The age and adventures of
Rob Nodd
his were fifteen years imprisonment:
with the mysteries and miseries of a
prison. With the rules and regulations
of the prison unmasked.

The troubles and sorrows of the prison
I felt on the time he entered the prison
until he is discharged.

The bright sun was just a shining into the window of
my father 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 14 after taking the
last look of the dying man. I turned from the
dying scene leaving the angle of death to finish the
last and awful work; but oh who could describe
the feelings of my bosom heart when I saw my
father laid cold and lifeless in the coffin—then
that was the hour when all the fond recollection
of my dying father came rushing in my mind: his
last look—his last dying advice—in his last prayer
and his last blessing—that I might be kept from all
the snares and temptations of the world and that I
might grow up and become a useful man that
I might be a help meet to my mother when she
should be coming down beneath the weight of
old age. How often in my boyish days when the
bright sun was just about to sink beneath
The life and the adventures of a Haunted Convict

Chap. 1

She bright sun was just a shining into the window of my father's cottage when I was called by the voice of a female to come and take the last look of my dying father. I was then at the age of six, after taking the last look of the dying man, I turned from the dying scene leaving the angle of death to finish the last and awful hour. Lord, oh! who could describe the feelings of my bosom heart when I saw my father laid cold and lifeless in the coffin—then that was the hour when all the fond recollection of my dying father came rushing in my mind, his last look, his last dying advice, in his last prayer, and his last blessing. 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 be a help meet to my mother when she should be bowing down beneath the weight of old age. From after my bosom days when the bright sun shone just about to sink beneath
The adventure of our story was born of humble parents in the city of Rochester and lost his father at the early age of six. Let us trace him up from that period until he became the vagabond and the fugitive of a dark and gloomy prison. The bright rays of the sun were just glittering through the window when the voice of a female called him to come and witness the death of his dying father.
Ms. C. this is the leging of the first chapter of my book. Please not to forget lose it.
The mountain tops and the night hawks
a howling over my head have I stolen away,
from the cottage and from the side of my mother
and gone and sat for hours at the grave of my
beloved father all unnoticed to him and there
npt like an infant—how fierce does the dying
seem yet impure upon my memory although my
father has been dead for nearly twenty years
and in our old grave yard in the city of
Rochester lies the cold remains of my father waiting
away to dust, while the soul of the wanderer has Harold
over his grave unwound of what the slumber is that lies
beneath his feet—The cold winter winds are howling
and playing over his grave yet there he lay unwilful
of those northern blasts that comes whistling out his
lends—

Chap. 21

No sooner had I wept the cold clouds concealing 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 fled a truant to live and crime
to a beautiful summer morning 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 back and got it change all into
coppers. I then hid my way behind an old barn where
a lot of boys were pitching pennies. I fell into the game
with them and sooner found that they both was pitching
against me. I left these company and bring the Balance
of three cents. I then went to the grocer and bought
the sugar and returned home. As I entered the door
my mother ask 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 clearing the day
while she went out to the well to draw a pail of water.
I slip out of the back door and made my way to the city, a loitering round the street until night over took me, then started my way for home. The dim light of a candle was burning in the house. I kept softly under the window, and there I lay a listening and shivering with fear of an awful punishment. The moment I entered the room, did I hear those words, that my mother had to say 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." She said those words. I rose and went to the door, and giving a gentle push, my mother made me enter. I opened the door, and went in, and saw the scolding tears come a rushing down my mother's cheeks. She ordered me off to bed, where I learned in and slept away the gloomy hours of the night. It was a long time after breakfast before I arose and went down stairs. Now but 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 talk to me in the following manner: 

"My son, since your father has been dead, that you are longing to cause me a great deal of trouble. Remember that if you follow the paths of sin, that you will surely come to some bad and awful end with those and many other words of instruction. Did my mother try to bring me before my mind and to implant the truths of religion in my heart. She then gave me a severe whipping and sent me off to school—on my way to school I met several boys who asked me to join their company that day. They they were going to have some fun. Stuffed my boots into my pockets and joined their company, but alas that day you joined the dearest friend to me, then even I witnessed in my life for we met no sooner together before we jumped into a man's school and cut down several of his pictures and made a mess for the city. And three days afterwards before my mother found it out, the sinner came up to my mother's house, and informed her all about the deed.
my mother burst into a flood of tears and
predicted that if I went on in this way regardless of my
father dying advice — that I would one day a month
become the fellow of a cell and that it would be better
for me if I was laying in my grave beside my father
as she attended those sacred rituals and the name of my
father — the prayer the blessing and the advice of my
dying father all swept up a flood into my mind —
my mother told the former that I should be punished
on the spot for the idea that she would not allow her children
to disturb their holy property as the knowing it as she said they
must lose the thing which I bought from the market place and order
me to throw off my coat. I jumped for the of that stand
behind the door and knowing at my mother had
told her of the truth of her slaves with that knowledge
that I would drive his horses out on the floor, the old
servant arose to take the exasperating hands to which I
threw it at him with all my might and left a deep
cut in his leg — then ran out the door and went into
the city and was gone from home three days —

"This was a dreary day in the month of July and was traveling the
street and had been gone from home three days that the heavy
hand of a Roundtable was laid upon me to restore me back to
my mother so I went along through the streets I was found at
by everyone as I went along shining with the sun and cold
and joined it with hunger I soon gain the threshold of my
mother's house door coined with rag and that — there sat a
rich old woman in the house who lied out to know spring
ready to take me away oh how I wished her cried How
I begged my mother not to let me depart away from her
with what fair and faithful promises did I make my mother
for the time to come if she would only let me stay with her
at home — my promises my tears failed me nothing my
mother had firmly made up her mind that I should
be sent from a city like and time a country life after
skipping a daybull the old country round the day
was appointed to which I made for the country my
mother said we would give the something more and then
took a sad face and made my heart sink it was a key
me in custody until the last for that was the famous
name. (came after me) it might my mother understood me
and sent me off up stairs to her taking good care to lock the door to keep me safe. The next morning before my mother and 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 stir a step without them for I did not desire ever seeing them. So again the tears came from my sister eyes as she said these words to me. The call of my mother soon brought her from my bed side, telling her to make haste and get the breese cleaned up for she expected Mr. Sad along boy. My mother then called me up and wash me from head to foot put a new pair of clothes on me which I wore to mass sundays while my mother was getting me ready, I went to my first act of the morning and join a handful carriages driving up to the door—mother who I was conceived by my father in an angry tone why is Mr. Sad and his daughter said my mother with a smile—she rose and was made fast at the fence and the carriages driving away—while my mother stood ready to take the hand of a beautiful country female to help her from the carriage. From me 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 best room and knelling down she implaid the blessing of Washington to go with me and be with me to protect me and to the guide of my youth, she then arose, a pulling a pocket bible into my hand and began to read it and to take it as the voice of my counselor and that if I always kept it would do me good in after life—there my sister stood hand in hand both in tears of joy and sorrow. My mother then imparted a kiss on my cheek and told me that I was now ready to start—’twas the old man and his daughter were my side told me not to fear from the farmer’ and say that she made not fear me by this time my older brother came in and saying one and my sister both in tears could not help to mix with the tears of separation and the grief and sorrow between my mother and my sister.

Are you going to take my brother away, my oldest sister gasp said the countryman.

My mother instantly said my brother.
We will give you to understand, said my sister, that he is not again with you.

She knows said my brother but what he is given into the hands of some slave holder,

not at all exclaim the country girl his work will bring

right and at the end of every three months he may return home.

My sister all this 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 sell your children dressing up and interfering in your business.

I do, said my sister; the city will surely agree that they if the story is true

in that they can prove before me by good and substantial witnesses that he is no slave holder, who

brings. I cannot go one step with him.

I think it proper said my sister, that we should know where he is again and into whose hands he is given in,

and I think my mother has taken a wrong genius.
Chap III

I was in the year of 1833 that my troubles commened.
I came found myself under the roof of a new house at
near springs, with a sad and a heavy heart. I went out
under the wind shed and seating myself on a pile of
I began to repent that even I had left the home of my natuir.
while to the mind thought come pouring into my heart
with fond recollection of those brothers and sisters of some
of the advice of my dying father the tears and my sister
shed before I left home. The prayers with my mother
had effored the day before I left after pondering over
those things with deep feelings I knew the little child
with my mother had given me. Before I left her from my pocket and there I saw the hardships of
my mother and the little prayers. With she had told
these for me to learn. after reading a few of its contents
I cloased the little book and had never open it from
that day to the last till my mothers hardships still
stindaing against me. The prayers the tears the prayers and
the sorrowed after leaving the hall and looking around me I arose and startd around by the
rooms and so around by the fiction door to

Miss the servant girl ask me if I would come in and
sit down with her and eat some breakfast. With I replied
that I was not hungry for then ask me if I would
get under the wind shed and bring her in some food
after I had felt in the snood the eat a chair by the stove
for me. When she then began to talk to me in the most
failinga manner then even I heard from the mouth of
a female before in my life. She ask me where my mother
lived how many brothers and sisters I had if my father
was get alone as she mention the name of my
father. She broke the golden pitcher and the silver cup
was loose and I hasted out in a field full of tears and
went out of doors to look some place where I might
you know it for my feelings were sad and gloomy the
country did look like me although it was a strery
moment when I went to live. I had not been inside of
the button during the day and had not taken anything
at that dinner the day more away singly and the curtains
of thing soon threw her dark mantle over the earth

I went into the barn and covering myself over
with hay I soon fell fast asleep and did awake until
I was aroused by the hand of a female. She took me by the hand and led me down the stairs and so on into the house and sat down and breakfast before me of which I did not touch. While I was sitting in the kitchen Mrs. Sadie L. Jackson's daughter came in and one thing picked 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 on to her father's brother's house but with all her good care and good advice and sweet words could not make my mind say the word—"Home—Home—still here hanging on my mind. I had never been with Mr. L. Those days when he was running being a little angry ask me if I had had any music and asked to be a preacher. I told him no that I was going to start for home that very day to which he said that I had been thinking about home long enough and that if he knew anything of it that he would take me next to the barn and there whip me. This made my passion rise a little and I told him to raise a hand at me if he dared at that he drug me off to the barn and taking a better he made both of my hands fast behind me and gave me a severe punishment with a black whip with he had hanging in the barn and called me into the house with my hands tied behind me then read the New Testament that I thought of my beloved who was sleeping in the grave was the time that I needed her a father's protection—oh my father would be sure to raise a hand on me if my father had been alive he would be sure to give me a hand of comfort. He would be sure to order me to go full to work under the hot burning rays of the sun if my father had been alive. Oh he would have strung the hand from his shoulder. Now he keep me tied till twelve o'clock when I was unbound by the hands of one of the girls in some had I been unbound that I made my way to meet soon.
and stepping in front of a large mansion I
ask one of the hired servants who lived there
he said that Big Orchord live there and was the
possessor of a large tract of land. I open the gate
and walk up to the door and ask the person
girl of Big Orchord. She said he was
not, but would be in presently Miss Orchord
Stan came to the door and she told me to
come, she then sat down and talk with
me awhile and ask me where I had and
where I was going to. Miss Orchord unfolded
the whole ride to her house, I had not been talking
to her nearly two hours. When Miss Orchord
came in I arose from the chair and she put me
in and spoke to her 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 in the company of
three other boys cut down some fruit trees
that belong to a farmer who kind not far
from my mother house for which deed my
mother has put me and here to live with
her, Mr. Lady and that Mr. Lady, with
the authority of my mother or without her
knowledge had taken me out to the barn
and tied me up and whipped after I had
related the truth to Big Orchord she
told me to sit there in her house during
that day and on the morrow she would
go over with me and see my mother
and get her to let me come and live with
them. I was glad to have such welcome news
fall upon my ears and I went out into the
yard where a man was weeding and
pulled off my coat and went to work and
made myself as well as I could to until the
shades of evening prevailed. I then went
and passed into the house where I ate a good hearty supper
that night with Mr. Lady and related her to best how I kept seeing the growing hours of darkness
Chapter V

I rose in the morning and putting on my clothes should out into the garden until breakfast time. It was bright and clear and the stage was waiting at the house for us and Mr. Davis was everything being ready the stage drove off and at one o'clock in the afternoon I was seated in the Cottage under the parental 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. Brown said that he should come down next week to tend into the city, and that he would return the next morning and see mother to which he left the house leaving me and my sister alone by ourselves about three o'clock in the afternoon. I went into the kitchen and the dead hand without getting on the green bed that covered all that was once green and near to us while the house of my father seemed so fresh to me from the cold spot and the cold hand. I now laid bearing this painful and hollow spot we made our way home reader could you tell the feelings of my mind as I marched forward from my father grave and the tears coming from my eyes or did my beloved father know the heavy heart of my bosom or could he tell the tears and sufferings which I was gain under through the means of my cruel hearted mother did he know that I would one day or another pray the pistol which he used to carry with him night and with a high and my uplifted hand seek my revenge for the wrong that had been imposed upon me in kindness as he would seek the deadly weapon and sink it deep in the body it was once held by him union and my mother had not yet made the return home by my sister and the friends sent to the friends that had a few rules from the house as I was walking along I opened to the middle of the position which Mr. Miss and grace and the cause of my returning home and then cried my mother had been so kind and me from home to be brought up in the hands of a cold hand hearted countryman. Could that inform and degrade mine sister this place was once a place and now thrown of the whole family are the age of.
Manhood comes. Abraham. When my sister after I had told her my riddle—revelled—had I the power of God or had I the strength of a man? I would make you know in blood beneath my feet as I said these words my blood began to run hot and my temper began to hunger for revenge. I see before me Mr. Moore, seen shall be behind you. What is that I hear? My sister, you shall leave the country bound upon the ground. Stand with your gory hand. Crack of a rifle brought me to a plank where, in the direction to watch, the gun came from me. Press forward to the spot where I heard the groan of a dying man. Who, I may see before me, and earth. I claimed my sister as the plank entered and the fresh blood oozed from the deep pit. Moment. I saw the man clad there in the grass and a piece of the rifle musket. Died in his head while I had his heart burning a gold. Nothing been attached to a gold with. From all my might for help and to give the place I see before help could be got the bold night of death. Had I approached his doom. Half a year the shades of evening had approached and the curmudgeon had not been seen from the city to Natchez. She stood leaning against the tree. If I did not know it had been the deliberate rap of the hand of some female—my mother once and open the door and there stood the wife of the dying man with her beautiful head leaning down. Smiling and grief I told him. It told Mrs. Willocks to stay at home with the door and not go out. Hunting raged the young man, the one who had only been married not a few days, and seemed like in great distress. I cannot tell the feelings of this young lady. Try to the reader to imagine for himself. The morning light of peace and at eight o'clock Mrs. Willocks, appearing from the Mrs. Moore and carried home, where she was made and laid out and conveyed to the grave. My pen in point. Cannot describe the feelings of this young lady who felt the mortal remains of her husband. In the grave. It springs from the story that she told my mother that Mrs. Willocks had went out in the morning with her rifle in company.
Montgomery, some young men, expecting to return before noon, to but his company returning another day home, Mr. Wood
Struck off into the woods and came through and pitched
up into the road that had a pass my master there. He had
preached the gibbet and seeing people ahead of him
He let Riahick saw his gibbet to burst and the pees
of saw and wood drops into his hand and caused his tooth
I was young and had just been married and stated
at into business. Mrs. Webber, Miss Aying long time
by everyone that knew her—born down with grief
is and sorrow. She broke up House keeping and attended
Home to her father and mother where she soon died.
A few days after with a broken heart—about ten
of which the next day Mr. Webber made his appearance
at the door to finish my master. She had a choice for
me with him to concurrence. She then sent me and my sister
out of doors to play while they held a long conversation
alone. I could plainly hear that conversation,
I could hear what was going on. I was in the room
Miss Aying long time with her eye up to the door a listening
at the conversation. I could plainly hear him say,” Why
said she to me and at that she bade me with all of her
force and burst open the door and went in—Who and
where is that don’t稚ical bishop that whip my master
said she in a rage of anger. Show him to me and see the
sum, set in the seat the housewife of my father shall be
blind with his blood—my mother stand speechless and
dumb not knowing what to say. She then called me up
to her and asked why I would like to go and live with Mr.
Webber—Miss Aying, replied that she just went out
to live with another white that she would stain the floor
more with my mother blood. Mrs. Webber could clearly see
what the consequence would be if he should undertake
to take me away from her by my own consent. So rating
from her seat he made a low bow and left the house

