<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>The Life and Adventures of a Haunted Convict, or the inmate of a gloomy prison. With the Mysteries and Miseries of the New York House of Reffuge and Auburn Prison Unmasked...</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
<td>JWJ MSS 71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Creator</strong></td>
<td>Reed, Austin, 1823?-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>circa 1858</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rights</strong></td>
<td>The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or to site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Container information</strong></td>
<td>Folders 1-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Generated</strong></td>
<td>2021-06-19 23:58:25 UTC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Terms of Use</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access">https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>View in DL</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2050043">https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/2050043</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The light sun was just a shining into the window of my father's cottage when I was called by the voice of a female to come and take the last look of my dying father. I was then at the age of six after taking the last look of the dying man. I turned from the dying scene leaving the angle of death to finish the last and awful works but oh who could describe the feelings of my boyish heart when I saw my father laid cold and lifeless in the coffin? Then that was the hour when the whole house of my dying father came rushing in my mind—his last look—his last dying advice—in his last prayer and his last blessing that I might be kept from all the snare and temptations of the world and that I might grow up and become a useful man that I might a help meet to my mother when she should be coming down beneath the weight of old age, hour after hour in my boyish days when the bright sun was just about to sink beneath the
The Life and the advancces of a Haunted convict
Or the inmate of a gloomy prison
With the mysteries and miseries
of the New York house of Refuge
And a certain plan unmasked
with the rules and regulations of
different prisons from those of
to the present time, and the different

chap. 3.

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 18 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 boyish heart when I saw my
father laid cold and lifeless in the coffin—then
that was the hour when all the fond recollection
of my dying father came rushing in my mind his
last look, his last dying advice, his last prayer
and his last blessing, that I might be kept from all
the world and temptations of the world and that I
might grow up and become a useful man that
I might be a help meet to my mother when she
should be bowing down beneath the weight of
old age—how often in my boyish days when the
bright sun shone upon just about to sink beneath
The adventure of our story was borne of humble parents in the city of Rochester and lost his father at the early age of six. Let us trace him up from that period until he became a vagabond and the jailer of a dark and gloomy prison. The bright rays of the sun were just glittering through the window when the voice of a female called him to come and witness the death of his dying father.
Mr. Elish this is the beginning of the first chapter of my book—please not to forget lose it.
The mountain tops and the night hawks a howling e'er my head have I stolen away, from the cottage and from the side of my mother and gone and sat for hours at the grave of my beloved father all unnoticed to him and there might like an infant silence does the dying scene get impressed upon my memory, although my father has now been dead for nearly twenty years and in grinders old grave yard in the city of Rochester lies the cold remains of my father mocking away to dust, while the feet of the traveler has stumbled over his grave unawed of who the slumber is that lies beneath his feet, the cold winter winds are howling and playing over his grave, yet there he lay unmindful of those northern blasts that come whistling off his tomb.

Chapter 17

No sooner had the cold clouds covered the remains of my father before I forgot his last blessing and dying prayer with all of his advice I soon broke through the restraint of my mother and fell a victim to vice and crime to a beautiful simmers meaning that my mother put fifty cents into my hand and bade me to go to the grocer and get her four pounds of sugar I took the fifty cents and went off to the bank and got it change all into copper, I then staid my way behind an old barn where a lot of boys were pitching pennies I fell into the game with them and soon found that they both was pitching against me I left their company and being the bounce of three cents I then went to the grocer and bought the sugar and returned home and as I entered the door my mother asked me if I had been making that sugar she order me to be seated in one corner of the room and to leave the house again during the day while she went out to the hall to draw a barrel 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 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; the moment I entered the room--as I lay there under the window--I could hear my mother talking to my brothers and sisters in the following manner:—

That boy will surely be the cause of bringing my gray hairs with sorrow down to the grave; as the salt tears flowed. I rose and went to the door and giving a gentle tap my mother made me enter. I opened the door and went in. And saw the scolding tears come a rolling down my mother's cheeks. The order one off to bed where I turned in and slept away the gloomy hours of the night. It was a long time after breakfast before I arose and went down stairs. There sat my mother with her needle and thread all alone. While my brothers and sisters were gone off to school. My mother now took me into the bed room and with all the affection and the tears of a mother she talked to me in the following manner--my son.

I see since your father has been dead that you are beginning to cause me a great deal of trouble. I remember that if you follow the paths of sin that you will surely come to some bad and awful end. With these and many other words of instruction did my mother try to bring up before my mind and to implant the blessings of religion in my heart. She then gave me a piece of paper and sent me off to school, on my way to school I met several boys who asked me to join them company that day, they then go on to hear some fun. I put my book into my pocket and joined their company, but alas, that day fun proved the dearest funds me. Then ever since I met those boys in my life for we rode as drummer together before we jump onto our own small school and cut down through the streets and made our way for the city. I was there days afterwards before my mother found out the former came up to my mother's house and informed her all about the deed.
my mother bursted out in a full flood of tears and
scolded me that if I went on in this way regardless of my
father's dying advice and that I would one day or another
come to the fellows of a cell and that it would be better
for me if I was laying in my grave aside of my father
as she uttered these sacred words and the name of my
father—her prayer the blessing and the advice of my
dying father all sprang up in my mind in my mind.
my mother told the woman that I should be punished
until the first spot for the deed that she would not allow her children
to inherit after their property if the known it as she said that
she would make the body white from the mantle piece and order
me to throw 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 but she did not believe it and
saw that I would drive her brain out on the floor the old
former made to take the air holding my hand to quick I
threw it at him with all my might and left the place out
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 had left my youngest sister came up stairs and told me that the Farmer would be after me this day at ten o’clock and that mother had got my Sunday clothes ready for me to put on. She advised me not to hear a step with him. If the Farmer should never hear my name nor see me again the tears came from my sister’s eyes as she said these words to me. The call of my mother soon brought her from my head. While telling her to make haste and get the horse cleaned up she expected. My dad along with my mother then called me up and made me from head to foot put away part of children’s cloth I use to wear. While my mother was getting me ready, I looked out of the window and saw a splintered carriage standing up to the door. Wonder who is there, exclaimed my sister. An angry tone why is Mrs. Hall and his daughter. My mother with a pint—she was made just like me. The horse, and the carriage alight again. While my mother stood ready to take the hand of a beautiful country female to help her from the carriage. There I and my sister stood in the door both with tears, the country girl made a low bow to my sister, to which she gave an ugly sour look for her compliment. My mother then took me into the bedroom and kneeling down she explained the blessing of the lights to go with me and be with me to protect me and take the care of my youth. She then arose, a pocketbook in my hand, began to read it and to take it as the door of my Council and that if I played it prompt I would do me good in life. There she and my sister stood hand in hand holding tears of joy and sorrow. My mother then imparted a kiss on my cheek and told me to be sure I was now all ready to go.—as the old man and his daughter were told me not to step from the board nor step that she would protect me by the line my older brother came in and seeing me and my sister both in tears could not help it noticing the scene, I implored the girl and whispered between me and my sister.

are you going to take my brother away to some distant place?
We will give you to understand that my sister that he is not again with you — who knows said my brother best what he is gone into the hands of some slave holders — not at all it claims the country girl her mark will be seen and light and at the end of six or seven months he may return home.

My mother all the time during the conversation stood on the floor with one hand up to her face not knowing what to say.

I suppose mother said my sister that you think it hard to see your children rising up and outgrowing in your business.

It do say my mother the city will surely give that boy if he stay home — unless that mean can prove before me by good and substantial witnesses that he is no slave holder that he is not go one step with him.

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

Both said my son and I have not to war springs and it is getting quite late in the day and I have twenty miles to go. I would like to have the boy for he looks like a man big boy the old man whipped something into my mother ear and driven off without me.

Early the next morning the trumpet of horses and the yelling of a carrying coach at the door page out of the window I when Mr. B and his daughter standing at the gate he had a new pair of chines in his hand while his daughter hold a new cap in his left hand the had brought those thing for me for induction to get me to go home with them as he came to close he said that he was in a hurry and was one if I had made my mind to go home with him I told him that I was to go home when gave me four minutes I then left him and called my sister out of doors and tell the matter over with her to which she consented and I should get presenting that I should be sent home over three months the longer being trust the old man done off with his sign and I am found myself seated under the roof of a lordly mansion at dawn of things
Chapter III

In the year of 1833 that my troubles commenced. I was found myself under the roof of a new home on a spring night with a sad and a heavy heart. I went out under the moon shed and sitting myself on a pile of wood, I began to repent that ever I had left the home of my mother, while the remembrance of those moments and scenes of some of the advice of my dying father the tears flowed. Two days before I left home, the prayer with my mother and the reflection of her words and the advice of her had made an impression on my mind. I closed the little book and had never opened it from that day to this but still my mother’s handwriting still remains with me. The prayers she had taught me and the promises after closing the book and looking around me I arose and started around by the beams and so around by the kitchen door to

with the servant girl ask me if I should come in and sit down with her and sit some breakfast to which I replied that I was not hungry. She then asked me if I should not go out under the shed and bring her in some food after I had sat for a while she sat a chair by the stove for me and when the then began to talk to me in the most engaging manner then ever I heard from the mouth of a female before in my life. She asked me why my mother had been so kind and said I had refused my fill. She then asked me and she mentioned the name of my father. She broke the golden pitchers and the silver cup and said I had acted in a fool’s fashion and went out of doors to seek some place where I might give my mind to my feelings. I was sad and angry the country did not like me. Although there was a station where I had been inside of the house during the day and had not eaten anything all that day the day was very pleasant and the air coming from the hearth and mantle over the earth I went into the barn and coming myself over with by I soon fell fast asleep and didn’t wake until
I was aroused by the hand of a female. She held me by the hand and led me down the stairs and so on into the house and sat down at the breakfast table. After me, I did not touch anything. While I was sitting in the kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. had two daughters come 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 without any food and no advice, and I was made to eat her own.  

I had been whispering about home long enough and and that if he were my name of it that he would take me out to the barn and there whip me. This made my passion rise a little and I told him to raise a hand at any time he would not let me out to the barn and take a laugh. He made both of my hands fast behind me and gave me a severe punishment with a black whip. He had hanging up in the barn and ordered me into the house with my hands tied behind—oh. Then was the hour that I thought of my beloved who was sleeping in the smoke—yes, then was the time that I needed to a father's protection—the old Villain would be dead to raise a hand on me if my father had been alive. It would be done to give me a word of insult. Would have done to order me to the field to work under the hot burning rays of the sun. If my father had been alive. He or she would have taken him from his shoulders. Then he kept me tied till twelve o'clock when I was washed by the hands of one of the girls. We were had been embossed before that I made my way to where seven o'clock...
and stepping in front of a large mansion I
ask one of the hired servants who lived there
he said that Mr Oraland was there and was the
possessor of a large tract of land. Upon the gate
and walked up to the door and asked the servant
girl of Mr Oraland was in. She said he was
not but would be in presently. Mr Oraland
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 and
where was gainst to which I unfolded the
whole riddle to her. I had just those talking
to her nearly two years. When Mr Oraland
came in I arose from the chair and was sitting in
and spoke to him the following manner—that I had just lost my father and
that my mother was left a widow with
five young children to bring up and to
support and that I had been in the company of
some other boys cut down some small trees
that belong to a farmer who lived not far
from my mother house for which deed my
mother has sent me out here to live with
her. Mr Lord and that Mr Lord without
the authority of my mother or without her
knowledge had taken me out to the barn
and tied me up and whipped me after I
had related the truth to Mr Oraland he
told me to sit there in his house during
that day and on the morrow he would
get home with me and read my mind and
got her to let me come and live with
them. I was glad to hear such welcome news
fall upon my ears and I went out onto the
garden where a man was mending and
sucked off his coat and went to work and
made myself as well as I could to till the
shades of evening fell on I was then called
into the house where it is a good thing. people
in that way with my face and related to her where
I slept reading the evening news of darkness
Chapter V

I rose in the morning and putting on my clothes should out into the garden untill breakfast time. It was a fine night and the stage was waiting at the door for me and Mr. Bowes. Everything being ready the stage drove off and at one o'clock in the afternoon I was seated in the Cottage under the porched roof where my father gave me his dying blessing. My mother was not in she had gone out on a visit and would not make her return until five o'clock. Mr. Bowes said that he had some business to tend to in the city and that he would return the next morning and bring my mother to which he left the house leaving me and my sister alone by ourselves about three o'clock. My sister and I next went over to the part where laid my father things in the cold ice sick bed of death. There no sound between the living and the dead heart in heart going on the green sods that covered all that was once dear and near to me while the hours of my father's soul's end passed to me from the cold still silence. Now laid bearing this sacred and hollow ground made our Mary home. Reader could you tell the feelings of my mind as I traced forward from my father's grave and the tears coming from my eyes or did my heart and mother know the heavy heart of my tomb or could he tell the weeping and sufferings which I was gaining through the means of my cross hearted mother did he know that I would one day or another go to that pistol nickel he used to carry with him night and day with a high and an uplifted hand seek my revenge for the wrong that had been imposed upon me no knowice as he would look the deadly weapon and search it in the day I mean nine Nancy join Union and my mother had not yet made her return home. My sister and I took a walk out to the woods which stood but a few rods from the house as I was walking along I stepped to the middle of the pinwheel with my head gage and the case of my returning home was torn or my mother had been in working me home home to be brought up in the hands of a cold hard hearted countryman. Could that inform my mind that my sister she live the price and overthrown of the whole family the age of
Manhood comes. Abraham, echo, my sister, after I had told her my mind. Abraham had I the power of food, and had I the strength of a man. I would make you know in blood beneath my feet, as he said. These words my blood began to run hot and my temper began to hunger for revenge—like before the Moravia man shall set behind you. Man in clod said my sister, you shall leave the country bound dead upon the ground. I stood with his gone. The loud crack of a rifle brought us to stand gazing in the direction to which the arrow came from. My press forward to the spot. Where we heard the groans of a dying man who was just expiring. Abraham and scarce I knew my sister of the sound upon my ears. Near the flesh blood scurried from the deep and moved that was made by the cause of the arrow of the rifle. Abraham, a dying shook my sister as the man laid there in the mourn and struck the rifle. He had a gold knob chain attached to a gold watch. From off my might for help and to give the slumber.
some young men expecting to return before noon they at last his company returning another day home Mrs. Warren struck off into the wood and came straight and in a little way into the road that led to his mother's house. He had placed his rifle to shoot and seeing game ahead of him he let flash which caused his rifle to burst and the pieces of flint and Dutch dogs into his hand. This caused his death. He was young and had just been married and started into business. Mrs. Warren Mrs. St. John's a young lady extremely by everyone that knew her. One evening with proof in and sorrow she broke up housekeeping and retired to her father's house where she soon died.

Chapter VI

One day Warren, my mother were out and put on her chair and hurried and left the house, saying with tears running down her face that she need not look back in her grave where her trouble would have an end for in sorrow will your children bring my poor heart to the grave.
grace—I shall now leave you and never return to you again and my prayers I look that the hand of some kind stranger may pick you up as orphan and bring you up—folding my little brother who was young then we in my arms the like as that perhaps we should see her again. She then left the house carrying my younger brother in her arms and leaving the and my sister it ourselves three days had not passed away and my mother had not made her appearance nor had she ever been at home or heard from through my sister and we ought to be happy in the fourth day had not arrived but still no mother made her appearance yet there was the same in the city no letter though we sought the city though and through still my mother could not be found there with both hands in my pocket I went through the streets in crying—when a lady stopped up to me and asked me the cause of my mourning I told her that I had lost my mother to which she took me by the hand and led me to her house where she gave me a pair of cakes and in the company with another lady she led me to the door of my mother's cottage where my sister had been living—her mother came out and said I and as she arrived as I looked in a fresh placid of tears I left the house and the two ladies a sitting there with my sister while I took a ramble in the woods crossing an old swamp about a quarter of a mile from the house and under an old elm tree there lay my mother with her eyes half open and my little brother swept in her. She was laying at her side—reader can you describe the feelings of my heart as I stood there gazing at my mother just on the brink of death—on one knee on the ground and the brittle thread of her life would have been snapped sooner or a flash of lightning blown off the house and gave the alarm the ladies came at her assistance and help my mother home I then ran to the city after my father and my going home she saw the life of my mother the door opened the horse and in a few minutes came the doctor by my mother who had by the time by the doctor had been restored to a considerable degree the next morning there was no crying saying that he would call again the next day after which they ruled and a little punishment my mother began to
While we and my father stood with tearfully
from our eyes it was getting late and the ladies after
me a little advice returned to their homes the
next morning I had the satisfaction of seeing my mother,
and in her feet Morose with trouble and care and
the desire was of the children she went off into the rain
and weeping the youngest brother in her hand she
there lay down to die.

Although this was an awful shock to me still it had
no impression on mine and in my sister mind the way
much she still bore to me last for whipping me still
been a father and bitter in her breast one day while
my mother was gone out of the house she came a
calling up to me with something in her hand under
her arm on my return her if I found that she
had been tying the father's neck and then her pistol
and hard objects and handed it me telling me to
ride them and to be careful and not let mother
know anything about them and for the morning
to rise before day and when he up I retired to bed

That night - a wandering in my mind what it was my sister
mentioned and what under her breast she was going to do with
them deadly weapons of my father was it to dish the
life of my brother - Nor for on the morrow when I arose
from my bed and went to her and shaking her flicker
from a dull sleep she rose and in round the whole
aspect of the mother took I took them and the and little
bundle and before joining with her fingers at the brow
before that returned in the most dignified person in that
day of mine which is in the bundle and under the court of
darkness took the life of that informal billiard that had the
blackness of her sharpness you be careful again enter the
building that we human eyes see you keep on the outside
of the town until the dark centuries of the night appears
and let that pistol meal I have loaded hunts his brain
and let that knife with one stroke finish the mark
and part that turned informing William to this long home
where troubles and no man law so I found in my mind to my
heart shivered able put the little bundle into my
hand but still I thought that I was doing someone
than justice if I left him a cold corpse on the ground.
Struggling my pockets full of crackers and cheese, I began my march with my little bundle in bending my arm to the flight which belonged to my sister. It was just coming day light and it being cool I took advantage of the slaying of the sun's rays not. About ten o'clock I found that I had traveled thirteen miles and had spent eight hours in doing so. I sat down under a tree and began to eat some crackers and my sister had gone on ahead and left me to eat. I can't tell the feeling of my mind just then. I was eating my crackers in hand, half of them I had put in my pack, I laid my pack down on the ground and he laid down. I saw dancing before my eyes, a tree bent from with its head at its side but all of these pack I was thinking about my mind and began my journey again, just as the sun was setting I heard my sister praying in the dark. Struggling with rage and anger and under an old tree I laid me down and slept till the moon shone in my face. I was sitting on my bundle and on being the bundle I took my sister's dress and head and shift it on. I then kept the knit 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 long girl that sympathized with me came to the door and said to me to step in. I told her that I was a hungry and could not stay any longer. I then said I am a hungry and said the girl to open the door. As she said these I saw from my seat and went out and stood listening at the door. A woman who told me to the head-girt girl said the long girl to one of the old man's daughter. Don't know the same young girl in the place that wants to eat. This time I heard the sound of rain in the rain in the coming up the street. I knew that this must be done other than that made a poor man that asked me in the house. Seeing my sister close from of me I stood up and opened the door to the house. I caught the pistol and with an uplifted hand of revenge I shot fire.
and missed my shot. It was a dark night. I could hardly see my hands before my face. The old man fell back. Murder—Murder—but before my aid could get to him I drew the knife across his shoulders with left a deep wound for months. Afterwards do by this time the county people had gathered around and the dogs a barking loud. I was taken and made just by my hand and feet and taken to the country jail where he Murdered him. The place was to be the county jail. He was taken before the county jail where I was put into the cell where I was put into the cell. A man in the cell all the attendants of the county jail where it was for the first time in my life a fellow of a cell for three long months. There being nothing but a boy I was allowed to go outside to the cell and my cell. On each rainy night many a time when this was done he would hear the door to the door and talk to me about my mother and my father and I recollect that she told me once for my disobedience to my mother that I had a hold of a man kind of tool to play with and in the course of a few weeks I was going to take from my mother and be sent off to the House of Afflige...
In the city of New York, there was a fellow in jail, with me charged stealing a horse. He was dear, 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 acquainted with. I now became harder in crime 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, the golden rays on the fields. When the iron bars just around my neck were sent off to New York, I had become so hardened that my father advised me to go back to my mother. My mother’s prayers could not make me shed a tear, although the tears were flowing. I had a prayer book, and I read it, and I read it. When the stage drove up to the door for me to see my mother, I was just like a man in a prison cell when it is time to go outside. I never shed a tear. When I left home, my mother and sister were crying like a little child. After seeing my mother, I went and saw a little farmer from the country who happened to be in my cell and the stage drove off and Thursday a Wednesday. I found myself within the walls of the House of Refuge.

On my entering the office my chains were taken off, and I was sent by the Superintendent Mr. Hart to the ward to the wash room, where my hair was cut and my clothes were changed. 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 1859: and give you a description of the rules and regulations of the House together with the diet. You are first led by Mr. Thad the assistant superintendent to the hospital that stands above his office. Where you see an old lady from the city ministering the Sick. He then leads you through the Morning Hall. Where you see every boy bedded in the nice style with clean white sheets from the hall he leads you to the wash room. There you turn into a little close at your left hand and enter the kitchen and the dining room. From the dining room you go to the school room where your eyes shall see copies boards hanging against the walls, and the floor merely sanded with clean white sand.
You follow your guide a little further and he takes you to the female department where you may see from a hundred to a hundred and fifty young females that has just began to enter upon the high road of vice and crime and has been received by the hand of some matchmaker or matchmaker from the broad road of distraction from the female department he leads you into a beautiful flower garden that stands directly in front of the office and if you be some great gentleman or lady from the city, he will allow your stranger and tiny little fingers to pluck a few of the flowers from the garden he directs you through the shops with the way up two flights of stairs and enter the chair shop you then come down and go through the whitewashed shop from the whip shop he leads you to the brass foundry from there he takes you to the office where he shows you the badge least with the very long name in it and the character he know where he is from and when he was born and to faith, but me to your old chap if you be a good

home that has come from the country to take a look and an insight of the place you have an important vice officer to guide you and lead you through the moral department then you stand in the centre of the yard on the playground both hands, shook in your pocket to be look on and quiet at and to become a busy hand by the inmates of the place tired and heavy stepping on the enchanted ground you make your way out of the gate with ten thousand curses and without the end of your tongue and breathing in the name of him that Set above your head that you may much desired and had to come away and leave the place without seeing and beholding some of those beautiful and handsome faces of the female sex I have now lead you through every department of the place and now I may introduce you to Mr. Samuel Sh. Wood, the assistant superintendent of the house and Mrs. Katharine Heart the head superintendent of the only two officers of the Whole establishment and school teacher that hired by the Committee of the house there are three committee
appointed for the purpose of visiting the place on every saturday and to hear the complaints of the inmates.

If there is any to be made to inspect the house and the provisions and to look over the books and so forth. It was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-three that I found myselfcarried among a dozen or eight hundred boys all clothed in white linen, earphones and a little blue jacket. We marched every week through the summer for a clean suit in the second day of my entering. I was called to the office before Mr. Wood and Mr. Harp. They asked me several questions and then told me to go into the chair shop to tool and labor until I was one and twenty. I had not been a boy but two years when three days before I began to learn the licks and the motion of the fingers the shake of the head and in fact all the intricacies that prevailed in the house. On the fourth day I was instructed to Mr. Wood for taking in the maps during the working hours. Mr. Wood, then, came to my bench and told me that I must not talk in the shop during mapping hours until I got so as I could do my task by eleven o'clock, and I could go down in the yard on the playground and play and do my talking by twelve o'clock. Every boy in the house was a task given to him by the janman 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 his assistant then blows a little ivory whistle for him to go to the wash room and wash his hands and face and to get ready for dinner at the rate of fifteen minutes. The whistle blows again and the boys on parade to which every boy puts in his place according to his rank. Mr. Wood then passed through the ranks with a revolver in his hand to inspect each boy's hands and face if he finds the least bit of dirt on the hand he gives him a few smart words on the matter with his finger and will him back to the wash room to wash himself again after.
...passing through this process, the March into the table with our hands behind until the blessing is ask by Mr. Wood or Mr. Tharp, he then blows his whistle for us to eat. Each allows us twenty minutes to swallow our dinner, he then blows his whistle again and with a loud shout he sings out the time...up. This every boy drops his knives and fork and turns his face toward the school while he read a chapter from the Bible and implores the blessing again, and discharges us from the table and sends us down on the play ground till one o'clock. In one o'clock he then blows his again and Marches us off to the shop, where the subject instance for us to go down into the yard for ten minutes, at the space of ten minutes between to our shops again till four o'clock the bell rings us to supper, after swallow our dinner, the subject instance for us to go into the yard again where he joins in our play till supper, then to the wash room and wash our hands and face and get ready for school at half past five.
regulation of the House first. That I must not take time in the ship, during working hours and that I must not speak a word in the cell that I must go to bed just as soon as my cell door was shut—That I must get up in the morning just as soon as I hear the bell ring and make my bed just as nice as though some human or quadruped slept in it. That I must not spit or wash my cell floor or the wall that I must not look behind me in the dining room nor in the chapel nor in the school room—of which, if any of these rules were broken, I would get twenty or twenty-five blows with the hand or the ration or stand in the middle of the dining room with my hands on my head and my eyes shut. He also told me that he had cut off one and a half a week, and that I would do twenty or twenty-five blows every day by nimble work and throw me in an extra chair once in a while. Well, Mr. Severance, I think I shall select some good boy to teach Reed and make a scholar of him—do you agree Mr. Weed? I think we'll make a first scholar here. Kimbell, I want you to take Reed and learn him how to read and write. I want to make an act of him—yes, to ask Kimbell with a little bow of his head—Jim Kimbell, as the boys use to call him—was a friend of mine. I thought that Mr. Weed could find out all the names among seven hundred boys and Jack Kimbell was Master of the Stage and very good in the art. He made great improvements since you have been here, and he told me that you are the smartest boy he has in the ship—can you read and write? Mr. Weed, Do—Would you like to learn? I have just had a stage built a few days ago, and I want you to learn so as you can be one of the actors on it. During the conversation the German top appeared with a grin and a wink. Said to Mr. Weed: I think that I can make something out of that joker. He is a smart boy; he gets his task done every day by nimble work and throws me in an extra chair once in a while. Well, Mr. Severance, I think we shall select some good boy to teach Reed and make a scholar of him.
reached to me with his little pointer in his hand and 
show me which was A and which was B and by the 
space of nine months I was marking at the head of the 
ninth class every night reading and studying with 
the English reader. I had now made such an 
improvement in reading and writing by the help of 
Uncle Thomas and little Mike Thom that most of 
the time that it gave me. The great encouragement 
one year would away and I found myself the possessor 
of a pen and the reader of a book and a conqueror 
of arithmetic. There was the day when I should take 
the old England or America to throw down any history 
before me and let me read it through just once and 
I was the boy that would stand before anything 
that ever stood between England and America and 
argue with him on the subject of which I had been 
reading. I had such a greedy appetite for reading 
that I was talked up before Mr. Williams the school teacher 
one day and bid across the road while I got within 
calls with the notion for having more than me book 
in my desk. Many a time has the eye of the story 
as he has been passing through the department of the 
house been casted toward me while I have been stove 
tight away in some corner of the stoll with a history in my 
hand reading and dreaming on the life of some old hero 
whose broad days blushing beneath the sappy, sweet 
that has found a lasting grace - I say that I use to 
Crunch on those old fellows until there wasn't a hair 
breath of them left - Robinson Crusoe leaving the happy 
home of his youth and childhood under the care of 
darkness to become a man and living from 
father and mother to spend the remainder of three days 
going and swinging in his account, and Scrooge 
throwing himself down at his father feet and having 
his beautiful head beneath the exhibited thousand to 
receive the life of Capt. John Smith. Such are the books 
that soothe my whole being 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. Kent, or Mr. 
Shadwell, or any returning home and being acquainted with the 
inequities of the place. I cast my mind towards the
Randall and Mike Shinn had learnt me how to read and write; they had learnt me how to compute figures and I thought that they could comprehend the plan of one escape better than I could, and I left the mother with them. To which they was to give me an answer in the morning Sunday morning come and with it a cloud and rain. The boys was all in the kitchen getting ready for breakfast. I was just coming out of the kitchen door when Mike gave me the kiss to ready after breakfast. Mrs. Shinn had blown his whistle for the boys to come on parade and as I knew he did not go through the inspecting of the hands and face but just 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 way to the west corner of the wall. Randall stood Mike with his foot in his hand that was driven into the ground to keep up some grape lines and planting it against the wall he ran up it and in a second time he was on the
top a helping hand, I made my trial and by the help of the two boys I made my escape with all three kept together a covering a large prairie and coming out on the blooming date road we ran some fifteen miles and struck off in a piece of woods that bad hard by being tired and our feet well blistered by running me into an old farm house and kept under some until night then made our way further up the country where we entered an old cow shed to pass the night fearing that our clothes would let us in the open daylight I advised Mike to go cut with me until we get something to eat we both walked out together and gain a quarter of a mile up the road and entered an old farm house and made known our wants to him he looked us down with precision and asked many questions where we was from and where we was going he told him that the me boys that belonging in Brooklyne and had come over to see the country and that me was going to make our way back that night it was getting to be late and we had left Jack behind with a promise of returning in a half an hour so leading the old man good night we turned our way back towards the old shed where we past a cold chilly night in the morning taking our bed which had become hard and dry through the night and stuffing it in 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 lady who appear to be well staid in years her farm is the one with Mike name—how quick she knew his voice and with the affection of a mother how quick she grasped him to her arms and stung a deep kiss on his cheeks and a warm tear from her eyes came rolling down his face and who are these Mother—said the men we Mother—My clothes and my quick or the police will grasp me on the spot the men had hurried and bundled up his clothes and set his hand full of silver and coppers give him another kiss and he took our flight for the landing to get in a steamer that was to point to back for Albany but just as me was stepping free away
I had no idea what I was doing or where I was going. I was just following orders and trying to stay alive. The Master was in a terrible mood, and he didn't care who got hurt or killed. He didn't care about the lives of the slaves, just that they worked hard and didn't make any trouble.

I tried to stay calm and do my job, but it was hard. I felt like I was going to break down at any moment. I didn't know what was going to happen next, or if I would make it out alive.

I remember thinking about my family and my home. I wondered if they were still alive and if they were thinking about me. I didn't have much hope, but I held onto a tiny bit of it, just in case.

The days were long and the nights were even longer. I tried to keep busy, but there was always something new to worry about. I didn't know if I was doing enough or if I was doing too much.

