boys were set out in the yard to play. Miller staggered along, as far as the female department, and sat himself down on the steps. While he sat, in silence, alone, mourning over the treatment 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 lay young Miller, stretched out on the ground, with his hands, feet, light together, and the froth a flowing from his mouth. The boys picked him up, and took him to the hospital, and laid him on a bed. While the rescue.

an old lady wiped the cold sweat from his brow. The next day I saw Miller in the yard, but he did not look like he did the day before. For there had been a great day taken place in his favored cheek of his much was, and across only the day before, was now pale and white as a sheet. I asked Miller if he had ever had any fits before. In his life to such effect. I had not seen him. That question caused my mind to dwell and to remember of seeing some of Miller St. Dennis lectures, where he said that the causes of fits arises from parents inflicting hard treatment upon their children in early life. Such as slapping them in the face, and on the head, and making them cry with the flat of their hand, and as I took up Miller, I was led to believe that the learned Doctor was might for Miller become a subject to fits for years after this. I saw as an old surgeon was on guard, who had taken hold of the heart of the latter, that he and all post had been brought from the physician of how many minutes, now days are crossing down in them knees behind the priest and praying for sick and the afflicted for the officer and the minister for the prisoner and the captain the soldier and the sailor who is held upon the names, while he feelings so no sympathy's accorded upon the theme of grace for those whom they are praying for, as they lecture of the black, the capital while you are on your knees and sitting those sorrowful minds and employing blessing upon alone in the behalf of those afflicted. people who we are praying that the little theme of life has been and, and you may take of your pistols with big arrows and bullets. He with the sorrowful prayers you will pray for the solid, and onward the time minutes to fall and commune down upon your definite words to return to any story. It was about one month after this that a boy.
The name of Peter Maraboy hid itself behind a small bush that stood at the lower end of the yard, just as Dor. Very knew this place for the boys to come on parish. The next day old and Maraboy was missed, and no answer was given to his question. It was called after the boys had all got seated in the school room. School was made for Maraboy, and he was found and brought in the school room. Maraboy had only been in the yard a few days before he could not make his escape. Mr. Barry asked him to take off his shirt and told him that he did not come to the house of the poor to take off his shirt, as he said the words. Barry struck him across the face with the cat. Mark gave a shake from the dust and threw it at Barry with all of his might, but poor had the dust get out of his hand. Then he drew a long knife from the place of his coat and with the forces of a blow he made a blow in Barry, and they fell close to together. Barry got the large hand of Mark, and was just about to throw him to the floor when a noble-hearted boy by the name of Ned Dell sprung from his seat and grasped Barry by the hair of his head and brought him a spitting and rolling on the floor, lying and pleading for Mark. Twisted the knife from the unfortunate man's hand, who laid at his feet and was ready to make a deep plunge into a band of another boy by the name of Murphoy grasped the unfortunate hand. The knife was in and reason into a rage boy for a moment and he let him up after getting his full satisfaction and stripped off his shirt and walked up to the post to receive a punishment with the rod from the hands of Barry. Barry made his hands fast about the post with a hank of straw and gave him about one hundred blow he then called the Dell boy and told him to take off his shirt. Dell boy - like a man and held the post while the十四stred old pteam came and told them was a white spot to be seen on his mouth it back when I have often looked back to that stage and on that awful scene of misery I have often mulled with compassion since. Dell could think of it that fast to take such a punishment as he did without saying one word or uttering one unmeaning sound till he had received one hundred and some odd inches. Mark and Dell were then taken off to three cells
and both repose on the following day. They both broke out of their cells and made their escape. Bartolomé went to England and the Tedd Ship as a sailor and went off to sea in the year of 1553. I saw him in the city of New York and we hung our caps on them cloth with a gold chain a swinging from his watch pocket and the captain of the boat that laid in hand upon the harbours loaded with cargo for the east Indies. He grasp me by the hand when I stepped up to him and called him by name, and by the beard I thought. The fellow would squeeze my paunch off. For me he conducted me aboard of the boat and took me into his cabin where, at a young lady whom he introduced to me as his sister, he then drew out the table and asked me to amuse myself by taking a game of cards with him in the deck, which was a card room, and talk some of our good days, just as we had finished the game we came a charming young girl who looked to me as though she was just putting the town dress in rich silk and velvet and a gold chain hanging around her neck. He alluded to the gold watch. While he was getting ready to change and deal with some of the riches pearls of the ocean. I took down with me the boat and the two young ladies and was about to leave and make a start up to the Horse Lippem when captain Tedd said out and told me to wait a few moments and he would accompany me to the place and see how things look on our way to the island. Tedd and me in a deep conversation about the flight he had with Derry and about the eating that him and me had seen from Derry the hardships which we had gone through and ended by hearty laughs and jolly jokes. We reach the place and giving the bell about ring the gate to open and open the gate he requested of these was a gentleman. Then who acted as an officer by the name of Mr. Samuel Wood. The captain of the gate, Dust, is made up entirely in our men and said that there was a much officer there, and they ask for admission which he refused to give us until we had told him that we were once people boys in the old riffed that stood up in the harbour and that we were under the age and that if business in me should be glad to see our old friend. And the sergeant was very kind telling him that we would give him two dollars if he would listen to us, if he would just step up to the office and tell Mr. Wood to come to the gate. I knew that Mr. Wood was there he would grant us our adventure and be glad to see us and given us to the knowledge of looking
around to see if any of our old comrades still remained here, but the gatekeeper confirmed to see me with one Colonel with that in mind sent out three men that he did not know such a gentleman there by that same time he had been there six months, to bring him over to the office and give him in my name to the Inspector and inform him who I was and to look on the old records books and see if he could find any names and numbers still remaining among any of the old records. The gatekeeper said that he would oblige and borrow off another man about ten minutes and then made his return and gave me some kind of a receipt and handed me to enter in and wait up to the office and told the Inspector that one was one of the boys in the House of Refuges under the care of Mr. and Mr. and would like to have the privilege of going through and ask each boy in the first room and if any were old enough to get enrolled among the House. The Inspector then made it a suggestion to me that he had been there longer and appeared to be a very fine gentleman, he conducted me through the whole establishment, and not a soul could we and Captain Tull discover that was there when we met. Mr. Smith, said I'm afraid he is going to Captain Tull is present that not last a few years ago we were crowded and numbers coming from several hundred boys and not one of them is now left among the boys arrived to join in our joke of bygone days and to tell all the stories and fables to which he has pass through times are left the solitary old place on. Reader out of nearly four hundred men there remain one left to give us any account of the Mysterious and Mysterious that now prevail within the walls of the old Institution and have been the scene of the place up to the office over everything but strangers to see the Inspector then conducted us to the office and gave several second books to see if he could find any names or numbers left and a sign of them could there be found where was none names and to be found if not in them books to trace me once was boy in the old refuge that rose to stand in the baying and it is true that was and Mr. Tull and both boys under the care and supervision of Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith, but where was one of the boys he needed to show that the Inspector. He was gaining over the second books and nothing was found for our names and numbers. Reader our names are long ago has been given to the bays and the deserving Sir that keep the old refuge and brought for a quarter and the bays.
to the ground, melted every thing to ashes, her past away, and the old peaf, its dome, has become come under the feet of travelers. This word that he would do the same, out of our tower. The old seems a creak for ever more, but he would remain on one foot, in trust, in the desert, and the old ship was long away. Twenty or eighty on a long back, and then fall down upon his knees and ask for pardon for all the blood he had done from those little innocent boys backs during one of his long prayers one night when they use to hold the school in the hall. Long was paying with all his might and a spring fellow by the name of Lottom came up behind him and threw a jump and his bow, which nearly joined his death order as long as you will I forget that dark and dreadful night, when I saw the blood running from his throat with a spring like a dog in the floor. Captain and place and took another look at the old man and made one may back to stop it where I stopped with him for three days on the fancy, search toward some place he often thought hour it was that then. I'll once a day with me in the house of refuge, which now grew up and became a cheering place many and became the captain of a large vessel with a large capital of gold piled away in his trunk, and yet could be a cook, player at the same time and
The picture of a handsome young girl who was moving and flourishing in the ranks of other girls who many fads were there now a living who once flourished in the brothel with those silk and satin on arm wave waving under the cold piercing hand of poverty the cold arms held of time some time there plenty into poverty and these guy drew soon tears and fade away and become signs for other people to gaze and share also I must now return back to the significant words where the reader will see that I was still a boy in the house of refuge on the day that fellow murder boy and then fell seeing and was hard punishment and with even enough backs they was driven off to start and a growling collar where they was there corpse in the following day it was about two hours after Mark and John had got punish that Mr. Ward made a visit up to the refuge it was the last of stories I had just got my shoes done and was coming down stairs when I met one George Ward glad to see him for he had been away almost a year and I yelled around him with the other boys to take a look at our long and absent friend Mr. Ward seeing one among the crowd that stood around him with us if was later I told him that I known that there was no chance of my getting very well Mr. Ward said the if I had stay here tell the time I should have learned you not a great you off to far I then told him that I wish he would come back and take his office again not meaning any harm or hurt in what I had said but paying his mind just as soon as Mr. Ward got through with his trip and had put outside of the gate very cool and was in his office and gave me twenty two blows on my back back with the cock and put one back to the ship to my next the Times Times and take the boys all got back at the bible he called me out from the table and made go with my times for just a asking Mr. Ward if he was coming back again after dinner I called them Mr. Feller and Mr. Colbrugh two side and talk them that if I hard to meaning that just as soon as we was on both I was determine to make my escape and just right over into Denby city and get my living by pounding home and one of them in corner you then said I in corner then I'll be with you pound the right boys but don't forget paid to take mine with me
The day just was away and night took on. Heavy drops of rain fell during the night and continued during the day. Early in the morning I met a black fellow who had made his escape from the jail. He had been looking for work and had been lucky enough to be hired as a laborer. He told me his name was Harper and he had been working in the city for several years. He had heard of the fire and was looking for a place to stay. He offered to help me find a place to stay and if I was interested, he would take me to his house.

He led me to his house and we entered. Inside, there was a small fire burning, and he told me to make myself at home. He sat down beside me and asked if I needed anything. I told him I was just passing through and didn't need much. He offered me some food and a place to sleep. I accepted his offer and we ate a simple meal.

After dinner, Harper told me about his life in the city. He had been born in the South and had worked in the fields as a child. He had come to the city to escape the violence of the South and to find a better life. He had worked in various jobs over the years and had saved up enough money to buy a house.

I asked him if he had any family in the city. He told me he had a sister who lived in another part of the city. She had written to him a few months ago and said she would be coming to visit. I asked him if I could meet his sister when she arrived. He agreed and told me to wait for her in the living room.

The next day, Harper's sister arrived. She was tall and thin, with dark hair and eyes. She greeted me warmly and offered me a seat. She had been waiting for her brother to return and was surprised to see me. She told me about her life in the city and how she had been working as a teacher. She asked me if I needed anything and I told her I was just passing through.

Harper's sister offered me a place to stay while I was in the city. I accepted her offer and we spent the rest of the day together. We talked about the city and the things we had seen. She showed me around the city and introduced me to some of her friends.

The next day, Harper's sister left to return to her teaching job. Harper and I spent the rest of the day together. We talked about the city and the things we had seen. He told me about some of the places we could visit and some of the things we could do. I thanked him for his help and promised to stay in touch.

The day was hot and humid, and Harper suggested we go for a walk in the park. We walked for a while, and as we walked, Harper told me about some of the people he knew in the city. He introduced me to some of his friends, and we talked about their lives.

As we walked, Harper told me about some of the things he had seen in the city. He showed me some of the old buildings and told me about some of the stories that had taken place in them. He told me about some of the people he had met over the years and some of the things they had done.

We walked for a while, and as we walked, Harper told me about some of the things he had seen in the city. He showed me some of the old buildings and told me about some of the stories that had taken place in them. He told me about some of the people he had met over the years and some of the things they had done.
with her. Well might the old bag fall in love with his picture, for it was as beautiful as a flower and had the figure of the divine Sita. When Mike and got back, they went into the old woman's house and told her they would stay with her and her son. Mike told her he would ask the old woman next day to buy some nice broad cloth to make him a new suit of clothes. While she was sitting there, there came in a young man. They talked and went into the back room, a playing card room, and said, "Do you know where I can find the room and all the boys if they would give a hand in the game? They would not play and play all that day and all of that night. They are still lying the game to close our eyes in sleep in the morning. I counted over my cash and found that I had come out ahead the amount of thirty-nine dollars and ten. Also I had fifty-two dollars and ten, and Mike had seven dollars and a half. I had just fifty dollars when I came here. I divided it equal between the three of us. In the morning the party broke up and the Sibers returned. If there was any money left, we were promised to meet in the following night. We stepped up and paid the old lady for our meal. Then she bad got from her the day before and left her and Mike a flourishing behind the counter in deep love with each other, promising to make our return in the course of the day. We walked up the street and away and bought a tailor suit and got measured for a ream of cloth. Playing the tailor for them before they were done and walk out telling him that we would sell for the clothes on Saturday afternoon. We then went up to the England recommend House. What I did past my first night and how being flesh plenty a bargain with the old woman for two months in order and threw her down eight dollars in cash. I then went back to the saloon where we found Mike and the old woman slept deep in each others arms and adoring themselves with love for three months he had kept together and shared the hands of the police man at the end of these.
Three months I had seen no one enough to buy me some new suits of clothes and a friend and enough to convey me back to my native home. 

With Mr. Galbraith and Mr. Phillips we got out as far as all day; it was on a Monday morning that we arose at early dawn and pack up our bundles and to get ready for the steamboat that was going to Contoomy. We and March having all things ready were down to the Saloon where Mr. Phillips took us to sit down, and after a while he said he wanted to know if we were going to take the steamboat at 11. The last flame in the hands went to our great surprise as we entered the place of hell there stood a large and big man policeman with both bound hand and foot and that clumsy old hand of thug's caused me again while these other policemen stood one. Sally and Mr. Phillips and back we back to the steamer 198 stood in the office door as we entered the gates we stand up to the office and Jerry ordered the steamboat to leave us on the shore in our raffia clothed. 

Behind the house of waters the boat rang for dinner and the whole pair of us was called out in the center of the dining room and Jerry ordered to take off our shirts. Mr. Sally told him that he didn't come back to take off his shirt do you mean me, said Jerry in a rough and an angry manner. I say take off your shirt, the blood still and from without moving a hand until Mr. Jerry said, up to me, Sally and struck him in the face with the cat's that Mr. Sally could not stand but threw Jerry by the throat and brought him to the floor. I never had Jerry been brought to the floor than me. Throwing me, rushing in and striking him several blows in the face. Jerry ordered for help, but there was not a boy in the house that would rise to lend him a hand the furnaces of the ships heard his cries and they ran to his assistance and pulled the boys off me then they off our shirts. While the tyrant old, seeing gone INTERNET—foul kept back the good news of the boys left he was a man of humanity such of Jerry. The next day after we had seen our punishment, I witnessed a scene such as I never want to see again in the side of the game it was at the horn of the shore which the boys had put there tasks done and had gone down on the play.
made he granted me request and loaded my hands from the past and prepared my punishment until the rest by mid time he had got a pair pair of cats murder and he warmed me with great resistance on my back according to my just desire for work and sir that was some of pulling men that did not seem that authority with the cats like Mr. Terry in a sympathetic way but in a way of good feeling and sympathy 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 a kind word to know this one it with sir. That in the same way striking the little stump a peer soft blow on the back with the cat for some high crime that they had done until the little stump to holloa and jump out enough he would then with three little pins and let them go—giving days hand over one hand which 19030 19020 and 1903 that left them office and devised it with the marks of Mr. Terry's hand on them. Two officers had the contract broke up these ships and the boys went to make a hearing down the whole situation in poor short because no less than thirty thousand dollars worth of property all consumed away to others and me was obliged to take up our night lodging in the ships and in the house a few days after
Mr. Byrge had brought me back. Tony called me into his office and ordered me to take my shoe off. I took my shoe off and tied my pant with my suspenders around me and fell my arms ready to receive punishment for what I knew not. Tony bent down a mere form of me that了起来 up behind the office door and demanded a gold watch from me with he said that I had brought me into. I denied openly. Mrs. Tony that I had never brought any gold watch in existence but that I had never had a gold watch of my own in my hand since the day that my father died. — to cure them. I made my point of me that to notice and Tony in a rough before the door. Very said — I certainly do — turn around there, sin. As he said then, I turned my back around to him with my hand already gone as a book and do your one about the three ladies and still demanding the watch from me — Mr. Jerry said — will you leave me alone and go away and I would lose at this time in. Sir in Louis the very last, I do not know why. No! I never did not watch another — do I know nothing about the watch that you are demanding from me. The byrge and all fellows instructed to leave my back to him again and the old watch gave me a down move and call me if he was ready to deliver up the watch. I declared to nothing by all that was based on heaven and in the second name of my father after that day. I hope with the ground that I knew nothing at all about the watch. Mr. Byrge and all deman ordered me to turn my face to the wall and put both hands upon my head. I did so and he went out and was gone about twenty minutes and returned with a negro as black as midnight following him at his heels. Tony and the negro who was — I shall call them. Tony entered the office when I stood and Jerry ordered me to turn my face towards him and Tony as I turned around Jerry accosted Tony in the following manner: — Tony went the whole wall about earth and I want you to tell me now just how you seen the negro negro turn before running to Jerry and leading me directly in. The eye began his story and Jerry said the black fellow Tony as he called the white of Tony at me — I was driven in the play ground behind the house and was forced to pull a gold watch out of my pocket and he showed it into his pocket again — are you here Tony said Tony as you look at this. — are you saying here this — well Tony do you think that you can find that watch and place it to me at your story Tony said Tony — well he knew not how that. I can but I think said Tony that Mr. Byrge had the watch in his.
just bought back from the inn, and as I went in, I found him sitting alone at a table, smoking a long pipe, his back to the door. He looked up as I entered and said, "My dear fellow, what brings you here?"

I answered, "I have some business to attend to, and I thought I might as well come in and see you while I am here."

He smiled and replied, "Oh, it's always a pleasure to see you. Have a seat, and tell me what brings you here today."

I sat down and told him about my recent travels and my plans for the future. He listened intently, and then said, "You always have an interesting story to tell, my dear fellow."

I thanked him and asked if there was anything he wanted to tell me. He thought for a moment and then said, "Well, there's one thing I've been meaning to tell you."

I leaned forward in my seat, eager to hear what he had to say. He continued, "I've been thinking about our recent trip, and I've come to a realization."

I waited, hoping that he would continue. He said, "I've realized that I've been putting too much pressure on you to perform."

I was taken aback by his words, but I nodded, allowing him to continue. He went on, "I want you to know that I value you as a performer and as a friend, not just as a means to an end."

I was touched by his words, and I smiled, saying, "Thank you, my dear fellow. I appreciate your honesty and your support."

He smiled back and said, "Anytime, my dear fellow. Let's raise a toast to our friendship and our success."

I raised my glass and said, "To us, my dear fellow. Here's to our friendship and our future."