Chapter VI

Mr. Wood, she went straight to the house and put on the shoes
and burn and left the house, saying with tears
Running from her eyes that she went back dead and
in her grave where her troubles would have an end for
in seven years all your children bring me gone from 50.
I shall never leave you and never return to
you again and my papa told me that the hand of some kind
stranger may pick you up as an orphan and bring
you up—folding my little brother who was younger than
me in her arms. She told me that perhaps we should never
see her again. She then left the house, carrying my younger
brother in her arms and leaving me and my sister to
ourselves. Three days had now passed away and our
mother had not made her appearance. Nor could she
be seen or found. It was late though my sister and I
watched with many tears. The fourth day had now
arrived but still no mother made her appearance. Yet
those were the days she was in the city no longer. Those
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were the days she was in the city no longer.
Although this was an awful shock to me, still it had an impression on mine and my sister’s mind; the way with the still bore a mead for whipping me, still burn, hate, and hate in her bosom, one day while my mother was gone out of the house; she came running up to me, with something in her hand under her apron, on my passing her; I found she had been to my father’s trunk and stolen his pistol and hand-cuffs, and handed it to me, telling me to hide them and to be careful and not let mother know anything about them; and that the morning to rise before day and make her up. I retired to bed that night; in my mind what I was my sister wanted, and what under the house she was going to do with them. He had the satisfaction of seeing my mother and in her feet. The man with trouble and care and the duty of my children. She went out into the street and waving my spingest brother in her hand she threw it down to die.
Stuffing my pockets full of crackers and cheese, I began
my march with my little bundle in hand, my arm without
strength in it which belonged to my mother. It was just coming
daylight, and it being cool I took the advantage of
the day before the sun. There met me about twelve o'clock. I
found that I had traveled thirteen miles and had gotten
nine yet to Elam. I got down under the fence and
began a set on crackers which my sister had given me
and oh! my God—can you tell the feelings of my mind
as I sat there eating my crackers and hard bread of thyme
I heard my father praying, playing in the fingers of
lighting from beneath the ground, and he laid them
the same hands before my eyes my mother beneath the tree
with his infant at her side—lest all of these pad
notations had no effect on my mind. I got up and
began my journey again; and just as the white cloud was
swinging by the wind, I went in sight of the house and
I was laid up like a sore and true. By the
rough hand of a farmer who had the chesiers now
in charge of his estate, there was authority to buy a horse and
and as such reflection came rolling across my mind my
temples burned with rage and anger and under an old
tree I laid me down and slept till the moon threw me a
silver beam in my face. I then arose from my resting
place and on taking the bundle I took my father's chest and
head and slip it on. I then got the knife in my
head and chest and the pistol in my pocket and made my way
to the heater giving a rap on the door with my finger
the very girl that sympathized with me came to the door and
ask me to step in. Hold for that I was a buzz, and could
not stay after. I am said by a lieutenant—said
the girl to expect him every minute as she said there I
was from my seat and went out and stood listening at
the door. Wonder if this little colored girl is said the
hard girl to one of the old man's daughters, don't know. She
must be some strange girl in the place that wants hire out
by the time I heard the rumbling noise of an wagon a
coming up the street. I know that this must be
more after now that Mr. Bradley started man that held
me in the house, throwing my sister down from off me.
I picked it up and mounting the fence I cocked the
pistol and with an up lifted hand of revenge I let fire.
and raised my shot to a dark night. I could hardly
see my hands before my face. The old man howled
Woo-oo-oo-oo, but before my aid could get to him
I drew the knife a cross his shoulders with left a
depth wound for him. The afternoon do by this time the
creatures had gath'ed thick around and at the dogs an
hunting loud. I was taken and made fast by my feet
and fast and taken to the wooden house where he
万达 bed on the floor of me and his tied me for the
night. I was in a room by myself. The door
left open and the window wide open. I heard a loud
screaming and getting up from my bed. I walk out
through the room Where the countable and his family
sleep and open the door and walk out. I then went
up to the house where the family was all sick in
sleep. I went to the top of the kitchen roof and taking
a match from my pocket. I took a light. I then went
to the barn and throwing a match to the hay I soon
brought it to the ground. The light of the flame play
around through the windows of the barn. This
brought the neighbors together by this time. He
was nearly blind with the ground. The dawn of morning was
just breaking forth and I struck off into the road and walk
some seven miles when on looking behind me I saw a
couple of horsemen come galloping up the road in full gallop. With
a rope in their hands. I mount in the fence and jump over
into a large field. The horsemen dismount and letting down
the fence come in a full gallop. After me and made me two
false. I was taken before the judge and from there
I was put into a magen that was held in jail. This is the first time in my life.
I was put into a cell and was kept in a cell for
three long months, being nothing but a boy. I was
allowed to go out half an hour a day and my cell
on look during nights. Many was the time when Mr. Austin
would climb the chair up to the door and talk to me about
my mistake and my father. And I recollected that she told me
once that for my disobedience to my master that I had
took a hold of many kind of tools to play with and
in the course of a few weeks I was going to taken
from my master and be sent off to the House of Refuge.
In the city of New York, there was a failure in jail, and I was sent to the superintendent's house, where I was clean full of jokes and fun, and would often sit for hours with me and learn me how to play cards and show me several little tricks which I soon began to get acquainted with. I soon became known in vice and crime in the course of time I was tried and sentenced to the New York House of Refuge until I was one and twenty; the sun was shining; her golden rays on the fields. Often the iron was just around my wrists; to be sent off to New York. I had become so familiar that my master could not make me do a tear with the Reader shall plainly see. That when the stage came up to the door for me to see my master perhaps for the last time in the world. Here he stood a tear in his eye as my mother and sister was crying like a little for after hearing what my master said to me and leaving a little testament from her, and they both hurried a horse, my cheek and the stage drove off and those arrows on the sable. After I had stated 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 Dr. Wood to the steward to the wash room, where my hair was cut and my clothes made cleaner. The reader go with me while I take you by the hand and conduct you through every department of the House of Refuge. Let us start the history, in 1855, and give you a description of the rules and regulations of the House together with the diet. When you are first led by Mr. Wood then assistant superintendent to the hospital that stands above his office, where you see an old lady from the city nursing the sick. He then leads you through the sleeping halls, where you see the rooms and beds, in the bedroom with clean white sheets, from the hall he leads you to the wash room to which you turn into a little clean 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 behold coffee boards hanging against the walls and the floor strewn with dirt, 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 begun to enter upon the work of life and crime. And has been rescued by the hand of some matchman or conductor from the broad road of destruction from the female department. He leads you into a beautiful flower garden that stands directly in front of the office and is tended by some great man or lady from the city. He will allow your slender and tiny little fingers to pluck a few of the flowers from the garden. He directs you through the workshops. You go up two flights of stairs and enter the chair shop. You then come down and go through the whip shop. The guide leads you to the boundary from the new to the office, where he shows you the badge. He tells you very long names in it and the character he bears. Here he is from and when he was born, and so forth. But two to your old chap if you be a good boy that has come from the country to take a look and an insight of the place you have an important officer to guide you and lead you through the female department. There you stand in the centre of the yard on the playground. With both hands stuff in your pockets to look on and present to be look on and present to become a boy in mold of the place. Try and heavy designing on this enchanted ground you make your way out of the gate with ten thousand curses and oath at the end of your tongue and blossoming in the name of him that saith where your head that you was much desired and had to come across and leave the place without seeing and beholding some of those beautiful and handsome faces of the female sect. Reader I have now lead you through every department of the place and will now introduce you to Mr. Samuel W. Wood, the assistant superintendent of the house. And Mrs. Nathaniel Heath, the head superintendent, the only two officers of the whole establishments and school teachers that is hired by the committees of the house. There are three committee.
appointed for the purpose of visiting the place for every payday and to hear the complaints of the workmen during working 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. One boy in the house has a task given to him by the master of the shop if he gets that task done by eleven o’clock he is allowed to go down on the playground and play, markless as a game at bell until the bell rings at twelve o’clock the superintendent or the assistant then blows a little brass whistle for him to go to the washroom and wash his hands and face and to get ready for dinner at the side of fifteen minutes the whistle blows again and calls the boys on parade to make every boy put on his place three days before I began to learn the marks that are on the motion of the fingers the shape of the head and in fact all of the inquiries that prevail in the house on the fourth day I was sent to Mr. Wood for talking in the shop during the working hours. Mr. Wood then came to my work bench.
Passing through this process, the March into the Hall, with our hands behind until the blessing is asked for by Mr. Word or Mr. Heart, he then blows his whistle to see the boys out of the room, and we sit down in the middle of the hall, and then he blows his whistle or send us to our places in the yard until the dinner bell shall ring. Then he blows his whistle a second time to call the boys from the yard to their places, and we are sent to our seats in the school room. The school is built of wood, and is divided into three parts, the first being the classroom, the second the hall, and the third the yard. In the classroom the boys are seated in rows, and the teacher stands in the middle of the room. The yard is enclosed with a fence, and the boys are allowed to play in it during their recess. The school is governed by a board of trustees, who are elected by the parents of the pupils. The instruction given in the school is divided into two parts: the first part is devoted to the study of English grammar, and the second part is devoted to the study of mathematics. The boys are required to attend school from six o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, and are expected to be punctual in their attendance. The study of English grammar is divided into two parts: the first part is devoted to the study of the parts of speech, and the second part is devoted to the study of the rules of grammar. The study of mathematics is divided into two parts: the first part is devoted to the study of the principles of arithmetic, and the second part is devoted to the study of algebra.
regulation of the house—first, that I must not talk in the shop 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 locked— that I must get up in the morning just as soon as I hear the bell ring and make up my bed just as nice as though I was a queen was to sleep in it; I must not spit or drop my cell floor in the well— that I must not let a fragment of the acton sit during the conversation the man who was up and with a grin and a wink said to me: Ward, do you think I can make something out of that candle—he is a smart boy; he gets his task done every day by nine o'clock and throws me in an extra in the school room—of wish I among the rules he gives me to write in one and a right. Well, Mr. Somewhere I think shoes. I would get twenty or twenty five pence a day and make the hand with the ration or stand in the middle of the dining room with my hands on my head and then go back to the shop with an empty belly. Two lonely days that Mr. Ward came strolling by. Mr. Kimbell I want you to take heed and learn him how to read and write. I want to make an actor of him. Yet Mr. Kimbell with a low bow of his head— 'Jack, Kimbell as the boys use to call him—was a friend of mine. I thought that Mr. Ward couldn't find a better fellow among seven hundred boys than Jack Kimbell. He was Jack Kimbell was Master of the Stage and very made great improvements since you have been here; a rope minute that Jack could get he would.
As he has been passing through the departments of the house he has looked towards me while I have been standing tight in some corner of the wall, with a history in my hand reading and rambling on the life of some old man whose learning bleaching beneath the sandy desert, that his soul a making great—I say that I rise to embrace on those old fellows, until there present a hair belonging to them left. Robinson Crusoe leaving the happy home of his youth and childhood under the care of darkness, to become a marine of the sea, and leaving his father and mother to spend the remainder of their days in grief and sorrow on his account, and his countrywoman, bowing herself down at the father's feet and bowing all the beautiful head beneath the righteous thornwood. In the life of Capt. John Smith, such are the books that the power of Raffles' Whore are to contain; after receiving a good common school education and being away from home for five years, without having the least encouragement letters, from Mr. Northen in a short time, returning home and being acquainted with the magnificence of the place. I set my mind towards the
land of my nativity and the home of my youth. I had such thoughts and reflections I was determined to try, and make my escape in company with Mike, and Jack Trimble, who had mentioned the subject to me some time before, and was going to make a trial of it on the following Sunday. Mike was anxious to get away that had a father and mother that lived in the city on Chatham Street. Jack was a boy that was just like his mother in his infant days by the strange hand of death, and his father had left to a few friends. I learned that I found Trimble and Mike in a deep conversation. I stepped up to Mike and put my hand on his shoulder, I told him I had been in the house more than two years and that they determined to try and make my escape that night at the next corner of the walk. By the time I reached Cheatham's house I knew my plans to make. Jack Trimble and Joe Long slept up, saying that was draining me some decency, and that if it was a true step that we had in view they wanted a hand in too. Mike, Trimble, and Mike had learnt me how to read, and write, they had learnt me how to compute figures, and I thought that they could explain the plan of our escape better than I could. I left the latter with them, to which they promised to give me notice in the morning Sunday morning came and with it a closed and rain the boys was all in the house room getting ready for breakfast. I was just coming out of the house room when Mike gave me the word to ready after breakfast. Mr. wood had blown his whistle for the boys to come in parade and as it rained he did not go through the inspection of the hands and face, but sent us in the dining room where he offered up a prayer, and gave the signal for us to eat at the expiration of fifteen minutes we found ourselves again on the yard, I ran with all my might to find Mike and Joe and on my own to the next corner of the walk I was. stood Mike with Mike's foot in his hand that had driven into the ground to keep up some grape line and planting it against the wall he ran up it and in a second time he was on the
Top a helping Jack Timbell by the hands, then I made my trial and by the help of the two boys I made my escape and all three kept together a crossing a large meadow and coming out on the blooming dark road. We ran some fifteen miles and struck off in a pine woods that bad hard by being tired and our feet well blistered by running we was into an old farmer barn and crept under some of the muck. Then made our way further up the country where we entered an old cow shed to pass the night fearing that our refuge clothes would betray us in the open day light. I advised Mike to go near with me until we get something to eat. We both walked out together and gain a quarter of a mile up the road the entered an old farmer house and made known our number to him. He treated us down with provisions and all necessary quiet and that was from and when he was gone. She told him that we was boys that living in Brooklyn and had come out to see the country and that also was going to make our way back that night. It was getting to be late and we had left Jack behind with a farmy of returning in a half an hour so bidding the old man good night we turned our way back towards the old shed where we past a cold chilly night in the morning turning our back with had become hard and dry through the night and stuffing it into our pockets. We made our way back towards the city—at three o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves under the roof of an old Irish lady who appeared to he well built in years but familiar she was Missy name how quick she knew his business and with the affections of a mother how quick she grasped him to his arms and stamp a deep kiss on his cheeks and a warm tear from her eyes came rolling down his brow— and who are these Mike said the woman Mother. My clothes and copy of quiet or the police will grasp me on the spot the woman had hurried and rumbled up his clothes and pulling his hand full of silver and Rogers gave him another kiss and in took our flight for the landing to get on a steamer that was going to sail for Albany but just as we was stepping five aboard.
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making my looks back to the shop for the former will miss me and report it to Mr. Wood. I will certainly be up here tomorrow at eleven o’clock after my task is done and bring you the necessary things with you. Want and try to help you all out publishing his little tidy through the door he gave me a look by the hands and said the good boy. He was a handsome English boy about the age of fourteen and the most interesting boy that ever I saw with brilliant dark eyes and long eyelashes. With magnificent teeth beautiful mouth and with refined manners and I took him to be one of the affamite looking personages boy that ever I came a cross. His father was a merchant carrying a large scale business in the West on a dark and a stormy night he left the parental roof where he had spent many a happy hour and sheard off to marple where he fell victim to crime and been found himself an inmate of the house of refuge in the meantime he came lying along my cell with the promised leads to cut our way out and the night made our escape—a small whole through a thin panel door was to be made large enough for the sauce to go through then a piece must be cut out large enough for me to get through all of which I’ve done from the outside of the door in fifteen minutes I was in front of the door making a hole. While the long was in front of Jack I had done assisting him by twelve o’clock the was open on the wall and the sun went down the was on the march for the six points where we were obliged to spend the night in an old barn that belong to a coloured man. I awoke long before the dawn of day and gave the alarm to my companion that the morning light was fast approaching and that we had better rise and make our way out of the city of marple as fast as our feet could carry us before the offices of the city was standing about me arose and shaking the heavy sleep from our eyes we began our march by striking across the five points and crossing on some road that led off into the country on gaining up four or five miles to the country we halted in front of a log cabin that was occupied by a dear family consisting of a mother and two daughter’s. Steps up to the door hardly implying the good old lady for a meal of bread to satisfy my hunger. She drew her
Table in the centre of the room and provided us with a dinner rich in substance. I munched with a greedy appetite, downed our meal, and thanking the good old lady we left the little cabin where plenty and contentment appeared to make its shade. The old lady was a tall, gaunt person with a baggy head and chin tied up with a handkerchief, and so we were suffering with the weather. The other two females were very young and perfect personifications of German beauty. With blue eyes and blooming cheeks, red lips, and a profusion of brown hair, most cattically braided and plaited, they were Sister secrets admitted no doubt to me. In short, we had the semblance of each other—a near inspection made it equally evident to me that one was my handmaiden than the other. They were both tall and long. Nightly, mournfully, and these dark cotton dresses were made for us, put on with an eagerness that proved they were not indifferent to the advantages bestowed on them, by nature. We used to look at each other, and fancied we should pass each other. We passed the dark and gloomy nights in the state large cornfield and concluded that we had lost those eyes up the street until Whipple got in front of an old fellow. The long way for getting back to the city was a delight to him, standing on the window: and just off we ran. Jack Turner showed that he had the manhood and he thought that he had his sister's brave
in deep conversation with his mother a tape on the window and a shape thistle brought the two females to the door and
where are you said Mrs. Hinse that class come to my window
at this time of night and disturb a peaceful family away
with you your impudent rascal Mother San mother said
this tape here don't speak to land my Son said the
maid mother it will and the young man and girl her
brother in her arms brought him in the house and said is
that with you he said to his people with me and the boy called
him in into called me in and the two females followed
in with a bed on the floor where the past the night in the morning
the nay and the good old Irish woman provided such bill
a suit of clothes and two clean shirts and two cotton upon
and shifting it to move from the city was quiet as possible
in the walk in the after nook when seen that the long and dark
Flemish coming up Sutton that in company with young
hurlin the three long white death funeral and a
clear broad cloth round about with a rain of pearl buttons
shining and glittering in the sun with will not we have
here out to one of the best captains that ever read upon
the sea went up and not do so catch by

