Title: The Life and Adventures of a Haunted Convict, or the inmate of a gloomy prison. With the Mysteries and Miseries of the New York House of Reffuge and Auburn Prison Unmasked...

Creator: Reed, Austin, 1823?- 

Date: circa 1858

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The Life and the adventures of a Haunted convict
Of the inmates of a gloomy prison
With the mysteries and miseries
of the New York House of Correction
and its various forms of punishment
with the rules and regulations of the prison from its establishment to the present time, and the different punishments.

Chapter 1

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 15, after taking the last look of the dying man. I turned from the dying scene, leaving the angle of death to finish the last and awful work; but oh! who could describe the feelings of my bosom heart when I saw my father laid cold and lifeless in the coffin. Then that was the hour when all the fond recollection of my dying father came rushing in my mind: his last look, his last dying advice in his last prayer, and his last blessing. It 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 for my mother when she should be bowing down beneath the weight of old age. How often in my bosom days when the bright sun was just about to sink beneath
The adventure of our story was born of humble parents in the city of Rochester and lost his father at the early age of six. Let us trace him up from that period until he became the vagabond and the fugitive of a dark and gloomy prison. The bright rays of the sun were just glittering through the windows when the voice of a female called him to come and witness the death of his dying father.
Ms. etc this is the beginning of the first chapter of my book. Please not to forget to lose it.
Chapter 11

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

I was a beautiful summer meaning that my mother put fifty cents into my hand and bade me to 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 changed all into copper. I then took my way behind an old barn where a lot of boys were pitching pennies. I fell in the game with them and soon found that they both was pitching against me. I left their company and went to the store of those cents. I then went to the grocery and bought the sugar and returned home. As I entered the door my mother asked 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 keg of water.
I slip out of the back door and made my way to the city, a listening round the street until night over took me. Then started my way for home, the dim light of a candle was burning in the house. I crept softly under the window and there I laid a listening and shivering with fear of an awful punishment. At the moment I entered the room, as I lay there under the window I could hear my Mother talking to my brothers and sisters in the following manner—

That boy will surely be the cause of bringing my gray hair with sorrow down to the grave as she said those 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 rushing down my Mother cheek. The order was off to bed, where I heard in and slept away the gloomy hours of the night. It was a long time after breakfast before I arose and went down stairs. There sat my Mother with her needle and thread all alone. While my brothers and sisters were gone off to school, my Mother now took me into the bedroom and with all the affection and the tears of a mother she talk to me in the following manner. My son, I pre-serve your father has been dead since 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 unjust end with these and many other words of instruction did my Mother try to bring up before my mind and to implant the beliefs of religion in my heart. She then gave me a sincere blessing and sent me off to school. On my way to school I met several boys who asked me if I were to join their company that day. They said they were going to hear some fun. I pulled my book into my pockets and joined their company, but alas that day juniper the deceit found me then and I witnessed before my life for the note in your power to receive we rose no sooner together before we jumped into a man's window and cut down a lady. That lady was most made an eager for the city. It was three days afterwards before my mother found it out. The former came up to my mother twice and informed her all about the deed.
my mother bursted out in a flood of tears and
proclaimed that if I went on in this way, regardless of my
father’s dying advice—that I would one day or another
become the fellow of a cell and that it would be better
for me if I was laying in my grave beside of my father,
as she uttered these sacred words and the name of my father—the prayers the blessing and the advice of my
dying father all sprang up as jolt into my mind—my mother told the farmer that I should be punished
and on the spot for the deed that she would not allow her children
to inherit after their property if she knew it— as she said this
pulled the twist greeneth from the mantle piece and ordered
me to strip off my coat. I jumped for the of that stand
behind the door and raising it at my mother head
told her of the truth—me and your other friends that had
it in my brain her brain cut out the floor, the old
former went to take the air and having his head sick I
threw it at him with all my might—such left a deep
cut in his leg—I then ran out the door and went into
the city and was gone from home three days—
and sent me off up stairs to bed taking good care to lock the door to keep me safe the next morning before my mother rising my youngest sister came up stairs and told me that the farmer would be after me the day at ten o’clock and that mother had got my nursery clothes ready for me to put on. She advised me not to step out of the house with him for if I did he would never be my home next again the tears came from my sister eyes as she said these words to me the call of my mother soon brought her from my bed side telling her to make haste and get the horses cleaned up for she expected Mr. had along long journey my mother then called me up and made me from head to foot put on new pair of clothes on me and I was to have scissors while my mother was getting me ready I opened my eyes out of the window and saw a splendid carriage drawn up to the door—honker who! These startled my mother and angry tone why is Mr. had and his daughter in my mother with a purse the horses was made fast to the fence and the carriage drawn up while my mother stood ready to take the hand of a beautiful country female to help her from the carriage there we and my sister stood in the door both with tears the country girl made a low bow to my sister and with she got an ugly frown look for her compliment. My mother then took me into the bedroom and kneeing down she imploring the bidding of the night to go with me and be with me to protect me and take to guide of my youth she then arose a pulling a pocket book into my hand and begged me to read it and to take it as the voice of my counsel and that if I played it prompt it would be good advice for life the one and my sister stood hand in hand holding tears of joy and sorrow in my mother then imparted a kiss on my cheek and told me that I was now all ready to start—to the old farm and his daughter near my sister told me not to step from the house one step that she would protect me by this time my elder brother come in and seeing me and my sister both in tears could not help it brother and sister return to me and said the countryman is come and my brother and sister said the countryman
We will give you to understand that my brother is not going into the hands of some slave holder —

who knows what will happen to him. But at all events, the country girl he has now will be happy and light and at the end of every three months he may return home.

My sisters are always talking about the pressure of the overseer and about the slave drivers. They say that he is a cruel man, but I do not believe it. I think it is the duty of a sister to intercede in such matters before our brother is harmed by another man.

But all my least times I was busy with my garden and my chickens. I woke up every morning with the sun and worked until late in the afternoon.

The sun was setting in the west, and the sky was turned to gold. I could hear the distant sounds of the drums and the tapping of the hammers. I knew that it was time to go home and rest.

I thought of my mother, who had always been there for me. I knew that she would be waiting for me, and I could not wait to see her again.
Chapt. III.

I was in the year of 1833. That my troubles commenced.

I was found myself under the roof of a new farmer near Springville. With a sad and a heavy heart I went into the barn shed; and sitting myself on a pile of hay, I began to repent that ever I had left the home of my nativity, while ten thousand thoughts came raving into my heart. With fond recollections of those brothers and sisters, at home of the advice of my dying father, the tears in my sister's shed before I left my home; the prayers with my brother, had all come up the day before I left; and I found myself herein those things with deep feelings. I knew the little books little with my mother had given me before I left home from my pocket; and thus I saw the handwriting of my mother and the little prayers which she had taught me. She had taught me to learn. After reading a few lines of content, I closed the little book and have never opened it from that day to this last till my mother's handwriting still stands against me. The prayers she taught the group and the prayers after closing the book and looking around me I arose and stood around by the beams, and so around by the kitchen door to

With the servant girl, she asked me if I wouldn't come in and sit down with her and eat some breakfast. As I felt that I was not hungry, she then asked me if I wouldn't go out under the barn shed and bring her in some milk after I had felt in the shed. She sat a chair by the stove for me, set one the then began to talk to me in the most kindliest manner. Then ever I heard from the mouth of a female before in my life. She ask me where my mother lived. How many brothers and sisters I had—of my father, the name of my father. She took the books and the picture card. I was there, and I burst out in a flood of tears and went out of doors to seek some place where I might give vent to my feelings. So sad and giving the County did look to me although it was a lovely morning when I was here. I had not made inside of the house during the day and had not eaten anything all that day. The day was very sunny and the clouds were passing on through the dark clouds over the earth. I went out into the barn and covering myself over with hay. I soon felt fast asleep and did awake until
I was arousal by the hand of a female. She took me by the hand and led me down the stairs and so on into the House, and sat down, breakfast before me, which I did not touch. While I was sitting in the kitchen, Mr. had two daughters came in and one them pick me up and sat me in her lap and told me that I must not feel so bad. That in 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 so over to her father's brother's house, but with all her kind care and good advice and sweet words could not make my mind say the case. Home Home still kept hanging on my mind. I had me been with my father the day before, warning me a little angry, ask me all the roads, now to get nurse, and who to be a journey. I told him not that I was going to stop for home, that my dog to rich he said. I had been warning about home long enough and that if he seen my name if he would take me out of the barn and those whip me. This made my passion rise a little and I told him to raise a hand at me if he could, I thought of his hands that I was sleeping in the same 1. She was the time that I needed to a little protection. The old Villian would be to raise a hand on me. If my father had been alive, he would to given me a hand of insult. He would to ordain me to the field to work under the hot burning rays of the sun if my father had been alive. He would have the hand from his shoulder, these he kept me tied till twelve o'clock when was unloaded by the hands of one of the girls, we sawme had I been by the hands of one of the girls we saw me had I been
and staying in front of a large mansion. I ask 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 youngest girl of Mr. Orland. 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 lived. She and her stepmother had just been there. I unfolded the whole riddle to her. She had not been talking to her nearly two hours. When Mr. Orland came in, I arose from the chair and told him the following: Hour— 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. She had in the company of some other boys cut down some wild trees that belong to a farmer. We had not far

from my mother house for which deed my mother has sent me out here to live with me. Mr. Orland and that Mr. Orland without the authority of my mother or without her knowledge had taken me out to the barn and tied me up and whipped me. After I had related the truth to Mr. Orland, he told me to sit there in his house during that day and see the manner he would get 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. I went out into the garden where a man was weeding and pulled off my coat and went to work and made myself as useful as I could to till the shade of evening. Presently I had then called into the house where I ate a good meal. Some people I saw a man and woman related to us before I help reading the evening hours of darkness.
Chapter V

I rose in the morning and putting on my clothes should out into the garden until breakfast time. A man, with a knife and the stage was waiting at the door, and Mr. Frame, so everything being ready, the stage drove off and at one o'clock in the afternoon. I was seated in the carriage on the back seat, and my father gave me his dying blessing. My mother was not in, she had gone out on a visit, and nothing more make her return unless I made a call. Her son said that he would come to her to bring to her the city and that he would return the next morning and bring her to Nott's house. When he left the house, I and my sister alone by ourselves heard three clocks strike and I looked over to the street, where lied my father, where I had said goodbye to him from the cold spot. There are about three hundred yards between the house and the back of the house. It was then that I first saw the house where my mother had lived and I saw my father, who had been in the house. I went home to be brought up in the hands of a cold-hearted, heartless, cruel man. The news that my father died was the ruin of the whole family. My father was the age of
Man hand comes forward, echoes My sister--after I had told her my problems, and the power of god or had I the strength of a man. I would make you know in blood beneath my feet--as she said. These words my blood began to run hot, and my temper began to hunger for revenge--as before the Morocco man shall set behind you. Men in chain. I said my sister you shall brave the country sound dead upon the ground. I think with his gone. In the head crack of a rifle brought to a stand. From in the direction to which the sun she came from me press forward to the spot. Where he heard the sound of a dying man, who was just whispering. A knock and entered claimed my sister, at the head upon and gave the fresh blood from the deep, not meant that was made by the cause of the sound of the sound of the rifle--he is a dying man. My sister is the man laid there in the wrack, and a piece of the rifle junction deep in his head. While carrying his breast being a gold metal chain attached to a gold watch. On all my might for help and to give the. From 15th May 11th 15th 10th
Months since young men expecting to return before noon to bust his reckonings returning another May House Mr. Thomas made to think off into the woods and come thoroughly and thinking of going into the road that had a pass my mother house. He had placed his rifle to much and seeing game ahead of him to be let flash and caused his rifle to burst and the pins of a flint and sink deep into his hand. This caused his death. He was young and had just been married and started into business. Mrs. Wilbraham was a young lady taken by everyone that knew her - born down with grief and sorrow the broke up house keeping and retired home to her father and sister where the soon died a few days after with a broken heart. About ten a. m. the night Mr. Osborn made his appearance at the door to wish my mother a good day for him. With him was another and my sister and sister's in- laws. They called and left the house saying they would leave the house saying they would leave the house saying they would leave.
I shall now leave you and never return to you again, and my prayer is that the hand of some kind stranger may pick you up as an orphan and bring you up—-folding my little brother who was youngest, we in our arms to the door, that perhaps we should see her again. She then left the house carrying my younger brother in her arms, and leaving me and my sister to ourselves three days had since passed away and our mother had not made her appearance nor heard where she had been or heard from. Though my sister and I fought her with many tears the fourth day she had renewed her threats and where she was she in the city we heard though. We sought the city though and through till my mother could not be found there with both hands in my pocket I went through the streets crying—when a lady stopped up to me and asked me the cause of my weeping and told her that I had lost my mother I went there by her hand and led me to her house where she gave me a piece of cake and with the company with another lady she led me by the hand to the door of my mother.}

Cottage where my sister hath been twice—has mother come yet said I and as she answered no I knelt in a fresh blend of tears I left the house and the two ladies a sitting there with my sister while I took a walk in the woods crossing an old swamp about a quarter of a mile from the house and under an old elm tree there laid my mother with her eyes half opened and my little brother swept in her—her head laying on her side—reader can you describe the feelings of my heart as I stood there gazing at my mother just on the brink of death one day you one hour mind and the brittle thread of life would have been snapt forever like a flash of lightning drawn off the house and gave the alarm the ladies came for assistance and help my mother hence I then ran to the city after Fast boarded and going a laying him to save the life of my mother the door was opened his horse and in a few minutes across the house in the morning she had by the time by the help of the ladies been restored to a considerable degree the fast forty had some mandate saying that he would call again the next day after church ruling and a little punishment my mother began to...
13v-14r

Night. While me and my father stood with trembling from our eyes it was getting late and the ladies after giving us a little advice returned to their homes the next morning I had the satisfaction of seeing my mother up and on her feet—more with trouble and care and the desolation of her children she went off into the room and making the youngest brother in her stead she there lay down to die.

Chap 77

Although this was an awful shock to me still it had no impression on mine and in my sister mind the way with the still bore to me lad for whipping me still been a habit and habits in her house one day while my mother was gone out of the house she came running up to me with something in her hand under her apron on my returning she informed me that she had been to my father the trick and stolen his pistol and handkerchief and handed it to me telling me to hide them and to be careful and not let nobody know anything about them, and for the morning to rise before day and make his way I retired to bed

That night a struggling in my mind what was my father meant and what under the heavens was going to do with them deadly weapons of my father was it to dish the life of my mother. No for on the morrow when I arose from my bed and went to hear and shaking her pistol from a desk slept she rose and on reveal the whole aspect of the matter to me—take them and go and the little bundle and before pointing with her fingers at the pistol before that seemed to me in the most disgusting manner in that mess of mine which is in the bundle and under the covers of desk she took the life of that informal villain that had this bad habit to know what, he done and gone enter the telling that no human eye see you keep on the outside of the town until the dark centuries of the night appears and let that pistol shall I have loaded heart his brain and let that knife in one stroke finish the mark and that terribly informed William to his long home where trouble and sorrow will pursue his mind as me my heart swells and make put the little bundle in my hand but still I thought that I was doing one more than justice if I left him a cold corps on the ground.
Struggling my pockets full of crackers and cheese I began my march with my little bundle in handin my arms I walked on so nigh to the side of the road as it stuck belonging to my master it was just coming day light and it being cold I took the advantage of the day before the sun shone out but about ten o’clock I found that I had traveled three miles and had gotten quite to Exmore. I sat down under the fence and began to eat some crackers with my sister had grown and oh my God can you tell the feeling of my mind as I sat there eating my crackers in hand plus of think I heard my father prayer playing in the distance of light from the breast the ground where he laid down I seem dancing before my eyes my mother burnet the tie with her infant at her side but all of these sad thoughts had an effect on my mind and I got up and began my journey again and just at the hill that was rolling on the north from this I came in sight of the house where I was laid down to sleep and struck by the rough hand of the person who had no respect for me I was made to feel in mind my right now authorities lay down and one 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 resting place and on taking the bundle I took my sister dress and head and shift it on. I then emptied the trunk in my handkerchief and the pistol in my pocket and made my way to the house giving a step on the door with my finger the livery girl that sympathized with one came to the door and asked me to step in. I told her that I was a negro and could not stay in her house. I then said I was a black slave and said she was expected every minute as she said there I was from my feet and bust and stood listening at the door. Wonder who that little colored girl is said she was dark to one of the old man daughters don’t know she must be some strange girl in the place that wants to get out by this time I heard the baby’s whim in a manner or coming up the street. I knew that this must be some other than that they expect the man that takes me on the train.Throwing my sister dress from off me I looked at the pistol and with an uplifted hand of revenge I let fire.
and missed my shot it was a dark night I could hardly see my hands before my face. He old man followed Murder Murder but before my aid could get to him I drawn the knife a cross his shoulders with left a deep wound for months after so by this time the country people had gather that around and the dogs a barking loud I was taken and made fast by my hands and feet and taken to the Court House where he Murder bed on the floor for me and tortured me for the night. I was in a room by myself with the door left open and the Murder made fast I heard a loud struggling and getting up from my bed. I walk out through the room where the Courtable and his family slept and open the door and walk out. I then went up to Mr. L. House where the family was all sleep in sleep. I ascended the top of the kitchen roof and taking a match from my pocket I burnt a hole. I then went to the barn and getting a match to the hay I soon bought it to the ground the light of the flames lighted around through the windows of the barn house which brought the neighbors together by this time his house was nearly burned with the ground. The dawn of morning was just breaking forth and I struck off into the road and walk some seven miles. When on looking behind me I saw a couple of horsemen come galloping up the road in full pace with a rope in their hands. I mounted the fence and jump over into a large field. The horsemen dismount and letting down the fence come on a full gallop after me and made me three places I was taken before Mr. Howes and from there I was put into a wagon to be conveyed enough to the country jail where I was put under the care of Mr. Austin the sheriff. All the appearance of town I had never for the first time in my life became a fellow of a cell for three long months being nothing but a boy I was allowed to come out half all day and my cell left on lock during night. Many was the time when my mother would dream her chair up to the door and talk to me about my mother and my fathers and I recollect that she told me once that for my disobedience to parents that I had to kick of a horse and to be locked in the course of a few weeks. I was going to taken from my mother and be sent off to the House of Refuge.
in the city of new york there was a fellow in jail
with me charged stealing a horse which was never
full of jokes and fun and would often sit for hours
with me and teach me how to play cards and show
me several little tricks. which i soon began to get
my reward with. i now became drawn 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
for golden rays on the field. when the iron was
just around my neck to be sent off to new york.
I had become so bad that my father advised me
my mother prayed that i would make merced a trial with
the rules. i shall plainly see that when the stage drove up
to the door for me to see my mother perhaps for the last
in the 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 mother said it was and seeing
a little distance from her. and they both implored him
my cheek and the stage drove off. and that night as i
lay in the bed after i was taken i found myself within the walls of
the house of refuge.

On my entering the office my chains was taken off
and i was sent by the superintendent Mr. Hart
with the steward to the wash room where my hair was
cut and my clothes was change reader 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 1852 and give you a
description of the rules and regulation of the house
together with the diet. then you are first led
by Mr. Nord 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 sleeping halls
where you see many boys sleeping in the nice style
with clean white sheets. from the hall he direct 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 you see boys and
boys boards hanging against the walls and the
floor covered with clean white sand
You follow your guide a little further, and he takes you to the female department, where you may see from a hundred to a hundred and fifty young females working and manufacturing. You will find the female section of each establishment like a veritable paradise, with a beautiful garden that stands directly in front of the office. If you are a gentleman or lady from the city, he will allow you to wander and wonder at the beauty and perfection of the garden. 

The female section of each establishment is a place of beauty and refinement, with blooming flowers and lush greenery. You are led through the shops, where you may see the women working diligently. As you tour the establishment, you will see the dedication and hard work of the women who make the products. 

You are taken to the office, where you may see the manager and other staff members at work. You will learn about the history and importance of each establishment and the role it plays in the local economy. The guide will explain the various departments and the processes involved in the manufacture of the products.

As you leave the establishment, you will be given a souvenir or gift to remember your visit. You are encouraged to continue exploring other establishments and learning about the rich history and culture of the area.
 appointed for the purpose of visiting the place on every Friday, and to hear the complaints of the inmates. It was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-three, and that year I found myself placed among a dozen or eight hundred boys all clothed in white linen, trousers and a little blue jacket. I was changed twice every week through the summer for a clean suit. On the second day of my entering the place, I was called to the office by Mr. Wool and Mr. Hare, who asked me several questions, and who
explained the rules to me, and had me sent off to the chair shop to toil and labour until I was one and twenty. I had not been for three days but known
the boys on parade to teach every boy his place, according to his size. Mr. Wool then passed through the ranks with a baton in his hand, to inspect each boy's hands and face, if he found the least bit of dirt on the hand, he gave him a few smart licks on the mouth with his baton, and tied him back to the meal room to wash himself again after


and told me that I must not talk in the shop, during washing hours until I got so as I could do my task by twelve o'clock, and I could go down to the yard on the playground and play and do as I was talking by twelve o'clock. Easy boys in the house had a task given to him by the officer of the

shop, if he gets that task done by eleven o'clock he is allowed to go down on the playground and play

marbles or a game at ball until the bell rings at twelve o'clock—the superintendent or the assistant
then blows a little brass whistle for him to go to the mess room and wash his hands and face, and
get ready for dinner at the rate of fifteen

minutes. The whistle blows again, and calls the

boys on parade to teach every boy his place, according to his size. Mr. Wool then passed through
the ranks with a baton in his hand, to inspect each boy's hands and face, if he found the least bit of dirt on the hand, he gave him a few smart licks on the mouth with his baton, and tied him back to the meal room to wash himself again after


Passing through this process, we march into the hall with our hands behind until the blessing is asked by Mr. Ward or Mr. Thorp. He then blows his whistle, and we are at liberty to buy such as we desire, for ten cents. He allows us thirty minutes to walk and get our dinner. He then blows his whistle, and again we are at liberty to go where we please. He then blows his whistle, and we are then to return to our places at the table. He then blows his whistle again, and we all go to the playground and are then called to order. The bell is rung, and we all go to the schoolroom and are then called to sit at our desks. He then says, "I wish you to begin your lesson at the end of the room." We then go to the end of the room and begin our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to finish your lesson at the end of the room." We then go to the end of the room and finish our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to go to the schoolroom and begin your lesson." We then go to the schoolroom and begin our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to finish your lesson at the schoolroom." We then go to the schoolroom and finish our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to go to the playground and begin your lesson." We then go to the playground and begin our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to finish your lesson at the playground." We then go to the playground and finish our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to go to the schoolroom and begin your lesson." We then go to the schoolroom and begin our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to finish your lesson at the schoolroom." We then go to the schoolroom and finish our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to go to the playground and begin your lesson." We then go to the playground and begin our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to finish your lesson at the playground." We then go to the playground and finish our lesson. He then says, "I wish you to go to the schoolroom and begin your lesson." 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regulation of the House first. That I must not talk, sing, or speak a word in the shop, during working hours and that I must go to bed punctually as soon as my cell door was locked. That I must get up in the morning just as soon as I hear the bell ring, make up my bed just as nice as though it had been done by a queen. I must not spit or chew tobacco in the dining room nor the chapel nor the school room. If any of these rules were broken I would get twenty or twenty-five blows on the hand with the rattan or stand in the middle of the dining room with my hands on my head and go back to the shop with an empty belly. It was a very long day that Mr. Ward came to the house and he cast his eyes to the kitchen and making some remarks to the servant he walked his way toward the dining room with a long stride. I thought that Mr. Ward could not pick out a better fellow among seven hundred boys. Again Jack Kimball was Master of the Stage and every single minute that Jack could get he would...
as he has been passing through the departments of the house been cast toward me while I have been standing tight away in some corner of the wall with a history in my hand reading and ruminating on the life of some old how whose broadest blotting beneath the sandy desert as that has found a resting place—lay your face to

Crummack and those old fellow until there present a hair

breath of them left—Robertson Crous—leaving the happy

home of his youth and childhood under the cover of

darkness to become a Marine of the sea and leaving his

father and mother to spend the remainder of their days in

pangs and sorrow in his account—and Sacrament a

throwing herself down at his father's feet and having

all beautiful head before the exhibited thousand to

receive the life of Captain John Smith. Such is the book

that the voice of cottage libraries use to contain...after

receiving a good common school education and being

away from home for two years without having the

least encouragement either from Mr. Moss a M. Heart of

an returning home and being acquainted with the

iniquities of the place I cast my mind towards the


land of my nativity and the fund home of my youth
and with such thoughts and recollections of the past I
was determined to try and make my escape in company with Mike
Thorn and Jack Sime but who had mention the subject
several times once or twice before and was given to make at
the following sunday. Mike and Thorn wishing
that had a father and mother that lived in the city
on Chatain Stree. Jack was a boy that was job
of his mother in his infant days by theorage hands
of death and his father had taken to a sea-going life
was on saturday night on my gain behind the bar
learn that I found Jack Sime and Mike Thorn
in a deep conversation I stepped up to Mike and pulling
my hand on his shoulder I told him that I hadn't
been in the house new 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 I
made known my plans to Mike, Jack Thorn and
the Long step up-saying that was sliding in
some deceptely and that if it was a step there
that he had in view they wanted a hand it too but
Thornell and Mike Thorn had learnt two hours to read
and write they had learnt me how to compare figures and
I thought that they could comprehend the plan of our
escape better than I could and I left the matter with them
To which they gave me notice in the morn. Sunday
morning come and with it a cloud and rain and the
boys was all in the morn room getting ready for breakfast
was just coming out of the morn room door when
Mike gave me the pick to read after breakfast and
I had blown his whistle for the boys to come on
parade and as I trained it he did not go through the
inspection of the hands and face but put us in
the dining room where he offered up a prayer and
gave the signal for us to eat at the expiration of fifteen
minutes we found ourselves again 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
there stood Mike with the pick in his hand that
had driven into the ground to keep up some grape
lives and planting it against the wall he ran
up it and in a second time he was on the
Top a helping hand I had to use the help of the two boys I made my escape all three kept together a crossing a large meadow and coming out on the blooming date road we ran some fifteen miles and struck off in a pretty road that had hard by being tired and our feet well blistered by running we then into an old farm house and were rendered some until night then made our way further up the country where we entered an old cow shed to pass the night fearing that our ragged clothes would let us in the open daylight I advised Mike to go with me until we got something to eat we both walk out together and gain a quarter of a mile up the road we entered an old farms house and made known our wants to them the head of the house with previous and at a complete question was the man and where we were given that we was boys that living in Brooklyn and had come out to see the county 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 leaving the old man good night we turned our way back towards the old shed where we past a cold chilly night in the morning leaving our load which had become hard and dry through the night and stuffing 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 farm house who appeared to be well situated in your honor for the man with Mike name - how quick she knew his face and with the affection of a mother how quick she grasped him to her arms and stamp a deep kiss on his cheek and a warm tear from her eye came rolling down her face - and who are these Mike said the man Mother my clothes and cap quick or the police will grab me on the spot the man had hurried and bundled up his clothes and putting his hand full of silver and copper give him another kiss and he took our flight for the landing to get in a team that was going to take for Albany but just as we was stopping five abreast.
Cannibles seizing a man on shore, brought and Mr. Hoye, grasped us and lock us in the black Mariah and, after the driver to drive directly up to the House of Pogings with us, as he drove up in front of the office, Mr. Hoye slip out of the office with a smile, upon his face as gentle as the morning, saying to Mr. Hoye—so you have them boys! hear you Mr. Hoye—yes, yes—yes!—Mr. Hoye with a loud laugh. I have them! Where did you catch them Mr. Hoye? Catch them Mr. Hoye! Catch them a laughing on the Steam boat landing—half shore and cocked with pot and rug and in the same condition that you see them now—after Mr. Hoye had taken a few examination of us, he ordered Mr. Samson the steward to take us up, two and lock us up till Saturday night and to give us nothing but bread and water once a day. Samson play the orders of Mr. Hoye, and the two bound our hands, lock up, in our strong cells and left about us, on the punishment, we should get worse Saturday night came near Mike and Jack Hoye sitting about and biding over the punishment.