We clinked our glasses together, and I felt a sense of gratitude and contentment. I knew that our friendship would continue to thrive, and I looked forward to the many adventures we would have together.
my blood and stain your hands in my inmost sacrifice that it may follow you to the judgment. I have never been kind to a weak man, do I know anything about it? Scarcely, did I. I stood around and in love I had a little trust upon them, playing at the mandolin, and took me in upon the face with streaming eyes, and I put myself beneath the suffering weight of the cat. Reader, could you tell the feeling of my heart and mind? But there was a fountain of tears that could not hold my sympathies as I looked upon that beautiful child's skin of strangeness which was to be touched and stung like a bee, and that continually too far that made him act as all advertisements upon Sympathy are song-poetry be it not so, I have nothing, while the strangeness in getting better and mangled. I wish I knew the value, and death, my eye that I might not lose the well-beloved skin, the very virtual, was it a witness against dying of the day of them. Wrong gave strangeness almost one hundred and twenty breaks and told him to prepare for more on the following day if he did not prevent the match and part of the office a staggering beneath the weight of the weight. The then crawled out of the door end of the gold and laid down in the sun with our backs cut all to pieces. I did not care what about myself as I did about poor strangeness when their only an hour before was clean, free, and as white as milk. Then was the day that I sought for to see the chart or the map. There I thought I might make my appeal to him that I might bring this man, in plain way, right to him, who would have run before, what the committee and brought an end before the man himself investigated the matter one and ten of us. Not had any use in punishing even in the brutality way that he did for what a dying voice had said. Although the West had resign his office, yet he had in his hand all the creating, and he was still living in the city, seeking an interest and cultivating wellplait. As I was upon my feet I took up the pickaxe and so I saw King come picking up a long stick, his head bent toward the ground and without my understanding or with the rest of the thing, but there still held hands in his pocket, a tearing his back against the females house. Scarcely and formed by every boy in the land for telling such, a man, and down. He became it on two poor unfortunate beings that was shot up in a tree. Him himself, but his reader shall see what an unforbid-
King came to two days after Strongman and we had seen some of the old officers had been set on fire by some cruel hands of some of the inmates the hospital was put to the rescue the boy was put to the rescue the black nurse and old lady a negro girl was paid for the boy to dress up and get ready for supper but Mr. King took her head the black nurse thought that he would stop and the old building and pitch was on more head of bricks before he threw himself just as the King of kings was staggering down to pick up a brick a large stick of timber fell from over head and made a large whole in his body and King was taken up and carried to the hospital the doctor was at first for and the president of his case substrate that he would be lost for the morning as a dying man and the doctor was at first for and the doctors were at first for and the doctors were at first for and the doctors were at first for.
answer me that question. King said he would tell me. King did you ever see me and Kingman with a Walker? King said Kingman never did then why did you tell me that? how much of your being to think it. King was about to depart. Sir. I am only way to make Kingman and King I have never tell me then in hot pursuit. Let such a thing. He done it said King. The King to gain the favour of me. But no I am a dying. Kingman for Sir. I was told dying supposing my uncle. I cannot save you if you let it go. I must die. My power gone. You stood up for me this right. Sir this day night. King said to the there is no help for you this night you will see that no such kind of peace that was felt in the office the day before yesterday. King was blind with hatred you tell me that. I am dying and many will die the long and trouver weight that you will give upon our sense. And why did I stand here now. I am to hear King I am a dying. And might to hell hand on. A that said King as he said that day. The imperial march Sketch himself and walked up his ghost. And his black spirit took its everlasting flight in the presence of him who had sent his progeny down on the path of King for telling an ungodly falsehood. In Kingman and me you were told you to receive his gift and dinner from the hand of that God. Whence he had to physically receive his remembrance. Sir told the boys. But King was dead and in his body could be brought out into a coffin and placed in the centre of the dining room. That he wanted the boys to pass not in a single file and take a look at one of our number who but a few hours ago was alive and joining in our sport and play and that we should always remember that. And King might be at to be coldly quiet. Longing at any moment of the day. But I think you and parleys with good health. And not a bit going to die that when the angle of death came will he. But remember never will I stand even if you are in the presence of an old enemy either for blood or white to have a face after he had got through with his vengeance. He ended the logs of ice and Nancy genteel and gracefully act into the yard. The next day King's body was brought down in gross coffin and placed in this. There and the boys passed and taking the look at this. I am no longer the living three days before lived but smiled on my sufferings.
as I part his coffin there he layd in the same condition that he did when he died with his mouth midopen and his half closeed—Reader I have never confided to you the singular and strange case of the young and handsome young—who I would candidly ask you what is it that they bring so many young boys to this place when they have by order the cruel hand of torture and punishment but they have not cut and wrung up to the worst sin they can imagine it is because they break over the fond sentiments a mother or a sister or sister and hope the most destitute and in early boyhood they leave the parental roof of their happy homes and go a-mow about the streets with a gun in their head in order to enter into some large city and live in the brothels and gamble and enter the houses of infamy until the fall a prey to vice and crime until the dying hand of the policeman clutches them against the house of correction and even when there little hands grasp at remembrance and he read one some remote spot of some happy place of the exploits of some high-sounding such as Old Shopper and Old Hayman who were known to be true that there was such a high-sounding as
of enemies every day, for the promotion and benefit of the country and benefiting with a strong arm for its defense, peace and crime and morality under the feet of the world—thathhatin a book such I hope to read, really make us believe that will bring many a young man to his cell and many a sleeping mother to tears. In the meantime, the reason backs. Where he left me in the last look of my old friend, there, King, with my back sore and drawn with the prints of the cats and strong arm, speeding under the grinding pain of a mangled back. These days after the death of this King. I called strong man and a French boy behind the door, where we had held so many times together, and told them that there was nothing in the world but what we would do, and return immediately back home to our friends and to stay in the city of New York. One hour of, I could possibly help it, after I had thrown out my place in getting away. Nicholas Miller, the French boy, and Strong man promised to be ready at nine o'clock at the lower end of town. I gave Strong man and Miller together: I hope to the sea and told them that I was more ready to make a start; but the consequence be what it would, and that was to those we all three shook up behind the garden fence, and walked up to the building that had been built down and taken up a long shot of kin, we placed it firm against the and made my escape with Strong man and Miller. The first place we made was the Hudson river. We saw it here for the happy forms of our native lands it was near twelve o'clock when we got to the steamboat landing there we all three stood without a shoe on our feet and a rag on our hearts. We ran on our backs and a coat of red stripes with the cats had made and not a single cent of money in our possession. The reader may sympathize with us and imagine what a sad condition the man in two of us with our backs bare and with the cats and the back of our heads broken and gored with blood—how to get there in what to do. I know now. I seen the steamboat getting ready to start. Passenger after passenger step aboard our after another one short hour and the would be a puffering her way up the river with her last to those who left her. This morning, and true condition a young gentleman died in the fashion of the day, with a heavy gold belt attach to the chain of watch came up to us and told us that if we was
...
...to the land—it was the captain and his sister who had brought me. I was not there; the woman who was always staying there had been in the other house that evening. The captain had brought me back to the house where I was staying. We took the boat along the river, and the house was some distance away. The house was on the other side of the river, and we had to cross it to get there.

...the captain had brought me back to the house where I was staying. We took the boat along the river, and the house was some distance away. The house was on the other side of the river, and we had to cross it to get there.

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from little fellows, said the girls as they sat a chair in pair.

the girls were asked to hang up the sheets to dry, they began to question and ask about their homes and the place of their activities and the friends they knew so well — after which they a little boy was seen to point out part of the town and other things of interest.

The little fellows were seated and asked to tell stories that would make the little boys laugh. The little fellows told stories about their adventures and their love for their town. The captain, who was sitting next to the ladies, listened intently to their stories.

The captain told the little fellows a story about his own adventures at sea. He spoke of the wind, the waves, and the beauty of the ocean. The little fellows listened with fascination, asking questions and making comments about the stories.

The little fellows then sang a song about their town and their love for it. The captain joined in, and the ladies sang along.

The little fellows then asked the captain to tell them a story about his adventures at sea. The captain told them stories about his adventures, and the little fellows listened with rapt attention. They asked questions about the stories, and the captain answered them patiently.

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Tales and pieces of the life of a sailor, by the sea.

The tale begins with a sailor's life at sea and his experiences aboard a ship. A sailor, who is known for his courage and resourcefulness, describes his adventures on the high seas. He shares stories of his encounters with other sailors, the sea, and the challenges they faced. The narrative is vibrant and full of life, capturing the essence of life at sea and the sailor's life. The sailor's tales are filled with excitement, danger, and humor, making for a fascinating read. The sailor's life is one of adventure and survival, and his tales are a testament to the skills and courage of those who dare to venture into the heart of the ocean. The sailor's tales are a reminder of the enduring spirit of those who have charted the seas and continue to do so today. The sailor's tales are a source of inspiration and a celebration of the human spirit's ability to overcome difficult challenges and find joy in the face of adversity.
Johnson spoke to win another way and told us to take off our shirts and turn our backs to the fire. We obeyed, but one girl sat and the other stood, and one of the three girls took a piece of silk and used a cloth to wipe the lint from our backs. The two left us to wash, but when she was done, she did not, as usual, place another cloth on our backs but left us with clay. We wanted our backs, but in the water we felt as though we had no backs at all.

The girls went through the press of people and Mrs. Johnson took her finger and dipped it into the vase and made a mark on my back. After she had passed through the press of people, the girl with the marks on her back went and bathed. She was young and beautiful, but we were not aware of any change in her. We conducted ourselves as usual, but with a sense of being observed.

We could not sleep, and I thought of the poor girl who, although she lived, could no longer feel her body in pain. I felt that she had separated from us and gone off into another location, leaving my heart with sorrow that she did not stay with us. She was a healthy boy and not a part of the catastrophe that befell us. There stood I in all the right way, a witness to the events of the night.
The next time I saw Mr. Haynes, I made my way to his house, where he was staying. He informed me that he had traveled far, seeking new opportunities. I asked him if he had any plans for the night, and he mentioned that he was looking for a place to stay for the night.

I offered to take him in, and he accepted. I provided him with a bed and a warm meal. He was grateful and expressed his appreciation for my hospitality.

The next day, Mr. Haynes left to continue his journey. I wished him well and hoped that his travels would bring him good fortune and success.

During his stay, Mr. Haynes helped me with various tasks around the house, and we grew closer. I enjoyed his company and valued his presence.

As time went on, Mr. Haynes became a regular visitor. He would often stop by to chat and share stories of his travels. I looked forward to his visits and cherished our conversations.

Eventually, Mr. Haynes decided to settle down and found a suitable place to live. I was happy for him and wished him all the best in his new home.
The servant thinks a great deal of you, because you are the only black person that resided in this town before you arrived. Please remain sedate and keep yourself free from noise. 

In the evening, I went down to see you, and as I put on my coat, I found you had come down to see me as well. 

I opened the door, and you came in quietly. You were wearing a fine dress, and I thought you looked very handsome. I told you I was glad to see you, and I offered to give you some money. You declined it, and said you preferred to stay. 

I asked you how you were doing, and you replied that you were well. I asked you if you had any plans for the future, and you said you were thinking of going back to your own country. 

I asked you if you had any regrets about leaving, and you said you had none. I asked you if you had any hopes for the future, and you said you were looking forward to a bright future. 

I asked you if you had any dreams, and you said you were dreaming of a better life. I asked you if you had any goals, and you said you were working towards a better future. 

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63v-64r
behind the counter—otherwise I will have no day after tomorrow with Captain Warne, who is going to take my liquor and has promised to take me along with him—well said Lexington! I will see the Capt. and have a talk with him, and see if I can get him to change your place and give you something else to do—so we did. These words in came Captain Smith and Captain Warne with a sign in their manner it assures me, is not the captain's—there are a large and a large lady—mentioning just into the bar room calling for liquor and sig{ning up} to sit room in a house near here and tells the Capt. to charge it. we take that quiet and have her in your pocket to the young gentleman left the bar room and went up stairs and began there right away by playing the game of From. After they had gone I had a thousand other calls which I was unable to attend to above the Capt. had give up their room four other gentlemen from near you who had come in on the steam boat that day and was having a playing on the poker table, had left me alone to do my duty because that they had four thousand hands that night I could take them all—I remember being born by seven years old and I found the next waltz had four to one. to perform about I found the day that the Capt. left the reel room, play for me I pull better singing and selling for glasses of lemonade for the young Misses and to a bottle of wine to be sent to wish and make a room for the honorable one—leaving you and the young a couple of dozen of lemonade for Captain A. and Captain B. a
drew signs and a split of water for the gentlemen from our
ship, and then the little schooner that had brought me from Montev
to Montev, went on preparing and bearing along as though the
schooner with a heavy head of hungry priests, who wanted to make
the morning up to the hotel and calling for our extra meals. The captain
and his master have a prepared supper for my extra meals in
the craft, just so as in just such a style as they would not teach
the poor girls to have to bear from it the next morning, and
gave a decent answer. So Captain Smith and his partner proposed
done up in a fresh style - in a matter of the letters that arrived
of our place and at half past eleven when Troungman arrived
at the hotel, it was by me, the letter was read, and the man told
that if I liked to be moving that I should leave my place and
brought before him and the advertisement of Mr. Levington had
sent up - it nothing but an old ad in our local paper, to which they
put into the paper and went at it, I did not take it and by the
eternal, I was moved, Troungman going to him, had brought from the com-
pany, he had bought that day, by the eternal, Levington, that Troung man
after having man by a large amount to take me back to the men, took
his keys and put the maid, cold, and a man to prepare the menu of
seizing between the laughing at his joke, for it the morning of the
19th, Troungman had sent the part of the men, who that he had got his house in
order, that at time the evening, should come upon him and was ready to face
the town, the moment it began to break up this made me to look around
at little and to get ready to see if I was not, who had been to bear of me,
but, the master, and the master, and the poor girl, and the master, that I had gone through
- in the morning, Troungman said, and the place did become
for you, no to be pierced by a man, that goes around and
does the single. He has your life before you, even for that in the
black blanket, thatTroungman, said it is not worth three pounds of that.
It is not what troublesome, was doing up at late nights and strolling out
by the town, that but has come in his big new image to what is
coming to here down, the usual. Heaving what I have to the words
of it, it saw the lights of it, it saw the lights of it, it saw the lights of it,
and you know, I am going to
kicked, having when the was coming in, from the storm had been
drunk and drunk, and had drunk, that I thank myself from being some of
the things, said Troungman. Farther what Troungman said that
they old, Troungman once an angle made in the image of his master
alone, he had a golden crown between his head, and at the same
thing with his master and his face, showed some that you and s-
66v-67r
minutes and to give his business a long introduction of its greatness all
the rich ladies and gentlemen that sat around the table the other
must remember that the greater part around the table was our
ladies and girls began to praise the lord of the house expressing
his name - more pleased at last said one of the ladies why the
young gentlemen that sat at her side it looks nice and repulsive
and ladies and gentlemen said some thing that had several and it
should be so many handsome contumacious and birds in the poor
lady of one for to bind he come a creeping the vory along I was
a kind of every body I converse myself with ladies and gentlemen
with the rich and the poor at the card table and in the public
I play and might around the heart and make it payable because
of me for I take not one cloth and clip on my great
dinary and drums to belts from each other continued for a
month or so days after I happen to pick up a newspaper
accompany and it made my eyes on one of the causes because
rich other houses and property gone to be take out other appartles
I took again a few days after and I was the same I bought
rich men covered with rags and ranks deep in the cloth of
degradation and not laugh and present at last by the rich and to put
by the friend that had ate and drunk at the table the sleeping hand
of plenty friends its way at the door of the room the rich and the poor alike
I left him my side or to drive him from the snow of darkness there
the light and sparkling moments with sleep in midst of_theta_ for me
ever since dancing along and I have the rich man and the
whole family carried off to an entirely grave I thought myself and
ask myself what had done all of this had acme all that the poor
and second class what had carried the poor degradation to fall upon the
great and the beautiful female flowers of this country what had considering
fan and many times to follow and to an entirely grave and I asked
what is that that has caused many a woman to be lost they
myself to be in a lonely place - I said one thing which
looking you kindly in the face I have a place to show my one
myself I am many reject of peaceful I enter the Kings palace and
present noble's a studying sound with the lady and then to
strong man said I to the dozens which look out the Depot house
the people and your mission over men - the will to have
any more dealings with him after to arrange and I had a little the
morning done now I will leave my session house for one of the
Don’t get mad; let her tenor hold. Hol-staff hangman like man
and take my advice play where you are mean for one month only
that time I shall have enough to start the match with. I’d
leave my Lexington, there and get my living by golfing and
Hunty said. It is committed to see whether you go into this
I shall hang on a fiddle in the coming and keep it through the
ready to buy the first man’s coat that laid it down on me. I have
suffered I might as well die in the hands of the laws. Then I suffer
under the purposed Land of happy. Right. Warnings: Has provided
take one to all the lives. Then can get aboard of a canal boat and go
Home as Plaid those friends a heavy load shot at my
room, and as I had not gone a little, I open the door and the
young man demanded out to go down and bring up four times
and those bottles of wine. Stig hangman called Saturn 3
Do not only give a minute. I will devise others and settle the
tabac and money and the young man pulled me out a wide
Garnet bell and took two that I was present for me for alighting the
So late an hour in the night. As I took my coat at the clock, I found
that it was four o’clock and I hastened close my eyes and lay
drinking that might every room in the house, that lit up the
departures, and drinking and smoking playing with them
and playing the beautiful land from and out the next.
Till at the
room I came the last three dozen and eight hundred dollars pilfered in
the plot to the three young gentlemen from a St. Louis agents there
I was to dress myself, that I thought I would go out to bed and hang
man and not want. Then it is in the mine five already with telling to
the land. That in the garden I was rolling on a small bed
for the first time in my life. I went a hunting a place till the hour
of six and during that time I had been seated in the street
and open the house for the day the last song for the last and extra
give I had hangman a cigar and told him to meet me at nine o’clock
for I was determined to leave another hunting and the broad acres
making down stairs into the barn room calling for three morning drinks
breakfast after going next all. Thought the last dinner to the
But I would deal not again to a man I made my morning bell for
the barn and drinks and cigars that I had just taken during the last
cigar and handed it to Big Johnson taught me and told me to hand it
to his parson, telling me that we go in near with them in the
face and laugh and ask me. I was it comes only. I hangman
Theman, lead them, I turn. In the country. Mr. Isn’t
my mother and lead him. It is not what do you want to leave but you have been showing yourself and it makes
me to want to leave it would make the pit that went on ten.
showing me something to make a knot of feelings well, why is it that you want to have something useful for the bow. Must see how we will be pleased, you and the matter at once, the plan and with some

Down to the well, I do not know, it is like a pretty girl and would like a boy have as long as I know I do not like to be doing nothing the devil. If I cannot have the smile of you and I desire the look of it and the tip don’t take me away from behind the counter. I will leave the story by

will be the better and have a talk with him and to give you short, say you want my father wanted judges in the first place, only the hookers wanted it to do and just like they make my father just you there or do any unless I say

promised to say that I will talk with you about the matter over with him and to return me into the bedroom and then set some of the big box and have a smile, which is

right and looking over the morning garden. Old Bob, said with

out Louis, now how would I shall well George. Now you are going to have the morning are you will want from for turn in, John. Fred’s book prodding you are you come and he had to little more to be with in the world, then by them. I have known him for twenty years, B. A. and to

not the him for seven years. They when you are and may

the bright dollar and greater that you will pick up. Dear one like you. Bob will not all like you and think a good deal of you it

not as some, then a half an hour ago that I think them a greeting and praising your eyes and telling Ed Johnson what a smart little

and be before your letter, then were you are. You the old man at right, and will take you and some of you. He was more steady and honest in the two men as long you had

the story. Ed Johnson may make a rich man if you get and where you are and I will give you my hand and he knows that Ed Johnson will prove to be a father to you and will be a mother to you and as for Martha, she will prove to be sister to you as long as you stay Mr. Thornton. I will stay if the

the big will take me out of the bedroom, but if not I shall

from my books and clothes abroad of any. When you had

and leave by the time Miss Martha had made her

appearance and told me to step into her room. I followed

the young girl into the getting in there next corner or into

the two gentlemen and Ed Johnson. Well, Robert

Miss Martha I have consulted with my father about your case. I have talk to the matter over with

Robert.
he says that Monday he is going to start for New York and he would like to have you to lend the bar room until he comes back, and when he returns he will bring a man with him to tend it. I have reason to believe he is a good boy, Robert, and stay here with me until a better makes his return, and will be a better and more agreeable guest 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 you foster listen to a good education upon your what do you say to that Robert? Mrs. Smith nodded yes and she heard the conversation say that said judge Smith, hush, why don't you want to have that Robert understand that the chance of a good education for all the world, you Robert said judge Smith, I held my head down like a boy that had been doing something wrong and said, judge Smith I have no doubt what Robert will say and the law minder and I, in my own words, Johnson is not the only child he returns from my father. I cannot begin to think what my father had done for me and strange man on that dark and cold night when we first started upon the road poor and helpless without a cent in our pockets or a place to lay our weary heads. As a matter of fact, our little village has been visited by the strike of the cats and with tears sprinkling down my cheeks. I promised Johnson that I would stay poor, unfortunate. My life is so full of the circumstances, and the life of the poor I might go and find some one place to give away to my poor and sorrow—just as I got out of the door I heard the voice of Wellington calling after me. I turned and open the door and missing the big tears from eyes, stepped up to the gentleman who began to ask me the following question: 'There is your native place, Robert when you are at home standing my arm out and pointing towards the home of my sister, I told him that my parents Western land in the city of Rochester was the place of my heart, and the happy home of my childhood and youth—your father, yet the said judge Smith, my father, my minder managing away to death and your mother Robert, before he could get anything and affective mean, wrote on his mouth—told him that my parents were a live and kept the land of my nativity—and what is it about that has brought you to my from your home and again hesitated in a full kind of tears and nausea ready to make my escape out of the
The page contains a handwritten text in English. The handwriting is relatively clear, but some words and phrases are difficult to decipher due to the style and quality of the script. The text appears to be a personal account or letter, possibly recounting an event or experience. The content deals with themes of reflection, love, and possibly a personal narrative involving a group of individuals named Wellington and William. The text mentions tears, a sense of duty, and the企动 of leaving home and moving to a new place.

The page seems to be from a historical or personal document, given the style of writing and the mention of names and events that suggest a narrative of significant personal or historical importance.
No farther — to Michael's delight he heard the whole story and misery that occurred and in front stood Miss. Wood and Mr. THOMAS who had left the house, to save his life. The woman who was standing the loving, to save his fortunes, had broken through the window of his parent's for a toast and going to a little room preparing him to make what Speech upon the scaffold had been prepared for some business. They being in the great room of giving,
This having been the case
I got to make known of it.

Then swiftly drawing the boat
to the shore, I heard the same
word, a known one among
offending his ears.

But soon as approaching the bank
that drinks like women, he sharked
for strange, he fell from his hand
and the kind of his subject induced.

Then raising his voice to an air
the best that can be heard
the song of the steel when there
where no harm apparred.

Another奏空 could not mean
on school though dream could hit
the best again it caught the skiff now
that had at my hand brought for a guide.