that infirm sail to this house and be taken back to the ship here
to put off for sea else what do you say a note given to me in
those days said one of the sailors you had better go my father
the captain and hail o you sail better go up said another
sailor you will salute the skipper to a T for I heard him say no
longer than this morning that if he could get a smart command
ship he would put him in the shag room to make stuff and take
the black Beck and put him before the mast. Suppose you come
dear and see the skipper I know that you will suit him he is
told they that never speaks a word to none of his boys and as for
those old tallow cats they haven't been taken down from the
Captains room since the day they was being up there when the
old men was with any of the boys he just calls them upon his
desk in a rough and sly manner and Mahogany soft board and
in his ear and sends him off with a hard petit with a
a beard full of good wish so you must go ch'll will not come
dear and take a look at the ship while he is landed advert and
some times if tell them then while I came in sight of the
shock where it said to never for that is her name there
she to which bearing her beautiful little temperance head to the
praise was that coming riding and closing under her brow
and her neck as white and clean as the drizzling streams. Though she feared the name, she bore it for everything almost in vain, her evidence enough that temperance, virtue, and peace among the crew. While I stood gazing at the proud old head, the captain a stout, heavy man, whose hair was tinged with a gray, his eyes gray, and whose countenance seemed to tell me that he had faced many a storm-came up to me and bade his hard-tongued hand upon me rich gold and a black purse and my heart. I broke his little daughter—she replied that I thought I was a very handsome little creature—my boy she had. Wandering through many a storm and buffing many a heavy gale, while I stood there talking to the captain I happened to get a chance to cut my eyes into the cabin door and over a little task over the door much shall I think. Well my boy said the sailors as they began to crowd around I must know what do you think of sailors? Life made upon your back and your shoulders and a merry greenSweet you know. Now that old Jack, you say pointing to a stout old fellow that stood by and here is the captain they both will protect you and take care of you and as for myself I will add that you are brought safely back to seaway after these years crow by. This time the cock a heavy vessel looked after you. He had beenaground the mate who in the boat and you shall be as long as you enter. And he began his story as we can remember it when Scott got the soul of one of his mates amongst the sailors. I say but my mother I followed her to the same spot.
where she remains not to be Ion cold and lifeless in the
wurms until the angle shall come with one foot upon the
land and the other upon the foaming sea. With his sword
sheathing upwards and prancing in the name of one that
is mightier than himself, that time is over—O, I that at
the side of my father as he held his hand into mine and
braving tears came rolling down his cheek and fell upon
my bosom as the cold salt was covering all that was once
sane and proud. In one of the years my Mother's name bore
me out, and bore the sight that saved her. My father,
the man I hold not old, the man I hold not fair, but
like the last with himself a man facing life and time. I
along with him was only a boy—after my father had been
a day before the storm for two years he was promoted to
a mate and from a mate he became the captain of the little
vessel where we now sit—yet three years ago we parted
to sea, and a heavy storm blew up from the south and
erst it was late in the middle of the afternoon it was
doomed. Storms, the name connoting and clothing our
flesh and depriving any remnant to be left of a
terrible day. Indeed the little creature was cracking and
growing beneath her weight, the learner foam and crying
with madness and the thunder was rolling and the lightning
was playing in the heavens only white not the rope tied
and close away, the rigging the hardest and oldest sailors
refuse to go aloft while I let a boy stand firm and hold at
my father's side while he stood pulling and to the battle on
one that dare go aloft, yes it jump into the rigging while my
father pulled hard too at the battle and the mast growing as
stood, and the mast in one hour time we had her
on her right position for valuable day going to sea that was another
for a day invisible to meet with again an life between
I say young ship when you were left wrecking in the rigging
and the masts was terrible your little lonely first up to heaven
then down in her watery depth again was you not frighten that
you would fall and reach your heaven worse rain is the
sea when I was aloft for my father was at the battle the sailor
had never ended this day and I thought it was time for me
to make my stand before right for leaving out the rigging boat
that was again to start for allying I would up to the shore and
ate a place where I saw a lot of sailor playing cards, drinking
and such like. Stop up to the little and back on myself
one of the party had finish the game while I stood there a dink/Sailor stood in a dink and part of him I saw and I answered him in the affirmative. I had just there playing old lady till the Bell struck six o’clock and counting over my money. I found that I had won from the Sailor fifteen dollars, I could over twelve hours and inquiring for his name he informed me that Mr. Wyche had just taken him from the upper chamber and made him just to take him back to the house of Wyche and Mr. Thorne. Swan did not to be on my back out of these matters out of the boat and for me and Dick Timble and I long. The admiring to hear the city the night of there was no possible chance of getting away and I gave Dick and the other man that the horses and the men threw about the shore for the city. This was to come in the house a little known by the name of Mr. Collough who had a son in the Navy himself he ask me many questions about his son William to wish to know how he do the time before now like this where he spent the night a good supper and end and told me to play nothing during the night but to repose myself comfortably as I could. I heard in my own bed and slept till near eight about the next morning. Mrs. Mr. Collough came to my bed and take me up and examine breakfast and that he was going to direct me to go with a kit of his own clothes and that he would keep in the house all day and not go outside of the and at night he would not to see me freely around the boat and and me there to my friends. Mrs. Mr. Collough had gone off to his work and Mr. Swan took to the charge of the wife until he returned at night. I got a looking out of the window between the house of two and eleven and Mr. Wyche came in the house behind one on his ship and being my hand behind me he order me to follow him. Mrs. Mr. Collough ran and shut the door and leaned on the lock and put the key in his pocket saying that I should not see a step until his husband should return. Mrs. Mr. Collough said. Stay if you don’t want being my trouble upon yourself and husband. I think that you had better on lock that door and let me go about my business or I shall call you before the court of justice where you will have to answer for your conduct towards me. Conduct you good for nothing important said the servant—above staying any body. Children if you
meet, with an armed force, in our street, and compelling them to the house
of refuge—that poor innocent young girl that you saw a
pass by my door the other day. Because she was a
woman—ah, you cold hearted brute, you are robbing
hundreds of families of their children—I say, Mrs. Mc
Collough, call you on the door and let me pass
peaceably along my business—by this time a
large crowd had gathered around the door and the
father was heard to entreat—make room. Repeated
by the words fall from the lips of the enraged man
he clothed himself with all of the strength and pressed
his way to the door, and called Mrs. Mc Collough. In
the door, the hand of the female on both the door and Mrs.
Collough entered. Mrs. Collough, with a staid and sedate
manner, for the color of his face he demanded of him that he
authorizes him to come in, and declared his wife, and bring
such a crowd of citizens around him in the same day
in, that he did not dare to order her out, but he
submitted. The threshold of the
socialite, and quickly take and arrest the boy. And
who has made havoc from the peace of refuge twice
and I am authorized by the Magistrate of the city to take
him where ever I can find him and take him back to the house
of refuge—and furthermore Mrs. Mc Collough, I am authorized
by the peace to arrest and bring before the higher powers, my
neighbor or persons that are mistook me in the boy back to the
refuge—'tis the best thing that you can do to let go
of my color, and let me pass quietly out of the house with the
boy, for if I am concerned Mrs. Mc Collough there shant a
hair in his head be hurt. Mr. Collough now left the
policeman Colfax, and arrested him, in the following manner
with a sharp and angry voice, Mrs. Mc. I may not remember some ten years ago when I saw you
from home that you came under the sign of my house, and made
the only son of my house from my side and that Larry
shook the young girl that you drag by the hair of the head at
first. This very day—oh you infernal hearted brute, you
men want to take that poor black boy off to the refuge
where he must stay for years and stay, and a poor and a
miserable life of an infernal black hearted villain. I will
never let you have my part. I will hunt you till the day
of judgement and when cold and lifeless I lay beneath
the sods, I will haunt and torment you day and night.
I'll give you my past till you enter the cold memorials of the idea—throwing my hand into my pocket, I drew out several dollars and planted it on the table and told Mr. McCollough to let the policeman pass that he could not in more than take us back to the house of refuge, where I should have to go under the treatment of the sect; and that if nothing happened I would sin him again in the course of a few months. The tears streaming from my eyes and my hands tied behind me heega, first he way through a thick crowd that had gathered around the door and led me back to the house of refuge as I entered the office there, Mr. McCollough and Mr. Scott who examined me 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 suit of refuge clothes at twelve o'clock while the boys were taken there, where Mr. Scott had directed a fine, handsome old gentleman with the burns room, with a pair of cats in his hand and telling me by name he must put me in the center of the room, and then a large fight and in jumping them and with good feeling he ordered me to take off my shirt. I took it off and tied my sleeves around my waist and walked up to the first he then took my hands around the post, saying to the inmates that he wanted them all to take warning by the punishment and that I was now to give me twenty five. I then told him that I thought I had enough for the time he then gave me a smile and told me that he would try me once more and asked my hands and told me that I was not to speak a word to no boy for the space of four weeks and that no boy was to speak to me if they did they should pass through the same treatment for four long weeks and was I kept in perfect 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 that the boys surrounded me and praising me up for doing the cats no evil with the sitting a low, and among them was Mike who began his playground by saying you never think the boys there buy you never make a groan under the old cats pain when you were scratching your back never finish in knowing good boy, hail me enough for them yet make tell
some rainy day come Rob and by the hearth we'll
play the des patches on the yer by tow said Mr Meliss
didn't Rob stand them cats good twenty five lashes right
on the bare back and never made a judge——when the old
cat said Mr. Mike was scratching in his back pretty deep he
had to ping out enough and you made kind of and how did
you heard the kind little ms. when they made history back to
which he gave me the following narrative when the
moment. I first got on the corner of Adams street I saw
someone and I had not been in the house not more than
an hour before, an out there and a stacker with him in
buying these precious hands upon me bid back to the kip
what I had back up till the next day. We think that, bang
me down into the dining room and ask one Stukey
more and where he was and Jimmell and did not tell
him mine two told him nothing then what space we
left us to step off my plot and drive the very past that
Mr. Stukey bid you to—he then tied me to the first stool
that he struck upon my back back and made me stand
thereby saying that I had gone to work too long and
Jack Riddle—did you bother Mike—yes Rob and I
climb a painting on the floor and great drops of blood came
running down my back and Mr. Mike having some sympathy
for me on tied me and let me go he the little kittens did
make me know at the fact of your tormentor did it—yes Rob
and it would made me anguished know if he had received the
which well. Make that the word well for me in profund
blame so forbidden me to speak to any hog for four weeks did
he lock me up in baby Mike—on the period quiet so cried as
that reader these cats are made out of eat get with a small
knife and made at the ends of them and wound around
with a small wire then tied it well with flat maker made and
attached to a rope of pattern that has a pretty good going to
it so as when the office takes it leaves a deep cut in the back
causing the tender skin to burst while the blood flows freely
down the back from the cuts it leaves leaving the back entirely
stiffened with red—for my first I felt sorry for this little
Mr. Stukey that was fair and beautiful and when I looked
up that fair white skin of his all cut in pieces and beside it
with the cuts it made me leave my head in sorrow made
made long that was growing up for love and cause or to
stand one dog another upon the platform of his ears and
truth his parents was poor yet they had never blood running through their veins and hearts that would feel for them that more press down beneath the guiding hand of oppression. As you are dead yankees the same down the poor with arms as they hung upon your necks and point the finger of shame at them and look upon them with a sneer of disgust while he is the ends shining in poverty and clothing in rags of disgrace and shame. While here and there is planted deep in his heart and he is justified by the rich in the poor who refuses to give him one word of consolation. We with Mr. McLoughlin, and Mrs. Wilson as they stood upon the clock in the city of ruin gallop between nature sail on some of these stages and engirage when you are no one to stand the hand here in a strong hand and strongest to all the back and government of the land you put me heart full of deep sympathy for the stranger you just upon the soil of freedom take courage me brave rich kids and you your strange arms of industry you will soon press your way through the smiling ranks of poverty and in the years of your love the intestine winds along you may be seated in the chair of honour, scanning over a nation that once laugh at your deep poverty and shame. Give thanks to the thousands of your race like yourself once clothed in rags and shaming in shame men holding high stations in life and those little ones smiling under the roof of peace and contentment. Give them love with your love till the day that I am laid cold under the rock and I would let the last drop of the dead blood run down from these black hands of mine to common grace from the hands of a full-blooded Yankee. Have you ever been in some deep slums and trouble and in your anguish if sorrow, has not the sorrow kind an iron man you and help you out of all your affliction or have you not been weary and hungry and not a cent in your pocket and you there stop under the humble roof of some sick families and the band of the female has forced before you a fallen rebel or have you not been pulled by his rough hand in the taverns and take a friendly drink with him that has not in some cold midnight have came you from some misery diet and left you away to some quiet place where you might Refuge yourself in safety and security. White men have ten thousand beds given up with thanks and saying that just
The weather was on a cold winter's day when I awoke from sleep and went away from home. The wind was howling and whistling about, and the snow was falling heavily. The snow on the ground and the darkness of the night made the room very cold. I knew I had to get up and find a warm place to stay. I went into the kitchen and warmed my feet. I was cold from being away from home. I found a warm place and lay down to rest.

My eyes were towards the window, but I could not see anything. I turned on the light and saw a little girl sitting on the floor. She was crying because she was cold. I gave her a blanket and a cup of hot tea. She was happy and thanked me.

I continued to work and write letters. I had to write to my mother and father. I knew they were worried about me. I wrote about my life and my hopes for the future. I also wrote about my dreams. I knew they would be happy to hear from me.

I continued to work and write letters. I knew I had to keep writing. I had to keep writing to keep my mind occupied. I had to keep writing to keep my mind clear. I knew I had to keep writing to keep my mind sharp. I knew I had to keep writing to keep my mind strong.