What was to follow on Sunday night. While I was nothing else, I said:—Mr. Hoye—looked into my face, with the words in my right hand, but then I was on my left. It was this: click in the afternoon that I called out to Mike and ask him how he fell. Happy, Happy as a dead spreeer, Mr. Hoye said I do not see any getting out of these cells and made us swear to. He don't see any without me had some aid from. There she made a deep pause and stop. I stood in my door and listen and presently I heard the camp of feet step, hanging lightly on tip toe and stepping in front of sister then. I heard the voice of a boy. Mike said I, who is that it's too long. He said I what will you stop here to my cell door—As I said these words, Joe steps lightly along to my door, saying that he could not stay but a minute that he had heard that Mr. Hoye was back and lock up and that he had taken out of the bag to come up and see me and to tell if I wanted anything to eat or my assistance in getting out of our cell and make our escape before Saturday night. He said I can you get one to help you to a man and a brace and a rigging but Rob. I have stay too long since I must be for
making my rucksack to the shop. The journey 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. I will help you get the window and try to help you all out by getting his slender little finger through the door. He gave me a shake by the hand, and said he was a good boy. She was an handsome English boy about the age of fourteen and the most interesting boy that ever I saw with brilliant dark eyes. With long eyelashes. With magnificent teeth, beautiful mouth and with refined manners. I took him to be one of the amiable looking superlative boys. I never came across his father was a merchant carrying a large scale of business in the West. On a dark and stormy night he left the parental roof where he had been living for a happy hour and stepped out to New York where he fell into crime and soon found himself an inmate of the House of Refuge. In the meantime he came living among my cell in the prison. I told him to cut our way out so that the night made our escape—a small hole through a thin panel door was to make large enough for the same to go through. Then a piece must be cut and large enough for me to get through all of it. From the outside of the door—in fifteen minutes time I was in front of where I made a hole. The long walk in front of such trouble done existing him by twelve o’clock. He was upon the wall and the sun went down. We went on our march for the five points where we were obliged to spend the night in an old barn that belonged to a continual man. I awoke long before the dawn of day and gave the dawn to my companion that the morning light was fast approaching and that we had better rise and make our way out of the city of New York as fast as we could carry the before the offices of the city was shewing about me arose and shaking the heavy sleep from our eyes we began our march by striking a crossing the five points and crosstown 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 destitute family consisting of a mother and two daughters. I stepped up to the door kindly imploring the worst old lady for a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger. She desired
Table in the centre of the room and provided us with a dinner rich in delicious viand and...
in deep conversation with his mother. He sat on the window sill and talked to the sailors that were in the yard. He told them about his adventures at sea. He spoke of the danger of the world and the importance of family. He said that he would never leave his family and that he would always come back to them. He talked about the sea and the ships, and how he had seen them in the distance. He told them about the storms and the rough weather. He said that he would never tire of the sea and that he would always be ready to go out on the ships. He talked about the men and the woman, and how they had helped him. He said that he would never forget them and that he would always be grateful for their help.
and her cheeks are white and clear as the dawning dawn. I thought she desired the same the best for everything about her was one evidence enough that temperance, soberness, and severe among the crew. While I stood gazing at her proud little head, the captain a stout heavy man whose hair was tinged with a deep silver grey and whose countenance seemed to tell me that he had faced many a storm, came up to me and took his hand long and hard upon me with words and looks that made me like his locks of his little daughter. Baffled that I thought that she was a very handsome little creature—yes my boy she had Voltaire through Henry a storm and bluffs, many a heavy gale; while I stood there talking to the captain I happened to chance to cast my eyes over the cabin door and saw a little table with the door of the ward—so Iaving. Well my boy said the sailors as they began to crowd around me now what do you think of a sailor’s life made up your mind yet to be a sailor—a good mate, and if you will get off old shiver and a merry crew and a good ship and enough oil and all sailor’s work and all—show that old mate your dusting to a stout old fellow that stood by and here is the captain they both would point you and take care of you and as for myself I will see that you are brought safely back to your port after three years cross sea by this time the took a heavy cable looking fellow stuck his muddy head out of the door and shouted as loud as he could that dinner was ready. The mate order the boys to take me along with me in the fore-castle and give me some to eat it was a day with, shall hang on my memory till my latest breath shall cease. After we had all tumble down in the fore-castle the sailors all stood up and taking off their hats they all joined in together and sang two verses and the captain as boy ask the blessing over the meal. Right. I before the saw an aged pair of the hands and I stood I thought that a sailor’s life must be one of the most hardest and perilous lives that a man could lead although I saw nothing that meant in those hands for—fore they had rank and body built together and patience and cold water and hard pursuits the Prime having in one of the sailors implied thanks and there other calls to see who should tell a story the sailor fellow the captain boy told and he began his story as near as I can remember it when I was quite a boy my mother used to teach me. songs and poems as he got the ward about his mouth amongst the sailors I say I but my mother I followed her to the second deck.
where her remains are to be laid cold and lifeless in the grave—until the angle shall come with one foot upon the land and the other upon the foaming sea. With his sword pointing upwards and gloaming in the name of one that is mightier than himself, that time is now come. I stood at the side of my father as he held his hand into mine, and my tears came rolling down his cheek and fell upon my brow; as the cold steel met gloaming all that was once dear and sacred to me—May my Mother's name be sealed to me yet, and fare the ship that over her Master's seas my father sold out all his goods and having no children but me he left him himself to a forlorn life and solitude, along with him one colonies after my father had been a dog before the mast for two years he was promoted to a mate and from a mate he became the captain of Hiddel House where we now are. Here we passed three years a man to see and a hooing storm blew up from the south, which was late in the middle of the afternoon. It came in through the stern and the stars came beating and dashed me the deck and repelling every moment to be lost oh a terrible day instead, the little creature was cracking and growing beneath her might the sea was foaming and raging with madness and the thunder was rolling and the lightning was playing in the heavens. Oh, will I go aft the captain cried and close away the rigging the fastest and oldest sailors refused to go afloat while I but a boy stood firm and held at my father's side while he stood pulling hard at the halyards that dare go aloft yes I jumped into the rigging while my father pulled hard to the halyards and the mast yawned as between the braces and the spar. In one hour time we had her in her right position. A terrible day yes I tell you. I will never meet with again in my life but as I jog along that when you was aloft working in the rigging, I have not seen it, and you name is testing your little cork, first up to heaven, then down in the water. Sometimes in the night time you not find that you would fall and reach your knees, fear of what had to fear when I was aloft for my father was at the helm. The water had risen, and I thought it was time for me to make my stand before. I was ready for the coming but that was going to start for altering I stand up in the place and walked in a place where I was a lot of other playing cards turning nice and such like. I walk up to the teller and took an order.
one of the party had finished the game, while I stood there waiting.abler fell asleep in a dozing posture and one of the men planted a hand to this. I answered him in the affirmative I had said those playing a hedge till the hall clock struck seven, and counting over my money I found that I had more from the sales for one dollar. I walked over to Mrs. Harriet and inquire for her on the subject. She informed me that Mr. McCullough had just taken them from the store chamber and made them just to take them back to the house of Mr. McCullough and Mrs. United, to be on my look out for these messengers out of the hand and for and look for him. I thought to leave the city, the night of Friday was my last chance of getting away and to give the start but the mind that the store was in the alp for them, while Mrs. United was having plans for my escape for the city, these happen to come in the house at a late unknown by the name of Mr. McCullough who had a man in the napping himself. I asked a man question about his son William to which I answered him all the time. Some one at his house where he provided the agent抑郁症 and a great but not told me to fear nothing during the night lest he escape myself comfortably as I could. It was in my own bed and slept till near eight o'clock the next morning. Mrs. McCullough come very bad and took me up and care some breakfast and that she was going to give me a suit of her own clothes and that I must keep in the house all day and not go outside of the door at night but had to stay on city of the house and send me down to my friends. Mrs. McCullough had gone off to her work and left me in the charge of McCullough until he returned at night. I got a looking out of the window between the hours of ten and eleven. Mrs. United came in the house behind me on his top and being my hands behind me she tells me to follow her. Mrs. McCullough ran out and shut the door and turned the lock and put the key in her pocket saying that I should not step outside until her husband should be again. Mrs. McCullough said, "If you don't want being my trouble upon yourself and husband, I think that you had better on look that door and let me go about my business or I shall call you before the court of justice where you will have to answer for your conduct towards me. Conduct yourself good for making improper rash said the mention you are dragging very loose children off your
meet with in our streets and transporting them to the house of refuge— that poor innocent young girl that you lay a plan on my door the other day because she would be your— oh, you cold hearted brute you are. Holding hundreds of families of these children— I say Mr. McCollough will you one look the door and let me pass me peaceably about my business— by this time a large crowd had gathered around the door and the crowd voice was heard to scream— Make room— so that the words fell from the lips of the enraged man— he lined himself with all his strength and push his way to the door and opened Mr. McCollough & open the door, the hand of the female on both the door and Mr. McCollough entered the house with as hot and beathen looks Mr. Haygs by the color of his coat be demanded of him why 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. Haygs entered the threshold of your door presently and quietly to take and arrest the boy, and she was made to arise from the floor of refuge house 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 Mr. McCollough 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 go of my case and let me quietly out of the house with this boy for as I am concerned the Mr. McCollough I gave you a hair on his head to knot– Mr. McCollough now long the gentlemen follow and arrested him in the following manner with sharp and angry words— Vir Mr. Haygs do you not remember some ten years ago when I was gone from home that you came under the roof of my house and snatched the only son of my bosom from my side and that cherish that young girl that you drag by the hair of her head a poor lady— do you inform hard hearted brute you mean to take that poor black boy off to the refuge where he must stay for years and days with a poor and miserable life— oh you inform hard hearted william I will mean to you have any rest I will haunt you till the day of judgement and when cold and lifeless you lay beneath the spot I will haunt and torment you day and night.
I'll give you one post till you enter the cold chamber of the jail—thrusting my hand into my pocket I drew out several dollars and placed it on the table and told Mr. McCullough to let the policeman pass that he wouldn't as more than likely be back to the house of Refuge—where I should have to go under the treatment of the cats and that if nothing happened I would have him again in the course of a few months. The tears streaming from my eyes and my hands tied behind me. They past the way through a thick crowd that had gathered around them, and led me back to the house of Refuge—so I entered the office there. Then Mr. Young and Mr. Scott—who examined me very closely and asked me several questions then ordered me to the kitchen to get my hair cut and my clothes changed for a suit of Refuge clothes at the expense of the boys who were eating there dinner. Mr. Young then instructed a fine handsome old gentleman with a pair of scissors in his hand and wearing a large coat and in the course of the process, he found a large lock and in jumping the and with great difficulty he ordered me to take off my shirt—then it off and tied up my person around my waist, and walked up to the post he then took my hands around the post, saying to the inmates that he wanted them all to cut the morning by the punishment, and I must secure for making my escape and that it might be a letter to them afterwards. I stood firm without uttering a word as making a groan until he gave me twenty five. Then told him that I thought I was enough for the time; he then gave a smile and told me that I would try one more and entered my hands and told me that I was not to break a word to no boy for the space of four weeks and that no boy was to speak to me. If they did they should pass through the same treatment, for four long weeks was I in kept in profound silence, and locked up all day on Sundays with one piece of bread a day till the expiration of the four weeks at the end of that time I was permitted to talk and to associate with the rest of the boys; the day that my time was up to talk the boy surrounded me and praising me up for standing the cats as well without shedding a tear, and among them was Mr. Kelly who began his play just joke by saying you never find a sh. I have been you never made a groan under the old cat's paw when the poor scoundrel's back never flinched he have good boy that we aren't for them yet, we talk like
some rainy day come Bob—by the heaviest spell play the ship, just on all year by. Now said Mr Bellm—didn't Bob stand them cat-goods twenty five ladies right on the bare back and never made a sign. When the old cat said Mike was scratching in his back pretty deep she had to sing out enough and you Mike said I—had not gone. The darling little pet when Mr Bellm brought back—to which he gave me the following narrative in the moment I left him on the roadway of any street I had done and I had not been in the house but more than one hour before in some days and a weekman with him in buying these pretty hands upon me led back to the happy where I was look up till the last day. Mr Bellm then brought me down into the dressing room and ask one before you when and before Bellm and Limbert and did not with him write till—tell me nothing. Then I said why he died me to stay off my skirt and keep the story just that. Mr Bellm lied to—and time told me and the first thing he struck upon was back made one wall. With meaning eyes that I did not see with the long and deep联网—did you my Michael—Mike—Bob and I deep a painting on the floor and great drops of blood came pouring down my back and Mr Bellm having some sympathy for me on tied me and let me go—so the little kittens did make you laugh at the feet of your tormentor did they—Bob and it would make an angle here if he had receive it. When Bellm make what them Mr Bellm person in profound silence forbade me to speak to any boy for fear months—did he look you up in handy Mike—on the Nazareth quiet to create as that, leader these cats are made out of cat-gut with a small right made on the end of them and wound around with a small wire then pitch well till that makes back and attack the place of rattan that has a pretty good going to it. So when the office strikes it leaves a deep cut on the back causing the tender skin to burst while the blood flows freely down the back from the cats it leaves leaving the back entirely stripped with red—over part I felt sorry for poor Mike he was a long that most fair and beautiful out when I took up that piece white skin of his all cut in pieces and horrified with the cats it made me hear my head in sorrow while make day that was growing up for lies and crime as to stand one day another upon the platform of virtues and...
Truth his parents was poor yet they had warm blood running through those veins and hearts that could feel for them. That was press down beneath the galling hand of oppression. The poor have never been known to demean the poor. They came as they stood up with a sense of dignity while he in the game of poverty and clothes in sages of despair and shame while here and there is planted deep in his breast and he is poised by the rich in the poor who refuse to give him the bread of consolation. Yet with Mr. Collugh and Mr. Nevin as they stand up on the dock in the city of New York he left their native soil on ships of love. Wages and emigrant ship in this country and then upon and helpless on these shores with no one to lend them there hand here in a strange land and strangers to all the laws and government of the land poor, poor but we heart hide in deep sympathy for the aggregator of his feet upon the foot of freedom. Take courage we brave rich lands and we your strange arms of industry you will soon pass your way through the boiling water of poverty and in the years of your love the little sheltered minds above you may be seated in the chair of honor, varying over a nation that once laughed at your deep poverty and shame. But we think to see thousands of your race sit by yourself once cloth in sages and striving in shame men holding high station in life and your little men sitting under the roof of peace and contentment—your the brave with everyone loves you till the day that I am laid cold under the seat and I would let the last drop of your blood run down from these black trains of mine to pour your soul from the hands of a full-blooded Yankee. Reader have you ever been in some deep distress and humble and in your anguish of sorrow has not some man of your kind come to your help and help you out of your affliction or have you not been hungry and hungry and not a cent in your pocket and you have step under the umbrella of some rich family and the hand of the female her friend before you a fugal seat or have you not been held by his rough hand in kindness and take a friendly drink with him and lost in some old midnight hour these your from some misery and and led you away to some quiet place where you might relieve yourself and safety and comfort and else I hear ten thousand better gain up with shorts and saying that just.
once rescued me. — I remember once on a cold winter day
when I was away from home that the wind was howling
and whistling without and the snow was drifting higher
the fences and the dry grass away and the darkness of the
night was fast approaching that I entered a rich man's
house and begged him in the name of heaven to let me just
step into the kitchen and warm my feet for I was five miles
away from home he refused me and I turned with tears
in my eyes towards the parental roof of my mother house
where my home was as fast as I could I was born past and not a
thing more was taken of mine away from me and had left them to keep me from hiding on the
see on my running up the road some two miles I came on the
left side of the road a little distance I was to the door and
gave a knock to such an Irish woman came and open
her mouth and ask me in the name of God what had come
to leave my home on such cold day as that child
the poor woman was the spirit of the heart that had run
away from home jinches with cold and hunger the poor
woman of the poor. Mad cast to the wall and drew a
pack of cold water and told me to put both foot in the
pail I followed her directions and after keeping my feet in the
water for a half hour I took them out and she fell the wetting
them with both of her hands until my feet began to burn and
I went with pain she then got my feet up in a blanket with
the towel off his bed and left me sitting by the fire until
the got me some supper it was getting late in the evening and the
night was growing cold and she and her husband took part
of these heating off of their bed and made me a bed in the floor
with my feet towards the fire in the moaning the good Irish woman
and her husband provided me with a pair of boots and a pair
of old shoes and packing up some bread and butter for me in
a piece of paper she beg me in the name of God to turn me back
down to my mother and informing me to be a good boy for said
she I had never known no harm of another yet that her coming
away from home that they would in hand come some bad
sir Reader if you are in the right part of an unknown you have
the best friend in the world and him in the highest and how
your friend there meet him helping and blessing him to
the beat of a summer day and he will be your friend on the
right side of him and he will spill the last drop of blood for you
that runs in his veins I would rather suffer nothing from the
hands of an Irishman ten thousand times; then to suffer some
from the hands of a fiend. Locked, barred; but I cannot
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 on Wood and the teacher told the boys
they were the best improvement in coming soon for the
stage should be removed with a handsome present. I was
determined not to try to make any more escape until
the opening of the spring and then if possible to make my escape
and return immediately home to my mother poor little sister.
That determined to try it one more and if he succeeded to go
right up to room. I called on to Boston and put off for New-
York. I lack one day behind the beam and lived a long way with
him. While I say you are determined to try again in
your way. I shall try it next week the very first week
that comes and if I have no luck in reading them now,
again I shall put them off to run over. He may pull you when
yourself away, if you believe the life of any beauty or
beauty and the way you will be gone. The very day it
will not happen to me, Mike. It is now getting to be cold
and you had better stay here with me till spring and go with
me and Thomas. Fellow and McLoughlin and put off for the
home. What do you say? Will you do it one way or another
and you cannot take me along in the spring I gave my word to
my mother of the promise and my part. But with our minds made up to
tell to the teacher of the school during the winter and prepare to perform
on the stage to which we have been taught as far as prepare
one every night through the week. But on Saturday and Sunday Mike and
Stepping and me was studying or intend,
place to perform on the stage to the people in the present of some ladies
and gentlemen that was coming from Philadelphia in the
cause of a few weeks on a bed, and that the ladies and
gentlemen that was coming from Philadelphia in the
cause of a few weeks on a bed, and that is not very
suitable that is not so suitable for all those who come to the female house
of performers. I was to be in the present. It was to be a young
female laying in her bed with an infant in her arms and
Stepping was to be a little boy and playing in the arms of
the mother in deep sleep. The day is fast approached for us to
be ready and asleep and the clock and cook up. The
night with the extra light and they were to be on the stage
that night. Mr. Reed called it we three went and gave us the
warning that the company had come and to sleep out and
...
39v-40r

Heard through years has past away between us and you

sandy bays sleep in the distance my great old father. Still

remember you with your library hair tangled with the touch of

time. I have sat hid in oblivion for ever these kind

feeling and sympathy you had towards these little ones the

years passed under your care. Though I am caught in twin of life

and death. With the word and dictionary and business in line of

crime and love became the feeling of a strong self-getting prayer is the

your smile is in these highlands now. When a peacemaker

that once existing beautiful heart-songs shafted had taken place in

every boys heart when he left home—when the still had a friend left he

speak with another a pretty poor sympathy with the

two persons and who felt anything more that came in

new business and that was the third—she spoke with me about ten

years and falling in love with someone who was true in his favor you

and left to you by the name of Tony took his place.

Then it was the man days that every thinking

went up like down. When our first word and our shout

what away—Tony began to rule the boys with a

tropical hand; and putting the laws on the back

back every day with the cats for little things that

one. Well wouldn’t have his whistle at day. Day’s day. The cars

and better he would go up from the unmentionable. He that

Mr. Wood would return back; by the lemon. Mr. Jerry called

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

toff his shirt because he had heard with say in the fact that

he had to day wood for distance when Mr. Wood would

come back again. Mr. Smith took off his shirt and Tony

cut his life in the back till his feet back look like

a piece of peach and Jerry went out order that Tony

was heard another day wish that Mr. Wood or Mr. Smith

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

so with the cats that he would made another write

in a heavy thus the boys couldn’t put up with no longer

and there was continually a fight with Tony more two

days every day. There was more boys call in the

night while Tony was there then our Wood had call

in three thus one day a little old lady boy by the

name of Big Miller had spill a little salt on the

table and Jerry happened to pawing and see the little

cat. Miller from the table and ask him some

twenty time aside of his ears with the palm of his
hands after dinner was over the boys was let out to play. Miller staggered along as far as the female department and sat himself down on the steps where he sat in silence alone mourning over the treatment which he had just parted with. Presently I saw a crowd of boys gathering around him I ran with my mind to see what the trouble was and there lay young Miller stretched out on the ground with his little hands clenched together and the flesh aLOOING from his hands. The boys picked him up and took him to the hospital and laid him on a bed. While the cause an old lady wiped the cold sweat from his brow. The next day I saw Miller in the yard but he did not look to me as he did the day before for there had been a great thing taken place in his family. He had been sick and had a relapse. A dyed India ink.
by the name of Peter Mackieboy left himself behind a
small ball that stood at the lower end of the yard just
at 034. Very soon his whistle for the boys to come on was
heard and the room was filled with boys. The
Mackieboy was missed and no answer was given to his
whistle. It was called after the boys had all gone but
he was missed and the room was empty. It was
Mackieboy. The boys had all gone to the school room. He
was called for Mackieboy and he was found and brought
back to the school room. Mackieboy had only been in the
room a few days before he went to the doctor's house.

Sarry asked him to take the shirt which he had
stolen. He said he didn't want to be called Sirr and
Sarry struck him across the face with the shirt. Mackieboy
took off his hat and threw it at Sarry and all of the
boys who were present had the hat out of his hand.

Then he drew a long knife from the sheath of his cut
and with the forefinger of a hand he made a point of
Sarry and they two fought like tigers. Sarry got the
short end of it and was just about to lay Mackieboy
to the floor when a noble-hearted boy by the
name of Nicoll Seil sprang from his feet and gave
Sarry by the hair of his head and brought him a spitting
and standing on the floor aabbage and pleading for Maccy
mack. Twisted the knife from the unfortunate man's hand
who laid at his feet and was ready to make a deep plucking
a hand of another boy by the name of Maccy grappled thight
hand that the unfortunate man's hand was so strong that he
resisted the punishment and Sirr struck off his shirt and
Sarry sprang to the post to receive a
punishment with the rod from the hands of Sirr. Sirr
made his hands fast and threw it at Sarry and then went
on his way back to the house where he had his
ain and had his back into the post. The boy that old
Seil had in his hand was a white spot to be
down on his mouth it back. When I have often
Sarry and told him to take off his shirt. Sirr Seil
like a man and had his back into the post. The boy that
old Seil had in his hand was a white spot to be
down on his mouth it back. When I have often
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Sarry and told him to take off his shirt. Sirr Seil
like a man and had his back into the post. The boy that
old Seil had in his hand was a white spot to be
down on his mouth it back. When I have often
and look upon the feeling day they both broke out of their cells and made their escape. They set out to England and the Till Ship, as a sailor, and went off to sea in the year of 1653. I sent him to the city of New York, where a heavy tax man dealt him in a broadcloth with a gold chain and a swinging fan, a watch, pocket, and the captain of a vessel that lay in the harbor, loaded with a cargo for the East Indies, he grasped by the hand when I stepped up to him and called him by name, and by the hand I thought. The fellow would squeeze a few pence off of me. He conducted me around of the island and took me into his cabin where just a young lady whom he had introduced to me as his sister he then drew out the table and asked me to annul myself by taking a game of cards with him until his soup was at, and talked some of an afternoon, and then we both finished the game in some a most young lady who looked to me as though she was just leaving the town, dyes in rich silks and satins and a gold chain hanging around her waist with a gold watch. While he docked was drinking and dining with some of the richest people of the town, I took down with me till and the two young ladies and was about to leave and make a start up to the House of Bayswater. When our captain fell down and told me to return a few moments and he would accompany me to the place and see how things looked on our way to the refuge. Tell and me in a deep conversation about the fight he had with Tory and about the eating that him and me had received from Tory, the hardships with he had gone through and ended by hearty laughter and jolly jokes. We reach the place and giving the handle to bring the gate he kept close and open the gate, as required, of there was a gentleman there. Who acted as an officer by the name of Mr. Samuel Potter. The keeper of the gate stair was in the forenoon in our fires and said that there were no such officers there. But there was a few admittance, which he refused to give us until we had told him that we were once seapop boys in the old offhand that stood up in the morning and that we were under the same roof and that if there was we should be glad to see our old friend. And that he would come back calling him that was with him the dollar and if he would come as if he would just bring up to the officer and tell him. We took to come to the gate. I knew that if our friend had taken the hollow of an fits admittance and been glad to see us and given us the parole of looking...
...around to see if any of our old comrades still remained here, but the gate-keeper confirmed to me with an allusion in the manner of a man that had seen them out there, that he had seen them go out to look him on to see if there were any of his old comrades in the street and had informed himself where they had been and to boot on the old record books and if he could find any names and numbers still remaining among any of the old records. The gate-keeper said that he would oblige and leave a note off and was gone about ten minutes and then made his return and gave me a note and bade me to enter in and look up to the office and tell the superintendent that he was one of the boys in the House of Refuge under the care of Mr. Thor and Mr. Smith and would like to have the privilege of going through and ask each boy in the house if any of our old companions were still there. The superintendent did as he was directed and was some two or three minutes in bringing the boys to the office. But then he said that he would oblige and leave a note off to the old officer of the House of Refuge that he was going to the office and ask several of them if they could find any name or numbers but a sign of them could be found where was not one found. Then the superintendent then conducted us to the office and said several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several several 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to the ground, melted every thing to which your principles had been attached. The old seamen and their trade then, could not bear the thought of his death. The old seamen seemed to seek for some reason to be made the scapegoat of his death. They would say to me, as I sat in the deck-house, studying the lines, that if anything happened, it would be on board, and that they would not be able to bear the loss of such a man. I told him, the old heads of seamen was all hands. In the old days when the shifty boats were sly, they would come back and food the rosary, and come to the conclusion that his death might be the fall in a conspiracy, and so we have all the time.

I told him that I thought he was a very wise gentleman, a man of good feeling and full of sympathy, and a man of good sound judgment, and that he knew how to use it. I thought that he was right, and in my opinion it would have been better if he had been left alone, and not interfered with. The lines of his face, and the way he was sitting, made it impossible for any one who observed him to be able to bear the idea. He was a gentleman that thought the right thing of his work, and was under his care, and was able to instruct in the lines of the work, and to give the best advice. The seamen on board were very respectful, and it was a great comfort to see them as they said, 'God bless you, sir, we are very much obliged to you.'

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The picture of a handsome young girl who was never seen and  
flourished in the roles of a young woman and many famous  
are there now dying in the cold bed of poverty and their  
girls and children are now weeping under the  
cold, piercing hand of poverty. The cold and dark hand  
of time soon turns their plenty into poverty and their  
girls are soon bears and find away and become signs for  
other people to gather and share. I must now return  
back to the significant thing before the reader with  
that I was still a boy in the house of refuge; on the day  
that Mr. Webster said, 'I will see you back,' he had  
been punished. And with such strength back they  
was driven off to a dark and a gloomy cell where they  
were three weeks in the following year. It was about two  
weeks after Mr. Webster had got punished that Mr.  
Webster made a visit to the refuge. It was the last  
of summer. I had just got my breakfast done and was  
coming down the stairs when Mr. Webster was  
played. Mr. Webster had been even more than a year  
and I looked around him with the other boys to take  
us look at our long and absent friend Mr. Wood.
The day past away and night came on. Heavy drops of rain fell during the night and continued during the day. Only in the morning in that beautiful and solemn morning did the sun give its warmth to the earth, while the boys ran about on the playground and gin to the mast of the ship. We were busy making things and at one point the ship was determined to leave. Keep out of the way of Mr. Harper for I knew if I could only keep off of his way long enough to cross the sea, I could the ones I saw on the ferry side that it was all right. I went up and during the day and there I saw many people in the streets crossing a large track of land. We fell into the road that led to the city it was near newly moons, and the traders did not sell them. Mrs. McCullough knew we all four were in and in the flush of lightening old Mrs. McCullough provided with food and money to make our escape to the ferry. Mrs. McCullough had a girl living in Sweden and she charged her son William to go right to Sweden and the second taken of him until she heard it. Came once after getting our necessary things from the land, he said to the captain about thirteen men and women who had been working on the ship and asked them to let us stay and remain there until I got again who asked me five dollars in money. The next day I met Mrs. Hamilton and asked them where they stood during the first night. Tom replied that they had:(Damaged text)
With her still might the old bag fell in love with him for she was as beautiful as a flower and had the 
structure of the human soul also. Mike had got up 
and eaten the old woman ask him if he would stay 
with her and he her. So Mike told he would not 
the old woman went out to buy some nice bread 
cloth to make him a new suite of clothes. While 
Mike was sitting there there came in a cloven 
more, Sarah and went into the back room a playing 
under voice said room in our chance this stop but 
the room and ask the boys if they would give 
her a hand in the said they would. We put down 
and play all that day and all of that night and 
when they go home to close our eyes in sleep in 
the morning I counted over my cash and found 
that I had come not he had the amount of thirty 
ine dollars and Tom was fifty two. People also 
and Mr Collins was seven dollars and a half I 
that past five dollars when I examine and 
decided it equal between the three of us. In the 
morning the party broke up and the sailors 
returned.
Three months, I had such money enough to buy me four new suits of clothes and a furs and enough to convey me back to my native home. I shook Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Collin was to go with me as far as Albany; it was on a Monday, meaning that on a cross at early dawn and pack up our bands and to get ready for the steamboat that morning. My horse and mare were all things ready; the good drawn to the Delancey, where Mr. Miller was to take it. Though the last journey which of the hands least to our great surprise was the entering this place of hill, there stood hence just and Mission police in with rope behind hand and foot and that eluding old hand of things, I seized me again while three other policemen seized one. Collin and me Colquhoun and took us back to the evening 1803. I stood in the office chair as we entered the gate, and walked up to the office, and Jerry ordered the horse to have the work and dress in our ruffians, clothed for twelve o'clock at the hour of twelve. The bell rang for dinner and the whole pair of us was called on in the center of the dining room, and Jerry ordered us to take off our shirts. Mr. Collin told him that he did not come back to take off his shirt. Do you tell me, said Jerry in a rough and an ugly manner. I say take off your shirt. We stood still and firm without moving a hand until Mr. Jerry spoke up to me, Collin and struck him a cross the face with the cats, that Mr. Collin could not stand, but turned Jerry by the throat and brought him to the floor. A man had Jerry been brought to the floor, then me Collings, much in and struck him several blows in the face. Jerry followed it for help but these were not a boy in the house that would rise to lend a hand; the farmers of the ships heard his cries and they ran to his assistance and fell the two boys off me then play off our shirts while the tyrannical old seeing gave fifty fine blows again I had always thought that Mr. Rae who use to have the management of that institution was a very poor man in punishing the boys, but he was a man of humanity, said Jerry. The next day after we had seen our punishments. I witnessed a scene was Mr. Rae went to him again in the side of the gates it was at the hour of dawn, which the boys had put these tasks done and had gone down on the play.
made he granted my request and lanced my hand from the post and professed my punishment until the next day which time he had got a pair of cats made and he would use that there authority with the cats like Mr. Jerry in a byographical way but in array of good feelings and sympathy always looking the poor little sufferer in the face with a smile and a laugh at every blow that he gave and speaking a soft and a kind word to him there on it. Then Mr. Jerry in the same way striking the little sufferer with a soft blow on the back with the cat for some little crime that they had done until the little sufferer would sob and squint out enough he would then with three little pangs and let them go—giving days bare at the same time the same words again. 1803, 1806, and 1807. That left those officers and Navigat d with the bears of 1803 Jerry again with those two officers but the contract was broken up those ships and the boys went back to labor there. The whole indication in few short hours less than thirty thousand dollars worth of property all consigned away to others and we was obliged to leave our right lodger in the ships and in the bore at first stage after.
Mr. Bürger had bought me back. They called me into his office and ordered me to take my shoes off. I had only three pairs of shoes, and the last pair was as tight as my feet. The officer then gave me a gold watch and said that I had been brought to me. I denied it vigorously. The officer then said that I had never bought any gold watch, in which case he asked me to name the man who had sold it to me. I asked him about twenty minutes and returned with a name as black as a negro's. The officer then said I should write down the name. I wrote down his name and handed it to the officer. He wrote it down and said, "I know nothing about it."