I tried to stay strong, but sometimes I couldn't help feeling sorry for myself. I wondered if I was making a difference or if I was just a cog in a machine.

But then I remembered why I was doing this. I remembered that I had a purpose, and that I was doing something important. I reminded myself of the things I was fighting for, and that gave me strength.

I kept going, day after day, until I finally reached my destination. It wasn't easy, but I made it. And even though I was tired and broken, I knew that I had done something important. I had made a difference.
making my back to the Shopper he promised will miss me and report it to Mr. William By the way tomorrow at eleven o'clock after my work is done and bring you the necessary things with your work and try to help you all out of getting his small little fingers through the door he gave me a shake by the hand and bade me good by. He 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 and magnificent teeth beautiful mouth and with refined manners and I took him to be one of the ablest looking superintend boys that ever I came a cross. His father was a merchant carrying a large scale of business in the West on a large and a heavy night he left the parental roof where he had spent many a happy hour and sailed off to New York where he fell a victim to crime and soon found himself an inmate of the House of Refuge, in the meantime I came lying along in my cell in the gaol and towards the end of the year it seemed that the Wight made an escape—a small hole through a thin panel door was to be made large enough for the same to go through then a piece was to be cut out large enough for me to get through all of which I done from the outside of the door in fifteen minutes time I was in front of where don making a hole while I was in front of quick Robert done catching him by twelve o'clock. He was upon the wall and see the sun set down the Western our March for the fine points where we was obliged to spend the night in an old barn that belonged to a cattle man. I awoke long before the day broke and gave the alarm to my companions that the morning light was fast approaching and that we had better rise and make our way out of the city of New York as fast as our foot could carry us before the officers of the city was about to come and make the heavy steps from our ayes we began our march by striking across the fine points and crosseon some road that led off into the country one gave up four or five miles into the country; we halted in front of a log cabin that was occupied by a Dutch family consisting of a mother and two daugh ters. I slept up to the door loudly imploring the good old lady for a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger she discovered
Table in the centre of the room and provided us a good dinner which we concluded with a greedy appetite. We drank our meal and feeling the good old lady who was the little Indian whose plenty and contentment appeared to make it clear, the old lady was tall and lean but her head and chin tied up with a handkerchief and could be suffering with the toothache. The other two female were very young and perfect personifications of German beauty with blue eyes and blooming cheeks, red lips and a complexion of brown hair most classically braided and plaited that they were sister, presently admitted me doubt to me to somesthesia was there resemblance to one another—a near inspection made it equally evident to me that none was more handsome than the other. They were both tall and long. Nightly famed and their dark cotton dresses were made of a fine flaxen wool. They put on with an airness that proved they were not indifferent to the advantage bestowed on them by nature. We walked hand in hand and the man was looking out looking our meals being good day we struck off into some place to pass the dark and gloomy night in a state large when field and consulted what was the best way along the street until we made our way in front of an old building that stood prominent. We walked quietly on and just off for a long hand. The man shouted that he could have turned the wind and thought that he heard his sister twice.
in deep conversation with his mother - a lift on the windows and a shape whille brought the true female to the door and when you said Mrs. Him - that class come to my mind - at the time of night and disturb a peaceful family away with you - your imposant breed - mother - son - mother - said Mike. Yeats two don't Yeats the lord - my lord - said the girl mother's Mike and the young and young his brother in her arms brought him in the house - and asked that until you made his people with me - let the boy call him in - Mike called me in and the two women provided with a bed on the floor where we put the night in the morning - the same and the good - old - Irish woman provided as each with a plate of ottis and two clean sheets and two blankets - and asking us to make from the city quiet as possible to make in the afternoon when we do the boys and the trim coming up - all the two young sailors with their white shirts and one and a blue broad coat round about with a pair of pearl buttoned buckles and getting in the shoes - will not - we have had two of the best captains that ever rode upon the sea - meet you - oh Bob - at least don't be caught by that inferior cover for Hayse and be taken back to the Rif than to just off for tea - oh - what do you say go on not - gone - till in the last days one of the actors - you had better go - my father the captain and shall see you with better go - will another sailor you will guide the ship to a Y for I used him say no longer than this meaning - that he could get a storm cloud - that he would put him in the North - south to make shift and the black Rock and put him before the most - suppose you come down and see the right - Bob - I know that you will suite him he is a old ship that never speaks a word and none of his boys and as for the old sailors they have been taken down from the Captains - reason - this day they said hang up there - when the adorate thought - was one of the two - he just pulls them upon the deck - in a rough and ugly was and where a soft kind word in his ear and send him off with a kind - will wish - and a heart full of good wish - do you want - oh Bob - will Bob come down and take a look at the ship - while he is loaded - and get some things - I followed them with the face in sight of the siren - in a small - said temperate for Bob not his name - there the boys hearing her beautiful little temperance send to the present news that were waiting and doctors beneath her bow
and his chest as white and lean as the shifting sands. Though
the thunderers gave voice for everything about her gaze
some evidence enough it seemed to mark and shape her among
the crew. While I stood gazing at her proud little head the
Captain a stout heavy man whose hair was tangled with a dog
belly grey and whose countenance seemed to tell me that he had
faced many a storm came up to me and bade his hand long
hand upon me with words to think with me how I like the
looks of his little daughter. I replied that although she was not
a very handsome little creature, yet my boy had
already through many a storm and bluff 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
table look over the door with three people. No! No! Being
well my boy said the sailors as they began to crowd around
me now what do you think of a sailor life made up your
mind yet to be a sailor a good mate and a jolly hearty
old skipper and a merry crew. Next to that—well—there's that
old mate you don't point to a stout old fellow who
stood by and here is the captain they both will protect
you and take care of you and as for myself, I shall see
that you are brought safely back to me again after three years
cross-bay. This time the cook a heavy fellow stuck his
noisy head out of the door and shouted as loud as
Thunder that dinner was ready. The mate ordered the boys to take
me along with in the forcastle and give me some water it was a day
with. Shall hang on my memory till my latest breath shall cease after
we had all turned down in the forcastle the
sailors all stood up and falling off there hats they all join in
togather and sing the verse and the captain as they ask the
 Blessing over the meal Mark Ten before them all. For dining
a pair of the hard sea Lucid I thought that a sailors life must
be one of the most hardest and puritan lives that a man
could lead although I saw nothing that mean in these looks.
for they had pork and beef boiled together and potatoes and cold
water and hard biscuit. The dinner being ended one
of the sailors improved the time and there were calls to the
who should tell a story the cutlery on the captain's boy
and he began his story as soon as he could remember it when
I met quite a boy my mother had to say a kind good
sir as he got the next story out of his mouth amongst the sailors
I say by but my mother I followed her to the same spot
where her remains was to be laid cold and lighted in the
grave—until the Angel shall come with one foot upon the
land and the other upon the flaming sea. With his sword
pointing upwards and grasping in the name of one that
is mightier than himself, that time is nearer—I.text at
the side of my father as he held his hand into mine and
briny tears came rolling down his cheek and fell upon
my knee—As the cold hand was grasping all that was once
dear and loved by me—My Mother to me, be staid to
me yet and pour the thought that over her mortal fans
my father sold out his ship and having no children but
me he kept himself to a sea-faring life and toil
along with him are relatives ofmiddes to
me—when the mast for two years he was promoted to
a mate and from a mate he became the captain of middes
a crew—where we went for two years ago we were
out to sea and on a heavy storm blew up from the south
west it was late in the middle of the afternoon—It was
terrible storm the water came heeding and rushing over
the deck and expecting every moment to be lost or a
terrible day—indeed the little creature was cracking and
growing beneath her might—The Heaven was foaming and raging
with thunder and the thunder was rolling and the lightning
was playing in the heavens—Such will go off the captain cried
and close away—The rising the hardest and oldest of sailors
refuse to go aloft while I but a boy stood firm and hold at
my father side while he stood pulling hard at the halter no
one that dare go aloft yes I jump into the rising while my
father pulled hard to at the halter and the mast swinging as
between the heaves and the quakes in our long time we had her
in his right position—horrible day long I take it that we met with
such a day I never want to meet with again on life's business
I say young chap when you were aloft working in the rising
and the mast was teetering your little create just up to liquor—
then down in the very bottom again as you not cared that
you would fall and crack your bones knowing what had to
for when I was aloft for my father was at the halter the water
had run out at the treading and I thought it was time for me
to make my tread before night to be ready for the coming boat
that was going to start for allay I would up the deck there and
out a place where I knew a lot of stuff playing cards leaving
nice and such like I step up to the tiber and back on until
one of the party had finished the game while I stood there don't
sleep street in a desolate place around me I wanted a hand to this
I answered him in the affectionate I had just then playing old
lodge till the wall clock struck seven and counting over my
money I found that I had from the sales of house dollars
I walked over to the house and inquiring for his master
inform me that Mr. Hynes had just taken him from the
upper chamber and made him fast to take him back to the
house of Boyle and Mrs. Hynes and she to be on my
look out for these men and not on the look out for me and
I don't know and I think the idea was to the man who was on the alert for
them while Mrs. Hynes was laying out plans for my escape for
the city these happen to come in the house a tale is known
by the name of Mr. Collough who had a son in the Boyle
himself he ask me many question about his son William to
which I answered him all he wants to know was his house
where he provided me a good supper and a good bed and
left me to free movement during the night but he required
myself comfortably as I could I lain it in my own bed
and slept till near eight about the next morning Mrs. Mc
Collough came very bad and told me to get up and get some
breakfast and that she was going to sign me out with a note of the
her clothes and that I must keep in the house all day and not go
outside of the and at night she had done to see me safely
alread the boat and send me there to my friends Mrs. Mc
Collough had gone off to her boat and left me in the charge of
Boyle until he return at night I got a handling of
the men and between the house of two and eleven Mrs. Hynes came in the house behind me on his up
way and being my hands behind me he told me to
follow me here Mrs. Mc Collough ran and shut the door and
forced the lock and put the key in his pocket saying that
I should not see a step until his husband would be in
Mrs. Mc Collough said any 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 so
I shall tell you before the court of justice where you
will have to answer for your conduct toward me
conduct you good for making impression never said the
woman you are carrying any wrong children off you
meet with in our streets and transporting them to the house of refuge—those innocent young girls that you say
are past my door the other day because she wouldnt be
seen—ah you cold hearted brute you are Robbing
hundreds of families of their children. I say Mr. Colleugh will you one look the door and let me pass
next peaceably about my business—by this time a
large crowd had gathered around the door and
the mean voice was heard to scream Make room so
that the words fall not from the lip of the enraged man.
He bound himself with all his strength and passed the
way to the door and pulled Mr. Colleugh to open the
door the hand of the female on both the door and Mr.
Colleugh entered the house with a club and blackjack.
I saw Mr. Hayse by the color of his coat be demanded of him who he
authorized him to come and assist his wife and bring
such a crowd of citizens around his door in the open day
light. Sir said Mr. Hayse I entered the threshold of your
door secretly and quietly to take and arrest the boy. But
the boy had made his escape from the house of refuge twice.
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. Colleugh I am authorized
by the peace to arrest and bring before the higher powers my
person or persons that dare molest me in taking the boy back to the
refuge and it will be the last time that you can do to let go
of my coats and let me quietly out of the house with this
boy for as I am concerned Mr. Colleugh there wont a
hair on his head be hurt— Mr. Colleugh now take the
guardsman Collar and arrested him in the following manner
with sharp and angry words. Very Mr. Hayse do you
not remember some time 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 cheer
that young girl that you drag by the hair of her head in
pass this very door. Oh you infamous heartless brute you
mean want to take that poor black boy off to the refuge
where he must stay for years and years and never a
peace or a miserable life do you infamous black hearted William I see
mean to you have my rest I will haunt you till the day
death and when cold and lifeless lie beneath
the sod I will haunt and torment you day and night
I'll give you no past. All you enter the cold chamber of the dead. Thinking my hand into my pocket I drew out several dollars and placed it on the table and told Mr. McCallugh to let the policeman pass that he could not in more than take us back to the house of Haggard, where I would have to go under the treatment of the cats, and that if nothing happened I would write him again in the course of a few minutes. With tears streaming from my eyes and my hands tied behind me, we got past the way through a thick crowd that had gathered around the door and led me back to the house of Haggard. As I entered the office there were two men and Mr. Scott — the former was very close and asked me several questions, then ordered me up to the kitchen to get my hair cut and my clothes changed for a pair of Haggard clothes at twelve o'clock while the boys were eaten there dinner. Mr. Scott’s boy protected a pair of handsome old gentlemen into the living room with a pair of cats in his hands and telling me by name I was out and in the center of the room there stood a large clock and in hanging there what I could understand the order one to take off my shirt, I stood it off and had my papers examined. My beard and mustache at the post, the hair in my hands around the post, saying to the inmates that he wanted them all to take warning by the punishment such I am to receive for making my escape, and hope that it might be a lesson them thereafter. I stood from without cutting a word or making a groan until he gave me twenty five. I then told him that I thought I had enough for the time; he then gave a smile and told me that he would try me once more and cut my hair and told me that I was not to speak a word to no boy for the space of four weeks and that we began to parole 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 pressing me up for standing the cats as well as I did, telling me to come once more made me uncomfortable. He who began his playflat joke by saying you never know how these boys never made a groan under the cold cats pain when the cat scratched your back never heard a break good boy that we are enough for them, yet made the
Some rainy day came Bob and by the heaviest will play. The ship just on the mast by Joan said: Me Billin didn’t take them eat good twenty five lackers right on the head back and never made a bridge; when the old cat paid Mike was sitting in his back pretty deep to have to just enough and you Mike said B—and how did you stand the shivering little piece when we hope to bring it back—how he gave me the following: 

The moment I lie down on the corner of a chair you took some and I had not been in the place not more than a few hours before in some day and a weekman with him, carrying theirpretty hands upon me bit back to the happy. Where I was back till the last day Mr. Whiteline brought me down into the dining room and ask one before you, then and before but one and Timbiri and did you tell him, Mike tell I told him nothing, the whole place! 

He took me a trip off my shirt and threw the ring just that Mrs. Whiteline to—the thing later and the first thing that he struck upon was back made me call with Timbiri saying you that I don’t get on with the long and past Timbiri—did you listen?—Mr. Joel and I...
Truth his parents were poor yet they had mean blood running through their veins and hearts that could feel for them. They were forced down beneath the galling hand of oppression. Oh, you dear devil Yankees, where are you now? The poor workmen as they harden upon you, look upon them with a sneer of disdain. While he is the bondsman wearing a garb of squalor on your face. The poor who refuse to give you the hand of fellowship, are we to consider them? Oh, the very heart's desire of our nation is not in the black training or in the hands of the few, but in the hands of every man and woman that is poor. Poor me! Not the hand of a master, but a hand of the master is poor. Poor me! Not the hand of a master, but a hand of the master is poor. Poor me! Not the hand of a master, but a hand of the master is poor.
once rescued me. — I remember once on a cold winter day
when I ran away from home that the wind was howling
and whistling without and the snow was drifting back
and the fire and the sun were hidden and the darkness of the
night was fast approaching. I entered a rich man's
house and lay there in the name of honor to let me just
sleep in the kitchen and make my feet feel. I was five
weeks away from home. He offered me and I turned with tears
in my eyes towards the parent's roof of my mother's house and
my own home as fast as I could. I was born poor and not a
thing on my feet. My mother had taken them away for
me and had locked them up to keep me from hiding under
the one on my running up the road. One mile I ran my
left side of the road a little shanty. I ran up to the door and
gave a hard step to sick an Irish man came and open
the door and sit me in the name of God, what had caused
me to leave my home on such a cold day as that cold
the man and woman was at the door that had run
away from home. I ran my foot with cold and hunger, the god
woman of the house was at the door and draw a
pack of cold water and told me to put both feet in the
pool. I followed his directions and after keeping my feet in the
water for a half hour I felt the wet and the fell the exciting
respite with both of his hands until my feet began to turn and
I went with pain. She then got my feet up in a blanket and she
left off from her bed and left me sitting by the fire until
she got some supper it was getting late in the evening and the
night was growing cold and she and her husband took part
of those heating off of those on bed and made me a bed in the floor
with my feet toward the fire in the morning the good Irish woman
and her husband provided me with a pair of shoes and a pair
of old boots and packing up some bread and butter for me in
pieces of paper. She led me to the name of God to return back
down to my mother and replacing me to be a good boy for said
she I have never known no hand of kindness yet that has come
away from home but that they would be here come to some bad
and reader if you live in the right path of wisdom you have
the last friend in the world except him in the high ways and low
and your friend there meet him falling and slaving because
the last time of a summer day and he will your friend on the
right side of him and he will fill the last day of gladness for you
that runs in his veins I would rather suffer wrong from the
hands of an Irishman ten thousand times; but to suffer even the hands of a field hand to garry on. But I must now return to my story. The cold weather was now fast appearing, and the night was getting longer and more light was allowed in our study. The stage had been put up in the north end of the school room, and Mr. Wood and the teacher told the boys that they had made the best improvement in coming for the stage. It was decided to have a harvest dance, and they were to make a large rope extending the opening of the stage, and then if possible to make my escape and return immediately home to my mother poor little sister. This determined to try it once more and if he succeeded to go right up to our half of the house. I was putting off for tea. I took two days behind the house and hid a long cloak with him. With him, Wolfe said, if you are determined to try again make your escape. I shall bring it to us with the very first evening that comes and if I have good heart and seeing the chance again. I shall put right off to sea. Wolfe told you; don’t let yourself away. I am tired of the life of a dog you are but a boy and to throw yourself all the power of the sea is all madness. Listen to me now. It is so easy to get to the cold, and you must let him come into the going and go with me and them. Wolfe, Fellow and McCallough and get off for the North. What do you say? Will you let it or not? If you prison-take me along in the spring. I gave my heart’s intention of the promise and we parted with our minds made up to better the study of the school during the winter and propose to perform on the stage to make me home was granted to me for that purpose. One every night through the market on each Saturday night and Sunday. Wolfe and Mr. Wolfe and I was studying an indoor piece to perform on the stage in the present of all ladies and gentlemen that was coming from Philadelphia in the course of a few weeks on a visit and that prepare a suit of indoor clothes was made for all those girls. To the female house to perform in. I was to be the young maid was to be a young female laying in her bed with an infant in her arms and Wolfe was to be the little infant and apparently in the room of his mother in deep sleep. The day that was appointed for us to be ready had come and the school room made it up, that night with extra light and there was to be no stirring that night. Mr. Wolfe called me there and gave us the money that the company had come and to help out and...
dressed as soon as possible. While he slept to the
side after the specter having already the three little
bell ring and its shining clock, there was little
knight in the night a fairy with his cheeks painted
red and the little infant scolding kept in his room.
She then saw and sleep while he was dressed in a little red
gown coming down to my knees and a pair of black
shoes on with little bell buttons attached to them
and my face painted red and black—a large racy
knife stuck in my belt. The little bell rung again,
and then the fairy began with and began eating a
clock, that was full of red water by presenting blood
and the blood run under the skin the bell rung again
and the engine dray and we went out of the back door.
This was the room where we change our clothes and can
upon the stage where we spoke a piece call all souls
and the sacred and as I had done there twice
for changing my dress painted one close new pair
by singing at the close of each piece—in this way did
we pass the long winter night giving us till the start of
spring. I was then determined to treat to chalk and snow
again—one spring morning—and oh how fun we were
spring morning breathing on the other face of nature like the captive laugh
of a beautiful woman that but dollars—and lay on my five spring
morning. Yes, the bell ringer last came into the school room
and with tears rolling down his cheeks begone to his favorite
prayer. I shall never forget that solemn hour a long as I live who
nearly seven hundred if you are in the hall all gathered together in our audience
and the old gentleman standing before us telling us that he must
now leave us that he was going to resign his office and that you
must come take his place. I have been here seven years for fifteen
years, I am now going to move to more known and my prayer is that
God may bless you and be with you. I must now lose you and
some of you I shall never see again until I see you as the prenars
of God. I now leave you in the hands of God.
39v-40r

Mr. Wood, I thought, was gone away to a distance, and we two boys lay deep in the dimensions of our old father. I still remember you with your library hair, throwing the touchstone about me. I have not leisure for ever these kind cold and certainly, you have touched these little ones the poor place. I am sure I am sure, though I am sure in two of your and little in your arms and delishops and napkins, and little in the man of the crime, and have become the father of a young self-getting prayers. My life, in the lightness alone. Now a man of trouble in life, our existence a beautiful heart, as we! science had taken place in every boy's heart when on their left; but we had a friend left to go yet, who thinks close to it than a Luther who sympathizes with us in our reasons and who felt money were that same nothing in our bones—now that was the last—she stays with us about two years old. I was, falling in love with so many to keep up in his favor you and lifted up, and a man by the name of Jerry took his place. Then all the way, the same days that every Irishman went up like down, when Mr. Wood and Mr. Short men away—Jerry began to rule the boys with a terrible hand; and punishing the boys on the back, every day with the cats for little things that one thought wonderfully clean his whistle at every day the crows and better love; taking up from the winter with hopes that Mr. Wood would return back by the lessons. Mr. Jerry called Mr. Smith from the table and said, and asked him to take off his coat because he had been with me in the past that he hopes, to say something for distance when Mr. Wood would come back again. Smith took off his coat and Jerry entered him in the back lie his poor back look like a pair of ears. Jerry and Jerry gave out orders that Jerry had heard another boy wish that Mr. Wood in Mr. Wood was back to report it to him and he would lecture. But with the cats that he would not make another wish in a hurry that the boys couldn't put up with no longer and there was continually a fight with Jerry and the days every day, there was more boys call in the nick, while Jerry was there, then in Mr. Wood had said in three years, one day a little English boy by the name of Mr. Miller had shot a little salt on the table and Jerry happened to hail whom and see little bottles. Miller from the table and ask him some twenty times aside of his ears with the palm of his.
hands; after dinner was over the boys were let out in the yard to play. Miller staggered along as far as the female department and sat down on the steps. When he sat in silence alone mourning over the treatment with he had just gone through, presently I saw a crowd of boys gathering around him. I ran with all my might to see what the trouble was. I found young Miller stretched out on the ground with his little hands straight together and the froth a flowing from his mouth. The boys pulled him up and took him to the hospital and laid him on a bed. While the nurses an old lady wiped the cold sweat from his brow. The next day I saw Miller in the yard. He did not look the same as he did the day before. For there had been a great change taken place in his face. Then check of his neck was gone, and his lips turned up. I ask Miller if he had ever had any fits before. He said he had not. He told me that he had been sitting and smoking of reading some of the Rev. James Piercy's lectures; where he says that the causes of fits arise from parents exciting hard

40v-41r
The name of Peter MacIntyre led himself behind a small bush that stood at the lower end of the yard just at 9. Daily, he blew his whistle for the boys to come in from the fields. 

The first was called, and MacIntyre was missed, and no answer was given to his summons. He was called after the boys had all got seated in the schoolroom. Search was made for MacIntyre, and he was found and brought in the schoolroom. MacIntyre had only been in the yard for a few days before he was asked to make his speech.

Sissy asked him to take off his shirt, and told him that he didn’t come to the house of Upjohn to take off his shirt, as he said; and when they stood, they struck him across the face with the cattie. MacIntyre gave them a slate from the chest and threw it at Sissy, with all of his might. No sooner had the slate got out of his hand, than he drew a long knife from the pocket of his coat and struck Sissy with the handle of the knife and then closed in together. Sissy got the edge of the knife, and was just about to bring down his head to the floor when a noble-hearted boy by the name of Tom, still springing from his feet and guess.
and both repair on the same day. They both broke open their cells and made their escape. They went to England and they took ship as sailors and went off to sea in the year of 1653. I went to the city of New York and saw a large two-roomed house in a broad place with a gold chain a swinging from a watch pocket and the captain of a vessel that lay in harbor there with a cargo for the East Indies he grasped it by the hand when I stepped up to him and called him by name and by the Reverend I thought. The fellow would squeeze my cover off of me he conducted me about the hotel and took me into his cabin where sat a young lady whom he introduced to me as his sister. She then drew out the table and asked me to come and play. By taken a game of cards with him until his ship started. And talk with some of our young men just as we had finish the game in come a dazzling young girl. Who look to me as though she was just sitting in her room in rich silks and velvet and a gold chain hanging around her neck and a gold watch. While there were men finding and dealing with some of the riches pearls of the sea. I took down with me bill and the two young ladies and was about to leave and make a boat up to the House of the King. When Captain Bell going out and told me to wait in a few moments and he would accompany me to the place and see how things look on our way to the refinery. Bell and me in a deep conversation about the fight he had with Roy and about the cutting that he and me had received from Tany the hardships wish we had gone through and ended by hearty laugh and gently joke. We reach the place and giving the bell around ring the gate keeper, Cane and open the gate, as required if there was a gentleman there who acted as an officer by the name of Mr. Samuel Wood. This keeper of the gate. Mend as vigorously in our faces and said that there native such officers there are they ask for admittance which he refused to give us and told them that we were not only beggars in the old ruffian that stood up in the hairiness and that we were under the care of God and that if because in me should be glad to see our old friend. And the keeper would not be told him that we would give him two dollars if he could let us in if he would just bring up to the office and tell Mr. Wood to come to the gate. I knew that if Mr. Wood comes there he would grant us our admittance and have glad to see us and gone to the parole of looking.
around to see if any of our old neighbors still remained behind the gate. Keeper confirmed to see with me in the morning. That Mr. West meant three sons that he did not have such a gentleman there by that same time he had been there many hours. Dixon him to go to the office and give in name to the Superintendent and inform him who was there and to look on the old record books and see if he could find names and numbers still appearing among any of the old records. The gatekeeper said that he would oblige and went off and was gone about ten minutes and then made his return and gave it credit and had us to enter into a room and make up to the office and told the Superintendent that we had been in the House of Refuge under the care of Mr. West and Mr. Hunt and would like to have the privilege of going through and ask each boy in the place if any of our old company got around among the boys, number the Superintendent to an old gentleman he conducted us to the office and gave several words, room into which he could there be found, where was our name, and he was found if not in there, brought it to two or more boys in the old establishment that were to stand in the entrance, and it is there that we and Mrs. West and both boys and the record, Superintendent of our West and 1872, the best to whom our names, and remembered that the Superintendent, this was gaining over the record books, and making connect in our transition and numbers. Reader, our names are long age has been given to the House, and the recording, there that kept the old establishment and brought for a question and cooling.
to the ground, melted everything to ashes, gave up and the old round books that had been under the feet of travelers, Mr. Wood lying there as they had been for ages. The old seems to have been lost, but the book is not lost; the old seems to have been. The book is not lost. The old seems to have been lost. Mr. Wood was one of the first to find it. He had been looking over the books, and the book is not lost.
The passage of a handsome young girl, who was moving and
flourishing in the ranks of other gams, shook many female
are there now, a living who once flourished in the bottom
with those silks and satins are now weaving under the
cold, pinch hand of poverty, the cold ice diet hand of
time. How times have changed from beauty and those gay
dressers in laces and fine array and became signs for
other people to gaze and sigh over. I must now return
back to the signification toelry where the reader will
find that I was still a boy in the arms of niggery, on the day
that Peter, master boy, and Tom Tell, sailor, both
had punishment, and with much strength backs they
was driven off to coast and a young sailor where they was
there some time the following day. It was about ten
after six clock and Tell had just got punished that Mr.
Wood made a visit up to the Keshage, it was the last
time I had got my boots done, and was coming down stairs when I met one. While I was
plaid to see him he had been gone almost a year and
I yelled around him with the other boys to look
us look out our long and absent friend Mr. Wood
seeing me among the crowd that stood around him, but as I was
larger I told him that I was not that there was in chance of my getting
a horse and he said he had been here told the time I
should have found you, but you gave him a kiss. Then told
me Wood that I would be sure come back and take his office
again not having my horse or horse in what I had said but
getting my horse just as soon as Mr. Wood got through with
his horse and had got outside of the gate. Very call a man in
his office and gave me twenty ten blows on my bare back
with the cat and sent me back to the ship to my work all
Kimes’ time and when the boys all got back. At the table he
called me out from the table and made go with my times
for just a asking Mr. Wood if he was coming back
again after dinner. I called. Then Mr. Tell, and Tell
Mr. Colough, one side and took him that if I had to
maring that just as soon as me was on both I was
determined to make my wages and pass right over
into Denver city and get my living by gambling
worn out of me. I was in earnest, no lean. Then said
I, I don’t care in earnest, then will be with you paid the two
boys, but don’t forget paid. It to take mine miles
me
The day past away and night took on, heavy days of rain fell during the night, and continued during the day only in the morning, in that beautiful and solemn view.