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hands of an Irishman ten thousand times, then to suffer one
from the hands of a field hands, and a New York
parson, then to suffer me—The cold weather was now past, springing
and the weather was growing longer and more time was allowed
us for study. The stage had been put up in the north end of
the school room and we had and the teacher told the boys that
they were the most important in leaving for the
stage. It should be recorded in a handwriting present. She
was determined not to try to make any more escape until the
opening of the spring and then if possible to make my escape
and return immediately home to my mother poor little girl.
I was determined to try to escape even. If he succeeded to go
right up to New Bedford or to Boston and put off for sea and
make one day behind the bear and held a language with him—Well, you are determined to try again no
longer, and I. Shall try to get back that day that snow fell the
day that came, and if there was hot water in sleeping there again I
shall put right off to sea—Mike. Why will you put
yourself away, I. probably to follow the life of a dog you are
but a boy and do themselves to the source of the sea is
all madness—Listen to me Mike. It is now getting to be cold
and you had better stay here with me till spring and go with
me and Here and Collins and McEllough and put off for the
North what do you say Mike if you do it or not stop if you please.
We are coming along in the spring. I gave him my hand in token
of the promise and we parted with our minds made up to land
to the north of the school during the winter and prepare to perform
on the stage to which we have been invited for that purpose.
Once every night through the dark and driving Saturday night and
Sunday Mike and Sam Drilling and me was studying an
important part in the winter and summer of the
performing the stage the present of some ladies
gentlemen that was coming from Philadelphia in the
time of a few weeks. In a little. And that I. poor little girl was
a girl in the company laying in bed with an infant in her arms
and Drilling was to be the little infant was, generally in the time of
the mother in deep sleep the day that was appointed for us to
be ready back out and the school room that it is that
night with extra light and there was to be no whispering
that might the third called us there and gave us the
knowing that the company had come to keep out and
and as soon as possible white he slept to the office after the spectator being all ready the three little bells rung and the curtain dropped these bell little within a bed dress in the style of a female with his sheets painted red and the little infant sleeping nap in his arms in deep slumber and steep while I was dressed in a little red gown carrying down to my knees and a pair of little white stockings with little bell buttons attached to them and my face paint red and black a large sleeping cap stick in my hair the little bell rung again and then the prince began with and by my sitting a blader that was full of red water representing blood and the time up under the chin the bell rung again and the curtain dropped and was cut out of the back stage the next scene where we change our clothes was upon the stage where we spoke a piece call old judge and the Drinkard and as I had no clear silver viene for singing Mr. Wool painted one to close our faces by singing at the close of each piece in his dug did the past thinking winter night nervous mind the whole of spring I now then determined to treat to deck and done again one spring morning and do how far we were spring morning breakfast on the tables face of nature like the exquisite laugh of a beautiful woman that but delicious I lay on my fine spring morning Mr. Heart the bed up and out into the church room and with tears rolling down his cheeks begone in his favorite prayer I shall never forget that solemn hour as long as live when nearly seven hundred of college was all gathered together in one unanimous and the old gentlemen standing before it tell us all the most memorable so that he was gain to turn his office and that we would need to take his place I have been here with you men for fifteen years I have seen you to move to mean heaven and my tongue is the bed enemy by you and he with you I must you love you and some of you I shall never miss again until you meet you at the judgment bar of God I shall never you in the hand of God I was over to place from any large eye in the room so for myself of me thought while the good old patriarch in speaking that no must have been standing by the last side of my father and heard those words from his bed just before he expire for they have come to be the very putting words of my beloved father my heart had some left and for weeks afterwards very long in the house felt as though he had lost an earthly
Mr. Scott though years have passed away between us and me, I remember you with your silvery hair tinged with the touch of time. I have not buried in oblivion forever these kind feelings and sympathy I have towards these little ones that your place among your own children. I am not sure that any one has so much and what is best not their little hearts in their own hearts as in the hearts and minds of others. I have seen the picture of a young child getting his or her own picture taken in the mirror and putting it away, and it is not always the picture of a child that comes to mind. I have seen the picture of a child putting his or her little hand on a mirror and looking at it, and it is not always the picture of a child that comes to mind.

One day Mr. Scott would tell his children about the boys that had been born, and the boys who had died, and the boys who had been born and died, and even the name of Sandy took his own hand. Then he would tell the boys about the men and women who had been born, and the men and women who had lived and died. On this day the boys and girls would go to the table and look at the pictures of the boys and girls who had been born, and the boys and girls who had died. Then Mr. Scott would tell them about the boys and girls who had been born, and the boys and girls who had died, and the boys and girls who had been born and died. Then he would tell them about the men and women who had been born, and the men and women who had lived and died.
hands, after dinner was over the boys was let out in the yard to play. Miller staggered along as far as the female department and sat himself down on the steps where he sat in silence alone, mourning over the treatment which he had just part through. Presently I saw a crowd of boys gathering around him, ran with all my might to see what the trouble was and there lay young Miller stretched out on the ground with his hands fastened together and his face a leaning from his mouth. The boys picked him up and took him to the hospital and laid him on a bed while the nurses in old lady X welded the cold sweat from his brow. The next day I saw Miller in the yard, but he did not look to me as he did the day before, there was a great change seen in his face, the cheek of his face was down, only the day before was seen pale and white as a streak. I asked Miller if he had ever had any fits before in his life to which he replied he had not. After I had asked him that question I tested my mind back and remembered of reading some of Doctor Parson’s lectures where he says that the causes of fits arises from parents inflicting hard treatment upon their children in early life; such as tying them in the face and on the hand, and having them eat with the plat of their hands and as I looked upon Miller’s case I was led to believe that the Lord Doctor was right for Miller became so subject to fits for years after this. There was an old preceptress named X X X who had taken hold of the heart of the alt. boy in after years had been blemished from the purity of how many. Sundays many days are kneeling down on their knees behind the pulpit and praying for sick and the afflicted for the aghast and the miserable for the prisoners and the captives in the bible with the sister who is titled upon the names while no feelings are as strong as engines arise upon the throne of grace for these. There they are praying for those blessed of the blind, the captive while you are on your knees and uttering those sacred words and imploring blessing from above in the behalf of those afflicted people wherever you are praying, that the little themes of life that may and send you away to take up your position with any pride and unluster than with solemn and thoughtful prayer you think for the sick, the aghast and the poor. Monday's to fast and humble down upon your duties, later to return to my story it was about one month after this that a boy...
by the name of Pete Macleay lay himself behind a
small bard that stood at the kitchen end of the yard just
as 001. Derry blimmed his whistle for the boys to come on
and the school was called and Macleay was missed and no
answer was given to his name, when it was called after the
boys had all got seated in the school room. School was
made for Macleay and he was hunted and brought in
the school room. Macleay had only been in the House for
a few days before he understood to make himself heard.
So Derry ordered him to take off his shirt and told him
that he must come to the house of his father to take off
his shirt, as he said. Then word came that Derry struck him
across the face with the cate. Macleay grasp’d a slate
from the desk and threw it at Derry with all of his
might. So Derry had the slate get out of his hand
and then he drew a long knife from the sheath of his coat
and with the force of a blow he made a plunge
Derry and they fell over in together Derry got the
upper hand of Macleay and was just about to bring
him to the floor when a noble handed boy by the
Name of Tom Hall sprang from his seat and grasped
Derry by the hair of his head and brought him a spitting
and rolling on the floor a lying and bleeding for many
wounds twisted the knife from the unfortunate man’s hand
who laid at his feet and was ready to make a deep圆形
a head of another boy by the name of Murphy grasped the gentle
hand that the knife was in and reason with every boy for a
moment and he let him up after giving his full satisfaction
and strip off his shirt and walk up to the post to receive a
punishment with the cate from the hands of Tom Hall.
Made his hands fast around the post until a handkerchief
and gave him about one hundred blows on his collar, this
Hall was and told him to take off his shirt tell him
tell like a man and hurt the first while the Tyndall
old pommel caught him tell there was a while yet to be
seen on his mangled back when I have often look back
at that days and on that awful scene of misery I have
often wept with amazement how tell could
stand up to that part and tell such a punishment as
he did without saying one word or offering one ungrateful
word till he had received one hundred and some odd
beaks. Derry and Tom Hall was then taken off to their cells.
and look here on the following day they both broke out of their cells and made their escape. Mr. Carey went to England and the ship sailed, as sailors and went off to sea in the spring of 1833, I saw him in the city of New York, since a being in his own dress with a gold chain a swinging from his watch pocket and the captain of the vessel that lay in the harbor, and with a cap on the east instead of being worn by the band, who I stepped up to him and called him by name and by the reason I thought the fellow would speak of the place off of me he conducted me aboard of the vessel and took me into his cabin where sat a young lady whom he introduced to me as his sister, the then drew out the table and asked me to amuse myself by taking a game of cards with him and his wife, and told me some of my long days just as we had finished the game, we came a dazzling young girl who looked to me as though she was just putting the lines down on each other and told me and a gold chain hanging around her neck attached a gold watch, while he stood over and shaking and dealing with some of the richer pearls of the ocean I shook hands with Mr. Vegle and the two young ladies and was about to leave and make a start up to the House of Appeals when captain Vegle went and told me to wait a few moments and he wished accompanying me to the place and see how things looked on our way to the refuge. Vegle and me in a deep conversation about the flight he had made, and about the engines that fire and the fire had arrived from being the leadership with me had gone through and ended by hearty laughs and jokes then me reach the place and seeing the hell below and the gate keeper came and open the gate as required of there was a gentleman there who act it as an officer by the name of Mr. Samuel Wall. The keeper of the gate stated we must immediately in our faces and said that there must be such officers there any ask for admittance, which he refused to give us until we had told him that we was some refuge boys in the old refuge ship that stood up in the haven and that we was under the care of our men and that if we was in we should be glad to see our old friends and told him we was some telling him that we would give them two dollars if he would let us in if he would just step up to the office and tell Mr. Wall to come to the gate I know that if Mr. Wall was here he would grant us free admittance and been glad to see us and given us the privilege of looking
around to see if any of our old comrades still remained here, but the gatekeeper informed us that in 1829, at the age of seventy-nine, he had been three years old, and to him he gave a letter to go to the office and give it in someone's name to the superintendent and inform him where one man and to look on old records books and see if he could find any names and numbers still remaining among any of the old records. The gatekeeper said that he would obligate and brought off and gave him about ten minutes and then made his return and informed us and bade us to enter in the depot and work up to the office and told the superintendent that there was one boy in the house of refuge, under the care of Mr. Wood and Mr. Clark, and would like to have the privilege of going through and look before him in the case of any of our old companions yet remaining among the long list; the superintendent was a stranger to me and a man that had been there before but appeared to be a very fine gentleman, he conducted the whole establishment, and not a foot could be seen, and Captain Tull, officer, that was there when I went in. My Lord, said I, how about the boys? Tull is probably, that went to a few years ago, was now executed and returned among fifteen hundred boys, and not one of them is given left among the last words, to join us in our jokes of bygone days, and to tell us of the sorrows and troubles that we had pass through; some one left the smiling old place, Mr. Tull lost out of nearly four hundred more than a thousand; one left to give an account of the difficulties and hardships that was operating within the walls of the old mission; all had gone from the inmates of the place, and up to the office was nothing but strangers to see; the superintendent then conducted us to the office and opened several records books, and if he could find any names or numbers but not a sign of them, could there be found, where not one name was left, but if not found, if not in these books, it were in some boys in the old refuge, that were standing up in the doorway; and it is true that Mr. and Mrs. Tull had both boys, and the one and superintendant of 1829, 1830, 1831, and 1832, they had been married and remained to show that the superintendent who was pacing over the records books and looking constantly for our names and addresses; Reader, our names are long ago, has been given to the above, and the superintendant for that purpose, the old refuge, and brought for a quitting and removing.
the ground, melted every thing to what was past away
and the old earth, has become ashes under the feet of
Tranciever had his hand on his heart, that he should not allow any
looking over. His old heart seems to search for one reason but he
would restrain us in our first entering the door, the spectators
after spending some time in trying a looking over the landscape,
I told him the old books of records was all burned
at the time the old Veggys burnt down. He then closed
the book and came to the conclusion that I must write the
fall in a conversation with us and all we have now the
thought I told him that I thought he was a very wise gentleman
a man of good feelings and full of sympathy, as a man of
judgment, judgment, and that the house him to rise in
that he must walk with me on a mission and was
expected to guard me on a long time when he observed it was
not affecting any one on a long time when he was able to leave me.
That he was a gentleman that keeps the best part of himself
and was under his care, and trying to explain in the house
of the little one, a moral instruction, and passing the
books of religious and truth in these hearts but still the
boy attendant him did you like the book. We say he was a
great man, captain John and another old fellow
he had no feelings, how can we sympathize to give heart.
Another old stump, he took more delight in eating the bugs than he
did of eating. He wrote the old ship would swing seventy or eighty
on a long night, and then fell down upon his knees and asked
himself to pardon him for all the blood he had driven with those
little innocent boys backs during one of his long prayers one
night when they ride to hold the school in the halls. They was
playing with all his might and a young fellow by the name of
Patterson came up behind him and drew a knife across his
throat and nearly joined his death-nerve at least live with it
I forget that and despised might when I saw the blood
coming from his thorax making deep stains in the floor.
Captain and I suppose and took another look at the old mission,
and made sure very best to show him where I stopped with him
for three days in the fourth day I walked towards some place
after returning him it was the New York one day with me
in the house of Veggys. Susan grew up and became a
hearing that man, and become the second captain of a
large vessel, with a large capital of gold piled away in his
trunk and yet could be a card player at the same time and
The father of a handsome young girl who was rearing and flourishing in the palace of a stranger where many fondness for there was a living who once flourished in the bottom with their little and nothing are now resting under the cold pinch and bear and by the cold in bed and hard if time sober and there plenty into plenty and there will always come in and do good and become signs for other people to game and share etc. I must now return back to the significant man here where the reader will see that I was still a boy in the house of the deputy on the day that Walter married boy and that tell was a good hard punishment and with sense-mangled backs they was driven off to a dark and a gloomy cell where they was store escapes on the following day to be about two after midnight and tell Dad to get punishment that Mr. Wood made a wish to the deputy it was the home of other I had just got my small done and was coming down stairs when I got up and there I was glad to see him for he had come out about master and I gathered around him with the other boys to take a look at our long and absent friend Mr. Wood leaving me among the crowd that stood around him and so if I was larger I told him that I was not that there was no chance of my getting anything back said the if I had told him tell the time I would have known you not a set of them then I then told me Wood that I wish he would come back and take his office again not meaning my harm or hurt in what I had said but from my hand just as soon as Mr. Wood got through with his twist and had got outside of the gate they tell a man in his office and gave me twenty two blouses on my back with the eels and sent me back to the ship to my aunt till towards time and when the boys all got back at the table he called me out from the table and made go with and say times for just a asking Mr. Wood if the was coming back again after dinner I called them Mr. Tea and tell me although one side and told them that I had to meaning that just so soon as she was on board I was determined to make my escape and pass right over into Idaho city and get my living by gambling there with me if I was in turned yes I done said in a corner then I'll be with you said the two boys but don't forget to take with me.
45v-46r