The Negro then said, "I know nothing about it."

The officer then said, "I know nothing about it."
pression more for Benn and Bob holding a boy long
conversation behind it have over the watch there are you say
I say Terry why waiting pure Terry then contain me to be
around and be sure she don't come right in the passing
that black hearted and informed by my signal and then throw
the salt watch for me Mr Terry I say the all brought
hand of God fell on me and closed me at your feet for I
brought a watch made of them salt with more wound a
said Terry he gave me about fifty or seventy bikas and
brought me paint and some salt in the plan and the black
man smiling from my back have long I had my face in
that condition I am unable to tell as I opened my eyes to see
Terry and Terry raising me from the floor and seating me in
chair I was to make and find that I was not able to just see
that one alone there I got with Terry knot with poor young
Stringman in the box to go under the same informed find
that I had already gone through and have himself beneath
the black death and the eyes unawake and unthinking while the
informal black lighted hand by a leading me now painted
sister Terry instead Stringman to help me on with me but
poor Stringman though a black hearted boy that the
lack manual help me with my shirt while he stuck
out my back on the inner one after I had got my with
an eye out gaz Stringman to take off his hat Stringman object
himself like a man and stood in the corner of the floor with his
mouse falledd and the passing of Terry who was to be punished for Stringman
said Terry I wish to just a question to you of much if you tell me
the truth it will lead you from a lesser punishment but if you tell
me a lie I shall punish you till there isn't a drop of blood left in you
poor boy held up his head like a man and told Terry that was
never a sentence to free the hands well sir said Terry I want you
tell me about that watch that you and Rob had hidden the
breaking bone before yesterday watch said Stringman I do understand you
meaning the Terry explain yourself if your please Stringman said
Terry this is a serious matter and as you present that gold
watch to me much you and Rob had left behind them I shall
punish you till you come and show me these said Terry an eye
on wise man who seen you and Rob have the watch in your hand
so that Terry said Stringman and the breaking bone you said
the black up me it is a Stringman and you know it I have
no more to say Mr Terry said String if you punished will
be reflected on me cruelly and remember that if you spill
my blood and stain your hands in my interest, you must
that it will follow you to the judgment. I have seen ten men with a mark on me. Do I know anything about it? Gery asked him to stand around and one box hit him a little piece from Hogman
lay at the window, and took me in melody in the face with
streaming eyes, and I myself bear the suffering weight of the cut. Reader, we can tell the Jubilee of your heart
and mind. A blot these stamp in fountain of tears could go
falling up as I looked upon that beautiful wall, the
skin of Hogman. Who was to be thine and stood like a
place and that currently too far, that mark he knew nothing
of all about my tears. They sympathize in my feeling but
will avail him nothing, while from Hogman. In getting
tear and mangled. Oh, I have it my head and closed
my eyes, that I might not look on the awful scar of
Hogman was about a witness against. But at the day of
honor, King gave Hogman almost one hundred and
twenty-five and told him to prepare for worse on the
following day if he did not present the match and part
at both ends of the office. A staggering beneath the
Weight, he then came the door at the time end of the
spread and laid down in the snow with one hand but cut all
to pieces. I did not care, I was about myself, as I did about poor
Hogman, when he only a hour before was clean from stripes
and marks on him. There was the day that I was to see the
Hunt in 1823. When that I might make my appeal to him that I
ought being done too, in plain and plain light to him in the
world. I have much before. I have the committee and brought you close
before you. I must investigate the matter over and over if my
eyes had had any role in punishing. In the brightest way
that he did not what a living being had said—although I
must had resign his office yet the head flung in sympathy
between us. And he was still living in the city seeking our
interest and excusing well for it as I was upon my foot I took
up the blade and so I knew. King came putting thusly along
with his head bowed toward the ground and afraid not my
and mingling in with the rest of the large crowd that still
bath hands in despair, carrying his back against the
females house. Jump in and driven by every man in the house
for holding such an up and down. These skinned them in two
poor unfortunate beings that was shot up in a piece like
himself—best, the Reader shall see in what an unfeared
King came to two days after Stomach and we had some
punishment; the old officers had been set on fire by some
Irish hands of some of the sailors; the boys were put to
a picking up the bits and pulling them up by themselves
among the number was Ann King it was just suspec-
tive, and Tony had blown his whistle for the boys to be
and get ready for supper but Mr. King took me back
the whistle but thought that he would stop it in the
old building and pitch out some cheese. While in this
before the watch himself first as the King of kings
was staggering down to pick up a brick a large slice of timber
fell from one hand and made a large hole in his shirt.
King was taken up and carried to the hospital the Doctor
was sent for and the promenade his case difficult that
he would be lost to the morning as he and Stomper
heard the doctor-sitter shrill made me hate stop up
Mr. Darnell later in another off of our house next to the
new building. Mr. Darnell if he would allow us to play and the
King in my presence before the sight of death once
left him as we said this made Mr. Darnell so white as a sheet in the face and said in a most
affecting manner that one might after the long was worked up in
the barn the hour arrived and in company with the Reverend
Mr. King went to the hospital and there sat the man an old lady
in quiet the blood from the wound sick King had said a
little was still and stated it was the early night of death was just
approaching him; there he laid stretched out in full length with his
mouth wide open a gasping for breath as the dying man open
his eyes he saw me and Stomper in standing around his dying
rude: the important and black's fellow beaten black negro
had the importance to Stomper and his black face he was and
certain that he was again expressing to take his black pain
I told him that I had come up to see him before he died but
saw I have you got your reason; tried to stir the poor invalid
rude: do you understand what I have said to you Stompers he
was answered with tears streaming from his and rolling down
his black cheek King yes that the oldiest basket of
clots it is ready to wash you away from your long of life
will go under your little head and be buried and your
Budget will go up to that and I abode your to conceive if just
Blacks - I must to ask you one solemn question Tony before
you die right here in the presence of Mr. Tony King will you
answer me that question. King said he would tell me. King did not tear me and King was with a saltlick. King said King knew what I did to King. King was standing by and so our joint hearts had dropped in the year. I have never seen anything to make King move. I think I have never told you the most pleasant things to tell such a subject. I done it and King the thing to gain the power of my life. I am not a dying. I am not a dying man. I am not a dying man. It is not in my power, you can start up for me. The right way this way might. King you must the there is in help for you and there will be that in my kind of man that was split in the office. I am standing up. King was standing up and the there is in the long and beautiful height that you will be near. You can start up for me to hear. King I am. I am not a dying. I am not a dying man. I am not a dying man. I am not a dying man. I am not a dying man. I am not a dying man. I am not a dying man.
as I part his coffin there he layd in the same attitude that he did when he died with his mantle aragon and his half close baader. I have now confided to you the singulars and inquest of the same way because I would candidly enter upon what is that that brings to many young brats to this place where they have beyonder the cruel hand of torture and punishment but this said not cut and wounded upon the side of some time in answer to it because they break over the fore arm into a mother or a sister or sister and harm the waist and doth and in early boy how they leave the parents of this happy house and go a way about the streets with extra pieces to lay these heads or enter into some large city where they have the drink and gamble and enter the house of inquest with the fell a prey to vice and crime until the heavy hand of the policeman take them away to the house of correction and even where there little kind groups at some road and here are some informal of some wrong doing and the effects of some high drunkenness such as Jack Dupin and Jack Dupin and others because it must be true that these are such a highwayer as Jisten lying there in some little while how you crow know that one half of the robbers that are written in their letters have been murders the other thousand to get a host of them wither and to see them with a greater quantity of blood and increase the life and the manner of some great man of his country by giving a siningbuck foolish lasts until he gets the whole salary perfectly by means and he stirs out into the world with this mind stored full of wickedness and degradation until he comes to the next crime with he has been a reading and finds himself a shameful and a dagnate young man cut up in a dark and a grey poor face many old grey heads to have beneath the shameful doom of shame and not at the altar shall shall peace in despite the looks of a novel the account of simple things I can have the eyes of one who are a cross to say one that reads them forever could not have the look of them they are part of he they are a stone house of this forever could not take my comfort in reading them give me the history of some great and good man who is battling for the soul of his country like men of earnest who is fighting against the world
of enemies every day, for the promotion and benefit of th
imbending with an hour for its
church, peace and crime, and mortal terror in the midst of th
result of that dark sheet. I dared to read, or read some lines that would bring me a young man to a young
and many, a sleeping motion in three years. Do
Most men hungering the reason back, where he left it
a turn in the last look of my old friend, Tom King, and
with my back bow and arm with the point of the tale
and strong man, drinking under the growing pain of a
strangled back—These days after the death of my
King, I called stongman and a French boy behind the box
when we held him towards together and told them
that there was nothing in the way to hinder us from making
our escape and return immediately back home to our
friends and to stay in the city of New York one hour, if we
could possibly help it; after I had shown my plan
in getting away; Nicholas Miller the French boy and Strong
man promised to be ready at nine o'clock at the head
of town. I then strong man and Miller together, slip
to the river and told them that then we were ready to make
another start, let the consequence be what it would, and did
make it clear. We all three pushed up behind the paddle from
and walked up to the building that had been built down and let it
up a long stalk of candles; placed it firm against the and made
my escape with strong man and Miller the first place we made
for was the Hudson river, we were blinded to hear for the happy
forms of our native land, it was near twelve o'clock when we got
to the steamboat landing there on all three stood without a step
to our feet or a rag on our cattle waiting on our backs but a
coat of red stripes with the coat had made and not a single cent
of money in our possession, the reader may sympathize with us
and imagine what a condition we were in two of us with
our backs bare and ram with the cats and the back of one that
stood and gave us blood—How to get there in what to do. I
know not if I seen the steamboat getting ready to start passenger
after passenger step aboard one after another one short hand and
she would be a puffing her way up the river with her
I was
heading right towards the head of Esopus ferry. While I was
standing in the pasture and love conditions you get them
beast in the fashion of the day with a heavy load and attach
the chain of match came up two and told us that if we was
...bone to take passage aboard the boat that we had gotten a
leaving at 30 for the boat would start in five minutes. The motorists
proved to be the captain of the boat so we all three stepped
aloft and sat down by ourselves for from all the passage
at the bow of the boat we sat there the captain in a slip of the
young man. I put up my coat and seated us in the following way.

Well, where are you bound for? I was asking him and told
him that we three boys who had just made our way
from the house of Rogers and that we wanted to be come
back to the land of care and where I then pulled off my hat and
showed the captain my coat and told him that "there was
in the same condition that I was carried by the means of a
boat with only being saved who but a few days ago would
be in the maelst of the officers then boys said the captain I had
seen for you all and I am not again least in particular.

Hereafter there will be but the good to put you on some boat that will carry you back
gave all them to the boat and told him to me that we had anything
brought to us after the passage got through their boat.
The boat made a turn with its head and returned back
room and brought us prisoners enough for a horse 
and put it down before we would come back to his room.

In the room with a strong appetite but for myself I
put it on and there was the room by the wall where we had

...
The ship was anchored in the harbor for several days before we finally decided to proceed. The weather was calm and the wind light, making it a perfect day for our journey. We planned to sail to the next port, which was approximately ten miles away. The crew was assembled, and the captain gave the orders for the day. The first task was to check the rigging and ensure that all was in order. Then, we would set sail.

As we sailed, the crew worked tirelessly to keep the ship on course. The lookout reported that there were no signs of land, and the captain made the decision to continue our journey. The wind was perfect, and the sea was calm. The crew was in good spirits, and the atmosphere on the ship was cheerful.

After several hours of sailing, the lookout spotted a small island in the distance. The captain ordered the crew to prepare to dock. The ship was maneuvered into the harbor, and the crew began to unload the supplies. The island was small, with a few houses and a small harbor. The crew unloaded the provisions and prepared to make camp for the night.

As the sun began to set, the lookout reported that there were no signs of danger. The crew settled in for the night, preparing for a long journey ahead. The captain made the decision to continue sailing the next day, as the weather was favorable.

The night was peaceful, with only the sound of the waves breaking against the hull of the ship. The crew settled down for a fitful sleep, anticipating the challenges of the day ahead.
Poor little fellows; said the girls as they sat a chair in face of the fire for to warm me, shining-like; as we sat the girls one after another brought us a piece of bread to eat, and then began to question as to our horses and the place of our meeting, and the friends we had, so well—after setting the flat heat near. Scattered my pockets full of sugar and rice up and asked if he was ready to go for walk as was I, I wanted to bring my bag out of the woods and find some love spot where I might give a full view to my fragrant tobacco, and had one of the girls met from Madam to S—. It was cold for you to go out tonight in the situation that you are now in, and as he said these words, I heard the stirring of many footfalls through the hall—making their way toward the kitchen—well my boys told the Captain three degrees of speech had my supper—read story and wrote—Capt. Johnson to the Captain to the landlady, who was having their lodging with a rug in his mouth—here rug was burnt, but had a covered floor in this towns before we were there, and he made me and Smith make a pot of the little sifter boy—Capt. Johnson step up to me and put me on the bed and serve him. I would like to stay and live with him, and once more I will leave that I need not appear poor boy; said the Captain, it's just that he is a smart boy he looks like one, like a smart intelligent boy, said the Captain got up, boys said the Captain and Capt. Johnson began back to both men, from our seat and stripes of our shirt while a crowd of ladies and gentlemen gathered around as to see our might, having a front of magnificent boys, said the ladies more than little fellows had smart eyes in it, and when the little fellow had brought boys, my back up, to see boys, and the Johnson, who had two a dead rite of a sight, said I live, it was in the city of manhattan. I had made my eyes, three months before this from the waters of Rhine and two months ago in company with two other boys. I left with a trunk of clothes and was coming to go back home to my mother, but just as I was ready to step aboard the ship, the vessel, and I was on the land, along old board of steps, and turn and told me back to the house of Rhine, and for making my escape, I was brought out to the first with the ship, and found a thirty years old man in my face back with the cat of war.
Talc and two days after, a big knee up looking after by a name of Jan King had told me that the situation was that I had bought a gold watch in the city and that I was thinking of selling it. He said he could not give me any particular concerning the piece he mentioned, but he then walked the latest off our street right in the presence of Jan King and quizzed me about a hundred and fifty dollars a piece on our books and where he found the piece described to me. He then made me that Jan King was on his way home with a large sum of money that he had received from one of the businesses. I guess you have met a man telling me that you had better keep him and bring him up just what I can give to do so the boy and as how we children but one daughter. I'll take the boy into my family and make an adoption of him and if I don't want I will give him a chance to get a college education in the course of a few years during this conversation the captain's sister and Mrs. Johnson and her daughter had slept out to the king's store and brought a box of clothes and present it to our family. I thought of my mother as these ladies came passing through and a laughing in the background. Indeed my mind was back many important days when I was helpless and needed the care of my sweetheart. The gentleman through these stores in this protest and made up a donation of three dollars for us and left the kitchen for the women toys through these process of painting and lettering-
Johnson spoke to win a modest way and told us to take off our shirts and turn our backs to the fire as they had done before, and one of the hand girls took a piece of salt and dried a red hair in warm water. The deep marks in our backs was filled up with clay blend in, having both did smart as as soon as. All the others in the room lay as though they were laid upon me, but she had pass through the pressed hard, and was Solomon took her finger and dip it into the salt water and held a cross it after a gentle hand shelf. We were all and shone bright in the highest room and lay at one end of the dormitory. The captain came up in a hury to stop for nothing at all. I was born and brought up by the captain, but it has been a judgment that is only made of him. He was born between the east and west, and an orange. The captain said, for God's sake let it never be known anything about me being here. The captain is you must not be found of my writing. When you have any change any place in your possession a mark then they will show me the next time, then took us by the hand, and told us to lie on legs that he had written down. He was much all this left. He spoke to me a stretch of the cuts was three to ten on his back. There, and I lay all the night long, a bed.
The text is a narrative account of a journey. The narrator describes traveling by boat and meeting various individuals along the way. The passage mentions conversations with people about the weather and the landscape. The text is filled with descriptive details about the journey and the people encountered. The text is difficult to read due to the handwriting style and the quality of the image.
The Town thinks a great deal of you because you are the only black person that resided in this town before you came and because of these I am pleased with you and think it would be a great gain to have you remain in the Town. It is true you are not yet very old, but I hope to see you grow up to be a useful member of society. I have been in the habit of coming to the Town to visit my wife and I always enjoy the company of the people here. I am glad to see you have been made a member of the family. I hope you will be happy here and that you will make many good friends.

Early in the morning I arose and drew myself and went down to the bar room and spoke to the other men about the matter of the liquor which was to be dealt with. After discussing the matter with them and letting me know what my duty would be, I left the bar room and went to see the porter. He told me that he had already secured the necessary supplies and that all I had to do was to see that they were properly arranged and ready for use. I thanked him for his help and told him that I would do my best to see that everything was in order.

I then went to see the manager of the bar and told him that I was ready to begin my work. He thanked me and wished me luck. I told him that I was ready and that I would do my best to see that everything was in order. He thanked me again and wished me luck.

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Mild that your will get use to it by and by and that you
may have the same feeling about him as you do now. Don't you remember
the last time he was here he was sick and I was here and I had some
words with him. He said he was going to try to help you. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer.

Johnson takes his place in the bar room and
they have the same feeling about him as you do now. Don't you remember
the last time he was here he was sick and I was here and I had some
words with him. He said he was going to try to help you. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer. He said he
would go to the court house and get a lawyer.
behind the counter—or otherwise I shall have day after tomorrow with Captain Mann who is going to take for alimony and has promised to take me along with him—Well said Lexington I will see the Tip and have a talk with him and see if I can get him to change your place and give you something else to do as well.

These words in came Captain Ruth and Captain芯片 with a

open in the manner it occurred to me and the captain's

other man and beef and after that we were going just into the

bar room calling for liquors and the man ordering mines to be

sent to make and such a room where they would be passing

right away in galling the operation. Approaching thing a

little the bell rings for the bell. I had a pleasant moment of

peace myself on which I could just run cross the room and

speak words to the man—Who promised to meet me that night

after the hour of Elowan for the drink was understood that

had been ordered in to the man—But then I had the whole

after filling the room and so I was the last to

look to my station and the door had three young gentlemen in

the room waiting for one to assist them all. Thus ended the

story of a rich planters that had one. Mr. Lucas who had come
to spend the summer with Captain chip—Come rake one day

boy this went to being they with a laugh on this piece long enough to

read these one must among your guard boy we're walking some
time here for you and us over a dozen of mine—the young men

laugh and throw me a half dollar and told me to put it on my pint

and keep myself that it was a piece for me—He told you

bring a bottle of wine and two glasses of brandy and sign up

its air room in a hour from now and tell the boy to charge it we

take that quarter and throw it in your pocket that then you just

tilt the bar room and went up stairs and began their night calling

by playing the game of jokes after they had gone I had a thousand

other calls which I was unable to attend to among the boy that gave up

there with four other gents from near you who had come in

from the bar room that they and was being a playing at the other end

and had left me alone to do up the saying because of their noise

and turned around hands that night I could not think at—In the morning

began by some more old and I found the next time we had for me
to perform above I carried the day that they left the ordered place

for me a few miles singing and selling for glasses of lemonade

for the young Misses and in a bottle of wine to be sent to such

and need a room for the Honourable man for one and do and this also a

couple of dozens of brandy for Captain A and Captain B. a
down, signed and a lump of wet mud for the gentleman from the
shovel and then the little scrawny that had brought me from town to
town. They came, purring and blurting along as though the
belly of a hungry, poor young who needed the milk up to the hotel and calling for an extra seat. The captain and his sister must have a proper supper from the extra round and
the boat was just too in just such a style so they would not trad. And
did you want any of the poor girls would have to hear from it that the next morning and give a concert at the captain's and the boat was supposed to
done up in a flush style. I seem to think the weather that morning
of my own and all was just store when I was supposed to be the
shaper of them. So I called the captain up in my Syrian coat and told
that if I lived to be young that I would leave my place and
brought before his mind the adventures with his wife Livingston
and her son—nothing but an old sausage. They stumped on tortoise
past into the picture and a month ago I did not care or think about
at all. I wish I was there. I wish I was there. I wish I was there.
And the scrawny was knowing I was just from the captain's
house and that he had bought that day at the market. I wish that there
was not any more money and a beat woman to take me back across the
plains. His beard cut and his hair cut and his hands cut and his fingers
up to the panel and I was in the room with the captain's wife.

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considered last him in the fire without destroying any way, though I should think it was more important if I had said to him what I would have him, though you look so bright and so gay from the air you are eating the fat of the land, and though you have a name of good life among your country people, old chap, the days will come when a fancylooking king (after all) will come near you and with his speaking hand will chip that arrow off your headings. You were always a man with one head of the best we ever saw, and you gave us a name of my knowledge. But look at the old brute now! The other beheld how he got his glory and his crown taken away from him. He became out of the monarch to eat grass like an ass. You believe he will fall with that old fellow one day and gone is a heavy arrow on the head and removed his crown all to pieces. Left him a walking like a mouse in the vine and sit upon the old brick, upon my soul! And why the old chap, felt he in one of the little lakes; that the Danes were just out of their magician - but after all, when he believed that he got his crown back again if the villain only got up and made himself and not be able to the king, make his more for he is a man old very. I have seen the old hunter play with little boys and girls with men and women, and the honest old sheep. Here round the next minute and here at them to see that the best physician that man in the middle, that the honest old sheep, he, who used to be the, to be shown, and the prince, that the strange old, had relations is not all dead the old man, he. It is a thing or a little blood. I remember a rich man once many that smiled and laughed at pretty, be so sick that if you painted your fingers for him to look and take a peep at you. He would have his head in another direction next one day. The sun and his wings made a great dance and give this 1800. King on invitation to step on and step with them the old King accepted the invitation and slept in the old man and his sons and his daughters who was more and more than them, more cloth and all danced made a great fire around the table in preparation and getting the ground. The feet began to stagger in such a close circle, that it was very to paint some of the red fire on the table and intention they went with some of these feet; but nearer while the spirits went around the old man, and descended the table and brought up here as three bottles and sit upon the table. This was ready andJester came up there. Cheers and the Southwind of the house began to pour out his
mine and to give him the long introduction of his greatness all the rich ladies and gentlemen that sat around his table of fame. But I remember that he passed the round the table and as we ladies and gentlemen began to praise the lord of the house expressing his grace in his plural, the last said one of the ladies: Mr. Gray the young gentleman. The last at last said it to me and speaking to the ladies and gentlemen said now that he had passed the table to you, many handsome cousins and friends in the plot here of me for to said be I come a creeping the very along I am a lion of every body. To come myself with ladies and gentleman with the rich and the poor at the end of the table and in the palace I play and mingle near the heart and mind of many because of me for I only make our cloth and give our greats party and dress of cloth from each other continued for a month a few days after I happened to pick up a newspaper accidentally and I made my eyes on one of the columns written with much more space and property was to take over our shirts and for I took again a few days after and I was the same roughly rich man covered with rage and rank deep in the cloth of degradation and not laugh and 1st at last by the rich and in the face by the friends that had ate and drunk at his table the empty hand of plenty friends to any at the door of his mean the rich and the poor people I had him my and to throw him from the cloth of degradation and mine the laugh and sprightly manner with songs in notes of harmony I wrote for me on come dancing along and I hearken rich man and his noble family carried up to an entirely great I thought to myself and all myself what I did to all of this what he offered that the family and received them what had caused that been degradation to fall upon the greats and the beautiful lovely ladies of this county what had caused my fear and noisy cheeks to fall away to an entirely great to not that this time so many rich and not to to go a meaning through our streets what is that has caused many a sprightly manner with little there unfortunate tore that are in a glory place I said and King showed looking you badly in the face I have done it show me possibility to no lady I am no respector of persons I enter the King's palace and present Kings I standing crowd with the young and one in for you my said to the dome to black ladies and all the people are black and these are we all to have any more dealings with him after tonight and I'll be to the the coming time and it will leave my pleasant times for one of the
68v-69r

I don’t get another bushel m’thold. Take back Strangers’ things don’t
and take my advice—play where you are mean for one month only
that time. I shall have money enough to start the whole in the
leave the Lexington store and get my living by growing apples.
They said. It is committed to see a better gun in me now as
I shall give one a pocket in the morning and keep it there and
ready to catch the first man that lays his hand on me. I have suffer
enough. I might as well live in the house of the man that I suffer
under the greatest lord of Tory. Right Wrangler had promised
take one to allow I then get ahead of a canal boat and go
Home as Patrick there where is. Heavy trip was hard at my
room and so I had not gone to bed yet I open the door and the
young man demanded me to go down and bring up four cigs
and three bottles of wine St Johnman called Brownes
back only an hour; I must never close and follow
the cigs and money and the young man plunked me out and say
Putten well and tell me that there wasn’t presented. for me for allying the
So late an hour in the night as I locked up and locked I found
that it was four o’clock and I had not closed my eyes once. I was
sleeping that night which room in the house was lighted up
the Specimens were drinking and smoking playing cards
their

was playing the beautiful hand from and cut through. I cut it there
would be for me less than dozen and eight hundred dollars paid at the
the three young gentlemen from St Louis 2nd at them
It was so slumbering that I thought I was about to bed and Stran-
gers and me went down in the mine for apple with taking to