Many fall of ice in number sounded the street corners of the house, while the boys were drawn on the play ground, and in the next corner of the road, Mrs. McCallough, her hair in a row, was determined this time to keep out of the way of Mr. Hayes. In fact, she had only kept out of his way long enough to cross the street on the icy side that it was all right, if it didn’t last during the day, and there weren’t many people to cross the streets; crossing a large track of land, we fell into the road that led to the city; it was nearly noon, and the railroad man told the agent, Mrs. McCallough, and the stores, that the town would not have been there. So, I asked her where she had been, during the past night. She replied that they had hurried away the third hours of the night under an old coat, and me all three stood together waiting for McCallough to come but he did not make his appearance until late in the day as I was in a saloon that was kept by an old lady, and called for something to eat. The old woman had a drink in her hand, and the agent, Mrs. McCallough, had a drink in her hand also, and he asked her if she would have me go back to her home and the second time, she enticed him to come once more after getting up some necessary things from the kingdom.
With her well might the old bag fall in love with her 
for she was as beautiful as a flower and had the 
features of the divine 29. After Mike and got their 
eration the old woman ask him if he would stay 
with her and he her son Mike told he would and 
the old woman went out to buy some nice bread 
clot to make him a new suit of clothes while 
he was sitting there. There came in a clever a 
more ladies and went into the back room a player 
struck me said I don’t see how one step took 
the room and call the boy if they would give 
a hand in the said they would we put down 
and play all that day and all of that night we 
were 33 playing the game to close our eyes in sleep in 
the morning I counted over my cash and found 
that I had come not to be the amount of thirty 
ine dollars and Tom had fifty two dollars after 
and Marco brought was seven dollars and a half I 
had just two dollars when I awoke and divided it equal between the three of us in 
the morning the party broke up and the ladies return 

If there several notes promising to meet us on the following 
night we step up and pay’d the old lady for our 
meal which we had got from her the day before we left her and Mike a flourishing behind the counter 
in deep love with each other promising to make our 
return in the course of the day one night up the 
street across and burn it in a trailer stop and get 
measured for a new suit of clothes playing the 
trailer for them before they were done and walk not 
telling them that one would call for the clothes 
on Saturday afternoon the then went up to the 
England women’s house where I said past my 
first night and Tom being fast played a 
harmonica with the old woman for two months 
in one and threw his down eight dollars in each one then went back to the 
Saloon where we found Mike and the old 
woman except sleep in each other arms and 
advancing themselves with love for three 
months we had kept together and shared the 
hands of the Police Man at the end of these
Three months I had been money enough to buy me four new suits of clothes and a friend and enough to convey me back to my native home. When Mr. Collins and the Fellers had to go away, as far as Albany, it was on a Monday morning that we arose at early dawn and pack up our horses and get ready for the steamboat that was going to comming home and return; having all things ready the good down to the Delaware where Fellers was to take it. Though the last ferrymake of the hands hurt to our great surprise, as we entered the place of hell there stood a yoke and a horse policeman with horse bound hand and foot and that clumsy old hand of thyme two men again while some other policeman seized one Feller and one Collins and took us back to the reffy. 1000 stood in the office here as we entered the gate one man up to the office and Jerry made the stairs to have in wash and dress in our reffy closely by twelve o'clock in the hour of twelve the bell rung for dinner and the whole pair of us was called in the center of the dining room and Jerry ordered us to take off our shirts. Mr. Collins told him that he didn't come back to take off his shirt so you tear me said Jerry in a rough and an ugly manner I say to staff your shirt. We stood still and firm without moving a hand until Mr. Jerry slapped up to me, Feller and struck him in the face with the cats that Mr. Feller could not stand but struck Jerry by the throat and brought him to the floor and knew had Jerry been brought to the floor then me Collins inside in and struck him several blows in the face. Jerry told him it for help but there was not a boy in the house that would rise to lend him a hand, the farmers of the shopy heard his cries and they went to his assistance and pull the two boys off me then they took off our shirts while the tyrant old seventy years of forty five blows again I had always thought that Mr. Rae was to have the punishment of that institution was a very severe man in punishing the boys lest he saw a man of humanity side of Jerry. The next day also we had severe punishments. I witnessed a scene with sometimes want above again in the side of the game it was at the hour of dawn which the boys had got there tasks done and had gone down on the play.
48v-49r

around a playing a game of ball that is called truck. All over the yard they had come down there to join them in these games. As the ball came in the grasp of Terry's right hand up and then it was held by the sight and hit the ball in the back. The ball hit the back on the ground and thinking that it was about to fall they let it fly and Terry and the boys on his leg. The play continued on a friendly ring, between the two for some time until at last, the ball hit the back in a playing manner and the boys were the boys. They continued stand the heat and bruise from the ball. They never lost their patience and blow his whistle for the boys to come on parade and march into the dining room. The other boys, William, Terry's next and asked him to take it. His third. His third. His third. He made a dash for the past and provided him with a little ball. He hit the back with a little ball. He hit the back. They were seen enough to make another round on the back. There was a moment when the Wend was about to punish me in the same moment with a little ball. I don't know how long his punishment was until he got a new pair of shoes. He granted my request and placed my hands from the feet and prepared my punishment until the next by which time he had got a new pair of shoes made and he required me and treated them as his back according to my just debate. Mr. Wood and Mr. Tait were men of feeling men that he not seeing the authority with the cats like Mr. Terry in a congregated way but in a way of good feeling and support always looking the poor little sufferer in the face with a smile and a laugh, at every blow that he gave him and speaking a soft and a kind word to him. Thus may it with the Wend the same way. Flicking the little thing a few soft blows on the back with the cat the same high crime that they had done until the little ball was followed and quick enough he would turn with these little pains and let them go—growing days have said one never had taken 200 Wend and Mr. Tait left these offices and acquired it with the knowledge of some Terry's vision without the officers but the contractors broke up the ships and the boys went to work a healing them. The whole situation in poor short knowledge less than fifty thousand dollars worth of property all converted away to others and we were obliged to liberate our might lodger in the ships and in the policemen's offices.
Mr. Harey had brought my hands; Tony called me into his office and ordered me to take my shoes off. I took my shoes off and tied my pantaloon around my neck. I felt my arms ready to take a punishment for what I knew not. Then I straightened a pair of cot and hung up behind the office door and demanded a gold watch from one man. I said that I had never bought any gold watch in my life; that I had never had a gold watch of my own in my hand. The day that my father died—I gave twenty such snags, sometimes at that time I paid Tony in a rough way—but to Tony, I certainly did.—Turn around this hine, as he said, then went to find my food around him, which was already there as a book and he gave one about the drums, latches and still demanding the watch from me—Mr. Tony said I will give you some trade, and some latches you had here where there is a gold latches. Tony said, I give you the watch another, do I know anything about a gold watch, you are demanding from me. The beggarish old fellow, old December, to tear my hand to hang again and the old watch gave me a down more and cost me if you ready to declare up, the watch. I declared to nothing by all that was heard in heaven. I was the son of a father that lay in the grave, and I know nothing at all about the watch. Mr. Tony is old man and ordered me to tear my hand to the wall and put both hands up my head. I did so and he went out and was gone about twenty minutes and returned with a rope as black as midnight following him at the feet. Tony and the man who came I shall call them Tony entered the office where I stood and Tony ordered me to turn my face towards him and Tony as I turned around Tony accepted Tony. In the following morning, Tony went the whole block about the watch and I went out to let them know what you knew in the informal night turning before Turner. Tony and looking me directly in the eye began his story and Tony said, the black handled Tony as he called the white of Tony at me. I was drawn on the parlor behind to hear what I knew. Tony asked me, did you pull the rope out of his pocket down the shore if you put the rope again—can you save Tony? Said Tony. Young do you think that you care. I am standing here. Still Tony do you think that Toney can find that rope and produce it to one to make my story. Tony turned said Tony. Well, I don’t know not sure that I can but I think said Tony. That Tony Harey gave me the watch in the
50v-51r
...my blood and stained your hands in my interest, gave me that it must follow you to the judgement. I have seen him die with a mark on his. I knew nothing about it. But we ask him to stand around and we lose his head a little more from this. Along the mandate, and look even more in the face, streaming eyes, and how it himself torture the suffering weight of the cat. Reader, were you told the sitting of my head and mind. And that there was a fountain of tears would you hold my sympathies as I looked upon that beautiful wall, skin of strongman whose to be liked and steps like a ...and that currently too far that must the know what of all about my tears. My sympathy was my feeling like to see him nothing while from strongman to getting torture and mangled. I ask him to my head and check my eyes, that I must not look on the unwell looking ...wound a witness against glory of the day of shame. They gave strongman almost one hundred and twenty shares and tell him to prepare for more on the following day if he did not present the Match and part of the office a staggering beneath the weight of ...then clausal to clowes at the turn end of the spread and laid down in the sun with one hand cut all to pieces. I did not care so much about myself as I did about poor strongman. When there only an hour before was clean five stripes and without a wick. Then was the day that I was for to be me Hunt. Here I said, that I thought make my appeal to him that I thought being this man in plain for light to him. He would have much help. But the committee and brought was easy before he was not investigated the matter over and seen if Mr. Tyler had had any role in punishing or in the brutality that he did for what a big man, had said, although Mr. Hunt had resign his office yet he had finish in sympathizing towards in and he was still living in the city seeking an interest and exercising well for 20. I was upon my feet. I took up the match and so I threw. Ring come picking bloody along with his head burnt toward the ground and from and my own occurrence with the rest of the house, but laid with haste, heads in hope that, recovery has been to recovery the females house. Spent it - and spent by going in the town, for taking such one up and down. Emmanuel was an hour poor unfortunate beings that was shot up in a prison like himself but the Reader shall never see what an unfulfil
King came to the house after the long and arduous journey. He was met with the usual protocol of greeting and respect. The old servant had been left on guard by the prior authorities. The king, now hobbling on crutches, was in a state of exhaustion. The streets were quiet, and the sound of his footsteps echoed through the halls. He was accompanied by a group of attendants, each carrying their own responsibilities.

As he entered the house, the door was opened by a young servant. The king stepped inside, his face pale and expressionless. The air was thick with the scent of incense, which filled the nostrils of all those around him. The king was led to a small chamber, where he reclined on a bed. The chamber was dimly lit, with flames flickering in the candles that adorned the walls.

The king's body was visibly fatigued, and his eyes were heavy with sleep. His face was drawn, and his skin was pale. The doctor, a man of few words, approached the king and administered a soothing potion. The king's expression did not change, but his eyes slowly closed.

The chamber was filled with the sounds of the night: the rustling of leaves, the hooting of owls, and the distant cries of children. The silence was broken only by the sound of the clock ticking in the corner of the room. The doctor remained by the king's side, his hands steady on the king's forehead. The king's breathing was steady, and his pulse was nothing but a faint throb.

The doctor left the chamber, and the king was left alone with his thoughts. The weight of the day's events had taken its toll, and the king was lost in沉思. He was acquainted with the death of his wife, and the thought of it brought tears to his eyes.

The king's face was etched with worry and concern. The doctor returned, and the king was administered another dose of the potion. The king's expression did not change, and his eyes remained closed.

The night passed slowly, and the morning brought no change. The king remained in a state of unconsciousness, his body peacefully undisturbed. The doctor remained by his side, vigilant and watchful, as the hopes of the people rested on the shoulders of their king.
answer me that question. King said he would not tell me. King did you see me and Kingman with a wheelbarrow, King did, Kingman never did. Then why did you tell me? He asked, he asked, and he asked until I said, King will stand by you for you are not afraid to do your duty. One day, I went to see King. I have never tell me the truth. I just tell you to take such as issues. I did, and King the king to gain the power of the monarch. But check, I am a dying. Kingman for King, I am not Your king. I am not in my power, you stand up for me and take the King. I am not here, you must die. There is no help for you now. You must know that it may be that you will see that sunless kind of weather that you fill in the office days before yesterday. King was here and he learnt you tell the story of judgement and many will be the long and lonely watch that you will spend upon the sea and I wish to be ordained by your grace. I am saying that I will rise to hell hand on a branch and Kingman as he said that would the empire with the heart. Truth, himself cast and pulled up the ghost, and his black spirit took its

exacting flight in the presence of him who had sent his present down from the seat of King for telling an up and down falsehood in Kingman and one young person gave him to receive his just due and deserve from the hand of God. When he had so justly received his reward, the next morning King told the boys. But when King was dead and that his body was laid out in a coffin and placed in the centre of the dining-room, that he wanted the boys to pass and take a look at one of our number, who had a fine long neck, was thin, and joined in our sports, and pray that he should always remember that we kids, King might be apt to be cold, quietly away at some moment of the day, that we though young and flourishing, with great health and not a hint going to the fact the angle of death came, like Hitler's second he died, the personality was one old person, rather than black, or white but soon as he had got through with his business he went to the lower, more and more quietly and peacefully into the good—his spirit Kingman body was brought down in glass and placed in this house and the boys passed and taken the last look at that fine long neck who was three days before dead and pointed on my offerings.
as I got his coffin there he lay in the same condition that he did when he died with his musket under him and his half closed—Reader I have now preferred to you the singularity and nature of the new york house of reformatory where so many young boys is to this place where they have by one of the cruel hand of torture and punishment. But the hand are cut and mangled against the path of virtue. It is because they break over the food, content of a mother or a father or sister and lap up theworld of life and in early boyhood they leave the parental roof of this happy home and go a free about the streets with a free mind. To lay there head or enter into some large city where they born. To drink and gamble and enter the house of infamy with the fall a prey to vice and crime until the lonely hand of the policeman. (Continues reading is the house of correction and even when there little band grows at some end and he read over some incorrect side of some boy's life. The exploits of some highwayman such as Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin. He may believe it to be the truth that however bad such a highwayman was, fifteen years old in one case.) Dick Turpin became the one-third of the robbers that are written in books have been convicted. The little young girls get a hold of the worst and as they common with a greater appetite as though he were reading the life and the adventure of some great man of his country, he grew a sturdy sleek fellow before until he gets into the trade secretly by means and he stirs out into the world with his mind stored full of vices and degredation until he commits the next crime with he has been a reading grand and finds himself a shame and a dignified young man. And think of some boy growing up in a dock and a being promenaded among old men and he thrown beneath the shame of the man and now as the world shall see—In it, despite the books of a novel the cursed informant things. I cannot have the idea of one are a curse to any one that reads. Then forever could he have the luck of him they are sick full of lies they are a stiff house of the from never could take any comfort in seeing them give me the history of some great and good man who is helping for the suffer of his country like John or any who is fighting against the trade!
of enemies and day by day, for the promotion and benefit of the country and the safety of the laws. The army, at this juncture, was in a state of confusion. The enemy had advanced to the borders of the country, and had taken possession of several important points. The situation was critical, and action was inevitable.

I could not remain in my present position. I must take immediate steps to protect my family and property. I decided to consult my friends and, if necessary, seek refuge in another place. I also considered the possibility of joining the army, but decided against it due to the pressing need to protect my immediate family and property.

I returned home to find my family in a state of great distress. The enemy had been attacking our homes and property, and many had been forced to flee. I knew I had to act quickly to ensure their safety. I contacted my friends and, together, we planned a daring escape to safety.

Our plan was to disguise ourselves as civilians and travel in small groups to avoid detection by the enemy. We would travel on foot, using the cover of night to avoid the enemy's detection. We would also use the cover of the nearby woods to hide and rest when necessary.

Our journey was long and arduous, but we managed to reach safety without incident. The enemy was not able to detect our movements, and we were able to escape to a safe location where we could regroup and plan our next move.

I knew that the enemy was not finished with us, and I was determined to fight back. I contacted my friends and我们一起制定了一个战略来对抗敌人。我们决定在我们的领土上建立一个防御工事，并招募更多的士兵来加强我们的军队。我们还联系了其他盟友，寻求他们的支持和援助。

经过几个月的准备和努力，我们终于建立了足够的防御力量，并成功地挫败了敌人的多次进攻。我们取得了胜利，我们的家乡和人民得到了保护。虽然这场战争很艰难，但我们的决心和勇气让我们最终取得了胜利。

通过这次经历，我明白了团结和勇气的重要性。只要我们团结一致，勇敢地面对困难，我们就能克服一切。

我决定将我的故事告诉我的家人和朋友，让他们了解我们的艰难历程。我希望我的故事能够激励他们，让他们知道，只要我们有决心和勇气，就没有克服不了的困难。

我将继续努力，保护我的家乡和人民。我坚信，只要我们团结一致，我们就能够战胜任何敌人，保护我们的家园。
...
from little fellows did the girls set a chair in front of the fire for me to warm were shining limbs—no fire was there the girls sat about me the fire bringing me a piece of wood to eat they began to question me about our home and the place of our activity and the friends we knew and well—after sitting the a little half hour I removed my pockets full of tobacco and snuff and asking of me was ready to go for a walk as I wanted to make some part of the house and find some bear sport where I might give a full account to my young son boy said one of the girls next door Madam said so—it was cold for me to go out tonight in the situation that you are now in as he said these words I heard the thumps of many footsteps through the hall and making this way towards me the kitchen—well my boys said the captain little daughter we had our supper—well Mr. and Mrs. Mr. Johnson the captain and the lady with a young lady with a young girl from our seat and the rest of our it while a crowd of ladies and gentlemen gathered around us the captain and Johnson the little lady and the children gave a great feast of many kinds the ladies from our town with the little girl with a young lady the captain and Johnson the little lady and the children gave a great feast of many kinds the little girl with a young lady the captain and Johnson the little lady and the children gave a great feast of many kinds
Tales and two days after a large black log looking nigh by a
name of Thos. King had told me saying he suspected that I had bought a gold watch in with me and that
Thos. King and I was knowing to it and had a place in it as.
Very then called we into the office and questioned us both how
about the watch and we could not give him any proof
concerning the price he demanded from us he then sent us
to off on short sight in the presence of Thos. King and gave
us about one hundred and fifty dollars a piece on our backs
and where he that Thos. King now said by Johnson the
all being full hand of the straight and I grasp on stick of
leaves two days after and threw it on his black petuncles
that boy say the cold night of death over tools and knew
lavery with the pale motions of the ground taking up a bill
and a horrible lamentation among his mates in last how
Thos. common to get out against this day I knew who said
and he joined a friend of mine one
shortly as you shall take
I divide the flesh and divided the meat
and gained my liberty

The very timber that fell on the head of King and that I
get stand with his blood I plant it soon against the wall and
weary with the boy Kingman and will he made an escape
and tonight we find ourselves under the powerful roof
of a building and where is the other boy Miller said the tip I
did not so in between oft with a place for us to sleep during the night
well Cap. told a gentleman that stood by and telling mostly
in a manner of a certain house I guess you have got a smart black boy that
you had better keep him and bring him up just what I am
given to do send the boy and do have no children but one
dughter I will take the boy into my family and make an
adoptive of him and the servant I will give him a chance
to get a college education in the course of a year or during
this conversation the captain says and Mrs. Johnson and her
dughter had slip next to the smallest step and brought a book
of entertainment and prepar it for our backs as here I thought
of my master as the ladies coming to walk with a lady in
the landings reading some novel were back being a part
later when I say to Elsener and asked the turn of my gone in
the gentleman through the house in his pretends and made
up a description of nine fellows as us and left the kitchen for the
woman boys through those places of walking and leaves
Johnson spoke to win a motherly way and told me to take off
our shirts and lean our backs to the fire. We played our usual
vesta and one of the three girls took a piece of silk and laid
a silk cloth in warm water. The deep sets in our backs was
folded up with clay, but which having both did smart as
the other. Thus, in the water it felt as though a little
hair was laid upon me after the bath was passed through. The
process of soap was, Johnson took her finger and dip it into the
soap and worked it gently through my back after serving me both
as the back girl went and brought over my gown and part them and
conducted us to sup, stairs in a room where there was
a feather bed made up for us. We both got into bed and bed
a rolling in pain during the night. Though Johnson had
many, yet I could not sleep. I thought of the poor fool by
whom my miller-sister could be known, what could he do,
having a dying in a wheel and be charged to be her,careter
Jell, that she had separated from us and given instructions
directing how my heart be withOrm to do. The poor,
poor little though he was, then lay healthy long and
not a print or a scratch of the cuts unknown to his back.
Thus I lay all the night long a little


the brain of the spirits man that was gambling in the next
room to us and the cheapest note of the female in singing
it might abs in the parlour below. The morning broke,
upon us with no sign of rest during the night—nine
which was Johnson and several other ladies and gents
entered our room and look at our backs. They all agreed
that we should keep our beds through the day and that a
mild posture should be made for our backs. The ladies
left the room and went toposter the poster. I could not
listen by the captain, John to have been up before he said
the captain came up in a hasty saying that he was going to
start for another at the wheel. Sudden one heard that it only
made his lips between the stern and stern. An orange
and for God sake to let him know anything about being in
the morning. I knew not what to do. If making you
understand any bearing on your punishment or want, then they
in a manner they then took us by the hand and told us to be
good boys till he returned from near the captain said I
will you be so kind as to go to near and stand on the
stairs and get a tray and some clothes that belong to one such
that lady lies in her passion—she is a true companion.
eyes. He is the best friend that I have. I made my соглашением for an hour pasted here for two
hours with Hargrave. And I can trust him, you see. I am not
letting you see that I am not using my time, my days, but for you.

and observed that they had put the same law in

I came up with two white Titans, and laid them on

the back of the cloud. Day after day and like a good old mother

she had right after night until there was no more

the rest to be seen on the back of the field. I returned to

next day with my trunk and close to twenty five dollars in money and a letter from Mrs. Thomas. At noon the

sleep and four sledged and not to come on again. The rest for Hargrave had been at her house twelve hours.

looking for write. I must write introduce the Reader. No body could have had part of the rest on the first

night of ever landing the boy had showed him for out of the

tower. He came in sight of an old barn where he entered and laid down his legs in the hay to get some

interest in return to see the same sight. And his first

praying him so with what he lay hid in a flood of the

and came from the Hargraise and entered the

rooms hence that went the barn and lay for a night lodging

the people of the house were all in the barn for the night and

He said he had a pleasant night with Mrs. I was with the

sporting with the farm; and finding that he might be

touched again and taken back to the house of Hargrave.

he should have not and strong men coming and were the rise on

the ring there and took a hat and went off to a man

jumping for another for our rest. On my way to

I found three more parts of cards that I had

bought in Jersey and four more, darts of clothes and twenty

five dollars in money. I gave Thomas the suits and

dealt my money with him. He then took it all and kept

and marched in the village by the name of Lexington.

one morning as I stood in the kitchen. A telling to another.

John the last time came in with a picture in his hand

and told me that he was going to draw in three days and

agree to return home to Minister when he lived and

some money coming back the advertisement today and the

boy between. I said he the boy is a fine man and will take

good care of you. He told me to take you behind the barn

tomorrow and bring you home to trust the people in


The Tower... it is a great deal if you become... the only black person that resided in this town before you... must be... and... keep yourself... for I am... things... you... down... and... to... I... and I... the day... when I should become... adapted... gentleman... after the... left the... daughter-Sarah, who was given to... was... by the... in the... in the kitchen... told me... her... to... the... and Mr... in the... of these... who... who... been... to... and... to... I... to... you... in the... and... you... by a... days... and... were... some... that... and... a... a...... if you... that you...... to...... of... you...... the... in these... the... in these... and... you...... for... he... said... you must...
Missed that your wife will get use it by and by, and then you
most without it, and more than what a don’t gave remem-
ber, said I to him. The last time I saw he was feeling well
very many times about him when he first came home to liveth with
and see the place. He was safe that I knew about him. I am
off of my mind—my dears, said I, about Johnson—for our
in the house. I have him and the place with. I was pleased and did not like
as I have had my hands and clothes and money enough to carry
Home, it was determined I should the next morning, which it
stop at all the way. I was missing over the thought of
Leivating. I stop in and walk up to the bar and with a
Cigar was the only thing that I have at the bar, and a big
I have him and the house. I have a lot of cigars and a big
Match—after lighter his cigar. He comes near to the bar and says,
will, Bob how do you like your new station— not very well,
Mr. Leivating, said I, and Richard. Now you have
any house here. I said, I don’t think that is the thing of
Leivating—this looking out. It is not like a tailorby.
my dear little fellow, it will suit, but perhaps you
after you get use to it. I tend to get use to suit with
Leaving, said I. I had gotten so anything else around the house that
his business would suit. Johnson takes me away from the bar room.
I shall leave the plan and return home some go back to the city to young
not to know, said Leaving, drawing a newspaper from his pocketful.
by and by, said Leaving. I have seen about the country if you only knew how.
Leaving is haunting you night and
day like a haunt that is in close of game in front of him. Better
he said, he is spread upon the newspaper and began to read it,
following my interest on. Their boy, the name of Johnson, 
Leaving, Richard, and Richard. In side the range from the town of
Leaving—on Monday two, of my personal person will return the
said boy back to the House of Leaving. But the information of where they can be found shall be literally passed
and the papers from the Leaving hands and read to some
adventure and Lesing's signature to it and he asks the
paper back to boy, you couldn’t go back to him, but
the fire again, and you said, Leaving, there isn’t a better
one, and a tailor by, a gentleman in the whole world to be with the Leaving
of Johnson and any adventure and Lesing to any person he will talk to him and
he will take good care of any person, and partly see as he fill up one
of the money children—Mr. Leaving mentioned. I don’t really with the
Leaving, if he will only change my place and let me come
behind the counter—otherwise I will have him, day after to-morrow with Captain Warner who is due to sail for Albany and has promised to take me along with him—still said Remington, I will see the Cap and have a talk with him and see if I can get him to change your place. And give you something else to do—so he said. There come in some Captain Smith and Mr. Johnson with a letter in their hands. It appears to time and the captain—Smith and Johnson are drawing lots into the bar room, calling for liquor and liquor ordering mine to be sent to each. And such a room, where they would be facing the right away in gambling. The operation. Apparent or strong one. Tell the fellow for the twin. I had a five-shrill amount of money myself. An rich I could just run across the room, he gave me a five-shrill to Skaggsman—who promised to meet me that night after the hour of closing—for the ladies most understood. That had been ordered out. The cap was got but the last place—after telling the gentleman fell in coming across the bar back to my station. And these were three gentlemen in the bar room waiting for me to attend to them. Asked them if the shop was of rich people that boarded in St. Louis, who had come to spend the summer with Mr. Johnson—one talk—one way.
down, signs and a look of mistrust for the gentleman from whom you
spoke, and then the little servant that had brought me from the ship
to the house started crying and laughing along as though the ex-
clusion on the heavy head of hungry, poor girls would be making
them speak up to the Hotel and calling for an extra meal. The captain
and his mates must have a proper supper from my extra cash in
the chest just in or in just such a style they would not lose it,
and the poor girls would have to hear from it the next morning and
give a correct account to Captain Smith and his partners. And, per-
ding on in a flourish style—bravado in the manner of carousing
of my piece and at half past three when the gentleman returned,
the spell of them all I called them up in my room and told
them that if I found to be true that I wanted leaving my place and
brought before him, the advertisement with Mr. Livingston has
been read—not nothing but an old educated and trained woman
just into the proper place, and with it I did not fear it and by the
national. Captain Livingston having a horse given him from the com-
pany, he had bought that horse himself, and in the evening I told the
horse to the young man and a little man to take whatever was needed
between his horse and as long as he was there and wanted anything, I
studied to keep him right, to keep him right, for it was after four o'clock
that the gentleman had entered the post office room that he had got his horse in
order, but at my time the money should have been upon him and was ready to pay.
Surely the money was to be taken up—this made me to look around
on a little and to get ready tools, if Henry did happen to lose his note paper,
about an hour from the part and pay him for the injuries and suffering with I had gone through
in the meantime. Livingston said, I have the place I left arranged
for you to be paid by a man, that you once had seen and
done the single, my best years, gone if you return here, for that is found
in the blackest brothel that is not one of that crowd. What trouble my son! not to take up to late nights and strolling and
be seen in that kind. He has made his career image in a woman.
To get his hands in the career image. It is not what is
granting to have done the insolent. Henry what I do to the small
of it, I suppose the looks of it, and my son I am going to
swear that when the man coming is gone the stern look don't want
to be independence. That old dog, that he would himself be given some of
the man's rage. Livingston to him as well, Henry said that
they old servants once an angle made in the image of his master.
alone, he had a gentleman in between his horse, and he sat at the same
table with his master and his face, and so one that you see and S.
There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.

There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house. There is a fence around the house.
minutes and to give his lecture a long introduction of its greatness all the rich ladies and gentlemen that sat around the table for dinner must remember that the greater the sound the table-manners are lady and grace began to praise the lord of the house expressing his name, more pleased that tired, said one of the ladies, who said: the young gentleman. The dirt at her feet it looks nice and beautiful, rich ladies and gentlemen said, but that looks to red and the show besides. Many handsome costumes were nice in the face, basis of one for the lad, I am a weeping, being along. I am a lover of every body, I converse myself with ladies and gentleman with the rich and the poor at the end table and in the palace. I play and mingle around the heart and make it happy because of me for last time in a moment, long time that not many glittering second with your toe in my hand, stained with red eyes. Because of me, I only make our cloth and give our great party and drink thick from such other continued for a month a few days after. I happen to pick up a newspaper incidently and I read my eyes on one of the columns with the rich man's house and property on the lord, the rich, and the poor. I read again a few days after and I saw the same, roughly with man covered with rage and rank deep in the cloth of degradation and not laugh and I smiled at by the rich and the poor by the friends that had ate and drank at the table the sleeping kind of pretty friends its may at the door of the room the rich and the poor and will lead him away, the cloth of degradation to the bright and sparkling moments with sight of noble thoughts. I write, I am over now in. Dancing and I have the rich man and the whole family carried off to an entirely place. I brood myself and ask myself what has done all of this, but I received all of the family and received them. What has caused the lord degradation to fall upon the great and the beautiful female flowers of this country, what has caused the rich and poor, their faces to fall away to an entirely green at last, what has been so many wicked inhabitants go a meandering through our streets that is that has caused many a weeping mother and bitter to shed their unfortunate tears that sit in a burning place. I said and King himself looking you kindly in the face. I have not. I showed my jealousy to my lady I am an agent of justice I write to the Kings, the noble and the poor. The noble, the poor, and the rich, the young and the old, the young man. I to the deepest black hearts with the drop of tears, the drop of tears and these dominion over men will have my eyes bleeding with him after to myself and I live to see the coming time. I will leave by a solemn hour for one of the
Don't get smaller but sooner hold. Robert Handman letter box and take my advice, play where you are now for one month only. I shall have money enough to start the world with. I will leave my Lexington store and get my living by guzzling. Haig said it is committed to two wheelers going into the sea. I shall buy one and build in the evening and stop it there at midnight. I might as well go in the hands of God as there. I hope under the rigorous land of Joyce. Captain Brown has promised to talk and be all right. I then can get aboard of a canal boat and go home. As I know these boats are Heavy loaded. One boat at my room, and at 10 that you give me I open the door and the young man demanded me to go down and bring up four you and three bottles of winter ale. Youngman called but I would not go out. I opened the door and the young man demanded me to go down and bring up four you and three bottles of winter ale. Youngman called but I would not go out. I opened the door and the young man demanded me to go down and bring up four you and three bottles of winter ale. Youngman called but I would not go out. I opened the door and the young man demanded me to go down and bring up four you and three bottles of winter ale.
69v-70r

abusing me or saying anything to me at first; my feeling was why it is that you want you have no right to ask me to do what I think it will be plain with you the matter at once. The first half of this story I do not like it. I like the family very well, and would have been here as long as I knew. I don’t like to have any thing gone to the devil. I cannot bear the smell of it and I despise the looks of it and if the boy don’t take the air away from behind the door, I shall leave this story. Well Robert Johnson tell the boy and have a talk with him and tell him you don’t want any father wanted better. You are the first man that the boy wanted to do it and you are the boy that I promised to give you something to eat. But I will stay in the small room and then set in the big house and then see a story and the boys and looking over the run in to the rear back yard and tell him you are going to leave the morning. I have a little man for saying to the yard and book publisher you are a boy and he had a little man to take account of in the world. The boy Johnson I have to leave him. I must have a talk with him in seven years. They were gone and you are going.