The sky just away and night rush on. Heavy day of rain fell during the night and continued during the day only in the morning in that beautiful and solemn morning. Many of us in number sounded the street corners of the house while the boys were down on the playground and gone to the nearest corner of the street. We were among the few, and made our escape. I was determined to keep out of the way of Mr. Hayes. I knew if I did not keep out of the way long enough to cross the street on the lazy side that I was all right. I paid no heed to the day and time and bought many people to break in the streets. Crossing a large track of land, we fell out into the road that led to the city it was near nearly noon and paid the day. Mr. McCullough knew the all four men in and in the flash of light. Old Mr. McCullough provided us with food and money to make our escape in the city. Mrs. McCullough had a sister living in Jersey and she charged the son William to go right to bed and the sound to care of him until the rest of us came some time after getting our mission. Things from this land heated with lady we crossed into Jersey as James walked and soon doing up the street. James a black fellow who had made his escape from the jail even a year previous to time to reach New York was strolling and had been looking through the town to keep out of the alms of Bridge. This young fellow passed a friend to me and told me it was his master's house and had me furnished with a suit of clothes and advised his mother to let me stay and remain there until I got another. He also loaned me dollars in money the next day. Mr. McMillan asked them when they showed during the past night. I replied that they had scattered away the dead house of the night under an old Look out. We all three stand tighter accounting for Mr. McCullough to come but did not make his appearance till late in the day and see walk in the street that made keep by an old lady and call if for something to eat the old woman took back an answer in that she paid not up. His house. Mr. McCullough and Worlds not she had in her pocket and I said him and led him and put down a bit of him telling that he must to stay and remain.
With her well might the old lady fell in love with her for Mike was as beautiful as a flower and had the features of the feminine sex. After Mike had got out of the cabin the old woman asked him if he would stay with her and he her son. Mike told her he would and the old woman went out to buy some nice broad cloth to make him a new suit of clothes. While she was sitting there, there came in a dozen or more sailors and went into the back room a playing cards game said Jim, is our chance we step in the room and ask the boys if they would give a hand in the said. They would. We sat down and played all day and all of that night. We kept playing the game to close our eyes to sleep in the morning I counted over my cash and found that I had come out ahead. The amount of thirty nine dollars and Jim was fifty three dollars also and McCallough was seven dollars and a half. I had just six dollars and forty. We met and divided it equally between the three of us in the morning. The party broke up and the sailors returned to their several points, promising to meet us on the following night. We stepped up and paid the old lady for our meal which we had got from her the day before and left her and made a flurrying behind the counter in deep love with each other, promising to make an adventure in the course of the day. One bought up the street money and turned into a tailor shop and got measured for a new suit of clothes. Praying the tailor for them before they were done and asked him that we would wait for the clothes on the day of tomorrow. We then went up to the Thousands Tomorrow House where I kept just my first night and Jim being flush, divided a bargain with the old woman for two months in each and threw her eleven dollars in each. We then went back to the saloon where we found Mike and the old woman was deep in each other's arms and dancing themselves with love for three months. He had kept together and showed the hands of the policemen at the end of three
Three months. I had seen money enough to buy me four new suits of clothes and a horse and enough to convey me back to my native home. Dick Me Ellough and Mr. Sullivan used to go there as far as Albany. It was on a Monday morning that we arose at early dawn and pack our arms and to get ready for the train that was going to commence the journey, and were preparing all the things ready for the road down to the station where we were to take the train. When the last regiment of the band burst into our ears, we met this plan of how they stood up in the street and adopted some measure of the strike. We were very full of it and very determined to stand our ground. Then me Ellough and me Sullivan had fallen and struck him and killed him. The third man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fourth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fifth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The sixth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The seventh man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The eighth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The ninth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The tenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The eleventh man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The twelfth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The thirteenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fourteenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fifteenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The sixteenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The seventeenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The eighteenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The nineteenth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The twentieth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The twenty-first man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. 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The thirty-sixth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The thirty-seventh man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The thirty-eighth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The thirty-ninth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fortieth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-first man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-second man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-third man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-fourth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-fifth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-sixth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-seventh man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-eighth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The forty-ninth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth man was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. 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The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him. The fiftieth person was in the street and had fallen and struck him.
grond, a playing a game of ball that it call atel el-
all once. Mr. Terry had come down there to join them.
in share of it at the last came in the group of Barry got
it up, and then it went all his might and hit about Barry in
the back. Barry's watch the ball from the ground, and thinking
that it was above him he at the post at Barry and he
hit him on his leg the play continued on a friendly way
between the two for some time until at last Barry had
the ball in a playing manner and both Barry and the boy
continued to play the boys and Barry from Barry on
longer that the rest his hand into his pocket and knock his
head. for the boys to come on the ground and work out the
playing room he then called William Barry's next and asked
him to take of his shirt. Barry took off his shirt and Barry
made his hand fast to the post and punished him on his
head with a little black ratten until they was about some
eight to nine another red went on his head. And then when
Mr. Ward was about to punish me in the same man-
way with a little ratten on my head that I lay'd him
first my punishment was until he got a new pair of
made he granted my request and on horse's my hands from the
post and propound my punishment until the 13th by which time
he had got a new pair of ratten and he received me
with thermal liquid on my back according to my just desire.
Mr. Ward and Mr. Hart was men of feeling men that did not
see any authority with the boys like Mr. Terry in a
brutal way, but in a way of good feeling and sympathy
always treating the poor little sufferer in the face with a smile
and a laugh of every blue that he gave him and speaking a
soft and a kind word to know the case with them. And in
the same way treating the little boys with a few soft blinks on the
back with the cat for some high crime that they had done until
the little boys blue and laugh and shout as much he would then
with these little pains and let them go—giving days hands
over men heads when 1893 and 1894. But left them all
over and had to go to the home of the boys Barry and at this time
the boys were off the court for some time but left the court and
the boys was in the same place and the boys went to
work a leaving down the whole situation in just that
before me less than sixty thousand dollars worth of property all
could not come to other and we was obliged to take up our
right lodgings in the woods and in the home a few days after.
Mr. Harper had bought me back. Tony called me into his office, and ordered me to take my place off. I took my place off, and tied my pants with my suspenders around me, and held my arms ready to take a punishment for what I knew not why. Then I bolt down a new pair of clothes. Nothing up behind the office door, and demanded a gold match, none with him. He said he would bring it in. We attended openly to the story that I had never bought any gold watch, and therefore that I had never had a gold watch of my own in my hands. Since the day that my father died, I was nothing with every penance handled at that time—some said Tony, in a rough voice. 'Go,' Tony said I certainly do—turn around there, and as he said that words I turned my back around him, and my watch was already gone as a belt, and he gave me, about the brace, ladder, and still climbing the watch from me—Mr. Tony said I will give him the watch, and won't speak any more, and I turned there, and there is the watch, when Tony said Tony. I spoke and one watch, and I know nothing about it. The legendary old fellow continued to throw my hat, to leave again, and the old judge gave me a down, more and with me if he
This page contains a handwritten account of an event. The text is partially legible and appears to describe a scene involving a character named Tony, who speaks to another character named Roger. Tony mentionspunishment and appears to be instructing Roger about the consequences of a certain action. The handwriting is cursive and varies in legibility, making some parts of the text difficult to decipher.
my blood, and laying your hands on my inmost garments.

We did not walk in the judgment I have seen sin take

it with a word, nor do I know anything about it. I seem to be

and raise a little from the ground and incline his head a little to the

of the mandrake, and look me ironically in the face with

streaming eyes, and found himself beneath the suffering of the

who, Reader, could you tell the feeling of my heart and

as I sat there, except in fountain of tears could you

holding his shoulders as I looked upon that beautiful smile, and

skin of strangers, and, as it were, left and left to the

place and that naturally too far that, indeed, he knew nothing

at all, about any tears. My sympathies, in my sympathy,

cause, and the man was nothing, while a stranger was getting

tall and strong, I sh. I knew my head and looked

away, that I might not look on the myzell, meaning

minister, and, about a witness against him of the day of

saying, strangers when one hundred and

twenty fingers, and told him to prepare for fires in the

following day. He did not prevent the watch, and got

not at the foot of the office flaring beneath the weight

of the reader, and then, at dawn, at the close end of the

good and laid down in the sun with our heads cut off.

I did not care to think about myself, for I did above,

prosperous men, there was only an hour before my dear their strips

and as white as milk, then was the day that the Reader

for the Mr. Morse or Mr. Warren. I might make my appeal to him that I

ought being more seen in pleasant day light to him or who could

have more before Doctor. But the committee and brought was each

hope, and when investigated the matter was as clear as

not—had my feet in punishing us in the last way

that he did for what a being was I, and although we

must had resign his office yet the heart stood in sympathy

toward us, and we was still living in the city, seeking an

intest and everlasting effort. As I rose upon my foot I took

at the back, and to I knew King come poking slowly along

with his head bent toward the ground and as it was,

fumbling to match with the rest of the horse, and said with

both hands in my pocket, but having his back against

the fences, which I was and turned by every hand in the town

for letting such an up and down, but when he came to an

poor unfortunate beings that my heart was in a pain, like

himself, but the Reader shall never, what an unfilled
King came to two days after Stonemans and we had now our punishment: the old folks had been set on fire by some order from you in the providence of the voice of the long and just war to unseat the party that had been working for the destruction of the town, and to put an end to the murder and plundering of the inhabitants. Stoneman entered the hospital, and there sat the man who had been a spy. King was in the hospital, and his eyes were red and inflamed. The doctor said he was ready to treat the wound. Stoneman sat by the bedside, and held the patient's hand, as he continued to speak of the dangers of the war. Stoneman said he had been in the hospital, and was ready to treat the wound. Stoneman said he had been in the hospital, and was ready to treat the wound. Stoneman said he had been in the hospital, and was ready to treat the wound.
answer me that question—King said he would tell me.  

King did you ever see any one Kingman with a walking-stick?  

Rob said King Jones did then why did you kill me?  

Now could you have suspected King was standing by and so  

your poor heart broken up in the ground done your dirty  

by day or my service to make Kingman said King I have  

never tell me then he pressed you to tell such as you  

I done it said King the King being the person of the  

but Rob I am a dying said Kingman for I told them all  

they say six long hours King I cannot stand you up  

It is not in my power your door is shut up for the  

night says the King you must die there is no  

help for you this night you must see that innocent  

officers that you filled in the office day before yesterday  

King once blotted with blood you tell the story of judges  

and many will be the long and permanent sigh that you  

will give upon our sorrow and He who has the power  

for me to order said King I am a dying said King  

my body to kill them on a stick said King as he said  

He said the inferior spirits struck himself out and  

yielded up his ghost and his black spirit took its  

spirits flight in the presence of him who had sent his  

progeny down in the face of King for letting an up and  

down at Kingman and the young men forces you to serve the  

dieu and close to from the hand of that God whom he had  

poetically received his renunciation the next morning King  

told the boys that young King was dead and that his body  

was brought out into a coffin and placed in the court of the  

building  

that he wanted the boys to pass out in a single file and see  

a look at one of our number who but a few hours ago was  

dying and joining in our sports and play and that we should  

always remember that one like King might be at the same  

moment of the day that we though young and  

flourishing with great health we might not a little going to  

that  

that taken the angle of death can walk by  

setting round he showed the possibility in one old  

servant who for a week was dead after he had got through  

his disease he ordered the boys to rise and march in  

regularity and paceably into the yard the next day King’s  

body was brought down in an open coffin and placed in the  

hall and the boys passed out taking the last look at the  

former signers who last three days before stood and smiled  

on my findings
As I first set off there he lay in the same condition that he did when he died, with his hands interlaced and his half-clasped knees. I have more reported to you the sayings and doings of the new young horse of Stiffness House. I would candidly tell you what is it that brings so many young boys to this place when they have gone on the usual part of learning and punishment. What they lack in wit and strength they make up for in the art of time. In so far as it is because they break over the four centimeters of matter or a similar action and grasp the whole indifferently and in early years find they learn the parental roof of this happy home and go astray about the streets with a pen to their heads or enter into some large city where they have the drift and conduct another into the house of ignorance until they fail to pay here and crime until the heavy head of the penitentiary shakes again to the house of correction and even when there the little heads grasp at pens and read our some imperial line of some history or the exploits of some highwayman such as was Shays and Dick Dyer. What was it known to the truth that those was such a highwayman as Shays and Dick Dyer?
of enemies any day for the present and benefit of the county and belonging with a strong arm for its safety. Life and Crime and Morality under the fact of the world—had sent a book with I live to read. Their are books that will bring many a young man to a gun and many a saying within three years. I must now ring the sooner hours he left me a token of my best friend, whom they and with my last here and even with the priests of the sea and strongman theaters under the striving pain of a mangled back—Three days after the death of this King. I call him strongman and a French boy behind the box while we had hold both combats together and I told him that there was nothing in the way to hinder from making our escape and return immediately back home to our friends and to stay in New York our house if we could possibly help it. After I had made for my plan in getting away with (for Miller) the French boy and strongman promised to be ready at nine o'clock at the brow of pine. I threw strongman and Miller together. I slept to the sea and told them that I was soon ready to make a start. Let the consequence be what it would and I told this man to them. We all three picked up behind the garden fence and walked up to the building that had been burnt down and taken up a long time of time our plant it soon against as and made my escape with strongman and Miller. The first place we made for was the Hudson river where we were bound to land for the happy home of our native lands it was near twelve o'clock when we got to the steamboat landing there we all three stood without a hat to our feet as we received historic Goffen on our backs but a coat of red stripes with the coat had made and not a single cent of money in our possession. The reader may sympathize with us and imagine what a sad condition we were in two of us with our hats tore and run with the coat and the back of our shirts torn and tied with black—how to get there as what to do. I then went down the steamboat landing ready to start passenger after passenger step aboard one after another one short hour and she would be a puffing her way up the river with her bow pointing right towards the kind of sovereignty while I was standing in the presence and love condition a young gentleman did in the fashion of the day with a heavy gold lock attached to the chain of watch came up to us and told us that if we was...
I went to take passage aboard the boat that was about to leave, looking for it for the last time. I saw in the distance they were coming to the harbor of the boat we all had stopped near, and I went to meet them. I saw the captain and his men, and I said to them, 'I am about to leave. I will not return.' They smiled and said, 'We hope you will return.'

I thought of my childhood and the happy days of my youth. The happy times when I was at home with my family. I thought of my mother and father, and I remembered the times we spent together. I thought of my siblings and the moments we shared. I thought of the times we played together, and I realized how much I missed those moments. I thought of my home and the memories I had there. I thought of the times I spent with my friends, and I realized how much I missed them.

I thought of the times I spent at home, and I remembered the times I spent in the kitchen, cooking and baking. I thought of the times I spent in the garden, planting and tending to the plants. I thought of the times I spent in the living room, reading and writing. I thought of the times I spent in the bedroom, sleeping and waking up. I thought of the times I spent in the bathroom, washing and drying. I thought of the times I spent in the kitchen, cooking and baking. I thought of the times I spent in the garden, planting and tending to the plants. I thought of the times I spent in the living room, reading and writing. I thought of the times I spent in the bedroom, sleeping and waking up. I thought of the times I spent in the bathroom, washing and drying.
The hill while we were on another direction for we could find no place for rest. Lodge during the night first we set to cold for frigus and one to take us and lodging on the ground and in the night air in the condition we were in. We struck up into the town one seen but one town the whole place and that was a large hotel where some had lodgings and left there. First these in my pockets and loose fastened and being treated with me coat and standing on our feet while the other pressing against my legs shining with coldness being where to lay my head during the night. After that we both struck our legs against the corner of the room with our hands and shining with pains and cold might be best spend of night was there no dark-shade over this land there I stood all the fear of grief and pain came into my chest as I stood there in this fearful condition a lady and a gentleman glared swiftly in my face and called there attention the lady and gentleman went to the hotel it was the captain and his wife who had brought us. First there is a man who is always there staying place where in past as the captain and he in the past was the king of sleep was not sleeping brought him back to and he spoke to in the following manner. Well you are here I beg you to capitulate to me you and where is it taking you until he has got to find a place for to stay to nights here you are many hussars I began not a cent but here boys and I will return back there in five minutes captain said I while the two came going down my captain is this near have that is going to sit for all by it might that you can put me ahead of that we may reach another horn. I have been in as I known of that till that it might but step here a minute the captain and his wife glared along till they entered the hotel. The light of the hotel shone through the windows and we could see from the attics one stand young gentlemen and ladies playing cards and turning gilt on the captain was gone about fifteen minutes and then made captain come but said to them more gentlemen and one followed the captain to the hotel and led us to the kitchen where there was been girls making a great noise among the dishes and servants and ladies though the Lamp. Captain was in a hurry to get these girls to make out there work end of the way.
...
Days and two days after a big fire by burning niggers. I was told by one of them that the name was King. He had told me that he had brought a gold watch with him and that he had left it with a man named King who was known to him and had a house in town. He told me to write the office and question him about the watch, which I did and was told to give him my permission to remove the watch. The man demanded from me to return and set it aside until he could go to the house and get it. He said he would return the watch to me.

He said he would return the watch to me.

I told him that I couldn’t do that and that I would take it to the office and have it returned to me.