She takes a dinner in one of posts was rolling in a small bed for
the first time in my life I went a sleeping in spaces till the hour of 3 and
slept as I have never been before. I went in
and open the house for the day the last one for the last and gentle
girl I had St Johnman a cigar and told him to meet me at nine o’clock
for I was determined to learn another hospitality and the broadest
room and taking down stairs in the barr room calling for those going girls
breakfast after dinner next day. I thought the last dinner that
time I would deal out again to a man. I made my morning bill for
the breakfast and dinner and cigars that I had just received during the last
and hand it the Big Johnson bought and told her to hand it
to his partner telling her I was going to leave while he lived to be
and laugh and ask me. These is it’s cause was only St John-
man’s. I don’t know how St Johnman is or any other man
I next want to leave had anyone been showing good and doing
the time to be a lawyer. He was more with the people that went on
me.
believing me or saying anything to me about my feelings most—why is it that you seem to have a wish in most of your letters to be kind—will it be plain with you in the matter at once—the place and time and way you say I do not like it. I like the way you write and would higher that you have as long as I live. I don't like to be a debarred to be the bread you buy. I cannot have the smallest of it and I despise the look of it. And if the boy don't talk one away from behind the counter I shall have to say bye—Robert I will see you and have a talk with him and tell the girl you shout. say that in that last you want my father's second picture that in the first place only the brothers and wanted me to do and get good things. Make my father's picture there. don't go away until in my father's. I promised to get that I would stay with him and do all in the manner with him. and I return to miss into the barn room and then sit in one of the by you and have a speaking this pipe and looking over the morning papers. Well Bob, said with the Misses boy over there and I shall call George. If you are going to leave this morning am you will send know for certain, yet Hyacinth and Bob publishing are you are am so and he had a letter more to be written in the sail and then by him. Misses have him for the time remaining and have a good and well the him for seven years. They when you are and may
he says that Monday he is going to start for New York and he would like to have you to lend the barroom until he can come and when he returns he will bring a man with him to take it down. He says it’s a good boy Robert and stay here with me until a faster makes his return home and will be a better and safer place to you during the time you are here with me and in the mean of a few months I will take you home to see your mother and when you return back I will see that my foster brothers get a good education upon your what do you say to that Robert? Mrs Smith asked by and over heard the conversation says that said judge Smith - why James is sure said he that Robert wouldn’t lose the chance of a good education for all time would you Robert said judge Smith I held my head down I was a boy that had been doing something wrong and again me sir I know we desert but what Robert will do next mother Lawton and Oliver and Mr Johnson and all the returns from nowhere. But you begin to think what the Jackson had done for me and strange men on that hard and cold night when we first entered the town poor and helpless without a res in our pockets or a place to lay our weary heads on a matter to have

our Lazarus bands that had been tortured by the stroke of the cat and with tears sprinkling down my cheeks & promised Mrs Johnson that I would stay poor unfortunate boy said Wellington was looking closely out of the room that might go and find some time 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 opened the door and wiping the big tears from eyes I stepped up to the gentleman who began to ask me the following question the there is your native place Robert when you are home holding my arm out and pointing towards the house how of my nature I told him that in yours Western land in the city of Rochester was the place of my birth and the Happy Home of my childhood and youth - your foster and the Miss Smith you the my foster lay it maddening away to death and your mother Robert one before he would get that sweet and affectionate name - mother over his mouth - I told him that I was what was a live when I left the land of my nativity and what is it about that has brought you far from your home there - I again sat with in a full load of tears and was ready to make my escape out of the
door. That I might go and seek a place of reflection in a
love and solitary spot—lest unthinking touching her
she wrung those sorrowful tears from my eyes and lay
in the earth and was always grieved by telling me that in the coming
time. I should return back home loaded down with riches
with a good education. Reader can you imagine the sense
of my heart at judge Smith and Mrs Wellington who was
rich and wealthy and yet there is talking to me and when the
two wealthy lords mention the name of my beloved father
the tender name of my mother brought sweet waters amid
all the bitter feelings in my heart. The last letter consisted of my dying father, all ready at once in my hand
wood which caused the tears could not be stilled and the fellows look
at the fountain—yes Reader there was many days and during those
months, I stood a poor helpless and shining boy in the form
of those ladies and gentlemen. I understand you to my body
that poor mother was close when you left your room and said
Wellingtong King says, ‘So replace the man who has brought
him some good fortune from his—–it is a man who has done you
since I have been in heart from my mother—what was given
said that brought you down this way—-’

sitting father—poor boy said Wellington. I said that the
and the boy blow with tears began to tremble from my eyes again as
repeated my narrative but breaking through the rest of my
muttering and keeping over the place of her kind instruction and
hating her councils and leaving the home of my boyhood
and playing my hands deep in the book of peace and crime. I became
the beggar child and the inmate of the house of refuge. I was
snared and entangled through the means of those kings
who for telling a lie in me and longman is now taking up his
brooke with Annie and Sophie the high—what he did I did to
my self. Reader said Mrs Wellington. I went on and related the
story as the reader has seen in the fine point to him and in the
presence of these ladies and gentlemen. I put off my shirt and
down it from my back where the marks of the collar was not plenty
the same curve. The reader said Wellington. That would have
then continued and handed a boy in that manner. I would follow the man
who would have a man in that manner. Said Wellington
you would follow him till the eye of judgements you. I would know
him till this eternal spirit took its everlasting flight. The saying
in my dear judge Smith began to talk me about the rules and the
regulation of the house of refuge and the lit and scholling and
No further. - I wish & wished to join the circle, mystery & mystery that I spread & confidant, told since I was a child, that my life, heart, was fifty a month. I heard by the hand of a frequent slit. The man who was standing the niece of a hermit his farer - 1 - and walking up & down the room that had either been walked in this had broke through the wall. Half of those present were for a sake & only one in a single person was preparing them. To make what the speech upon the scaffold that had been prepared for some lifting. Time to saving between the houses & the walls. I gazed at the Mr. Wood, for you Robert said the latter, here is said I will this institution get another officer that will the house with the same. The dog per Smith like Mr. Wood said in for the reason no kind & obliging man will suffer hard & cruel treatment when a long's looks for what nature gave. I think it could not be. Smith that Mr. Wood & me there are better dog for a man. How I know them for a number of years. - I said to the first said you the little education that some classes it were are the same. That may be true, Improvement in can this be done the first. We are to use the bogs, to take, poetry. - And I have some kind of a dog. This dog is such beauty in a place we will much. Some brought to be known before. - You set a shield at her side & light like the sun on the moon.
73v-74r

Thus, feeling twenty-six, she cried,
I must make provision of horses,
So swiftly, obliterating the doubt,
Two shillings, and the same
when a certain letter sent,
offering his liberal name
That soon as approaching the head.
That girt with the sword of steel,
Upon her shoulder, on the back,
and the locks of his subjects induction.
Then raising her voice to an air
the brilliancy that overcame.
the song of the throstle; when there,
where can her glory appear.
That now bold and thus much
was selected in dream, could but to
the last scene mine as caught the old man
with her at my back all right as a guide.
again I had got through with the poem. Mr. Wellington put his hand
in his pocket and drew out a hand full of gold and
shilling his rich man; and over he to last pitch me a fine
gold piece. And Mr. Wellington held me not fool and came in the sitting
room at half past it; I say, by, and Wellington, you had ought to give
that boy a good education. I own, since that he will appreciate and take
the advantage of his time; poor boy, the house hung and thirty he
must for to get knowledge, he seems to be a painting for knowledge
and seeing for an education. What say your lip? I will say half
of his. He did if you are, you will say, that boy. If you are, you will not
say, that boy did not. If you are, you will not say, that boy. That boy
grew, and became a most man of the city here a good
education bettered upon him— the ball long for times and the pacer
looked up and enter 1th dining room. I went out and cast my eye
up and down the street. I saw, if I could be anything of anything;
while I had there, judge Jones, who had went about his business
out on the street and ask in what kind of a profession I would
like to choose, and I told him that I had the means I should like
domestic and said for a month. Their Lordships and what, I think
that you have chose at what made choice of any good
profession. After dinner then in my young and early day was the
time that I was painting, but to the hearing of all for an education
than twice the time, that I would almost had my life down of 3
could only be sent to some school for two or three years
and then, spent any time in learning some good and useful
knowledge, which might advance me a step or two in life—but
there was a day in the school house ofNULL and
sir—and, with the hope of getting some
knowledge, I was determined to lay a hand on a letter to the
lady, and went back to the House of Refuge—and after purchasing
my ticket, I went back to the house, and went into the sitting room where
I was left, and the lady, after fixing me for a suit of clothes, I
entered the back room where I handed me two dollars, and the lady had
even done to me for speaking the piece of poetry—she
lady said I was my self, if you could only see me at its
front of the female high school and hear the song of the
lady. I cannot think that your eyes would open a little,
and your eyes would not, but as the air was so
lady who had spoken to me for the day. I
lady said, and left them delicately little creatures, and she had seen at
the front, and looked at the
lady, who had
radio—well. Robert had a good boy, who came back said the letter
on gained to start for New York in the morning. I shall be gone
three days—she then said I had pleasure in hearing of these
years and don't off to have an afternoon ride. The morning
time at that, and they then started for New York, leaving me
in one of the rooms alone until her coming. They don't
said. I looked for the boy, and said, him traveling up the
...
One a member of the land and took me in of which I am under a thousand obligation to him for during so and so time willing to stay with your father till I am one and twenty if he till change my trade and promises to give me now education if it end more than a common school instruction - very well said the girl you stay until I go and consult with my father - Then left me and made her way back to her father's while she was gone Mr. and Mrs. Livingston told me that I was a foolish boy in wasting time with Captain Johnson for they are the best people in the world to live with. If you only knew how much the Cap thinks of you. And you would never leave him he is a good deal of you know you are the only claim I have in the state. Come to him and asked him say that he may go to make a good son out of you be a good boy now and gain your fortune and I will see that your work is change. The Cap told them I said them made I told him that I would try a business of something around the line then to be around in the next. In his room he then took me by the hand and led me over to Capt. Johnson's house where Cap's Martha and his father.
had crime when he was suspected of, the trials of his mind, and his feelings, led him to think that he was doing justice before God. When he was seeking your blood for the sake of gratifying a black hatred, you had your blood on your conscience a wrong, and your memory to reflect on, and your heart to recover from. We're all human, and we all make mistakes. What young man is there that's been playing with his mind until he has destroyed himself and made a fool of himself, and then, in a thousand times better for your strength if you will take that pistol which you carry loaded in your pocket and hold it to the bottom of the Hudson, to go through the streets, and then take it out, and throw it, and hold its head down at it, and then奠d not know what to do or what to do in rage and madness. I made my way back to the Hotel, leaving Wellington standing there to come to some proper conclusion of the matter. As I ascended the Hall, I heard the voice of Mr. Wellington-resounding through the walls. I saw in my fancy a perfect man, but like a heaving sort ofisen as I reached the personage. I could hearken to the person. I regretted again. When all once, the voice could dis- appearing in a silent and deathlike manner. I made my way through the room. From whence these words come, and your presence here, and your great animation, and assurance, is your name Wellington? Wellington on the

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...
Moments into the mighty deeps and pull up on old relics learned and descried from thence a couple of old monarchs. With the reader perhaps has read over and over in the page his childhood when he sat at the side of a praying mother—his is my old manuscript hand—let us look and see what ways and when he was coming out of the ship there was him a young man coming from the timber and the old fellow took up his dwellings among the tides and he was surprised with madness and poverty in degradation and which had lost one of his good principles and inexact that he once possessed and 

became parodied in that he was—on on the forsaken man in the land and the harshest fathers that pack and faction more could hold the old fellow and he was just an ugly looking old man that the very hearts of the people was afraid of him—and then and plunged himself in the sea where they all perish but an old acquaintance of his began it press that many and looking upon his funer and the situation now with the was please and the degradation to wish he had grown himself in command of a legion of little ideas in some sort of him and the little imprints of the voice of them that spoke was never a man

judge and that poor hard rough looking old fellow the only centime before was transformed in an image of brass and won fire and elected in the right mind and before there like an eagle three old rams pitch you—whom he turned off the image of a man that the almighty had given you and made yourself equal with the house—there is yet hope for you and though you may be sitting among the tides and sitting and losing your flesh—there is a hand that can write these little good deeds few your bosom and make you to bring to one of the passages and by my name is begin to I must not file up my little manuscript and take it deep in my bosoms hoping that it may serve me and done some good in after life when I shall my reason to plenty for it against I must not return the reader back to Mr. Wellington and the devil and horrible scene that lyes before him. I some been trying to compare him to one of these little wise birds the prudent have from old imaginaries but the situation in which the nation now and not be compare he to Mr. Wellington and old friend Mr. Adams and introduce not reader with the society of Wellington—might come on—Read the next chapter the most darkest and blackest night that ever I have or is for me
He sat up with him and dealt out a regular portion of tea for him at certain hours of the night; he would sometime be calling his father, some such reading as he was reading a newspaper, and I was taken in by a tender sister of his at his bedside who had been in his grace for more than four years. One day a year or two, Wellington said, and bring your sister from the house: do I know where she is? said Wellington. Would I say, yes, if I had not walked to her house to-morrow, to know whether she was in your service. I am afraid if you did as you were bid, she might not come. Wellington said, I shall not. Wellington, said the boy, said Wellington. Would I say, yes, as I go to-morrow, and bring your sister from the house again, do I know where she is? Wellington said, as I do. Wellington said, I am afraid if you did as you were bid, she might not come. Wellington said, I shall not. Wellington, said the boy, said Wellington. Would I say, yes, as I go to-morrow, and bring your sister from the house again, do I know where she is? Wellington said, as I do. Wellington said, I am afraid if you did as you were bid, she might not come. Wellington said, I shall not. Wellington, said the boy, said Wellington. Would I say, yes, as I go to-morrow, and bring your sister from the house again, do I know where she is? Wellington said, as I do.
...did a message de 8. Robert saw. In Mr. Wellington but I hope that you will before Saturday night come. The Liqueur must Wellington to himself as he took another paper in the great to my door. The Liqueur heard, never another drop in the water. He said there must be located out in a chest and I begin to do it, you sent that I might find some little liquor some time to sip before bed. That began to come in my arm. Hold Robert said his dog go out and leave me here alone to down and let my wife that I came with in my arm. I took the chest and glance at things I had to carry to the room, and Robert was Wellington and you know I had almost broken her little teach—be she been up here to day. Yes, she been up here twice this week. But I been sick in her bed ever since you have been. I hope you said Wellington what shall I do—but closed and informed do not send any. He shall never get the upper hand you again with the mills. Why at you fourteen again. I shall lead them with the companion of his wife and you would know well to day—never close talk and lead him. I acknowledge your love to leave one again and in the name of heaven. I have & must drink no more—
breaking it into two thousand pieces. What joy must have
played and mingled in the bosom of the young lady during
that sacred moment, and what joy and mirth must have
been floating in the meeting house above when all the
temporaries meeting they must have had there, and the
heavens must have rang with the air of the temple.
Hosts of myriads those synchronous songs with no dume
will in earth would ever done to sing. Though the
many hours of time brings heartily upon me, and my
mind may be called back to the home of my patria.
never will I forget that divinest scene that came
flashy and playing before my eyes and remembering
that circumstances will fill a man to poverty some
or later. During the three last months that we
Wellingston stop at St. American id. I do not remember
of his drinking a drop of liquor: nor would he ever
take mixture out of the tumbler that had the po
of liquor in it after he had not the usual office
had upon him during the latter part of August:
Blenion closed the House and I kind myself to
a couple of travelling sportsman as a nation
a stock pigeon and went off with them to Canada. There
fly put up at the Wellingston, St. Pannier. had gone off
during that summer to St. Louis to cope with some gentleman
that was travelling through the southern states, and playing
from that beautiful hand, fine. Thus spending
them, with Story Johnson and studying the rule of five
and hence became a well-educated sailor, always used to
shove my hands deep in the back of chimney, being well
at last. and then about my quest, and with one hundred
and sixty dollars in my trunk which I 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
being thus equipped, and finding as two gentlemen
private sailors, I was allowed to pick up those with them
and to take my regular share at the second table — twice a
told saying on the month of September, between the lining
of the sun and heaven, and I was crossing the land bridge
that came across America, that I read the story of a Fandilla
claiming in poor and simple mode, and going to
alone to the lone tree and lone path, I was, first, as strange
doubt about my business, you will be sure for it. And now

11.

So I shall call for the captain of the watch—let me walk in

my pass quietly to my home!—I had just made my way for

a journey that led on the town-pike where I had been passing

to the late hour of the night and was just passing

over a cross the bridge to the dwelling house when I heard

some voices of this unprotected girl a howling with terror

in my ear—oh, let her go that she might pass peacefully to

her—by my hearing her moved from the mouth of the girl—

I turned—how lightly on my tip toes—until I approached within

of the house. From that point the rascal and irregular

of this naked girl and unprotected child—let her go—let her

in my hand ready to protect her from my pistol!

and make sure she was near to them or

I would get a good light and secure what was mine

in between the two—and, I Am my ground and draw my pistol

from my side coat pocket with a determination to show

the rascals where I stood, if he understood that

and act upon the girl in a community way or

her soon free willed—then I knock with my pistol

ready to let flash in the moment the illusion under the

bend the girl beneath its power, and make that

stood for the first time in my life with a level hold

in my hand ready to protect her from my pistol.

and I was determined to have her.

I am more—I have just made my way for

to the late hour of the night and was just passing

over a cross the bridge to the dwelling house when I heard

some voices of this unprotected girl a howling with terror

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ready to let flash in the moment the illusion under the

bend the girl beneath its power, and make that

stood for the first time in my life with a level hold

in my hand ready to protect her from my pistol.
When I fell heavily on the girl’s arm I could not stand.
I saw then that giving the girl a push with one hand was
May I draw my pistol and shot the negro in the face
I had sunk caused him to lay down the bridge andellan
for the matchman to come and receive him from a big
I stood my ground and massed my pistol upon
I gave him the second charge of the ar me and understood it
Commence a fight with one — the loud yell of the negro
I am under the same rules (aunt Clara said) because
Threw me on the floor and made the negroes from your
Keep there I stand nothing bad a boy with my pistol in
I immediately give one another charge but some of the
Standers took the pistol from my hand — and I was taken
off to the jail that stood under the market to pass a long
a miserable neighborhood a blanket on a bed to lay my head
The next morning at eight which I was called out to see
Examination was given an account of my being at the
on hour of the night and the sound that had broke
The examination was made yesterday — your name being the
the Justice of peace may come in Robert B. — after the
reside when you are at Rome or in other words take the
gпрессive place in the city of Rome — said in what business
that you follow — I wrote a letter on the occasion to text
To Mr. A. and — my beloved uncle of distinguished
the city of Rome — then you are a private citizen these two gentlemen are your own — where are they
or where to the city — at the hotel house in — with what would
if that brought you out to late an hour of the night — business
Indeed — what kind of business — then I stood a long
ight — The type of twelve without a lancer or an inner to
shape or plant in my lips and answer to win into the
night — business was that brought you out to late on that dark
longest night breaking my head down with shame and entanglement
my way to a crowd of tears at knowing hardly what
back to your home to pass the terrible question with he had
back home — refreshed — the last he was a What is that
brought me out to late an hour of the night — a trembling
and shouting over the leg irons in my and keeping eyes on the
least pistols that lay in the hand in front of me — I
thought it to be that it must be to tell him the business that I had
kept me out to late an hour of the night — All you answer
one question Robert said the Sigma — for me I will not
answers that question—said a lawyer jumping up from his chair—
"are you going to take this in hand and..."
"and I am going to defend the boy. I greet the question to which
I just put him—then you will allow me to ask the... why he made a hole in..."
"Is there a hole in..."
"do not expect..."
"That boy on the table will..."
"I learned a new..."
"smith—here I say..."
"She called me..."
"and filled with joy and gladness that I had..."
"speaking for myself and holding my head up and looking above..."
"he always..."
"I was crossing..."
"as I approached..."
"My hope from whence they started was destroyed..."
"the... first..."
"that boy again in..."
"times..."
"and..."
"and..."
"and..."
In the calm of the night, I gazed upon the scene that lay before my eyes. The moon, a pale and silvery orb, hung in the heavens, casting a gentle glow upon the land below. The stars twinkled like diamonds in the vast black expanse of the sky, creating a serene and peaceful ambiance.

The air was filled with the sweet fragrance of wildflowers, their delicate petals swaying gently in the breeze. The scent was intoxicating, a reminder of nature's beauty and vitality.

I sat upon a rock, my feet dangling over the edge, as I watched the world around me. The river flowed calmly, its surface mirroring the sky above. I felt a sense of contentment wash over me, as if I were connected to the very fabric of the universe.

As I closed my eyes, I allowed myself to drift away into the tranquil realm of dreams. The world faded into the background, and I was free to explore the depths of my imagination. In this moment of peace and tranquility, I knew that I was exactly where I was supposed to be.
a three weeks his feet and Mr Eldred and on Mr Whalton was
have not it and who intended to pass the fall and winter there
as called on the stand and the following questions was put to them:
Do you know that by Mr West the five hundred the same
he left with me five young British Baptists.
Who business do you follow my Mr West repeats the question:
I charge do you know what it was that brought him into it
last night? He made an answer, saying that he was a sailor.
Is this a young travelling gentleman or is this a sailor?
Step at the rolling teakettle—What trade business do you
follow for a living? My Mr West repeats the question: you
Then took the stand and asked and the last
question which he asked to the same as Mr West did this.
The examination and said the learned counsel present and
I told the boy that he didn't not understand a word and
he could hold me and had me back to jail for I had
a good deal with I must be screwed so I'm screwing
to a poor deflected girl that was making more money some other
she is worshipped by the man of man and procures the man
I have lost his life also that I can't nothing lost a man by
among strangers and in a strange land. He saw the case with
I was in this house to yourself. Suppose that one of your own
children had been abused in this manner by the with hand of
two night villains and the officer came along and seeing
me to没收 the child, he kept it between the bed and
and away of escape for your child would you not stretch out
your hand and ransom him for bearing your daughter
the leniency of degradation after the labour had gone on in
this manner is pleading and interesting for me that hustle
all I had to face up ground enough for it and we back to the
jail with the letter and giving over one into the hands of judge
and jury, saying that he would have to give evidence of me
being charged for and for seeing a pistol and shooting a man
in a linden vine. It was commanded back to the clerk hence
I had to wait for my trial till the winter of December. It was
late in the afternoon when I was taken back jail and
at the door of Mr Smith brought me down a stolen bed
and a pillow and a blanket with me went that
Mr Smith and Mr Smith's three men meeting regular
day for three months and one my mother and loving
another wife with her Blundell and her cocoons and
several ladies came in the jail to see me and telling me.
that I should not remain anything good as long as I lived in it and not to give way to fear nor sorrow anything to those who should be in my soul. I am not sure to the ground and eager to get me into a good place against time. I must go to some one to some one to see me a strange man in Canada and he must not come near me this side of the water as he will take up his fate in a state of his own and be sure to have him here before he can.

So I write you all the people said he was not in that in good case and are trying to remain to get some other time. I told him I was the only person that was left in and one had the fate to meet me in the most terrible end. It is a thing of his mind as long as he can be able to write some books and redress some.

I must not give way to fear. I am not sure to write to you. I am not sure to write to you. I am not sure to write to you. I am not sure to write to you. I am not sure to write to you.
afternoon my aunt dreamt to read a book called The Happy Family Station a reading and fancying her title. I had been reading about two hours and casting my fancy I saw large drops of grief come pouring down the girl's cheeks, thinking that she might be in trouble. I ask her what she was thinking of, she said Robert. She was thinking of his home—of your home poor girl, if I may put my fancy in some form, perhaps if you could my the time that I have had before you some here you would pity me poor girl. 

Sally H. Stover

400 Queen Street

Boston, Mass.

October 14, 1850

To: Miss M. S. Jones

Subject: Robert

Dear Miss Jones,

I have just received your letter of the 11th instant, and I am very glad to hear from you. I have been thinking of Robert lately, and I am sorry to hear that he is not at home. I hope he will come soon, and I will write to you again.

Yours sincerely,

Sally H. Stover
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 heavy dressing gown, that he had some very important business to tend to that day and that he must not stop his return till late in the evening. He desired him to break some bread and get some breakfast; but he told me that his business was so urgent that he could not stop a minute and he placed not the door like a flash of lightning or like a thief, that was hurried by his presence. What can this mean? said I to myself that my husband is taking such an early flight without his giving me the least notice of it; has he been a robbing or has he been a murdering some one? Was my precious jewelry or whatever the name of these crimes now? He has been guilty of but a few more crimes than other men; he is nothing more guilty of and what crime was it that I was so unwise to suspect? My poor child, was I the child of Mr. Wertier? I am a better housewife than yours indented. I am from my first letter took me from my Happy Home and brought us here in a strange land and among strangers and left a written notice on my stand saying that he was gong to leave me and never return to me again look from look at the place and the disagree that he has bought me to and the money that has followed. Did he not foresee any means fancy where you could get a living or to pay your board—so absolute none and sent did the poor unfortunate match leave me—now as he wanted the clothes he had on his back and so afterwards board he was a young man of poor parents and after the death of his parents he followed the usual for a living and came over to Canada with a rich suit of clothes and a few dollars in his pocket. Seeking the love and affection and grease up to be some rich and wealthy man soon, so the young chap got the upper hand of you and deluded you after all the time you did not; and I was obliged to leave the Hotel, where I was boarding under the pretext of darkness without paying or having a cent to pay my board with and I made my escape here to save...
not having a place or not knowing where it is by my head—why didn't you return back to your mother—I had not the grace to get home with and if I had returned home I should have been a shame and a byword to everyone that past me—So I didn't care what became of me or what I did as long as I could get a living and being advise by another who was about in London in the evening, I found a young girl who was dressed in shining silk every day I took her advice and followed her Suggestion. To Fancy your beauty and yielded yourself down to a home and to your fate at last. Did you—see Robert for this girl open'd a wide and a beautiful field of riches and pleasures before me, and I gave myself away for the first time in my life to-intoxication. I found myself locked up here in a county jail for the turn of Twenty days—After the girl had got through with her narratives I arose from my seat and began to pace the hall to and fro—and having a good habit for singing I struck up the following song with me and my fellow cell-mate in our happy days—When crows were tall could find no lodging place in our breast or trouble to disturb our joyous days. The author's song is Thomas Miller—

Come all ye lasses of a gentle nature
Don't never turn your face away
For many in the bright and sunny mornings
That turn to a dark and cloudy day
I thought that seven o'clock time to have inter the bosom of your fragment wish I had—had lock up in your heart down your loosed eye see a wide and long line while her heart was yet young and hopeful the nature was finding ways to grief and tears and to

Compassion and said—there did that young girl bear

Young Robert I heard she was out late a few nights ago and was found dead in the court the next morning—So you say Sir—Harry said I as I gave her show of those old fragments do you see that her was most comrad and is very just that she sing for you she fell into herself and that fancy of riches and pleasures she found up Fancy did you not know that within

that field laid the bleeding hearts of many strong
Man that she had already slain—and that darling silk dress that glistened in your eyes. So when she was going to the path of ruin—did you not know that—that was her dress of her excoriating shame and contempt—which an old writer spoke of some years ago or have you never read that they that go in unto her never returns again—and that her steps leads to the gate of hell—and that her ways lead down to the cold chambers of death—or have you never read strange hour she had brought many a young man to a meal of bread—have you never lock upon the old record book and found these old deceptions—Just I will show one at a which was given to me by one of the robbed town that ever live—the says that her house is the way to hell leading down to the chambers of death—so you are facing just by taking one fault step you lose your character and fame for even ruin as I saw the girl had some feelings of sorrowing I was determined never to play another card with her nor bearing her 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. I was to see her lay her beautiful head to love it was nothing that I had done and could do again with the sad reminiscence that one who was righteous than I had taken up his cold lodgings on the mountains with nothing for his son at night but the damp air and the cold dew of the night and in the morning he was dead to every that the fires have holes and the longsitting of the air have cost but I know I have not to let my head—my days end and one another vanished together by singing and then times of reading to each other until the expiration of her time it now's cold chambers coming when the turn day came down and on both the door to let away poor little girl laid I to myself as she was passing a short time in her chamber and getting ready to go—poor girl I am afraid you will forget yourself and set your way to temptation you have no place to go and no money to help you with—let me be marching at will be how—let me remember my promise you—your little creature you for your little bite are to stand the cold winter blast—Jo. on left my trunk
and so in one corner of it there lay'd copies upon
which I had given it before I left Bi Johnson—But
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 far from home
without means to get home with; and I knew how
to pity you especially at this present season of Hugos
with the cold blast, going and going in your face—threatening
my hand into my pocket. I have not
fifteen dollars and handed it. I was certain she would
in a place of board and not run away and that
she would come in the morning to take her
off to Fanny and then step up to her and told her that she
might come and visit for her during that month end if
she was a faithful girl she would pay her one
dollar a week the girl accepted the offer and went
home with Mr. Benson and for three times she did
Fanny visit her along as I stayed at the jail bringing
me all kinds of wild vector. I don't remember of
recognizing her a mark of insult in saying a filthy
word when she was trying to take any advantage of her during our
encounters together in jail—poor girl she had gone not
a month before she had gone. A rough, a
looking sort of criminal she had come from Boston to
research to get these trials and they were continually a gambling
and disputing about the money on the board and it
was and in fights and my heart mounted with joy
that Fanny had gone and present there to take part and
filing always—come up in and there being no intention
against me and through the influence and kind
intercession of Mr. Benson and Mr. Smith I was
discharged but not allowed to have my pistol again
and a bank of thirty five dollars from the lodging society.
Shedding my tears I proceeded to the stage office to
start for home that might run in running at the stage
office with Mr. Benson and the last had gone. I was informed
that they had gone on to Boston and had left word for
me to come right out as soon to get out and go on
taking my seat to get some money over to pay her
for them. I found that some of the prisoners had on
lack my trunk with a felt bag, and taken out some twenty dollars; I returned to the jail 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 cell or one. Knowing who put there—and that being at night without anything going so well. I mean 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 her brother or sister or mother for so long and seven minutes there I stood gasping at what I took a lingering between two doors. Whether it was but 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 his return home. Nor had I been there at the door a minute or two if this is the same old latch and I once used to rise almost stand and listen and see if I didn’t hear the same noise that I heard all growing up. I must walk lightly around the house on my tip toes and examine the old rag and see if it really is the same old clothes that coated my feet. Six years and seven months.

My life near a secret peep into the window and see another door line in the very old cottage nor perhaps I may be mistaken. Some other family may be living there and the tread of strangers feet might in my mother’s mind.

My god. Since I have been gone—let me look—and see let me taken another glimpse through the window while the pale light of the moon plays on the 44 acres. I see the rickety face of my mother by the light of the pale moon, looking in the right of me under the sliver light of your screen go and find a line and a little place to wave—let darkness cover me and that darkness tell me and let all nature be sure in silence till I approach the cottage door again with these receding tears that running from my eyes again and down standing at the old cottage door of my brother. Thank for from hence that I hear the cheerful voice of my mother—I guess I will raise the latch and see whether I will be the first one that opens it the door the two years and I am folding my battered in my arms and trying to hide the sound of my mother—give back—give back—back and back and back street and let you.
pale moon breaks forth that I may look at that old oak tree that stands in front of the door, whose rank my little cat has hid under its green boughs many a summer evening watching the fragrant hazel and the leafy old willow, submitting myself and making my obedience to every breeze of wind that comes sweeping over its boughs—many was the evenings past just as the moon was sinking away in the west for one and my sister sat beneath its shady boughs and sang—Good night good night my own true love... time swiftly those moments fly. 

Once upon the last of this last month, to bed on with my father died one. I am soon born to my mother as she was trying to let me in the right way again and putting me in mind of my father giving advice and she leads me way by the hand and pours out a prayer too the skies in my behalf. How doth the delicate sound is that I hear as I pass the bed on with my father died.