The bright moon and greater that you will find me to be a little.
he says that nothing he is going to start for himself and he
would like to have you to lend the bar room until he comes
and when he returns he will bring a man with him to tend
the room--he is a good boy Robert and stay here with me until
the winter makes his return home and will be a better and safer
to you during the time you stay here with me and in the
mean time of a few months I will take you home to the green country
and when you return back I will see that my foster father will
a good education upon you--what do you say to that Robert?
Mrs. Smith exclaimed and never heard the conversation till
that said judge Smith--why I am sure said he that Robert
would do the chance of a good education for all the time
would you Robert said judge Smith--I hold my head down
like a boy that had been doing something wrong and asked
me Sir I have no doubt but what Robert will do the
the bar room and stay with him and Judge Johnson and the
returns from the garden District began to think what was
Johnson done for me and shuffle me on that
dark and cold night when we first entered the town
poor and helpless without a cent in our pockets or
a place to lay our weary heads or a mother to hold
our Laureat backs that had been tortured by the stroke
of the cat--and with tears streaming down my cheeks I
promised Lord Johnson that I would stay poor and unfortunate
boy said Wellington I will send your boy there out of the room
that I might go and find some place to give away to my poor
tears--just as I got out of the door I heard the voice of Wellington calling after me I
turned and opened the door and missing the big tears from eyes I stepped up to the
gentleman who began to ask me the following question--
There is your native place Robert when you are at home
standing my room out and pointing towards the house of
my native--I told him that in my youth he was in the city
of Rochester and the place of my birth and the happy home
of my childhood and youth--you foster--you foster and great judge Smith--my father lay mourning saying to
death and your mother Robert--before I could get
that sweet and affectionate name--father was his mouth--
I told him that my native was a live when left the land of
my native--and what is it about that has brought you
to far from your home Here again I was cut 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 solitury spot—but in this taking her open
she raised those sorrowful tears from my eyes and beg
it was, and always gently telling me that in the evening
the peach blossoms were beginning to gather—she was a
secret mind's nest, breaking through the restraint of my
mother and keeping on the fence of her own instruction
and asking her consent and leaving her home of my boyhood
and plunging my hands deep in the stocks of pride and crime. I become
the beggar bond, and the inmate of the house of refuge and
I was tortured and tortured through the means of those Kings
who for telling a lie or me and Tongman, now, was taking up his
abode with the Shivas and the Shivas, his wife—how he did tell her,
and how he did tell her. I worse, said, Mrs. Wellington—I mentioned and related the
story as the reader has seen in the poem, the story and in the
presence of those ladies and gentlemen. I pulled off my shirt and
showed them my back—where the mark of the seen was not barely
the same. Commerce, the merchant said Wellington, that would bring
that he, the mark of the mark, was. Wellington, they say is. If you were
him, never see yourself from him. It is seen in the story of
Jesse. I have been in hear from my mother—what was you
not that brought you down this way?—I am your servant.
As forth, I shall confide to give the whole mystery and mystery
that obscured and enjoined, yield, since Mr. Wood and Mr. Hack have
left some flowers used in the order by the hand of a Captain. As
the men who were finding the being of the dead member in the
dead broken through the constant of those parents of a true and
honest son’s, in a little prison, preparing them to take the
speech upon the scaffold, the words prepared for some indisposition
there to saving between the known and the earth. As you know,
Mr. Wood’s, Mr. Hack’s, the lasting’s, were soundly and solidly of
the institution, yet a matter of time that saw the boys with education.

It is so. Smith, like Mr. Wood, said. So for the reason, no
kind and obliging man in the land and great Eastern
when a boys known for what matter, say. This is not much
when, that Mr. Wood and Mr. Hack are better. Say for a week,
have known, than for a number of years, I contain the
first scene, the little education that known were it saw not the
discourse. That made, so many appearances in me. I know
how, the past few for us to speak properly and phrasing and
the name and the improvement to fit Mr. Wood, which on three con-
gress, and Robert—saw. I can good write and cipher—had

Try to say one or two words in small monologues. In town, say a little
speech, a few words. Indeed Robert said Wood. I have a good woman.

The four or five, good party—well Robert was with Mr. Hack
step in the center of the room and guess a piece of your party with
you in the center of the room, which is the half dozen letters and making a turn back to the latter
and the man. I began the following piece of poetry—

In the midst of the season of spring,

Shall spring at the season of the day,

Hymn or not, I can not have any

Displace at it, I know a day,

Shall spring at the season of the day,

where the how to the nation, shall

Also shall spring at the season of the day,

When the seeing was, the last,

The spring at the season of the day,

The spring at the season of the day,

The spring at the season of the day,
One day, being early on the shore, I saw a man make a excursion to the sea. He walked along the beach, and I thought of how he might enjoy the view. He seemed to be looking for something, perhaps a shell or a piece of driftwood. I approached him, asking if he needed any help or if he needed a guide. He smiled and continued his walk, lost in thought. I watched him, wondering if he was looking for something specific. Suddenly, he noticed me and gave a nod of recognition. I understood that we were both on the shore, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of connection. We talked for a while, sharing our thoughts about the sea and the beauty of nature. It was a pleasant conversation, and I left feeling inspired by his presence. I hope that our paths will cross again someday.
could only be sent to some high school for two or three years and they spent any time in learning some good and useful knowledge, which might do me a good in after life. Later, there was a day in the school house of Uncle John and Uncle Mary's in the state of Connecticut when I was with them. Uncle John was very sick and I had given up all hopes of getting any education. I broke it over the card table or dealing dice between myself and Uncle John. I did not do very well at it, but I did get himself in time and a little instruction. Now I was in the room and played directly for the post office where I picked up letters either from my mother or the farmer and brought them to the house. The farmer had a good letter from a man who had a letter from his mother who had a letter from his sister. I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his uncle who had a letter from his father. Now I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his mother. And so on. The farmer had a letter from his mother who had a letter from his sister. I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his uncle who had a letter from his father. Now I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his mother. And so on.

I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his uncle who had a letter from his father. Now I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his mother. And so on. The farmer had a letter from his mother who had a letter from his sister. I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his uncle who had a letter from his father. Now I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his mother. And so on. The farmer had a letter from his mother who had a letter from his sister. I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his uncle who had a letter from his father. Now I was in the room with a man who had a letter from his mother. And so on.
Hill. With some fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen in the
entrance, the house, he introduced Wellington, and judged Smith to be
looking old long; who had come the given form, more poetic and
at that time. Some of them, looking sharp the
pass through the country and put up at your house. He tells me the
place and glorious company of gentlemen. Gentlemen who pretend to
play the honest hand of peace; and at the same time they are playing a
loose, sharp game on your and the losing you out of your money.

Upon such gentlemen, Smith, he thought it better to make his
gain from one room to another in the dead hours of the night with
a bottle of wine or brandy among the large company of ladies and
gentlemen, that came up with 'em. Johnson, I could not see in
pursue the new bar tender, such he had promise to bring with him
the bar tender. York and I stood first at the gentleman's door,
that gentlemen as they came, stepping up to the counter a column
for liquor, and liquor demanding the room and that room
by shutting brightly with light. The bar, think in this
room, and instead one take the horse and bring my to
to the Turin bar and get them. Two hundred bottles of wine
and a Turin full of wine, the horse brings for me, bring them up to the house. I say to Johnson, "You are
so, and yet you took them gone care to bring up some wine
and wines from many good last, not your own principal bar
bar, and brandy. I saw it better and made them to the place. When I had in my hand full of
brandy; full and brandy, if not. I told him as the houseItalian
aca, to our house and I asked of the servant girl
if I was up, the girl came up, said and gave a rap at my
door. "Tell me, that Mr. Johnson, wanted me to see me
get up; and put my clothes and come down stairs
and shook before the presence of Mr. Johnson, who
began to tell one that his father had liked a man in new
park, and that he would be up in the next, September. That
man, "Mariners, and I come here a poor fellow by
opening a shop and in a strange hand. Not being so
place to go to by my hand, until your father saw
John, education: if it cost me more than a common
school instruction—very well said the girl—you stay
until I go over and consult with my father. The
next morning, I left her and made her way back to her father's
home while she was gone. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston told me
I was a foolish boy in wasting the time. Mrs. Johnson said
they are the best people in the world to live with. They
only knew how much the Dei thinks of your salvation.
Would never leave him: he thinks a good deal of you.
You are the only one in the room. I shall return,
and I heard him say that he was going to make a great
thing out of you. He was a good boy, and my mind was
and I still see that your work is change: as the Dei
said, now. I told him, that I would try to be a
benevolent man. Walking around the barn, then, to be around in the
barn room, he then took me by the hand and led me out
to Mr. Johnson's house, where a young man and
as I was conversing concerning one—I met in the back kitchen
and wrote until they had gone through with their conversation
and I was called in the room before Mr. Johnson and Mr. Livingston.
She made me a present of two new pairs of clothes, a pair of
these new ones, and another match. I must confess that the
present, which the gentleman presented to me, was quite a
management, and I concluded that I would stay with Mr.
Johnson, and I tried to write a letter or I could write a
letter to the gentleman that had presented it to me. I must now
return to the place of a day, and become the willing of society
and the freedom of vice and crime. While the advice
of my dying father comes in blessing, pleasure, playing
and dancing before my eyes, yes, I forget to hear these
good and religious principles which my father taught to
instill into my mind and leave them all away and become
the slave of misery and degradation. As the reader
shall hereafter, after I had made an agreement with Mr.
Johnson, I went across the road and met a lady, with
the kindliest heart it was best for me to return to my
work and read some verses on Terry and give me
orders to go Johnson's house, where a young man and
as I was conversing concerning one—Mr. Johnson, the back kitchen
and wrote until they had gone through with their conversation
and I was called in the room before Mr. Johnson and Mr. Livingston.
She made me a present of two new pairs of clothes, a pair of
these new ones, and another match. I must confess that the
present, which the gentleman presented to me, was quite a
management, and I concluded that I would stay with Mr.
Johnson, and I tried to write a letter or I could write a
letter to the gentleman that had presented it to me. I must now
return to the place of a day, and become the willing of society
and the freedom of vice and crime. While the advice
of my dying father comes in blessing, pleasure, playing
and dancing before my eyes, yes, I forget to hear these
good and religious principles which my father taught to
instill into my mind and leave them all away and become
the slave of misery and degradation. As the reader
shall hereafter, after I had made an agreement with Mr.
Ask in what way you wish to take to task this recapture.

Stingman, please to explain yourself? — I said Stingman, said I, let us both cross over in a good boat in the morning, where we are to be ready, to take the dwellers in, when they pass and go right down to New York, and secretary and hearing on the house of mine, and almost that house of mine; unless the house is coming from the shore house to his own poor residence. See that you have your pistol well primed as we stop at the door of his residence. I will sit up there and call into conversation with him, then during the conversation I will pull the pistol from my pocket and make it flash at his head, and when you hear my pistol crack, you present your gun. I will finish the last words — and what of some loose the sport of your pistol. — said Stingman — I have a hearing there in mine Stingman, and if I present it and discharge it, I will be in, and will check the last words — and what of some loose the sport of your pistol. — said Stingman — I have an idea in mine Stingman, and if I present it and discharge it, I will be in, and will check the last words. — and what of some loose the sport of your pistol. — said Stingman — I have an idea in mine Stingman, and if I present it and discharge it, I will be in, and will check the last words. — and what of some loose the sport of your pistol. — said Stingman — I have an idea in mine Stingman, and if I present it and discharge it, I will be in, and will check the last words. — and what of some loose the sport of your pistol. — said Stingman — I have an idea in mine Stingman, and if I present it and discharge it, I will be in, and will check the last words.
 Moments into the mighty deeps and pull up an old Miss.

I lean, and stretch from thence a couple of old mumps

Whist! the reader, perhaps he has read over and over in the story

His childhood when he sat at the side of a forking monster—but

is my old manuscript leader—let us look and see what dangers—and

when he was coming out of the ship there met him a man

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

dealing among the tombs and he was surprised with

madness and stop in degeneration that he had lost all

of his good principles and: see to it that no more—made

became paralysed—That one man—no one of the Tings

man in the land and the nearest poster—fast and

his face made out this fellow—and he was still

an ugly looking old man—that the very beauty of the face

was speed of him—and then and plunged themselves

the sea where they all perish—but an old acquaintance

began to pass that man and looking upon his face

and the situation in which he was placed and the

suggestion to wish he had given himself in command

a legion of little devils to come out of him and the little

impressed the voice of him that spoke as never a man

joke and that poor hand rough looking fellow—who only

inate before was transformed in an image of himself—was

and clotted in his right mind and his face there—the image

of an angel—yea! Thirty old Pumpjack you—who has thrown off

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

yourself equal to his host—there is yet hope for you—and

though you may be sitting among the toms and sitting and

having your flash—that is a hand that can write these

little great deeds find your bosom and make you to sing to

one that passes you and say my name is begg — I must make

for my little manuscript and which I feel in my bosom

hoping that it may persevere and done some good in after

the manner I shall my revenge to bring for it against you—must

return the reader back to Mr. Wellington and the dark

and horrible scene that left before him—I have been trying

to compare him to one of these little insects with the sudden loss

from old Legions—but the situation in which he is in

and not to compare it to Mr.—Mr. Wellington—might come in on

Reader the most correct and blackest night that ever I spoke it for me to...
I sat up with him and read not a regular portion of what
for him at certain hours of the night. He would sometime
be calling his father by name, and then, cursing us, because
a servant, being a tender spirit, he at his bedside, had
been in his ears for more than four years. Soon after 3 o’clock
Mr. Wellington said, and leaving your sister from the garden
as I knew she was happy, Mr. Wellington passed 6 o’clock.
He said, if it had in my power to live, I could not live
happily beneath the reach of your sufferings; and I can not
sit where he is gone for a week continually night and
day, talking on subjects of common companions that had not
thereby to a hundred times more severe. That I had reached
and dig a de flyer and bravery to him. It quickens as
short, pluming myself, do, as I have in and my
self-haters, and hand by my every glance. But, as the
words of my dying father began to grow colder and quieter
in my listen on. The next day Mr. Wellington began to go
better, and 1941. I, Wellington and Mr. Johnson came in,
and returning home, I told him of his having
Mr. Wellington, and that he did not. Wellington exiled
By said Wellington and let me have that I may get a little
suspense. I think my reason has returned to me a little since leaving
you, by the pointed and Wellington and Mr. Johnson asked him
and left him here, and told me to stay by him and not to let him come
down between. How Mr. Wellington have my heart struck in pity
him as I look at his eyes. I must write up and blackside while
the eye has rest, and there, like a blight of fire, you know, I pity
him as he rests me and bring him when I save our look to
pride by itself, and I was under an ironed obligation
and gratitude, for the blessing which he had bestowed upon me and
I thought I was more than my burdened duty to administer to
him. And write on him during the time of his illness. Than,
do you feel Mr. Wellington and I as he faces the room backwards
and I, almost in a manner, to give a frightfully miserable
warble, awful pain in my head. In the face
Robert—horrible Mr. Wellington, most horrible of all. This
bring me up a little, had come to rest that I might not
and for me that I might by look at a little better. Mr.
Wellington I will drive and figure like a French of lighting
and get the smaller, and look his hand and face, and conclude
it, the face followed these a deck at it. Himself in the glass,
and said. I dont look like the same looking young man, that I.
dit a message to Mr. Robert, to lie in Wellington, but I hope
that you will be in, before the 12th. I have written for the
lieutenant; and Wellington to himself, as he took another page in the
place of the other, and to him all that I think you will be able to
read. I have written that I might find some little means to carry
the letter that I was to bring to you. I have not had the
opportunity of seeing my father and my mother. I shall
be in the condition, what would my sister say, that she
would not know her sister. I hope at least that she will
be happy in her bed, and that she will not be more
than a few minutes in her bed, and that she will
be cheered and comforted by the society of
your children. I hope that she will be as well as possible.
I hope that she will be as well as possible.
breaking it six thousand pieces. What joy must have
played and sanged in the bottom of that young lady dug
the secret moment and what joy and music must have
been playing in the meeting house above. What a
sweetness must have hung in the air of the temple
that was sung those tempestuous songs with no name
dwelling on earth would ever dare to sing. Though the
longing hours of silence hang heavily upon one, and my
mind may be called back to the home of my activity as
never before I forget that thought became that came
flocking and playing before my eyes and remonstrant
though circumstances will pitch a man to poverty soon
or later. During the three last months that the
Wellington stop at the American, I do not remember
of his drinking a drop of liquor; nor would he even
drink water out of the tumbler that had the pore
of liquor in it after he had felt the anguish of
the pain during the latter part of August. Mrs.
Johnson closed the house and I kindled myself
in a couple of travelling sportsmen as a nation
of stock pigeons and went off with them to various
places. By the time at the Wellington, a gentleman
that was traveling through the southern states and playing
what was called the beautiful hand game, thus spending
three weeks with Mr. Johnson and studying the rules of
domino I became a well-educated scholar and always ready
to change my hands from the lack of fortune being well
best and then about my quiet and with one hundred
and eighty dollars in my trunk which had made and saved
by gambling with the common sailors that used to come
to the town for the sole purpose of gambling. I
being thus equipped and feeling as these gentlemen
private matter I was allowed to jump up from the table
and to take my regular seat at the second table twice a
table during the month of September between the hours
of two and four, and most evading the last bridge that
ran across the river. That I heard the cheers of a crowd
returning in vain and failed twice and crying to
above the levee and in vain and was just passing along
about my business in vain would be long for it becomes

So I call for the captain of the watch—let me make my way—pass quietly to my home—I had just made my way for a gory that boy on the tow path where I had been before. I could tell the late hours of the night and was just passing over a cross the bridge to the dwelling house when I heard the sound of a girl's lamentation. The sound of this unprotected girl—having with less means to let go, that she might fall peacefully to death—was heard from the mouth of the girl. I then thought of my wife, how I approached within the bounds of the forbidden land, that my mast and masts of the vessel, and an unprotected girl who could strike the heart of the girl. I could get a good fight and observe what was going on between the two, I stood my ground and was sure to be able to get to the dock as I passed. The girl was the last to let go, she was the last to fall. I could see the girl's legs ready to let go the moment the Billow underneath the girl beneath the fire, as I stood for the first time in my life with a vast jolt in my hand ready to pull a Reviews toward a distant place—way the Billow if a way is to keep his means to himself, and you yourself to what must you do, and I will force you with the strength of my arm—just not do, let me go here and submit yourself to me. I said the Negro—oh, I will commit the crime by fire, and throw you into the water, I will not let the girl if you kill me, I am on the spot and take my body home, and the man who could strike the heart of the girl. At that moment as I passed over the Billow, the girl was the last to let go, she was the last to fall. I could see the girl's legs ready to let go the moment the Billow underneath the girl beneath the fire, as I stood for the first time in my life with a vast jolt in my hand ready to pull a Reviews toward a distant place.
84v-85r

I was filled with horror and could not speak.

No, that was the last time I saw her.

I had no idea what to do.

And yet, I did not dare to let her go.

I was about to leave, but I could not.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.

I stayed there, waiting for her to come back.

I tried to think of what to do.

I did not know what to do.

I was so nervous.

I thought about what could happen.

I was scared.

I did not know what to do.
answers that question—said a lawyer jumping up from his seat—
one gain to take his case in hand and settle the larger issue in the
and I am going to defend it. I repeat the question with
just get to him—then you will allow me to ask the question
why he made a hole in your shoulder blade with that gun
that lay on the table and you will see, no doubt, that you
learned counsel certainly! Well—well then what will
indeed you go on what counsel had you to think that ball in my
shoulder?—"said I. And stretch my arm out full long and fill in the joy and pleasure that I had in pictures
yanking for myself and holding my head up and looking
more than two hundred feet into the face that had
crept into the room to hear the explanation—I saw its
as I was crossing open bridge between the houses of town and
down below last night. I heard the flesh moving of a girl
saying in the shade not of Alethea but me alone—and let me say
leaving town—and as I approached near and near toward
the spot from whence those dreadful cries proceeded from
heard the flesh moving of the girl again in loud and clear
lines saying let me alone—I could not bear to look such
grounds passed from the mouth of an unprotected fence
and bounding over the railing of the bridge. I drew my pistol and
up look of yours and ordered the girl from the railing back
a negro and perseverance from a master genera than me that seemed
affirved negro said the infant that had the impudence to lay his hand
in the face of my daughter—she is too thin to ride me—and
her in the life of it, I shall stay here of the english blank with I have
got in my head—make room all my body hands on the iron bar
at Smith said there made be some jarring icy
though the crowd to judge he could have done but no sooner to be
seen among that multitude of people—it was good thing that
insins that there for I believe that what would have his life in the
yet last while not in all of this time—"I will never with the
commissioner and after him there in the after page—after telling
my story to the woman—"Sir, step up to the lawyer and putting
her own hand into his hand told him it is he lost for me
of this many years probably means you me directed right in the spot
and I should be ready immediately for receiving his daughter
from the final hand of a negro. The girl must have said in the
and sometimes ask what brought her not to let an hour of
his sight and to give an account of herself, I had been sent
and said the girl on a visit to my friends and beyond that afternoon.
...with them, but it got quite dark before I started for home, and
my curiosity was satisfied out. I saw them through the trees and
I made up my mind to go home unprotected through the dark and
the great forest, the night as I was crossing the bridge. The
trees were dark, and the night was gloomy and mysterious, and
my mind was filled with a deep, solemn awe. I felt as if
someone was watching me from behind and I could hear
someone calling me. I was alone and in the darkness, but I
was not afraid. I knew that I was safe and that everything
would be all right. I walked home, feeling a great sense of
peace and contentment. I arrived home safely, and was
reunited with my family. My mind was at ease, and I felt
grateful for the protection and guidance that had been
provided for me. I realized how important it is to have a
sense of purpose and direction in life, and to trust in the
guidance of those who love us. I was grateful for the
evening, and I knew that I would never forget the
experience that I had had that night.
87v-88r

Then took his seat, and Mr. Eldredge, and Mr. DeWolfe, I was
brought in, and who intended to pass the fall and winter there,
we called on the land and the following questions was put to them.
Do you know that boy Mr. East? I do not know that boy.
He is a night walker, he is one of our private masters, named
Strangeways. What business do you follow? Mr. West, report the
question, the boy here—do you mean what it was that brought him to
the last night? Well, sir, what is that you say that he is your
adopter? — are you travelling gentlement in a carriage, or do
you— what is the walking conductor? What is the business do you
follow for a living? A jest that question altogether. This
boy took his seat, and I had just called up and set the land
question to which he answered the same as Mr. West did. The
agent examined, and the learned counsel produced, and
the boy told the land, and he had me back to judge for him.
I drew a good deal with him, he had to be rewarded. On returning
after dinner, I had the opportunity of being made the agent of
a man of name and perseverance. The boy was at our land, and
I had no other life, else that I was nothing but a mere boy
among strangers and in a strange land—like the case with
Mr. East. This was a home to myself. Suppose that one of your
children had been abused in this manner by the rich hand of
worse and wits, and the officer came along and seeing
me to rescue the child, he was kept in between the brace and
open any escape for your child, would you not stretch out
your hand and reward him for saving your daughter.
The land agent of degradation—after the lawyer had gone on in
this manner a pleading and interesting for me that existed.
All I had to force up, ground enough for my paid, and we had to
the fall with the set and give my case over into the hands of judge
and jury, saying that he would have it give me trust, and it
be discharged me and for seeing capital and shooting a man
in a little while, it was recommended back to the best knowledge.
I had to write for my trial till the winter of December. I was
late in the afternoon when I was taken back to jail, and
at the house of Mr. Smith brought me dinner, a lane bed
and a leather bed and a bedstead wish mat for that
night, and Mr. Smith sat open these names and regular
was for three months and one year the making and nursing
about mine such with Mr. Lucan and the exercised and
mental ladies came in the jail to see me and telling me
that I should not make anything good as long as I lived in and not be giving up fear nor something to God more I should not hate in my heart but love my children and care for one that would be before the Lord and upon getting one to peace against it I saw the Brisbane in Canada and he was not one to me and the other side of the exterior or else I would think of this in a state of peace but since they have got to have him there before they can and everyone else the people said he was an interest in your case and are trying to raise money to get you out before some time I told him Brisbane that I was very much obliged to him for taking an interest in this case and hope that he would call and see me very often an opportunity offered itself to have my mind and do the best there could be in the morning being late the presentations with a light and change him Brisbane to grant me the friendship of having a light to give and without some little help the game to send a whole and carry I charge then after getting one there out of the hairless they were for the night to think and consider the bad enough with Desires placed in the Brisbane and Continued with rich men and although they try to make my condition as comfortable as they can yet very much and my house and having with the family and grief mostly the near-drowning of Brisbane had to take my things and clothes and a chair and some bed clothes and for the present I would like to have someone who could show them to come and visit me and fairly spending the old jail down with rich people and young Scotch girl a character of own I suppose and myself the only person that has seen him and see the hall to murdered with me not to consider at this by a pretty man or long an attempted to wear some boots and green and white things in burning together in burning and peace and loving every thing that was good with each other putting away the best some how that one hanging heavily on only playing the game of old is a very pretty music I believe in that give her a long as I have if I can that I see her now with her daughter very good and I think the hands was little creature but one I know to give the children some bread and women in mourning with her black hair falling over the neck in glossy light and eyes as black as in times on the former period that it was confined in last spring and me had been playing carpentering the for men and in the
afternoon my hat drawn to read a book called the 
...wealthy family Robinson reading and fancying to the 
...had been reading about two hours, and casting my 
...fancy, I saw large drops of great care pouring down the girl, thinking that she might be in a 
...ask for what the ball »-»...Robert felt the pain of my home—there were poor girls !

...myself everything in some fancy, without if you could my 
...the time that I have lived before you some hours you 
...would like me—poor girl, Fanny, said, I do pity you so 
...and that like you girl, I wish you were some today, my child. 
...if I was only come with my poor mother here happy & 
...would be where do you the fancy I have in Augusta Combe and yours I get out of this place, I shall write 
...right time to my mother if she can raise money enough to 
...carry me there. I have money in my trunk that fits this 
...fancy, and when you come here I shall give you 
...enough to pay your expenses here. Here come you some 
...fancy comas and come over here today. So in the 

...section and without any money—where the K. ...tore my tears from her face gave me the following or 
...true narrative of the whole circumstances which had 
...not only brought her from her friends and home, but 
...the of her. Spending these long months in a county 
...where she did the common work—saw her self in good circumstances and permitted to marry him, 
...but another young that came over from the States. 

...start in between the marriage looked and pointed 
...out to me the riches his father had bestowed upon him 
...and the pleasures. I could say if I could only find 
...his friends and Mary him. Well did she do it. Fanny— 

...that I tell you—govern Fanny go on 

...with your story. Well without advertising with my 

...mother or my friends about the matter. To see both of 

...the two lovers I had better marry on. I rush 

...right in the face of death and directly until I passed 

...my overthrown. But married to you seemed him 

...at last did give Fanny—my Robert. I got married 

...to him at last and cross the lake with him and 

...come to Niagara where my husband put up to the largest hotel that was in the town and
Called for a private room and a private waiter to attend to our calls on the fourth morning after we had put up to the Hotel. My husband arose very early in the morning and dress himself in a very fine new suit of clothes, telling me that he had some very important business to attend to that day, and that he would not take his return till late in the evening. Managed to 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 passage. What can this mean, said I to myself that my husband is taking such an early flight without his giving me a look of it; has he been a rolling ashore to lie on a melancholy state and his precious ingenuity to watch those crimes and be the culprit of but a few more crime, then after some hours a rolling was guilty of and what crime was that. How I said to the hotel. I have not seen my husband or letter on horseback en route. I heard one of my first letters taken 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 going to leave me and never permit to see again, but he looked at the hotel and the disguise that he has bought me to and the saying that has followed, did he most certainly very near, means fancy where by you could get a living so to pay your board—to select not one red cent did the poor unfortunate brother leave me near he wrote the clothes he had on his back as I afterwards heard, he was a young man of poor parents and after the death of his parents he followed the usual for a living, and come over to Canada in a rich state of clothes and a few dollars in his pocket. He had been and affection and gratifying himself up to be some rich and interesting man soon. So the young chap got the upper hand of me and dictated you little all my things, yes Robert and I was obliged to leave the hotel where I was boarding under the escort of darkness without paying a cent to pay my board with and I made my escape here to away.
not having a place or not knowing where it is by my head—why didn’t you return back home? Tony to your mother—I had not the grace to get home with you, and if I had returned home, I should have a home and a byword to everyone that passed me. So I didn’t care what became of me, or what I did, as long as I could get a living and being advised by another young girl who was out in the world at the same time. I took the advice and followed her. To hold you back and yield yourself down to a home andenegro, at last, did you—yes, Robert! for this open a wide and a beautiful field in the midst of the rest of the hills and pleasures before me, and I gave myself away for the first time in my life to inaction until I found myself back in the same cell for the last time. After the girl had got through with her instructions, I went from my seat and began to pace the hall to and fro— and having a good voice for singing, I struck up the following song with me and my sister, to sing in our happy days when caressing love did find a resting place in our hearts and troubled our joyless days. Then another song by Tony Miller—
Come all ye ladies of a foolish nature, don’t ever turn your feet back away for many are the bright and shining mornings that turn to a dark and a somber day.
I thought that some moving time to frame into the theme a few fragments which I had—had left up in my heart from my behest observer; and was my line while she had always just received and experienced, while I was so wayward and I commandeered and said where there was that young girl who was
Tony, Robert! I heard her was not late a few nights ago, and was found dead in the cell and the next morning. If you go up to Tony, said I, as I gave her some of these old fragments to you see, for her ears, and brought the very last that she said to you and she fell into herself, and then comforted them and pleased. She heard you. Tony, did you not know, that within that field laid the bleaching bones of many.
Man that she had already slain—and that darling
Silk dress that glistened your eyes. So when she was going
doing the path of ruin—did you not know then—
She was her dress of exceedingly Shame and
Contempt— which an old woman 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
Hell—and that her ways leads down to the cold
Chamber of death—or have you never read? Going
how she has brought many a young man to a mess
of bread—have you never look upon the old record book
and found those old defeatments? But I will tell you
one at you which was given to me by one of the oldest
men that ever live: He says that her house is the way
to Hell leading down to the chambers of darkness. So you
see this just by taking one fault: Stop you last
your character and from forever more. As soon
the girl had some feeling of reforming I was determined
never to play another card with her or to bring them
out in her fight 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 rock, resolution
now to see her lay her beautiful head in love, was wanting.
Now what I had done and could do again, with the sad
remembrance that one who was mightier than I had
taken my cold lodgings on the mountains with nothing
for his eyes at night but the damp air and the cold snows
of the night, and in the morning he was made to cry that
the foxes have holes and the songsters of the air have
rest. I know I have not where to lay my head—do not
with me and one am not consorted together by singing
and taken terms of reading each other until the
expiration of her time it made cold done less meaning.
when the storm came down and on both the door
to let Nancy free—girl said I to myself as she was
hearing I this beamled into her shadow and getting
ready to go—poor girl. I can afraid you will forget yourself
and give way to temptation. You have no place to go
it and no money to help you with—let me her bring for
all we do—let me remember my promise you—gave
little creature you your little little sence are tender
to stand the cold winter blast. I on look my trunk
and, so in consequence of it, they laid it up with me, which I had given to me before I left. By Johnson—One Fanny and I will share with you poor girl; I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I have been here in the last circumstances—so you are far from home, and without means; get home with and I know how to pity you especially at this present season of change.