Afterward he got through with the piece. Mr. Wellington put his
hand in his pocket and threw me a hand full of gold and
complaining his oath once, and over to at last pitch me a fine
gold piece. And Mr. Wellington held me not fast and sent in the sitting
room at half past ten o'clock. I say, Sir, said Wellington, you had ought to give
the boy a good education. I am sure that he will appreciate and take
the advantage of his time - poor boy, he has hanged and that he
looks for to get knowledge - he seems to be a painting for knowledge
and some being for an education. That boy, your tip - I owe my half
of the school expenses, you will pay the other - what say you to that
Sir, said I. Then he said - Well, I think the boy is a great young fellow
by what he said, I will not at all object to going said. Truth. That boy may
grow up, and become a smart man of the city here a good
education better'd upon him - the bell rang for dinner and the plates
looked up and with altering I went out and waited my up and down the street for if I could be of anything. Looming.
Whom I think these judge would to be dealt with love. Whom some one on the street and asked me what kind of profession I would
like to choose and I told him that I had the means I should go off
business and study for a while the last Minister in that region and
I think that you have chanced a man made of a very good
profession. He said then in my young and early days was the
time that I was painting because the burning heat for an education
than twice the time that I would almost had my life down of 5.
could only been sent to some school for two or three years
and then spent my time in learning some good and useful
knowledge which might do me a great good in after life—besides
there was a boy in the school house of all and many learning
sorts of deportment and I was anxious giving myself with equal
day—the. I had been with S. Jackson more than six months
and I had given up all hopes of getting any education but
some it was from the carpenter's or coaling and heard and
myself amusing and made myself contented and spent my
self in a fair and kept. Myself in this manner of life a
room and slept directly for the post office where dispatch
letter either in my written or the former had tened that had
promised to call at my written and that he had never
sent nothing or letter the post master had written me once
before directly and found the writer and opened the letter and
found that one was from my written and the other from Mrs.
Smith. They were writing to stay till he was and not come
directly to Nag's head till after. They had nothing or
day after sending these two letters. I went across the way
and bought me a heavy three pistols I carried loaded

The next night and day—the determination to leave out to the
free and leave that I intended to say a hand on me or take to
the house of a free—after purchasing my pistols—I went back to
the house and went into the sitting room where were my
and the lady's at a digesting over affair of music. I called the
man named with the hundred and two dollars. The lady had
given her to give me for taking the piece of poetry—she
lady said I told. Myself if you could only see me at the
part of the female high school man or singing the song of William
Riley. I rather think that your eyes would open a little
and your cigarettes would burn as the air was in your ears—
but the piece would I had spoken was enough for the day. I climb
and left them delicate little creatures to the man and she said
the man and set behind the counter and handed by Jackson a
ce—Well. Robert be a good boy and come back said the lady
and go to start for money in the morning. I shall be gone
three days from this shop. She came carrying with four dollars
and went home and said she'll take an afternoon ride the
morning come at home and my Jackson shall for two days leaving me
in the house alone until then. And then go up and look for the boy and have him traveling up to the

...
Hell with some fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen as he entered the house, he introduced Wellington and judged there to his liking looking old ladies who had come in to dance for some entertainment. He then gathered and put there one of those lively dancing ships that pass through the country and got up to your large hotel under the place and sat among some of the gentlemen's guests. They pretend to play the honest kind of piano and at the same time they are playing the lead, dancing, game on you and shouting you out of your money. The word gentleman makes me feel that music was enjoyed and joyous fees and sorrows to another in the dead heart of the night with a bottle of wine or brandy among the large company of horses and gentlemen that came up with. By Johnson I could not see my few, the new bar tender such a brat that promise to bring with him Mr. Dade and Vind and I staked first at the gentleman from 10 that gentleman as they came filing up to the central a table for ladies and again demanding this room, and that room to be danced brightly with light the top in the room and asked one like the horses and beggar and go down to the church and get them to dance with the hundred bottle of wine and a Twenty full of your clothes with a box asking for more being them up to the straw. I say Page Johnson said he was a man of method you took down care to bring up some cigars and mines from some good taste not your been prominent but this others—will and assumption said I sitting and ask me during a tender to the place with I had in my head full of chicken bell and donations if by they in the house another moment—my father didn't tell me when he gave me this call and I stand behind a corvette and did not know what to say these men as I was up my head risen and whispering my friend I walk out into the street and take up my lodging that might be stronger in early the next morning. I was the daughter of Mr. Johnson come over to bring you a message and required of the servant girl if I was up, the girl came up clear and gave a nap at my door to someone that Mr. Johnson wanted to see me I got up and put on my clothes and came down stairs and asked before the presence of Mr. Johnson who began to tell me that the father had liked a man to come and that he would be up and the next evening that came six men and Mr. Johnson was here I have a poor help by young strangers and in a strange land not having a place to go to by my head until you father said
one a passenger in the land and took me in of which. I am under a thousand obligation to him for doing so and because I was willing to stay with your father until I am one and ten for if he will only change my mind and promise to give me an education if it is at the same time a common school instruction - very well said the girl you stay until I go into and consult with my father. She then left me and made her way back to her father while she was gone Mrs. and Mr. Livingston told me that I was a foolish boy in going there with Mr. Johnson for they are the best people in the world to live with. If you only knew how much the children of your letters. He would never lose him he thinks a good deal of you better offer presented itself before me I must now occupy the place of a boy and become the servant of public and the servant of God and crime. while the advice of my dying father was on blessing flames playing and destining before my eyes. Yes I ought to learn those good and religious principles which my father taught to me to instill into my mind and make them all away and become. The first draft of misery and degradation as the reader shall hereafter after I had made an agreement with Mr. Johnson. I went across the road and knocked at his. Wrangle whether it was best for a return to New York and break some reserve on it. Any and give our letters to Mr. Johnson. Harris, whose in Queen Street and for five days conversation concerning me. I spent in the back kitchen and gotten until they had got through with their conversation and I was called in the room before Mr. Johnson and Mr. Livingston I made me a present of was new part of clothing and a pair of five.
The image contains a page of a handwritten manuscript. The text is partially visible, and the handwriting is legible. However, the full context and content of the text are not fully clear due to the quality of the image. The document appears to be a page from a notebook or journal, possibly containing personal reflections or thoughts. The text seems to be written in English, and the handwriting is neat and consistent throughout the page. The visible part of the text indicates that the author might be discussing personal or philosophical matters, given the nature of the handwriting and the style of the writing.
head crime when he was pursuing us with the cutlass, and I think he was doing justice before I came in. When I saw the blood in the rue for the sake of getting a black head, and then again my brother gave me a clear head of revenge and went on with you. I have been in the war, and I have seen myself in the war. And now you have given me a clear head of revenge, and I have seen myself in the war. And now you have given me a clear head of revenge, and I have seen myself in the war.
Medit_ the mighty deeps and pull up an old b_lemic and descrip from thence a couple of old memos 18623. The reader, perhaps, has read over and over in the son of his childhood when he sat at the side of a passing master—his old manuscript reader—let us look and see what it was. And when he was coming out of the ship there was him a new a coming from the tomb and the old fellow took up his dealing among the tomes and he was engrossed with madness and starring in degradation that he could see of his great principles and, indeed, that he once possessed. No 18623. To be brutalized—that was me—no—not the genius man in the land, and the honest fellow that packed his pale more couldn't hold the old fellow—and be was just an ugly-looking old man—of the very heart of the fact was afraid of him—and went and plunged himself in the sea where they all perish—but an old acquisition that began it to fear that may and looking upon his fear and the situation in which he was place and the keep it was in which he had, though himself in command, a legion of little devils to some of him and the little imp preached the voice of him that spoke as never a man could and that poor hard rough looking old fellow the only indicate before was transformed in an image of his own man and 80r, and etched in his right mind and before there the image of a man that was above had given you and made you yourself equal with the beasts—and ye must hope for you and through you may be sitting among the tomes and sitting and losing your flesh—there is a hand that can write these little great deeds for your bosom and make you to sing to 80r one that pass you and by my name is beggar. Do not men 80r any little manuscript and fruits it deep in your bosom hoping that it may serve one and done some good in after time. I shall say nothing to prevent it from again. Do not me—return the reader back to Mr. Wellington and the devil and horrible scene that boys before him. I have been trying to compare him to one of these little men with the person come from old Legions homework but the situation in which he was in and must be compared to him as I must bring old friend Wellington and introduce my reader with the present of Wellington—might come on into Reader the most daring and blackest night that ever I see and I for one 80r
be set up with him and deal as a regular partner with him for a while if we could sometime be making his letter by name and then casting it become a want [unintelligible] being a letter to him. He had been his home for more than three years since I got Wellington said I and his sons from the great war do I know where the boy gladly Mr Wellington wished I knew the years if it laid in my power I live in a beautiful bed above the earth of my own and I cannot feel in your arms that did he give for a week continually night he was telling an answer of some old companions that had lived there to a hundred years ago there I listened and dig a dealing with Whiskey and brandy to Lend you quench a thirst—plunging myself deeper and deeper into tomes and many myself harder and harder by every glass I gave him. While the words of my dying father began to grow colder and darker my breast was. The first time Mr Wellington began to go better and 1901 Wellington and Ey Johnson came in the morning and talking lovingly some step with him the now Wellington said that he did. Wellington and let me hope that I may get a little opportunity. I think my reason has returned to me a little since coming in good by Johnson and Wellington and Ey Johnson met him and bid him home and told him to stay by him and not to let him come home between you. Mr Wellington having my heart flung in pity. He rim as I look at his eyes all delicate up and black and while the eye half round and there like a blue of 12 or 2 years I think him as he rid me and leaving me when he saw me back to to pass by threads and I was under an inhuman obligation and gratitude for the blessing which he had bestowed upon me and I thought it was more than my bound duty to administer to the same to write to him during the time of his illness. When you feel Wellington said I as he paid the coin harken to and the almost on a name of your soul miserable to miserable race such pain in my head here I look in the face Robert horrible Mr Wellington most horrible pin. This you bring me up a little bit with Robert that I may mark and turn my hair for me that I may say to look a little better up Mr Wellington. With it deepest and Bidding like a turtle of sight and get the water and wash his hands and face and comb his hair. Oh you fellows then sit a keep at himself for the ground and said I dont look like the same looking young man that I
...
a stock pigeon, and went off with them to ocean; where
they put up at the Wellington at Princeton, had gone off
during that summer to St. Louis, to pay for four gentlemen
that was travelling through the southern states and playing
what was called the beautiful hand game. This spending
these sums with Mr. Johnson, and studying the rules of
and cricket. I became a well-educated scholar; always used
to change my hands daily in the midst of crime—being well
not, and I learned about my place, and with one hundred
and eighty dollars in my trunks, which had made and saved
by gambling with the common sailors that used to come
up into the town for the sole purpose of gambling. I was
equipped and paid as these gentlemen
private vessels; I was allowed to pay up fine with them,
and to take my regular seat at the second table—this
table being in the midst of September, between the hours
of one and two o'clock, and I made crossing the last bridge
that was a narrow piece that I heard the voices of a couple
screaming in vain and futile cries. and dying tone.
alone, he let me alone, and I went pass-effectually along
about my business. I gave up the hope for the Richmond

As I stood by the edge of the water, I saw a boat approach. I knew it was the one I had sent for, and I was relieved to see it. As it drew closer, I could see the rowers. They were strong and muscular, and I knew they would be able to handle the boat in any weather. I stepped forward to meet them, but as I did so, I heard a noise in the water. I turned around and saw a man lying on the surface, struggling to breathe. I rushed to him and helped him to his feet. He thanked me and told me that he had been fishing and had been caught in a storm. I told him to stay with me and I would take him to shore. We rowed together until we reached the shore, and I helped him to get out of the boat. He thanked me again and told me that he would never forget my kindness. I smiled and wished him well as he disappeared into the woods. I turned to my boat and continued on my way, feeling grateful for my morning's adventure.
When fell heavily on the girl's arm— I could not stand—

But tried, but giving the girl a push with one hand and

May I draw my pistol and shut the gates in the place.

Why such a hurry to lay down the bridge and huddle

for the matchman to come and rescue him from a hot

I stood my ground and mercilessly fired upon him.

I gave him the second charge of the crotch and undertook to

Commence a fight with one— The head of the regal—

For the sake of some words (I meant none) liberty

And actual matches and make the neighbors from this place

Sleep there. I stand watching with a boy with my pistol

... hand-ready to give the other charge but some of the

Hunter's the pistol from my hand— and he was taken

off to the jail that stood in the market to pass a long as

fluence neighboring without a blanket was a bed to lay my head

the next morning at eight o'clock. It was called out at our

determination to give an account of my happening to

an hour of the night and the reason that had brought

the examination, and was followed by a scene which I

the action of my name, as it had been done.

...not to be late our hour of the night—a stumbling

and dashing over the Bogu region and keeping eye on the latest pistol that was held in front of me. I

thought whether it must be to tell him the business that had

kept me not to be late an hour of the night—will you answer

the question. Robert asked the question, for me I will not
answers that question—saw a lawyer jumping up from his
seat and began to take his case in hand and the judge in
say, and I am going to defend my boy. I agree to the question; when
just past him—then you will allow me to ask the judge
why he made a hole in Jones's shoulder blade with that gun.
That way on the table will give me—yes, sir, a very
clear and distinct certainty. Well—tell them Robert will
induce you or what cause had you to think that he did
not fight it. Said I said, I was in the court and on my way to
and filled with joy and pleasure that I had the privilege
of speaking for my self and holding my head up and telling
once more the true story of the fact that he did not
crude into the room to learn the explanation. Then said I,
as I was crossing upon bridge between the shores of town and
slam welsh last night. I heard the creaking noise of a girl
saying, 'Oh, dear, what a shame, let me alone and let me go
living home—and as I approached near and nearer toward
the spot from where there is never a thorn, there never was
and the sound of the girl again in loud and shrill
voice, 'Oh, dear, what a shame, let me alone. I would not have to
have such a thing as that happen to me.' And I
andCounselling
with them, but it got past dark before I started for home—and

a having some determination to go the next morning and I made it to grasp the my own home unprotected through the dark night

of the customs of the neighbors. I was crossing the bridge the long

a brand of iron was cut, tightly around my head and hands

and I raised and how myself closer to brave and service to

and degradation and to how my history. and humanity away

as to how What replies did you made to him in this when he put

that question to you. I told him that I could not bear myself

to see and yield to him if I killed one end in the yet one

my body to the states that were rolling himself by foot in

a long had we kept you there in that situation & it cannot be

certain. But I should think it was about an as I till the

a going long came swinging on the rolling and putting it

that I saw the states and that he was my brother who had come

Sure one from the wheel. hands of a man that would teach

us came one and would teach my life as he afterward told

a man—of which I had made so of the rolling accident and did try to show he chased the first at him and with

two at once and was in the states by the head and took

5 took place Robert demanded him to become just quietly

and my business in raising his hand with all of his force he saw

himself he took him to pitch Robert down his pitch and shot him and the

quiver came falling like a stone at my feet. The quiverman that

took me and told to give in his situation and relate the circum

stances as far as he been. He told me that did you see and

plan to go on and relate the circumstances. I stand on the rim of

the American nation. I stand. so my mouth to the other

I was standing looking deep into my carried lying away at

the distance. I made my way towards the line from violence to the

the line proceeded from and found a laying dead in the hands of

the bridge and falling in his head and the snug laying hipster

made to give him the second pull. What did you do then. The critic

I took the pitch from the beginning hand and let him away to the

black holes under the water. What did you do with. I took the

immediately to sense. Sent and place me in a cell for safe keeping

while the morning but on my returning to the spot I found

that the arrow he told with the gentleman of the case and they

took him on board the vessel that he should go and returning

show that the vessel was loaded and paid away the morning

of the vessel. Did you learn the name of the vessel which. What was

—Thomas Hart of Buffalo—1812—Centis
I am told he forced his way into the door and was carried away. He made his escape and I was left behind. I was in such a state that I could not move. I was taken to the jail and held there. I was then examined by the court and was found guilty. I was sentenced to be hanged as a traitor. I was taken to the gallows and was hanged. My body was then sold and I was buried in a shallow grave.
that I should not receive anything good as long as I lived in peace and not be given any fear nor wrong anything troubles hence should not a hair in my head be harmed because there is none that would go before the great jury to get any
and was not me one to suffer against one to me and said one Bremont in Canada and he was not more nor our sides the other or he might take up his abode in a state prison but was they have got to have him here before they can

Convince you all the people said he take an interest in you case and are trying to raise means to get your out before your time I told one Bremont that I was my much obliged this for taking an interest in this case and hope that he will call and see me any time an opportunity offers itself and to have my trials and do the best done to me in the meaning being late the present times with a light and change Mr. Bremont to your partship of having a light on you and what can advantage the
game to send a go it in here I charge that after getting out there unless to the jury they bring for the right to think and decide over the bad evidence with Dixon placed in one Bremont an occasion more rich men and although they try to make my condition so complete and they could yet my mind and my heart and hearing with honor
and grief within the present meaning one Bremont had to true my trunk and clothes and shoes and some bed clothes and for three

In that day I had friends who did strange to me to come and visit me and fairly hearing the old jail down with rich

Made a young Scotch girl about seventeen year of age and

Myself was the only person that was it just and who had the
duty to measure with one in another and with a fitness mind so long as I could do any two things together and give you and agree

thing that was good with each other putting away the base passions hence that one hanging heavily on only playing the game of all lodges or any manner of it whatever I have got her as long as I live I fancy that I see her now in her handsome ways and her and I think the handsome little creature and sure Sherrings Fogg the only hangman

Made in mourning with her jet black hair falling over her neck in glossy plaited and eyes as black as a mirror on the meanest fancy that one confides in your fancy and me had been playing and choosing the fine man and in the
afternoon my pet dream to read. I have a book called the
Hobbes family Robinson, reading and fancy for my life.
I had been reading about two hours and costing myself
thoughts fancy; I now large drops of great came pouring
down the girl, who had made the girl think, would I ask for
the book that made Robert kill
the I am thinking of my home—of your home poor girl,
and myself—of home poor girl, the least of you could
the ten things that I have said before you came here you
would, it was poor girl, Fanny said. I do pity you
and that little girl. I wish you were some little girl. If I was only
home with my poor health, how happy I
would be, where do you live? I live in Boston,
Cambridge, and your I get out of the place I shall write
right time it your mother I can raise money enough to
carry me there. Have money in my hand that it is the
fancy, and when you time is out, I will give you
enough to pay your expenses here. Have came you some
from Canada, and come over here thinking to live in the
Secured and without any money—of the West. The
mother went from her estate, gave me the following of
true narrative of the whole circumstances that had
not only brought her from her friends and home, but
the of her. Spending three long months in a county
jail. This did she remembered and said—I felt in love
with a young man, whose parents were rich and to him
self in good circumstances and promised to marry him,
but another young that came over from the State
that in between the marriage breach and printed
out to me the riches his father had bestowed upon
and the pleasure she would say if I would only feel
his hand and Mary him. Well did you do it Fanny—
This Robert till I believe—go Fanny go on
with your story, well without advising with any
Master or my friends about the matter. To hear of
the two lovers I had better marry—on rush
right in the ligh of speech and directly until press
ing over flown. But married to great seemed him
at last did come Fanny—up Robert. I got married
to him at last and cross the lake with him and
take one 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 very early in the morning and dress himself in a very good suit, not talking to me that he had some very important business to tend to that day, and that he would not be back till late in the evening. I staggered him hard at breakfast and got some breakfast but he told me that his business was so urgent that he could not stop a minute and he pleaded with the door like a flash of lightning to let him go a thief that was hurried by his pursues. What can this mean? I told myself that my husband is taking sick in my absence. The best advice of it has been a rolling on him to leave a murdering scene one. Was my precious任性— to wit, this crime was too vile to be hung guilty of, but a poor mans crime. The other were on curing seeing guilty of and what crime was that a young man said to the widow. I ask the truth, we have no better or worse rich or poor, it saddened me to think of the same. I never took one from my Happy Home, and brought us here in a strange land and amongst strangers and left a written note on my stand saying that I was going to leave me and never return to me again. Look at the scene and the disguise that he had bought me to, and the money that his followers had been. I did not think any person mean to make me, to pay your board in a hotel.
not having a place or not knowing where to lay my head—why didn't you return back home Ivy to your mother—I hadn't the strength to get home with and if I had returned home—I should have been alone and a bystander to everyone that passed me—So I didn't care what became of me—or what I did as long as I could get a living—and being advised by another

who was doing as I was doing at the same time—I took young girl who was living in a distant silk every day I took her advice and followed her example like

To Nancy you became and yielded yourself down to a home and simplicity at last did you—say Robert for this opened a wide and beautiful field to such as I and pleasures before me—and I gave myself away for the first time in my life to intrigue until I found myself look up here in a county jail for the term of twenty days—After I got through with her narrations I wrote down from my head and began to use the belle to and fro—and having a good habit for singing I struck up the following song with me and my fellow cell to sing

in our happy days—when common tale could find no

hanging place in our hearts so till to me—broad our

journeys—The author song is Nancy Mulliner

Come all ye ladies of a fickle nature—
don't ever lose your first love away

for many is the bright and slaying mornings

that turns to a dark and a sordid day—

I thought that your mourning time is thrown into the

boken—a few fragments more I had—had lay up

in my heart from my boyhood—years never mind was my line while her heart was yet warm and soft and while

nature was giving away to grief and tears and

compunction and said where does that young girl

Thomas Mulliner I heard she was out late a few nights

ago and was found dead in the canal the next morning—

To you up she Huawei said I as gone for some of those

old fragments does you see that her was the cause and

the very fact that she sing for you she fell into herself and

the feelings of grief and pleasures she

should have a young girl that was not known—this within

that fell in the bleeding hearts of many strag
Man that she had already slain—and that darling
Silk dress that glistered your eyes. So when she was going
to the path of ruin—did you not know that—
that was her dress of her crucifying Shame and
contemplation. An old wretch spoke of some years ago
she never saw; you that go in unto her
never returns again—and that she sits leads to the gate
hell—and that her way leads down to the cold
chamber of death—or have you never read. And
how she has brought many a young man to a kiss
of bread—have you never looked over the old record book
and found those old devotions? But I will throw
one at you, which was given to me by one of the nobles.
Now that ever live—it says that her house is the way
to hell leading down to the chambers of death—do you
see playing just by taking one faults stop you lost
your character and fame for ever more? As Isma
the girl had some feelings of reforming. I was determined
never to play another card with her in to bring 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
me and chose to lay my head on the cold oak floor matting.
To see her lay her beautiful head. I knew it was morning
now what I had done and could do again. With the sad
rememberance that one who was mightier than I had
taken up his cold lodgings on the mountains with nothing
for his sleep at night but the damp air, and the cold stones
of the night. And in the morning he was bound to try that
the faces have holes and the songster of the air have
But I know I have not to lay my head a deep
well on, and the arm he wished together by singing
and taken terms of reading to each other until the
expiration of her time it made cold devotions morning
when the term is over, the door to let Danny poor poor girl, said I to myself as she was
buses she said, she was her shoulders and getting
ready to go—poor girl I am afraid you will forget yourself
and give way to temptation—your base no place to go
and no money to help you with let me let me let me
be here—let me remember you promise you—your
fair little creature you for your little limbs are tender
and stand the cold winter blast. I went my trunk.
and do in one manner of it there lay'd kept upon her
much I had given to me 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 same circumstances as you are for some time
without means, yet home with and I know how
to pity you especially at this present season of heavy
with the cold blast a grumbling and grumbling in you
face—throwing my hand into my trunk I drew out
fifteen dollars and handed it to her telling her to
find a place to board and not fail to come and meet
least once a week till time was out. While I was
telling her Mrs. Benson happened to step in and see her
I sat down and if I needed anything she look at
Fanny and then stepped up to her and told her that she
ought to see and rust for her doing that matter and
if she was a grateful girl she would pay her one
dollar a week the girls except the other and meet
Mrs. Benson and for three times red
Fanny with me along as I stayed in jail bring me all kinds of most wanted. I dont remember of
recognizing her a word of insult or saying a filthy word,
her or trying to take any advantage of her during our
enfemnent together in jail— poor girl she had gone and
suffered good. Time for two days after the had gone a
looking set of criminals had come from Pelham to sewer
to them trials and they were continually a grumbling
and disputing about the money on the board and it
would end in fight and my heart munted with joy
that Fanny had gone and present herself to take scars and
filthy alien—Time passed on and these being no indication
found against me and through the influence and kind
interaction of Mr. Bronson and Mr. Smith I was
discharged but not allowed to have my paid again and
education of thirty five dollars from the Judge Society—
shouldering my trunk I proceeded to the Stage office to
start for home that night in evening at the Stage
office with Mrs. Benson and they had gone. I was informed
that they had gone on to Pelham and had left word for
me to come right on as soon as sight and go in
letting any trunk to get some money over to pay my
for those. I found that some of the prisoners had on
look my trunk with a fault boy and taken out some
five dollars I returned to the pool and informed the
Sheriff of it and a search was made and the money
found stuck in one of the cracks in one of the cells
one one knowing who put them there and that evening at
eight o'clock after giving them a call I was on my way
home and the next night I went to the outside of my
mother's cottage door after being absent from home and
not seeing either brother or sister or mother for fifteen
When one other than her stood before the door it was just
a lingering between two doubts whether it was best
to give a light rap at the door or to stand right up
like a woman and walk right in and make myself known
as a lost prodigal who had just made a return home.
I opened the door and at the door a minute or so
of this was the same old latch and I once used to
climb the ladder and listen and see if I stole the same
coin that I heard the going of I must walk lightly
around the house in my top boot and overtake the
old road and see if it really is the same old path
that crossed my heart 54 years and 22 years the
night one took a secret peep into the window and see
if another door line in the boy old cottage was perhaps I
may be mistaken some other family may be living here
at the head of strangers feet might in my mother's
house find some I have been gone a long time and
let me take another glance through the window while
the pale light of the moon plays her bluish glow about
the heavens I see the sickle bow of my mother’s
birth light of the pale companion of the night bit me under
the silvery light of your moon go and find a true and
a bright place to rest let darkness consume me and that
darkness better me and let all nature be with
Glance will I approach the cottage door again with the
recollecting taint that running from my eyes again and
hasten standing at the old cottage door of my father’s
heart for from hence that I hear the cheerful voice of
my mother I know I will raise the latch and see
when will be the first one that opens the door—like
years and I am half my father in my arms and
trying to hold the hand behind my mother’s back—like
back—like old and black boots and let my

jah moon break forth that I may look at that old oak tree that stands in front of the door. While there men my little. St his has stood under its green boughs many a summer evening watching the fragrant hour and the leafy old fellow, leafing himself and making his obeisance to every breeze of wind that comes sweeping over its boughs. Many was the evenings just as the sun was setting away in the West for me and my sister Bet with its shady boughs and bongo. Read night and night my own tree but how swift those moments fly. 

one soon must part this earthly life. the hateful Watchman cries —

casting my gaze to the west part of the house. I lay on my bed and think of my father died in. I am in sorrow to my mother as she trying to数百 me in the right way again and putting me in mind of my father's dying advice and she leads me up the hand and pries out a prayer. Too the might in my behalf. Lord what doth noble friend is that I hear as I pass the bed on with my father died. 