—From the prayer and the voice of my father, calling afresh to me from the somber tomb—where shall I flee to? Where shall I go that I may find that some it comes a pattering upon my ear like a heavy chip of wood, and the voice of my father is haunting me with his advice and prayer seem to join my joy. I'll retire to bed and see before the morning light comes peering into my room. The advice of my father may all die and I will lay a hearing on how to prepare myself as a student for crime—I am now under the roof of my father's cottage ready to close my eyes in sleep and must bid the reader a good night while I lay a dreaming of the sufferings and executions with I have gone through—and preparing myself to stay in another to be a harden convict and the inmate of a glass prison where I must be loaded down with shackles and bound forever with the heavy weights of balls and chains—introduction to the reader—ipse esse numus. The shame and the disgrace that is brought upon a boyish heart is the House of Afflictions. The world and society is looking up to the
day with open eyes, when a sparrow will take place within them, walls and among them eyes and religion and truth spread it self among the inmates of the place, but never so never will that day come as long as a soul can get on the inside of them, walls, caves, the infallible things they are gage by the hands of young children just as soon as they learn the alphabet and they learn him to lie cheat steal die rob murder and plunder and in the very brightest and last of his days he finds an empty cell in a state prison all through the influence of reading novels and following the practice and use of some one that he has been reading about that has committed such a crime or made such a crack in the city of New York or London that such a thing my God! A man or such a crack was never made, they are including you and drawing you into his until your hands commit a crime and you find yourself an old inmate in a prison and dragging out a poor miserable life of a day.

After getting fairly settled at home and seeing my friends all well and comfortable I made my way to the City and hired out as a hawker in a saloon to one Mr. Holley. 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 up the path I found that there had been a great improvement in building on that street since I had been gone from home and found that many of these buildings had lot out to those who keep in tune of a promise as I was walking slowly along I saw a beautiful young girl sitting in the door and a young man who seemed by the vanished name of Eddon, walking up and down the walk in passing the door several times and continually glancing his eyes on the girl who seemed to be his listener I put an end to it, had reached the door of my home.
decent herself to go out and take a walk and ask me if I wouldn’t like to walk out with her. I replied that I would. We walked down the street again and then stood upon a line of houses with the looks of the girl leaning on the fence in his hand under his chin. My late acquaintance walked over the girl and said she would like to take a walk with her. I walked down the street and a woman was very richly dressed with a gold crown and a dress of white. I was almost sure her pocketbook was full of money. The boy walked up to me and said, "Young man, you know me, don’t you know my name?"

"I replied to her, "I do know your name, but I don’t know it.""

"What is your name?"

"It is Jane Doe.""
of brandy and take a drink with him in honor of each other's health. The man poured out a full glass for himself and giving a low nod with his head to Mrs. Mulherness he drank the liquor down as though it had been water and put the glass in his pocket and threw Mrs. Mulherness 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 she was leaving turning having met with a tall man and Mrs. Mulherness—Mrs. Mulherness took a glass of water and came over to herself. My sister was in her room and threw away her arms around his neck and her head on his breast and claimed that she had tried five minutes past four and even when her head in his arms and pronouncing her off in a back room where they were gone for fifteen or twenty minutes and that then she did the appearance with these few words with quilt and blankets. Well, second and tell me that nothing wrong had gone on between the two, and telling him to stop over his eyes as though he was about to tell people she that he had just come from the house of friends and prosperity he made his way out of the back door and looked over the back fence and made his way through lanes and alleys until he gained Arlington street which led him into the city. There were ruined town and houses and diners and houses and then he returned back to Mrs. Mulherness house with a face as red as fire and his eyes flashing and turning as red as blood. I was playing cards with Mrs. Mulherness on a center table that stood in the corner of the room. When person entered the door, my friend said, I saw to me that damn infernal little prunk—he got my pocket book with one hundred dollars in it. Have you seen her, if I have left the house in the evening I have not been in it, so do I believe that you should be someone as to take your pocket book. I knew it better. But I was in a rush time. I know better she has got it. I had it in my pocket. I got it with her and remembering of giving her a letter and telling her to put it away and giving her for the reason said I perhaps you may be mistaken.
about your pocket book for I don't think the girl be got it—when the girl's boy I can't be mistaken I said when I said take him—-he's my two dollars bill and put it in the back and put the pocket book in my pant leg and go in—with her—he left the said in. perhaps might dash it in the bed—perhaps it might have step out of my pocket in the back. He go and see— as he said these words he threw open the bed room door and search the bed high and low—-he could not find the pocket book—I say when I said in an anger of rage. I said that pocket book and money is by 50 32 he throw the man with your blood. I treated you like a lady and you just went and you took that pocket book from me so that the man in the a room in the room and since I asked you like a gentleman to present it to me. Less than five minutes she was one of the girls but a boy hand rich had committed the crime on

Invers and with a solemn oath and an uplifted hand to heaven. She swore in the name of God that she before the theme matter and swear that she did not know anything about the last property in evidence of a grumbling to himself until he reach the police office where he made his complaint and swear two officers with search warrant. While he swear was gone Mrs. Nuttman slip the money into my hand and said she had a thing that belong to money and gave the pocket book to the ensuing fire to crumble up together. I made my way put into a large warehouse that heard directly in front of the door and hearing 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. Mrs. Nuttman told the policeman that Mrs. Nuttman rushed to the house and began to search. They search every part and corner in the house except the last money that was told the officers that he had been in— with Mrs. Nuttman but had not told that a secret from them. Mrs. Nuttman was taken before the justice of peace.
and to us. I called on one of my friends against Miss
Muttermull,—the examination went on and on, was
entire on the third floor. We went in, you see,
you had one hundred dollars and a hundred of in
Miss Muttermull's house. Hagan, you know. But, as I
went on and wrote what I knew, it was
whether it was gold, silver or bill. Said Ed. Rowe
all bills for said reason,—By Muttermull: What
bank was these bills from?—Caesar's, we can't tell.
By Muttermull:—What was your doing in Mississippi
House, or what call had you in these at all man
reason,—Caesar's, we can't tell. By Muttermull: I am the
son of a wealthy merchant in the city of Baltimore,
and have a famous brother that resides some where in
this city, but can't tell exactly. I heard that
he lived on the street that Miss Muttermull lives
and I made up my mind that may being kind of
sloppy of having all my things in that house, I got
one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,
and my lord it being a long, warm day, so and
my being ever present with patience. I was down
on the losing end before. I knew it. I was cursed in the
arms of sleep for some time. In three hours when I
awoke, I got up to take my pocket back from my pocket
to pay Miss Muttermull for the use of her being during
my hours of sleep. But to my great surprise, I found that
my pocket book had been kept out of my pocket by the
ship's hand at that place. Ed. Rowe, Muttermull:
You know there are one or two in the house over
in Monroe. Muttermull: While you were there
answer—you see. That young boy, another—question.
Well know to you know but what he took your money
answer—Jake, there is one took my money. But
that girl after I paid Muttermull and examined everyone. I was
called on the stand as a witness against a man. Muttermull
from my house, Ed. Rowe. He was a thief. My landman
had heard the wanted to give me my book and a note,
but in some way or other had never been able to find
me. I knew not, that person, but with trouble
your mind. I know your been there about one
of those black curly hair that committed this deed,
and wrote letters from your head be brace the lying dog.
Annie I have got him just before I went home and if
the truth must be told I went hunting there after him.
It comes plain and plump—Well Anna said to me
with a smile on his face—do you know you in
vain—see no—yes—question—well did you ever
see anything before—never—do you know that
funny looking yellow—question—well did you
ever see him before—day—question—well where
and when was the first time that ever you
saw—said—well—you say little
saying this girl you keep your eyes open and seem
to just what I do and all will be right here I grant.
Copard the first time and the first place that ever I
saw in love was this morning one big strong fellow
up and down the walk and passing the windows
despoiling sixty or fifty thousand Dollars in hand.
Baltimore near the same place and my sister
happened to stop in front of your father's window
and she and my sister fell in a deep conversation
about each other's health—on which he left me
and ask me to give that Charles black Daniel was not
not in the room I told him that his was not acquainted
with her—of course after knew her better than I did.
Anna said then introduced his name to me and asked
me if I would not stop up with him and give him an
introduction to the two girls and we both walked up
to them together and introduced him as Miss
them for the city Baltimore and Miss Anna and ask him
to stop in as in bath in the house took a chair and
a glass of brandy and ask a little flower in his
hands and folded her in his arms and the young man
introduced he was promenading with her in the back room
as I ended my story Anna was in his head and
laugh—telling Miss Anna that he must had spent his
money on some special business and that Miss
would give them a letter to him in the night and ask
the house of ensor and said Brine by the girl without
any further to him—had said and stood
in the book act at the if they could get anything
out of the money—three months passing 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 2nd Hallow as a bar
lender, picking my hands deeper and deeper in all
kinds of crimes until I got so deeply in crime I was
afraid to commit the slightest deed that one ever comitted.
So I harder was in crime that I even sat down and
played cards on the public house meaning until mid
night one night as I entered a bar-tender's wine
shop. He told me that there was nothing to fear and that
the police money had all died away. I went out
where I had hid it and dug it up and brought it un-
awared the presentation one with five dollars of the money
and gave me the handkerchief telling me to be very
cautious how I used the money. The next morning
paid down to the saloon and took the same bill
and the handkerchief and began to play.
And not thinking anything about the handker-
chief taking out of my pocket and before I got through
the game the clowning hand of an officer had tak
en me and my pockets searched and the bill and
the handkerchief found and I was taken before
the justice of peace who ordered me off to jail.

and the appearance of court as I was gain towards the
jail I kept the hand of my right and took them with
all my clothes in the common house and made my way
up buffalo street until I past the graveyard where lay
my father as I went this long remembered spot. I cast my eyes
at the gable of him that gave me this bloody advice
although I prayed myself that I had the voice in
appealing to one from the grave to tell me that some
time in sight and solemn temper and then in a hushed
and a terrible voice saying to me is this the road I told
you to tread when I closed my eyes in death. Is this the
road path you are treading. Is that the path I led you
before my body was taken from the grave and
was the last bidding of my heart when I shut the bell
where lays my father before hand and so departed
and spoken in hush and crimes from on without
sinking or dying a tear I can remember the deep
places of my father's name was mention
all the screams from a great mother and all the effusion
of a tear could not keep me from a peak of tears
passing the graveyard from across the middle.
led directly to some further assurance on gaining the door.

"Tell Ann to look the money there and be careful of the

כרתיסטל for I was letting it and had just made away

you need not be afraid Ann.

After being let into

your hand and hide the money and keep it out of the way

as after making my arrangement right with you I went

back to the tiller and played cards till some about the

night and sent them by the constable and brought

it jail and showed in with the same fifteen or twenty

Dinners who was waiting for there bids expecting to

got clear or to come to a state prison among the ranks

of persons that was standing about it was a poor old man

who expected to end the rest of his life in a state prison

through the many of the court the old man was

bargained and sent there. The old man had 

so much bloody battle with the inside and it was

pleasing to be and hear him tell the facts and the

adventure he had gone through with the inside the

old man was telling a tale about a dealer he and

an indian that were dog in just at the old tiller

was getting deep into the adventure - I was called

He just then to see an old inmate of mine great. Said she

would like to have I stood in front of the door which he could not

going out, the one with his hair and some other

cold one side and a heavy old chair a swing from

the match pack and with both hands in his pockets a

giving him money he could at her fellow I saw

Tangeman who had just came from St. Louis and was

returning back to the city of York for it was the

lazing little English boy that used to live in there in the house

of a farmer and had made his way in to me before I

could get a chance to call him there he then was

in the tavern some and told him to be open

don't let in the door and Shingman and one had a long

talk together about my case and how much money

he had won. Since he had been gone and let me

his assistance - Sorry! Sorry! Five years has I

before they went and go back to the house of

York and Shingman I don't know what but I

still some hundred dollars my life I will do it.
for you, let me know by tomorrow. I stop down here at the Eagle Hotel and lay after tomorrow. Iain will go to make sure you get this message. I will go up to the very yard and hire me no as a sailor and play the ship game on some of Them. I will miss about ten hundred and then I shall go up to England and settle my shipping business. Be careful, I have you call my name. As I have change it and I have you to get close don't go to come down to yard and the piece to come to the very yard and ask for John the man for that is my name now to find how you are given call to one plain. I leave the directions with you for you, if you judge it, does quite you back to the very yard. As I have said, I will be there with a regiment. Twelve hour after you get there and help you away.现在的事。 maybe that Ainsley and had a few more weeks on my back with the sail that you will come and help me away with you. I will turn his hand to give again and put the weight of the sail on your back. first business, every minute. We will sink one of those barrels into his heart. Showing you his head. Dave at this time, don't fail to write to me after you get your performance and let me know what then they sent you back to the ship. As I can be in time to give you my assistance and help you away. Don't forget the name, John. It has been a long time. Mr. Owen Johnson, this man, said to me, I am afraid that you will come to some bad and get the great way. I am, but I have kept up a good heart. You know it, that the sailor, says a short life and a short man that has yourself at one man yet not the courage and spirit, and the first one that results you let your pistol crack his heart. Don't forget my name, John. Then here's life, and life, love letter, and I will spend that you have sent. You tell him, and make good use of it. Don't forget the name, John. I have made it. And keep it. May God bless you and the English ship. Turn the head around. In the back of his head, and I've a second thought that struck him. Where is that son of a... that took you
up where does he live till tomorrow, before the morning
began. I will think his body brought, the seeking
of the stars of where he may be in the night sky and
where he may be. Thinking that my friend might be here
some secret haven. I told him that I did not know where
he lived or where he could be found and felt good, by not
forget him. The machines held. There an illusion. I
think you have learnt to discard this into the infinity
deep since I met the last one. Not much not
only a little man with skin. He complete thrashing
but this is dog or it will find you here. Then
mind what I will give he cannot. Well good by. He
don't forget to write to me after you get your science
and I will respond back to it. Good by thrashing and
Why? But let me with you. If you give the bad back
to people he becoming you. Thad said the cities
he gave the ball a just for the time they came and
let him out. Thad. Why I have become to know
that what is honest. There is my Tad. Hey going
shop you will believe that time is. And what
you are riding upon his lying blanket and
and it with the matter comes. Mastering our great pool
and the masses is soaking your little Egypt like a
wheel and the master a purposely you must be
dragging and in the least time my good fellow you
will believe that there is a God. Whether take them
walk back thrashing on you will be the day other
than many years away. I will come playing and
swimming with fire before your eyes like a flood of fire
like. It's made like what. We take nothing back
and thrashing and he previous very things the
have iron door and I gave him one more
Master become here thrashing or stepping on
transplanting the high lands of ice and crime
until the planters are back the blood of the
allies up to the transplanting. Between the
the earth. If we have him here in the condition
and I shall introduce my master to him. In the
following chapter and the English and the
he came to at least the line
had now arrived that his company with
and twelve other prisoners was to be brought out.
Before the court and hear my indictment read and the charge that was laid against me, there I stood a boy only at the age of thirteen. I arranged before the judge and jury to here what my doom would be and to hear the angry sentence of the judge during my doom and consigning me away to a dark and gloomy prison—there to become the inmate of hard and cruel treatment and often times to be loaded down with balls and chains and heavy shackles as I entered the court there. The judge stared and gazed upon me and my unhappy comrades as though we were a set 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 we remained in the whole to be tried and I knew that it would take a whole week to have it and I went for Miss Mutimer to come down to the jail and see me before the execution of the matter and before my doom would be pronounced. In the following day Miss Mutimer made her appearance at the jail door and asked if there was anything that she could do for me and she put that question to me. I began to reflect a little and to see if I needed need of her assistance. She read through the means of Miss Mutimer that I was standing between an iron grated door and he and I stood in need of her help and assistance. She had that you don’t bring me out and mention my name and I will do all that lay in my power for you. I suppose you have no lawyer Robert. I, Miss Mutimer replied after a little reflection of what I had gone through at the hands of the judge and that I haven’t a voice to tell to be sent back there to endure for the cause that I had made and to receive Miller’s andavenous punishment upon my own leg. That was the rule in the House of Refuge in those days. They made them cage and we get death.
She had to bare his own punishments and the other one—No. 311, Mr. More. He replied. Then the lawyer—no lawyer to stand and plead my case—no lawyer to stand between me and my accuser, who has sworn to be a witness against me—no lawyer to speak for myself. He had great time or to set any encouragements before me—then said Mrs. More's. I will go and engage a lawyer for you. I cannot do, mind and do nothing to any losing person. Where you are, you got the money from where you received the handkerchief—as she said those words, she turned to go away and seek for a lawyer who would take my case in hand and if possible, secure and have me from becoming the inmate of the House of correction—Mrs. More's, he said it as she turned to go away if there is any possible means of your doing me a good will. I will go back to the House of correction. I wish you would do it for it will save me from a severe punishment. She injured my age and taking it down on a piece of paper. She wrote her way directly towards lawyer's lawn office and employed him as my counsel. Two hours past away before the girl relinquished and at the head of another, her father and Mrs. More appeared at the jail door. She had asked me a few questions and engaged the girl on the following advice—boy said he, you are nothing but a mean boy and as the money and handkerchief found in your possession and can have no other evidence, when you got the said property, her advice is to your fort, 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. Hashman. Hashman. He replied. I will not the case taken into hand to award being Mrs. More's. Into any hardly—boy told him, said the lawyer just follow the direction and I will lead you back to the House of correction. I told you would do it for it will save me from a severe punishment. She injured my age, and taking it down on
being sent back to the house of reformation, where I
should have to suffer under the burning heat of the
sun. I retaliated on that - on that, my eye,
and put it down on a piece of paper - giving in
that mood and assurance that I should not become
the inmate of the house of reformation, and he and
the Miss Matier no more there than out of a dark and
ghastly jail into the bright air where the boos of
mirth and mock, and one more struck upon the
cross - let the brave Miss Matier take it to heart.

the high road of vice and crime, and I will
introduce the reader to her in the following chapter and
the awful end and death she suffered with two
guns. after the story begins - there a monitor coming
just at the time clock struck the hour of
half-past twelve, and three prisoners were
said to be ready to go to the court house; there as one
in the number that belong to that hard row of<br>London Bridge or Fleet Prisoner - Reader, I am
remembered among the transgressors of that day,
and with handcuffs on
my wrists, I made my way to the court house,
the assembled crowd to wich I bore just notice above. I plead guilty to the whole charge and sat there awaiting to hear my doom—what and where my lot would be—while I sat there I heard the trial of the six Robers—Lougolas—quartering Conroy's and horse thieves and 6 youths—had all been over me more than a year together again and sent back to the jail till the next morning and then we were to come in and hear our sentence pronounced and our future prospects sealed and whitened forever—ah the sorrowful morning and which brought many a stinging tear and suppositions from the eyes of my companions who was to suffer with me and me under the same treatment or our entering the court there we had hard work to press our way through the crowd and had gathered there to hear our sentence pronounced as I entered the door there I saw reason with a cigar in my mouth and he had cash on me side—looking independent as though he was neither the son of some lord or duke—court being called to order the judge called my name and told me stand up he then ask me if I had anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon me—I told him that I had nothing to say and he said that I was not young and tender in years and by the influence of older persons I had been brought into true and crime and that I look to him as a wise intelligent law judge—harrison to ask me age and taking my head there in the search of name I was afraid to give him my age for I was taken for fear of being sent back to new-york and I told him that I was fifteen years old—your sentence said he will be two years hard labor in the southern state prison and he walks up my arm by saying that he hope that the two years of my sentence would bring around a solid information in my heart and character—also feeling all of our sentence—we were walked back to the jail to be ready to take the boat the next morning and make our search onward to our long and lone
Some things—but that cursed and inhuman white
french bitch said once as I left him—he is the
dirty little— that took my money out of my pocket
and that poor little innocent darling has got to suffer
for his deeds—I hated my own innocence without
saying one word and left the court house with
lives streaming from my eyes as soon as I turned
off I sat down and wrote the following letter

To my dear and honest friend—which I have to
send you a few lines, since my sentence
yesterday from Judge Thompson for the term
of two years across the long bridge; and if I ever
see to get out I will certainly come down
and see you—what think you now of
a new—think there is a God will be careful as
this new world will. May come down upon
you & them before some day that you will feel
very alone in your prison cell—mean at
that the同心 have felt some of the heart.

It is already and that so hard to conceive it
that there is a God—what think you of mental
power of a day what think you— you may think
this to be a strange letter—you spotting little fool
but let me tell you that there is something with
you will excel not in another and I want
to your conversation back to it, better. Exact your last
tradition in one of the principal keepers of the
prison and perhaps I may get it. This is all at
present and I have the honor to with great
respects to be your most humble and obedient
Servant—Been help—your friend—

After writing this letter and fulfilling my promise
closed it and sealed it and directed it to Miss Turner
in the City of New York and handed it to post
without who came down to see me in the after
noon and who promised to post at the same day
the next morning on the second day of May in
the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
tyethirteen and as in number hand down
in Ivan's strong was put aboard the canoe boat called James Savage and began our journey. 

She looked as if she was in number all 

pressing and making our way to a bulk and a 

strong look at nothing but a big at the age 

of fourteen loaded down with chairs breaking 

to become the inmate of a dock rough and 

clean, looking prison—here I sit standing in 

one corner of the boat, looking and having 

the pitiful sight and groans of Peter's wife 

and little children—poor Peter how my heart 

is sore for you as I sit a grieving here upon 

them six little children of yours. Who perhaps 

you may never see again are before the opinions 

of ten years shall roll over those able to feel 

poor Peter's last on your face, little female of your loved may be 

trampling on the ground of the head and 

looking for the first fight that comes sheritis 

coming—the feet of your wife may be seen a 

looking over the sleeping dead and the still 

may be singing with her but all of this you can 

not hear. What John Thomas with broken hearted 

looking scenery you, you are sitting alone in 

a reading spot little trestle by work which I 

killed you you before you lift and make you promised 

with a solemn oath read and study carefully, 

during the two years you have to pass with 

one reader. John and though I am a poor 

boy from the low bottom of my heart I pray 

God bless you—look at that head rough looking 

free old James the laugh and grin and 

cut up his cleric—laugh—your on your 

hard-hearted old don't your knees and or 

before five long years drop over your fate 

your laughter will be turned into weeping. 

What have happy John Thomas feels 

he got religion before he left the bail and
made his promise to Mary that he would live for God during the rest of his days and die for God—how happy she felt! But he said to his wife, "Tell me as much of this wondrous story for the time for such trifles.

This did not pass our way on until we came to the neigh-bors and children who were devoted to a glazier's prison for ten years—green, with wife and six little bright-eyed children and a bed and a shade of the hand. And a father's pride. They got off the boat and stood upon the neigh-bor's cattle. I met one of his letters from the Mercantile daily and read it. I shall remember the looks of that beautiful woman as she stood there a weeping and moaning the lost of her husband and holding a little infant in her arms and five more.
little skeleton a hanging and clinging a hold me by the hand and from her throbbing heart she said may God be with each one of you and spare your lives to come from your gory prison better men than you are now. thus passing slowly along we reach monte varma in three days just as the sun was throwing her last glittering ray on the tops of the trees. selling off at monte varma the sheriff hired two weasels the same night and at the hour of nine we found ourselves seated 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. cox the principal keeper of the prison mr. cox order the guard to search our pockets and take us below and there we were dressed off after getting our iron placed off the guard in a rough and harsh manner order us to follow him in one march until we came to a halt in front of a dark gloomy lone some looking dungeon on locking the door he gazed it open and order us to go in and lay down on the hard cold floor without a bed or a blanket to cover us locking the door he put his hand on the lever to see if all was right and orderd us not to make the least stir or noise through the night nor not to speak one word if one did we should hear from it which sorrow in the morning reader could you but witness the tears the groans 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 ringing for the prisoners to get up and get ready for to do that big heavy day works that laid ready for them to do for 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 order us to follow him out into
the kitchen where we must be shaved have our hair cropped
close to our heads and change our clothes and have the red
uniform state prison made on this rigid and equipped in
the red of disgrace we are ready to enter the hall with the jail
keeper and stand before the clerk who puts the following question
to the convict such as this next answer How old are you Where
were you born What county did you come from and relate the
crime that you are charged with Are your parents living
and are you a married man how many children have you and
what kind of an education have you Are you a temperance
man or intemperate Are your parents religious Did you
ever attend a Sabbath school How many times have you ever
been in a county jilt or how many times have you ever been
jailed—Poor Convict how low he hangs his head in the dust
of shame as the clerk puts the question to him and asks him if he
is a temperance man How shame the rebel looks and how
he teeters to answer the question How the thought strikes his heart
like a dagger as he stands there and thinks That only a few
months since when he had returned from one of his drunken sprees
that his clumsy and heavy old hand struck the side of his
bald in the face and made he carry a pair of black eyes for
a long time and the impatient william had the heart to lift
his cruel hand at his mother—of that old mother who had watched
over him night and day—and we wonder reader that he leaves
his head in shame when the clerk puts that question to him—The
reader will understand that I am now introducing him to the
prison and the rules and regulations and modes of punishment as
they were in 1845 when I first entered the prison—and I have
just entered the prison let me leave the reader here and give him
an introduction to a faithful and a faithful old soldier who
stand upon the prison a keeping watch night and day he is a
fine old fellow I have been acquainted with him ever since times
So high—ever since I was a boy of thirteen years old—and I was acquainted with Mr. Cray his daughter and I am able to give the reader a history of this old soldier. He narrated his adventures, his feats, and his character. Together with his career, and downfall, and his everlasting ruin and destruction. When the old fellow first entered the prison the Warden and the inspectors took so much interest and delight in him, that they placed him higher above any of the officers of the prison—and though it was strictly against the rule of the prison in those days for either convict or officer to smoke within the walls of the prison yet they broke the rule. They allowed the old chap to have his pipe and use 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 very first ones to break 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 respects he shouldered his musket and stood like a brave soldier upon his throne to meet the stormy battles and the mid night air that would come a hurling there stormy darts and these deadly darts at him. How my heart has yearned almost melted within me when I have been standing for a long time looking at this poor old fellow and the sad condition to which he is place in—and the sufferings to which he will have to endure until the Almighty sends a thunder bolt and thunders him from the high and lofty position to which he now stands. Many has been the cold and stormy night when both keeper and guard have been deeply fretted in the arms of sleep that the dictated 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 lightening has played before his face—snow flaked and beating rain has come a pelting down on him—the glittering sun has thrown his scalding rays on him. The shadow of the almighty hand has past over his face. Yet the old fellow heeds them not—nor does he pay any respects to them. Why the old hatter looks to me like a proud taught old fellow—and if it present for that devilish old pipe in his mouth I should respect and like him so much—back Reader straight and firm he stands—see how he holds up his head and defies the sun to search him out. (Reader) Will to hurt him from his throne. Every time I think of this old chap he puts me in mind of an old drunkard—rich I once knew and had made himself so base and so degraded that he was hated by everyone but by and by the old fellow got sick of liquor and looking at himself he got all bad in rag—well drinking at the court and that he was bringing upon his family 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 never looks at a drunkard—neither can he bear the smell of liquor—nor is he one of those that geers and sneers at poverty nor snipes or mingles with rich—no cold select morning just as the keepers was coming in all jumbled up in their over coats twisting and turning their heads at a small blow of a northwest wind I had to hear off in one corner where no officer could possibly hear a word to what they made at a little breeze of wind that came a fanning their faces. While the poor old fellow had been a standing the cold winter of the night—dutiful old soldier said to myself one winter day you have heard many a winter storme and much to your duty like a faithful yeard and yet they have never supplied you
with an over coat—see how clean he keeps his musket 114
and how strict he is to be right on the spot at the precise time of
duty. I don't believe the sergeant ever had to speak a word to him
about keeping his musket clean or about being on duty at the
precise hour—there is no bad trick about this fellow—nich I don't
like much—and that is the hard work—he must look at it I
believe the old man would rather cut the buttons off of his coat
and sell them than to write. Why reader if you spoke to him
about work he wouldn't listen to you—he would look at you
now he puts me in mind of some of these contractors who
comes in the shops puffing and blowing as though they had done
a heavy days work to buy heavy and tedious burdens upon the
convict shoulders to do but they themselves went so much as duty
those little fingers with it as I stood a gazing at this old soldier
one day the soldier he was to pass me and had a good notion to
put 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 with a deadly enemy of duty call him forthlest being a little
afraid of insulting and hurting the old soldier's dignity I did not put
the question to the soldier—how many more years this honorable
old soldier has got to stay on there with his musket at his shoulder
I am unable to tell—but reader many will be the cold winter
nights and many the hot blooming days—many will be the loud
thunders that will clap and rap over his head—and many will be
the fiery lightning that will play before his face before he drops
from his lofty white throne—when I cast my eyes on the old chap
he puts me in mind of a song with a little shepherd boy stuck up
and being one day when he was aist on the green plains attending
his father's flock—his song was about one of these old fellows
and reader the master shepherd's key song—They have ears but they
hear not they have feet but they walk not hands have they but they
handle not sense but they smell not mouth but they perceive not
and the very man that made them is liken unto them—ye brave and
pride 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
burstions of the cannon—when she was playing the balls and throwing
her shot blemishless in your face—yet you brave old fellow—yes
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 to the stormy winds and stood the cold blast of the night
yet a hand stronger than the winds and colder than the midnight
are will know you from where you now stand and dash you
to the ground and you will melt away like wax before the burning
blaze and your everlasting destruction and destruction will be
sealed up for ever—

There now introduce the reader to the venerable old soldier
cooper John who stands upon the top of the prison—let me now take
your hand 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 stows on four cherry and
peach trees that are beginning to fall and decay away—keep straight along
until you reach the hall and cast your eyes over the door on your
left hand side where you will a little board up over the door in large
capital letters which says clocks office—step in and stretch your hand
into your pocket and pull out a quarter and hand it to him and
he will present you a ticket which you must hand to the sergeant
and he will provide you with a guard who will conduct you
through the prison—the reader will remember that I am conducting
the visitor through the prison as it was in the year 1840—the sergeant
has now provided you with a guard—he lays his hand on the iron
levers and the old iron door swings upon its hinges and lets you out
into the north wing—walking along a few steps you pass three dark
and gloomy cabins where the prisoners have to take up his silent
and solitary, at night, leaving this dark and lonesome Wing where everything looks dark and dreary—the guard brings you out into the cooper shop where you may see men rigid in striped clothes of flame and distaste a taunting and laborious and bearing the burning leatherns of a hot summer day—from the cooper shop he leads you into the tool shop with stand in a sitting position against the wall with the light wind in the roof that the primer may bear light enough to do his work in this shop they make plans chisels and a host from the dusty old shop he leads you out into the glade where you have a chance to brush a little of the dust off of your new dress—crossing the road the guard leads you into the scald shop where you may see some laurel hands to make a weaving canopies from the dusty old shop—your strike out into the open air again and before you have time to take one puff of fresh air you find yourself into the machine shop where the loud clack of storm's hammer comes bounding heavy in your ears—leaving the noisy and smoky old work shop the guard conducts you into the comb shop with you are glad to get out of as quick as you can on the account of the filthy smell in this shop they make combs of every description—leaving this filthy shop you soon find yourself a passing through the cabinet shop where your eyes will be dazzled with furnitures of every description and with a startled mind and heart you would choose to sit into your partner if you may gain to buy—then from the cabinet shop your conductor leads you into the same shop amidst dust and smoke and you are a lucky goat or a lady if you get out into the open air without having your throat choked up with smoke and dust in this shop they make frames and carry on silver plating—from the home shop the guard leads you into the south wing where everything looks black and dark as mid night and the convict have to take up his solitary abode and smoke out the long and live some nights of his time in leaving them dark and chill but looking captions the guard leads you into the dining room where you eat the tables all set with seven or eight hundred wooden plates—as you pass on
SpørreSoon find yourself in the kitchen, where the guard habitually shows you a bottle of soup and a pot of mush, a chunk of beef and a slice of brown bread—if you are a particular friend of the guard he will take time to search for the water and get his permission to conduct you up into the hospital. Mind you have got to be his boy, his idiot, and his particular friend; you can't get a peep at the face of your dying youth, who is just a wriggling and fighting hard with the enemy of death—header are you his friend have you lived a long dream in his case? You have been passing through the shops, have you talked sweet to him and tried to bring back to his mind the happy days of your boyhood and youth—have you brought to his remembrance some waltz and a dance and a dance you use to sit and grin in your father's log cabin during the long winter nights; does the old guard remember the dance? does he recognize you yet? Has he forgotten the song with you and him use to be a humming one as you both

That street along together up your shady lane—well then, leader is the guard has not forgot them happy hours and those gone by days—he returns to you with a heavy eles, nothing joy in his hand and conducts you to the hospital onward onward your face your way through a dark and a gloomy wing until your feet enter the threshold of the hospital door—now black and dimly everything looks now still and silent is everything around you—no word or a sigh is heard through out the room—not a smile hangs on your face as you stand between the leaving and the dead every thing looks sad and clean—every man that is able to sit up is hanging back in his chair with his hand under his chin and his elbow leaning on the bed and seems to be a dozing over his head allotment and the condition which he is placed in—casting your eyes at the farther end of the room you see a young man a visionary under the awful and dreadful disease of consumption and are before you press sets in the next he must pay the debt of nature—without a friend in the world to shed a tear at his destination—poor fellow you go to your self as you turn from...
This dark scene, 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 mother to smooth the pillow for his drooping head—no father to come and cheer his heart—all looks dark, doleful, and dismal—and with a pious heart you turn from the dark scene with you have just witnessed—and with a rebel of thoughts a pruning into your mind—the guard conducts you back to the hall, where you first started from—and before you know—where you are you are bounding and whisking through the hall and into the open street where you begin to sniff the fresh and bring off some of the state prison dirt that still hangs and clings to your clothes with you get on you as you past through the shades to inspect the wark and gaste at the unhappy burden inmate of a dark and gloomy prison.