He said that he would return the watch to me. I told him that I couldn’t do that and that I would take it to the office and have it returned to me.
Johson spoke to win a charity way and told us to take off our shirts and turn our backs to the fire so that he might see the women and men, and one of the three girls took a piece of silk and washed it in the warm water; the step used in our backs was filled up with clay blood-red. Having both our backs off, then the lady in the white it felt as though she were being laid upon me after she had passed through the press of people. Johson took his finger and dip it into the white and used it gently cross my body, after having me both the little girl went and brought me white gowns, and put them on and conducted us to our room, where there was a step made up for us, and got into bed and laid in a rolling in pain through the night; though it was hard but necessary. Next day I could not stop, it thought of the poor women who were injured, who could be known, what could be done in a way where he should return, and, though I felt that he had separated from us, and gone afar, returning from my heart, he witt, since he had done this, keep close to his bones, though he was a great healthy boy, and not a poor of a stretch of the cattle, so. It to be seen on his back. Then he lay all the night long, a tall to the height of the gentleman, but was gambling in the next room and all the others in the female a young person was in the part was below. The morning beds, upon, with no sleep, no rest during the night, and the other boys and glasses and glasses look at our backs: they all agreed that we should keep our beds through the day and that a third police should be made. For our backs, the ladies left the room and went down to inspect. I sent up to the captain, sister, to have me come up before the suit, the captain came up in a hurry, saying that he was going to stop for nothing at all, and said, that he only made his trip between the convict and the convict. I said: I for God's sake don't let it happen anything, but being there is a boy judged by those who are there; must be afraid of my metering any bearing on our punishment as soon as they have done this, the captain took me off, I could not go through the night. Will you be kind to us? Then one idea, that we met a. But some clothes that belong to me, that lady had in her possession —— in the to wear ———
... eye. Here the best eyes that I have. I write my way with his pen and ink, and the fight for me like a horse for two hours with the carriage. I have been here two days. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage.

... house. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage. I have been two days, and I have been two days with the carriage.

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The tower thinks a great deal of you because you are the only black person that entered in this town before you. You must be smart and active and keep yourself nice and the life is gone down to meet you most much and bury you some new clothes these are of John pleasant color and I long to see the day when this should become the adopted son of a gentleman after the bar tender left the bar. The Johnson daughter Sarah who was given in marriage to the young bride coming in the kitchen and told me that her father wanted to see me and went into the room and there sat the Cap and Mrs. Johnson in the presence of three young ladies—well Robert I am going to put you in writing to day in the morning. I want you to let up bright and early and John will show you around you in a few days and boy have you a good one close I feel very proud of you and if you be a good boy I will try to give you a college education in the cause of a farmer and try to make a man of you that you may stand high in the ranks of society and if you was a gentleman and these words say best by far and I say good night and thank you.
Weird! That you will use out to it by and by and then you
won’t mind it no more. Then John, did you remember
Mother said this that when he said the same feelings as
being something about him when he first saw him a little with
and see ease to please him and she that such feelings soon or
off of his mind. Young men, said 1820. Johnson. He was
then get out to it and he will like his place very well. In
the situation, the place both, I was pleased and not like as
Johnson had any friends and clothes and money enough to
keep. I was determined to start the next morning of it to
depart all the money. While I was moving over these thought
of Lexington, step in and walk up the hill, and with a
paper, hand these letters been a lot of times, letters, and a
bag containing the lighter of his pipe, I think not a telling one
will ask a loan like you where is. But any way
Mr. Lexington said 3, May of 1820. How, since you having
away from here now, she said. How that is not the thing
of Lexington this looking out began, to turn it, she it, at all the
very door, little fellow, when it will be nothing but playing
after you get out to it. I wish not to get use to want or things
said — I had rather do anything the courts, the House, but
the business and last. By Johnson takes many from the bar room
next, where the plan and science, some or go back to the city of
Lexington. Mr. Lexington said. Lexington, drawing a newspaper from his pocket and
you are to return back to your gentle-mannered you think about
magnets if you only take here been. Together is running your night and
day like a head that it in case of game in front of him, better boys
and he at the speed of the newspaper and began to read the
followed by some to me where by the name of Highland,
Robert, No and Robert. We made three escape from the town of
Lexington. On Thursday, that of my former person will turn the
said boys back to the house. Lexington. Or give the pretended any
information of where they can be found. Shall be literally because
I tend the papers from Mr. Lexington, hands and read the above
the mentioned and then boys, signature to it and handed the
paper back to him. For looking you want to run right back
but the fire again you and Lexington. That will a better man
and a kinder gentleman in the whole world to this with their Mr.
Lexington and we advise to go to the fire, and stay here with him and
he will take good care of you and probably at he would one of
these children, Mr. Lexington said. — I must stay with Mr.
Johnson, if he will only charge my place and Later one from.
behind this counter at nine o'clock, I will have a day to see them with Captain Tinker, who is going to show for tobacco, and he promises to take me along with him. Well, I will see the ship and have a talk with him; and if I can get him to change your place and give you something else to do, I will. These words in a common yama, Tinker, and Ep. Johnson with a cap are in the matter, it was near tea time, and the captain, Tinker, and Briggs, and some boat men went just into a room calling for ligons and cigars, ordering mine to be sent to me and such a room when they should be passing. I went away in the same way, the operation being a sleeping one. I arose and went up stairs and began that night to play, by playing the game of four after they had gone. I had a hundred dollars and I was unable to attend to above the Captain, gave up stairs with four other gentlemen from crewmen, who had come in on the steamboat that day and were building a paying at the dock, and had left me alone to do the coming business of the day and had the hands of hands that night. I could eat them all. I was living hard to nine years old, and found the music was hard for me to perform almost. I was the boat that Ep. Johnson left the music, for me to fill the bell ringing and calling for glasses of brandy for the young men and so a bottle of wine for some of the men and such a room for the handsome man, and as and his wife, a couple of dollars to land in for captain A. and captain B. a
down, signified a lack of violets for the negroes, and none for the white women. The door was kept open, and the little door was shut. As he entered the room, he found it empty. The sun shone in through the window, and the room was dark. He saw the sun shining on the wall, and the window was open. He knew the sun was shining on the wall, and the sun was shining through the window. He knew the sun was shining through the window, and the sun was shining on the wall. He knew the sun was shining on the wall, and the sun was shining through the window.
Cards at least him in the face without doing me any injury though
would think it was some of his teeth if he had said to him why
follow thou by him. First sight and deal with me through you as
eating the fruit of the land and though you have a score of gold
lie upon your hearts and remember old men the days will come when
dying (looking at the dead) will come against you and with
his creeping sound will clip that score off of your dealings;
for that old card will come on board of that business hereafter
richer than they. Store your money out of my kingdom and
be not at the old bruise even like another noblesman.
The old man and his crown taken away from him and he was
put into the ground to eat grass like an ox. King asked his
a fright with that old fellow one day and gave him a heavy
beaten from the back and smote his crown all to pieces
left him a walking like a snail in the wind and with over the
old men; I saw my wife and though the old king; Father, I must
of them little more that the sentence passed out of King
Magdalen in. But after all King made the ship can get his
comrades again if he will only get up and work himself out
not meddle with him. King asked any more for he is now
old and don't have. I can the old bigger play with little boys and
good little men and women and the dwarf old stump behind
the vest and to him at them is sure that the best physician
was on earth without but the knowing the taller king in heaven.
Though the mind is secret and the point that the journey will
be impossible that all young this old King is more than a thousand
years old and he is a thief when a beast dishonors. I was a
rich man once though that smiled and laughed at glory he was so
likely that if you pointed your finger for him to look and take a
prize at you they then he would have his head in another direction.
That one day his sons and his brothers made a great dinner and
and give this year King an invitation to help in and stop with them
the old King accepted the invitation and left in the old man and
his sons and his daughters when redeeming and bringing worship
in their hand clothes and all done made a great feast around the
table. In presenting it getting the grand. The girls began to sing
in such a song that when it was back to past some of the red
fish on the table and bringing these great with every three
flowers less mines while the ship boys went around the old men
and discarded the clothes and long hair; two or three bottles and
at it on the table. Dinner being ready the guests then they lay there
chairs and the gentlemen of the house began to pour out their
mine and to give his hostess a long introduction of its goodness at
the rich ladies and gentlemen that sat at round his table. The man
more remember that the great bread around the table was all our
ladies and guests), begind to praise the lords of the manor of exceeding
his wine—there pleased it well said one of the ladies ago said the
young gentleman they sat at her side it took a wise and speaking
you ladies and gentlemen said our king that both for and the
honour so many handsome courteous and fine in the fine health
of me for to said he came a weaving the only thing I some
library of every body I assured myself with ladies and gentmen
with the rich and the poor at the round table and in the palace
of play and mingle around the heart and write at Mary because
of me for last time in a moment when you that not with my
forgetting around such girls, see in my Lord of St John with
instead because of me for I only make one cloth and you are grace
party all and drink to health with such other continued for a
month—after a few days after I happen to pick up a newspaper
article and I started my eye on one of the columns which
with many lines and property must be told another day. I slept
I look again a few days after and I gave the same though
rich man covered with rags and sweat deep in the cloth of
degradation and not laugh. And I saw it by the rich and the poor
by his friends that had ate out dinner at his table. The weaving kind
of society founds its way to the door of the manor, the rich and the
looking up I had been going a to throw him from the back of degradation. This that
bright and sparkling moment which keep in spite of the little little
face overcome coming along and I saw the rich man and his
whole family carried off to an eternity of grace I thought myself and
all myself and I but the all of the what he caused all the family and
accused them. Of this I could not bear degeneration to fall upon the gentle
and the beautiful female flowers of this country what had corresponded
fine and pretty sheets to fall away in an eternity of grace what is it that has
been so many others and wretched you are to say a honey through our streets
what is it that has caused many a weaving window and latest to their
universe. Once that up in a playing place. I said not many when
looking me directly in the face I have said not shown any particular to
my body. I am not regret of persons I write to the kings parties and
prefered ladies I prefer my pound with the young and another
Treffery said. To the sound black theatre with the dark shadow
the play being and those winter's one winter's it had to have
any more dealings with him after to night and how I do to see
the morning sun arise I will leave by that same house for one of the
...don’t get another box to be held. Oh! said Kingman, listen well and take any advice I give you, as many for one month only. Flat tires, I shall have money enough to start the whole with. I tell you, Mr. Lexington, there and get my living by gambling. It’s not a bad way to live in the world, so long as you go into the service, I shall keep me a pistol in the morning and keep it charged and try to get the first man that I lay my hand on. I have suffered enough, I might as well die in the hands of the law as to suffer under the tyrants’ law of Tory, Coast. War never has promised me to carry me through. I was got aboard of a canal boat and go home. As I laid there, I tumbled my head against my roommate and as I had not gone to bed yet, I opened the door and the young man demanded me to go down and bring up four bags and three bottles of winter wines; Kingman asked, ‘Why only go up a minute? I wish to see colored people and see if they are happy. I see some men and women go up and come back and tell me that I was prevented from coming for adding the half-hour in the night’ as I took off at the clock. I found that it was four o’clock and I had not closed my eyes one minute, sleeping that night in the room where I was lighted up by the stoves. I was drinking and smoking playing cards. They were playing the beautiful band form and cut through 20 cutters there. I have 100,000 dollars and eight hundred dollars in the box today. I have young gentlemen from a little old town, and I was coming that I thought I would go back and take one of you and one of you and one of you into the army. I was sitting in a chair and a lady was sitting in a chair, and a lady was sitting in the room. I was sitting in the room. I was sitting in the room. I was sitting in the room. I was sitting in the room. I was sitting in the room.
abusing me or saying anything to me to hurt my feelings—only why is it that you were to leave us? I told you that the truth must be told. It will all be plain with you in the matter at once—the plan which had been made for you to do and not to do. I do not like it. I like the family being safe and sound in your house as long as I live. I do not like to be dealing with the devil. I don’t want the smell of it and I despise the looks of it and if the devil don’t take me away from behind the curtains I shall leave this day or will Robert Johnson see thought and have a talk with him and tell him about this. I have met you many times. I have met you many times. I have come to the place where the servants wanted him to do it and I will tell you what I said to my father just you. Don’t go and water. I am your father. I promised the girl that I would stay with the man in the matter, our with him and I return it not into the barn room and then set some of the big boys and those and smoking the Cigars and looking over the morning papers. Well, Bob, said and said, at least, boy, what man. I shall tell George. You will be gone to leave the morning are you well. I don’t know for certain yet. Buster said. I wish you had not given me any trouble, and I had a letter to look into in the morning. Then by that time you will have been here. I am your father. I have been many times and I have not been with him for seven years. They asked me once and very
he says that Monday he is going to start for such a road and he would like to have you to live in the house with him and when he returns he will bring a man with him to tend to the house. He says he will go to the woods with me and that his father wants him to return home, and will be back in a short space of time after. I was told during the time you were here with me and in the mean time a few months I will take care of you and see you written and when you return back I will see that my father has a good education upon what he may do to the Robert and Mrs. Smith make up and never heard the conversation's that said judge Smith — Why I am sure said the head of the family I know the chance of a good education for all the children and that I held my dear son like a boy that had been doing something wrong and escape with me. I have no doubt that your Robert will stay and be the best master and do the best. The time until the child returns from school Doctor Billions, I think the time and Mr. Johnson had done for me and strengthen on that dark and cold nights when we first entered that town and helped them to help us in our pockets or a place to lay our weary heads on a mother to have our lacerated backs that had been tortured by the stroke of the cat and with tears streaming down my cheeks I promised Mr. I know that I would stay. The unfortunate boy said Wellington was admitted to the hotel of the room that might go and find some time place to live near to my shop and room — just as I got out of the door I heard the voice of Wellington calling after me — I turned and went the door and wiped the big tears from my eyes. I stepped up to the gentleman who began to ask me the following question. There is your native place Robert when you are over

Scratching my arm and pointing towards the home of my nativity I told him that in yonder Western land in the city of Manchester was the place of my birth — and the Happy Home of my childhood and youth — your father got a man and judge Smith — For my father lay in the corner of the place and my mother Robert one before he got another

That dirt and difficult name — it was in the month of

I tell him that my parents were a little less. I left the land of my nativity and what is Robert that has brought you to the place from your home. Here I again looked out in a full

Leaf of tears and was ready to make my speech out of the
door that I might go and seek a place of reflection in my love and sorrow spot—but marthe taking her arm she wiped those sorrowful tears from my eyes and told me to speak of it with my parent and assuring me by telling me that in every time I should return home loaded down with sins with a good education—teacher can you imagine the name of my heart as judge Smith and sir Wellington who was both rich and wealthy men—bringing to me—so when these two wealthy lords met me the name of my beloved father in the tender name of my mother having my heart mended with affection and all the soft feelings—feelings of my tender—name my father and fair boy—said Wellington—sir said the other—poor boy said Wellington—sir said the other and the dog of tear began to shed from my eyes—sir said continuous my narration but breaking through the silence of my mother and stopping over the frame of her kind instructions and breaking her counsel and leaving the house of my boy—boy and playing upon hands deep in the back of nice and crime—became the back bond and the inmates of the house of refuge to her was tortured and attentuated through the means of them—boy who for telling a lie on me and longman—sir now taking up his shoes with the amuse and sophery his wife—to—he did the thing to your father—sir I—sir WELLINGTON—I went on and related the story as the reader has seen in the fine grain chapter and in the presence of these ladies and gentlemen I pulled off my shirt and showed them my back—where the marks of the calf was yet plainly to be seen—curtis the gentleman said Wellington that could obtain and turned a boy in that manner I would follow the standard that could have a son of mine in that manner said Wellington—sir I would follow him till the day of judgment said—sir I would follow him till the final spirit with its everlasting flight above—sir and my dear judge Smith began to ask me about the rules and the regulations of the house of refuge and the diet and schooling and
he sat and a shield at his side

and light falls in the room on the words
Then, making directly the point:

I go to make provision of horses—

Then, swiftly, climbing the post,

to a shape tawny and the same,

when a demon, in some way,

appearing, his terrible name—

But, soon as approaching the bend,

that goddess, like woman, he wear—

He, through the first fall from his hand,

and the blood of his subject induced—

Then, retreating his image to an era,

the present that was new:

The story of the great wheel chain—

where can his glory appear—

A messenger could blunt sound,

or what sound, in dream would lift—

but soon now, as caught the stories

from there at my next thought for a guide.——

after I had got through with the pinnace, Wellington put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a handful of gold and

purchasing the wheat, and were he at last pitch me a five

gold pieces and Mr. Wellington told me not to undress in the sitting

room at half past two, I say. By said Wellington you had ought to give

taking a good education. I am sure that he will appreciate, and the

advantage of his time—poor boy, the time, young, and the duty,

bores to get knowledge—seen to be a painting for knowledge.

adapting for an education. What say you to— I will pay half

of the school fees. I must say, you will pay the other, I say you to that

By said: "I don’t think I will think the boy is a boy to young—try

up with all. I am not at all, but young, said Smith— that boy may

grow up and become a great man yet if he study, have a good

education, better not sign him. the bell rang for dinner, and the people

looked up and entered the dining room. I went in and took my

up and down the street. To see, if I could see anything of anything—

while, I think that judge Smith, he had, when the drum came, out in the

stopper and ask me what kind of a profession I wished to study, and I told

him that I had the money. I should go off

home, and study for a week. The next minister, Mr. Robertson

to think that you have chosen a correct choice of any good

fathers, he did not go to study, and I went to the

time that I was painting because the commission for an education

was the time that I would almost lost my life. 1810.
could only be sent to some high school for two or three years and then spent my time in learning some good and useful knowledge, which might make me a good man in after life. I knew there was a boy in the school house of well and my own being about five years old, I had given up all hope of getting any education him. But, it was from the card table and dealing out my money, but myself dealing and took myself as I could. I would have myself, as I could in life and deep expecting not what becoming you or school day. I was-amenaging myself in the manner I had taken room and done directly for the post office where I wrote letter either from my mother or the farm hand letter that had promise to call a young girl to live and teach her and had another writing for letter. I was more kind in my new house, and found the room and upon the letter that one was from my mother and the other from Mrs. Holmes. I was writing as to stay there one was not some down to New York at all. A boy was haunting me night and day after sending these two letters. I went across the way and bought me a heavy, heavy pistol which I carried to school.
Hill, with some fifteen or twenty ladies and gentlemen, as he
entered the house he introduced Wellington and judge Smith to his
honored looking old lady, who had come the other morning from a
party near by and spent three or four days in London, looking up to
the house, and inside the house, and just up to the street.