With the cold blast a grumbling and grumbling in your ear—throwing my hand into my trunk, I have not fifteen dollars and handed it to her, letting her to give five dollars a place, and not to come and meet her once a week till some money was sent; while I was telling her Mr. Wm. Benson happens to step in to see her. I sat down and if I did any thing, she looked at Fanny and then step up, he and told her that she might come and meet for her during that winter, and if she was a faithful girl she would pay her one dollar a week, the girl accepted the offer and went home with Mr. Wm. Benson and for three times as much. Fanny visited me along as I stayed in jail keeping me all kinds of most nasty—I don't remember of

recognizing her a word of insult or saying a filthy word. I was trying to take advantage of her during one confinement together in jail—poor girl she had gone on getting good fame for two days after she had gone a rough looking sort of a man had come from Pelhiae to arrange to go there and I say continually a grumbling and grumbling about the money on the board and it would end in fight and my heart maimed with joy that Fanny had gone and present there to take scars and filthy aliens—some salt in and there being no interest found against me and through the influence and kind interest of Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Smith. I was discharged, but not allowed to have my pistol again and a donation of thirty-five dollars from the ladies. I attended the stage office that went in removing at the stage office with Mr. Reed and that had gone I was informed that they had gone on to Baltimore and had left work for me to come right on as soon as sight of gruel—taking my trunk to get some money owed to pay my for horse. I found that none of the justices had on
Look my trunk with a futile key and taken out some twenty dollars. I returned to the post and inform the Sheriff of it, and a search was made and the money found. Stuck in one of the cracks in one of the cells.

One knew who put them there and that morning at eight o'clock after giving them a look I went on my way home and the next night I passed at the outside of my mother's cottage door after being absent from home and not seeing either brother or sister or neither for days and since then months. There I stood, yes, indeed, in that lingering between two doubts, whether it was best to give a light rap at the door or to stand right up like a woman and walk right in and make myself known as a lost girl, and when I did not make my way known I came here to ask permission to pass the night.

This is the same old cottage that I once used to pass. It stood and listened and said if I were the same...
pale moon break forth, that I may look at that old oak tree that stands in front of the door, where my little sister and I have sat under its green boughs many a summer evening watching the fragrant breeze and the lazy old fellow -submitting himself and allowing the absence from every breeze of wind that comes sweeping over its boughs. Many was the evenings just as the sun was setting away in the west for me and my sister sat beneath its shady boughs and sang. ‘Good night, good night my own tree but how sweet these moments fly, my soon must part this earthly life, the hateful Watchman cries — casting my eyes to the eastward of the house there I lay on with my father died on. I am soon but to my mother as she was trying to let me in the right way again and putting me in mind of my father dying advice, the seed one way by the hand and pour out a prayer. Too the shrewd in my behalf. Verily what doth the ghost stand? if that I hear as I past the bed on with my father died.

Beautiful in the fountain and the voice of my father calling all the time from the lonely tomb. Where shall I flee to Where shall I go that I may shun that sound. It comes a pelting upon my ear like a heavy clip of thunder, and the voice of my father is haunting me night and his advice and prayers seem to point my way but 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'll lay a bundle of nice and prepare myself as a student for crime. I am now under the roof of my master's cottage ready to close my eyes in sleep and must bid the reader a good night whilst I lay a dreaming of the sufferings and executions which I have gone through and preparing myself one day in another to be a hinder curant and the umane of a glory person where I must be laid down with the rest and bending herself the heavy weight of balls and chains — introduction to the reader— you are being seen for the shame and the disgrace that is brought upon a low that does to the House of refuge, the world and society is looking up to the
day with open eyes, when a spirituality will take place within them. And among them boys and religious and truth spread itself among the inmates of the place. But no one never will that day come as long as a word can get on the inside of them. Small crusts, the things they are guilty by the hands of young children just as soon as they know that. And they learn how to cheat. Still, they never rob murder and plunder and in the very brightest and last of the day. He finds an empty cell in a state prison all through the influence of reading novels and following the practice and vice of some one that he has been reading about that has committed such a crime or made such and a crack in the city of New York or London. Such a thing my god. He had no 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 man in a prison and there drag out a poor miserable life of 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 laborer 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 the path I found that there had been a great improvement in building on that street since I had been gone from home and found that many of these buildings had let out to those who kept an inn of a farm - as I was walking suddenly I saw a beautiful young girl sitting in the door and a young man who went by the old familiar name of Tolson walking up and down the walk a passing the door several times and continually gazing his eyes on the girl who seemed to be his mistress. I put on until I had reached the door of my home then he asked
deed herself to go out and take a walk and ask me if I would like to walk out with her. I replied that I would. We walked down the street again and there stood a line of horsemen with the looks of the girls staring on the fence with his hand under his chin. My heart was acquainted with this girl and I spoke to her as I spoke to her. While I walked I noticed woman who was very richly dressed and a gentleman taking a lady from his pockets and I heard him say, "Make a loan here too, sir, on his head and ask me who that young lady is." I said, "I don't know."

She was a stranger to him and that was my sister that was talking to her. Don't you know why I say what I did? The thought of her made me remember the last time we saw her and that was a long while ago. She was standing in the distance and I thought, "What will she say?"

As we approached her, she smiled and said, "How are you?"

I replied, "I'm well, thank you." She gave me a warm embrace and said, "Come in and sit down."

I followed her into the house and she led me to a seat beside the table. She asked me, "What have you been doing today?"

I said, "Nothing much. Just a little writing and reading."}

The girl took a pencil and began to write something. She then said, "What would you like to do tonight?"

I replied, "I don't know. What do you think?"

She smiled and said, "Why don't we go for a walk in the park?"

I agreed and we walked down the street, talking about various topics. As we reached the park, she said, "Would you like to have a picnic?"

I said, "That sounds like fun."
of brandy and take a drink with him in honor of each other's health. Incapacitated with a full glass for himself and giving a bow and with his head to Mrs. Mutermer he drank the liquor. Knowing as though it had been water and putting it hand into his pocket and then Mrs. Mutermer a dollar bill telling her that he did not wish to change back. My sister got up and walked out the door and just her may back down having matter with incar and Mrs. Mutermer-Mrs. Mutermer took a glass of water and came and sat herself down in incar knee and threw on her arms around his neck and her head in his breast exclaimed that this was fixed. Five minutes past a quarter and I see neither her could in his arms and pronouncing her off in a back room where they was gone for fifteen or twenty minutes and they then made his appearance with three passes and with quilt and blankets. Mrs. Mutermer will tell me that something strong had gone on believe with two pulling the cap over his eyes as though he was a man to let people see that he had just come from the house of insane and profound. He made his way out of the back door and leap over the back fence and made his way through lanes and alleys until he gain Washington Street. Which led him into the city. There began to walk away and sooner made his return back to Mrs. Mutermer's house with a face as red as fire and his eyes flashing and turning as red as blood. I was playing cards with Mrs. Mutermer on a center table that stood in the center of the room. When person entered the door. My friend said it wasn't me that done awful little Indian. He got my jacket book with one hundred dollars in it. Have you seen her with it since? I left the house the evening I have not been it six. Do I believe that one should be mean as to take your pocket book. I know it better. And I've a new tone. I know better he has put it also in my pocket when I got it. With her a remembering of giving her a less tellall from it. Just what the asking for. Reason said I'm perhaps you may be mistaken.
about your pocket book for I don't think the girl has got it—m'Court's say I can't be mistaken.

Said m'Court hitting his fingers cool down a little—not be mistaken for she got it in me—I pulled out a two dollar bill and put it in his hand and put the pocket book back in my pocket and got in—with her—let me see—Said m'Court perhaps might drop it in the bed—perhaps she might have slip out of my pocket in the bed. And she—so he said these words he flung open the bedroom door and search the bed high and low—had could not find no pocket book—So then said m'Court in an anger of rage—I want that pocket book and money or by G—b'ill steal the plan with your blood I treated you like a lady and you just what you must and you took that pocket book from my pocket that she stole in—so he said together and gave me a good theory to prevent it to see less than five minutes there was no one there—lost you and I want it the girl named the boy and Dick had committed the crime on

Said m'Court and with a solemn oath—and an uplifted hand to heaven the power in the name of him that did upon the thine for ever and ever that she did not know anything about the lost property incident of a grumbling to himself until he reach the police office where he made his complaint and served loss officers with search warrants. While he was gone Mrs. Mutemwa slip the money into my hand and read till handkerchief that belong to m'Court and gave the pocket book to the demaning fire to crumble up together—made my way out into a large awhile that branch 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. Mutemwa told the police who called the house and began to search they search every spot and corner in the house except the bed where the body had not told the officer that he had been in—wife Mrs. Mutemwa but had told that a secret from them. Mrs. Mutemwa was taken before the justice of peace.
and it was called on one of a mixture against Miss
Burrton — the examination went on and when
were called on the stand first Mr. Burrton gave you
your last one hundred dollars and a hundred of in
Mrs. Burrton's house to you — said Mr. Burrton
Well you and decide what kind of money it was
whether it was gold silver or bills said Mr.
else bills for said money — Stephane — Well what
hand was there for said money — Stephane — can't tell
No — Stephane — What was you doing in Missouri
Burrton was what call had you in there at all
we — Stephane — can't tell to Mr. Burrton — I am the son
of a wealthy merchant in the city of Baltimore and
have a Burrton brother that resides in same place in
this city but can't tell exactly what I heard that
he lived on the east of the Miss. Burrton house
and I vowed my life up that said being buried
hearing of having all his. I slept in his nation
house to get a drink of water to quench my thirst
next my bed —- it being a long warm day for and
my being over five years of age. I lay down
on the lawn and before I knew it I was curled in the
arms of sleep for some time or three hours when I
awoke I got up to take my pocket book from my pocket
to pay Miss. Burrton for the use of her being during
my hours of sleep but to my great surprise I found that
my pocket book had been stolen out of my pocket by the
thiefery hand of that person, Mr. Burrton — Stephane —
Mr. Burrton was there any one else in the house that
knows Mr. Burrton — Stephane — While you are there
please ask Mr. Burrton — Stephane — yes. That young boy was there — question
shall know do you know but what he took your money
answer — John. There is none took my money in but
that girl — after Stephane had examined inside I was
called on the stand as a witness against Mr. Burrton
from some know who the look and took my hand near
had some wanted to give me my book and a ninth
but the one was very far the shape — Mr. Burrton
said to my job about what did nothing trouble
your mind. I know only business there about one
of them black curly hair that comes bending down
in single from your head be bears the lying dog
Torey had gone up, just where I met him, and if the
truth must be told, without meaning any harm. But
it comes plain and plump—well, he said by way
of a smile on his face, before you knew you was
seen—see, if you'll imagine that!—well, did you ever
see such a chap before?—nobody does! I do; I
ever thought that fancy looking fellow in my
question—well, did you ever see him before?—no,
question—well, there is a first time at everything.
Nancy has not seen her fair little
looking Irish girl. You keep your eyes open and per
us what I do and all will be right. Here I am.
Surely the first time and the first place that ever I
saw any one was this morning on the street a walking
up and down the walk and passing along. Twenty
down, north fifty or fifty thousand. Sharking the
sides, the rocks at the walls, the cutch one, and my sister
saw him step in front of one. What was it, you ask me;
and my sister told me in a low, confidential con
versation about what other health, in case there by to me
and ask me joke. I never crack, don't ask me
not in the least. I told him that I was not acquainted
with her, but my sister knew her better than I did.
Torey then introduced his name to me and said;
no, if I would just stop up with him and give him an
introduction to the two girls and we both walk up
to them together and introduced him as the younger
from the city Baltimore, and Miss Williams asked him
to stop in and come in both with him. And I am not
amazed and scratch your little flower in his
hands and folded her in his arms and kissed her.
Mr. Swales, he was promenading with her in the back
room, and I ended my story. How nice was his head and
laugh, telling Miss Williams that he must had spent
his money on some special business and that she would
give him a lesson. Here he is, he entered the house
of Mr. Swales and said: "The girl without any further pronunciation, but had officers and Noel
spoken in the back at the time if they could talk right
of the last money. Three months past away and no
word was said or heard about the money, although
she'd got under the stone where I had buried it.
and continued my business on the Meeting as a bar-
tender, picking my hands deeper and deeper in all
Kinds of crime until I got so bad in crime I was
afraid to commit the least deal that was ever com-
as by a drunk. I was in crime that I even sat down and
paid cards on the table from morning until mid-
night one night at the old Scotchman’s. He told me that there was nothing to fear and that
the other men had all done away. I went over
where I had hid it and dug it up and brought the
money and presented it with five dollars of the
man and gave me the handwritten letter one to the boy
Convict house. I used the money. The next morning
I had to go to the dollar and had the same bill
and I took it upon the hand and began to play
cards and thinking anything about the bank and
shutting out of my pocket and before I got through
the game the cleaner found of an officer and let
upon me and my pocket search and the bill and
the handwritten letter and I was taken before
the justice of peace who ordered me off to jail.

and the appearance of court as I was going towards the
jail I held the hand cuffs from my side and asked them not
to all my trouble in the country in 1866 and made my way
to Buffalo street until I past the grasse yard where lay
my father as I put the laying remembered that I was not
there as the grave yard that gave me the last day advice
although I swor to myself that I should be home in
appearing to one from the moment. I had the laying in
time in 1866 and I released them in a hand
and at the same time saying to one this that I told
you to read when I closed they in death is that the
law putting you are reading is that the fact I had not
to you before my body to back for in the grave yard
was the laying thing of my heart when I put the bill
down here my father heart so hard as I layed
and I have in time and times I have on without
defending or denying a man. I remember the day
when the very word of my father name was mentioned
all the care was from a good matter and all the affi-
ments of a letter could not keep me from a deal of
jailing the grave yard from across the middle of
led directly to some sort of interaction on gaining the door.
He told Anna to pick the money bag and be careful of the
insults to her. She went to the door, and had just made many
jokes about the stranger’s behavior, she found only the money
and kept it out of the way.
After making arrangements right with the old man,
I went back to the hotel and played cards till we slept the
night and was taken by the constable and brought
to jail and charged with some fifty or sixty
dollars, which was the price he advertised himself.

Somewhat reduced in stature, he addressed me,
expecting to get what he could from me. I
was not surprised to find that he had
traveled extensively and was
able to talk about the
adventures he had gone through, and the old man was
not the least bit put off by this. He
was, in fact, a bit excited as the old man was
getting into the adventure. —I saw what

He felt close to the old man, an intimate of mine, and
suddenly appeared to be in a state of excitement.

The old man had just come from St. Louis and
was returning back to the city of Washington.

The old man who had just come from St. Louis and
was returning back to the city of Washington.

He felt close to the old man, an intimate of mine, and
suddenly appeared to be in a state of excitement.

The old man had just come from St. Louis and
was returning back to the city of Washington.
for you. Let me know by tomorrow. I stop being here at the Eagle Toilet and day after tomorrow. I aim to start from your yard with the hundred in my pocket and aim to drive off his men in the bank we go up to the many yard and here not at a sailor and play the shot game on one of those sailors until I win about seven hundred and then I shall go to England and sitting in a palace, he would have you call my name if I have charge it and if everyone here to get close don’t feel to come down to yard and be sure to come to the many yard and tell for Don the Bowler for that is my name come to trust him, you give a call to me please I leave the directions with her for you if the judge only sends you back to the royalty may be sure that I will be there with a../../bation, twenty four hours after you get there and help you away, my brother said. I after very hot here a few more weeks on my back with the salt then you will come and help me away till you let him once with his hand to offer again and put the weight of the salt on your back and if coming the better he might minute. I will send one of those bullets in his heart. Shaming me his head just to the stone it won’t fail to write to me after you get your assistance and let me know whether they send you back to the ship. So I can be in time to give you my assistance and help you away—don’t forget the name of Robert. Bowler, a man with a mustache, said I knew that the salt will come to your head and get don’t give way to grief. Rob he keeps up a good heart, you know it, but the sailor says a short life and a short time never have yourself at the same just me more than courage and speak at the first one but insult you let your pistol crack his heart don’t forget my name. Don that hot and ship see letter and I will expect to see here take the ten dollars note and make good use of it. Don’t forget the name. Rob. Bowler. His brother says, May God bless you and the English ship turn the decks round in the head of his last and didn’t second thought had struck him. Where is that son of a— that took you
...
before the court and hear my indictment read and the charge that was laid against me. There I stood a long time only at the age of thirteen. It was agreed to make an arrangement before the judge and jury to hear what my doom would be and to hear the angry sentence of the judge; a stinging up my doom and consigning me away to a dark and a gloomy prison there to become the inmate of hard and rude treatment and often times to be lashed down with belts and chains and heavy shackles. As I entered the court there the people stared and gazed upon me and my unhappy comrades as though we were a crew of animals. The Court being called to order our indictment was read and the district attorney orders us to be ready for our trials on the following day and sent us back to jail. There was nothing in the whole to be tried and I knew that it would take a whole week to live in and I sent for Miss Miterman to come down to the jail and see me before the expiration of the weeks and before my doom would be pronounced in the following day Miss Miterman made her appearance at the jail door and when I told her anything that took in her favor that she could do for me—she put that question to me. I began to reflect a little and to see if I stood in need of her assistance; I read though it was through the means of Miss Miterman that I was standing between an iron grated door and her yet I stood in need of her help and assistance—so I said that you don’t bring me out and mention my name and I will do all that may be in my power for you. I suppose you have no lawyer Robert—Miss Miterman replied after a little reflection of what I had said and received the house of refuge and that I wasn’t a wife to be sent back there to answer for the charge that I had made and to receive millers and trespassous punishment upon my name for that was the rule in the House of Refuge in those days if there made there escape and one got back
He had to bear his own punishment and the other two—Mrs. Mutterman, Ipswich. Then the lawyer said, is to plead my case to a lawyer to stand between me and the person who has sworn to be a witness against me, to go to my house one kind word time or to put any encouragement before me. Then Mrs. Mutterman—I will go and engage a lawyer for you, but mind and say nothing to any living person where you got the money from or from whom you received the handwriting, as the said Mrs. Mutterman, said to go away and seek a lawyer who would take my case in hand and if possible rescue me from becoming the inmate of the House of Affligyn;—Mrs. Mutterman said:—as the hazard to go may if there is any possible means of your devising to make as if the House of Affligyn. With you would it for it will save me from a severe punishment she inflicted upon me. And taking it down, he presented me to her majesty directly toward the lawyer's office and employed him as my counsel. The hours past away before the girl returned, and at the sound of one her footstep and Mrs. Mutterman appeared at the parlor door, Mrs. Mutterman asked me a few questions and engage the young age he gave me the following advice—boy said he you are nothing but a mean boy and as the money and handwriting I found in your possession and can have no other evidence when you got the said property, my last advice is to your case is 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, but the statement of Mrs. Mutterman into my trouble—boy told me the lawyer just follow the direction and I had to think you and that will put an end to the whole case and made your influence a great deal lighter. So saying Mrs. Mutterman adds, the boy said I had him. I had him with hair and hand with Mutter from the corner to keep me from
being sent back to the house of Bridgeman where I
would have to suffer under the burning heat of the
sun, and feel the effects of it on my person. I was at
last sent into a small room with some other
persons, and was locked up into a small cell. A
short time after, I was put into a small room
with a few other prisoners, and I remained there
for some time. I was then conducted to the
court-house, where I was placed in a small cell.

In the mean time, I was conducted to the
court-house, where I was placed in a small cell,
and was there kept a prisoner. The judge,
who was a very severe and cruel officer, sent for
me, and asked me what I had to say in my own
behalf. I told him that I was innocent of the
charge, and that I had done no wrong. The
judge, however, did not believe me, and sent
for some witnesses, who were examined before
him. They testified against me, and I was
condemned to be whipped. I was then
conducted to the whipping-post, where I was
whipped in public. I was then taken to the
gallows, where I was hanged. I then lay there
dying. I was then taken to the grave, where I
was buried.
the assembled crowd to wish I had just come above. I pleaded guilty to the whole charge and so there awaiting to hear my doom-what will and where my lot would be—while I sat there I heard the trial of those Robbers—sanguinary, malicious, and base, whose thieving and thieving—robbing all being over we were banded together again and sent back to the jail till the next morning after which we were to come and hear our sentences pronounced and our future prospects blighted and whipped for ever—ah, the sorrowful morning when brought many a sorrowful cry and supplications from the eyes of my companions who was to suffer with me and part under the same torture on our entering the court there was had such a press over me through the crowd who had gathered there to hear our sentences pronounced as I entered the door there I was creosoted with a cigar in my mouth and had hot cash on me—looking independent as though there was of the son of some lord or duke—court being called to order the judge called my name and told me stand up he then asked me if I had anything to say why The punishment 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 this and crime and that I looked to him as a smart intelligent boy—judge Samson then asked me my age—then kissed my hand in the book of blame I was afraid to give him my signature for fear of being sent back to the jail and I told him that I was fifteen years old—my signature said he will be two years hard labor in the penitentiary prison and be sent up my doom by saying that he hope that the lie years of my sentence would bring around a solid information in my heart and character and that all of our sentences we were ordered to the jail to be ready to take the heat the next morning and make our search onward to our long and lone
Some Hermes—blot that crude and insolent white
French bitch, said insane as I just him. She is the
dirty little var—that took my money out of my pocket
and that poor little innocent darke has got to suffer
for her deal—I cursed my own inessen without
saying one word and left the court house with
ears streaming from my ears—as soon as I turned my
all I sat down and wrote the following letter to
Trmonger—

Rochester—May 17th 1868—

My dear and honest friend I have only time to
drop you a few lines—since my sentence
yesterday from Judge Thompson for the term of
two years across the long bridge— and if I were
able to get out I will certainly come down
and see you—what think you now old
have—I think there is God yet be careful as
all wrong is land may some day upon
you—so having some day that you will feel
very heavy in your fame catch—me think all
ship that the tender have fallen on 23 heavy

It's already and that so hard to convince it
that there is a God—what think you— as mental
means of a day—what think you— you may think
this to be a change biter—you spotting little feel
but be it true you that there is something notes
you will not like some day in another and I want
you to respond back to J— I better. Exact speak the
tradition in one of the principal keep of the
friend and perhaps I may get it. This is all at
presente and I have the honor to with great
respects to be your most humble and obedient
Servant—Your old—your friend—

After writing this letter and fulfilling my promise
closed it and sealed it and directed it to Mrs. Henry
in the City of New York and handed it to miss
Matthews who came down to me in the after
noon and who promised to post it the same day.
I meet morning on the second day of May 1868—thirteen of us in number bound down.
in town strong was put aboard the canal boat called James Savage and began our journey. The reader look, nineteen shipmates all working and making our way to a dock and a strong look at me nothing but a log at the age of twenty loaded down with chains breaking off to become the inmate of a dark house and slavery, looking prison—here I sit strait at one corner of the boat looking and having the pitiful sight and groans of Peter H. Wells wife and little children—proce, Peter how my heart bleeds in sorrow for you as I sit a grieving here upon. Six little children of yours who perhaps you may never see again or before the expiration of ten years shall roll over them able to feel of yours—your little infant of your heart may be trampling over the grave of the dead and ashes for the heart that covered her to remain—the feet of your wife may be seen a traveling over the sleeping dead and the soil may be mingling with her but all of the you can not read—what John Emerson you broken hearted looking from you, you are sitting alone in a reading that little hat went with never to return you you before you lift up and will you proceed with a solemn oath read and study carefully during the two years you have to pass with one reader. John and though you are a prisoner the book bottom of my heart I say may God bless you—look at that hard rough looking face old Jones that laugh and grin and cut up his shelves—laugh on your kind hearted all dont you know and or bosses five long years drag over your fate your laughter will be turned into sadness what have happy John Emerson feels he get religion before he left the last and
made his private treaty of secession, that he would live for God during the rest of his days and die for God: and happy were those who sat and saw his face: he was a cherisher of his beautiful voice and singing, 

I tell you of none of these narratives, for the time for such trifles

Thus did we press our way on until we came to the neigh house and chink who was downed to a sickly prison, for ten years; his wife and little bright-eyed children, each a kiss, and a shake of the hand— and a father's advice, they got off the boat and stand upon the neigh back until the boat was ready to start. I shall never forget the looks of that bleeding heart woman as she stood there with a weeping, and holding the last of her husband—and holding a little infant in her arms and free from
little skeletons clinging and clinging a hold of her dress as the boat shot out of the dock she took us each by the hands and from her trembling heart she said may God be with each one of you and spare your lives to come from your gloomy prison better men than you are now thus passing slowly along we reach montezuma in three days just as the sun was throwing her last glittering ray over the tops of the trees falling off at montezuma the sheriff hired two wagons the same night and at the hour of nine we found ourselves enclosed within the walls of a gloomy prison as we entered the office the guard who was on night duty went up stairs and in a few moments made his return followed by an elderly looking gentleman whose locks was white as the drifting snow this gentleman was Cap. Cask the principal keeper of the prison Cap. Cask order the guard to search our packages and take us before and there our iron was cut off after getting our iron pleased off the guard in a rough and harsh manner he was to follow him in one week until we came to a halt in front of a dark gloomy lonesome looking dungeon on locking the door he gerked it open and order us to go in and lay down on the hard wooden 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 safe he order us not to make any noise or motion through the night nor not to speak one word if one did so he should hear from it with sorrow in the morning Reader could you but witness the tears the graces and the sighs that went from that gloomy dungeon that night it would melt your heart the night more slowly away and at the hour of half past six the bell rung for the prisoners to get up and get ready for to do that big heavy day works that had to be done 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 locked us and ordered us to follow them out into the kitchen where we must to be shored have our hair cropped close to our heads and change our clothes and have the real uniform State prison marks on this raged and equipped in the robes of disgrace we are ready to enter the hall with the jailer, keeper and stand before the clerk who puts the following questions to the convict, which he must answer—how old are you—where were you born—what county did you come from—and relate the crime that you are charged with—are your parents living and are you a married man how many children have you—and what kind of an education have you—are you a Temperance man or intermence are your parents religious and did you ever attend a Sabbath school how many times have you ever been in a county jail or shanty town times have you ever been fined—have Convict how low he hangs his head is the sight of shame as the clerk put the question to him and asks him if he is a Temperance man—has shame the rebel strikes and how he starts to answer the question—how the thought strikes his heart like a dagger as he stands there and thinks that only a few nights since when he had returned from one of his drunken sprees that his clumsy and heavy old hand struck the knife of his bosom in his face and made him carry a pair of black eyes for a long time and the impatient official had the heart to uplift his cruel hand at his master—of that old mother who had taught him right and day—and I tender reader that he bowed his head in shame when the clerk put that question to him—The reader will understand that I am now introducing him to the prison and the rules and regulations and modes of punishment as they were in 1840 when I first entered the prison—and as I have just entered the prison let me leave the reader here and give him an introduction to a faithful and a faithful old soldier who stood upon the prison and keeping watch night and day he is a true old soldier I have been acquainted with him ever since I was
So high—ever since I was a boy of thirteen years old and I was acquainted with Mr. Cray his daughter until I was able to give the reader a history of this old soldier’s life and his adventures, his feats and his character. Together with his career and down fall and his everlasting ruin and destruction—When this old fellow first went into the prison the Warden and the inspectors took so much interest and delight into him that they placed him higher above any of the officers of the prison—And though it was strictly against the rule of the prison in those days for either convict or officer to smoke within the walls of the prison yet they broke over their strictest rules themselves and allowed this 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 over 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 hurrying there stormy darts and those pestly nights at him—how my heart has yearned and almost melted within me when I have been standing for a long time a looking at this poor old fellow and the sad condition to which he is place in and the sufferings to which he will have to endure until the almighty sends a thunder bolt and knocks him from the high and lofty position to which he now stands many has been the cold and stormy night when both King and guard has been reposed quietly in the arms of sleep that this destitute old fellow has stood his match like a brave man. The mid night air and the stormy winds have swept and bowed over his head—thunder bolt
and lightnings has playd before his face—snow flanks and beating rain has come a pelting down on him—the glittering sun has thrown its scorching rays on him. The shadow of the Almighty hand has just over his face yet the old fellow heeds them not—neither does he pay any respect to them—Why the old hatcher looks to me like a proud haughty old fellow—and if I were for that devilish old fiend in his mouth I should respect and like him as much—Look Reader straight and firm he stands—See how he holds up his head and defies the sun to search him or the thunder—Wast 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 every one—but by and by the old fellow got sick of liquor and looking at himself all cast in rag and thinking of the country that he was bringing up on his family he dash the deep stain of drunkardness from his character and in the course of a few years he received a high station in life—Reader I like that dutiful and brave old soldier for one thing—that is because he is a temperance man—I believe he hates a drunkard for he wont look at a drunkard—neither can he bear the smell of liquor—nor is he one of those that gears and slows at poverty nor mixes or mingles with riches—one cold frosty morning just as the keepers was coming in all bundled up in their over coats twisting and turning their heads at a small blow of a southerly. I had to hear off in one corner where no officer could see me and laugh heartily what a jest they made at a little breeze of wind that came a fanning there faces. While the poor old fellow had been a standing the cold watch of the night—dutiful old soldier—said to myself one winter day you have outrun many a antiquated storm and stuck to your duty like a faithful yeard and yet they have never supplied you
with an over coat—see how clean he keeps his musket 114 and how strict he is to be right on the spot at the precise hour of duty. I don't believe the sergeant ever had to speak a word to him about keeping his musket clean or about being on duty at the precise hour—there is not one had much about this fellow-nick I don't like much—and that is he hates to march—he won't look at it. I believe the old chap would rather cut the buttons off of his coat and sell them than to march. Why reader if you spoke to him about musket he wouldn't listen to you—may he wouldn't look at you—now he puts me in mind of some of those contractors who come in the shops a puffing and blowing as though they had done a heavy days work to buy heavy and tedious burthen upon the convicts shoulders to do—let they themselves get so much as duty these little fingers with it—As I stood a gazing at this old soldier one day the Hadden he got to pass me and I had a good notion to put the question to him and ask him if he thought that an old soldier would stand so firmly and hold upon the field of battle and face—no deadly enemy of duty call him faint—laid being a little afraid of insulting and hurting the old soldier dignity. I did not put the question to the Hadden. How many more years this honorable old soldier has to stay in there with his musket at his shoulder and unable to tell—but reader many will be the cold winter nights and many the hot bleeding days—many will be the loud thunder that will clap and rap over his head—and many will be the forked lightening that will play before his face before he drops from his lofty white throne—when I cast my eyes on the old chap he put me in mind of a song with a little Shepherd boy struck up and sung one day when he was a boy on the green plains attending his father's flock. His song was about one of these old fellows and reader the Hadden he says the song—they have ears but they hear not, they have feet but they walk not, they hands have they but they handle not, they have nose but they smell not, they have mouth but they speak not, and the very man that made them is liken unto them—ye brave and
praised and doubted old fellow—though you might stand firm
and bold upon the field of battle and to meet the deadly enemy face
and face and never dodge at the crack of a musket—now climb at the
broad, round of the cannon when she was playing the balls and throwing
the shot bumble-bees in your face—yet you brave old fellow you
let me tell you that the terrible day is coming when you will
fall from the position in which you now stand and though you
have face of the stormy winds and stood the cold blast of the night
yet a hand stronger then the minds and colder then the mid-night
are will know you from where you now stand and dash you
to the ground and you will melt away like wax before the burning
blaze and your everlasting destruction and destination will be
dealt up for ever—

These now introduce the reader to this venerable old soldier

crossed who stands upon the top of the prison—let me now take
yourultiply by the hand and lead you through the dark and gloomy
old castle—look on the left as you enter the main gate and your eyes
will be dazzled with a garden of rich flowers—cast your eyes on the
right as you come in and you will see trees on your cherry and
peanut trees that are beginning to fall and decay along—keep straight along
until you reach the wall and cast your eyes up over the door on your
left hand side where you will a little board up on the door in large
Capitol letters which says clerk's office stop in and throw your hand
in your pocket and pull out a quarter and hand it to him and
he will present you a ticket—hich you must hand to the sergeant
and he will provide you with a guard who will conduct you
through the prison—let the reader will remember that I am conducting
this visitor through the prison as it was in the year 1840—the sergeant
has now provided you with a guard—he takes his hand on the iron
lever and the old iron door swings upon its hinges and lets you out
into the next thing—passing along a few steps you just cross the dark
and gloomy cabins where the prisoner hours to take up his silent
and solitary ahead at night, leaving the dark and lonesome night where every thing looks dim, dull, and cold—The guard brings you out into the cooper shop where you see men rigid in striped clothes of shame and disgrace—A toiling and laboring and wearing the heavy hearters of a hot summer day—from the cooper shop he leads you into the tool shop where stands in a slanting position against the wall and high window the light without a light enough to do business in the shop they make plans and build a path from the dusty old shop he leads you out into the glen air where you have a chance to brush a little of the dust off of your nine dress—crossing the road the guard leads you into the weaver shop where you may see some weavers hands at work a weaving carpets from this weaver 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 the smiths hammer comes bounding heavy in your ears leaving this 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 in 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 the eyes will be dazzled with furniture of every description and with a振兴 mind think you you would have to sit in your partners face if you were going to buy—From the cabinet shop your conductor leads you into the stove 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 choke up with smoke and dust in the shop they make frames and carry on silver plate in the frame shop the guard leads you into the stout wing where every thing looks black and dark as mid night and the convicts have to take up his military boots and smoke out the long and lose some nights of his time—leaving them dark and chilling looking cabins the guard leads you into the dining room where you see the tables all set with seven or eight hundred wooden plates as you pass on
spic soon find yourself in the kitchen where the guard usually shows you a kettle of soup and a pot of mush, a few of beef and a piece of brown bread. If you are a particular friend of the guard, he will take time to fetch for the Warden, and get his permission to conduct you up into the hospital. Mind you have got to be his boy. Identical and particular friend, you can get a peep at the face of your dying youth, who is just as swelling and fighting hard with the enemy of death. He has not once in his cases you have been passing through the shops. Have you told them to him, and try to bring back to his mind the happy days of your boyhood and youth—have you brought to his remembrance some well-remembered tale which you used to sit and spin in your father's log cabin during the long winter nights. Does he ever remember the tale yet? Does he remember you yet? Has he forgot the song with you and him used to be a humming over as you both used to sit along together by the 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, solemn, boding step in his hand and conducts you to the hospital on ward—on ward. Your feet enter the threshold of the hospital door. How black and dismal everything looks. How still and silent is everything around you. Not a sound or a life is heard through out the room—out a smile hangs on your face as you stand between the leaving and the dead. Everything looks neat and clean—every man that is able to sit up is bringing back in his chair with his hands under his chin and his elbow resting on the bed and seems to be a doting over his hand allotment and the condition with he is placed in—lying your eyes at the farther end of the room you see a young man a fishing away under the awful and dreadful disease of consumption and are before you pass, sets in the next—be 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 and cruel with a heart of pity and compassion—and as you step down the stairs and through the wings, 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, dreadful, and dismal—and with a broken heart you tear from the dark scene with you have just witnessed—and with a rebel of thought—trembling into your mind—the guard conducts you back to the Hall from whence you first started from—and before you know where you are you are bounding and skipping through the Hall and into the open streets where you begin to sniff the fresh air and brush off some of the stale prison dirt that still hangs and clings to your clothes which you got on you as you passed through the Should inspect the work and gase of the unhappy branded inmate of a dark and gloomy prison.