I have now conducted you to the reader through this gloomy looking old castle—and took the pains to conduct him through every department of it as it was in the year 1840. I shall now lay out the rules and 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 1855—and I hope as I lay these rules out to the reader that he may be astonished when I come to tell him that the rules in 1840 were more strict and severe and lived up to them they are now for I 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 notaving his hammock and go to bed until the bell rings at eight o'clock—he must then strip of his clothes, leave 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 dresst, and be standing at his door in readiness so as when the keeper comes along and raises the lever of his door he may push it open and come out—he must not have a knife or a fork either in his cell or tucked about his person—he must have no book slate arithmetic nor nothing in his cell but his bible and tract and spoon in his cell to eat his mush with—he must hang up his bed clothes every morning when he first gets up and not let them be seen on his bed or the number of his cell is taken down and handed to the keeper and the convict may think himself a lucky adventure if he gets off with a dozen scratches on his back with the old cats paws when marching we must keep close together with our arms folded and our heads to the right our heels level and our eyes looking down upon the ground—when sitting at the table we must keep our arms folded our head 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 lead 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 later 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 winder 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 shops—must not sit in your Hammock on Sundays without a direct written
order from the Doctor—must not be seen amusing 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 tinkering in your cell—must not be seen with a pocket in your pants coat or waist—must not look eye off of your 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 too gore and stare at us and not me at them.) No reader we are not allowed to look up at that old aged another or passer who perhaps are passing through the shops and who prevents the many never see again on this side of the grave—there by footprints with they have left behind them seem to be said to us. When in church we must keep our eyes directly on the chaplain and not be a gazing around us—must not speak a word or look up at the inspectors as they are passing through the shops must not 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 it blasted minds into your face—what are you gain to do now for tobacco been a chewing the old cud for more than fifty years—now you have got to throw the old soldier one side eh—it comes down hard upon you don't it old man—ain't you sorry you come how old fellow eh—been up to see the doctor yet old chap about your cud—did you tell him that you couldn't do with out eh—did you put on a long face and tell him that you
Was continually sick to your stomach—well what did he say—he told you to put a piece of stick into your mouth and chew it—ain't you sorry you come old man—they have played a shrewd game upon you here old fellow—sorry you came at last Ch—God bless you old fellow I feel sorry for you and sympathetic with you in your lone condition and your hard allotment—let me tell you old man that you will see better and harder times than those a rolling and rocking over them silver locks of yours—before the expiration of these your time—Reader do you want to know how these old fellows use to do when they mustard up for tobacco—they thinks 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 end of tobacco which perhaps had been laying under the snow all winter and had been thrown away by some of the contractors or officers of the prison as soon as the old chap would see one of these old soldiers he would make a full halt and stand and look all around him to see if any of the officers was looking at him—the old fellow being satisfied that no one was seeing him 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 a looking for more of the same kind—
regulations of the prison as it was in 1840. There were then ten ships again which had been let out on a contract to which I here give the reader a list of—

A list and the names of the different ships in 1840

The Cooper-Ship—
    Coal—do
    Straw—do

Home—do

Sem—do

Sailor—do

Machine—do

Smit—do

These ships was built against the wall in a slanting position with sky lights for in the roof of them and in a very bad condition letting the water down through the roof 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 have 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 them 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 the keeper called in the presence of the clerk to go through our prison examination after the clerk had ask us a different number questions the keeper brought us before the Doctor who ask us the following questions 12—

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
sickness 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 times have you ever had laid upon you—ah are you a temperance man—look
Reader see the heavy head old drunk—how his head tells that big
tears that stand in his eyes and almost ready to drop as the doctor puts the question to him and asks him if he was
a temperance man—After the doctor had gone through
this exercise and examination he was separated from each
other and taken off to the shops where the master allowed
him 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 place
where we had a good kind, open hearted contractor whose looks
bespoke good nature—I had not been in the shop no
more than two minutes before the keeper called me up to the
desk and in a rough and uncivil manner asked me what my
name was and where I was from—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
me these rules to me he showed me the cell of nine boys and
told me that if I broke one of his rules I might expect to take
a dozen of them on my back he then pointed his cane to a
stool that stood hard by and told me to sit down on it and
fold my arms and hold down my head and not to look up
until the foreman or contractor put me to work—pah you
old tyrant you said I to myself as I sat there in this
most—pah you old villain—who cares for you in your
rules who cares for you as your rules—who cares for you as your cats—why you old pimp
you said I to myself—I have gone under them little fellows
many a day—I have gone under the treatment of these little
cats many a time—I have had them sunken deeper
into my back then ever you dare to sink them. I have had a more punishment with them then ever you dare to give me — for you old tyrant who care for you or your cats — who care for you or your rules — while I was sitting in this deep revile of thoughts. I heard the heavy tramp of footsteps a leading behind me— and in a moment 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 Capt. Tyler and taking off my cap I made a low bow to him. Where are you from? said he. I am from Rochester, sir, I replied. How long have you been for two years, sir said. There said he that’s nothing we will make a man of you before that time. How old are you? thirteen, sir said I. Well said he you must be a good boy and behave yourself well and try to be as good and as smart a man as your father was. I was acquainted with your father, he said. Now said he that none of these older inmates don’t get the upper hand of you and lead you astray. Look out said Mr. Tyler that they don’t play that trick. I have influence over you and you will behave yourself. If there had came a time there may a dare face round one of us that will lead you into trouble and laugh at you in the end. Look out for him as he said these 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 — oh how I sob — how my lips quivered. When Mr. Tyler mention my father’s name — a consolator. Sobs and tears came rushing down my dark cheeks as I heard the sacred name of my father mention’d. Taking my seat again I cover 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 places formed into a single file placed there arms and at the sound go on they march’d off to the dining room to fresh themselves with coarse rough grub. Now as I pass 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 a wink from many an eye that had witnessed the punishments. I recited when a boy in the House of Refuge. Many was the dark and blooming eyes that I saw in that gloomy prison that had witnessed that awful and cruel punishment to which Strongman and I got through the means of that black-hearted Thomas 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 Nest Williams and Thomas Burke, Jex Butler and Harry Williams, Willie Jones and Charlie Ferdinand. Tim Edwards and aleman Williams—all one little Williams and scamps with me in the House of Refuge. Had gone through the same treatment that I had gone through had played in the same yard that I had played in had ate under the same old roof—and under the same old timbers had heard many a solemn prayer and blessing—and now had come forth into the world and followed the high roads of Vice and Crime and was now inmate with me in a dark and gloomy prison. In the afternoon the contractor put me to work beside a black man that was all the time full of his devilments and told him to leave me alone to make chair bottoms. Very little chance that this nig could get he would come to my bench and pretend that he was showing me something about my work. Often at the same time he would be a talking about something else much would make me bust out and laugh—one day this nig had said something to me quick made me laugh very much and caused the tears
to rush from my eyes the keeper happen to see this piece of fun again on and he called us both down and wanted to know what it was that tickled him so the nig conceeded what it was and the keeper ordered him to pull off his shirt and he gave him a dozen on his bare back he then called me and ask me if I would on his word was so hard that I couldn't lie 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 I took off my coat and best and raising the lid of his desk he drew out a blue raw hide told me to stand around fold my arms and I did he then gave me seven cuts on the back and told me to put on my coat and best and the next act he caught me in the mouth put something else on my back such would make me blende the you won't you old tyrant you paid to myself as I hung my coat a cross my arm and went off to my monk as you won't you over your cats on a raw hidecontentType me flinch I must flinch for you I'll show the boys that I can stand them little presses just as good as a man can - So off I went to my monk a muttering over something to myself what it was I don't remember for my bottom was burning with marks and my eye a 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 post me a note nick I was lucky enough to get milk out the keeper a being miserick after I got to my cell at night I opened it and read it and this was the contents of that note -

Well old hank 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 sowing the old cat here - look to see you have had a scratch of the old gag already - How they feel old boy El - worse then them down to the dungeon - they show me respects to persons here rich or from black or white they
sence them all a like-book out— how long did they throw you for those you come from. Webster. Shout don’t fail to give me answer to this—
yours Respectfully. Alonzo Mills—

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

those I’ll have to see hard times here. He’s old bo—have to rush through it treatment and plough through rough and hardusage–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 every blow the tyrantical hand gives me with the cats—Oh ye bluming
looking youth you—
The next morning while at breakfast. I undertook to pass this note to Mills but the sharp eye of the keeper got a glimpse of it and came and took it away from me and when I got back to the shop the keeper opened it and read it he then called me up and asked me concerning the note and who this Mills was and what shop he work in I then was caught far and square 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 open in which I could make my escape from this punishment or at least make it a thousand fold lighter and that was to tell the truth so I took courage slapt right up to the captain’s office told the truth paid my bill by telling the truth to him and the account was settled with seventeen light blows on my bare back with the cats
have firm I stood with my arms folded during that sorrowful moment—never flinch—never bridge—never
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shed a tear but stood my ground and took it like a
man—I must confess that the little fellows did hurt me and
sting me and I felt the pangs of three sharp cuts—but to flinch
would be madness to me—I knew what scars and marks
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 never flinch at
a dozen small blows—Now I am no man that makes
light of suffering humanity—No reader am no joker over
pain and misery it is not a thing to be joked with—God—
blesse you—your poor sons of sufferers where ever you
may be or where ever your lot may be casted. I sympathise with
you—I have suffered enough to know what it is and they who
suffer are the only ones that can feel it. But I could not
help to stick my face away in one corner one day to

The next—present and laugh heartily to see Landy a great
tall six footer jump and fall down on his knees and give
a loud scream at every blow the keeper gave him while I was
noting but a boy at the age of thirteen stood before the old tyrant and
never flinch under the strongest blow that he gave me—after
I had put my hand on my shirt and gave back to my mate one
of the inmates pretended that he was showing me some
inght about my work—and at the same time began to
encourage me and praise me up their well I had stood the
cuts and to be careful of that my that would made of me or he
would get me into trouble any day—and that the keeper has
a foul 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 gated windows - that I sat at the table in deep and melancholy thoughts and reflections that the weight of a big heavy cane came plump a crossing stickels 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 then if I had never stood before him before for I began to get sicks to his calls) and asked me if I certainly meant to break over and seek through those bright and golden rules of his. I tried to make some excuse for breaking our that rule. I had missed my mantie to cover the deed but all in vain. I had broken the rule and forgotten the advice of sir Tyler, and none I was arranged and stood convicted and must pay for the penalty of it by suffering under the bonding and licting galls of the old cat and he locked up in the dungeon untill the next morning. Never shall I forget that bright and peling day of July as I was strolling to the Hospital that I over took Mill's who had been an inmate with one in the house of refuge and fell in a conversation with him untill one of the release officers step up to us and as he ask me and the name of the hospital that me belonged too on my returning back to the shop from the Hospital I found that the release keeper had caught us a talking and had reported us to our respected keepers for talking the keeper call'd me up to his desk and ask one what that young chap now that I was talking too and what he was talking about. I see said the officer that you dont by no mean to get along here without suffering under the lash every day - what to do with you I know not. Without
it is to whip you to death right on the spot, while the Keeper was talking to me. Ey Cook the Warden of the prison came walking the shop and the Keeper took him one side and whispered something into his ear about one they held along conversation about me for some minutes while I stood with my face towards the desk after they had got through with their conversation Ey Cook took his seat behind the keepers desk and in a rush and an ugly tone the keeper called me in the presence of Ey Cook and said this boy Ey is becoming a hardened convict he is listening to the silly tales and counsels of the older inmates and following their devilish tricks and learning all the iniquities and miseries that are prevailing within the prison he is letting these older inmates have their influence over him and learning to lay those mean and devilish tricks and what to do with him I know now not I have whip him until the blood come streaming from his back and it appears to have no effect upon the boy at all what to do with him sir I cannot tell I am tired of whipping the lash upon his back he is a smart boy and seems to be endowed with good reason and faculties and if I let him lead the course that he is now a leading he will surely become a hardened convict and one day or another will be lashed down with heavy balls and chains and become the inmate of a dark and gloomy dungeon what shall I do with Ey I know me other way to do only to put him over into your hands and into your hands I know place the hardened youth take him and put out your own pleasures with him the reader must have some idea of the feelings of my mind during that conversation of the Wardens and the Keeper there I stood a nothing but a mean boy before two officers a weeping and crying horses turn their eternal horse of horses came beating and flogging me my mind you say said Ey Cook to the officer who stood with the Cats in his hand that you dont know what to do
with his own hand. To set the officer, replied it was only yesterday that I gave him a severe punishment and now I give the youth over to your hands that he may pass through hard and rough treatment— as the officer said these words these words. Mr. Cook asked him what kind of treatment he had been through besides the cats have you consigned 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 leading he will be the ring leader of all the thieves and criminals that are prevailing within the walls of a gloomy prison— into your hands, said Mr. Cook will I commend you boy see that you go under a hard and rough treatment with him first with the cats then after that give him over into my hands and I will see what torture there is in the stocks—then if he keeps on leading the career that he now leads the crack of the pistol shall prove his honesty—as Mr. Cook said these words the officer ordered me to pull off my shirt. I obeyed his authority and to off my shirt and he stuck forty and two thongs into my back with the cats after I had put on my shirt Mr. 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 hair I honor and respect to this day—pressing his way onward he led me to the stocks and enclosed me in a large box which they called the stocks and made my hands feet and head fast so as I could not stir my body at all these stocks when closed and made fast were 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 one single ray of light is there to be seen until the officer let me open the door and let his captive free. It was late in the afternoon when when I heard the heavy
Trump of two officers making their way to the box where I was confined. The heavy weight of these came down upon the floor, seemed to tell 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 hooky cane in his hand. The Reader must imagine to himself how I fell and the pain I occasioned gain and learning after gain through this treatment of punishment. As you must remember that I felt weary and faint and mangled enough to lay my head down upon the cold floor as soon as I entered my cell, and though it was chiefly against the rule for the convict to lie down before the bell rung at eight o’clock for him to turn in yet so faint and exhausted was I that I seeing my bed just as soon as I entered my cell the sight made my knees give way and look into my cell and found me crouched in bed half as high as I could get up. Here the door. As 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 and the guard who gave you permission. Don’t you know that it is against the rules for you to lie down. Your companion. He said. The pains and sufferings with which I have endured this day has caused me to break over the rule. Don’t care said he of a man breathing his last breath of life he is no longer to break over the rules and get to bed with out permission. Get up sir and put on your clothes in vain did I try to reason and expostulate with the hard and cold hearted devil but all of my tears and begging and reasoning and rough 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. Penitently and slowly did I follow the door down stairs while the cold clouds of blood still clung to my back. Grouping my way down the stairs. He
led me out into the kitchen and ordered me to pull off my shirt. I stripped myself and turned my back around to ward off the cruel Haunted guard and all the marks and blood that came coming from my back excelled softly to the heart of that guard, and he laid four light lashes upon my back with the cats. ————

On that dark and lonesome night as I sat pensively and lonely in one corner of my cell with both hands up to my face and weeping and giving my mind to a deep thought of serious reflection—I was arrested from the scene of reflection by a kind and a sweet voice that struck upon my ears like a band of music proceeding from the White Milk Throne of Heaven:

'Good evening. Good evening,' said the venerable old gentleman as he approached my cell and extended his hand through my iron grated door. 'Good evening,' said I as I extended my black paw into his milk white hand. 'You look very pensive and sad this evening, said the chaplain, your look is as you have just passed through trouble today.' 'Yes, sir!' I replied. 'I have been drinking out of the cup of sorrow today and none tonight. I'll have to taste the bitter bread of pain—talking with me on the subject of religion for a few moments.' The venerable chaplain asked me how old I was and if my father and mother were yet alive. 'He said, 'I am thirty years of age and the green grass is now waving over the grave of my father and many have 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 sacred to me and no man nor distance can bear a scratch from my memory—and as for my mother, said I, she was alone 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 newly born angle sent from the portals of the sky to come.
and on lock the prisoners door, on hind his chains and let
the prisoner free—he comes—ye reader he comes to my dark and
gloom cell where I am coning—and brings, words of peace and
joy—he comes to hury up the down broken heart of the prisoner
and smooth his soft hand over his stricken brow—he is
my friend and to him I can unfold all of my sorrows and grief
and on his shoulders can 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 convict ever has 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 tent like cell and strikes and sings with
him in a friendly manner speaking kind and soft words such seeming
me to the convict (the reader must remember that the convict has
to hear hard rash words spoken to him while prison and a kind word
from the chaplain and a kind look and the shake of the hand with
his desert boy often meet with softer the old devils heart come and makes
him meek and shed many a sorrowful tear) he is the one that tries
to point that harder old grey head convicts to the bleeding cross—i.e.
he is the one that tries to bring back to mind that cherishes
young youth in mind the days of his Childhood when the mother
printed a prayer with the kiss upon his closed lips the reader if you are so
unfortunate to become the inmate of a prison never oh never
give a cross or an angry look at the chaplain never curse him in your
heart for if you do the birds of the air will carry the curse home at one
tide—never spake a cross or an angry word to him but give him
well treat him kindly and he will treat your lonely cell and try
to hury up your days faster Spirit and delight to do you good
during the time you stay in prison and when you leave your
gloomy old palace you will find in him a confidential friend
whom will sympathise 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 again bravely often—oh! too often have I stood with my ears up to the ironed door of my cell and listen to hear the tramp of the chaplain's feet as he left my lonely cell, the tread of his bare feet seemed to sound like music to my ears when lonesome and renewed I felt again when he was gone—wonder the old prophet stretch up a song and said: These beautiful feet of those that brings glad tidings upon the end of those tingers thus have I stood and listen at my door till the last tread of the chaplain's feet died away in the distance.

It was a bright midsummer day as I was mending from the table that I cast my eyes on three young men who had just come in taking a close side look at the middle man whose face I had reconized before I found that it was on the man 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 solitary keepers who was in eating and passing around to catch my convicts they could a talking four months had just away before I got any opportunity to speak to inerson me more than both patients in the hospital and to my last right next to his bed I had a good opportunity of talking to each other—My God! I never said this you—my boy—this is said in terror—for heaven sake Rube don't betray my real name you must not call me by the fictitious name I was here by—and what name is that said I—Hale, Thomas said incision—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 didn't I betray the scoundrel in the court house and have his oath rejected the scamp I have known him to be a thief and a burglar from his boyhood—foot—foot—accused foot—sht—my God! My God! I didn't betray the scamp and I wouldn't been here.
a mingling with the young billiant today—but as it was too late to take the young man more in person to the policeman let us have a little chat together for now is our time and the curtain of darkness is covering the land—Well Bob dident foresee me when we sat together in miss Beaters house she dident know that you and me had both eaten at the table and walked in one step down to the House of ill—She dident know that when you sat in the court house I knew you Bob but you dident know me—but given my old coat Bob said instead of it even I thought things set up a sailing down here—caused just you was Bob to take the blame of that damn infernal little—And come down here to prison to pass a penitent life—Why dident you let the trail go on and I would have and the dirty little bitch in a dark and gloomy prison and清算 you from the scrape altogether—Never mind m'erson said I—I have only a few more months to stay then I break out into the world again to mix and mingle with old companions—Well Bob God help you boy I wish I was with you said m'erson—I know where I can make a crack of ten thousand dollars—but my complaint is such that I am afraid that I shall never be the outside of them walls again—there is you and I beg a talking till the time hour of midnight the second day unfolded to me the cracks and burglary he had made and the pistols he had loaded had discharged at travellers and bodies he had laid cold and frozen with stones beneath the deadly waves and closed up his dark catalogue of crimes by telling me how he came to get here in prison—m'erson said about the age of eighteen and in good circumstances when I left the farm last year and he had been up to buffalo and spent his money in the trade of vine and purchasing these places of hell until he became the prey of a deadly disease—but his gold taught his character the pictures composed a crime which brought him to a gloomy prison and there he stood with the right shoulder upon the platform of misery and an inmate with one in a dark and gloomy prison.
The deep print of shame and misery was stamped deep into my face, and I bore the shameful mark of Cain upon my forehead and the curse of a fugitive and a vagabond was printed deep upon my brow, and I never yet the inmate of a gloomy prison—pick up that piece of meat for do you hear me just that piece of meat off of the floor said an officer to me one day as I sat at the table and there a piece of meat on the floor which I did not like—as he said them words he brought the heavy weight of his cane a crushing head which caused my head to turn for some minutes after—take that bag and convoy him away to the dungeon said one of the officers—you damn black hearted curst said I did the inspector allow you to rep move over there Heads with your cane and break those skulls em—do you hear me echoed the hoarse voice of the keeper again do you hear me take your bag and lock him up—two officers step up to me and took me by the coat collar and led me away to the dungeon—I have suffered enough through your tyrantical hands said I and I am not going to stand it any longer—get up sir get up or I'll knock your brains out with my own said one of the officers—you dare you dare face loathing devil you—your dearest said I as I drew a knife from my bosom with I had concealed—will bend your by and by young boy said a keepers eating—this dungeon Sir is lighter than your black hearted said I in madness and your hearts and cruel deeds is darker than this dungeon and your character is blacker than your heart—present that knife Sir into 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 I as I approached my dungeon door with the chaplain at beside the knife said the officer I went by the Heavens I went
give it up—the knife or I'll strike you dead on the spot.

Said the officer as he raised his cane to strike me—stand back said I or I'll plunge you to the heart—close in upon me said Egy Cack—and as he said these words one of the officers

made his way towards me—and I stood my ground with my

knife drawn in my hand refusing to give it up—the pistol

said he one of the officers. Egy Cack presented the pistol into the

under officer's hand who cock it and threaten to blow my brains

out in two minutes if I didn't deliver the knife into his hand

Hold—Hold said Egy Cack said the chaplain as he rush forwards

and stood between me and the officer. I ask you in the

authority of these officers said the chaplain for that knife and I

hope that you will deliver it into my hands—then Lord and

thank words of the chaplain brought the knife from my hands

into his Egy Cack ordered the officer to take me from the

dungeon and consign me away to my cell. Where I might

have a chance to see the chaplain and reflect on my past

conduct until he get ready to tend to me. What did I

tell you Egy said the officer as he stamped my door to

and took the key on me. What did I tell you did I tell

you that your boy would become an horden convict if

he was left to himself for those cursed and inform

inmates said the officer that had been a blabbing there

silly tales in his ears and store cunning influences have

been playing and shading over his mind—so the

officer said these words to Egy Cack—the Egy 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 dash it to the

floor and pick it up and tore it in a thousand pieces

and tramp the leaves under my feet and those precious old

books I have often have I thought of them. I trembled with


dread.
Dear every time I think of it, and fear that every ray of the contents which I had under my 
wide rose up in the judgment day and condemn me 
for nothing more to do and no more injury to 
commit on the plate. I sat in one corner of my 
cell, and cried my face most both hands and gave 
way to a flood of tears and silent reflections 
and these made my reflection. Then I entered the 
prison with my mother’s prayer printed upon my lips 
and my father’s blessing upon my head. And with 
good reason and an ample store of good 
education—let you see dear face looking gifts, 
with which my master prayers from my six into 
cases, and blessing my father’s blessing from my 
heart with a beauteous blessing, and took away from one all the good reason which God 
and endurance one with oh cruel and wicked 
wrath of a boy, said the chaplain as he approached my iron 
grated door and saw the leaves of my bible torn and 
scattered on the floor cell floor, oh cruel wrath he echoed 
the second time hare could you be so wicked and cruel 
to turn up your bible and destroy the riches treasures 
that is given you here. Within the walls of a dark 
and a gloomy prison. Wicked wrath. The day is 
coming when you will have to answer for every word 
of that sacred book which you have trampled under your 
feet. The chaplain said these words I burst in a 
flood of tears and with a quivering lip I told the 
chaplain that it was those hard hearted officers that 
had made me hard and cruel, and that they were 
preparing me for higher crimes and making me to 
become the fittest subject of the gallows. Given me a few 
words of good advice he turned from my dark and
glory of my cell and left me to reflect over the scene that laid
shattered at my feet; oh! the horrors of that day, came Heaven
in my breast, as I paced my cell backwards and forth with
large drops of tears a dripping from my eyes—creed and
minded, mutch of a devil, said I to myself in a burning
rage of anger after I had mused over my folly—minded and
infidel. Sprung of a big—you have destroy all that humble
old; monitory that learnt you. A.B.C.—tame 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 pled and counsel with me. I rend the
roof of that humble old cottage of my childhood and birth
and when I left the land of my maturity there followed one to
a dark and a gloomy prison and now I have rendered the evil
for good—wretched and minded—creed and black hearted
mutch—when those classes thin eyes in sleep, the contents and
the counsels of that precious book shall haunt thee like a
thief in the night; when those art toiling and labouring
under the blazing heat of the sun, the thoughts of the 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 fusty hand to lead thee up to judgment.
Then the leaves of the bible shall be there as a witness against
thee—and a brace 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 condole.
Have said the regrets that Emitters his soul 
he mourns on the time that he first met casting 
and yielded his heart to the tempter while early. 

Oh, when is the time to extend his grief hand 
to snatch from destruction the still burning brand? 
Oh, when is the time while his heart is yet warm to list to his sorrowings and whisper repentance. 

Oh, could you have thought that when kindness was soft 
that neglect and ill-treatment would harden to oft 
that cut off from all virtue a man will in time. 
Set brooding on love and preparing for crime. 