Death. The voice of the voice of my father calling after me from the solemn tomb — where shall I fly to, Where shall I go? That I may shun that death. It comes a paralyzing upon my ear like a heavy clip of thunder and the voice of my father is haunting me at night and his advice and prayers seem to point my way. I'll retire to bed and stay before the morning light comes peering into my room the advice of my father very all die — and I will lay a heaving on the side and prepare myself as a sinner for crime — I am now under the roof of my master's cottage ready to close my eyes in sleep and must bid the reader a good night while I lay in dreaming of the sufferings and extremities which I have gone through and preparing myself to stay in an answer to be a harder correct and the maimer of a holy person where I must be led down with the wheels and bending boughs with the heavy weights of balls and chains introduction to the reader you being now for the shame and the disgrace that is brought upon a long flat boat to the House of Offence. the world and society is looking up to the
day with open eyes, when a separation will take place within them, and among them boys and religion and truth spread itself among the inmates of the place but never a word that day come as long as it could can get on the inside of them, small. over the island things they are groans by the hands of young children just as soon as they know that and they learn to lie cheat steal steal

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 laborer in a house near the harbor. 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 walked slowly and leisurely along the street 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 a tenement house I saw walking along it. I saw a beautiful young girl sitting in the door and a young man who went by the

the street in the daytime and a walking up and down the street at passing the door several times and continually glancing his eyes on the girl who seemed to be his listener. I pass on until I had reach the door of my home. They tasted had
deist herself to go out and take a walk and ask me if she would like to walk out with her. I replied that I would. We walked down the St. Paul Street again and there stood just from the sidewalk with the looks of the girl beaming on the face with his hand under her chin. My first acquaintance with this girl was to talk with her at the gate. While I walked toward her, she was very kindly dressed in a frock which she made herself from her pocket. She just looked me up and down and touched her head and said she had just bought a new hat. I asked her name and she said, "My name is Miss D. and that is my sister." She then held the gate open and said, "I'll come in and sit down." She came in and sat down and began to talk about the weather and about times and telling the girl that the rain was just falling in the city. She closed up the conversation by asking her to sit down and talk to the table where she sat a moment.
of brandy, and take a drink with him in honor of each other's health. Incisar poured out a full glass for himself, and giving a bow and with his head to Mrs. Mulvane, he drank the liquor down as though it had been water, and put his hand into his pocket and took a dollar bill telling her that he did not wish to change hands. My sister got up and walked out the door and just as my back door had been leaving he hailed me with a smile and Mrs. Mulvane walked out the door and just as I was about to go out she said, "I was playing cards with Mrs. Mulvane on a center table that stood in the corner of the room when a person entered the door. I suppose that woman might have been an invader, but I stopped her short and she was so excited that she could not contain her surprise and rejoiced that I was there, and I told her that I was just in to have a drink and that I was on my way out. She told me that she was just in to have a drink and that she was just in to have a drink. She told me that she was just in to have a drink, and that she was just in to have a drink. She told me that she was just in to have a drink, and that she was just in to have a drink.
about your pocket book for I don’t think the girl he
put it - mistaken my dear boy I can’t be mistaken.
and I was not a two dollars bill and put it in my back
and put the pocket book in my pocket and get in — with her — let me see — I done
perhaps — might drop it in the bed — perhaps it might have slipped out of my pocket in the back. I’ll go and
see as she said these words he was open the bed
room door and search the bed high and low but
he could not find the pocket book — I say when I said
woman in an anger rage I meant that pocket
book money or by God I will have the plan
with your blood I treated you a lady and you
just what you did and you took that pocket
book from me so that she was in — together
and cause I asked you like a gentleman to present it
to me less then five minutes here is one and
didn’t know you and I went to the girl named
very kind rich had committed the crime on
woman and with a solemn oath — and an uplifted
hand to heaven she swore in the name of God I did
have the thimble for it and saw that she did not
know anything about the last property incautious
off a grumbling to himself until he reached the police
office where he made his complaint and served two
warrants with search warrants while he woman was
gone — woman without the money into my hand
and red with hands for that belong to woman and
the pocket book to the screaming fire to crumble
up together — I made my way out into a large
building that had directly in front of the door and
rushing a heavy stone. I planted the money under
it until the pieces of it all died away returning
back to the house I sat down and began to play cards
again with the woman until the policeman called
the house and began to search. They search every
spot and corner in the house except the bed where he
and told the officers that he had been in — with
woman without the money but told that a desert from them.
and woman was taken before the justice of peace.
100v-101r

and i was called on me at a notice against miss mutermer the examination went on and i was called on the stand for all declaration you say you lost one hundred dolars and a handful of in miss mutermer house do you miss mutermer well you can and declare what kind of goods it was whether it was gold silver or bills said by murrell will full for said reason sp marner well what brand was there bill murrells was serrs cant tell do sp marner what was you doing in miss mutermer house or what call had you in there at all murrells casawm casawm by marner i am the son of a wealthy merchant in the city of baltimore and have a kerran brother in the city of baltimore and have a kerran brother that reside in a place in the city but cant tell exactly i heard that he lived on the street that miss mutermer lives in and i made my way up that may being this man carrying of hundred dollars or so i got into miss mutermer house to get a drink of water to prevent my thirst and next my hand it being a big warm day for and my being ever present with fatigue i lay down on the lounge and before i knew it i was carried in the arms of sleep for some two or three hours when i awoke i got up to take my pocket book from my pocket to pay miss mutermer for the use of her house during my hours of sleep but to my great surprise i found that my pocket book had been shipped out of my pocket by the slippery hand of that Fraud sp marner mutermer sp marner was there any one else in the house or i saw nor did i see miss mutermer while you were there answer yes i saw no one took my money in fact that girl after sp marner had examined in some i was called on the stand as a witness against that and that girl after sp marner had examined in some i was called on the stand as a witness against that and that girl after sp marner had examined in some i was called on the stand as a witness against that and that girl after sp marner had examined in some i was called on the stand as a witness against that
Annie I have got him just before I went him and if the truth must be told. I went hunting you but he it comes pale and plump—Well I said why don't you with a smile on his face—oh you know you know is answer—oh my dearest question—Well did you ever see that fancy looking fellow—thinking question—Well did you ever see him before—Archie said a question—Well where and when was the first time that ever you saw him—Archie—Here is you fair little sugar but girl you keep your corporal and say to just what I do and all will be right—Here I said expire the first time and the place that ever I seen in town this morning one. We start a walking up and down the walk and passing one another less than fifty or fifty hundred thousand. Here. We start a walking in front of some houses. We are going to the next place I will in a day conversing about such other health issues than sleep off and ask me to that cherry cheeks Daniel was not in the door I told him that I was not acquainted with her but my sister knew her better than I did. Archie then introduced his name to me and asked me if I would step up with him and give him an introduction to the two girls and we both walks up. Then together and introduced him as Mr. Sturgeon from the city Baltimore and Mr. Sturgeon asks him to stop in the town in the town and take a chair and a glass of brandy and snifter you little flavor in his hands and folded her in his arms and let him feel as much as it was promising with her in the back room and said my story of fame was his head and laugh telling Mr. Sturgeon that he must had spent the evening on some special business and that he would give him a lesson here for him to enter the flower of infinity and of fame. Mr. Sturgeon desired the girl without any further description—had officers and said positions in the back at the side if they could get two right if the lost money three months past away and not a word was said or heard about the money although they'd get under the stone where I had buried it.
and continued my business on the 1st of July. I was ambitious to make my hand deeper and deeper in all kinds of crimes, until I got so bad in crime, I was afraid to commit the broadest deal that one ever committed. I heard one man say in crime, that he was so bad, he took up the bank and did it in the country. I was so bad, I took up the bank and did it in the country, and made my way up the street until I got the grave yard where I laid my father, and just as I laid my father, I heard a voice say, "I am the voice of him who gave me this terrible advice, although I gave it myself, that I heard he bore a speaking tone from the grave. Here's one last time, in sight and solemn tones, that I have closed my eyes in death, is that the last putting you are hearing is that the pit I have dug for you, before my body was sunk in the grave, is the grave I am filling of my heart. I put the billiard that was my father's best friend, and be degraded and despised in life and crime. I was so bad, I was so bad, I was so bad in crime, I could not keep my heart clean any longer in crime. I was so bad in crime, I could not keep my heart clean any longer in crime. I was so bad in crime, I could not keep my heart clean any longer in crime.
led directly to some practice on my own, or, in the old saying, lead a life to your own taste and keep it out of the way.

I thought of my arrangements right off. I went back to the fellows and played cards till some side of the night and was taken by the constable and brought to jail and thrown into it some fifteen or twentyCelestino who was waiting for those kind expecting to get dear as to come to a state prison among the ranks of prisoners that were acting. They was a poor old man who expected to end his life there. A state prison through the door of the cell. The old man who had been dead so much blood by the inhuman and it was pleasing to die and have him tell the facts and the adventure he had gone through with the indians. The old man was nothing but a talk about a dead bear and an Indian that was dead and just as the old fellow was getting himself to the adventure — I was called to the jail door and my name was called. And the old man was so kind, and he had the old man who had been dead so much blood and told him to close the door and had a long talk together about my case and how much money he had won. Since he had been gone and making his acquaintance — sorry. I'm sorry. If you're here, I suppose they will send you back to the House of Refuge next — if not, you know Bob and if it costs one hundred thousand, I will do it.
for you let me know by tomorrow. I stop here at the Eagle Bill and day after tomorrow, I will go up to the many yard and hire out as a sailor and play Thedrop game on some of them private trips. I'm in about seven hundred and then I shall go up to england and settle my accounts. Here is a useful truth I have to tell you, and if you ever have to get close don't fail to come down to yard and be sure to come to the many yard and ask for John the sailor for that is my name and to which have you a boat and call to see me. Since I have the directions with me for you if the judge only send you back to the many yard may he sure that I will be there and call it the twenty-four hours after you get there and help you away, anything said. So after this you had a few more weeks on my back with the sail then you will come and help me away with. He'll him over with his hand to offer again and put in the weight of the cut on your back and off. I'm in the next minute. I will send one of the bar bullet in his heart throwing me his heart right to the same stone don't fail to write me again after you get your assistance and let me know what I can be in time to give you my assistance and help you away. Don't forget the name John. I am John at Tom Brown's. If you tell him so, he will be sure that you have it come to pound and get don't give way to grief. And keep up a good heart. You know it but the sailor pays you a short life and a Mary once never have yourself at one time just be brave and courageous and you and the first one that insults you let your pistol crack his heart and don't forget my name. Tom three and try to run a letter and I will expect to hear from you. The ten dollar note and make good use of it don't forget the name John. Tom Brown. He's a good boy. May God bless you and the English ship turn the ship around in the head of the coast and make it second thought that struck him. Where is that Son of a— that took you
up where does he live to tomorrow before the morning
hence I will think he has been seen there as I don’t know
where he was the last time we saw him except that he seemed
thinking that my friend might be him some
I told him that I did not know where
he lived or where he could be found still good by my
don’t forget the machine old fellow I
think you have learnt to drink deeply in the intemper-
yly and since we set out the last ch. not much harm
to a little man and we—be careful the drink
drink deep or it will kill you know this too
mind what I will say be careful still good by and
I don’t forget to write to me after you take your
leave and I will respond back to it send by
trainers and they will be with you if you give them the bad
talk to pleasure the common man—but said the driver as
he gave the bell a jab for the time being to come and
let him out and I don’t know how to know
that don’t believe there is any man—buying
cheese you will believe that this is a fact when
you are riding upon his heavy billows and
and a man the master comes a strumming our green pots
and the beverage knocking upon little cup like a
melon and the temptation is grand for
sippin and in the next few my good fellow you
will believe that there is a God whether take them
must back standing on your still 25th day when
then may I think we will come playing and any playing
with fire before your eyes like a flash of the better
than to make back shorts we take nothing back
sold roasted and the practical our things
the horse from there and I give him the man
the driver here here driving over morning
to pleasure the high beds of dice and crime until
the plebians are heard the blood of the
himation between the
the earth but we have him here in the condition
and shall introduce my letter to him in the
following chapter and end the English and the

 he came to at last the line
had come around that from company with
thirteen 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 at the age of thirteen, 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 rude treatment and often times to be loaded 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 show of animals, the court being called to order our indictment was read and the district attorney orders us to be ready for our trials on the following day and sent us back to jail there was the feeling of despair in the whole to be tried and I knew then that it would take a whole week and a half and I went for Miss M'Intosh to come down to the jail and see me before the expiation of this and before my doom would be pronounced in the following day Miss M'Intosh made her appearance at the jail door and asked if there was anything that laid in her power that she could do for me and she put that question to me I began to reflect a little and to see if I could in need of her assistance and indeed it was through the means of Miss M'Intosh that I was standing between an iron grated door and her yet I stood in need of her help and assistance — the least that you don't bring me out and mention my name — and I will do all that lay in my present power — I suppose you have no lawyer Robert — the Miss M'Intosh replied after a little reflection of what I had done and where I was at the house of refuge and that I wasn't a case to be sent back to there to endure for the crime that I had made and to receive ill usage and rigorous punishment to expose my errors for that was the rule in the House of Refuge in those days if there made too many errors and one got caught
The had to have his own punishment and the
other two—No, Mrs. Masterman replied. I have
a lawyer. No lawyer to stand and plead my
cause. No lawyer to stand between me and the
innocent who has become to be a witness against
me. No lawyer to plead for me how much time
or to get any encouragement before me—then
said Mrs. Masterman, I will go and engage
a lawyer for you, but mind and say nothing
to any losing person where you got the money
from or from whose hand you received the
handkerchief—as she said these words she took
her arm and seek a lawyer who would take
my case in hand and if possible rescue and
save me from becoming the inmate of the
House of Affrage—Mrs. Masterman said it.
As she turned to go away, if there is any possible
means of your saving me I have given back to
the House of Affrage. I wish you would do it
for it will save me from a severe punishment.
She surprised my age and taking it down on
a piece of paper. She brought her way directly
toward the lawyer's office and employed him as my counsel.
Two hours past away before the girl relented and at
the break of one in the morning Mrs. Masterman
appeared at the jail door. Mrs. Masterman asked me
a few questions and engaged me in the following
debate—'boy said he you are nothing but a young boy
and at the money and handkerchief. I found in
your possession and can have no other evidence when you got the said property, my advice is to
yourself to plead guilty and that will be the end of it.
and I will put my best influence before the court to
have a light sentence pronounced upon you. So the
Masterman replied. I will not the case taken into hand to
not bring Mrs. Masterman into any trouble—boy
will not. Said the lawyer, just follow the direction
with said guard and after that will put an end
to the whole case and make your innocence a great
lighter. So saying Mrs. Masterman took the young
man had before. I led him with heart and
head with her to keep me from
being sent back to the house of correction where I
would have to suffer under the burning heat of the
heat of July. I returned back—on thrasings ask me my age
and put it down on a piece of paper—giving me
the word and assurance that I should not become
the inmate of the house of correction, and he and
Miss Macnamara paid there May out of a dark and
gloomy jail into the fresh air where the noise of
smith and machine was one more harsh upon the
ears—let me hear Miss Macnamara sing a melody
the high roads of life and crime and I will intone
the reader to her in the following chapters and the
sadness and death she suffered. With two
years after to think my song begins—there a voice coming
just as the town clock was striking the hour of
eight that thirteen prisoners names were called to
ready go to the court house. I was one of the
number that belong to that hard rough looking
crowd—yes reader I am member among the
transgressors of that day—each with hand cuffs on
my wrists I made my way to the court house
place sat lawyers and other gentlemen and
pharmacists parrs and pars—counters and kings—
clerks and merchants there and halls with
painted and stately doors, where the darkest
members deeks under the court of mid night get thy
bit there with their bacon and blustering un
compunctioned—yes there I sat in a hot gaol and
looked at by those black nailed true beavers who
was allowed to go unpunished and possible where
the wrongs were right to while I for one small crime
was to become a dog to justice and a baga or
d the inmate of a dark and gloomy prison
for Reader there I sat consoling each in the hot bath
upon by those infernal rams who had slept their
dead deeper in crime then ever I had done to
and yet with their punishment and among them
many precious persons who was committing
the most horrid and whitest deeds under the
heated of mid night when my soul was able to breathe
and such I will be told to the Reader in the following
chapters. My sentence of being read again before
The assembled crowd to which I have just alluded above, I pleaded guilty to the whole charge and was told to stand up; he then asked me if I had anything to say. The sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon me, I told him. He had nothing to say, and he said that I was my own accuser. While I sat there, I heard the trial of Thomas Dobbs, Thomas Lanigan, George Condit, and five others, who were all sentenced to be hanged together and shot back to the jail till the next morning. Then we were to come and hear our sentences pronounced and our future prospects blunted and whitened forever. At the wonderful morning, many brought many a sorrowful cry and supplications from the eyes of my companions who were to suffer with me and part under the same sentence as ourselves. The court was crowded. There was a great many people there to hear our sentences pronounced. I entered the door there. I was seen smoking a cigar, in my pocket; not half clothed, standing with my hands in my pockets—looking independent as though I was the son of some lord or duke. Clear being called to order. The judge called my name, and told me to stand up. He then asked me if I had anything to say. The sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon me, I told him. He had nothing to say, and he said that I was my own accuser. While I sat there, I heard the trial of Thomas Dobbs, Thomas Lanigan, George Condit, and five others, who were all sentenced to be hanged together and shot back to the jail till the next morning. Then we were to come and hear our sentences pronounced and our future prospects blunted and whitened forever.
Some homes—last week I visited and informal white
French lady, said I was as I did him. She is a
dirty little—what took my money out of my pocket,
and that poor little innocent darke, has got to suffer
for her deeds—I hated my own innocence without
saying one word and left the court house with
tears streaming from my eyes as soon as I got my
off 1, lit down and wrote the following letter to
Strongman—

Rochester— May 29, 1810—
My dear and honest friend I have only time to
drop you a few lines—Just my sentence
yesterday from Judge Thompson for the term of
years across the long bridge and if I ever
hope to get out I will certainly come down
soon and se you—What think you now old
Hank—think there for God get he careful or
is all right—and maybe some day you will see
down one day that you will feel
easy leave in your flame—trust me think of
that and burn for want some of its burning

Sticks already and that so hard to continue so
that there is a land—what think you—your mental
means of a day—What think you—your mental
that to a change bitter—your sap? little feel
but let me tell you that there is something within
you will not let some day out there and I want
you to respond back to J—bitter. Exact words the
background in one of the principal keeps of the
judge and perhaps—I may get it—This is all at
present and I have the honor to with great
respect to be your most humble and obedient
Servant—Your HBP—your friend—

after submitting this letter and fulfilling my promise
of closed it and sealed it and directed it to Mrs. Kim
in the City of New York and handed it to Miss
McKee who came down to see me in the after
noon and who promised to post it the same day
that was on the second day of May in
1810—thirteen of us in number bound down
present.
In some strong was put aboard the canal boat called "James Savage" and began our journey. 

She looked like a ship in number of fowling and making our way to a dock and a 

strong box of nothing but a bag at the age of fourteen loaded down with chains, wrapping 
off to become the inmate of a dark, rough and 

shining, looking prison—here I sit, standing in 

the corner of the boat, looking and being 

the pitiful sight and groans of a friend's wife 

and little children—poor little having heart, 

as I sit a gazing here upon 

their six little children of yours who perhaps 

may never see again nor before the parents 

shall roll over them while fibers of 

your little female of your life may be 

trampling over the grass of the dead and 

looking for the first turf that covers her feet 

remaining; the feet of your wife may be seen a 

trading over the sleeping dead and the soil. 

may be snuffling with her but all of this you can 

not heed—but John the soother, you broken hearted 

looking behind you— you are sitting alone in 

a reading that little that went such hark, hark, hark. 

you reckon before you lift and wish you promised 

with a solemn oath to read and study carefully, 

during the twenty years you have to pass with 

one reader, John and though I am a writer 

out from the box bottom of my heart. I say may 

God bless you—but that hard rough looking 

face old Jones, the laugh and grin and 

cut up his shoes—laugh—gum on your 

hard hearted all don't you know and so 

before five long years stop over your fate 

your laughter will be turned into sneaking. 