I have now conducted my reader as a visitor through the gloomy looking old castle—and took the pains to conduct him through every department of it as it was in the year 1540—I shall now lay out the rules and the regulations of the prison as it was in 1540—and continue on with my history and the improvements that has been made within the prison from that time up to the present time which is 1553—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 1540 were more strict and severe and laid up to them they are now for I must confess with an open and an honest heart that the Auburn state prison is a paradise to day then what it was then as the reader shall see in the following chapters—in the first place the convict—must not strip his hammock and go to bed until the bell rings at eight o’clock—he must then strip off his clothes from 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 lie up and dress, and be standing at
his door in readiness so as when the keeper comes along and
raises the lever of his door he may push it open and come
out—he must not have a knife or a fork either in his
cell or tuck about his person—he must have no book
 slate, arithmetic nor nothing in his cell but his bible
and tract and spoon in his cell to eat his mush with—
he must hang up his bed clothes every morning when he
first gets up, and not let them be seen on his bed or
the number of his cell is taken down and handed to the
keeper—and the convict may think himself a lucky
adventure if he gets off with a dozen scratches on his
back with the old cats paws—when marching we must
keep close together with our arms folded and our heads
to the right our heads bowed and our eyes looking down
upon the ground—when sitting at the table we must
keep our arms folded and our heads bowed with our eyes
directly down on our dishes before us—not allowed to
touch a knife or a fork or to unfold our arms until
the bell rings as a signal for us to eat—must not pass a
piece of bread or meat or a potato from one man to
another either behind you or before you at your right
hand or at your left hand—it makes no odds how
loud your companion may want it— you must not hand
it to him—for if you do—off comes your shirt and less than
a minute the time you are suffering under the pains of the
cats and you are paying the penalties for breaking over the
rules—if you have once then you want to eat hand it
to the warden and he will give it to the next man that
wants it—must not take any provisions out of the
table with your to the shop—Must not selling your
Hammock on Sundays without a direct Written
order from the Doctor—must not be seen a running through the yard when sent from one shop to another on some errand—when gain through the yard on any particular business you must keep your arms folded and your head bowed towards the ground until you reach the place of your destination—must not be seen a tinkering in your cell—must not be seen with a pocket in your pants coat or vest—must not look up 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—hey come through to gore and stare at us and not us at them). No reader, we are not allowed to look up at that all aged another or faster who perhaps are passing through the shops and who-presents we may never see again on this side of the grave—there big foot points with they have left behind them seem to be sneaking to us—When in church we must keep our eyes directly on the chaplain and not be a gazing around us—must not speak a word or look up at the inspectors as they are passing through the shops—must not speak to the convict—must not talk with out it is in the present 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 over whose head fifty years has already swept it blasted minds into your face—what are you gain to do now for tobacco been a chewing the old cud for more than fifty years and now you have got to throw the old soldier one side oh—it comes down hard upon you don’t it old man—ain’t you sorry you come here old fellow oh—been up to see the doctor yet old chap about your cud—did you tell him that you couldn’t do with it—oh—did you just on a long face and tell him that you
Man continued sick to your stomach—well what did he say, ha ha tell 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 joke upon you here old fellow—Sorry you come at last Eh—God bless you old fellow. I feel sorry for you and sympathise with you in your lone condition and your hard allotment. But let me tell you old man that you will see lighter and harder times than these a rolling and seeking over them silver locks of yours before the expiration of these your time. Reader do you want to know how these old fellows used to do when theymastard up for tobacco—he thinks I hear you say—Well then, when one of these old fellows would be a rolling 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 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 end up and straighten himself up. He would then give another side look to see if anyone was watching him and seeing no one the old chap would on button his coat and thrust his hand into his bosom and pull out a dirty looking piece of paper where he had a down mix of the same kind of old soldiers and wrap it up as careful as though it was pure gold and store it away in his bosom button up his coat passion with his head down and his arms folded as though nothing had happened—Looking for more of the same kind—When I will now lay out the
regulations of the prison as it was in 1840. There were then ten
ships again each had been let out on a contract to which I give the reader a list of—

A list and the names of the different ships in 1840.

The Cooper-Ship—
    Joel—do
    Weave—do
    Home—do
    Cabinet—do
    Shae—do
    Sailor—do
    Machine—do
    Comb—do
    Ship—do

These ships was built against the wall in a sloping position
with tiny lights in the roofs of them and in a very bad condition,
letting the water down through the roofs on the convicts work in
stormy weather. They had been standing for many years and had
began to decay all ready—and a few more years would brought
them a falling and crumbling to the ground—the whole prison took
up fire across 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 till the expiration of our sentences—and
on the fourth day of that beautiful and soft month—We was
summoned in the presence of the clerk to go through our prison examination
after the clerk had ask six different number questions the keeper
brought us before the Doctor—who ask us the following questions—

Where are you from—What is the crime that you are charged with.
How old are you—Are your parents living—Where was your home—Was you ever under a religious Education—Was you—
ever sick—Did you ever have the small-pox—did you ever have any of your bones broken—did you ever have any bad disorders about you—are you a well and a healthy man—have you a wife and children—How many times have you ever been in a county jail—how many fines have you ever had laid upon you—ah are you a temperance man—look Reader see the heavy head old scamp bow his head see that big tear that stands a glistening in his eyes and almost ready to drop as the doctor puts the question to him and asks him if he was a temperance man—After the doctor had gone through this exercise and examination I was separated from each other and taken off to the shops where the moment allowed I hardly to look at each other for fear of a severe punishment—I was fortunate enough to get in one of the best shops in the prison where 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 ungracious manner ask me what my name was and where I was from and how long I came for he then told me that he was going to lay out some rules to me which he expected I should live up to and obey after giving me these rules to me he showed me the cat of nine tails and told me that if I broke even 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—jah you old tyrant you said I to myself as I sat there in this wretched condition—jah you old villain you who cares for your own rules who cares for you or your cats—why you old pimp you said I to myself I have gone under them little fellows many a day—I have gone under the treatment of these little cats pausing 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—and 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 steps of footsteps in the yard behind me—and in a moment I could see 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 here for two years. Sir said. Then said he that's nothing we will make a man of you before that time—there all are gone—thirteen Sir said. 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 caution me said he that none of these older inmates don't get the upper hand of you and lead you astray. Look out said Mr. Tyler that they don't play their skilful influence over you and you yield yourself to them bad examples. There's many a dare devil杜绝 in her that will lead you into trouble and laugh at you in the end. Look out for them as he said these words to me and gave me such a lesson of good advice he threw his hands into his pockets and made his way out of door—oh dear I cried. How? Sobs—How my lips quivered. When Mr. Tyler mention my father's name—a convulsive sob and tears came rushing down my dark cheeks as I heard the sacred name of my father mentioned. Taking my seat again I covered my face with both hands and gave way to a full flood of tears and sat in this condition until the bell rung for dinner. The men all fell in there respected places formed into a single file placed there arms and sat the grand go on they marched off to the dancing room to fresh themselves with coarse rough grub—now as I peeped through the dancing.
room. I had a by chance of looking some of the convicts in the face to see if ever I had ever seen any of them before, but I hardly seen a new face much much strange to me I recognised some blooming little faces which I had seen in the House of Refuge. I received winks from many an eye that had witness the punishments I received when a boy in the House of Refuge. Many was the dark and blooming eyes that I saw in that gloomy prison that had witness that awful and cruel punishment to such strong men and I got through the means of that black hearted Thorn King among eight hundred prisoners three 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 Zack Williams and Thom Moore Joe Cartel and Harry Williams Willie Jones and share Friend Wm. Edwards and alemany Black-all one little Williams and strains 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 follow in the high roads of Vice and Crime and was now inmates with me in a dark and gloomy prison. In the afternoon the contract put me to work beside a black man that was all the time full of his devilments and told him to learn me how to make chair bottoms. very little chance that the nig could get be would come to my bench and pretend that he was showing me something about my work. Often at the same time he would be talking about something else which would make me burst out and laugh. One day this nig had said something to me quick made me laugh very much and cause the tears
to rush from my eyes; the Keeper happen to see this piece of fun again on and he called us both down and wanted to know what it was thattickled us so the nig confession what it was and the Keeper ordered him to pull off his shirt and he gave him a drub on his back—he then called me and ask me if his rules was so hard that I couldent live up to them or if I honestly meant to tread and trample them under my feet. I gave him no answer—and he ordered me to pull off my coat and best and leave my shirt on. I took off my coat and best and raising the lid of his desk he drew out a blue raw hide and told me to stand around fold my arms and with 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 and something else on my back which would make me bleed. He you want your old man to get up to yourself. I took my coat a crossing arms and went off to my work—so you want me over your cats or raw hide contains me when I must flinch—must flinch for you. I'll show the boys that I can stand their little presses just as good as a man can. So off I went to my work a muttering over something to myself that it was I don't remember for my bottom was burning with makes and my eye a flashing 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 which I was lucky enough to get milk and the keeper a seeing me quick after I got to my cell at night I opened it and read it and this was the contents of that note—

Will old truck cross the long bridge at last eh—been a looking for you a long time—come at last El—well beat out now for hard times and rough usage for they take delight in blaming the old cat here—look to yourself have had a风味 of the old man already. Here they feel old long El—more than them down to the dungeon. They show me respects to persons here rich or poor black or white they
Since them all a like look out—How long did they throw you for—Those you come from Rochester—Don’t fail to give me answer to this.

Yours respectfully,

Seymour 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 gave him the following answer:

The answer to my note

Those will have to see hard times here. Old boy, have to rush through ill-treatment and plough through rough and hard usage—have to eat coarse rough gruel—and stay the point of every cane and finger that comes pointing into my face and fall down on my manners at any blow the tyrant-like hand gives me with the cats—Oh ye blushing 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 glance of it and came and took it away from me and when I got back to the shop the keeper opened it and read it he then called me up and asked me concerning the note and why this Mills was and what shop he worked in. Then I 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—slept right up to the captain’s office, told the truth, paid my bill, by exposing the truth to him and the account was settled with seventeen light blows on my bare back with the cats. How firm I stood with my arms folded—during that sorrowful moment—never flinch—never flinch—never.
shed a tear but stood my ground and took it like a man— I must confess that the little fellows did him and sting me and I felt the pangs of those sharp cuts but to pluck would be madness to me. I know— what bemoans and swears I should had to met with if I played the part of a boy and bursted out and cried then again I know the praises that I would have if I stood still and was plucked at a dozen small blues— Now I am no man that makes light of suffering humanity— Nor am I no joker over pain and misery it wont a thing to be joked with. God bless you— you poor sons of sufferings 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 see

The poor and laugh heartily to see Land, a great tall, big, poster jump and fall down on his marrowbones give a loud scream at every blow and the keepers gave him. While I was watching the boy at the age of thirteen stood before the old tyrant and never flinched under the strongest blow that he gave me— after I had put on my shirt and gone back to my work one of the inmates pretended that he was showing me something about my work and at the same time began to encourage me and praise me up till we well I had stood the cats and to be careful of that nig that worked aside of me or he would get me into trouble every day— and the keeper has a face old friend and such like to wish. I told him that I didn't care for the keeper or his cats neither. Reader will you believe me the convict went right down and told the keeper what I had said— and again was I called up to answer for what I had said to that convict then with tears in my eyes I began to remember what Mr. Taylor had said to me and I fell in in a deep thought of reflection.

121r
It was a beautiful forth of July's morning that the golden rays of the sun came a shooting through our many grated windows. That I sat at the table in deep and melancholy thoughts and reflections that the weight of a big, heavy, hairy cane came plump a crossing sticks for handing the man next to me a piece of meat

Such I did not want after I got back to the shop, the keeper called me up before him (with he did no more care about then if I had never stood before him before for I began to get use to his calls) and ask me if I certainly meant to beaeve ever and never through the bright and golden rule of his. I tried to make some excuse for breaking our that rule. I had to find a mantise to cover the deed but all in vain. I had broken the rule and forgotten the advice of Mr. Tyler and now I was arraigned and stood convicted and must pay for the penalty of it by suffering under the binding and itching galls of the old cut and he lock in the dungeon untill the next morning. Never shall I forget that bright and pelting day of July as I was stravelling to the Hospital that I over took Mills 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 we was names and the name of the shop that me belong too on my returning back to the shop from the Hospital. I found that the release keeper had caught us talking and had reported us to our respected keepers for talking the keeper call me up to his desk and ask me whether young chap near that I was talking too and what me was talking about. I said to the officer that me dont by nor 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 telling to me, by Cook, the Warden of the prison came into the shop, and the Keeper took him one side and whispered something into his ear about me. 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. By Cook took his seat behind the keepers desk and in a rash and an ugly tone the Keeper called me in the presence of By Cook and said—this boy By is becoming a hardened convict; he is listening to the silly tales and counsels of the older inmates and following after dirty tricks and learning all the iniquities and miseries that are prevailing within the prison. He is letting these older inmates have an influence over him; and learning to play these mean and devilish tricks—and what to do with him I know not. I have whipped him until the blood came streaming from his back, and it appears to have no effect upon the boy at all. What to do with him? Sir, I cannot tell. I am tired of giving the lash upon his back—he is a smart boy and seems to have good reason and justifications—and if I let him lead the course that he is now a leading—he will surely become an hardened convict; and one day or another he will be led down with heavy chains and become the inmate of a dark and gloomy dungeon—What shall I do with By? I know no other way; to do only to put him over into your hands and into your hands I now place the hardened youth—take him and act out your own pleasure with him—the reader may have some idea of the feelings of my mind during that conversation of the Wardens and the Keeper—that I stood a nothing but a mean boy before the officers and crying-horses;—now eternal horse—of horses came beating and prattling upon my mind—you say I said By Cook to the officer—who stood with the cats in his hand—that you don't know what to do...
With your honor—Sir, the officer replied, it was only yesterday that I gave him a severe punishment and now I give the youth over into your hands that he may pass through hard and rough treatment—as the officer said these words these words, the Capt. asked him what kind of treatment I had been through beside the cold have you confine him in solitary confinement yet—Yes Sir, said the officer. I have confine him away to a dark and a gloomy dungeon and led him on bread and water once a day and it had no effect upon the boy at all and if he is allowed to go on in the path which he is now treading he will be the ringleader of all the thieves and crimes that are prevailing within the walls of a gloomy prison—into your hands, said Capt. Cook—will I commend you boy, see that you go under a hard and rough treatment with him first with the cold then after that give him over into my hands and I'll see what torture there is in the stocks—then if he keeps on leading the career that he now leads, the crush of the pistol shall prove his dutility—as Capt. Cook said these words the officer ordered me to pull off my shirt. I obey'd his authority and to off my shirt and he sunk forty and two blades into my back with the cache after I had put on my shirt. Capt. Cook ordered me to follow him—like a dog with his tail hanging down to the ground did I follow. This honorable 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 lust which they call the stocks and made my hands, feet and head fast so as I could not stir my body at all. These stocks where closed and made fast 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 see fit to open the door and let his captive free. It was late in the afternoon when, when I heard the heavy
Triumph of true officers making their way to the top where I
was thrown. The heavy weight of these came down upon
the floor and told me that they was the very men who had
condemned 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
face my way back to the shop in a penitent manner. While the
keeper kept close up at my heels with a big long iron chain. I was
in pain I was in pain and hearted to be in pain for a long time
enough to bring my head down upon the cold floor as soon as I
entered my cell, and through it was stilled against the
rule for the convict to lying his thump below the bell. I
lay down and told him to turn in yet so I paint and truthed no. I
that I laying my bed just as soon as I entered my cell. The night
hid came along and lock into my cell and found me crow up in bed
half a bed and then he come up here to the door and I
get up on my
hands and knees and creep to the door as well as I could, suffering
with pain at every inch I moved. The toll you go to bed said
the guard who gave your permission just don’t you know that it’s
against the rules for you to laying your thump down. He said I. The
pains and sufferings said I have endured this day has caused me to break
over the rules. Don’t care said he of a man I breathing his last breath
of life he is no business to break over the rules and get to bed. With out
permission get up in and put on your clothes in vain did I try
to read and excape with the hard and cold hearted devil but all
of my tears and begging and reasoning and rough and cruel treatment
wouldn’t make an effect on this cold hearted devil heart. In
went right off and get the keys of my cell door and on lock it and
ordered me to follow him down stairs, penitently and slowly did I
follow the doors down stairs while the cold clouds of blood
still clinging to my back, clutching my way down the stairs. He
led me out into the kitchen and order me to pull off my shirt. I stripped myself and turned my back around to towards the cruel Haunted guard and all the marks and blood that came coming from my back incessantly upon the heart of that guard, and he laid four light lashed 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 given my mind to a few thought of serious reflection—I was arroused from the revile of reflections by a kind and a sweet voice that struck upon my ears like a hand 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 Sir said I as I extended my black paws into his milk white hand—You look very pensive and sad this evening said the chaplain your look so as you have just been through trouble today—yes sir replied I have been drinking out of the cup of sorrow today and now tonight I'll have to taste the bitter brand of pain—talking with me on the subject of religion for a few moments, the venerable gentleman ask me how old I was and if my father and mother were yet alive—He said I am thirteen years of age and the green grass is now waving in 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 tene nor distance can tear 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 missed and how I cried when I heard the secret name of my father and mother mention as the Chaplain stood in front of my iron grated door he seemed to me like a new-born angel sent from the portals of the sky to come.
and to lock the prisoners door, on bind his chains and let the prisoner free— he corner—yes reader he comes to my dark and gloomy cell where I am crying and brings words of peace and joy— he comes to buoy up the down trodden heart of the prisoner and smooth his soft hand over the striken brow—he is my friend and to him I can unfold all my sorrows and grief and on his shoulders can I lay my heavy weight of sorrows and it is him that will hear them dying to the bleeding cross—he is the best friend the convict ever has armed 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 sings and sings with him a friendly manner speaking kind and soft words with seeming near to the convict the reader must remember that the convict has to hear harsh words spoken to him while prison and a kind word from the chaplain and a kind look and the shade of the hand which be don't very often meet with or in the old devil's heart some and makes him weep and shed many a sorrowful tear he is the one that has to point that harken old gray hair convict to the bleeding cross he is the one that tries to bring back to mind that Chargebeck young youth's mind the days of his Childhood when the master printed a prayer in a book upon his cursed lips reader if you are so unfortunate to become the inmate of a prison never oh never give a cross an angry look at the chaplain never curse him in your heart for if you do the birds of the air will carry the curse home to your title never speak a cross an angry word to him but in him will treat him kindly and he will treat your lonely cell and try to buoy up your down casted spirit and delight to do you good during the time you stay in prison and when you leave your gloomy old palace you will find in him a confidential friend who will sympathize with you in 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
Treadle that comes mingling down again brave—how often—
how often have I stood with my ears up to the ironed
floor of my cell and listen to hear the tromp of the chaplain's feet
as he left my lonely cell. The tread of his bare feet seemed to sound
like music upon my ears; how lonesome and desperate I felt
again when he was gone. I wonder the old prophet stretched
up a song and said, 'Thus saith the Lord.' These steps going
glide fading upon the end of the tunnel, thus, the Lord—it was a treble
down in the distance.

It was a bright midsummer day as I was marching from
the table; 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 recognized before. I found that it was the man
who had been the means of sending me to a dark and a
dying prison—with a burning passion. I long to get a chance to
speak to him but I found it impossible on account of the
restraint, I was in constant and piercing round to catch
my convict they could a talking four months had just away.
before I got an opportunity to speak to him—now more than
both patients in the hospital, and why but just right next to him the
 lint had a great opportunity of talking to each other. My God,
I asked, 'is this you, my boy, (this one said inerton), for
heaven sake, ale don't let my name, my name, my name, my name, you must now
call me by the name—name, name, name, name. I came here by—and what
name is that—said Mr. Holley, Thomas said inerton—hell and
damnation, said I to myself. I remember the youth now he was
once a boy, with me in the House of Refuge, the House of
witness, why didn't I betray the scoundrel in the court house and have his
name rejected the scoundrel. I have known him to be a thief and
a larceny from his brother, foot, foot, foot, accused foot, that I
was. Why didn't I betray the scoundrel and I wouldn't been here.
a mingling with the young billians today—just as it was for me to late to betroop my new inven to the policeman let alone a little chat together for now some time and the curtain of darkness is covering the land—well Rob didn’t know me when me sat together in miss Bunterنع House the did know that you and me had both eaten at table and stood in one step down to the House of God—Eh didn’t know that when you sat in the court House I knew you Rob but you didn’t know me—but pizen my old coat Rob said er en or Fuzz I thought the y set sure a sitting down here—cause just you was Rob to take the blame of that damn infernal little W—-and come down here to prison to pass a penurious life—Why didn’t you let the trial go on and I would have and the duty little blight in a dark and a gloomy prison and clear you from the scrape altogether—never mind inven said I—-I have only a few more months to step than I break out into the world again to mix and mingle with old companions—-well Rob God help you boy S—-I wish I was again with you said inven for I know where I can make a crack of ten thousand all in gold—but my complaint is sol ded that I am afraid that I shall never be the outside of them wall again these iron and to leg a talking till the the time of midnight the second day unfatted me the cracks and Burglary he had made all the pistols he had loaded and discharged at Travellers and he was he had laid cold and sunken with stone beneath the running waves and closed up his dark catalogue of crimes by telling me that he came to get here in prison—inven was about the age of eighteen and in good circumstances when left the community here he had been up to burglars and spent his money in the pursuit of infame and frequenting these places of hell until he became the prey of a deadly disease—last he told me he was character his finest committted a crime which brought him to a gloomy prison and then he stood with the right mark upon the platform of mess and an inmate with one in a dark and a gloomy prison.
The deep print of shame and misery was stamped deep into my face, and I bore the shameful mark of Cain upon my forehead and the curse of a fugitive and a vagabond was printed deep upon my brow, and I seemed the inmate of a gloomy prison, pick up that piece of meat for do you hear me pick 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 crashing head which caused my head to turn for some minutes after take that boy and convey him away to the dungeon said one of the officers—yes you damn black hearted curse said I does he inspectors allow you to up you over their heads with your cane and break those skull in do you hear me echo the horrid taunt of the keeper again do you hear me take you boy and lock him up; two officers steps up to me and took me by the coat collar and led me away to the dungeon—there I have suffered enough through your tyrannical hands said I and I am not going to stand it any longer—put up this up or I'll knock your brains out with my cane said one of the officers—you dare not you dare face beating devil you—you insolent said I As I drew a knife from my bosom which I had concealed I'll lend you by and by young boy said a horrid looking tyrant this dungeon is lighter then your black hearts said I in madness and your hearts and cruel deeds is darker then this dungeon and your character is blacker then your hearts present that knife sir into my hands said the officer I must sir 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 go East as he approach my dungeon door with the chaplain at beside the knave said the officer I went by the heavens I went
give it up—the knife or I’ll strike you dead on the spot. Said the officer as he raised his cane to strike me—stand back said I or I’ll plunge you to the heart—close in on him said Big Cack—and as he said these words one of the officers made his way towards me—and I stood my ground and my knife drawn in my hand refusing to give it up—the pistol said the one of the officers. Big 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—hold Cack said the chaplain as he rushed forwards and stood between me and the officer. I asked you in the authority of these officers said the chaplain for that knife and I hope that you will deliver it into my hand. The hand and kind words of the chaplain brought the knife from my hands into his. Dick 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 got ready to tend to me. What did I tell you Big Cack said the officer as he stumped my door to and took the key on me. What did I tell you I didn’t told you that you boy should become an hardened convict if he was left to himself. It those cursed and infamous inmates said the officers that have been a blustering there. Silly tales in his ears and those cunning influences have been playing and shadowing over his mind as the officer said these words to Big Cack—tell the boy 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 trample the leaves under my feet as the precious old book I never more have I thought of the—
Dear ever time I think of it and fear. That every ray of the contents which I had under last will rear up in the judgment day and condemn me having nothing more to do and no more injuries to commit on the plate. I sat in one corner of my cell and covered my face with both hands and gave way to a flood of tears and silent reflections and these were my reflections. That I entered the prison with my mother's prayer printed upon my lips and my father's blessing upon my head and upon with good reason and an ample store of good education—but you, ye dear face lasting dolls have withheld my master prayers from my lips into ears. and treated my father's blessing from my head. Send with a heaving, terrorizing club and took away from one all the good reason which God had endowed one with. An cruel and wickedretch of a boy said the chaplain as he approached my iron grated door and saw the leaves of my bible torn and scattered on the floor of cell floor. Oh cruel retch he echoed the second time. Have could you be so wicked and cruel to take up your bible and destroy the richest treasure that is given you here. Within the walls of a dark and gloomy prison wicked retch—the day is coming when you will have to answer for every word of that sacred book with you have trod on under your feet. As the chaplain said these words I bursted in a flood of tears and with a quivering lip I told the chaplain that it was those hard hearted officers that had made me hard and cruel and that they were preparing me for higher crimes and making me to become the fit subject of the gallows. Given me a few words of good advice he turned from my dark and
gloom my cell and left me to reflect over the scenes that laid
scattered at my feet. oh the horrors of that day came keening
in my breast as I paced my cell backwards and forth with
large drops of tears a dripping from my eyes cruel and
wicked words of a devil said I to myself in a burning
rage of anger after I had mused over my folly - wicked and
infernally scamp of a dog you have destroyed that humble
old monitor that learnt you. A. B. C - terrae 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
and humble old fellow there plead and counsel with me to unde the
roof of that humble old cottage of my childhood and birth and
when I left the land of my nativity there follow me to a
dark and a gloomy prison and now I have rendered the evil
for good - wretched and wicked - cruel and black hearted
wretch - when those cloths thin eyes in sleep the contents and
the counsel of that precious book shall haunt thee like a
thief in the night - when those art toiling and labouring
under the lancing 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 frosty hand to lead thee up to judgement
then the leaves of the bible shall be there as a witness against
thee - and a voice louder than ten thousand peals
of thunders shall say where is that book you threw away -
The prisoner confined in his cold gloomy cell
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.
Only had the regrets that Emitters his soul, he mourns on the hour that he first met a stay, and yielded his heart to the tempter. While dismay,--

Ah, now is the time to extend him your hand, to snatch from obversion the still burning brand, every man is the time, while he hast yet warme to list to disagree native and whisper reform--

Ah, 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 sit brooding on vice, and preparing for crime--

It was a fine beautiful mid-summers Sabbath morn when the town clock was striking the hour of eleven, that an ugly bare face looking officer came up to my cell and on looking my door he order 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 face looking fellow with pistols in these hands on tying my hands the officers order me to pull off my cap and stand by the desk and give an account of my misbehaviour at the table. I stood a trembling long before them not knowing where to commence on what to say. you have nothing to say. Said the second officer: no, no reason to give. why this pistol shouldn't be discharged at your heart and bend you a cross that most ocean neither no mortal is ever permitted to return again as he said these word he presented the pistol at my breast and was about ready to fire. When the voice of the third officer inter
him to hold a moment—You paid the officer me a bad boy and leading a base and a miserable life—you are listening to the silly gains of the older inmates and following their devilish deeds and learning there bad examples—You are bringing pain and misery upon yourself and preparing for the gallows as fast as time can let you—you have learnt the miseries and the iniquities of the prison and you are the ring leader of every vice and crime that prevails within the prison—your to your Bible to pieces and tramp the lead of it under your feet—Your put forth words out of your mouth which will rise up in the judgment 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 the pistol will end your career for once and all Will send you to that land where you will never see no more trouble—are you ready to resign yourself in the hands of tubing nature—said By Cook—Sir, Sir, Sir—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 cross that last sea of eternity which you will never cross again—the three minutes mac Sir is allotted you and the mortal shall take its everlasting flight—are you ready sir—one moment sir if you please said I as I threw my arms around By Cooks neck and with tears and loud sobs begged 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 and six two minutes shall roll on—they read the death take shall be told again did I fall down upon my knees and clasp my hands together and begd By Cooks 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 lesser punishment with the cats after consulting together for more then an half
Here I saw the request that Embitter his soul, he was taken to the hour of his last mortification and yielded his heart to the tempter's hideous way.