It was a fine beautiful midsummer Sabbath morn when the town clock was striking the hour of eleven, that an ugly bare-faced looking officer came up to my cell and on looking my door he 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 reach the south wing where stood Big Cook and another bare-faced looking villain with pistols in these hands—on tying my hands the officers ordered me to pull off my cap and stand like slaves 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 more no reason to give why this pistol shouldn't he discharged at your heart and bend you a cross that last ocean neither 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 aidn
him to hold a moment—"you paid the officer me a bad boy and leading a base and a miserable life—you are listening to the silly songs of the older inmates and following their delinquent deeds and learning there bad example you are bringing pain and misery upon yourself and preparing for the gallows as fast as time can let you—you have learnt the miseries and the iniquities of the prison and you are the ring leader of every vice and crime that prevails within the prison—spectate your bible to pieces and trample the leaves 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 sorrow upon your self and the gray hairs of your mother down to her grave—the crack of this pistol will end your career for ever and will send you to that land where you will never be no more trouble—are you ready to resign yourself in the hands of destitute nature—said Es. Codd—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 strike a blow that shall break the stern's neck you will never cross again—three minutes more sir is allotted you and thy mortal shall take its everlasting flight—are you ready in one moment sir if you please said I as I threw my arms around Es. Codd's neck and with tears and loud solis begd him to spare my life—your life sir is in the hands of your officers and it is for them to decide the question—stand back and the crack of this pistol shall decide the question—-are two minutes shall roll on they said the death shall be told—again did I fall down upon my knees and clap my hands together and begd Es. Codd to save my life for I knew it was in his power—as I arose from my knees the three officers stop 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 I add the regret that 92 better have laid
his head on the floor he last night astaw
and yielded his heart to the temper of ill-

Here the officers ordered me to follow them to the
kitchen on my moaning in the kitchen I saw several officers
standing on the desk awaiting my arrival and among
them was Mr. hard heart, Mr. no feelings, Mr. cruel-
heart, Mr. demon, Mr. fiend, Mr. love torture, Mr.

I drank and Mr. cat bearer—all consoling together to see
whose duty it should be to inflict a punishment upon
me with the cat 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 my shirt. Sir, said Mr. cat bearer in an
rgh and an ugly tone of voice—off with it, Sir.
said he. I am gain to kill or cure, stripping off
my shirt the tyrannical curse lanced my
hands fast in front of one and ordered me to stand
around—but turning my back towards him he threw
fifty seven lashes on me according to the orders of
Mr. Cook. I was then ordered to stand over the
drain while one of the inmates wash my back in
a pail 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 affects of those
tormented little creatures hands upon the back—when
thrashed upon the back of the sufferer the sting like the
prick of a needle and when smoking in very deep the
sufferer feels as though he had been bitten by the bite of
a dog or been scratched 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 wire—

Thus a pleasant day in the month of September as I sat by the bedside of irreverent in the hospital that the rolling of his eyes and the heavy beats of his breast 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 shaker 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—irreverent said So you are going fast and a few moments more and you will be sailing across that wide ocean which you will never cross again—yes Rob said the dying boy—If feel the clumsy hand of death to work at my breast now and ere the mid-night hour he will have it home to the ground and my spirit will go a sailing down the cold streams of death—untill 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 irreverent 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—irreverent said I How do you feel—I feel said irreverent 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 icicle hand of irreverent and told him that the mystery of that one day robbery that was committed under the roof of Miss Muttermore
Maudel. Shortly he brought out into the open day light and that I was the innocent sufferer of that mid-day's robbery—Wish I was dead said Inerson with a blasphemous oath and pulling down the Stream—you wicked match you Inerson said I have dare you utter such blasphemous oaths and wished when you are on the very brink of that Stream which lies open to your view—give me another drink. He said Inerson and I'll drink in honor of your health—I handed the cursed match another drink and his eye balls began to roll and flash like a streak of lightning and the signs of death stood a blessing in his face—hell and damnation said Inerson as he grasped the old companion of his back hand up and dashed it to the floor. Take that bible out of my sight and the fiery looking eye of Inerson much warming mingling with blood gave another glance at the bible which he had dash to the floor and the dying youth turned on his back and a convulsing spasm and groan shutter cries blasphemous oaths hell and damnation preceded from the lips of the dying Inerson—A heavy hearted a loud and a mournful groan a horridable yell of murder and the youth stretch himself out and expired. While his soul launch upon that little body with haste to bring it in the presents of him that gave it—-—- and his body was given into the hands of the detesters—this died Inerson within the walls of a gloomy prison under the ficticious name of Halsey Thomas———

As I stood a leaning against a pile of bonds one day in the month of September and bathing myself in the sun I was accosted by two honorable looking gentlemen whose looks bespoke good nature and whose hearts seemed to beat with pitty and sympathy towards me—what a pity—what a pity. Admitted the silver hair gentleman what
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 rejoys
over your punishments and ill-treatments—last time a faster
said Mr Parsons—my father said I kept cold and silent
in the grave—and thy mother said Mr. Therson—my mother
said I a pointing with my finger toward the land of my birth
was a lie when I left the land of my childhood—also said
Mr. Therson there must be no lie and this night
perhaps she will be a sleeping for thee—as these two gents
mention the parental names of my father and mother—a flood
of tears gushed from my eyes and I wept before them like a
child for I was yet young and tender in years—there J.
stood before these two gentlemen who appeared to befriend
me and sympathize with me in my deep sorrows and distant
whipping cats—nor torturing stocks—nor gloomy cells—nor
bitter dungeons—no time nor distance can eradicate—as was
the sorrows of that day from my heart—no devil no more
tyrant can make me forget the day that I stood a trembling
youth before Mr Parsons and Mr. Therson—he carful said
Mr Parsons that you ain't led away again by the evil
hands of your inmates and have to suffer under the rod—kindly
little watch said Mr. Therson—You tore the companion of your
youth and guide up and trumpet under your feet—then
little black hearted devil the voice of thy companion will cry
to thee out of the ground until the day that thy soul down
to the grave—with a quivering lips I took up the words of
cain and said my punishment is more than I can bear—ugly
and hard hearted lay hast thou not learnt that the way of
the transgressor is hard—and the rod said Mr. Therson was
made for the fools back—you and the wicked said Mr. Therson
shall be beaten with many stripes—awful—awful—alas
awful will be your doom at the day of judgement said
Said Mr. Parsons, if you don’t lead a different life— I think that me have given him counts enough out of that sacred old believe that lays on my table at home said Mr. Hecoxon— for I see they begin to shake 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 of door I met with just what I expected from the inmates— and of nothing but scowls and sneers and derision was my companion during the marching hours of the day— long will I remember that good old gentleman and his sorrow and long will I honor the good curates of Daniel Hecoxon— Many had been the long and lonely nights when I had motion from my sleep and thought of the good curates that was given to me in that September day by Mr. Hecoxon and when loch in a dark and a gloomy cell my thoughts had wonder back to the curates of that good old man that now lay asleeping and slumbering beneath the cold earth— and then have been my thoughts— wonder if the venerable old man is seeing the story anon— and dust in that long white robe come down to his feet— wonder if he is yet upon the golden harp and l minute in his hand and striking up one of those sweet songs that was no rare devil on earth can never learn— wonder if the venerable old man is bending his face and falling down with the four and twenty elders and given his homage to him that sits upon the throne for ever and ever— wonder if he is walking upon that sea of glass and drinking from that crystal stream while his bones lays bleaching beneath the sands— Rest Mr. Parsons— Rest till the bones shall crumble away to the last sand—and peaceful 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 asked me to stand up, whereupon I exchanged my prison clothes for the clothes of digram and appeared before the clerk in a neat suit of citizen's clothes and a little bundle of books under my arm which contained one shirt and one pair of socks—two other unfortunate Devils who had come to prison with me was standing at my side, and 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 sentence you—How long did you come for, and what was the crime that you was charged with—are you guilty of the charge—Are you ever in a prison before or in a county jail—May you ever joined—Have you a wife and children—Have you a master or a mistress—Have you a trade before you came to prison—What employment did you follow—When were you arrested and what were you doing when you was arrested—Have you an education—Can you read or write when you first enter the dock and gloomy castle—are you a temperate—yes sir Clerk, thank 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 me. I can say that I am a temperate man—and I'll challenge the tallest angel in heaven to come down and swear in the presence of him that sits upon the throne forever, ever and ever and say that he ever been one drop of liquor in the intoxicated bowl—or let the clerk ask us the above question. He handed me a pen to sign our names on a strip of paper and gave us the following advice be careful boys and don't fall into any bad Company that will bring you back here to prison 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 place the convict money enough to take him back to the land of his friends and Home.
and the poor devil with blazing eyes and a cheerful heart rushed out into the open streets and stood there to look and to be last at. As 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 had me take it and read it and follow its precepts and choose it as the man of my counsel. And then a mother said, Mr. Smith—my mother was alive. I said I was painting with my finger towards the scene of my childhood and birth—and with tears a streaming in my eyes—was a line when I left my native land. And alas said Mr. Smith, have stretched out the lie—she then made a long speech and added with tears in his eyes—go back to thy master that thy mother may get here pleasure when she sees the sun arise in the morning and the green blossom in the spring—go cheer the broken heart of thy mother and drive away the deep train with 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 to ward March—ah those my heart beat highly with joyas and my eyelids felt with gladness as I struck towards the land of my nativity on the fourth day of May in the year 1842. I struck the latch of the old cottage door with a thousand feet. I had been sheltered in the days of my infancy the poem was just a sitting in the nest as I opened the cottage door with the Master of trouble and care printed deep upon my brow and the blooming heat of boyhood and youth a glittering in my face. You look as though you had seen a heap of trouble my son—said an elderly woman as she came from her seat and threw her arms around my neck and printed a Mother's kiss on my cheek and a flood of tears bursted forth from her eyes and her tears came dripping down upon my shoulders—you have fetched this punishment all upon yourself said my master as I stood a weeping before her—for the future.
my Son I pray you never to forget your father's parting words and the prayer and the advice of your afflicted mother—as soon as I entered the bed room I opened the letter which I had got at the prison and found that it was written to me shortly after I entered the prison and had been directed in 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 Harbour Street and signed by the felicities name of James Hawkins—Reader these were the dark and gloomy days when gross darkness hovered 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 Wm H. Seward was chief justice of the state yet he in all of his power could not grant the prisoners the privilege of writing one kind word to his friends though they labored at the point of death—these were 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 stare away the long and lonesome hours that came all a hanging on him like a heavy weight by reading them the convict had one state and pencil to kill time with and now did he dare to have a knife in his possession to kill time away no Reader these were the dark and cruel days when young Blum was slight sich naked and laid across the bench with his hands tied to the floor and received such a severe punishment with the cats that he expired a few days after this there was the days when the prisoners backs was cut and lacerated with the cats till the blood came running down their backs many was the nights that the prisoners turned to these cells with there backs cut and back up with the cats and cursing and damning their makers and uttering
hard and horrible oath until the bell rings for them to swing there hammocks. I have heard horrible and bitter groans attend up from these low calming painful sighs and heavy groans came beating upon my ear from some poor inmate who came to me or met to one again the last cry of vengeance has been heard a speaking in the mid night hour as the prisoner lady in a half dream of asleep and mourning over to himself the illtreatment which he had past through

Though it may seem strange to the reader yet truth is stranger then fiction that the inmate of the prison seen receives one soft word of kindness from the officials from the day he enters the prison until the day he is discharged his only friend and adviser is the chaplain who welcomes him with a best after he is swept up in his cell at night though the humble old senor feels with the meaning of his sentence off with what joy do the halt that beautiful and delightful morning as it comes a bursting forth from the east poor down cast and broken hearted devil then his eyes glisten as he enters the hall to get his discharge poor miserable old man tell you when you first enter the prison you thought that you would never get out side of that front gate. Oh you thought that you must close them meping eyes of yours in a dark and gloomy prison the old fellow— but the long wish a full day has come at last and the day he spend with a bright and a dealing prospect before you your long nights of sorrow has swept away in a mild summer sun shine but old fellow let me tell you— before you go that you have the deep print of a state prison mark stamps upon your brow and with that mark you have got to face a cold
frasty world for the avenger of blood will be close upon your heels and the marks and prints of Cain will betry you where ever you go—cash over—cash over—cash over—cash over—cash over—cash over let me be a making my track towards the happy home of my boyhood and youth—cash over—and let me leave this gloomy old pallace—I say clerk is this all the money you give to a poor old wretch like me who has worked hard for five years in a gloomy prison—yes sir that is all says the clerk—hardly enough to push me home—well long before the next train train goes clerk—ah I hear the bell ringing so you will clerk I am bound for home—Hallo there old fellow the chaplain wants to see you before you go—can't stop now—can't stop homeward bound—no bust come and see what he wants may be he may say something to you that may do you some good or he may have something for you rich may give you a push out in the huisey world—good God I cant stay—can't stop a minute been away from home five long years and the old woman press to be me bating through the gate today—so old thank you must listen to what the chaplain got to say—cant stay there the cars ready to start again—so farewell to you—and God bless you—you wicked old curse you—you had ought to be stretched up on the gallows with me years ago—and hang with the same suspender that he hung himself with—for declare that you are a hard cruel hatted 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 says his way—he teaches the gate which he swung with his own hands one Sabbath morn
just five years ago—she looks around and she see a
depth hole in the fence where the musket ball lodged
one Sabbath morn when she 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 stone little angle in it. just five years ago—she
approaches the door and his clumsy old hand gives
a thud knock and the strange voice of a female
led him in. he looks around and finds that
stranger has taken possession of his house and
his sweet-smelling wife was heard with pads
beneath the ground. he with tears in his eyes he inquires
for the spot where lays the mortal remains of the wife
of his bosom—gazing among the unfrequented molds
he see a new made grave with a clinging leaf
that marks the sacred spot where lays the mortal
remains of his angel wife—weeping 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
beautiful; as an angle—and he kisses the green sod that
covers all that was once sacred to him as he lays the
sacred spot he has the macks of grief stricken upon
his brow and the heart of the wicked youth is
ready to burst and bleed—leaping back on the
beacons of his bay head and yest he remembers
a rich old farmer that lives a few miles up the
country that has a rich store of gold hide away in
the old pine chest—with a firm resolution to
grasp the glittering treasure he presses his way on
towards the landly leaving mansion until he
comes within sight of the mound—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 robbery under the
court of darkness. Until the heavy hand of the officers
is laid upon him and he becomes the inmate of a dark
and gloomy prison again—let us now follow the
unfortunate Match to his gloomy home where he will
have to sit down in sorrow and plough through a
long career of years—Well old fellow back again the
how long did you get this time old man—Three and
half—is that all old fellow—Yes, and I wouldn’t
got that if the court hadn’t bribed the judge—and the
judge bribed the jury—old man I don’t understand
your meaning exactly suppose you explain yourself
little plainer—Well sir I mean to say that the judge
was prejudiced against me—and was bribed by a pack
of friends and without judge or jury I was dispatch ed
of to a dark and gloomy prison and here am consign ed
for three and a half—God 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
blame that you will have to go through—Well old
chap being that we have got our galleries all swept off
clean and me are out of the sight of and hearing of
the officers suppose me 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—Mark old man I hear the footsteps
of some officer let me see who it is—he it’s no one but the
chaplain again around to see if each prisoner has bible
in his cell—So go on with your tale old man—well
for you remember the meaning that I left the dismal
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 grated windows
and your heart old man beaded highly with joy and
your eyes burned with gladness and your heart did to reach
the happy home of your childhood and birth—yes old
man long with I remember that happy day—prosecuted old man with your story—well six with only two dollars in my pockets, I rushed out of the front gate and commenced my homeward march, between the hours of eight and nine. I reached the top cottage which I once used to own, as I gave a heavy rap at the door, I heard the strange voice of a female who bid me enter—I opened the door and looking this female in the face, I found that strangers had taken possession of my house and lot. While I had been gone, my house and lot were under mortgage when I left, and after I came away, the rap of the sheriff's mallet told the tale—and my wife was driven out of doors without a house or a home or a friend in the world, and the poor creature died a broken hearted—and the affliction of my bosom lay wandering away to dust. Alteration another look at the old cottage, I made my way to the grave yard—and with tears trembling from my eyes I saw the new-made grave of my wife—dealing myself at the head of her grave, I wept like a child and moisten the green sods with my tears. Going along a little further, I stumbled on the grave of my little daughter whose little remains lies turned to dust long before this—hold a little old fellow I must interrupt you for a moment—ones say that you put down the grave of your wife and wept like a child—yes sir and I would have met large drops of blood if I only could—well old man I must confess that you have touch a soft spot in my heart now for I remember the 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 fathers 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—here—leaving those lonesome solitudes of the dead. I began to think about traveling for the distance must where my father and mother lives but not having one red cent in my pocket nor means of getting to them. I was obliged to fling hands into the treasures of a rich farmer who I knew in the days of my boyhood and commit a crime, which brought 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 no you 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 you a 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 succedent been back here today—ah old man you acted
the part of a fool— he called you and hollered to you to come back
but you refused his calls perhaps he might give you a God.

Blessing all fellow and that might been must a hundred 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 chaplains
hitting pronounce upon my soul and with that blessing I mean
to keep as a peace and rush through this dark world with it till the
day when drawn to say grace 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 do why my mind is occupied in reflecting
evry night when I enter your house all—well what are those
reflections—well sir in the first place I remember that dark and
shifty night when I had returned from a run took hold where
the song and the town the light and the mid night church
had been past around I staggered for some time a cold mid winter
night the moon was shining her golden light in the streets as I
staggered past the window of my house I see the angle form
of my wife a standing at the window and with shawl eyes
she was looking and waiting for my return it was late and the
moon clock had gone in the way and one time stood my wife both
in tears casting her eyes out of the window she caught my
figure and with a scream and a shriek she plunged into
the street with her hair hanging over her face and with tears
in her eyes she begone to come in the house and retire 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
ladies and flints until I reach the little crib where laid my
innocent little daughter folded in the arms of sleep, taken the little girl into my arms, laid her on the floor and lifted her a bleeding in her gore—your cursed and infernal old black heart is dead you—state prison is 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: On the Person of a Cell.
I will now unfold the secrets and the habits of the prison and point out the man of masturbation to the reader who first enters the prison—Reader—enter the prison on some lonely morning between the hours of nine and ten, and you will see some fifty or sixty fine looking young men, with there hands up to there sides or up to their backs, and an old dirty piece of rag tied around there heads, shouting and making there way to the hospital to pay the doctor there morning visit—Reader—watch them all they get at the head of the stairs and the little devil makes a full halt and begins to examine his arms, hands before he steps within the door, if he see his hands in good order he lifts his elbow a hard rap against the wall, and then begins to feel of his hands again and with one hand up to his side and the other up to his head or back he walks in and takes a seat near some post where he begins to knock his elbow till the officer calls his name to come up and he examined by the Doctor, his steps and ways Reader as he proceeds may toward the doctor, his head lowered and his eyes casted with shame toward the floor, and with the marks and prints of masturbation printed deep under the lower brow of the eye he takes his seat before the Doctor, who asks him the following question—Well sir, what the trouble with you this morning you seem to come up here very morning and I am continually bothered with your morning visits, what is 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 relieve me from labour today, Doctor with a heart of feeling and an eye of pity the Doctor examining the cursed little devil and then the Dialogue commences between the Doctor.
and the infernal little scoundrel — How long says the Doctor have you been here in prison — three months sir — How long did you come for — two and a half sir — looking the little devil in the eye again he tells him that he is a boy of masturbation and unless he stops the deistical game and practices it will end his career in a premature grave — as the Doctor confides his crime and deistical deeds to him the poor little cure dismayed at 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 this examination the Warden happens to step in and the dialogue begins between the two concerning the little demon who is still sitting before him — Warden I find that this young boy is a boy of masturbation and if he don't stop it he'll soon become a demon of the cellar and from there he'll find an untimely grave — Doctor are you sure that your boy is a boy of masturbation — Yes I am just sure of it as I am sitting here and have the evidence of it under the brain bone of his eye — Well Doctor suppose you go on and prove to me that your boy is a boy of masturbation — Very well sir — Do you see that little blue tinge under the lower bone of his eye — I do sir — Well that's one sign of it and those little shadows that come a playing and flashing before his eye is another sign of it and unless he stops it Warden he'll become a demon of the cellar and all the doctors on earth and the tallest angels in heaven can't save him from a premature grave — I now give him two intercepted hands with the hope that he may quit the deistical crime and deict — for it takes away all of his good feelings makes him weak and sick takes away his reason with God has given him and in after days he becomes crazy and like a brute he lays down and dies into your hands I commit the boy for I am tired of his way of meaning business — With sympathy the doctor tells the demon to go down — Switch him reader as he leaves his seat and running around to the doctor he asks him if he must administer a little medicine to take his pains I can't say the Doctor give me anything this morning for all the medicine on earth can't cure your disease — With curses on the end of his tongue he turns around and looks the Doctor in the face and with madness he spits with his blasphemies on which the poor doctor has to carry
there on his shoulder and on lead them in the street or lay them low at the foot of the bleeding cross. I remember some years ago as Doctor Kings blood in the centre of the road that I stepped up to him and pointing out one of those demons of a cell with him who upon fellow had that dirty gag 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 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 detriments and hard escapes and I will challenge the best actor on earth and the tallest angle in heaven to come and look me right through in the eye and let me see if there is one single spark of masturbation any burning or becoming in my eyes or in the mouth and the printed it under my eye brow.

The Death of A Demon:

Murder—Murder—Murder—hell and damnation take that devil away—Murder—Murder—bring that infamious match to me till I lay him cold and send at my feet—dear me bring him to me—he slay my father and with one stroke of his bloody hand he lay my sister cold at his feet and breaks the innocent hand of my sister—bring the damn infamious match to me that I may seek the revenge of my sister—Reader those are the bloody and horrid cries of the man of masturbation who has made himself so base and practise the devilish deed until he become a demon of the cell and suffering under the effects of insanity again the tired cry of murder goes up from his lonely cell and in a few moment more one find the officers standing in front of his cell calling to the officer bring ropes chains handcuff and straight jackets to bind the unfortunate match and make him fast until they can get him to the hospital—heard his bloody cries for longer as they are making him fast hear his longed cries of pain and he the big tears are rolling down his cheeks as he the heavy drops of sweat that comes drooping from his brow—and look at them.
Eyes of his are flashing with blood and fire—his mournful groans, and again his blasphemous 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 examine 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 had been laid in these silent graves for years—and he thinks he sees a man's hand a writing down his dark character on the wall—Hark and you'll hear a striking up one of his old midnight airs—his curse and calls for heaven to turn his head and blot all of his future prospects—let him go in and groan until you hear the healing song of the Warden 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 about your boy I didn't I tell you that you boy would die or would become a demon of a cell and go down to a premature grave—didn't I tell you that insanity would one day or another take possession of the brain of your boy—ah! I remember my warden—remember the day that you boy entered the prison and his cheeks were red and handsome as a rose he was the fairest flower cup that ever I saw just in the spring of life—but alas! alas! the mother's hand of masturbation has snatched the blooming youth away—Doctor can't you administer something that will restore him and ease his pains at all—Warden all the medicine on this side of the grave couldn't save him—Hark I hear the heavy tramp of the punisher—there he comes with the uplifted dagger in his hand to strike the blow that never misses—thou fast he brings his may—how sharp his dagger looks 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 art thee—my name and is to plunge this dagger in the heart of you—dear—sent by him in whose hand is the life and breath of every mortal—Hark back give may till I enter Hold—Hold a moment then—Heavenly angels—may I cannot stop let me do the bloody deed and take my everlasting flight—one stroke he is done—dread groan—a tear from the breast and a curse from the mortal lips and the dagger tells the last drunken tale and the
cursed wicked, 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 malediction and the destiny of the demon of a cell—ah! methinks I hear his bitter cries and his shrill notes methinks I hear his blasphemous prayers and his plightful looks—methinks I hear his midnight songs and in letters of gold I see the hand writing a standing against him and on the wall I read his character and doom in large capital letters—me thinks I see the great drops of blood a dripping from the point of the dagger as the angle takes his everlasting flight—yes methinks I see the floor stained with the blood of a demon—

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

again I saw an unprominent mound Where weeds and Brambles flourished they said no tears had fallen there It was a demon grave—

Reader I have now opened and unfolded to you the mysteries and the matters of髑髅—prison during the year—1848—and the awful consequences of malediction which prevails among the inmates of the prison until this day——

The Dream... The mill remember that the glittering scene was just a setting in the west and the curtains of darkness began to cover the globe as I reach the Happy Home of my childhood and birth—as I set myself down by the side of my mother I began to tell her of
the pains and miseries the hard usages and the ill-treatments to which I had just been through until the clock struck the hour of ten and I relented to rest and fell in the arms of sleep, and began to dream of the tortures and torments to which I had just been through during the two years of my confinement——and thus did I dream——I dreamed that I had just returned from a dark and a gloomy prison, and was standing before my mother, and the tears came trickling down her cheeks. I thought that I could not bear to see those arms tons of affection place any longer, without wreaking some revenge on him who had been the means of destroying separation from my mother—although the eternal hatred was laid cold and blunt in the hands of the devils who stood ready with their glittering instruments to dash the flesh from off his bones——I thought that I disguised myself in the shape of a female and taking a dagger in my hand—I thought that I opened the door and plunged my way out into the open street. I thought that the street was very dark and cloudy and was suited to the purpose of my design—I thought that after I had opened the door and plunged into the open street that I should my way onward until I came in front of a lordly mansion and halted in front of the door. I thought as I stood in front of that door that I turned my face around in every direction to see if I could see the form of any human being who might be in the watch or watching——the crew deed to such my bloody hands was about to commit——seeing no person I thought that I gave a heavy rap at the door with the handle of my dagger—and a voice within said who is there——a female I replied——I thought the bolt sprang and the door opened and the form of a man stood trembling before me——I thought the man asked me what brought me to his door so late in the night—I thought as he said these words that I drew my dagger and plunged it to his heart and he fell at my feet with the blood cry of murder proceeding from his mouth—I thought that I with drew the dagger and pressing my foot upon his breast I thought that I gave him another plunge and see before he could give the second cry of murder the blood fell dead at my feet—pressing my way through several departments of the house I thought that I entered a bedroom where lay a female weight in a long white rack and placed securely in the arms of sleep——as I stood by her bed with an uplifted and an drown
dagger in my hand. I thought that I looked the innocent girl in the face and that murder and bloodstained pale of death—and then said I was the proud, beautiful eyes—I am the wife of him whom you here have just laid in state at your feet—Mormon said I. the tale of this midnight hour shall be told in the darkest depths of crime by the revenge of your blood—"I thought as I said these words. She gave me back the knife and scream of murder and I plunged the dagger to her heart and one stroke of the cruel instrument. The lamenting tale of that midnight murder in one short line—\textit{I thought that the smooth hand of a female past gentle in my brow which caused me to make from that tormented and cruel dream}.

\textit{A sequel to the dream—}

Sinking over on my side I fell asleep and dreamed again. I dream that I made my way from that deadly mansion with my clothes and dagger stained with the blood of an innocent female and the blood of him who had been the cause of my separation two years from those whose I loved with my hands stained with innocent gore. I thought that I made my way to the police office where I gave myself up as the murderer of two innocent beings. I thought that I was arraigned before the court and plead guilty of the horrible deed. I thought that I was taken to a prison and a gallows higher than woman 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 horrid and bloody crime which I had committed. I thought that my spirit took its everlasting flight in the presence of God and stood before his white milled 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 shine brighter than ten thousand moons. 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 swift 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—yes said my father (holding up a bible in his hand) that is my son and in his hand gave him a piece to get wisdom and I left him a
dying father's advice and prayer and yet not with standing all of the
he had slight to the blessing rich I left him I thought of my father
said these words he raised his face and fell down before the throne with
four and twenty elders who were robed in long white dresses coming
down before there feet and they struck up a beautiful song saying there air
monthly oh God to receive blessings upon and glory casting my eyes on the
right side of the throne I thought I was one Who unto the son of God
I thought that he held both of his hands up to me and showed me the
strings which the sinner had made and pointing with his fingers towards
his side he showed me the number with the soldiers had made with
three fingers casting his eyes down towards his feet—thought he
showed me the mark where the murderers drove the rough spikes through
his feet—thought I saw the tears coming trickling through the streams of
the deep mingled with vinegar and gall oh yes thought that I saw these large drops of sweat and blood come flowing from his
brow as he said to me all this may be and he turned to find a place
creep and having his head he found a place under his father's stone
and there he spilt those tears for me——The honorable judge then
held up a dagger and a female drew all stained with blood and said that
these were witnesses against me for they were the ruler and the dagger of
that evil night murder——out there guilty said he I thought that I
told him that I am guilt and deserved the deepest ditch in hell
thought a clenching footed casting down steady by my side with
a heavy chain in one hand and a large step with his foot—thought
I heard the honest judge say take him bind him hand and foot and
cast him into outer darkness——I thought when the judge pronounced this
sentence against me that I died—amam—amam—thought that
after my sentence had been pronounced that this clenching footed would
bound me hand and foot and led me away through a waste and a
haven land not a tree nor a rock or a stone nor an eye nor
of grass was there to seen through out that long journey to rich me
and travelling —I saw no humane beings through out that burning
plain——seen and seen—was in my memory white very once
and a while the heavy peal of a thunder would 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——they did
that thunder like noise keep a pealing in my ears until I reach the place of my destination—being tired and weary I thought I ask the infernal wretch to let me sit down and rest—I thought as I ask him then that another peal of thunder struck upon mine ears and said—“and what—you know your duty but did it not—and as the voice 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 stamps pick me up and tumble me in head foremost—I thought I sunk in some thousands of feet before I came to the surface—as I rise I thought I found myself in one last burning bale of fire mingled with brimstone and smoke—there I saw fathers and mothers brothers and sisters aunt and cousins husband and wife—parents and children calling upon each other for one drop of water to cool their parched tongues and burning lips—I gazed I saw husband and wife crying to their wives and children—and children a clinging to their parents and calling for rocks and mountains to fall and cover them defenseless heads—I thought I heard the howl of myriads upon myriads taking up the bitter words and saying the harvest is past the summer is ended and my soul is not sure—I thought I heard another cry mingled with piteous cries and sighs of that I had sought his favor and those long cries died away in everlasting pain and misery and the tortures and the torment of that burning day heated me so hot that I melt and behold it was nothing but a dream.