What brave happy John in comfort feels 

he got religion before he left the sail and
made his promise to me, that he would live for God during the rest of his days. 

"I pray God to hear your prayer, and bless you abundantly," said he, "and may I be permitted to live among you to the end of my days."

The next day he was able to walk, and was taken to the hospital. He died a few days later, and was buried with much honor.

As I saw him last, he was praying for the souls of those who had been his enemies, and saying, "May God save them from everlasting perdition!"

The last words he spoke were, "May God bless you! Go in peace! I shall soon be with you in heaven." And with these words he expired, and was carried into the grave.
little shrillion a hanging and clinging a holden. Her dice, as the heart shot out of the deck, she took up each by the hands, and from her throbbing heart, she said, may God be with each one of you, and spare your lives, to come from your gloomy prison better men than you are now. Thus passing slowly along, we reach Monte-Suma in three days just as the sun was throwing her last glittering ray over the tops of the trees—sitting off at Monte-Suma, 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 bare, and once our iron rusty cut off, after getting our iron plaque off the guard in a rough and harsh manner, order us to follow him. In one month until we came to a halt, in front of a dark gloomy, lonesome, haunting dungeon—on locking the door, he gerked it open and order us to go in and lay down on the hard, cold floor, without a bed, on a blanket to cover us locking the door, he put his hand on the lower to see if all was right and order us not to make the least stir or noise, through the night, nor must speak one word, if one did we should hear from it with sorrow in the morning. Reader, could you but witness the tears the grannie and the sighs that went from that gloomy dungeon that night, it would melt your heart— the night more slowly away, and at the hour of half past six the bell rung for the prisoners to get up and get ready for to do that his heavy days works, that laid ready for them to do. After the convicts had all got there breakfast, the keeper of the kitchen whose name I shall call Mr. Richardson came with
the key, and on lock us, and ordered 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 made on us, rigged and equipped in
the real disgrace we are ready to enter the hall with the jailer.
Keeper and stand before the clerk who puts the following question
to the convict - what is your name? How old are you? Where
was you born? What county did you come from? And what is
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 seballot school? How many times have you ever
been in a county jail or state prison? How many times have you ever
been fined? What convict have been he hangs his head in the ditch
of shame as the clerk puts the question to him and asks him if he
is a temperance man. Have shame the real look and how he
tries to answer the question how the thought strikes his heart
like a dagger. As he stands there and thinks. He sighs. And
looks down. And the convict has a pair of black eyes for
a long time and the impotent wench and the impotent wench
has the heart to repel his cruel hand at his mother as at that
old mother who had watch over him night and day, and we wonder reader that he has
his head in shame when the clerk puts the 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 dutiful old solider who
stands 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. Craig his son—and was able to give the reader a history of this old soldier's life—his deeds—his adventures—his feats and his character. Together with his career—and down fall 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 into him, that they placed him higher above any of the officers of the prison, and though it was strictly against the rules of the prison in those days for either convict or officer to smoke within the walls of the prison yet they broke over these strictest rules themselves and allowed this old chap to have his pipe and eat it when ever he chose. What think you reader of an officer who lays down rules for the inmates of the prison to keep and live up to and they themselves are the first ones to break out them—what think you of such an officer as I can't answer the question myself—I will leave it to the candid reader as a mystery to find out—Well after this 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 thither, stormy darts and these portentous 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 thunder bolt and knocking him from the high and lofty position to which he now stands, many have been and stormy nights when both aper and guard has been in the arms of sleep—that this devoted old fellow has stood his match like a brave man—the mid night air and the stormy winds have swept and howled over his head—thunder bolt
and lightnings has playd before his face. Snow planks and beating rain has come a pelting down on him. The glittering sun has thrown its scorching rays on him. The shadow of the Almighty Hand has just over his face. Yet the old fellow heeds them not. Neither does he pay any respects to them. Why the old hatcher looks to me like a proud taught old feller—and if it wasn’t for that devilish old pipe in his mouth I should respect him like him so much—look at him. Stand and firm he stands. See how he holds up his head and defies the sun to scorch him as the thunder blast to hurl 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 low 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 wet in rag and thinking of the course that he was bringing upon his family. He dash the deep stain of drunkenness 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 geese and swears at poverty nor stirs or mingle with riches—one cold frosty morning just as the keepers was coming in all huddled up in there over coats twisting and turning there heads at a small blow of a northwest wind I had to tear off in one corner where no officer could see me and laugh heartily what a jest they made at a little breeze of wind that came a panning there faces. While the poor old fellow had been a standing the cold watch of the night—dutiful old soldier said to myself one winter’s day you have cut your many a rainy storms and struck 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 hour 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 had trick about this fellow—which I don’t
like much—and that is he hate to much—he won’t look at it. I
believe the old chap would rather cut the buttons off of his coat
and sell them than to write— Why reader if you spoke to him
about much he wouldn’t listen to you—may he wouldn’t look at
you now he puts me in mind of some of these contractors who
comes in the shops a puffing and blowing as though they had done
a hard day’s work to buy heavy and tell his brethren upon the
convict shoulders to do just they themselves must too much as duty.
There little fingers with it as I stood a gazing at this old soldier
one day the warden he went to pass me and I had a good notion to
just the question to him and ask him if he thought that an old
soldier would stand so firmly and hold upon the field of battle
and face down deadly enemy of duty and call them faith lest being
afraid of insulting and hurting the old soldier dignity I didn’t put
the question to the warden. How many more years this honorable
old soldier has got to stay in there with his musket at his shoulder
I am unable to tell but reader many will be the cold winter
night and many the hot blazing days—many will be the loud
thunders that will clap and rap over his head—and many will be
the forked lightning that will play before his face before he drops
from his lofty white throne—when I cast my eyes on the old shop
he put me in mind of a song with a little shepherd boy struck
up and sung one day when he was aint on the green plains attending
his father’s flock His song was about one of these old fellows
and reader the merry shepherd boy song—they have ears but they
hear not they have feet but they walk not hands have they but
they handle not nose 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 shot bums shelves in your face—yet you brave old fellow you
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 midnight
air 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 destruction will be
sealed up for ever.

These now introduce the reader to the venerable old soldier
copper 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 trees on your cherry and
peach tree that are beginning to fall and decay away —keep straight along
until you reach the wall and cast your eyes upon the door on your
left-hand side where you will a little board up over the door in large
capital letters which says entry office stop in and throw a silver
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 reader through the prison as I was in the year 1824—the sergeant
has now provided you with a guard—he lays his hand on the iron
latch and the old iron door swings upon its hinges and lets you out
into the receipt—passing along a few steps you pass three dark
and gloomy cabins where the prisoner have to take up his silent
and solitary, alas! at nights—leaving him dark and lonesome. And when every thing looks dim, cold, and cold, the guard brings open out into the cooper shop, where you may see men right in the dressed clothes of shame and disgrace. A taunting and abasing and leaving the burning heartless of a hot summer's day— from the cooper shop he leads you into the tool shop, such stand in a lingering position against the wall. With the light wind blowing in the roof that the breeze may have light enough to do his work in the shop. It makes plain delicious and a path— from the dusty old shop he leads you out into the garden where you have a chance to breech a little of the dust off of your nice silk dresses— crossing the road the guard leads you into the Weave Shop, where you may see some lovely hands to mark the weaving carpets from the dirt old shop. You strike into the open air again and before you have time to take one puff of fresh air you find yourself in the machine shop where the loud clack of the smith's hammer comes bounding heavy in your ears leaving the dusty and smoky old work shop. The guard conducts you into the comb shop and you are glad to get out of as quick as you can on the account of the filthy smell in the 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 fumigations of every description and with a startled mind, which pace you would chose to sit in 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 if a lady of you get out into the open air without having your throat choked up with smoke and dust. In the shop, they make frames and carry on silver plating from the frame shop, the guard leads you into the smith shop where everything looks black and dark as mid night and the convict have to take up his solitary abode and smoke out the long and lone some nights of his time. Leaving them dark and chilling looking cabinets the guard leads you into the dining room where you the tables all set with seven or eight hundred wooden plates as your pass on.
spike. Soon land yourself in the kitchen where the guard relieves himself. Show him a bottle of soup and a pot of mush, a bunch of beef and a piece 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. He is just a swelling and fighting hard with the enemy of death—be the way you have spent a long term in the case; you have been passing through the shops have you talk sweet to him and try to bring him back to his mind the happy days of your boyhood and youth have you brought to his remembrance. Some well remembered tale such 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 use to be a humming over as you both

[Text continues]
This dark corredor, with a heart of pity and compassion and as you step 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 nor no master to smooth the pillow for his drooping head nor father to come and cheer his heart as all looks black, doleful and dismal— and with a sicken heart you turn from the dark scene which you have just witnessed and with a rival of thoughts a whirling into your mind the guard conducts you back to the hall from whence you first started from and before you know where you are you are bounding and skipping through the hall and 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 get on you as you pass through the streets inspect the smoke and gase of the unhappy broken inmate of a dark and gloomy prison.

I have now conducted my reader as a visitor through the 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 the regulations of the prison as it was in 1840 and continue on with my history and the improvements that have been made within the prison from that time up to the present time which is 1850 and I hope as I lay these rules out to the reader that he may be astonished how 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 than what it was then as the reader shall see in the following chapters—in the first place the convict must not bring his hammock and go to bed until the bell rings at eight o'clock—he must then step off his clothes, draw 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 himself 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 out—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 he must make 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 hands laid and our eyes a looking down upon the ground—when sitting at the table we must keep our arms folded our heads bowed 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 gone then you want to eat hand it to the quartermaster, and he will give it to the next man that wants it—must not take any provisions out from the table with you to the shop—must not sit 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 pocket in your pants coat or vest
must not look eye off if you work and cast an uplifted eye
at spectators—(I like that rule it’s 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——they came through to
gore and stare at us and not me at them) No reader we
are not allowed to look up at that all aged mother or father
who perhaps are passing through the shops and who prevent
us may never see again on this side of the grave—there is no
footprint with they have left behind them seem to be sand
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 without they first 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 to 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 ch—it comes down hard upon
you don’t it old man—— aint you sorry you come here
old fellow ch been up to see the doctor yet old chap about
your ced—did you tell him that you couldnt do with out
ch—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 stick into your mouth and chew it—ain't you sorry you came old man—they have play'd a shape game upon you here old fellow—sorry you came at last Eh God bless you old fellow I feel sorry for you and sympathise with you in your tone condition and your hard allotment—but let me tell you old man that you will see lighter and harder times than these a rolling and seeking over them silver locks of yours before the expiration of twice your time Reader do you want to know how these old fellows use to do when they mastard 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 case 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 half 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 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 and seeing no one the old chap would un button his coat and thrust his hand into his bosom and pull out a dirty looking piece of paper 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 to looking for more of the same kind.
regulations of the prison as it was in 1840. There were then ten ships again much had been let out on a contract to such I here give the reader a list of—

A list of the names of the different ships in 1840:

<table>
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<th>Ship</th>
<th>Details</th>
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<tr>
<td>The Cooper</td>
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<td>Tool</td>
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<td>Peach</td>
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<td>Home</td>
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<td>Cabin</td>
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These ships was built against the wall in a sloping position with skylights fit in the roofs of them and in a very bad condition letting the water down through the roofs on the convicts work in stormy weather. They had been standing for many years and had begun to decay all ready— and a few more years would brought them a falling and crumbling to the ground the whole prison took up fine 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 was to be my companions and inmates until the expiration of our sentences and on the fourth day of that beautiful and soft month. We was 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 ask us the following questions. Where are you from? What is the crime that you are charged with? How old are you? Are your parents living? 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 prison have you ever had laid upon you—ah are you a temperance man—look Reader see the heavy head old scamp how 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 his exercise and examination me was separated from each other and taken off to the shops where me wasn’t allowed hardly to look at each other for fear of a severe punishment. I was fortunate enough to get in one of the best shops in the prison where me had a good kind open hearted contractors whose looks bespoke good nature. I had not been in the shop more than two minutes before the Keeper called me up to the desk and in a rough and ungracious manner asked 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 giving 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 and hold down my head and not to look up until the foreman or contractors put me to work—ah you old tyrant you said I to myself as I sat there in this deplorable condition—ah you old villain you who cares for your rules—who cares for you or your cats—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—Why I have gone under the treatment of them little cats many a time—Why I have had them sunken deeper
into my back then everyone dare to sink them. I have had a worse punishment with them then ever you dare to give me - prow you aged tyrant who care for you or your cats - who care for you or your rules - while I was sitting in this deep rev of thoughts I heard the heavy tramp of footsteps a loud behind me - and in a moment the heavy weight of a man's hand was laid upon my shoulder - Here get up here youngster and take off your cap - said one of the officers - in a rough tone of a voice I stood up before Captain 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 come for two years - said he. I said sir that's nothing we will make a man of you before that time - Three old are you - Thirteen sir said - Well said - 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 - he said - now sir 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 their skillful influence over you and you yield yourself to them had a stamp - there many a dare face bound - in her was that will lead you into trouble and laugh at you in the end - Look out for them as he said three words to me and gave me such a lesson of good advice he threw his hands into his pocket and made his way out of door - oh how I cried - How I sob - How my lips quivered - When Mr. Tyler mention my father's name a consultant 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 there respected place formed into a single file - folded there arms and at the word go - on they marched off to the dining room to refresh themselves with course rough grub - Now as I past through the dining
room I had a by chance of looking some of the courts 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 winks from many an eye that had witnessed the punishments thereof, when a boy in the house of refuge. Many saw the dark and blooming eyes that I saw in that gloomy prison that had witnessed that awful and cruel punishment to which strong man and I got through the means of that black hearted Thom 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 Ike Williams and Thom King Joe Butler and Harry Williams. Willie Jones and fellow Tim Edwards and cleaner Hill—all were little Williams and fellows 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 lie and crime and was more inmates with me in a dark and gloomy prison—In the afternoon McArthur 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 but at the same time he would be a talking about something else which would make me burst out and laugh—One day this nig had said something to me quick made me laugh very much and cause 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 what it was and the keeper ordered him to pull off his shirt and he gave him a dozen on his bare back then called me and ask me if his nods was so hard that I couldn't live up to them or if I honestly meant to tread 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 he took off my coat and best and raising the lid of his desk he drew out a blue race hide told me to stand around fold my arms when 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 he would put something else on my back which would make me buckle so you want your old grant you paid to yourself as I hung my coat a crossing arm and went off to my work as you want you over your eaters raw hide contested me flinch I won't 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 what it was I don't remember for my bottom was burning with marks and my eye was flacking like fire it was only the next day when I sat at the table that mills unfolded his arms and put his hand under the table and past me a note which I was lucky enough to get milk out the keeper a being mischief after I got to my cell at night I opened it and read it and this was the contents of that note Well old huck cross the long bridge at last eh been a looking for you a long time come at last El well look out now for hard times and rough usage for they take delight in smashing the old cat here lack so everyone here had a stretch of the old jion already How they feel old long El worse then them down in the distance they show me respects to persons here rich or poor black or white they
I see them all a little back out—how long did they throw you for those you come from Webster. You don’t fail to give me answer to this—

Yours respectfully, 

Heaver Mills

After looking and reading over the contents of this note, I took the penknick Mills had swept up in his note for me and sat down and tore a clean white leaf out of my bible and gave him the following answer—

the author to Mills note—

those I’ll have to see hard times here. Old boy, have to push through all 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 pointing into my face—and fall down on my manners at cry blank. The typical hand gives me with the cats. Oh ye blundering looking youth, you—

The next morning, while at breakfast, decided 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. When I got back to the shop the keeper opened it and read it he then called me up and asked me concerning the note and what this Mills was and what shop he work in. Then I was caught up and según on the spot and how 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 except 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—slpt right up to the captain’s office told the truth. Played my bill by appealing the truth to him— and the account was settled with seventeen night blows on my bare back with the cats. Have firm stood with my arms folded— during that sorrowful moment—never flinch—never bridge—never...
I 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 pang of those sharp cuts—lust to punish would have been madness to me. I knew what corns and sores 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 a plump at a dozen small blows—Nearer I am to men that makes light of suffering humanity. No reader am I no joke over pain and misery it isn’t a thing to be joked with. God bless you—your poor sons of sufferings where ever you may be or where ever your lot may be casted. I sympathize 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 the treatment and laugh heartily to see Landy a great tall six footer jump up and fall down on his marrow then give a loud scream at every blow the keeper gave him while I was witting 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 shirt and gone back to my work one of the inmates pretended that he was showing me something about my work—and at the same time began to encourage me and praise me up there well I had stood the cats and to be careful of that nig that work aside of me or he would get me into trouble every day and that the keeper has a faithful 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 thoughts of reflection.
It was a beautiful forth of July's morning that the golden rays of the sun came a shooting through our iron grated windows. I sat at the table in deep and melancholy thoughts and reflections that the weight of a big heavy cane came plump a cross my knuckles for handing the man next to me a piece of meat. Much I did not want after I got back to the shop, the keeper called me up before him (which he did no more care about than if I had never stood before him before for I began to get use to his calls) and asked me if I certainly meant to break over and seek through those bright and golden rays of his. I tried to make some excuse for breaking our that rule. I had behind 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 arranged and stood convicted and must pay for the penalty of it by suffering under the binding and biting gall of the old cat and he look up in the dungeon until the next morning. Now well I forget that bright and pelting day of July as I was strolling to the Hospital that I ever took Mills who had been an inmate with one in the house of refuge and fell in a conversation with him and one of the release officers. Stepped up to us and asked our names and the name of the hospital that we belong to and 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 call'd me up to his desk, I asked one of the young chap men that I was talking to and what we was talking about. He said 'sir the office that you don't by nor mean to get along here without suffering under the lash every day but 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 through the shop and the keeper took him one side and whispered something into his ear about one they held along question 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 the devilish vices and learning all the iniquities and miseries that is prevailing within the prison he is letting these older inmates have the influence over him and learning to play these mean and devilish tricks and what to do with him I know not I have whip him until the blood came 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 throwing the lash upon his back he is a smart boy and seems to be driven with good reasons and justifications and if I let him lead to course that he is now a leading he will surely become an hardened convict and one day another will be lashed down with heavy balls and chains and become the inmate of a dark and gloomy dungeon What shall I do with by I know me other way to do only to put him over into your hands and into your hands I now place this hardened youth take him and put out your own pleasure with him the reader must have some idea of the feelings of my mind during that conversation of the Warden's and the keeper there I stood a nothing but a mere boy before two officers a weeping and crying horses tears horses eternal horse of horses came beating and satting upon 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 your boys. So the officer replied it was only yesterday that I gave him a severe punishment and now I give the youth over into your hands so that he may pass through hard and rough treatment— as the officer said these words these words Ely Cook asked what kind of treatment I had been through besides the cat-o-nine-tails—I consign him in solitary confinement yet. Yes Sir said the officer I have consigned him away to a dark 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 in the path which he is now treading he will be the ringleader of all the Vice and crimes that are prevailing within the walls of a gloomy prison— into your hands said Ely Cook will I commend you boy see that you go under a hard and rough treatment with him first with the cat-o-nine-tails and after that give him into my hands and I will see what torture there is in the stocks— then if he keeps on leading the career on that he now leads the crack of the pistol shall prove his duty— as Ely Cook said these words the officer ordered me to pull off my shirt. I obeyed his authority and to it off my shirt and he took forty and two blows into my back with the cat-o-nine-tails. I had put on my shirt by 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 very day— pressing his way onward he led me to the stocks where and enclosed me in a large lock which they called the stocks and made my hands fast and head fast so as I could not move my body at all these stocks where closed and made fast me as dark and black as midnight it became the hands and feet and stops the circulation of the blood for a long time—not a spark or a single ray of light is there to be seen until the officer see fit to open the door and let his captive face it was late in the afternoon when when I heard the heavy
Trump of two officers making their way to the bed where I was confined. The heavy weight of those came coming down upon the door seemed to topple me that they were the very men who had consigned me to the stocks as they approached 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 penitent manner. While the keeper kept close up at my heels with a big history cane in his hand. The Reader must imagine to himself how I fell and the pain I was under pain and hearing after pain through the treatment of punishment. Ay, you must remember that I felt weary and faint and nauseated enough to beg my head down upon the cold floor as soon as I entered my cell, and though it was silently against the rule for the convict to lie on his head before the bell rung at eight o'clock for him to turn in yet so faint and exhausted was I that I lying my head just as soon as I entered my cell. The light good came along and look into my cell and found me crouching in bed—ha! ha!—here said he come up here to the door. So I got up on my hands and knees and crept to the door as well as I could suffering with pain at every inch I moved. He told you to go to bed six-bed the guard who gave your permission in dont you know that it is against the rules for you to leave your turnack. He said. The pains and sufferings with which I have endured this day has caused me to break over this rule. Do not care said he of a man I breathing his last breath of life here, he is no lesser to break over the rules and go to bed. With out permission get up six and put on your clothes in vain. I try to read and converse with the hard and cold hearted devil but all of my tears and moaning and weeping and cruel treatment could not make any effect on this cold hearted devil heart but my heart right off and got the key of my cell door and on lock it and ordered me to follow him down stairs precociously and slowly did I follow the door down stairs while the cold chills of blood still clung to my back—grudging my way down the stairs.
led me out into the kitchen and order me to pull off my
shirt. I tied myself and turned my back around to towards
the cruel Haunted guard and all the marks and blood that
came coming from my back excedent soft on 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 pensive and
lonely in one corner of my cell with both hands up to my
face and weeping and given my mind to a few thoughts of
serious reflection I was aroused from the reverie of reflections
by a kind and a sweet voice that struck upon my ears like a
band of music proceeding from the White Milks throne of heaven
Good evening Good evening said the venerable old gentleman
as he approach my cell and extended his hand though 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 is as you have just through
trouble today Yes Sir replied I have been drinking out of
the cup of sorrow today and now tonight I'll have to
bath 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 were yet alive He said
I am thirteen years of age and the green grass is now
waving over the grave of my father and many has been the mid
winter snows that has blown over his grave the green leaf has
been a singing place for birds and the spot has always been
near to me and no one nor distance can bear a scratch from
my memory and as for my mother said I she was alive when I
left the land of my nativity Oh how I miss and how 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 angel sent from the portals of the sky to come
and on lock the prisoners door, and wind his chains and let
the prisoner free—he comes near me and brings a cord of peace
and joy—he comes to buoy up the down broken heart of the prisoner
and smooth his soft hand over the stricken brow—he is
my friend and to him I can unfold all of my sorrows and grief
and on his shoulders can I lay my heavy weight of sorrows and
it is him that will bear them away to the bleeding cross—he is
the best friend the convicts ever have around this dark and gloomy
prison—he is the one that tries to make our burdens lighter and
our situation more pleasant—he is the one that comes from the
cottage to the prisoners tents like cell and.sidebar and
sings with a friendly manner speaking kind and soft words with a
dream of the Convict (the reader must remember that the convict has
to bear hard rough words spoken to him while prison and a kind word
from the chaplain and a kind look and the shake of the hand with
the desert very often meet with lighten the old devils heart some and
makes him speak and shed many a sorrowful tear) he is the one that
tries to point that harder old gray hang convict to the bleeding cross—ie
he is the one that tries to bring back to mind that charge that
young yours mind the days of his Childhood when the master
printed a prayer with a sign 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 cure Home at one
tide never speak a cross an angry word to him but give him
well treat him kindly he will try to make your lovely cell and try
to buoy up your down hearted spirit and delight to do you good
during the time you stay in prison and when you leave your
lovely 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 wipe away the drooping
tears from your eyes and the same warm hand will smooth the
trouble that comes mingling down upon brave - come often - oh, how often have I stood with my ears up to the immolated door of my cell and listen to hear the tramp of the chaplain feet as he left my lonely cell, the tread of his bare feet seemed to sound like music to my ear, then loneliness and despair I felt again as he was gone - wonder the old prophet struck up a song and said - them beautie feet the feet of those that brings glad tidings upon the end of those tongs - thus have I stood and listened at my door till the last tread of the chaplain feet died away in the distance.