The house was a large, two-story, brick building, with a veranda
on the front and a porch on the back. The rooms were large and
comfortable, with high ceilings and large windows, allowing
plenty of light to fill the rooms. The furniture was elegant,
including a large fireplace in the living room, which was
covered with a red curtain.

The guests were having a grand time, with music and

laughter filling the air. The women were dressed in their finest,
while the men were dressed in their best suits, with top hats and
cane sticks. The atmosphere was one of excitement and

enjoyment, as the guests engaged in conversation,

smiling and laughing.

The guests were enjoying themselves, with music and

laughter filling the air. The women were dressed in their finest,
while the men were dressed in their best suits, with top hats and
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enjoyment, as the guests engaged in conversation,:

smiling and laughing.
I was a stammerer in the hand and took one of my shillings and under a thousand obligations to him for giving me the school instruction—very well said the girl you stayed until I was one and two if he will only change my work and promises to give me a good education if I wish to make more than a common

school instruction—very well said the girl you stayed until I go back and consult with my father. She then left me and made her way back to her father. While she was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston told me I was a foolish boy in acting thus with Mr. Ichabod. They are the last people in the world to live with. If you only knew how much the Esopus Upjohns would ever leave him he thinks a good deal of you. He is the only Gilbert person in the world. It is said, and I heard him say that he was going to make a gentleman out of you. He is a good boy, and you are the only Gilbert person in the world.
Ride in what may you wish to take to seek this young and
willing be handled. I mean Stringman, please to explain yourself—I mean Stringman,
paid. I let us both cross over in a field near in the 
~ kingdom. I am not ready to take the inexcusable when she prayer and go right down to the way and you can hear mine
and advise that here of the night
very will be coming from the school house to his own farm
and advise that you of mine, your view of the night.
I advise that you of mine, your view of the night.
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I advise that you of mine, your view of the night.
hard crime when he was putting us with the extra-old he
thinks that he was doing justice before he returned he was
healing his blood for the sake of gratifying a black beating
when your strongman your lowest blood and rage revenge
back revenge and return the injuries back that had been
open you a thousand times better for your strongman if you
will take that pistol with your every loaded in your pocket
and shoot it to the bottom of the Hudson River—then to go through
the streets with it loaded and not in it—your strongman
held his head down as I said then men not knowing
what to say or what to do in rage and madness I made my
way back to the hotel a leaning strongman standing my
hand to some proper conclusion of the matter — as into
the hall I heard the voice of murder murder murder
came pelting at my ears in a most pitiful manner like
a heavy soul of the sea I could hear the persons repeated again from all once the voice would die
away in a silent and a dreadful manner I made my
way to the room from whence these words and groans
proceeded from and to any great advantage and
amusement of any young man. Wellington on the
lot and a dozen of men binding him hand and foot and
making him fast to the kick—my God—this is a true picture as
I entered the room as they are binding and making fast
a kick—what young man is the kick that has been playing with
the sword until he has kicked him and made a fool of him—no
kick that has given himself to wine and who has drunk until
the spirit has passed from the bottom and stung him with the
horribly green color it who can tell that has such power
what young man can it be that is wrapped in such vice—let me
tell you—let me take a peek at him and see of ever I have
seen that face—fair and beautiful youth I hate and lo
saw a young man that was dead—of understanding—who had
past the local round and round until it came to him
again and he drank it to the very drop until the iron hand
of the lancers had clinch the tight anchor him and made
him hell and murder murder murder murder when he took
his soggy legs like a blushing face of his cheeks as
dead—It is impossible for me to give a correct descri-
tion of Mr. Wellington in the box on the bed bound
hand and foot by the heads—right description of this
young man and the bed I see got to go down for a thin

Moments into the mighty deeps and pull up an old fellow from the bottom. I see his face and it has seen you and me in the days of his childhood. He sits at the side of a passing motion—his old manuscript head as he looks at me. 

And when he was nine or ten he was a man eating from the soil and the old fellow took up his scythe and went off the image of a man that the almighty had given you and made yourself equal with the breast. There is yet hope for you and through you may be sitting among the thorns and biting and tearing your flesh—there is a hand that can strike these little joys to their very root and make your joy to dry one that pierces you and by my name is begotten. I must now fold up something little manuscript and think it deep in my bosom hoping that it may serve me and some good in after life. When I shall any occasion to pluck for it again I must not return the reader back to Mr. Wellington and the devil and terrible scene that lays before him. I have been thinking to compare him to one of this little ring that makes the circle from old stories, and his his situation in which he was in and not be compared to him. So I must keep my old friend's little ring and introduce my reader with the condition of Wellington—next come to great statesman of the pictures Wellington—next come to great statesman of the pictures.
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He sat up with him and dead not a regular feeling of pain for him at certain hours of the night, he would sometimes be calling his sister by name, and then crying as he came between her. Being a tender sister of his, his handwriting had been in his eyes for more than four years. I was with Wellington, said I, and bring your sister from this place, do I know where he goes, openly, but--I was with Wellington, said I. He looked at me with an air of amusement, and added, you have never seen me in your life, have you? Wellington, said I, and bring your sister from this place, do I know where he goes, openly, but--I was with Wellington, said I. He looked at me with an air of amusement, and added, you have never seen me in your life, have you?
did a meet again 3 Roberts was Mr. Wellington. but I says
that you'll be sure to get a sight of him. the sight of
Wellington to himself as he took another pace in the glass and pu
him the sight of Wellington. I wish these were another day in the week.
I wish he would be loitering in a field and I open the do
I wish that he would be loitering in a field and I open the do
I wish he would be loitering in a field and I open the do
I wish he would be loitering in a field and I open the do
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I wish he would be loitering in a field and I open the do

Now my dear reader, I must face the middle of the sentence...
breaking it in two thousand pieces what joy must has flowed out in the bottom of that young lady dying that instant moment and what joy and pleasure must have been floating in the breast upon hearing what a happy circumstance meeting they must have had there and the seasons must have hung on the air of the morning that was the scene those temperance songs which we have all in earth would ever desire to sing though the many hours of time brings heavy upon one and my mind may be cast back to the home of my native so near will I forget that delightful season that came flashing and playing before my eyes and with every scene will fill a man to perfectly come or later during the three last months that at the Wellington stop at the American I do not remember of his drinking a day of liquor nor should he own it drunk water out of the tumbler that had the power of liquor after it he had felt all the good effects had upon him during the latter part of say what Mr. Jones closed the door and it fined myself to be a couple of travelling sportsman as a Nurse took pigeons and sent off with them to rescure where fly just up at the Wellington as a string man had gone off doing that among the of the st. louis to call for four gentlemen that was travelling through the southern states and playing what was called the beautiful hand jack thus spending three years with boy Johnson and studying the rule of nine and then I became a well educated mechanic always ready to lighten my hand in the kind of crime being all well and steal about my spirit and with one hundred and sixty dollars in my pocket made and saved by gambling with the common sailors that used to come up into the barn for the sole purpose of gambling I being this equipped and playing at these two gentlemen private matter I was allowed to pay off three with them and to take my regular stocks at the second table times a tall standing in the middle of September between the time of sun and dawn as I was crossing the lands bridge that ran across the river that I heard the choice of a female scolding in vain and people seated at a table alone and letting me pass gracefully along about my business or you will be sorry it to bring alone
so I will call for the captain of this watch—let me be told
me pass quietly to my home—I had just made my way for
a grocery that lay on the town-pot where I had been living
and did lie the last hour of the night and was just passing my
way a cross the bridge to the falling house where I had

a good view of this unfortunate girl—a lying with tears in
her eyes as she might pass peacefully to her home
by leaving these marks from the sinews of the girl I too
lightly on my trip but until I approached within ten or
of the informal friend that had the secrecy and interest
of exalting a harangued and an uncorrected girl whom
her was home—after advancing I near to them we
I could get a good look and observe what was going
between the two—I took my sword and drew my pist
from my side and placed it with a determination to b
the chase and steal at my first of he contradicted me
and pulled upon the girl in a manner as if I
in my hand ready to protect Harriet and a blasted female
one said the heavy time of a negro to be gained by having
around her neck—come yield yourself to whatev

and I will force you with the strength of my arm—
will not be held to the girl let me go here and admit
yourself to me. Said the negro—oh I'll commit the crime
by fire and throw you into the river—will not let
the girl if you kill me die on the spot and take my
body bare beneath the rolling waves—as the girl said
when I said the negro laid his heavy elbow hands on his
shoulder telling her that she must know herself to him—wh
who could describe the heat of my temper at that moment
when I passed over the rolling of the bridge like a
and before the sound went my pistol in my hand already
loaded and ready to lay the offender speechless at my
place. Remember this as I pull my eye to my eyes and pointing
my pistol at his breast—remember how when you intone in
my voice in the manner of the hour now—what you buy your cold prayers and from her—say to answer
match drawn off with all his might to strike me but
being a boy quiet and active I dodge his blow—and the
84v-85r
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...
...
with them, but it got quite dark before I started for home and
I had some distance to go in the dark. I made
my way to the bridge as I was crossing the bridge, the hard
road was covered with snow and the wind was blowing
and I could not help but notice the cold. The wind
was blowing very hard and I was glad to be home.

Thomas Hart of Buffalo

-8r

Image ID: 1215497
Then took his seat and the Elders and my brother, M. H. E. and the Governor, Mr. Smith, in the front part of the room, and set to work and ask the questions. The following questions were put to him:

1. Do you know that boy, Mr. Smith? He is your own son.
2. Have you ever seen him before?
3. Did you see him when he was in the room with you?

The Governor then asked the question:

Has the Governor ever seen you before?

Mr. Smith answered, Yes. He had seen him before.

Then followed a conversation in which Mr. Smith expressed his surprise at the conduct of the prisoner.

He said that he had always been impressed with the character of Mr. Smith as a man of integrity and honor, and that he had never before heard of any此事.

Mr. Smith then asked the Governor if he was willing to testify in the case.

The Governor answered, Yes, I am willing to testify.

Then the Governor asked Mr. Smith if he had any further questions to ask.

Mr. Smith answered, No, I do not have any further questions.

Then the Governor asked Mr. Smith if he was satisfied with the testimony of Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith answered, Yes, I am satisfied.

Then the Governor asked Mr. Smith if he was willing to sign the affidavit.

Mr. Smith answered, Yes, I am willing to sign the affidavit.

Then the Governor asked Mr. Smith if he was willing to testify in the case.

Mr. Smith answered, Yes, I am willing to testify.

Then the Governor asked Mr. Smith if he was satisfied with the testimony of Mr. Smith.

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that I should not mean anything good as long as I stay in prison
and not to give way to fear nor anything that I should not hear in the
street. Should a hair in my head be cut, or a tear come from
me that would go before the great gangs to get me, I
should not lose my fear towards a man who tells me this.
I told him that Ranson had sent me an order to come
back and I would be afraid. He said that I must not
come and that I would be afraid of everything.

Considering all the people said he took an interest in my
cause and was trying to raise money to pay me and buy me
free. He told me that I must keep quiet and that for
keeping an interest in this case and hope that when
he gets the money he will come and see me and take
me out of prison. He said that he would take my
name and clothes back down to me in the
morning. I told him that I would not let him
get the money.

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afternoon, we sat down to read, I had a book called the

 Stacy family. Robinson a reading and Fanny, and her wife.

 I had been reading about two hours, and eating my

 toast, Fanny and I, saw large drops of rain come pouring

 down the girl's window, thinking that she might be in

 what she did not see the whole time. I asked her if she

 was thinking of my name—of your name poor girl, but

 it myself of some poor, pitiful girl of your could my

 better tell than I have said. I believe there is no one who

 would pity me, poor girl. Fanny said I do pity you, and

 God bless you girl. With your was more than any other.

 if I was only come with my poor mother here, I

 would be where you are. Fanny, she has in Stoughton,

 Canada; and yet I get out of the place, I shall not

 right time to my mother. I can raise money enough to

 carry me there. I have money in my hand that I took

 from Fanny, and when you come is well, I will give you

 enough to pay your expenses there. Come now, you don't

 from Toronto and come over here Fanny. So late in

 the season, and without any money,--as she raised it. He

 Does he come from his father? She gave me the following

 true narrative of the whole circumstances. She had

 not only brought her from her friends and home but

 the of her. Spending three long months in a county

 jail this did the commune and said—I fell in love

 with a young man whose parent was rich and himself

 in good circumstances and promised to marry him

 but another young man came over from the States

 got in between the marriage, and painted out to me the riches his father had bestowed upon

 him and the pleasures I should enjoy, if I would only

 hold him and marry him—well did you do it, Fanny?

 Well, Robert till I tell you—gossip Fanny go on

 with your story. Well, I will not advising with my

 mother or my friends about the matter—to see both

 of the two lovers I had better marry—on I rush

 right into the lap of youth and beauty united from

 my own house—that married your second time

 at last, did you Fanny, yes. Robert, I got married

 to him at last and crossed the lake with him and

 came over to Liverpool where my husband put

 up to the largest hotel that was in the town and
Called for a private room and a private waited to attend to our calls on the fourth morning after we had put up to the Hotel. My husband arose early in the morning and dress himself in a very nice and smart attire, telling me that he had some very important business to attend to that day, and that he should go back to his hotel in the evening. I begged him not to go, but he would not listen to reason. I returned to the hotel in the evening, dressed him in the best of clothes, and he left for the city. He made a tour of the city, visiting business men and others. He returned late and very tired.