The Death of Miss Muttermor—And the journey to New York

Cause me here for a moment until I give the reader the information with my mother gave me concerning Miss Muttermor—and what had happened to her during the two years to which I had been gone—my mother informed me that Miss Muttermor had become the inmate of the county house shortly after I had left and there ended her days.

As my mother said these words a heavy clap of thunder came rolling over my head and the heavens became as black as the sack cloth of hair a guest of wind followed and the
had grown up in the same house that I had grown up in. The
steps of the stairs were made of wood and had a strong smell
of dust. I could see the stairway leading up to the top floor,
where there was a door that led to my room. I opened the
door and stepped inside, feeling a sense of déjà vu as I
looked around the room that was now unfamiliar to me.

I sat down on the bed and closed my eyes, trying to
remember what had happened. I remembered seeing
my mother and father, but I couldn't recall the
specific events. I tried to focus on the
memory, but it seemed to fade away,
leaving me with a feeling of
uncertainty.

I heard a knock on the door and

opened it, seeing my
mother standing there. She
asked me how I was doing,
and I replied that I was
feeling
better. She
then asked
me to come with her,
and I
agreed, feeling
relieved to be
with
her again.

As we walked, my
mother explained
what had happened
and how we
could
get help. She
said that
I had

a

neurological

disorder

and

that

we

needed

to seek medical

help. I

understood

what she meant

and

agreed
to go with her.

We

walked

to the hospital

and

were

met

by

the

doctors,

who

performed an

examination

and

diagnosed

my

condition.

I

was

given

medication

and

advised

to

rest,

as

my

condition

required

time

for

recovery.

I

stayed

in the hospital

for

several

weeks,

during

which time

I

received

therapy

and

support.

I

eventually

left the hospital

and

returned

home,

where

I

began

the

process

of

recovery.

I

will

never

forget

the

pain

I

went through,

but

I

am

grateful

for

the

love

and

support

I

received

during

this

time.
Island that he saw the Very Long and went on to relate the story of our escape and the sufferings to which we were in the day that we made our escape and also he related to me the kindness of Capt. Smith who had took us on board of the steamer and conveyed us to Harvard when we was now by Mrs. Johnson and several other ladies—this story convinced me at once that the guest who stood before me was none other than myself. Here—looking arm in arm we started up the city until we reach the first avenue and entering in a little cottage I found myself once more under the roof of Mrs. Hinn—as I took a chair I ask Mrs. Hinn if she could give me any information concerning Strongman—poor strongman said the woman as big drops of tears trickled down her cheeks—poor strongman is no more—God said I to myself what does the woman mean—is the crazy or what is it that causes these 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. Hinn said I—when you say he is no more will you please to explain yourself—yes Sir—I mean Robert that strongman has kicked the bucket and is dead—tell me Mrs. Hinn said I are you in earnest of what you say—I am Robert said the woman as she wiped the woman tears from her eyes—he entered the room and gave in his name James Hawkins and fell in a fever with one of the sailors and shuck him dead on the spot—poor strongman had to pay the penalty of that murder by suffering between the heavens and the earth—as Mrs. Hinn said these words I rose from my seat and in company with Mrs. Hinn flew over way towards the avenue yard—as I entered 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 kick the bucket long ago—banged down to David Jones brother—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 lining—yes I replied he has rich parents a lining soon where in the west—he never came across a location boy in my life then Hawkins was said the sailor—with an oath upon his lips he swore that he would rather stretch the Kemp himself then to beem Hawkins
The death he died—learning from the sad tale of pain and misery,
I made my way out of the goal, with the painful thoughts that
I might have been a mingling with the wicked and damned in hell.
I then began to think of the pains and sufferings it held him and one had
endured through the means of that black-hearted anti-Christ and the cursed
and wicked oath which he uttered in my presence the last time I saw
him. It was yet late in the afternoon and Mike and me returned to
the house of his mother, seated ourselves down and I began to ask Mike how
the world had gone with him from the day that me just got—rough job.
I tell you it has went rough with one—I have seen with many a storm and
many has been the tempest that has blown in my face and many has been
the terrible winds that has roared across my head and thank God for blush
through them all and there ain't a hair in my head worth— I tell you
I've got a friend that sticks closer to me now than a brother. The is
that friend Mike said I—well look being me have got so deep in the conversation
I'll give you the whole story of my life since the day me put on draving
my chain up close to him because the following narrative: I must be
a poor miserable beggar fiend with hunger and thirst and cold in the legs
of shame and disgrace and had not a place to lay my head and I was obliged to
get and live myself out to an old farmer and feel woe and my food
was nothing but the bread with the dinner did eat and my lodging was
in the hony pen with the hogs at night— I thought it a very hard thing to
give the pleasure of those hours to satisfy my hunger and me say as I said
in the hog pen I exammained myself from head to foot and found myself a
sitting in rage of to take a close examination of myself I gave a look
from that old filthy, old pen and just say pray towards my father ones
you have no idea a place I look I was ever in with mud and filth and
dung and rage I was a shame but the old man cry for me but I,
had made my resolution to return back home to him and tell him just the
truth of the whole matter and the condition with I had been placed in
with this resolution I took courage and pray my way over the dale and
mountain over lakes rivers and streams through muddy prairies and
dark deserts—it was just about the eleventh hour of the day as I ascended
the hill that lead down upon the roof of my father mansion as I stood
looking up in the little cottage that surrounded my father house I
saw the lined peasants a sitting and nothing and having a plenty
and enough to spare—here I stand ashamed to let my father see me bad casting his eyes up towards the hill he saw me and knew one and with our stretched arms he saw towards one and then the hill I ran and the old man clasp me right in his arms on a deep kiss upon my cheek and wash me with his tears—will 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 give me money—oh! you have seen trouble enough and more. I set you to wine and go and seek your father for—

Mrs. Abbey. Presenting the author with a little testament

June the 12th of June 1841 I left the city of New York and made my way home. Stopping in canandaiga, I got the permission of Mrs. Abbey who by some means in a matter had found that I had been in the cell of a prison calling me towards her she gave me a motherly advice and told me to follow the paths that lead to virtue and crime and prepare myself to meet God in peace. As she said that words she presented a little testament in my hand and have me to read it night and day and keep it as a guide of my youth; taking the little testament from the lady's hand I put it in my pocket and have kept by—and commenced my way home.

Her eyes filled the tears fell from her mother's eye.

Six three o'clock in the afternoon when I reach my home and as I entered the door my mother flung her arms around my neck and again the sting of the kiss upon my cheek. My son, she said she was ben afraid that you had fell in with some bad company and spend your time back to a gloomy prison—as she said this made the tears come twinkling from her eyes and a heavy load of grief laid heavy upon my heart.

When in my early life and prime I took the paths of vice and crime my mother wept, I never heard the evil road to crime I took—When in my heart she tried to place.
The gospel truths and richer grace
The tear-run trembling from her eye
With which she bow a solemn oye
A voice from heaven to me did say
Dear son that walk a crooked way
For take the path of crime and sin
And heaven's gates you'll enter in.

Her visit Nicholas Miller he becomes the inmate of a prison
On the 27th day of June in the year 1814 that I went up to an springs
And there I saw Nicholas Miller who had made his escape from me from
The House of Refuge taking him by the hand I informed him of
Strongman and the terrible death which he died under—though struck
And amazed the long gone a broad way of here and there with reasoning
With tears leaving on spring Point and committed a crime which brings me hard to a heavy 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 their stead for the sole purpose of the convicts
to labor in—a new Library had been established and the convict had the
Chance of telling time by reading choice history every man that could read or cipher was provided 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 which had been circulated through out the prison by some
Means which came to the officers—the convict was allowed to take down his
Tannick as soon as he got in his cell if he chose the mode of punishing
With the calves was abolished, and several different modes of punishments as
Get up—The convicts was allowed to draw one plug of tobacco a week
And have pockets in his clothes—for two months I lived up to the rules and
Regulations of the prison and being angry one day I took a chair and threw
It to the floor the officer came up for it and ordered me to follow him
to the dungeon. I told him that I couldn't, the one step for him and the
Step to the dungeon—the Warden has nothing to do with you, he said do you
to go with me, I told him please and plump that I wouldn't go a step with him and he drew his cane to strike me with— as he drew
His cane I sprung to my mast hand and grasp a knife and told him if
He laid the wend of that cane more I would pluck that knife things,
him as I said these words the release officer spring to the desk and
snatching a scrawl in his present it at me—present that knife to
me he said I—I don’t know and I as I stood with the knife
in my hand—present that knife to me sir or I will break you to
the floor with my cane—I went in—crank that pistol in him if
he don’t deliver that knife— as he said these words the release
officer demanded the knife from me which I held on to until the
Warden came as the Warden entered the door the release officer
said that he demanded that knife from me in the name and in
the authority of the Warden—Warden or no Warden Ro you want me
to deliver that knife as I said these words the Warden demanded the knife
from me which I thought was no more than my duty to deliver in
his hands as he had the highest power in his hand—handing the
Warden the knife he ordered me to follow him to the dungeon which
I did and once 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 cell and locking in
the Warden and one of my tormentors had me ready—I told him I had
he then ask 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 bad and disturb
tempt of mine which had led me astray—bottom as me if I
didn’t think that I deserved a severe punishment—I told him
I did and he in the cell and asked me to follow him. I
followed him to the place ship and taking an heavy iron ball
and chain he made it fast to my leg and put a pair of hand
chains round my wrists and made me hold both hands up
straight over my head where he took a rope and bringing one
end of the hand chains he made it fast and then drew the
other end of the rope through a fully until it brought me right
from under my thighs and made the rope fast in the hand
and torture condition I stood a crying with pain for two
hours at the end of two hours he put the rope and let me
Lesse, but kept the ball and chain on me for three weeks after my hands was swollen so big the rope that I was not able to work for three weeks after ———

Sheauthor is handcuffed and tied upon a huslet ———

This may see —— say an officer to one manning in a snapping and a snarking way for I follow'd the gallows looking gentleman up to his door to see what he wanted of me So early in the morning as I reach the door he asked me to take off my cap and get upon that bench what more for captain what more for prisoner — Repeat the order to the prisoner get up there — oh well he 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 food to eat every day for he deserves it more and white man — and the man says he ask the officer I don't been made to talk as that as he said the I jump upon the huslet like a streak of lightning and the officer put the handuffs around my wrist and the stick on my legs and went away and left me to conclude and brood on my just conduct and to become a pestilence to the town while passing through the place most any time of the day take reader what a pretty looking sight that is a man blank upon a board to be stared and gazed at by spectaters for three hours I was kept in the condition the blood began to stop and circulating in my hands arms and legs and I was forced to beg the farmes pardon and that settled the while hash and I was unshackled ———

The author is just in on iron cage ———

This may see what man Dr. come along I tell you and come this may — can't come he tell the constable comes through the shining well the thing before you are and I look you'll ride the day that you didn't come when I call Dr. you build a long great hell for the constable to come in he comes and in the twinkling of an eye the officer gives him his orders and before the officer has time to get the word out of his mouth the constable is on a run after the farman —— Hah the man comes to man a straling along with his heavy come in his hand — Wonder what hell he'll do with me — Shamer I guess
lay the informal—in the short there is a drop of matter in my head like the bear, my complaint he just as much a right to hear my complaint as he has the keepers and he has got to do it to before he punish me—after hearing what the warden officer had to say, the warden gives a holler 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 troubles me—I relate my story to him— and he tells me that I am reported for being on security to the warden and being a victim of other old inducements 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 & self-will I fling myself into his hands and he leads me down with a heavy iron gate and a fourteen weight ball attached at each end of the gate Thisicom: more until I die the current hand and comp my faults to the keeper and give him some good reason why I didn’t come up to him when he first called me with many tears and hard begging he takes the heavy burden of my faults and I feel as much as a child three years old—hear what the officer says:Reader as he is to make that all Egyptian get off of my neck had followed him—if you don’t behave well kill you too—and you are the worst type that is in the prison—don’t know what to do with you and smith stone words and a thousand utter threats he orders me back to my cell—

The author in the shivering bath...
Shops I was determined to plunge a knife deep in his heart the moment I
reach the showering bath and by the cruel heart cut down the poor man and
then to be tortured to death by the cruel and brutal agents that I reach the
shower bath there stand three officers with big brass clubs in their hands and
Doctor Biggs to witness the cruel scene of treatment which I was to pass through–having
reach the spot where the cruel torturer was to
be committed the officer address me thus–you are a hard braced convict and
the ringleader of every lie and crime. There is a crime commited within
the walls of the prison last what you slip your fingers into it and soon throw
a plot and a score of it mean sir. I am again to give you such a scene
showering that face in the present of doctor Biggs and these other officers
that you will never forget till the day that you go down to your grave
in the black heart of a murder I now the order to me to strip of
my clothes and get in the showering bath–as he order me this I do I draw
a long stick knife from my pocket and I had a need for the purpose of
destroying his life the moment he attempts to do a foot towards me and told
him that I was not again in that showering bath to be tortured by a
man of the dungeon cruel hearted stretcher again did he order me to
pull off my clothes and get in the showering bath–as he order me
the second time I draw the knife with all my might and made a desperate
plunge at him and would hard him cold and murder at my feet in
moments time had not the heavy looking convict sprung from one of
the cells where they had been concealed by the officers to interfere in the matter
the moment I made a join to stabbing one by the arm the two convicts get
around me and two of the officers and there one down and tore the clothes
off of my back and put me the showering bath and took my hands band
and feet were made fast and then the cruel hearted Artemus and did not
stop only at internal for me to get breath till I had received eleven barrels of
water while this operation was going on 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 ball and chain fast to my leg with
I had to carry for four months Reader I hardly knew what to say or
what to call this little water craft I think I must call her the conquerer
repel the passengers that ever go on board of her and ask me some
So many young men a taken passage on her it makes me shiver and ache all over. She is a dangerous little craft to sail on and the passenger who steps aboard of her is continually in danger of his life or of getting his good reason lost. More to the poor unfortunate passenger who steps on board of her if he has committed a heavy crime or will be sure to meet with a heavy tempest but if his crime is a small one a light gale blows up and the poor unfortunate little scampy gets off with a light. The giving-glade is that poor man who is bound of her and expecting every moment to be lost in an ocean of showers-glade is he when he touches the harbours and lets his anchors drop him his heart beats with joy when he hears the captain give the order to take in the sails this little craft is conducted by the Warden of the prison & he has the whole control of her on no captain dare take a passage on board of her without his consent or with out he is standing by——

The author with an iron cap on his head——

I hardly know what to do with you said an officer to me as I stood by the side of another 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 talking come this way told I put the cap on your head me he said I you can put on an iron cap on my head for talking you must put that cap on your head for I said he the officer said as I stood with a knife in my hand— you can put on me with one such royal dinner as that. I said I you had better put it on said the officer before I said to the Warden as he said them words I step to cap and let him put the iron cap on my head and I went off to my work burch a muttering over words of revenge to my self with the knife still in my hand——

The author in the Great Eagle——

It was a mid summer day when I was called by an officer to follow him over to the State Shop where hung a rope in the shape of a string
which the convicts gave the name of a Spread Eagle. This Spread Eagle was a
kind of a mode of punishing the convicts who despised the rules of the ship.
So each, the offi...s made fast in a rope. He then tied one end of the rope around an ankle, and taking
hold of the other end, which was made fast in a pulley, he began to hoist away until both of his 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 that was tied on that until it brought my leg up straight a foot too fast
from the floor and made the rope fast and made me sit 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 and a half. Then,
the principal warden of the prison happened to pass through the ship and see me in
my pain full condition a standing on one leg and arm stretched out at full
length, he step up to me and asked me if I could not get along without
punishment. I told the old gentlemen that I thought I could if only twice he then told me that I was a smart boy
and was understood with a good reason and knew enough to go
right straight along without getting into any trouble at all, you let your tempe
sary your acting and when that gets again it appears as though the very devil
is working further upon you. I think you have sufferings gone through hardness, enough to have known to behave your self as the old gentlemen.
I stood a talking to one in this manner the two came rolling down
my cheeks and I began to think of the advice given me by the ever and
Mr. Thomas who gave me in former days and the prayers and the thinking
to wish my juvenile days: before he died. The Col. then asked me
have long. I had been going up to Wick. I reflected about me how he
then went and interested with the Keeper for me and I was let
The two from the tormented mode of torture promising. Col. Lewis that
I should strive to do better in the future. Such reader that a
beautiful looking setting for a scene to take in for two or three
hours on a stretch. It terrifies the whole body and for days after the
punishment, my whole body and for days after the
per unfortunate events feel the torture and pains of that cruel Spread
Eagle.

Col. Richardson's advice 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 one 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 harber of all kinds of punishment; why oh why not run from this to cold water day that and be sooner you may think what you please stop what you mind to get. I tell you young man that my way heart bleeds for you and my prayer is God is right and you thot you will one day as another again and become a man remember the day is coming when your must by your drooping head upon the pillars of death and must dip your feet in the cold streams of judgment. Then that soul of your must stand in the sight of God, who will be your judge—your ways he will remember and you as much as you please to what you answer to your last remember that day we will judge and to your present you'll have the fiery streams of the angle feet and be wondering at your doom and with a voice louder than thunder he'll stand with one foot upon the sea and the other and the land and with his uplifted sword will speak in the name of God and bent him that knows me—then shall there be made that kind of man as I stand before the Gentlemen upon the cold stone floor. The tears came trickling from my eyes and I thought of the advice which my father gave me. Before he died there I stood a loving minion before him and knowing hardly what to say as he explained to me the terrors of that day when I would stand with the millions before the judgment bar—will tears streaming from my eyes. I turned from the horrible old Gentlemen and went and sat down alone by myself and fell in a deep reflection. I thought to myself Mr. Ritchard cannot I hide myself in some such case in that day. Cannot I screen myself from his all searching eye in that day. Cannot I call for some rock or mountain to fall and cover my defiles head in that day. But the voice of this venerable old man seemed to press and back to me and say do not fear in that day the rocks and the mountains will fall and melt away, like snow before a burning glass. The sun will become as red as blood, and the stars of the heavens will fall and fade away. The fire will become a blaze at the feast of that day and all nature will be a creeping and writhing in that day because of the things and shall fall upon the heads of men—listening to the good advice of this
A venerable 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 tenor of that day seems to stick me still to the heart——But in that digression I shall stop before God will there be any lack where the tyrant has pricked it with his spurs; and will point him to a ditch and a gloomy dungeon where I see my head may be cold night with not a bed or a blanket, and some days at a meal of bread to eat—and I will point him to the planning board and tell him of the mental torture he has been heaped on my head, I will show him the tyrant that has tortured and tormented me during my confinement within the gloomy walls of a prison those sides might have done me a loop of good time to be my destruction and took away all of the good principles and reasons to which I was accustomed with the high and noble mind with God had given to me where all been destroyed by bad usage and in a rough cell—The very prayers my mother printed upon my lips have all been worn away beneath the weight of a shining ball——

The convicts' daily meals are Andrew the next time.

The convicts' daily meal 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 more on his finger until it begins to become its color or to get a little rusty—he then puts it off and takes it for hours on a streak until it begins to shine, then he then puts it on his finger or wraps it up nicely in a piece of paper or cotton and then keeps it until Sunday, he then puts it on and wears it to church as a token——His best pin consists of the same metal and polish 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 bow nicely tied in it——His diet is brown bread, beef, potatoes, and a pint of coffee once a day. This he has for his breakfast—for his dinner he has bread, meat, potatoes soup and a cup of cold water—for his supper he has a dish of mush and molasses and a cup of cold water this he washes off with his lonely cell at night and then dresses it with a craving appetite. If the poor unfortunate convict is sick with a broken down health and can not eat this coarse rough
food he goes and makes his complaint to the Doctor who orders his course diet to be changed for finer food until he gets better. This former food consists of fried meat, bake potatoes, bread, crackers, coffee, and a cup of tea before dinner. The kind of diet the Doctor at last is to give is good. Samson 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 case of indigestion and cataracts he will be in prison, the doctor, he is a priori disease and death for himself. If he feeds the least spark of masturbation, playing and thinking in his troubled, restless state, he turns him away with a scene of pity and leaves nothing to do with the method, deprives him of his title to grapple and gnaw all 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 doctor.

Hard to tell yet it is true. The Convict turns his cell into a prison, he has long and lonesome hours in summer and during the long Sabbath days when he is confined all day long in his lonesome cell he sits down and pulls an old jackknife from his pocket and he begins to whittle out a cane and carve it, or he dulls it with a straight edge. He works on for more than two months. When he gets it done, he shades it off for a plug of tobacco or a finger ring. This done he sits in his lonesome cell a torturing and killing time until the bell rings for him to get ready for church. He begins then on lock his door and he marches off to church where he hears a good sermon preach by the chaplain, and then return back to his lonely cell the same wretched and burdened convict as he was when he left his cell. He then sits down and begins to hum some old song to himself in excess and damn the day that ever he was sent to a dark and gloomy prison, getting into one corner of his cell, he sits down, anddobves the humble meal which he brought up to his cell with him, and then begins to load upon tree and crime and over his head.
fate— with these thoughts a沉重ing in his mind he swings his hammock and throws himself down upon it. A few hours pass across his breast and gives way to sleep. He then awakens and in a maniac manner he says, "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 leads with tears in his eyes he sits down in one corner of his gloomy cell and covering his face with both hands he gives way to a full flood of tears and again he hear the mournful sighs returning from his lonely cell— that I wish I was— as he says these words over and over again he falls into a deep slumber of meditation and reflection 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 hurried 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 torn 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 crimes 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 cell and a gloomy prison and the haunts consist of a demon cell— and the infernal stretch 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 sorrows which he'll 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.
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—oh, there he is—a fine-looking young man he appears to be. He must be the son of some rich gentleman. He seems to be endowed with high and lofty principles and polished manners—a rough voice of an officer with a stern face in thunderlike tones orders the young man to strip himself and get in the tub of hot water and wash himself all over clean. This done the same harsh voice of the keeper orders him to get out of the tub and put on a uniform of striped clothes and to have his hair cut off close to his head. After passing through this preparation of cleansing and dressing the officer in a harsh voice orders the poor broken-hearted wretch to follow him—with a drawn eared 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 towards 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 he says if he can get a good chance to speak to the new-comer the Dialogues then commenced between the two—God bless you young man don’t cry—I can’t help it says the new-comer—well I feel sorry for you young man and sympathize with you in your hard and cold allotment. How long did the judge throw you for—four and a half six—well my good friend let me tell you that those four and a half years will hang as heavy as a millstone upon you and they’ll seem like ten long years to you—but let me tell you one thing—your mist
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 this prison and they have gone down to an eternity of grief and sorrow. I suppose that I shall have to pass through a great many hardships here—yes indeed young man, you will have to meet with the griefs and sorrows of the older inmates and yield your self to their bad habits and influences. You’ll have to learn and follow their deplorable devices until you learn the mysteries and the mazes of the prison and become the slave of a cell—yell 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 subject of an iron yoke or the miserable weight of a ball and chain and if you cast an ugly look at those torture, rich torture and pain your body as if you gave a side look at that cold hearted tyrant that caused you to suffer in this manner—well take you off to the shaming booth and there shackle you till a new reason is taken away from you. Now if this ill young man—you’ll be taken off to the ship where there will be a heavy day and 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 days—This is hard rough looking food I don’t believe I can eat it my constitution must have it—yes young man it is very coarse looking retirement 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. How bad I feel—Sorry I am that I never took the good advice
of my mother—yes young man it makes my heart ache every time I see so many young men a rushing within the walls of a gloomy prison where in the course of time he will become the burden inmate of a gloomy prison no again the new—
commer leaves his head and crosses his face with both hands and falls too a weeping his tears his sighs his bitter groans and loud sobs is heard until he enters his lot and cell through or then is the time to stand at his gloomy cell door and hear the awful and bitter remarks which he takes up—match him there for a few moments he stands in each in tears and casting his fiery looking eyes around those cold walls that holds him so tight—match him as he he lays his peace upon the table that lay on his shelf and with a heavy grasp he pulls it from his shelf and opens it and begins to stumble the lesson over and over until the bell rings him to bed—it was a cold hard winter's day when Jack B—our new commer had entered a dark and gloomy cell for the first time in his life and—
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 passed on his head he had learnt all the mysteries the miseries and the iniquities of the prison and had become a man of meditation and the tormented demon of a cell and a deathly disease and a premature death is now waiting to convey his body to the tomb or into the cruel hands of the destroyers.

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

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 as he pleases if it is cold and stormy weather he is allowed to take his library book or bible and sit down by the stove and pass away his leisure 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 refreshes himself with a little sleep. When a convict is sick he goes before the Doctor and makes his complaint to him and 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 hands him a written order of the same form labour until he is well. The convict hands it to his regular shop keeper and he then carries the written order of sickness and reads it and enters the convict to go away and sit down until he feels better—here let us pause for a moment while I bring before the Reader mind the many little tricks and games with the convict play upon the Doctor—say convict who is really sick or diseased 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 when he sees 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 to sick to be sent back to his shop without any medicine. For instance one man make in the cabinet shop and another man make in the cooper shop. They perhaps want to see each other or to strike up some business and the make each other to visit each other with these hands or fingers to come each other at the hospital on the following morning and there they will sit aside of each a disgusting there matters over until the officer happens to cast his eye upon them and catches them both a talking and makes them back to their respective shops where they are punished and punished. The Reader will see that it makes it hard for the Doctor to tell whether the convict is really sick and not able to work or whether he came up there to talk and traffic with his companion Sunday appears to be the most proper time for this kind of business to go on with the inmates during the chapel service many of the convicts go to the hospital to get rid of having a German punch on for the sole purpose to traffic and trade——

The story of Horace C. Cook

This was the twenty-seventh day of May in the year 1857 as I stood within the walls of a dock and a strong prison that
I stand before Mr. Horace C. Cook, best in my estimation, clothes of shame and disgrace—making a lone hour of respects to this gentleman. I address him thus—Mr. Cook, said I, you don't exist. This gloomy place, very often—with a tear in his eye he answers me in the following manner—Sir, I said, it almost breaks my heart every time I pass through this dreary place, when I see so many young men a rushing and pressing there, maybe to this gloomy prison it makes my heart bleed and my hands yearning time I pass these gloomy walls—drawing his handkerchief from his coat pocket he wipes the big tear from his eye and the perspiration from his brow within these walls. Said Mr. Cook are some of the smartest and intellectual young men that are in this country; young men and women with a good education and a good reason and who might have done a good deal of good and might been bright and shining ornaments in the world and angels in heaven, but instead of that, said Mr. Cook, they are spending the rest of their days in a cell and a gloomy prison—with tears in my eye I turned from this gentleman and went off to my corner handsome 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 looking to me when he entered those last pikes—could he have been looking to some rich man's son who had once been a college boy with him, methinks, after he must have been a sporting man in the numbers to whom he was looking to—yes Mr. Cook—ah yes—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 respects, and my father's prayer was printed upon my lips, and his dying advice was strong upon my heart, but these hard and cruel hearts of giants has beaten me with many stripes and taken my education, my good reason, and good had given me all away and made me to become the hardened convict of a gloomy prison, in that
day when God shall send his angel to show more
in his name and then a bell to the thunder that time came
more then will I haunt the tyrant before the throne of God
who has look me in a dungeon. I will joint the same
sages out to God who oppressed me with pain and
misery during my confinement within the walls of a dungeon
many has been the cold months nights when the
minds has been a handling through my imagination leaves long
I laid awake in silence and thought of the words of that
man much be said to me with in the walls of a prison and the
words of Mr. Horace C. Cook will remain in my memory and
they will there stand and stuck 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 unfold to you the secrets and the habits
of the convicts with the mysteries and miseries of a dungeon
pursued together with the rules and regulations of the prison from the
year 1853 up to the year 1855. 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
Sod — do.
Weave — do.
Horne — do.
Lace — do.
State — do.
Cabinet — do.
Shee — do.
machine — do.
Rug — do.
Spin — do.
Taylor — do.
Conclusion

Reader may have been the sad and distressing cry with which I have heard ascending up from those homes cabined within the walls of a gloomy prison—and in the fleeting moments of pity the loud cry of some young convict man has said that I wish I was home—and the still mid-night cry comes bursting upon my ear from another quarter of the prison with say: I am sorry I come—many has been the long cold day and the cold chilly nights and I have lain on my couch and the humble cushion that those distress'd echoes has broke forth upon my hearse—God bless you my dear companion of solitude and sorrow, 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 to all boldly in the Bryan arms of your Sister's hand—and indeed is the Convicts all treat 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—ill is his treatment and hard is his usage—black and dismal is his prospect and gloomy is his future in silence he sits and thinks on the scenes of his boyhood—or in misery he sits his lonely cell a haunting on time and crime with a broken heart he lays his drooping head down on his pillow at night a thinking wheather 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 sweet habits of the convicts—Month's and away and he becomes the young man of meditation and the demon of a cell—Weeks push on and he dies. The death of demon—he hears no knell 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 distressing news home to his friends or to tell of the fate of the convict that had by letter claimed its friends but the rough hands of the convicts to sink his bleeding bosom beneath the cold clads—not a friend in all of his God's world to drop a tear on the green grass that covers his mortal remains all is dark cold chilly and dismal—Reader be careful and take warning from one
who has past through the iron gates of sorrow and trouble to the morning lest you also come to this place of torment and become the inmate of a dark and gloomy prison.

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