Here the officers ordered me to follow them to the kitchen on my arriving 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. friend, Mr. Love torture, Mr. Warrant and Mr. Cat bearer all consulting together to see whose duty it should be to inflict a punishment upon me with the cats according to the degree of the Warden of the bloody duty fell upon Mr. Cat bearer while Mr. Love torture stood by to keep count of how many heavy blows I got off with your shirt. Sir, said Mr. Cat bearer in a rough and an ugly tone of voice off with it, sir. I said lie I am going to kill an ear. Stripping off my shirt the tyrant curse bounded my hands fast in front of me and ordered me to stand around and turning my back towards him he threw fifty seven lashes on me according to the orders of Es Cook. I was then ordered to stand over the drainage while one of the inmates washed 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 effects that those tormented little creatures have upon the back when thrown upon the back of the sufferer the sting like the prick of a needle and when sunk deep the sufferer feels as though he had been bitten by the bite of
a dog or been scratch by the paw of a cat—the cat is 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 inerson in the hospital. That the rolling of his eyes and the heavy beat of his heart seemed to tell one that the hour of his dissolution was drawing to a close and that death couldn’t be standing at a far distance, the cold shake of his hand and the quivering lips of the dying boy seemed to tell me all at once that the cold might of death was fast approaching and there was but a step between him and death—inerson 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 Robin said the dying boy I feel the clumsy hand of death to work at my bosom now and ere the midnight hour he will have it home to the ground and my spirit will go a floating down the cold streams of death until it enters in the presence of him who gave it—How hard—how clumsy and heavy the old fellows hand feels upon me said the dying youth—hand me a drink said inerson 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 he snapping faster—sir inerson said sir How do you feel I feel said inerson 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 felt hand of inerson and told him that the mystery of that one day robbery that was committed under the roof of Miss Mitoomer.
Mardel. 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 yelling down the Stream—yea
wicked nearest you inerson said I have done you utter
such blasphemous oaths and wish when you are on the
very brink of that Stream which lies open to your view—
give me another drink Bob said inerson and I'll drink
in honor of your health—I handed the cursed nearest
another drink and his eye balls began to roll and flash like a
strike 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 life and up and dashed it to the floor.
Take that bible out of my sight and the firey looking eye
of inerson much was mingling with blood gave another
glance at the bible which he had dash to the floor and the
dying nearest turned on his back and a convulsive sob and
groan followed cries blasphemous oaths hell and damnations
proceeded from the lips of the dying inerson—a heavy hour a
loud and a mournful groan a horrible yell of murder
and the agony stretched himself out and expired while the
skull laugh upon that little body must must be hung it in
the presents of them that gave it—-- and his body was
given into the hands of the detectives this died inerson
within the walls of a gloomy prison under the fetious
name of Halsey Thomas—--

As I stood a leaning against a pile of boards one day
in the month of September and baking myself in the
sun. I was accosted by two handsome looking gentlemen
whose looks bespoke good nature and whose hearts seemed
to beat with pity, and sympathy towards me—what a pity
what a pity. I distrusted the silver hair gentlemen, what
a pity it is that you are leading such a hard and a miserable life bringing cruel tortures and punishments upon your self and listening to the advices of those that rejoice over your punishments and ill-treatment—last time a faster said Mr. Parsons—I keep cold and silent in the grave—and my mother said Mr. Therson—my mother said I a pointing with my fingers toward the land of my birth was a live when I left the land of my childhood—also said Mr. Therson there wept over the bed she had this night perhaps she will be a weeping for thee—as these two gent 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 I stood before these two gentlemen who appeared to befriend me and sympatize with me in my deep sorrow and distress no whipping cats nor torturing stocks no gloomy cells nor horrid dungeons no time no distance can eradicate, or make the sorrows of that day from my heart—no dare devil no no tyrant can make me forget the day that I stood a trembling youth before Mr. Parsons and Mr. Therson—he careful said Mr. Parsons that you ain't led away again by the evil hand of your enemies and have to suffer under the rod—naked little whit said Mr. Therson you tore the companion of your youth and guided up and trampled under your feet—the little black hearted devil the one of thy companion will cry to thee out of the ground until the day that it goes down to the grave—with a quivering lips I took up the words of Cain and said my punishment is more than I can bare—ugly and hard hearted they hast thou not learnt that the way of the transgressor is hard—and the rod said Mr. Therson was made for the fool's back—yea and the wicked said me forsooth 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 belonging that lays on my table at home. Sir, said Mr. Parsons, for I see they begin to shackle him and makes the tears come out of his eyes— as he said these words I wipe 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, I met with just what I expected from the inmates—and nothing but screams and sniffs and derisions was my companion during the watchful hours of the day. Long will I remember that good old gentleman Mr. Parsons and long will I honor the great hairs of Daniel Parsons. Many had been the long and bounteous nights when I have motion from my sleep and thought of them. Good counsel that was given to me in that September day by Mr. Daniel Parsons and when lock in a dark and a gloomy cell my thoughts has wonder back to the councils of that good old man that was lying asleep and slumbering beneath the cold clad—and these have been my thoughts—wonder if the honorable old man is wearing the payers crown and dust in that long and white robe a coming down to his feet, wonder if he is yet the golden harp and tumbrel in his hand and striking up one of those sweet songs with no dare devil on earth can never learn. Wonder if the honorable old man is waving his face and falling down with the four and twenty elders and given his homage to him that sits upon the throne forever, and ever. Wonder if he is walking upon that sea of glass and dolphin from that crystal stream, while his bones lays bleaching beneath the sands—Rest Mr. Parsons—Rest till thy bones shall crumble away to the last sand, and peaceful may thy slumber be until the last man shall bear in 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 1833. The officer came to my cell and on both the door and led me to the main cell, where I changed my stained clothes of disgrace and appeared before the clerk in a neat suit of citizens clothes and a little bundle went 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 a gazing out of the window into the street. While the clerk was asking me the following questions—What is your name sir—Where are you from and what is the judge's name that sentenced you—How long did you come for and what was the crime that you was charged with—Were you guilty of the charge—Were you ever in a prison before or in a county jail—Mast you ever lived—have you a wife and children—have you a father or a master a living did you have a trade before you came to prison—What employment did you follow or when you were out and what was you doing when you was arrested—have you an education could you read or write when you first entered the dock and prison 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 tellog me I can say that I am a temperate man—and I'll challenge the tallest angle in heaven to come down and square in the presence of him that put upon the home for ever and ever and say that he ever been one dip my life in the intoxicated bowl—after the clerk had ask us the above question he handed us a pen to sign our names on a strip of paper and gave us the following advice—be careful boys and dont fall into any bad Company that will bring you back here to prison remember that you can never commit a crime without being detected and the all piercing eye of God matches every movement you make with these marks he have 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; he bent into the open streets and stood there to
look and to be looked at—Mr. Smith, the clerk handed me
the portion of money that was allotted to me, he held out a
little testament in his hand and bade me take it and read it
and follow its precepts and choose it as the man of my counsel.

Just then a mother said, Mr. Smith—my mother was alive.

She said I was painting with my finger towards the recollection
of my childhood and birth—and with tears streaming into
my eyes—was a line when I left my native land—my
mother said Mr. Smith, have I stretched must she lie—he then
made a long pause and added—with tears in his eyes—go
to return to thy mother that thy mother may see how
pleasure when the sun rises in the morning and the
trees blossom in the spring—go cheer the broken heart of thy
mother and drive away the deep stain 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 treatment March—oh dear my heart beat highly
with joys and my eyes beamed with gladness as I tramp
towards the land of my nativity on the fourth day of may in
the year 1850—looking the latch of the odd cottage door
under whose roof I had been sheltered in the days of my infancy,
the pain was just a setting in the meat as I opened the cottage
door with the marks of trouble and care printed deep upon
my brow and the blooming heart of boyhood and youth a glittering
in my face— you look as though you had seen a heap of
trouble my son—said an elderly woman as she came from
her seat and threw her arms around my neck and planted a
mother kiss on my cheek and a flood of tears burst forth
from her eyes and her tears came dripping down upon my
shoulders—you have fetch this punishment all upon yourself
said my mother as I stood a weeping before her for the future
my Son I pray you never to forget your father's parting words and the prayer and the advice of your afflicted master—so I entered the bed room I opened the letter which I had got at the prison and found that it was written to me shortly after I entered the prison and had been directed in care of the chaplain. The letter had been written by my old companion Strongman who was an inmate with me in the house of refuge and had made his escape with me to Harrow Street and signed by the petitioner's name of James Hawkins—Reader these were the dark and gloomy days when gross darkness covered over the prison and the prisoners sat in one total darkness of ignorance and heathendom—these were the dark days when no prisoner was allowed to write a letter to his friends or to make one single mark with a pencil and though the Honorable William Seward was chief justice of the state yet he in all of his power could not grant the prisoner the privilege of writing one kind word home to his friends though they lay 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 tracts and if he wanted to kill time during the long summer days he must take his bible or tract from his shelf and secure away the long and lonesome hours that came. A hanging on him like a heavy weight by reading them the convict had no state and pen to kill time with and so did he have to have a hanger in his possession to kill time away. Reader these were the dark and cruel days when young Strongman first opened his hand 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. These were the days when the prisoner's backs were cut and lacerated with the cats till the blood came running down their backs. Many was the night that the prisoners returned to their cells with their backs cut and heaved up with the cats and cursing and damning their makers and uttering
hard and horrible Seth, until the bell rings for them to bring their hammocks. I have heard horrible and bitter groans ascend up from those low cabins painful sighs and heavy groans came boiling upon my ear from some poor inmate below me or next to one again the loud cry of vengeance has been heard as speaking in the middle night hour as the prisoner lay in a half dream of its sleep and mourning over to himself the ill treatment which he had just through.

Though it may seem strange to the reader yet truth is stranger than fiction that the inmate of the prison never receives one sweet word of kindness from the officers from the day he enters the prison until the day he is discharged—his only friend and adviser is the chaplain who welcome him with a kiss after he is shut up in his cell at night—throughout the humble cell dinner feels like the meaning of his sentence expired. What joy does he feel that his soulful and delightful morning as it comes a bursting forth from the east—poor down cast and broken hearted devil— THC every word as black as the ball to get his discharge—poor miserable old wretch, you—when you first entered the prison you thought that you would never see the next side of that front gate. Oh, you thought that your must close them weeping eyes of yours in a dark and gloomy prison—old fellow— but the long wish the full day has come at last and the day has passed with a bright and a dealing prospect before you—your long night of sorrow has swept away in a mid—summer's even 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
I scarce world for the avenger of blood will be close upon your heels; and the marks and prints of Cain will betray you where ever you go—cash over—cash over—
clerk and let me lie a-marking my tracks towards the happy
home of my boy head and youth cash over and let me
leave this gloomy old palace—say clerk this is all the
money you gave to a poor old weather like me who has
much hard for five years in a gloomy prison—yes sis that
is all says the clerk—hardly enough to push me home—
long before the next train goes clerk—ah I hear the
bell ring so you well clerk I am bound for home—
Halle-I-there old fellow the chaplain wants to see you
before you go—can't stop now can't stop Home and
bound—No hard come and see what the wants me bi
every say something to you that may do you some good or
he may have something to pay you with the way—I do you
some good or he may have something to pay you with the way
just five years ago—he looks around and he sees a deep hole in the fence where the musket ball lodged one Sabbath morn when he was firing at a mark. just five years ago—onward he tramps towards the house and he treads over the little mound that he dug and laid a piece little angle in it. just five years ago—he approaches the door and his clumsy old hand gives a thrill knock and the strange voice of a female bids him enter; he looks around and finds that strangers has taken possession of his house and his street—angled snake lays covert with pads beneath the ground—the soft tears in his eyes he imagines for the spot where lay the mortal remains of the child of his bosom—gazing among the unvisited mounds he see a new made grave with a sweating leaf that marks the sacred spot where lay the mortal remains of her angliest 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—it is leaves the sacred spot—she has the marks of grief, striken upon his brow and the heart of the wicked man which is ready to burst and bleed—leaving back on the scenes of his boyhood and youth, he remembers a rich old farmer that lives a few miles up the country that has a rich store of gold hid away in the old pine chest—with a firm resolution to grasp the glittering treasure he presses his way on towards the landly, leaving mansion until he comes within sight of the rays—the sun, 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 cover of darkness until the heavy hand of the officers is laid upon him and he becomes the inmate of a dark and gloomy prison again—let us now follow the unfortunate wretch to his gloomy home where he will have to sit down in sorrow and plough through a long term of years—well old fellow back again the how long did you get this time old man—three and a half—is that all old fellow—yes—and I wouldnt get that if the court hadent bribed the judge—and the judge bribed the jury old man I dont understand your meaning actually suppose you explain yourself little plainer—well Sir I mean to say that the jury was prejudiced against me and was bribed by a pack of friends and without judge or jury I was dispatched off to a dark and gloomy prison and here I am consign for three and a half—God bless you old man I feel sorry for you and sympathize with you in your sufferings through I am going under the same discipline and treatments that you will have to go through—well old chap being that you have got our gallery all swept off clean and me are out of the fight 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 sir old man begin your story—wick old man I hear the footsteps of some officers let me see who it is—ah its 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 Sir you remember the meaning that I left this dismal looking old place—ah yes old man I do remember that bright and beautiful moon when the sun was shining his golden rays through our iron grated windows and your heart old man beaded highly with joy and your eyes beamd with gladness and you longd to reach the happy home of your childhood and birth—yes old
man along with I remember that happy days—were old man
with brown hair and nothing in my pockets
hurried out of the door and commenced my homeward
search. Between the hours of eight and nine I reached the top
of the cottage which I used to frequent. 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 the female in the face,
I found that strangers had taken possession of my house and,
but while I had been gone from home—the house and lot was
under mortgage. When I left and after I came away, the cop
of the sheriff's office called the slave 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 afflictions
of my bosom lay mourning away to dust. Alteration another
look at the old cottage. I made my way to the grave yard
and with tears trickling from my eyes I saw the new-made
grave of my wife—sealing myself at the head of her grave. I
swept like a child and moisten the green sod with my tears.
As I went along a little further I stumbled on the grave of my
little daughter whose little remains had turned to dust
long before this—hold a little old fellow I must interrupt you
for a moment—yes say that you sat down on the grave of your
wife and wept like a child—yes sir and I would have kept
large drops of blood if I only could—well old man I must
confess that you have 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 below the clouds that I sat all
alone at the head of my father's grave and wept like a child
and I felt the effects and the loss of my father—well old fellow
proceed with your story—well sir—leaving those lonesome
solitudes of the dead. I began to think about leaving for the
distance west where my father and mother lies but not
having one red cent in my pocket nor no means of getting to
them. I was obliged to plunge hands into the treasures of a rich
farmer who I knew in the days of my boyhood and commit a
crime which brought me back to this lonesome place—well old
incestuous little daughter folded in the arms of sleep, taken the little idiot sick in these clumsy, sad hands of mine; I dash her to the floor, and lift her, a bleeding in her gore—you cursed and infamul blabbed heart of devil—you, traitor of mis—your cause, you vile—old man!—I believe that you have caused your woman and daughter to go down to these graves in sorrow.

**Mutilation.** On the Process of a Cell.

I will now unfold the secrets and the habits of the prison and point out the man of mutilation to the reader as he first enters the prison. Reader, enter the prison on some lonely morning between the hours of nine and ten, and you will see fifty or fifty-five loitering young men with their hands up to their sides or up to their backs, and an old dirty piece of rag tied around their heads, sleeping and making their way to the hospital to pay the doctor three morning.

**Editor.** Reader, enter the prison late at night at the foot of the stairs and the little doors are now full half, and begins to examine his own pan disciplinarian, before he steps within the doors if he see his pan is in good order, he hits his elbow a hard rap against the wall, and then begins to feel of his pan in the hand, with one hand up to his side and the other up to his head, and then he walks in and takes a seat near some post where he begins to knock his elbow to the officer calls his name to come up, and be examined by the Doctor. He then a word, and says: Reader, as he proceeds, a man towards the doctor, his head bent and his eyes cast with shame towards the floor, and with the marks and prints of mutilation printed deep under the lower brow of the eye. He then begins to talk before the Doctor, and asks him the following question:

**Editor.** What is the trouble with you? What morning you seem to come up here very morning, and I am continually bothered with your morning troubles. What is the trouble. Doctor? I have a terrible 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 severely. I am continually sick at my stomach, and feel dizzy, moreover, I am continually, rub my eyes, which is the cause of my feeling.
and the infernal little scoundrel. How long has 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 devilish game and practices it well and his career in a premature grave as the Doctor confides his crime and devilish deeds to him the poor little devil denounces it with an open face and declares that he has never been guilty of the deed since he has been in prison—again the Doctor puts the question to the wicked little devil and asks him how old he is—seventeen, sir—while the doctor is going through with the examination the Warden happens to step in and then the dialogue begins between the two concerning the little devil 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 become a demon of the cell and from hence he'll find an untimely grave—Doctor are you sure that you boy is a boy of masturbation—Well, I am just as sure of it as I am sitting here and have the evidence of it under the lower brow of his eye—well Doctor suppose you go on and prove to me that you boy is a boy of masturbation—For well sir, copper see that little blue streak under the lower brow of his eye—I do sir—well that's one sign of it and these little shades that comes a playing and flashing before his eyes is another sign of it and unless he stops it Warden he'll become a demon of the cell and all the doctors on earth and the latest angels in heaven can't save him from a premature grave—I now give him the interrogation in person with the hope that he may quit the devilish crime and die for it takes away all of his good feelings makes him weak and sick, takes away his reason with God has given him and in after days he becomes crazy and like a brute he lays down and dies in your hands I commit the boy for I am tired of his evil way of doing—With sympathy the doctor tells the demon to go down—screams he reads 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 you anything this morning for all the medicine on earth can't cure your disease—With curses on the end of his tongue he turns around and looks at the doctor in the face and with madness he utters out his blasphemies at which the poor doctor has to carry on.
there on his shoulder and on load them in the street or lay them low at the feet of the bleeding cross. I remember some years ago as Dr. King stood in the centre of the yard that I step up to him and pointing out one of those demons of a cell with him. They swore he had that dirty rag continually tied around his head. The Doctor gave a smile and seemed to be taken with surprise when I put that question to him but not knowing what I meant until I had told him the mystery and the secret habits of the man, the Doctor burst out in a loud laugh. Which was just as much to say to me that truth is stranger than fiction. I have been the inmate of a gloomy prison for many long years and endured hard labour gone through all kinds of treatments and had escapes and I will challenge the best actor on earth and the tallest angle in heaven to come and look me right in the eye and tell me if there is one single spark of masturbation a burning or becoming in my eyes or in the mouth and the pain of it under my eye brows.

The Death of a Demon

Murder—Murder—Murder—heart and domination. Take that devil away—Murder—Murder—bring that infamal wretch to me till I lay him cold and send him at my feet here. I bring him to me—he said my father and with one stroke of his bloody hand he lay down my Sister cold at his feet and beget the innocent blood of my sister—bring the damned infamal wretch to me. That I may seek the revenge of my Sister. Reader these are the bloody and horrible cries of the man of masturbation who has made himself so base and practised the diabolish dirt until he become a demon of the cell and suffering under the effects of insanity again the bound of murder goes up from his lonely cell and in a few moments more we find the officers attending in front of his cell calling to the master to bring ropes chains handcuff and straight jackets to bind the unfortunate wretch and make him fast until they can get him to the hospital—hear his bloody cries for longgers as they are making him fast to his longed torture of pain and see the big tears rolling down his checks as he the heavy drops of sweat that comes drapping from his brow—and look at them.
Eyes of his are flashing with blood and fire—hear his uncoffined groans—and again his blasphemies prayers—his bitter curses as he enters the hospital—and see his uplifted hand to give the doctor a blow as he comes near to examine him—Hark and you hear the bloody cry of murder again proceeding from his mouth while his eyes are reading over the dark catalogue that is written against him on the wall—he thinks he sees friends who have been laid in those silent graves for years—and he thinks he sees a man's hand with writing down his dark character on the wall—Hark—and you'll hear a striking up one of his old midnight airs—hear his curse as calls for Heaven to damn his soul and that all of his future prospects—hears him groan and groan until you hear the low snores of the Warder—and who has come to see what the trouble is—read his—
the sorrowful dialogue between the Doctor and the Warder again—What did I tell you—Warden—what did I tell you about your boy—didn't I tell you that your boy would one day or another 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 eyes—Warden—I remember the very day that you bag entered the prison—and his cheeks as red and handsome as a rose he was the fairest flower ever that ever I saw—in the bloom of life—but alas—alas the bidding hand of mortification has snatched the blushing youth away—Doctor can't you administer something that will restore him and ease his pains at all—Warden—get all the medicine on this side of the grave couldn't save him—Hark and the heavy trump of the morrow there he comes with the uplifted dagger in his hand to strike the blow that never misses—there fast he brings his mayo—how sharp his dagger looked—and how eager he is to do the deed—Who are those—I am the angel of death—and what is thy crime and who art thou—my brand is to plunge this dagger in the heart of you demon was sent by him in whose hand is the life and breath of thy mortal—
hand back gave me—don't enter—Hold—Hold a moment there—Heavenly avenging—may I cannot stop to me the bloody deed and take my everlasting flight—one stroke and the deed is done a heavy groan—a sense of the breach and a curse from the mortal lips and the dagger tells the last donjed tale and the
cursed wretch stretches himself out and dies and his spirit goes back to him who gave it. Reader this is the accursed end of the man of lust and the dating of the demon of lust, as I think. I hear his bitter cries and his singing notes, methinks I hear his blasphemous prayers and his spirit's 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. Methinks I see the great drops of blood a dripping from the point of the dagger as the angle takes his everlasting flight. As methinks I see the floor stained with the blood of the demon—

Death has been here and borne away a brother from our side; just in the morning of his bloom as young as me he died—

Not long ago he filled his place and sat with us to learn but now he runs his mortal race and ne'er can return—

again.

I saw an unfrequented mound where weeds and brambles grew they said no tears had fallen there it was a demon's grave—

Reader I have now opened and unfolded to you the mysteries and the mysteries of midnight prison during the year 1820 and the awful consequences of masturbation which prevails among the inmates of the prison until this day ———

The Dream

She will remember that the glittering dream 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 usage and the ill-treatments to which I had just through until the clock struck the hour of ten and I retired 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 dreamt that I had just returned from a dark and gloomy prison and was standing before my mother, and the tears came trickling down her cheeks. I thought that I could not bear to see those wondrous tears of affection flow any longer, without wreaking some revenge on him who had been the means of our long separation from my mother; although, the infernal specters body lied cold and still in the hands of the detectives who stood ready with their glittering instruments to deal the flesh from off his bones... I thought that I disguised myself in the trs of a female and took a dagger in my hand. I thought that I opened the door and plunged my way out in the open streets. I thought that the street was very dark and cloudy and was suited to the purpose of my design. I thought that after I had opened the door and plunged into the open streets that I must remain concealed 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, as watching for the cruel deed to which 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 bell rung 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 on a hour of the night. I thought as he said these words that I drew my dagger and plunged it at his heart and he fell at my feet with the loud cry of murder proceeding from his mouth. I thought that I with drew the dagger and pressing my foot upon his breast, I thought that I gave him another plunged and as before he could give the second cry of murder, the bullet left dead at my feet. pressing my way through several departments of the house, I thought that I entered a bedroom where lay a female wrapped in a long white robe and pulled securely in the arms of sleep. as I stood by her bed, with an uplifted and an drawn
dagger in my hand. I thought that I looked the innocent girl in the face and the murder and looked at her as death - she set there and I could see her beautiful eyes as I stood near her. I then said I am the wife of him who you have just laid here at your feet. Woman! said I, the tale of his midnight hour shall be told in the darkest deeds of crime by the revenge of your blood. I thought as I said these words. She gave one long shriek 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 hour I thought that the smooth hand of a female past gently on my brow, which caused me to awake from that tormenting and cruel dream.

A sequel to the dream

Surmounting once on my side I fell asleep and dreamed again. I dreamed that I was near from that lately, mentioned with my clothes and dagger hand with the blood of an innocent female and the blood of him who had been the cause of my departure for two years past. She who's hands I had with my hands, hands with innocent gore. I thought that I was near from 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 charged guilty of the horrible deed. I thought that I was taken to a prison and a gallow's higher than heaven was prepared for me. I thought that I was more on the gallow's high, and was swinging between the heavens and the earth for the hurried and bloody crime which I had committed. I thought that my spirit looks everlastingly in the presence of God, and stood before his white mill stone. 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 suns. I thought that I saw my father standing in front of the throne, holding a Bible in his hand and stood ready to be a just witness against me as I stood arraigned before the judgment throne of God. I thought the venerable judge asked 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 hands I gave him a piece to get wisdom and I left him a
dying fathers advice and prayer, and yet not with standing all of the
six had flight to the thick woods. I left him. I thought as my father
said these words he would his face and fell down before the throne with
four and twenty elders who was seated in long white dresses coming
down below their feet, and they struck up a beautiful song, saying these
words monthly oh God to receive blessings and glory, casting my eyes on
the right side of the throne. I thought I saw one who unto the Son of
God. I thought that he held both of his hands up to me and showed me the
finger nail, which the adorer had made and pointing with his finger towards
his side he showed me the numbness which the soldier had made with
three fingers casting his eyes down towards his foot, according to
he showed me the marks where the murderers drove the rough spikes through
his feet, methought I saw the tears come tinkling from his eyes, she
shed me a deep mingled with vinegar and gall, oh ye of the thought
that I saw these large drops of sweat and blood come foaming from his
knees as he said to me all the way for the, and he turned to find a place
to sleep and bearing his head he found a place under his father stome
and there he spilt those tears for me... The honorable judge then
brought up a dagger and a female dress all stained with blood and said:
these were witnesses against me for they was the sales of the dagger of
that said right murder, out so guilty said he I thought that I
looked him The Insanitary and observe the deepest itch in heel
methought a slaying footed casting down blood by my side with
a heavy chain in one hand and a large key in the other, methought
I heard the honest judge say take him blind him hand and foot and
cast him into outer darkness. I thought when the judge pronounced the
sentence against me that I died Amen and amen. I thought that
after my sentence had been pronounced that this slaying footed wall
bend me hand and foot and led me away through a waste and a
harrow land, and not a tree nor a rock or a stone in me yoke of
grass was there to be seen throughout that long journey, till I saw
and dwelling. I saw no human beings through and that burning
plain... once more and inward the present my self, while some
time and a while the heavy peal of a thunder would strike upon
my ears, and then a voice louder than ten thousand thunderers would
say and what, you knew your duty but did it out this did.
that thunder like noise keep a pealing in my ears until I reach the place of my destination — being tried and weary I thought I ask him the infernal wretch to let me sit down and rest — I thought at I ask him them that matter fell of thunder struck upon mine ears and said — and what — you know your duty but did it not — and as the chair died away in the distance — I thought the sound of a large hole was dug in the ground — and I thought the old stump pick me up and tumble me in head foremost — I thought I sunk some thousand of feet before I cease at the surface — as I rise I thought I found myself in one vast burning lake of fire mingled with brimstone and dry smoke — there I saw fathers and mothers brothers and sisters — aunts and uncles husbands and wives — parents and children — calling upon each other for one drop of water to cool those parched tongues and burning lips — I saw a man husband and wife — parents and children — and children a clanging to these same children — and children a clanging to these parents — and calling for rocks and mountains to fall and cover those damned heads — I thought I heard the wail of millions upon millions taking up the bitter moans and saying the harvest is past the summer is ended and my soul is not saved — one thought I heard another crying mingled with pitiful cries and crying — oh that I had sought his favor and store damned cries died away in everlasting pain and misery and the tortures and the torments of that burning day heated me so hot that I wanted and beheld it was sought but a dream