It was a bright midsummer day as I was mending from the table. That startled my eyes on three young men who had just come in taking a close side look at the middle man whose face I had recollected before. I found that it was one of the men who had been the means of sending me to a dark and gloomy prison - with a burning passion I long to get a chance to speak to him but I found it impossible on account of the irons. I was inclosed and pressed around to catch my convict they could not talking together I had fast away before I got any opportunity to speak to any one more than the patients in the hospital and it was my last right next to his the last I had a good opportunity of talking to each other. My God, in Heaven said I. This you see my boy, this was said in Heaven, for heaven sake don't betray my name, my right name you must never call me by the petticoat name with I came here by and what name is that said I. Halley Thomas said incense - hell 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 did I betray the scramble in the court house and have his oath rejected, the scamp I have known him to be a thief and a burglary from his boyhood - fool, fool, accused fool, that I was. My God, did I betray the scamp and I wouldn't been here.
a mingling with the young billian today—but as it was so late to end to bringing your wife home to the policeman, let us have a little chat together for now is now time and the curtain of darkness is covering the land—Well Bob didn’t know me when we sat together in Miss Mute’s house—Eh didn’t know that you and me had both eaten some bread and washed up one hop down to the House of God—Eh didn’t know that when you sat in the court house I knew you Bob but you didn’t know me—but given my old coat Bob said wherever I went I thought they set upon as a yelling drunk here—curse just you was Bob to take the blame of that damn infernal little—W—come down here to prison to pass a penanceable life—Why didn’t you let the trial go on and I would have held the duty little bitch in a dark and gloomy prison and cleared you from the scrape altogether—You mind inson said I. I have only a few more months to stop then I break out into the world again to mix and mingle with old companions—Well Bob God help you boy—With 1 was again with you said inson for I know where I can make a crack of ten thousand dollars gold—but my complaint is sealed. That I am afraid that I shall never be the outside of them walls again those inson and I left a talking till the time hour of midnight the seconded unfastened the the cracks and hung the he had made not the pistol he had leaded had discharged at travelling and had he had laid cold and frozen with stones beneath the waters waves and closed up his dark catalogue of crimes by telling me then he came to get here in prison in son was about the age of eighteen and in good circumstances when I left the room last night him he had been up to bungles and spent his money in the vice of inson and frequenting those places of hell until he became the prey of a deadly disease—But his soul watch his character the judgment committed a crime with brought him to a gloomy prison and then he stood with the right hand upon the platform of misdeed and 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 stigmata of Cain upon my forehead and the curse of a sinner and a heathen was impressed deep upon my brow, and I emerged the inmate of a gloomy prison.

I picked up that piece of meat. Do you hear me? I just that piece of meat off the floor. Said an officer to me one day, as I sat at the table and there was a piece of meat on the floor which I did not like—as he said them words he brought the heavy weight of his cane a cracking head which caused my head to turn, and for some minutes after—take that boy and confine him away to the dungeon, said one of the officers—yes your dear black-hearted curse said I do. The inspector allowed you to rap more over there. Heads with your cane and break those skulls in. Do you hear me echoed the hoarse voice of the keeper again. Do you hear me take you boy and lock him up. The officer stepped up to me and took me by the coat collar and led me away to the dungeon. I have suffered enough through your tyrannical hands, said I, and I am not going to stand it any longer. Shut up, sir, shut up or I'll knock your brains out with my own stick one of the officers. You dare not you dare face looking devil you—your decent said I. I drew a knife from my bosom which I had concealed. I'll lend you by and by young boy, said a heaving breathing tyrant. This dungeon is lighter than your black hearts. Said I, in madness and your hearts and cruel deeds is darker than this dungeon and your characters is blacker than your hearts. Present that knife for inte my hands. Said the officer. I went up 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 lock you dungeon door said Bag Ends as he approached my dungeon door. With the Chaplain at beside the knave 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 refusing to give it up—the pistol said the one of the officers. Big Cock presented the pistol into the under officer's hand who cocked it and threaten 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 forward 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 confine 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 you Big said the officer as he stambled my door to and threw the key on me. What did I tell you didn't I tell you that you boy would become an hardened convict if he was left to himself? it those cursed and infamous inmates said the officer that have been a blasing there silly tales in his ears and those cunning influences have been playing and shadowing over his mind as the officer said these words to Big Cock the Big 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 dashed it to the floor and pick it up and tore it in a thousand pieces and trample the leaves under my feet at these precious old books have often gave I thought of them. I trembled with
Dear every time I think of it and fear that every ray of hope I entertain which I had under foot till rose up in the judgment day and condemn me having nothing more to do and no more injury to commit on the place 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 when with good reason and an ample share of good education but you see dear face looking dials have withheld my mother’s prayers from my lips in these cases and Loren my father’s blessing from my heart with a heavy, heavy heart and took away from one all the good reason which God had endowed 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 of my 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 trodden under your feet 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 heartless officers that had made me hard and cruel and that they were preparing me for higher crimes and nothing one to become the fit subject of the gallows given me a few words of good advice he turned from my dark and
gloomy 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--creed and
nicked, metch of a devil, said I to myself in a burning
rage of anger after I had mused over my folly--nicked and
infernal scamp of a bug--you have destroyed that humble
old monitor that learnt you. A, B, C--tore and trampled
under your 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
when I left the land of my nativity there followed me to a
dark and a gloomy prison and now I have rendered the evil
for good--wretched and nicked--creed and black hearted
metch--when those clausent thin ears in deep, 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 blazencing heat of the sun the thoughts of this bible
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 the bible will be there as a witness against
thee--and a voice louder than ten thousand peals
of thunders 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.
Have said the regrets that Emittus his soul, he mentions the time that he first went astray and yielded his heart to the tempter. While he was in such a state, the time was ripe to extend him your hand to snatch him from destruction. The still burning brand of sin was the time while his heart was yet warm to list to his yearnings and whispers. 

Could you have thought that when kindness was soft, neglect and ill-treatment would harden to grief, that cut off from all virtue a man would in time, brood on vice and prepare for crime.

It was a fine beautiful midsummer Sabbath morn when the town clock was striking the hour of eleven. That ugly face of a man was looking officer came up to my cell and asked me to follow him. "I ordered me to follow him to the south wing—keeping close behind the officer with my hands tied in front of me. I followed him until we reached the south wing where stood Big Cook and another face looking down with pistols in these hands. On tying my hands, the officer ordered me to pull off my cap and stand two paces 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. He was no reason to give why this pistol shouldn't be discharged at your heart, and send you a cross that rests on the chest of a man. No mortal is ever permitted to return again, as he said. These words he presented the pistol at my breast, and was about ready to fire when the voice of the third officer inter-
him to hold a moment—you paid the officer me a bad boy and leading a pro and a miserable life—you are listening to
the silly yarns of the older inmates and following their
shoddy deeds and learning there 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 inequities of the prison and you are the ring leader of
every vice and crime that prevails within the prison—see too
your bible to pieces and trample the laws of it under your feet—
your put forth words out of your mouth which will rise up in
the judgement day and condemn you—you are bringing Warren
upon yourself and the gray hairs of your mother down to her
grave—the crack of this pistol will end your career for one and
will send you to that land where you will never see no more
trouble—are you ready to resign yourself in the hands of raging
nature—said By Cook—Sir I replied as a deluge of tears
came streaming and flowing from my eyes—he said the
third officer for in five minutes the pistol shall ringing a
bell that last bell of eternity which you will cross again—three
minutes more Sir is allotted you and the
Mortal shall take its everlasting flight—are you ready in one
moment Sir if you please said I as threw my arms
around By 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
are two minutes shall roll on they lead the death take shall
be told—again did I fall down upon my knees and clas
my hands together and begged By Cook to save my life for I
knew it was in his power as I arose from my knees the
three officers step one side and held a long conversation
and concluded to give me a sever punishment with the cats
after consulting together for more than an half
Here the regret that embittered his soul, 
he was now on the hour his last moment was near, 
and yielded his heart to the tempted思路.

The officers ordered me to follow them to the 
kitchen on my arising in the kitchen I saw several officers 
standing in the door awaiting my arrival, and among 
the numerous hard hearted, wicked feelings, Mr. cruel heart, Mr. Damon, Mr. friend, Mr. Love torture, Mr. 

I was, 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. Love torture stood by to keep count of how many heavy blows I got 
off with your shirt. Mr. Cat bearer in an 
rough and an ugly tone of voice. Off with it, sir 
said he. I am going to kill an ene. Stripping off 
your shirt, the tyrantical voice bounded my 

hands fast in front of me and ordered me to stand 
around - turning my back towards him he threw 

Fifty peren lashes on one according to the orders of 
Og. Cook. I was then ordered to stand over the 

dracon while one of the inmates wash my back in 
a pale 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 has upon the back when 

thrust upon the back of the sufferer the sting like the 

prick of a needle, and when searing in very deep the 
sufferer feels as though he had been bitten by the bite of
a dog or been scratch by the paw 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 twist.

It was a pleasant day in the month of September as I sat by the bedside of incision in the hospital. That the rolling of his eyes and the heavy beats of his heart seemed to tell one that the hour 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 night of death was fast approaching and there was but a step between him and death—inerson said so, you are gain fast and a few moments more and you will be sailing across that wide ocean—much you will never cross again—yes I 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 borne to the ground and my spirit will go a sailing down the cold streams of death until it enters in the presence of him who gave it. How hard—how clumsy and heavy the cold fellows hand feels 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 be snapping 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 quick hand of incerson and told him that the mystery of that sad day robbery that was committed under the roof of Miss. Mutterer.
Maclell. Shortly he brought out into the open day light and that I was the innocent sufferer of that mid-day's robbery — with a blasphemous oath and spitting down the stream — you wicked witch — you inessor — said I knew, do you utter such blasphemous oaths and miseries when you are on the very brink of that stream which lies open to your view give me another drink Bob — said inessor and I'll drink in honor of your health — I handed the cursed witch another drink and his eye balls began to roll and flush like a streak of lightning and the signs of death stood a blessing in his face — Hell and damnation, said inessor as he grasped the old companion of his bosom and dashed it to the floor. Take that bible out of my sight — and the fiery looking eyes of inessor — with a mingling with blood — gave another glance at the bible which he had dashed to the floor — and the dying outh turned on his back and a convulsive shake and groans of bitter cries — blasphemous oaths — Hell and Damnations proceeded from the lips of the dying inessor — a heavy hoarse a loud and mournful groan a horrible yell of murder and the agonal stretch himself out and expired while his back launch upon that little baw — which was hanging in the present of him that gave it — and his body was given into the hands of the detectives — the died inessor within the walls of a gloomy prison under the fictitious 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 a good nature and whose hearts seem no to beat with pity and sympathy towards me. — What a pity — what a pity! shouted the silver hair gentleman.
a pity it is that you are leading such a hard and a miserable life bringing cruel tortures and punishments upon yourself and listening to the advice of those that rejoiced over your punishments and ill-treatments—lest there a faster said Mr. Parsons—my father said I keep cold and silent in the grave—and my mother said Mr. Theron—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. Theron: have watched them the lie and this night perhaps she will be a sleeping for thee—as these two gently mention the parents’ names of my father and mother a flood of tears gushed from my eyes and I grieved before them like a child for I was yet young and tender in years—then I stood before these two gentlemen who appeared to befriend me and sympotize with me in my deep sorrows and distress no whipping cats nor torturing stocks in gloomy cells nor lowering dungeons no time nor distance can eradicate or wash the sorrows of that day from my heart—no devil no no tyrant can make me forget the day that I stood a trembling youth before Mr. Parsons and Mr. Theron—be careful said Mr. Parsons that you aint led away again by the cruel hands of your enemies and have to suffer under the rod—wicked little knave said Mr. Theron you tore the companion of your youth and guide up and tramp it under your feet—then little black hearted devil the voice of the companion will cry to thee out of the ground until the day that the gates down to the grave—with a quivering lips I took up the words of Cain and said my punishment is more than I can bare—ugly and hard hearted hearted they hast thou not learnt that the way of the transgressor is hard—and the rod said Mr. Theron was made for the fools back—you and the wicked said Mr. Theron shall be beaten with many stripes—awful—awful—alas awful will be your doom at the day of judgement said
Said one person, if you don’t lead a different life—I think that me have given him new life. I say out of that sacred old bell, that lies on my table at home, said one man. Hecoxen—fear I see they begin to shook him and makes the tears come out of his eyes—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—as I entered the ship door I met with just what I expected from the inmates—and of nothing but scarns and smears and decrises was in my companion, during the working hours of the day—long night I remember that good old gentleman Mr. Mohrson and long will I know the gray hairs of Daniel Hecoxen—Many has been the long and brotext nights when I have motion from my sleep and thought of the good counsels that was given to me on that September day by Mr. Hecoxen and Mr. Emerson and when lock in a dark and a sleepy cell my thoughts has wonder back to the counsels of that good old man that now lays asleep and dwelling beneath the cold clods—and these have been my thoughts—wonder if the venerable old man is seeing the stairly crimson and dust in that long and white roll in the coming down to his feet—wonder if he is get the golden harp and sitmet in his hand and striking up—-one of these new songs which no dare devil on earth can never learn—wonder if the venerable old man is handling his face and falling down with the favor and twenty elders and given his homage to him that sit 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 bleeding beneath the sands—Rest Mr. Parsons—Rest till thy bones shall crumble away to the last sand—and peacefull may they slumber he until the last man shall bear on 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 bended knee, and led me to the main door where I changed my tattered clothes of disgrace and appeared before the clerk in a neat suit of citizens clothes and a little bundle roast under my arm 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, a gazing out of the window into the streets 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 sentenced 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—Maddox ever lived—Have you a wife and children—Have you a father or a master a living—Did you have a trade before you came to prison—What employment did you follow when you was out and what was you doing when you was arrested—Have you an education—Can you read or write when you first entered this dock and gloomy castle—Are you a temperate—yes sir. Clerk think God I can last you right plump in the face and eyes and without a blush in my face to condemn me or to beg for me. I can say that I am a temperate man—and I’ll challenge the tallest angle in heaven to come down and swear in the presence of him that sit upon the throne forever and ever and say that he ever been so blind 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—the awful boys and dont fall into any bad company that will bring you back here to prison remember that you can never commit a crime without being detected and the all piercing eye of God watch us every movement you make—with these marks he pays the constit 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 resolved into the open streets and stood there to look and to be looked at—so Mr. Smith the clerk handed me the portion of money that was allotted to me. He held out 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. Fast then a mother said Mr. Smith—my mother was alive. He 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. He made a long speech and added with tears in his eyes—go and return to thy mother that she may yet have pleasure when she sees the sun arise in the morning and the first blossom in the spring—go cheer the broken heart of thy mother and wipe away the deep stains which you have stamped upon her brow—handing me a letter I plunged forth into the open street and shouldering my little bundle I began my teardrop march—oh then my heart beat high with joys and my eyes became with gladness as I tramp towards the land of my nativity on the fourth day of May in the year 1842. Through the kitchen the old cottage door was under whose roof I had been sheltered in the days of my infancy the sun was just a setting in the west as I opened the cottage door with the marks of trouble and care printed deep upon my brow and the blooming cheeks 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 rose from her seat and threw her arms around my neck and lifted a mother kiss on my cheek and a flood of tears burst forth from her eyes and her tears came dripping down upon my shoulder—you have fetched 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 master as I entered the bed room I opened the letter which I had got at the prison and found that it was written some short time after I entered the prison and had been directed in case of the chaplain the letter had been written by my old companion longman who was an inmate with me in the house of refuge and had made his escape with me to Harves troops and signed by the felicities name of James Hawkins—Reader these was the dark and gloomy days when gross darkness veiled over 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 pen and though the Honorable Mr. Seward was chief justice of the state yet he in all of his power could not grant the prisoners the privilege of vesting one hand maid to his friends through the mail at the point of death these was the dark and lonesome days when the convict 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 make away the long and lonesome hours that came all a hanging on him like a heavy weight by reading them the convict had no state and pencil to kill time with nor did he dare to have a knife in his possession to kill time with ah Reader these was the dark and cruel days when young Plume was right stuck 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.
hard and horrible oath, until the bell rang for them to seize their hammocks. I have heard horrible and bitter groans ascend up from those low cages, painful sighs and heavy groans came beating upon my ear from some poor inmate beloome me or next to me. Again the loud cry of vengeance has been heard a speaking in the midnight hour as the prisoner layd in a half dream of sleep, and murmuring over to himself the ill treatment which he had past through.

Though it may seem strange to the reader, yet truth is stranger than fiction, that the inmate of the prison screen receives one soft word of kindness from the officer from the day he enters the prison until the day he is discharged; his only friend and adviser is the chaplain who receives him with a bust after he is shut up in his cell at night. Throughout the humble old serner feels like the meaning of his sentence expires 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—how his eyes glisten as he enters the Hall to get his discharge—poor miserable old wretch again. 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 healing prospect before you, your long nights 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 stamped upon your brow, and with that mark you have got to face the cold
frosty world for the avenger of blood will be close upon your heels and the marks and prints of Cain will betray you where ever you go—cash over—cash over—cash over—cash over—clerk and let me be a walking my back towards the happy home of my boyhood and youth—cash over—and let me leave this gloomy old pallace. I say clerk is this all the money you gave to a poor old match like me who has worn hard for five years in a gloomy prison—yes six that is all says the clerk—hardly enough to push me home—and long before the next train train goes clerk—ah I hear the bell ring so for you well clerk I am bound for home—Hallows there old fellow the chaplain wants to see you before you go—cant stop now—cant stop he warned bound—no but come and see what he wants maybe he may say something to you that may do you some good—oh he may have something for you wish may give you a push out in the busy world—good God dont stay—cant stop a minute been away from home five years and the old woman expects to see me bounded through the gate today—so all thanks you must listen to what the chaplain got to say—cant stay there the cars ready to start soon—so farewell to you—and God bless you—a wicked old curse you—yes had ought to have stretched upon the gallows with ten years ago and being with the same suspender that he hung himself with—for declare that you are a hard cruel hateful old curse—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 fellow speeds his way—he touches the gate with the swung with his own hands one Sabbath moon
just five years ago— he looks around and he see a
deep hole in the fence where the musket ball lodged
one sabbath morn when he was firing at a mark. just
five years ago— onward he tramps towards the house
and he tread over the little mound that he dug and
laid a scant little angle in it. just five years ago— he
approaches the door and his clumsy old hand gives
a slight knock and the strange voice of a female
sends him into he looks around and finds that
stranger has taken possession of his farm and
his straight-angled spine lays across south palse
beneath the ground— he with tears in his eyes he inquiries
for the spot where lay the mortal remains of the wife
of his bosom— going among the unfraternized mounds
he see a new made grave with a thickening leaf
that marks the sacred spot where lay the mortal
remains of his angel— wife— wafting over the silent
spot for a moment— he sits himself down at the head
of the grave where lay all that was once fair and
beautifully as an angle— and he kisses the green sod that
covers all that was once sacred to him— as he leave the
sacred spot— he has the marks of grief sticken upon
his brow and the heart of the widowed man the
ready to burst and blood— leas[ing back on the
beauties of his boyhood and youth— he remembers
a rich old farmer that lives a few miles up the
country that has a rich store of gold— hid away in
the old pine chest— with a firm resolution to
grasp the glittering treasure he presses his way on
towards the landlords lying mansion until he
comes within sight of the rag— he then makes his
way to a patch of woods and hides himself till
darkness begins to cover the land— then he begins.
The cruel deed of plunder and policy under the
cover of darkness, until the heavy hand of the officers
is laid upon him and he becomes the inmate of a dark
and a gloomy prison again—let us now follow the
unfortunate Natchez to his gloomy home. Where he will
have to sit down in sorrow and plough through a
long term of years—Well old fellow, back again!—
how long did you get this time old man—three and
half—is that all old fellow—yes—and I reckon
that if the court hadn’t bribed the judge and the
judge bribed the jury—old man I don’t understand
your meaning—then I suppose you explain yourself
plainer—Well sir I mean to say that the jury was
prejudiced against me— and was bribed by a pack
of fools—and without judge or jury I was dispatch
off to a dark and a gloomy prison and here I am consign
for three and a half—Just bless you old man I feel sorry
for you and sympathize with you in your sufferings
although. I am going under the same discipline and
reatments that you will have to go through—Well old
dad being that we have got our galleries all swept off
clean and me are out of the fight 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—back old man I hear the footstep of
some officer let me see who it is—ah it’s no one but the
dayjohn again around to see if each prisoner has bible
in his cell—so get on with your tale old man—well
dear you remember the meaning that I left the usual
looking old place—ah yes old man I do remember that
bright and beautiful moon when the sun was shining
his golden rays through our iron grate windows
and your heart old man beaded highly with joy and
your eyes beamed with gladness and you longed to reach
the happy home of your childhood and birth—yes old
man along still I remember that happy day—proved old man
with your story—well sir with only two dollars in my pocket
I rush out of the front gate and announced my home and
reach the house of eight and nine I break the top
cottage door I was used to open as I gave a heavy rap at
the door I heard the strange voice of a female who bid me
enter I open the door and looking this female in the face
I found that strangers had taken possession of my house and
as white 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 room or a friend in the world
and the poor creature died a broken hearted and the affections
of my bosom lays wandering away to dust—alter taken another
look at the old cottage I made my way to the grave yard
and with tears streaming from my eyes I saw the new-made
gravestone of my wife—burying myself at the head of her grave I
wept like a child and moisten the green sods with my tears
gain along a little further I stumbled on the grave of my
little daughter whose little remains—lay turned to dust
long before this—hold a little old fellow I must interrupt you
for a moment—now say that you sat down on the grave of your
wife and wept like a child—yes sir and I would have kept
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 leaving for the
distance west where my father and mother lived but not
having one cent in my pocket nor no means of getting to
them I was obliged to plung 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 I was guilty—guilty yes I was guilty as a dog—well old man why didn’t you stop and hear what the chaplain had to say to you that day you went out, perhaps he might give 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 succeeding been back here today—ah old man you acted the part of a fool he calls you and hollers to you to come back but you refused his calls perhaps he might give you a God blessing all fellow and that might been muth he handed to you ain’t you sorry old fellow that you didn’t 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 pronounced 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 I go down to my grave—old fellow I believe that you are a harden old convict for you don’t seem to have any reflections about you at all—reflections for why my mind is troubled in reflecting every night when I enter your became all—well what are those reflections—well sir in the first place I remember that dark and chilly night when I had returned from a moon rise hole where the song and the cool the lower and the mid night cheer had been past around—I staggered for home—ten a cold mid winter night the moon was showing her beauty light in the street as I staggered past the window of my house I seen the angle form of my wife a standing at the window and with strained eyes she was looking and waiting for my return it was late and the moon clock had given the time and there stood my wife both in tears casting her gaze out of the window she caught my figure and with a scream and a streak she plunged out into the street with her hair hanging over her face and with tears in her eyes she began to come in the house and return to bed—but as I entered the house I caught her by the hair of her hair and forced her from the door—holding the door I staggered over chairs tables and plants until I reached the little crib where laid my
innocent little daughter folded in the arms of sleep, taken the little
beast, pitch up in these dastardly hands of mine I dash her
to the floor and lift her a bleeding in her gore—you cursed and
infamous old black hearted devil—you—state prison is too good
for you—and now old man—I believe that you have caused your
wife and daughter to go down to those graves in sorrow.

Masturbation: Or the Demon of a Cell.
I will now unfold the secrets and the habits of the prisoners and
point out the man of masturbation to the reader as he 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 sides or up to their
backs and an old dirty piece of rag tied around their heads sitting
and making their way to the hospital to pay the doctor three morning
visit— Reader—watch them all the way to the head of the stairs.
and the little devil makes full halt and begins to examine his own
palpate before he steps within the door if the seed still排s in good
order he hits his elbow a hard rap against the wall and then begins
to feel of his palms again and with one hand up to his side and the
other up to his head no back he walks in and takes a seat near some
post where he begins to scratch his elbow till the officer calls his name
to come in and he examined by the Doctor—The steps and ways
Reader as he proceeds may toward the doctor—his head lowered
and his eye cast with shame toward the floor—and the marks and
prints of masturbation printed deep under the lower brow of the eye.
he takes his seat before the Doctors who asks him the following question—
Well sir what the trouble with you this morning you seem to come
up here every morning and I am continually bothered with your
morning visit—what 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 acutely—I am continually sick at my stomach and feel
very weak—can you escape me from labor 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 has the Doctor been 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 promitue grave as the Doctor confides his crime and devilish deeds to him the poor little youth denies 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 is going through with the examination the Warden happens to step in and then the Dialogue begins between the two concerning this 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 earth and from hence he'll find an untimely grave—Doctor are you sure that your boy is a boy of masturbation—Sir, I am just as sure of it as I am sitting here and have the evidence of it under the lower brow of his eye—Well, Doctor suppose you go on and prove to me that your boy is a boy of masturbation—Boy, well sir, Doctor see that little blue streak under the lower brow of his eye—Sir, sir—Well, that's one sign of it and those little shadows that come and playing and flushing before his eye is another sign of it and unless he stops it Warden he'll become a demon of the earth and all the doctors on earth and the last angels in heaven can't save him from a promitue grave—I now give him her interregnum hands with the hope that he may quit the devilish crime and deed for it takes away all of his good feelings makes him weak and sick leaves away his reason with God has given him and in after days he becomes crazy and like a brute he lays down and dies into your hands I commit the boy for I am tired of his day running rags—With sympathy the doctor tells the demon to go down—Swallows him reader as he leaves his seat and running around to the doctor he asks if he must administer a little medicine before his pains I can't say if the Doctor gives you anything this morning for all the medicines on earth can't cure your disease—With curses on the end of his tongue he turns around and looks at the Doctor in the face and with madness he spits out his blasphemies author with the poor doctor having to carry
thereon his shoulder and on load them in the street or lay their low at the foot of the bleeding cross—Remember some years ago as Doctor Kings blood in the centre of the road that Istep up to him and pointing at one of those demons of a cell with him why that fellow had that dirty rag continually tied around his head—The Doctor 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 mystery and the secret habit of the man—the Doctor burst out in a loud laugh which 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 punishments and had escaped and I will challenge the best actor on earth and the tallest angle in heaven to come and look me right in the eye and tell if there is one single spark of masturbation a burning or burning in my eyes in the Marsh and the print of it under my eye brow

The Death of A Demon

Murder—Murder—Murder—hell and damnation take that devil away—Murder—Murder—bring that infamous match to me till I lay him cold and send at my feet whenever we bring him to me—he slays my father and with one stroke of his bloody hand he lay my sister cold at his feet and betrays the innocent blood of my sister—brings the damn infamous match to me that I may seek the revenge of my sister—Reader these are the bloody and terrible cries of the man of masturbation who has made himself so base and pratted the devilish deed until he become a demon of the cell—and suffering under the effects of insanity again the bitter cry of murder goes up from his lonely cell—And in a few moments more one find the officers standing in front of his calling to the marshal to bring ropes chains handcuff and straight jackets to bind the unfortunate match and make him fast until they can get him to the hospital—hear his bloody cries for longer as they are making him fast bear his longed moores of pain and the tears he shed a rolling down his cheeks all wet with heavy drops of sweat that comes dripping from his brow—and look at them
Eyes of his a flashing with blood and fire—his baleful green—and again his blotsomeous prayers—his bitter curses as he enter the hospital—and see his uplifted hand to give the doctor a blow as he comes near to smite him—Hark and you hear the bloody cry of murder again proceeding from his mouth while his eyes are reading over the dark catalogue that is written against him on the wall—he thinks he sees friends who have been laid in the silent graves for years—and he thinks he see a mans hand a writing down his dark character on the middle wall—and you'll him a striking up one of his old midnight airs—he his curse and calls for Heaven to turn his soul and blot all of his future prospects—he has ground and groans until you hear the heavy tramp of the wardens feet who has come to see what the trouble is—Reader hear the sorrowful dialogue between the Doctor and the Warden again—What did I tell you—Warden what did I tell you almost your boy—didnt I tell you that you boy would one day or another become a demon of woe and go down to a premature grave—didnt I tell you that insanity would one day or another take possession of the brain of your boy—oh! I remember warden I remember the day that you boy entered the prison and his countenance was red and handsome as a rose he was the fairest flowers cup that ever I saw—just in the spring of life—but alas—alas—the mother brand of masturbation has stricken the blooming youth away—Doctor cant you administer something that will restore him—why has pain at all—Warden all the medicine on this side of the grave couldnt save him—Hark 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 way—how sharp his dagger leath—and how eager he is to do the deed—Who art thou—I am the angel of death—and what is thy name and who sent thee—my brand is to plunging this dagger in the heart of you demon—was sent by him in whose hand is the life and breath of thy mortal—Stand back give way till I enter—Hold—Hold a moment there—Heavenly angel—May I cannot stop to use the bloody deed and take my everlasting flight—one stroke and the deed is done—Heavy groans are heard of the breast and a curse from the mortal lips and the dagger tells the last dastard tale and the
curse. He 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 malice. I see the acting of the demon of a cell—ah—he thinks I hear his bitter cries and his singular notes—methinks I hear his blasphemous prayers and his spirituel books—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 doom in large capital letters—methinks I see the great drops of blood a 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 none can return—

again

I saw an unfrequented nook where nettles and brambles grew they said no tears had fallen there it was a demons grave—

Reader I have now opened and unfolded to you the mysteries and the matters of murder—prison during the year 1840 and the awful consequences of prostitution which prevails among the inmates of the prison until this day.

The Dream...

She will remember that the glittering dream 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-treatment to which I had just passed until the cock struck the hour of ten and I refused to rest and fell in the arms of sleep and began to dream of the tortures and torments to which I had just passed during the two years of my confinement.----and thus did I dream. I dreamed that I had just returned from a dark and 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 Macrobius tears of affection flow any longer without wreaking some revenge on him who had been the means of my long separation from my mother--although the infernal matches had failed and failed in the hands of the devilish who stood ready with those glittering instruments to death the flesh from off his bones. I thought that I disguised myself in the trice of a female and taking a dagger in my hand I thought that I opened the door and plunged my way out in the open street. I thought that the night was very dark and cloudy and was suited to the purpose of my design. I thought that after I had open the door and plunged into the open street I that I fast my way onward until I came in front of a lordly mansion and halted before the door. I thought as I stood in front of that door that I turned my face around in any direction to see if I could see the form of any humane being who might be in the match a watching me--the cruel deed to which my bloody hands was about to commit.----seeing no person I thought that I gave a heavy rap on the door with the handle of my dagger--and a voice within said who is there?--a female I replied--I thought the bell being the door and the form of a man--a man--standing in front of me. I thought the man ask me what brought me to his door so late. Hour of the night. I thought as he said these words that I drew my dagger and plunging it to his heart and he fell at my feet with the loud cry of murder proceeding from his mouth. I thought that I with drew my dagger and pressing my foot upon his head I thought that I gave him another plunging and ere before he could give the second cry of murder the bloodiest dead at my feet.----pressing my way through several departments of the house. I thought that I entered a bedroom where lay a female upright in a long white robe and partially in the arms of sleep.---as I stood by her bed with an uplifted and an down
dagger in my hand. I thought that I looked the innocent girl in the face and the murder and look of pale as death - she said I was the guilty as her eyes... I am the wife of him who is to be laid aside, at your feet. Woman, said I, the tale of the midnight hour shall be told in the darkest deeds of crime by the revenge of your blood. In that hour, I thought, that the smooth hand of a female, just gently seize my brow with fear, caused me to wake from the tormented and cruel dream.

A sequel to the dream...

turning over on my side I fell asleep and dreamed again. I dreamt that I rode my horse that boldly ventured 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 those whom I loved, with my hands stained with innocent gore. I thought that I rode my horse 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 plead guilty of the horrible deed. I thought that I was taken to a prison and a gallows higher than Heaven was prepared for me. I thought that I was more than on the gallows high and was swinging between the heavens and the earth for the terrible 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 and shining 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, holding up a Bible in his hand, and stood ready to be a just witness against me, as I stood arraigned before the judgment throne of God. I thought the venerable judge and my father if that was his son, told me that my father (holding up a Bible in his hand) that it was my son, and in his hand gave him a piece to get me down and I left him a
Dying father's advice and prayer, and yet not with standing all of the be, had slight to the looking with I left him. I thought as my father said these words he raised his face and fell down before the throne. With four and twenty elders who was robe in long white dresses coming down below there feet and they struck up a beautiful song saying there was monthly of God to receive blessings in and glory. Casting my eyes on the right side of the throne, I thought I saw one Whom unto the Son of God. I thought that he held both of his hands up to me and showed me the joints with the adhesions he made and pointing with his fingers towards his side. As he showed me the wounds with the soldiers had made with thee. See now 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 trembling from his eyes where I showed me a deep mingled with vinegar and gall, oh ye wretches that I saw those large drops of sweat and blood come foaming from his brow as he said to me all the way. And he turned to find a place to sleep and burying his head he found a place under his father's stone and there he slept 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 was the axes and the dagger of that wretched murder, but these guilty said he, I thought that I told him that, I was guilty, and deserved the deepest ditch in hell. I methought a chancing, fretted looking devil stood 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 this sentence against me that I said Amen, Amen. Methought that after my sentence had been pronounced that this chancing fretted devil bound me hand and foot and led me away through a waste and a barren land and not a tree nor a rock or a stone in a yere of grass was there to been through out that long journey, to which we was travelling. I saw no human beings through out that burning plain — omened and onward. We past our way through long ere once and as while the heavy beat of a thunderwould strike upon my ears and then a voice louder than ten thousand thunder would say and what 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 tried and weary both thought I heard the infernal snort to let me sit down and rest—I thought at first I asked him till that matter fell of thunder struck upon mine ears and said—and what—you know your duty but did it not and as the silence died away in the distance—I thought the came in part of a large hole that was dug in the ground and I thought the old stove pick me up and tumble me in head foremost—me thought I sunk some thousands of feet before I rose at the surface—as I rose I thought I found myself in one vast burning pit of fierce mingled with briaman and fiery smoke there I saw fathers and mothers brothers and sisters aunt and cousins children and wives parents and children calling upon each other for one day of water to cool these parched tongues and burning lips—I saw I saw husband clinging to three wives and children—and children clinging to three parents and calling for rocks and mountains to fall and cover these defenseless heads—me thought I heard the double cry of millions upon millions taking up the bitter words and saying the harvest is past the summer is ended and my soul is not gone—me thought I heard another cry mingled with pitiful cries and peying—oh that I had sought his face and those anguished cries died away in everlasting pain and misery—and the torture and the torment of that burning day heated me so hot that I wake and behold it was nothing but a dream

The Death of M. Muttermer—And the journey to New York

Pause one here for a moment until I inform the reader the information with my mother gave me concerning Miss Muttermer—how what had happened to her during the two years to which I had been gone—my mother informed me that Miss Muttermer had become the inmate of the county house shortly after I had left and there ended her day...
boughs of every tree that stood around the little cottage made
obscure the rain in the street. The
flash of lightning came swiftly across my face and another flash of thunder
brought large drops of rain beating against the side of the little cottage
and the window sashes that thundered. My mother put me in
mind of the voice of God a speaking to the rebellious sons of men.
As I passed these words another flash of thunder broke forth from the
sky, and died pleasantly away in the distant north. A heavy deluge of
rain descended upon the earth and all nature seemed to be wrapped 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 blood was seen in the heavens.
As my mother placed a gazette at these wonderful sights, I seeing my
coat a cross my arm and taking the parental shake of the hand, my
mother pointed a kiss upon my cheek and I started for the city of
New York as I heard a drawn the little cart that led 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 young
looking youth whose countenance I thought I had seen some
before; passing this beautiful looking youth, I made a bow to
him and passed my way up the city; through the youth's lips a few
words and casting his eyes clearly upon me he followed me some ten
yards up the street meeting a confused man. I ask him he could
direct me to the house of one Mr. Flinn who resided in the city as
I said these words the white cheeks looking youth came up to me
and grasping me by the hand he shook it till I thought the very blood
would spurt from my veins. You are a stranger to me I said a
stranger to you the youth replied—yes sir said I—have you
performed?—no said the youth. I have sir I 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 Flinn said the
youth—I do said I—well this is one—with a pale flameless candle
upon my tongue I ask the youth if he was the very Mike Flinn
who had made his doing with strongman—Richard Walker and
me from the house of refuge—The youth became pale and
blamed that he over the bay long and went on to relate the story of our escape and the pugnions to wish me more in the day that we made our escape and also the story told me the kindness of Capt. Smith who had took us on board of the steamer and conveyed to Harriet there where we was none by Mrs. Johnson and several other ladies — this story convinced me at once that the guest who stood before me was some other thousands. Now — looking around in our one street up the city, until we reach the first avenue and entering in a little cottage I found yourself once more under the roof of Mrs. Hill — as I took a chair I ask Mrs. Hill if she could give me any information concerning, Strongman — poor strongman said the woman as big drops of tears flash down her cheeks — poor strongman is no more good. God paid it to myself what does the woman mean is the crazy or what did it that causes those big drops to run from her eyes — what does the woman mean when she says he is no more does she mean to say that he is dead — I do not understand what you mean. Mrs. Hill said if I will get you pay he is no more will you please to explain yourself — you see — I mean Robert that strongman has kicked the bucket and died — tell me. Mrs. Hill said I am you in earnest of what you say — I saw Robert said the woman as she wiped the tears from her eyes — he entered the room and gave in his name James Hawkins and fell in a few with one of the sailors and stuck him dead on the spot — and poor Strongman had to pay the penalty of that murder by perishing between the heaven and the earth — as Mrs. Hill said three words I rose from my seat and in company with Mike we first see my way towards the avenue seat as I enter the yard I ask one of the sailors if there was a young chap in there named by the name of Hawkins — I said the sailor he had kept the bucket long ago and barged down to David Jones locker, and did you know Hawkins said the sailor — yes, I replied — where did you know him — I knew him in the most said I — and he paints a sealing — yes, I replied he has rich parents a living some where in the west — never came across a location boy in my life. Then Hawkins was said the sailor — with an ad to upon his lips he swore that he would rather stretch the heap himself then to seen Hawkins
The death he died—learning from the sad tale of pain and misery
I made my way out of the world. With the painful thoughts that
stronger men were now mingling with theretched and damned in Hell
I then began to think of the pains and miseries to which I had and the scenes of that black hearted Adam King and the cursed and wicked path which he walked in present the last time I saw him.... It was yet late in the afternoon and Mike and I 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—ough Deb.
Told me it had went rough with him—I have one with many a storm and
many has been the tempest that has blown in my face and many has been
the tempest that has roared in my head—and thank God for blest
though them all and they aint a hair in my head wrong—I tell you Deb
has got a friend that sticks closer to me now than a brother. He is
this friend I'm afraid it will be—well God being the one have got it deep in the commotion
I'll give you the whole story of my life since the day I parted—draving
my chair up close to him to give me the following narrative—He had
had a poor miserable beggar in with hunger and thirst and cold in the reas
of shame and disgust and had not a place to lay my head and I was obliged to
go and live myself and to an old farm and great science—and my food
was nothing but the bread with the team did eat and my lodging was
in the dog pen with the dogs night—I thought it a very hard thing to
rise in shame of these beasts to satisfy my hunger and one day as I stood
in the dog pen I examined myself from head to foot and found myself a
sitting in rage—after a close examination of myself I gave a leap
from that old filthy old dog and forgot my way towards my father's house
we had none the idea we know we had no place to go in the end of the
day I was a bandit let the old man say the fine piece 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 plan in
with the resolution I took courage and pront my way over hill and
dale and mountain and lakes rivers and brooks through muddy meadows and
dark deserts—it was just about the eleventh hour of the day as I ascended
the Hill that lead down upon the road of my fathers mansion. I stood
on the ragged cottage that surrounded my fathers house I
saw the hired servants eating and drinking and having a plenty.
and enough to spare—there I stood ashamed to let my father see me back casting his eyes up towards the hill be saw me and knew one and with out stretched arms he threw towards me and drew the hill. I ran and the old man claps me right in his arms printed a deep kiss upon my cheek and wash me with his law—well make what did he do with you then—will he strip me of my rags and put a new suit on me—put a ring in my hands and shoes on my feet and one dinet together—how one and you have been treated enough and more. I bid you to arise and go and seek your father poor

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

Twice in the month of June 1841—I left the city of N. Y. and made my way home. Spotting in enemized I find the master of the ship. Abbey who by some means a matter had found that I had been the inmate of a prison—calling me towards her. She gave me a motherly advice and told me to throw the post that leads to vice and crime and prepare myself to meet God in peace as she said. And she presented me a 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 ship's hand, I put it in my pocket and bade her good by—and commenced my way home.

Her reachest his home—he sees the tears fall from his mother's eye—

Twice three o'clock in the afternoon when reach my home—op and as I enter the door my mother flung her arms around my neck and again the stamp the kiss upon my cheeks. My son said she was ben afraid that you had fell in with some bad company and find your going back to a gloomy prison—as she said the tears came tinkling from her eyes and a heavy load of grief laid heavy upon my heart.