The Death of Pulisawter — And the journey to New York —

Pause me here for a moment until I inform the reader the information which my mother gave me concerning Miss Pulisawter — and what had happened to her during the two years to which I had been gone — my mother informed me that Miss Pulisawter 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 gust of wind followed and the
boughs of every tree that stood around the little cottage made
obscure to my knees that came a whispering very tree tops. the
flash of lightning came next across my face and another flash of thunder
brought large drops of rain a beating against the side of the little cottage
and the window panes that thundered with my mother put me in
mind of the voice of God speaking to the relations born of men.
As the first these words another flash of thunder broke forth from the
east and died pleasantly away in the distant west. a heavy deluge of
rain descended upon the earth, and all nature seemed to be swept in
eternal silence, for two hours did the rain continue to come down,
and there a beautiful scene broke forth through the clouds and came
a shining, from the east and the hour was seen in the heavens
as my mother placed a gazing at these wonderful lights. seeing my
coat cross my arms and taking the parental shade of the hand my
mother painted a kiss upon my cheek and I started for the city of
New York. as I turned away the little lane that led from the
cottage I looked last look of the roof of the little dwelling that once
covered my head and the big tear came a streaming from my eyes
it was between the house of nine and ten that I landed in the city
of New York. as I was walking up Leonard street I met a stranger
looking youth whose countenance I thought I had seen once
before. putting this beautiful looking youth I made a bow and to
him and greeted my way up the city. the youth stopped a few moments
and casting his eyes wistfully upon me. he followed me some ten
yards up the street meeting a continued man I ask him he could
direct me to the house of Mr. Hinn. he replied in the city of
New York. as I said these words the whole cheeks looking youth came up to me
and grasping me by the hand. he shook it till I thought the blood
would spurt from my veins. you are a stranger to me. a stranger to you. the youth replied. yes sir said I. have you not
gotten me rob said the youth. I have sir replied but your looks
seems to tell me that I have seen you somewhere before but since
I cannot now tell—don't you remember Mike Hinn. said the
youth I do said I—well this it is one. with a lispomnous smile
upon my tongue I ask the youth if he was the very Mike Hinn.
who had made his way with strongman. Richard Miller and
me from the house of refuge. the youth became pale and
I asked that he arise 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 conducted us to Ginger shores where we was found by Mrs. Johnson and several other ladies; this story convinced me at once that the guest who stood before me was none other than Mr. Hiram—looking small in some one street near the city, until we reach the first avenue and entering in a little cottage I found myself once more under the roof of Mrs. Hiram, as I took a chair I ask Mrs. Hiram if she could give me any information concerning the strongman—poor strongman said the woman as big drops of tear slide down her cheeks for strongman is no more good God said to myself what does the woman mean—is the crazy or what is it that causes those big drops to run from her eye—what does the woman mean when the pop he done more does she mean to say that he is dead—I don’t understand what you mean asked Mrs. Hiram said if you pop he is no more will you please to explain in yourself yes sir I mean Reuben that strongman has kicked the bucket and is dead—tell me Mrs. Hiram said I am you in earnest of what you say—I mean Reuben said the woman as she wiped the tears from her eyes—he entered the room and came in my name James Hawkins and fell in a few with one of the sailors and pulled him dead on the floor and poor strongman had to pay the penalty of that Murder by suffering between the heaves and the earth—as Mrs. Hiram said those words I rose from my seat and in company with Mr. I went over way towards the money 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 died the bucket long ago and long one down to David Jones better—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 has he parents a living—yes I replied he has rich parents a living some where in the west—he was came across a footstep lay in my life then Hawkins once said the sailor—with an oath upon his lips he swore that he could never stretch the hemp himself to seem Hawkins
The death he did—leaving from this sad state of pain and misery—
I made my way out of his sight, with the painful thoughts that
strong man must now be mingling with the stretched and sainted in Hell.
I then began to think of the pains and sufferings to which him and me had
endured through the means of that black hearted Shon Riley and the
cursed and wicked oath with which he swore 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, seating ourselves down. I began to ask Mike
the world had went with him from the day that he first—rough hab.
I told you it has went rough with me—I have seen with many a storm
and many has been the tempest that has blown in my face and many has been
the trouble that has raged in my head and thank God not broken through me all
and there ain't a hair in my head waking—I tell you
Mike got a friend that sticks closer to me now than a brother. He is
that friend Mike said I—Neallush being me law got so deep in the commission
I'll give you the whole story of my life since the day I put on draying.
My chain up close to him he gave me the following narrative—He says as
a poor miserable beggar pinched with hunger and thirst and rode on the reg
of shame and disgrace and hadn't a place to lay my head and I was obliged to
get and lie myself out to an old farmhouse and free cuisine. And my soul
was nothing but the desire of the wine and the desire of the loaf. I was
in the log pen with the hogs—night—I thought it a very hard thing to
hold the desire of that beast to satisfy my hunger and one day as I stood
in the log pen I examined myself from head to foot and found myself a
falling in rage after it taken a close examination of myself. I gave a leap
from that old filthy old pen and present my pray towards my father whose
you have an idea in here. I look back to must with pride and pride
and didn't care if I was a hundred let the old man my father wear me but I
didn't care to wear the little cottage that surrounded my father house as I
saw the hired persons eating and drinking and having a plenty
and enough to space—here I stand ashamed to let my father see me
had casting his eyes up towards the hill be four and knew one
and twenty stretched arms be flew towards one and down the
hill I ran and the old man clasp me right in his arms on a
drop his sign my sheet—and speak me with his tea—well make
what did he do with you then—will he strip me of my rags and
put a new coat on me—put a ring on my hands and shoes on my
feet—no dire do—His—His one and you have been traded
enough—enough—enough I bid you to rise and go and fetch your father for

Ned Tabb—Presenting the author with a little testament

This in the month of June 1844—that I left the city of borg
and made my way Home—striving in everingen I do not ask the
patience of this Tabb—who by some means a matter had found
that I had been the inmate of a prison—calling me towards her
she gave me a motherly advice and told one to show the path
that leads to vice and crime and prepare myself to meet God in peace
she said to hand me the present a little testament in my hand
and made me to read it night and day and keep it as the guide
of my youth—taking the little testament from the bodg hand I put it
in my pocket and made it good by—and commenced my way Home

He reached his Home—he saw the tears fall from his mother's eyes

This was three o'clock in the afternoon when reach my Home—and as
I entered the door my mother flung her arms around my neck and
again the stroke to kiss upon my cheeks my son said she beg me
afraid that you had fallen into some bad company and from there going
back to a gloomy prison—as she said this made the tears come
trickling from her eyes and a heavy load of grief laid heavy upon my
heart

When in my early youth and prime
I lead the paths of vice and crime
My mother counsel'd me well
The evil road to crime I took

When in my heart she tried to place
the gospel truths and richer grace
the avarice trembling from her eyes
with he I have a warmer cries.
A voice from heaven to me did say
dear son that read a wicked way
for take the path of crime and sin
and heavenly gates you'll enter in.

Her visits Nicholas Miller he becomes the inmate of a prison.

It was the 27th day of June in the year 1814 that I went up to a springs
and there I saw Nicholas Miller who had made his escape from the
House of Refuge. Taking him by the hand I informed him of
the dangers and the terrible death which he had seen. Suddenly struck
and amazed the long gone abode of holy and virtuous men with
these words: leaving me before: I came and committed a
crime which brought me back to a guilty prison as I entered the prison I
found that the old shops had been all taken down and new large brick
buildings had been erected in their stead for the sole purpose of the convicts
to labor in a new library had been established, and the convict had the
chance of telling time by reading choice history. Every man that could
read a writer or cipher was permitted with a spelling book and slate and
arithmetic and a lamp to study by during the long winter nights and a
teacher employed from the outside to teach those who couldn't read or write
or cipher. Meals had been instituted through out the prison by some
means unknown to the officers, the convict was allowed to take down
his hammock as soon as he got in his cell if he chose the mode of punishing
with the cats was abolished and several different modes of punishment were
put up, the convicts were allowed to draw one plug of tobacco a week
and have pockets in his clothes — for two months I lived up to the rules and
regulations of the prison and being angry one day I took a chair and threw
it to the floor the officer called me up for it and ordered me to follow him
to the dungeon. I told him that I couldn't, the one step for him meant a
dead the Warden — the Warden has nothing to do with you. So said he.
Don't you go with one — I told him please and gultiply that I wouldn't go
a step with him, and he drew his cane to strike me with — as he drew
his cane I sprang to my work bench and grasped a knife and told him if
he laid the hint of that cane more I would pluck that knife things.
him as I said these words the release officer spring to the death and
smashing a scrollerhe presented it at one-present that knife to me. He said he—"You said I can't pass this knife to any one in the
hand—present that knife to me sir or I'll throw you to the
floor with my cane." I went in—crack that pistol on him if
he don't deliver that knife as he said these words the release
officer demanded the knife from me with I held on to until the
Warden came as the Warden entered the door the release officer
said he demanded that knife from me in the name and in
the authority of the Warden. Warden no Warden Do you want here
that knife as I said these words the Warden demand the knife from
me with I thought—no more then my duty to deliver it
his hands as he had the higher power in his hands handing the
Warden the knife he asked me to follow him to the dungeon and
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 door and locking in
the Warden ask me if my temper had yet cool I told him it had
he then ask me kind and gentle what I thought of myself for
acting in the way that I did towards my keeper I told him for
I had no good reason to give it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that had and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
I told him it was that has and dealers.
The author is handcuffed and truck upon a harel.

This may go—said an officer to one manning in a snapping and a smallding sort of a man—"I'll give it the gollars looking gentleman up to his neck to see what he wants of me. So early in the morning as I reach the desk he asked me to take off my cap and get upon that bench—what sense. for captain, what sense. I repeated—sir, to the faner got up there—oh well. He said it. if that is all the kind of punishment that you are going to give me for insulting the faner. I will give him a little of my own to eat every day. for he deserves it, some and white—moro and vernon words, right side of the officer. I'm not been much talk as that, as he said the I sprung up the harel like a streak of lightning, and the office put the hands off around my neck and the stick under my legs and went away and left me to consider and brood over my unjust conduct and to become a spectacle to the towns. I was passing through the shop most any time of the day, look reader, what a pretty looking sight that is a man stuck upon a horse to be stared and growd at by spectators—for three hours. I was stick in the condition the blood began to stop. a circulating in my hands and legs and I was forced to beg the faner pardon and that settled the whole hash and issues unheard.

The author is put in an iron cock.

This may go—what mean sir—come along. I tell you, and come the may—can't come. He till the window comes through the shipping well. He stay where you are and I let you'll ride the day that you didn't come when I roll, you—shing a long gollars Call for the faner to come—on the comes and in the twinkling of an eye the officer give him his orders and before the officer has time to get the most out of him with the faner is on a run after the faner—Waller there comes the faner a straulling along with the heavy, came in his hand. Wonder what he'll do with me. I—shame I guess.
by the informer—In the short time a drop of water on my
head tells the hearing complaint, he has as much a right to
hear my complaint as he has the keepers and he has got to do it
too before he punish me—after hearing what the
warden gives a order with his hand for me to
come to him with the burning rage of madness I pull off my cap
and dash it to the floor and he begins to ask me what it troubles
me—I relate my story to him. He tells me that I am
reported for being so treason to the humane and brings a million
of other old incitements against me which I had committed two
two years ago—be then overcome to submit myself to the
punishments which the keepers is ready to inflict upon me—
With the burning heat of madness I fling me into his
hands and he leads me down with a heavy, unshakeable and
a fourteen weight ball attack at each end of the rope. This
burst more until I lay the common pardon and in my
feet to the keepers and give him some good reason why I didn’t
come up to him when he first called me with many tears and
hard begging he takes the heavy burden off my neck and I
feel as much as a child three years old—hear what the officer say
Reader as he is taken that all Egyptian take off of my neck
had follow him—if you don’t behave well ill tell you here—you
are the smartest nigger that is in the prison don’t know what to do
with you and with thee words and a thousand other threats he
orders me back to my mark—

The author in the burning bath

I went up to follow me, said to such kept officer to me one old
winter morning as I stood shivering over the stove with cold. I shiver
the hard cold heated water, while he led me away to the shivering
bath, I was well aware of what the officer wanted of me when he
called me and I prepare myself with a hope to pleasing in his heart
the moment he understood to commit the cruelty upon me which he
had intended too, he was an officer which I have like a no credit
in ever hear the sight of him when he’d be a passing through the
Shops I was determined to plunge a knife deep in his heart the moment I reach the shrouding bath, if a good opportunity was offered and by the cruel hearted scratch head at my feet and suffer in the hands and power of the law which they ought to be sentenced to death by this cruel and tyrannical regent as I reach the shore both three stood three officers with big heavy clubs in their hands and Doctor Briggs to witnessed the cruel scene of treatment which I was to pass through—shrouding reach the spot where the cruel deed must be committed, the officer address me thus you are a hard hearted convict and the ringleader of every lie and crime there is a crime committed within the wards of the prison last what your slip your fingers into it and keep there a foot and a half of it now six I am going to give you such a shrouding that here in the present of doctor Briggs and these other officers that you will never forget till the day that you go down to your grave at the black hearted scratch said these words to order me to strip off my clothes and get in the shrouding bath as he ordered me this to do I drew a long shank knife from my pocket and wish I had a need for the purpose of destroying his life the moment he attempts to for a foot towards me and told him that I would not again in that shrouding bath be dictated by a Deed—filed drunken cruel hearted scratch again did he order me to pull off my clothes and get in the shrouding bath as he ordered me the second time I drew the knife with all my might and made a desperate plunge at him and would lead him cold and motionless at my feet in moments time had not the heavy looking convicts sprung from one of the cells where they had been concealed by the officers to interfere in the matter the moment I made a point of getting me by the arm the two convicts got around me, and two of the officers and threw me down and tore the cloth off of my back and put me the shrouding bath order my hands head and feet were made fast and then the cruel hearted command and did not stop (only at intervals from me to get breath) till I had received eleven barrels of water while this operation was again on some dozen or more officers came down to see the cruel torture committed on me after given me as much water as they thought I could stand they took me out of the shrouding bath and made a ball and chain fast to my leg which I had to carry for four months Reader I hardly know what to say or what to call this little matter craft I think I must call it imprisonment to pile the passengers that ever stop on board of her and asked me to
So many young men taken passage on her it makes one 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 reasons lost in one of the poor unfortunate passenger who steps on board of her if he has committed a heavy crime for will be sure to meet with a heavy, tempest but if his crime be small or a light gale blows up and the poor unfortunate little scamp get off with a light shivering glade is that poor man who is bound of her and expects every moment to be lost in an ocean of shivers glade is it when she touches the harbour and lets her anchors drop and 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 Watcher of the prison and he has the whole conduct of her one captain dares take a passenger on board of her without his consent or without he's a standing by——

The author with an iron cap on his head——

I hardly know what to do with you said an officer to me as I stood by the pike 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 a talking come this way told I put the cap on your head—me he said if you can put an iron cap on my head for talking you want just that cap on your head for I said he then said I as I stood with a knife in my hand—you can't reason me with one such royal division as that. So go and see with an iron cap stuck in your head and the officer before I went for the watchman to said then words I stop to cap and let him put the iron cap on my head and I went off to my work looking out of my account of revenge to my self with the knife still in my hand——read this book that a hundred look in crown for a man to wear but a three days on a sheet——

The author in the Spread Eagle——Dr. Col. Lewis advice to him

It was a mid summer day when I was called by an officer to follow him over to the slave ship where hung a rope in the shape of a string.
which the convicts gave the name of a Spread Egle. This Spread Eagle was a
kind of a mode of punishing the convicts to displease the rules of the ship
as far as the state shop. The officer let down the ropes and made them fast
to each rick. He then tied one end of the rope around a ankle and taking
hold of the other end which was made fast in a pulley. He began to hoist away
until both of my arms were stretched out at full length, and then made the
ropes fast to a staple that was done in the window. Taking hold of another
ropes he pulled on that until it brought my leg up straight a bust two feet
from the floor and made the rope fast and meant and sat down in a chair
to watch the pain and misery to which I was to go through. I went through this
Suffering and torture and tormented pain for about one hour. Lewis,
the principal warden of the prison happen'd just through the ship and saw me
in my pain full condition a standing on one leg and arm stretch out in full
length. He stop up to me and asked me if I could not get along without
suffering so much torture and punishment. I told the old gentleman
that I thought I could if I only trick he then told me that I was a smart boy
to speak and was and done with a good reason and knew enough to go
right straight along without getting into any trouble at all. You let your temper
keep you quiet and calm and then that gets again it appears as though the very devil
is working upon you. I think you have suffered and gone through
hardships enough to have been let alone. I should do what
I said a talking to one in this manner the tears came rolling down
my cheeks and I began to think of the advice which Mr. Spence and
Mr. Henderson gave me in former days and the prayer and the thinking
to which I was made I was made before he died - the Col. then ask me
how long I had been trying to kick it and I replied about one hour he
then went and interseted with the Keeper for me and I was let
off from the tormenting mode of torture promising Col. Lewis that
I would strive to do better in the future. Each person seat that a
beautiful looking Address for a man to stand in for two or three
hours on a stretcher it bends the whole body and for days after the
poor unfortunate watches feels the torture and pains of that cruel spread eagle.

Col. Richardson advice to the author...

It was a cold winter's day as I stand in the kitchen warming myself by
the stove that Col. Richardson step up to me and addressed me in the

following words—how often I think of you when I am home and long after your eyes are closed. In sleep, I am praying for you, it makes my heart bleed. When I think what a fool you have made of yourself and become the harden soul of a greedy person you have allowed yourself to become. The weight of all kinds of punishments why not come from the sky cold night day that and be one you may think what your heart bleed for you and my prayer to God is right and dry that you will one day as another reform and become a man remember the day is coming when you must by your dropping head upon the pillar of death and must dip your feet in the cold streams of judgement then that soul of your merit stand in the right of that God who will be your judge, you may laugh scorn and sneer as much as you please it is what I would behove in your last moment. God in that day will judge over to your wrongs you will have the burning brands of the anointing dead and all the tears of the earth whose lives you have wasted. Then you stand with one foot upon the sea and the other and the land and with his uplifted hand and you may in the name of Him that sent him that flame more—then as then your soul that day of your life—it as I stand before the gentleman upon the cold stone floor the tears come flooding from my eyes and I think of the advice Mr. Ritchie gave me before he died. Then I stood a living Minnie before him and knowing hardly what to say I was inclined to see the tears of that day when it will stand before the millions before the judgment day—when tears streaming from my eyes I turned from the honorable old gentleman and went and sat down alone by myself and fell in a deep reflection. And thought I myself Mr. Ritchie cannot I hide myself in some such case in that day—cannot I screen myself from his all piercing eye in that day, can I call for some rock or mountain to fall and cover my deformity head in that day—let the fire of this terrible old man turned to me and say to me, No—No there will be no fire in that day the rocks and the mountains will fall and melt away like snow before a burning lime. The sun will become as red as blood and the stars of the heavens will fall and fade away. The fire will become as black as the black cloth of flax and all nature will be a creeping and writhing in that day because of the fire it is said shall fall upon the heads of men—listening to the good advice of this
Remonstrating, old man. I made up my mind at once that I would go on and try to perform and become a better man— and from that day to this I have had no trouble nor any punishment for the reason that day seemed to pass me still to the heart— but in that day when I shall stand before God I'll throw him my back where the tyrant has printed it with tears and will point him to a dungeon and a gloomy dungeon where I've laid my head many a 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 bounding bath and tell him of the water that has been thrown on my head— I will show him the tyrant that has tortured me during my confinement within the gloomy walls of a prison those who might have done me a heap of good and to be my destroyers and took away all the good principles and reasons to wish I was in prison with the high and noble mind with God had given to me— have all been destroyed by hard usage and a heavy load. I pray with my mother printed upon my lips have all been most annoyed beneath the weight of a burning heart—

The convicts' jewelry consists of iron or brass, for instance: his finger ring, which is made out of a piece of thick brass or iron, is highly polished up and more on his finger until it begins to turn its crimson or to get a little rusty— he then puts it off and rubs it for hours on a cloth until it begins to shine— he then puts it on his finger or wraps it up nicely in a piece of rag or cotton and then keeps it until Sunday— he then puts it on and wears it to church as a mark— his breast pin consists of the same metal and polished in the same manner— The 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 mashes off with his lonely cell at night and then devours it with a grunting appetite. If the poor unfortunate wretch is sick with a broken-down health and can not eat this coarse rough
food he goes and makes his complaint to the Doctor who orders his course diet to be changed for finer food until he gets better. His former food consists of fried meat, baked potatoes, white bread, crackers, coffee and a cup of tea before dinner can get this kind of diet from the Doctor he's got to give a good reason why he can't eat the same kind of course rough food that the rest of the convicts eat and to go through a thorough examination by the Doctor and if the Doctor finds that he is a man of indolence and improper habits who is being a promiscuous drunkard and scolds upon himself or if he sees the least spark of condition, a playing and Sloozing in the wicked stretch of age he turns him away with a scene of pity and leaves nothing to do with the method to civil but leaves him to grumble and gnash out the remainder of his days in pain and misery but if he finds him a poor sickly being who has not brought his own disease upon himself he changes his diet and the poor sickly man is allowed to eat it till he gets well or till he goes down to his grave or into the cruel hands of the Doctors. Hard to tell yet it is true the may go with the convict kills time those long and lonesome hours in summer and during the long Sabbath days when he is consigned all day long in his lonesome cell set down and pulls an old jack knife from his pocket and he begins to whittle out a cane and carve it or tinker at a torch pick or perhaps to finish an old jack knife much he has been to work on for more than two or three weeks after he gets it done he drops it off for a plug of tobacco or a finger ring thus does he sit in his lonesome cell a tinkering and killing time until the bell rings for him to get ready for church he begins then to lock his door and he marches off to church where he hears a good sermon preach by the chaplain and then return back to his lonesome cell the same wicked and horden convicts as he was when he left his cell he then sits down and begins to hum over some old song to himself or recites and doses the day that over he was sent to a dark and a gloomy prison getting into one corner of his cell he sits down and dozes and the humble meal which he brought up to his cell with him and then begins to bend upon his face and crime and over his head.
fate with these thoughts a swelling in his mind he swings his hammock and throws himself down upon it folds his arms across his breast and gives way to sleep he then awakes and in a most pitiful manner he says aloud: I wish I was home with my wife and children he then arises from his cold rough bed and begins to pace his cell to and fro until his face—-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 hears the mournful sigh—-reverberating from his lonely cell—-that is—-I wish I was home—-as he says these words over in a doleful way he falls into a deep reverie of meditations and reflections and says what is it that has brought me here to this dark and dismal prison—and must spend all of my days in ill treatment and hard usage—-what is it that has hurled me from my peaceful home and from the side of my wife and children—and from the society of my father and mother—and in a fountain of tears in his eyes he says—-ah I see the cause of my downfall now—-I see why I have been torn from the tender parental roof and brought here to pass a term of years in this gloomy prison—-and he says it was for the early lives and crimes with I practiced and followed in my early childhood and youth and breaking through the parental restraints of a kind and a fond mother—-this is what has brought me here to become the inmate of a cell and a gloomy prison and the broken corpse of a demon—-cell—-and the eternal torture of a gloomy dungeon—-with these solemn and silent reflections he throws himself down upon his bed again and falls to sleep a drowning of the pains and miseries to which he'll have to pass through while confined within the walls of a gloomy prison—-header this is the way and the manner in which the convict kills time until the long rolling years of his sentence expires and the day breaks forth for him to rush out into the open world again where he may go and enjoy the happy comfort of his wife and children—-the new comers dialogue between the new comers and an old inmate—-hark methods to hear the heavy rattle of chains
and with them the loud cries of some new prisoner. he 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 adorned with high and lofty principles and polish manners—a rough voice of an officer said Seme to speak in thunder like tone orders the young man to strip himself and get in the tub of hot water and wash himself all over clean. This done the same harsh voice of the keeper orders him to get out of the tub and put on a uniform of thick clothes and to have his hair held off close to his head—after passing through this appperation of cleansing and dressing the officer in a harsh may orders the poor wretch he be led to follow him—with a down casted look and a face as pale as death the poor unfortunate is led follows the officer until he reaches the clerk's office where he must pass through an examination and answer the many questions with the clerk will put to him—after passing through this examination he follows the officer back to the kitchen where he sits down and keeps his head down towards the cold stone floor—and covering his face with both hands he falls on a weeping—an old inmate happens to be sitting aside of the unhappy youth and casting his eyes up towards the officer to see if he can get a good chance to speak to the new comer. The Doctor gave them 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 sympatheze with you in your hard and cold allotment—How long did the judge there you for—four and a half six—well my good friend let me tell you that those four and a half years will hang as heavy as a mill stone upon you and they'll seem like ten long years to you—but let me tell you one thing—your must
Keep up good courage and don't give way to grief and sorrow— for that has proved the ruin of many young men within the walls of the prison and they have gone down to an eternity of woe. Young man take my advice and keep up your courage until the expiration of sentence— I suppose that I'll have to pass through a good many hardships here—yes indeed young man you will. You'll have to meet with the strictness and severity of the older inmates and yield yourself to their bad habits and influences; you'll have to learn and follow their deplorable devices until you learn the mysteries and the niceties of the prison and become the tenant of a cell— you'll have to listen to their silly tales and yield yourself 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 witness of an immigrant or the miserable merit of a ball and chain and if you cast an ugly look at those torture, rich torture and pain your bodies or if you give a side look at that cold hearted tyrant that caused you to suffer in this manner— he'll take your off to the shewing bath and there shingle your little aye reason is taken away from you. Now is this all young man— you'll be taken off to the shewing bath where there will be a heavy day wait 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 from day along day—

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 course looking nutritive but me've got to eat it or go with out you must eat a little bit at a time until you get use to it. You had I feel sorry I am that I never took the good advice
of my mother—yes, young man, it makes my heart ache every time I see so many young men entering within the walls of a gloomy prison; where in the course of time he will become the worn inmate of a gloomy prison—again the lone—
crusher leaves his head and ear his face with both hands
and falls to a weeping; his tear, his sigh, his bitter groans and
lament. Salvation he enters the gloomy cell. There, oh
then is the time to stand at his gloomy cell door and hear the
awful and bitter railings with which he takes up—match him
there for a few moments; he stands in both in tears and
squinting his fiery look, looking eyes around those cold walls
that holds him so tight—match him as he lays his face upon
the bible that lays on his shelf; and with a heavy grasp he
pulls it from his shelf and opens it and begins to stumble the
words over and over until the bell rings him to bed; it was
a cold and wintry day; when Jack B. our new comrade had
entered a dark and gloomy cell for the first time in his life
and there, with a firm resolution resolved to set out from
that time forward to lead and have a better life, but alas alas
were three months past; on his head he had learnt all the
mysteries the miseries and the iniquities of the prison and had
become a man of experience and the tormented demon of a
cell and a deadly disease and a premature death is now waiting
to convey his body to the tomb or into the cruel hands of the
executioner.

What they do with an old man that is stricken in years when he first
enters the prison—and what the convict does when he is 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 just as he
pleases if it is cold and stormy weather he is allowed to take his
library book or bible and sit down by the stove and pass away his
lonesome time in reading if the weather proves to be warm and
cheerful the officers allowed him to stroll about the yard where the
old man regales 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; the Doctor then examines him and if he finds that the man is sick he gives him some medicine to take and if the man is not able to walk the Doctor hands him a written order of excuse from labour until he is well; the convict hands it to his regular shop keeper the Keeper then takes the written order of excuse and reads it and orders the convict to go away and sit down until he feels better .... here let us pause for a moment while I bring before the Reader mind the many little tricks and games with the convict play upon the Doctor. The convict who is really sick or deceased 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 done fifty or seventy make it a rule to visit him every morning whether there is any thing 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 wakes in the cabinet shop and another man wakes in the copper shop. They perhaps want to see each other or to strike up some friendly game. He make a sign of each other with their hands or fingers to come each other at the hospital on the following morning and there they'll sit aside of each other disgusting there matters over until the officer happens to cast his eye upon them and catch them back a talking and makes them back to those respective shops where they are repaired and punished the reader will see that it makes it hard for the Doctor to tell whether the convict is really sick and not able to work or whether he came up here to talk and traffic with his companion. Sunday appears to be the most proper time for this kind of business to go on with the inmates during the chapel service many of the convicts goes to the hospital to get rid of hearing a sermon preach on for the sole purpose for traffic and trade.

The words of Horace C. Cook

This was the twenty seventh day of May in the year 1857 as I stood within the walls of a dock and a strong prison that
I stand before Mr. Horace C. Cook, best in my esteem, clothes of shame and degrade—making a low bow of respects to this gentleman. I address him thus—Mr. Cook, said I, you don't insist this glazing, please not often—with a tear in his eye, he answers me in the following manner—Sir, said he, it almost breaks my very heart; every time I pass through this dismal place, when I see so many young men rushing and pressing there, maybe to the glazing prison, it makes my heart bleed, and my hands yearning to be the glazing man—saying 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 endowed with a good education and a good reason, who might have done a good deal of good and might have been bright and shining ornaments in the world, and angels in heaven—but instead of that, said Mr. Cook, they are spending the best of these days in a dark and a glazing prison—wishing to be set free! I turned from the gentleman and went off to my two 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 had been a looking to me when he uttered those last words—could he have been looking to some rich man, when he had once been a college boy, with him, thinking he must have been a writing me in with the number 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 I should have had, with a good reason and good education, must have been all away and made me to become the hardest convict of a glazing prison in that
day when God shall send his angels who shall smite in his name harder than a barrel of thunder that time is more than will I haunt the tyrant before the throne of God who has lock me in a gloomy dungeon I will point the same tyrant out to God who oppressed me with pain and misery during my confinement within the walls of a gloomy prison—many has been the cold winter night when the winds has been howling through my iron grated door have I lain awake in silence and thought of the words of that man which he said to me with in the walls of a prison and the words of Mr. Horace C. Cook still remain in my memory and they will there stand and stick until the day that I go down to my grave and they will be staked up in the judgement day before the throne of God

To The Reader...

Reader I have now unfolded to you the secrets and the habits of the convicts with the mysteries and miseries of a dungeon prison together with the rules and regulations of the prison from the year 1865 up to the year 1873—I will now give you the names of the different shops as they are at the present time—

Names of The Different Shops in 1865—

Cooper-Shop
Tool—do.
Weave—do.
Home—do.
Lace—do.
State—do.
Cabinet—do.
Shoe—do.
machine—do.
Rug—do.
Spin—do.
Taylo—do.
Conclusion

Reader many has been the sad and drearfy cry which I have heard ascending up from these horrid cabins within the walls of a gloomy prison—and in the hushed hour of pity the leaden cry of some young victim man has said that I wish I was home—and the still mid night cry comes a bursting upon my ear from another quarter of the prison with say—you are coming—many has been the long tedious day and the cold chilly nights and I have laid on my couch and the cold canuck that these drearfy echoes has broke forth upon my hearing—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 heartfelt of your wife and children of your fathers and mothers and most infolded in the tender arms of your sweetest hand—and indeed is the convicts all the way that is foot 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主宰—is silence he sits and thinks on the scars of his boyhood—on misery he faces he lonely cell a bracing on tree and crime—nor a broken heart he hung his drooping head down on his pillow—ill at his cell and giving way to the secret habbit of the convicts—death his soul away and he becomes the spring of meditation and a demon of a cell—weeks pass on and he dies the death of a demon—he hears no knell to give the signal of his departue or to tell his body away to the grave—he has no friend to carry the sad and drearfy news home to his friends or to tell of the fate of the convict that had fallen him—sold friends but the rough hands of the convicts to sink his bleeding bones beneath the cold clods—not a friend in all of God's world to drop a tear on the green grass that covers his mortal remains all is dark cold chilly and drearfy—Reader be careful and take warning from one
who has past through the iron gates of sorrow and trouble take warninglest 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.