When in my early life and prime
I laid the paths of vice and crime
My mother counseled for me
I took the evil road to crime I took
When in my heart she tried to place
the gospel truths and richer grace
the tear ran trembling from her eyes
methinks I hear a warning cry
A voice from heaven to me did say
dear son that we are a wicked way
for take the path of crime and sin
and heavenly gates you'll enter in

Her visit st Nicholas Miller, he becomes the inmate of a prison-----

This was the 27th day of June in the year 1817, that I went up to an springs
and there I saw Nicholas Miller, who had made his escape from one
the House of Refuge--taking him by the hand. I informed him of
Shangrila and the terrible death which he died under. Struck
and amazed, the long road a bond way of horror and distress, with reasoning
will never leave me, ever spring. roaming at home and committing a
time, which brought one back to a gloomy prison, as I entered the prison. I
found that the old shops had been all taken down and new large brick
building had been erected in the stead, for the sole purpose of the convicts
to labor in a new library had been established, and the convicts had the
chance of killing time by reading choice history, every man that couldn't
read a writer or cipher was permitted with a spelling book and slate and
arithmetic, and a lamp to study, by during the long winter nights, and a
teacher employed from the outside to teach those who couldn't read or write
or cipher. Books had been circulated through out the prison by some
means unknown to the officers, the convict was allowed to take down
his two marks as soon as he got in his cell, if he chose the mode of punishment
with the cells was abolished, and several different modes of punishment was
put up, the convicts was allowed to smoke 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 living 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 not, the one step for him...I
seen the window—the window has nothing to do with you, he said to me
about you to go with one—I told him, please, and plump that I wouldn't go
a step with him, and he drew his name to strike me, with as he drew
his cane, I sprung to my very luck, hand and grasp a knife and told him if
he laid the weight of that cane more I would pluck that knife things,
him as I said those words the releasor officer sprang to the desk and snatching a scabbard he presented it at me—present that knife to me, he said he— I must do so said I as I stood with the knife shining in my hand—present that knife to me sir or I'll break you to the floor with my own—I went up—crack that pistol on him if he don't deliver that knife— as he said these words the releasor officer demanded the knife from me which I held on to until the Warden came in the Warden entered the door the releasor officer said that he demanded that knife from me in the name and in the authority of the Warden—Warden or no Warden do you want here that knife as I said there was not the Warden demand the knife from me which I thought was no more than my duty to deliver in his hands as he had the higher power in his hand—handing the Warden the knife he said it one to follow him to the dungeon which I did and was kept there until the next morning.

The author 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 me in my temper had yet cool— 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 an reply for I had no good reason to give it was that had and did wish temper of mine which had led me astray he then asked me if I didn't think that I deserved a severe punishment—I told him I did and he in my cell and ordered me to follow him I followed him to the state ship and taking me heavily in hand and chain he made it fast to my leg and put a pair of handcuffs around my wrists and made me hold both hands up straight over my head where 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 a pulley until it brought me right from upon my shoulders and made the rope fast in thisSend the text into the novel to the 10th word and make sure there are no errors.
The author is handcuffed and hick upon a hick...

This may be said: an officer to me one morning in a snapped and a smacking manner: this may be. I followed the gallows looking gentleman up to his deck to see what he wanted of me. So early in the morning as I reached the deck he asked me to take off my cap and get upon that bank—what nerve for captain of what nerve for Deed's—insolence to the farmer get up there, oh well. So said I, if that is all the kind of punishment that you are going to give me for insulting the farmer, I will give him a little of my liquor to eat every day, for he deserves it to come and white—wear out. I was now seated at the deck, said the officer. I confess there must be talk as that, as he said the I sprung upon the hick—like a streak of lightning, and the officer put his hands upon my neck and my arms and legs and left me to conclude and treads on my feet conduct and to become a petulant to the farmer. I was passing through the shop, most every time of the day, took reader what a pretty looking sight that is a man kicked upon a hick to be stared and gazed at by spectators. For three years, I was kept in the condition in the blood began to stop a circulating in my hands and legs and I was forced to beg the farmer's pardon and that settled the whole hash and homes untied.

The author is just in an iron cage...

This may be what you do—come along, I tell you and come the way—can't come. Do tell the farmer comes through the hopping well his story to you are and I bet you'll give the day that you didn't come when I tell you—being a long gaited bell for the Authentic, to come in the comes and in the twinkling of an eye, the office gives him his orders and before the officer has time to get the mind out of his mouth. The writer is on a run after the eiderdown. Wherefore there comes the farmer—striding along with his heavy cane in his hand—wonder what he'll do with me, thought I guess.
lay the informal... In the short there a drop of water on my head like a heavy complaint as if just as much a right to hear my complaint as he has the keepers and he begun to do it to before he punish me—after having what the watchman had to say the watchman gives a kick in with his hand for me to come to him with the burning rage of madness I pull off my cap and dash it to the floor and he begins to ask me what it trouble me. I relating to him and he tells me that I am reported for being so sullen to the human and bring a million of other old indictments against me which I had committed two or three years ago. He then orders me to submit myself to the punishment which the keeper is ready to inflict upon me. With the burning heat of madness I submit myself into his hands and he lead me down with a heavy iron gate and a fourteen weight ball attack at each end of the gate. This I must more enter I beg the favour pardon and confess my guilt 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 take the heavy burden of my neck and I feel as much as a child three years old. Hear what the officer says Reader as he is taken that all Egyptian, take off. If you don’t behave well tell you how you are the worst slaps in the prison don’t know what to do with you and she said words and a thousand other truths he orders me back to my yard.

The author in the shivering bath.

I went up to follow me. Said to the watchman officer to me one old winter morning as I stood shivering over the stove with cold I find the hard cold hearted wretch while he bid me away to the shivering bath. I was well aware of what the officer wanted of me, when he called me and I prepare myself with a shingle to fling in his heart. The moment he understood to commit the cruelty upon me which he had intended too he was an officer with I made like a new coat in ever hear the sight of him when he bid me passing through the
Shops I was determined to plung a knife deep in his heart, the moment I reached the showering bath, if a good opportunity was offered and by the cruel-hearted murder-dead, at my feet and suffer in the hands and power of the law-mother than to be tortured to death by this cruel and tyrannical keeper. As I reached the shower bath, there stood three officers with big long clubs in their hands and Doctor Briggs to notice the cruel treatment to which I was made. I passed through the shower, reach the spot where the cruel deed must be committed, the officer address me thus—you are a hard harden convict, and the ringleader of every vice and crime. There is no crime committed within the walls of this prison last but what you slip your fingers into it and seem to have a part and a share of it too. Sir, I am going to give you such a showering that here in the presence of doctor Briggs and those other officers, that you will never forget till the day that you go down to your grave, as the black-hearted murder pulled off my clothes and put in the showering bath—do as order me this to do—I drew a long steel knife from my pocket, and I went ahead for the purpose of destroying his life. The moment he attempts to step out towards me, and told him that I was not again in that showering bath, the cruel step-dead, by a Dr. Heilman, cruel-hearted murder again and again, I asked one to pull off my clothes and put in the showering bath, as he order me. The second time I draw the knife, with all my might and made a desperate plung at him, and would lead him cold and waterless at my feet in moments time. I had not the power looking in the rear of me to see my friend, the cruel management on his end, and the cruel murder, and did not stop only at intervals for me to get breath, till I had received eleven barrels of water, while the officer made gain 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 that I could stand they took me out of the showering bath and made a bed and chain foot to my leg with I had to carry for four months. 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 sets on board of her and when I see
So many young men take 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 her is continually in danger of his life or of getting his good reason lost in one of the poor unfortunate passenger who steps on board if he has committed a heavy crime for
will be sure to meet with a heavy, tempest-tossed, if his crime be a small one a light gale blows up and the poor unfortunate little craft just off. This light, shining, gleam, is that poor man who is bound to her and expecting every moment to be lost in an array of showers, gleam of the weather. She touches the harbours and lets her anchors drop—oh, his heart beats with joy—when he hears the captain give the orders to take in the sails. This little craft is conducted by the window of the prison, and he is the whole control of her, no captain dares take a passenger on board of her without his consent and without he is a standing by——

The author death in an iron cap on his head——

I hardly know what to do with your said an officer to me as I stood by the side of a master ship a 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 this may tell I put the cap on your head—me he said I, you can put on an iron cap on your head for talking—yes, you must put on that cap on your head for I said here, he said I as I stood with a knife in my hand—yes, you can put on me with one such royal division as that, and last will with an iron cap fixed on my head, as I said—go you had better just to an said the office before I lend the window as he said then words I stop the cap and let him put the iron cap on my head and I went off to my work, mumbling over words of revenge to myself with the knife still in my hand———last reader and that a hand—my looking crow for a man to have two a three days on a stretch——

The author in the Spread Eagle———Dr. John Lewis's advice to him

It was a midsummer day. When I was called by an officer to follow him over to the State Shop where hang a rope in the shape of a string
which the convicts gave the name of a Spread Eagle. This Spread Eagle was a kind of a mode of punishing the convicts who displayed the rules of the ship as if upon the state ship. The officer let down the ropes and made them fast to each other; he then tied one end of the rope around an ankle and taking hold of the other end which was made fast in a purlie he began to hoist away until both of my arms were stretched 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 or two feet from the floor and made the rope fast and meant and sat down in a chair to watch the pain and misery to which I was to go through again through the suffering and torture and tormented pain for about one hour all. Thus the principal witness of the prison happen’d just through the ship and for me in my pain full conditiona standing on one leg and arm stretched out in full length. The step up to me and ask me if I could get along without gain under so much torture and punishments. Told the old gentlemen that I thought I could if I only tried he then told me that I was a smart boy to work and was determined with a good teach and knew enough to go right straight along without getting into any trouble at all. You let your temper carry you always and then that gets again it appears as though the very devil does working further in you. I think you have suffered and gone through hardships enough to have your heart become your own. As the old gentlemen stood a talking to me in this manner the tears came rolling down my cheeks and I began to think of the advice which Mr. Davis and Mr. Thomas gave to me in former days and the prayer and the promise to which my father gave me before he died. The Col then ask me how long I had been going up to which I replied about one hour. He then went and returned with a Keeper for me and I was let down from the tormenting mode of torture promising Col. Lewis that I would strive to do better in the future. Each phrase was that a beautiful looking morning for a man to stand in for two or three hours on a stretch. It monments the whole body and for days after the poor unfortunate suffers the torture and pains of that cruel Spread Eagle.

Col. Richardson advises to the author.

It was a cold winter day as I stood in the kitchen warming myself by the stove that Col. Richardson stepped up to me and addressed me in the
following words—how often I think of you when I am home, and long after your eyes are closed in sleep. I am praying for you; it makes my heart bleed when I think what a fool you have made of yourself and become the burden of all kinds of punishment. Why not come from this very cold, bitter day that and be wise. You may think what you please of what you mind to get. I tell you young man, that my very heart bleeds for you and my prayers to God is night and day. If you will one day as another reform and become a man, remember the day is coming when you must by your drooping head upon the pillows of death, and must dip your feet in the cold streams of judgment. Then shall you find, that cool soft of your mind stand in the sight of that God, who will be your judge, you may laugh, scorn, sneer as much as you please to what I now say to you, but remember this—on that day, we'll judge once to your sorrow. You'll hear the lonely groans of the angle feet, a heading at your door, and with a voice hoarse, louder than thunders, he'll stand with one foot upon the sea and the other, and the land, and both his uplifted, beard will swear in the name of him that sent him that—come were more then all these woe will that kind of your life. As I stand before the gentleman upon the cold stone floor, tears come, gushing from my eyes and I thought of the advice which my father gave me before he died—there I stood a living Minnie before him and knowing hardly what to say as he implored me to weep the tears of that day when I must stand with the millions before the judgment seat—with tears streaming from my eyes. I turned from theesable old gentleman, and went and sat down alone by myself and fell in a deep reflection. I thought to myself—Mr. Ritchie—cannot I hide myself in some such cave in that day—cannot I screen myself from his all searching eye in that day. But I can't. I call for some rock or mountain to fall and cover my defiled head in that day, but the voice of this venerable old man seemed to speak and back to me and say:—next year in that day the pecks and the mountains will fall and melt away like snow before a burning flame. The man will become as red as blood and the stars of heaven will fall and fade away. The sun will become as black as the back cloth of black, and all nature will be a creeping and madding in that day because of the things, and shall fall upon the heads of men—listening to the good advice of this.
An old man I made up my mind at once that I would go on and try to reform and become a better man—and from that day to this I have had no trouble nor any punishment for the tenure of that day seems to stick on still to this heart.

But in that day when I shall stand before God I'll then know my back where the tyrant has placed it with the cats and will point him to a closet and a gloomy dungeon where I see his head may be cut off and his heart pierced with the cold night with no bed or a blanket and some days at a most of bread and water and I will point him to the planning bench and tell him the manner in which his heart and blood and life and soul have been adorned with my body I will tell him the manner by which the mind he has tortured me during my confinement within the gloomy walls of a prison these who might have done me a harm if I had turned to his destruction and took away all of the good principles and reasons to seek peace and quiet in the ground with and the high and noble mind which God had given to me have all been destroyed by hard usage and a hungry diet—my prisons with my mother's shadow upon my lip have all been mixed away beneath the waters of a flowing bath.

The convicts' jewelry consists of iron or brass, for instance, his finger ring, which is made out of a piece thick brass or iron is highly polished up and worn on his finger until it begins to lean its color or to get a little rusty, then he puts it off and rubs it for hours on a nut until it begins to shine, then, he then puts it on his finger and wraps it up nicely in a piece of paper and keeps it until Sunday, he then puts it on and carries it to church as a memento of his breast pin consists of the same metal and polished in the same manner—his neck lace is a piece of cloth like his shirt, which is a piece of coarse bad ticking with a piece, nicely tied in it—His diet, is broken bread, beef, potatoes and a pint of coffee over a day, this he has for his breakfast—his dinner he has bread, meat, potatoes soup, and a cup of cold water—his supper he has a dish of mush and molasses and a cup of cold water. He always has a cup of coffee at night and then dines it with a course, appetite if the poor unfortunate wretch is sick with a broken down health and can not eat, this course only.
food he goes and makes his complaint to the Doctor who rules his course diet to be changed for finer food until he gets better. This former food consists of fried meat, baked potatoes, white bread, crackers, coffee and a cup of tea — before which he can get this kind of diet from the Doctor to eat 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 eat and to go through a thorough examination by the Doctor, and if the Doctor finds that he is a man of indigestion and improper habits, who is bring a serious disease and death upon himself or if he see the least spark of masturbation, playing and slovenly in the prison, they seize him away with a scene of pity and house nothing to do with the method, and does not cease him to grope and groan out the remainder of his days in pain and misery, but if he finds him a poor sickly being 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 rag, in sick, 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 out a cane and carve it or tinker at a tool; pick or perhaps to finish an old jack-knife while he's been to work in for more than two months the itch after the gets it done he takes it off for a plug of tobacco or a finger ring — thus 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 on looks his door and he marches off to church, where he hears a good sermon, preach by the chaplain, and then returns back to his lonely cell the same wicked and burdensome cell as he was when he left his cell; he then sits down and begins to hum over some old song to himself or seizes and dawns 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 as the humble meal which he brought up to his cell with him, and then begins to brood upon base and crime and over his back...
afterwards these thoughts a streaming in his mind, he swings his hammer and throws himself down upon it; folds his arms across his breast and gives way to sleep; he then awakes and in a manifest manner he says aloud: 'I wish I was home with my wife and children: he then arises from his cold, rough bed and begins to pace his cell to and fro until his head—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 resounding from his lonely cell—'that I wish I was home as he says these words over in a mournful way, he falls into a deep reverie of meditations and reflections and says what is it that has brought me here to this dark and dismal prison where I must spend the rest of my days in ill-treatment and hard usage—what is it that has held 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—oh! I see the cause of my downfall now—I see why I have been taken from the under the parental roof and brought here to pass a term of years in this gloomy prison—and he says it was for the early veins and crimes which I practiced and followed in my early childhood and youth and breaking through the parental restraints of a kind and a good mother—this is what has brought me here to become the inmate of a cold and a gloomy prison and the hanger consists of a demon cell, and the internal scratch of a gloomy dungeon—with these solemn and silent reflections he throws himself down upon his bed again and falls to sleep a 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 expires and the day breaks forth for him to rush out into the open world again where he may go and enjoy the happy comfort of his wife and children.

The new com'er Dialoguue between the new com'er and an old inmate—

Wife methods to 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 seem to be mingled with those tears—ah there he is—a fine looking young man—be appears to his be 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 and demands to speak in thunder like tone 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 thick clothes and to have his hair braided off close to his head—after passing through this apparence of cleansing and dressing the officer in a harsh may orders the poor broken hearted wretch to follow him—with a drawn cutlass boat and a face as pale as death the poor unfortunate still follows the officer until he reaches the cells, where he must pass through an examination and answer the many questions which the keeper will put to him—after passing through this examination he follows the officer back to the kitchen where he sits down and has his head down toward the cold stone floor—and covering his face with both hands he falls to 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 dialogue 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 sympathise with you in your hard and cold allotment—how long did the judge send you for—five 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—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 grief to young men 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 pincers and scorpions of the older inmates and yield your self to their bad habits and influences you'll have to learn and follow these devilish devices until you learn the mysteries and the mazes of the prison and become the master 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 you in you'll have to be the unfortunate watch of an irritable or the miserable watch of a bell and chain and if you cast an ugly look at these 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 shower bath and there shackle your till a new reason is taken away from you — nor is this all young man you'll be taken off to the ship where there will be a heavier task given to you for to do and if you don't put in and do it —

You must go to the dungeon and there you must stay and eat bread and water for many along days — this is hard 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 meatment but we've got to eat it or go with out you must eat a little to a time until you get use to it — you bad I feel — how — sorry I am that I never took the good advice
of my mother—yes young man it makes my heart echo every
time I see so many young men rushing within the walls
of a gloomy prison where in the course of time he must become
the warden inmate of a gloomy prison again the recre
comer leaves his head and covers his face with both hands
and falls to a weeping his tears his sighs his bitter groans and
bound souls is heard until he enter his lonely cell—there
then is the time to stand at his gloomy cell door and hear the
awful and bitter swallowings which he takes up—match him
there fora few moments as he stands in bath in tears and
casting his sleepy looking eyes around those cold walls
that holds him so tight—match him as he layes his face upon
the bible that lain on his shelf and with a heavy grasp he
pulls it from his shelf and opens it and begin to stumble the
leaves over and over until the bell rings him to bed—it was
a cold and winter's day when Jack B our new comers had
entered a dark and a 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 roll’d of his head he had learnt all the
mysteries the miseries and the iniquities of the prison and had
become a man of instableness and the tormented demon of a
cell and a deadly desire and a premature death is now waiting
to convey his body to the tomb or into the cruel hands of the
deputies

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

When an old man first enters 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 be
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
lonely moments in reading if the weather proves to be warm and
cheerful the officers allowed him to stroll about the yard where the
old man regulates himself by laying down upon the green grass and refreshed himself with a little sleep. When convicted it 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 work the Doctor sends him a written order of release from labor until he is well with the convict hands to his regular shop keeper the Keeper then takes the written order of release and reads it and orders the convict to go away and get 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 the convict play upon the Doctor—say convict who is really sick or disease it is allowed to visit the Doctor every morning between the hours of nine and ten among the seven and eight hundred Convicts that are in the prison some fifty or seventy make it a rule to visit him every morning whether there is anything to matter with them or not so it makes it hard for him to tell whether this man or that man is able to work or is sick to be sent back to his shop without any meddle for instance one man wakes in the cabinet shop and another man works in the copper shop they perhaps want to see each other or be to stroke up some business game the make a sign to each other with their hands or fingers to come each other at the hospital on the following morning and there they'll sit aside of each a dissecting there 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 shop where they are reported 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 here 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 preach or for the sole purpose to traffic and trade.

The words of Horace C. Cook

This was the twenty-seventh day of May in the year 1857 as I stood within the walls of a dark and a strong prison that
I stand before Mr. Horace C. Cook. Dressing in my shabby, clothes of shame and disgrace—making a low bow of respect to this gentleman. I address him thus—Mr. Cook said to you dont want this glassy place near me with a tear in his eye. He answered me in the following manner—Mr. Cook, he is almost breaks my heart every time I pass through the prison place when I see so many young men rushing and pressing there. Maybe to this glassy prison it makes my heart bleed and my hands sear is my time I pass the glassy walls. Drawing his handkerchief from his coat pocket he wipe the big tear from his eye and the perspiration from his brow. 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 their days in a dark and glassy prison. With tears in my eyes I turned from this gentleman and went off to my own 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 leading to me when he entered those last days? or could he have been a leading to some rich man who had once been a college boy with him? methinks he must have been a mistake in the number to whom he was addressing. Yes Mr. Cook—he was when I first entered this prison in the days of my boyhood. The cheerful respect and good manners bloomed and shined in my face like a midsummer 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 never was printed upon my lips. His dying advice was strong upon my heart but these hard and cruel hearts of tyrants has beaten me with many stripes and taken my education my good reason and good education had given me all away and made me to become the harden convict of a glassy prison in that
day when God shall send his judgment who shall smite in his name louder than a houle of thunder that time is more then will I haunt the tyrant before the throne of God, who has lock me in a gloomy dungeon. I will join the same tyrant 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 hammering through my crowded door here I laid awake in silence and thought of the words of that son man which he said to me with in the walls of a prison and the words of Mr. Horace C. Cole still remain in my memory and they still there today and still untill the day that I go down to my grave and they will be stand up in the judgement 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 gloomy prison together with the rules and regulations of the prison from the year 1525 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
Tape — do.
Woven — do.
Home — do.
Lake — do.
State — do.
Cabinet — do.
Shoe — do.
machine — do.
Rug — do.
Spin — do.
Tailor — do.
Conclusion

Reader may have been the sad and doleful cry which I have heard ascending up from those dismal cabins within the walls of a gloomy prison—and in the nightly watch of pity the loud cry of some young mother. Man has said that I wish I was home—and the still mid-night cry comes a bursting upon my ear from another quarter of the prison, which says I am sorry I come—many has been the long sublimate day and the cold chilly nights as I have laid on my coarse and thorny couch that those doleful echoes has broke forth upon my hearing—God bless you, my dear companions of solitude and sorrow—forth from the 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 folded in the tender arms of your sister—had—I had indeed is the convicts all trust hard is his food—and hard and rough is his bed—and cold is his cell when he returns to it on a cold winter night—all is his treatment and hard is his usage—black and dismal is his prospects and gloomy is his home, in silence he sits and thinks on the scenes of his boyhood—and in misery he faces his lonely cell a howling on life and crime—With a broken heart he lays his dropping head down on his pillow at night a thinking what after he'll ever return from those gloomy walls back home to his friends alive—discouraged and heart-broken he stretches himself out on his couch and gives way to the secret habits of the convicts—Month's away away and he becomes thinking man of meditation—and the demon of a cell—Weeks pressure on and he dies the death of demon—he knows no kind to give the signal of his departure on to tell his body away to the grave—he has no friend to carry the sad and doleful news home to his friends or to tell of the fatal cataysthe that had fallen him—to friends but the rough hands of the convicts to sink his bleeding bosom beneath the cold clods—Not a friend in all of God's world to drop a tear upon for the green grass that covers his mortal remains—all is dark cold chilly and dismal—Reader he 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.