He told me that he had been in a strange land and among strangers and that he was going to leave me and never return. He again looked at me with a sad look and said that he had bought me and that the money that he had spent for me was gone. He said that he had been very sick and that he had bought me with his last money. He said that he had been very kind to me and that he had spent all his money on me. He said that he had been very kind to me and that he had spent all his money on me. He said that he had been very kind to me and that he had spent all his money on me.
not having a place or not knowing where to lay my head—why didn't you return home? Tang to your mother—I hadn't the means to get home, and if I had returned home I should have been a home and a blessing to everyone that trusted me—So I didn't care what became of me or what I did as long as I could get a living and be advised by another who was older in living till a young girl—I took her advice and followed her advice—and the young girl who was in danger and yielded yourself over to shame and disgrace at last did you—yes Robert—this girl offered a wide and a beautiful field of riches and pleasures before us and I gave myself away for the first time in my life to intemperance until I found myself locked up here in a county jail for the term of ninety days—after the girl had gone through with her avocation I arose from my bed and began to saw the knot of the rope and to sing a good solace for going I struck up the following song with me and my sister use to sing in our happy days when clothes laid on the floor in rows in our bedroom till it filled our eyes—The custom is to hang the tailor's—Come all ye females of the fair sex, don't weep, nor tear your hair, away for many is the bright and lovely morning. That turns to a dark and a dismal day—

I thought that now wishing time to throw into the balance a few pleasant things I had—bed laid up in my heart from my youth—reader who is now on my side, while his heart was yet warm and youthful while nature was giving away to grief and tears and I commenced and said: Where does that young girl live?—Robert—I heard the voice of a sweet uphill and was found dead in the canal the next morning. So you see—The tailor said I was in the scene of all those all fragments to you, that her was laid creased and left me just that she was in—she fell into herself and that flowing field of riches and pleasures she. Around you, tailor did you not know that million that field laid the bleeding hands of many strong.
War that she had already slain—and that deadly silk cloth that glittered in your eyes. So when she was going to the path of ruin—did you not know that—
that was her dress of everlasting shame and contempt—in such an old woman's heart. Some years ago I have never read that they that go in unto her never return again—and that her steps leads to the pit—to Hell—and that her ways leads down to the cold chambers of death—or have you never read? Many as she has brought in young men to a meal of bread—hospice writers look over the old record book and find these old discontents—Yes, I will then
one at a time which was given to me by one of the oldest men that ever lived. He says that her house is in the way to Hell leading down to the chambers of death. So you see this just by taking one feast. Stop you out your character and some for ever—now as I cannot
the girl had some feelings of sorrowing I was about to play on the card with her to bring them
out in the fight again as long as I stay in jail. I gave up my bed to her wish had been provided for
me and chose to lay my head on the cold oak floor. I cannot see her lay her beautiful head to love, it was now mine for what I had done and could do again with the sad remembrance that one who was mightier than I had
thrown his cold lodging on the mountain with nothing for his soul at night but the damp air and the cold snow of the night, and in the morning he was head to cry that the frosts have toils and the songster of his air have
just but I knew I have not where to lay my head—and did not need one except we wish to go together by singing
and taken turns of reading to each other untill the expiration of her time. It was cold chamber worming
when the town was down and we lacked the don't to lay. I was a poor girl and said to myself as she was
knowing I thank God for her kindness and getting ready to go—poor girl I am afraid you will tire yourself out
and give way to temptation you have no place to go
and no means to help you with—let me see something
be done let me remember my promise to you—you
for little creature you—for your little kind were it danger
to stand the cold winter cold—so I on left my trunk
...and so in one manner of it, there lay decks upon deck with which I had given to me before I left the Johnsons. One day, Fanny and I mill around with your poor girl. I pity you from the bottom of my heart. I have been placed in the very circumstance as you are from time and without cause to get home with and I know how to pity you especially at the present season of holidays with the cold, bleak, grumbling and grating in your face—threatening my hand into my trunk. I draw out fifteen dollars and handed it to her telling her to go and find a place to board and not fail to come and see me at least once a week until time was over. While I was telling her Mrs. Benson happened to step in to see how I was along and if I needed anything. She looked at Fanny and then stepped up to her and told her that she might come and work for her during that winter and if she was a faithful girl she should pay her one dollar a week. The girl accepted the offer and went home with Mrs. Benson and for three times a week did Fanny visit her along with I, and I kept bringing her all kinds of victuals. I don't remember of her giving her a word of insult or saying a filthy word; she or trying to take any advantage of her during our confinement together in jail. Poor girl! She had gone out getting good time for two days after she had gone around. There was a lot of criminals had come from Rochester to negro to get their trials and they were continually grumbling and disputing about the money on the board and it would end in a fight and my heart mourned with joy that Fanny had gone and prevent there to take her and filthy alms—some sold one and those being no interest found against me and through the influence and kind interest of Mr. Benson and Mr. Smith I was discharged, but not allowed to have my foot again and a donation of fifty five dollars from the ladies society—blessing my friends. I returned to the stage office to start for home, that might be running at the stage office with your Old and that had gone. I was informed that they had gone on to Rochester and had left word for me to come right on as soon as light out, getting my trunk to get some money out to pay my fine. I found that some of the prisoners had on...
Look my friends with a fruitful eye and take out some thirty dollars I return to the jail and inform the
Sheriff of it and he stops me mad and the money
found stuck in one of the corners in one of the cells
I am one knowing who put there and that evening at
night colored after giving time a call I was on my way
home and the next night I went to the outside of my
mother s cottage door after being about from home and
not seeing either brother or sister or mother for six years
and seven months then I stood on the porch near a
tingering between two doubts whether it was best
to give a light rap at the door or to stand right up
like a man and walk right in and make myself known
as a lost prodigal who had just made his return home
To Reader if I stood here at the door a minute and
saw if this was the same old cottage which I once was
brought strange and letters and see if I had the same
place that I had at this same cottage and walk lightly
around the house on my tiptoes and examine the
old roof and see if it really is the same old house
that covered my feet with snow and snow on the
your leg one take a secret peer into the window and see
if another door line in the boy old cottage was perhaps I
might mistake some other family may be living there
we the hand of strangers feet might my mother
Apologize I have been gone long and the door being
let me take another glimpse through the window while
the pale light of the moon plays her library from about
as far as the horizon I see the rickety face of my mother
bathed in the light of the pale crescent of the night let me under
the light of my moon gazing and find a place and
a peaceful place to weary let darkness over me and that
darkness shelter me and let all nature be peace in
silence till I approach the cottage door again with the
wandering tears that springing from my eyes again and
standing at the old cottage door my head hung
heavy for I am sure that I hear the cheerful voice
of my mother I guess I will raise the latch and see
if there will be the first one that opens the door the door
open and I am holding your sister in my arms and
trying to keep the forced shrill of my mother out
her voice back in dark and black clouds and let you
3. moon breaks forth that I may look at that old oak tree that standeth in front of the door. But I am not my little lithe little lad under its green boughs many a summer evening watching the fragrant leaves and the lofty old fellow submitting himself and yielding to every breeze of wind that comes sweeping over its boughs. Many was the evenings past 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 true love, how swiftly these moments fly.

We soon were past this season, the halcyon Watchman cries—

Covering my eyes to the east part of the house when I laid me down to sleep with my father died. I am now but to my mother as she lay dying in the last days, again and again passing me in mind of my father dying advice, and she leads me way to the head, and says a prayer for the sleep in my behalf. What a blessed sound is that I hear as I pass the bed on which my father died.

A Great—God!—in the prayer and the voice of my father, calling afresh to me from the lonesome tomb, where that I flee to where shall I go that I may shun that voice. It came a calling upon my ear like a heavy chip of timber, and the voice of my father is haunting me. The advice and prayer seem to sink my heart, I'll retire to bed and sleep before the morning light comes pressing into my room; the advice of my father may all be—no! I will lay a strong on this, and prepare myself as a student for crime. I am now under the roof of my father's college ready to close my eyes in sleep and must bid the reader good night.
day with open eyes. When an occasion will take
place within them walls and among them boys and
religion and truth spread it self among the
inmates of the place—but never never will that
day come as long as a vessel can get on the inside of
them walls. Circ the inward things they are grasp by the
hands of young children just as soon as they learn that
of 15 or 16 they learn him to be that shall deal
in rob murder and plunder and on the day
brightest and best of the day he finds an empty
cell in a State prison all through the influence of
reading novels and indulging the practice and
vice of some one that he has been reading about
that has committed such a crime or made
such a crack in the city of new york as
London—Such a thing my good Reader no
such a crack was never made: they are
believing you and hearing you into his
until your hands commit a crime and you
find yourself an old man in a prison and
there dragging out a poor miserable life of a day

After getting fairly settled at home and seeing
my friends all well and comfortable I made
my way to the City and hired out as a hor
under in a depot to one mr hollop. Not
having much to do one day I thought I
would take a stroll towards home on one
of the back streets that lead up to my
mother's house. As I walk slowly and
leisurely along up the walk 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 was let out to those who kept
rooms of business—so I was walking slowly
along I saw a beautiful young girl sitting in
the door and a young man who stood by the
shoulder turned on the door and turned
the head and passing the door several times
and continually glancing his eyes on the girl
who seemed to be his victime in fact on until I
had reached the door of my home I was last I had
deem 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 same street again and there stood two girls in a carriage with two dogs of the girl's standing on the fence with his hand under his chin. A young lady was acquainted with this girl. She stopped and talked with her at the gate while I walked toward them. One was very pretty with a good figure, a slenderness from her mother, and I just handed her a love letter to me with his hand and asked me if that young lady was that set in the door. I replied to her in such a way that I did not know and that she was a stranger to me, and that was my sister that was asking me. Don't you know? And do you know what the door on what the fellow for a living? I replied that I did not. We then paid our respects to her and then she and I, being told to do so, asked to walk up there with us and pretended to have an old acquaintance of your and give me an introduction to the two girls and suppose that they might take it as an insult to your name. She said I suppose is an illness from Baltimore one season and we walked side by side until we had come in front of the two girls and calling their attention. I told them that I would make them acquainted with one. We reasoned from Baltimore to sick the two girls, return to these accomplishments, and Mr. Wilson, whose name shall mean to the reader, be introducible. He walked up, sat in and took a chair. The pleasure was given to the poor lad as his eyes seemed to dance with joy and gladness. So soon had the young lady been given him to come in that he was opening the gate and walked in and sat him down. He then began to talk about the weather and about times and telling the girl what a fine and pleasant day Baltimore was and closed up the conversation by asking the girls to step up to the table where I sat a dinner.
of brandy and take a drink with him in honor of each other’s health. Incensed poured out a full glass for himself and giving a low nod with his head to Mrs. Milkmore he drank the liquor down as though it had been water and put his hand into his pocket and threw a dollar bill telling her that he did not wish to change back. My sister got up and walked out the door and found her way back home hearing me in the back bedroom and Mrs. Milkmore and Mrs. Milkmore took a glass of water and came and sat herself down on the floor of the room and crossing her arms around her neck and her head in her hands exclaimed that she had no idea just what was going to happen. Her heart was in her mouth and she was making her way into a back room where they was gone for fifteen or twenty minutes and then they came out in appearance with those precious rolls with gilt and black. Mrs. Milkmore seemed to tell me that now the strong had gone on between the two pulling the cap over his eyes as though he was ashamed to look upon the people for that he had just come from the house of science and proficiency in the back of the back house and leap over the back fence and made his way through lanes and alleys until he gained Washington street which led him into the city. There he was robbed again and in some made his return back to Mrs. Milkmore house in the fine armed car and his eyes flashing and turning as red as blood. He was playing cards with Mrs. Milkmore on a certain table that stood in the center of the room where person entered the door my friend said he wasn’t sure that he had inflicted little fraud—had got my pocket book with one hundred dollars in it. And you say he cut it. Since I left the house. He said I have not seen it nor do I believe that anyone would be so mean as to take your pocket book. I know better sir. I am in a mess. And I know better he has got it. I had it in my pocket when I got in with her and remembering of giving her a ten dollar bill from it just that the other person said I perhaps you may be mistaken.
about your pocket book for I don’t think the girl has got it—yet—yet. I gave boy—I can’t be mistaken—
pocket book. He took his money out and went away. I
pulled out a two dollar bill and put it in his hand
and put the pocket book back in my pocket and
and gave it—nill me see said iron
perhaps might stop it in the bed—perhaps it might
have been put out of pocket in the bed. I’ll go and
see—so he said these words and he threw open the bed
room door and searched the bed high and low—had
not found no pocket book—I say damn said
in an angry rage I meant—put pocket book
and money in bag. I will suffer the plan
grow blood I treated you like a lady and for
you just what you ask and you took that pocket
book from my pocket when there was no—
andume I am not like a gentleman to present it
to you less then five minutes there were no
gets but you and I want at the girl raised the
boy hand which had committed the crime on
iron and with an solemn oath and an uplifted
hand he bound the promise in the name of him that
saw your face, forever and ever that he did not
know anything about the trial process, was sent out
of my mouth to himself until he reached the police
office where he made his complaint and secured one
warrants. While he was gone Mrs. McManus
the money into my hand
and red silk handkerchief that belong to iron and
put the pocket book to the shaving fire to crumble
up together I made my way out into a large
window that had directly in front of the door and
winding a ladder stone I planted the money
under the pieces of it all died away returning
to the house I sat down and began to play cards
again. Mrs. McManus until the police entered
the house and began to search. They searched everywhere
and came in the house except the back door had
not told the officer that he had been in—Mrs.
Mrs. McManus but he had told that as a secret from them.
Mrs. McManus was taken before the justice of pace.
and Woman called one as a witness against Miss
Mattice. The Examination went on and was
concluded on the stand first. I was called in at the
Mattice house to give Miss Mattice a letter. She
told me what kind of money it was whether it was gold silver or bills paid by
Bills for said Income. By Mattice. Tell what
bills was held. Then bill was Inexperienced and tell
By Mattice. What was your doing in said Income,
Miss or what call had you in that at all? I
person-Inexperienced to By Voice. I am the son
of a wealthy merchant in the city of Baltimore and
have a firm interest that existed some time in
this city but can’t tell exactly where. I heard that
he lived in the street that Miss Mattice was in
and I made up my mind that said being gave a
steady of having all the time. I find Miss Mattice
hope to get a. I think of what is gained by that and
not in London. It being a long drawn day for me.
My being ever forward and going. I kept down
on the living and before I knew it I was curb in the
arms of sleep for some time or three hours when I
awake. I got up to take my pocket book from my pocket
to pay Miss Mattice for the use of her living during
my hours of sleep. But to my great surprise I find that
my pocket book had been slip out of my pocket by the
niggar hand of that said, Miss Mattice—
By voice—was there any one else in the house nor
I was hear from Miss Mattice while you were
away—flying. That going boy was the one that
being known to you known but what he took your money—
voice—flying there was one took my money in but
that girl after By Voice had examined in some I was
called on the stand as a witness against Miss Mattice
from own know. She took at Black woman from
had she wanted to give me a key look and a wink
but woman was crying her heart out and more
voice sold my self don’t fear and let nothing trouble
your mind. I know my sin but another one of
them black curly hair that constraining down
iningle to your back be hearts the lying dog
Annie I have got him just where I want him and if the
truth must be told Without hurting you Annie but
it comes clear and plain—Well, Ash said for me
with a smile on his face—You know you're
inquirying for something—Well did you see
me you thief before you were a stray—Where did you
happen backing and leading questions—Well did you
care for him before to-day—asking something
well where and why was the first time that ever you
had your desires met with am I your fair little
country girl you know your very own and came
to just what I do and all will right now I can
scarcely believe the first time and the first place that ever I
have been where you were the first time I have
ever been and so the morning on the street a walking
up and down the walk and pasting done—Never
does one fifty or fifty times and having side
walks at first it was a man of course and my point
begged to stop in front of Mr. Martin's corner and the
and my sister in in a deep conversation about
each other health—reason to stop up here and
ask me to take that Barry share don't was not
put in the door I told him that was not warranted
with her but my sister know her better than I did
Martinson then introduced his name to me and asked
me if I could step up with him and give him an
introduction to the two girls and me both went up
to them together and I introduced him to Miss Sweet
from the city—Baltimore and Miss Martin and him
+ Stephen Martin in the house took a chair and
a glass of brandy and scratched two hours in his
hands and said they in his eons and her then five
minutes he was proceeding with her in the back room
as I seated my story Deacon was his head and
laugh telling Miss Sweet that he must had spent the
afternoon on some special business and that he would
give him a lesson hereafter how he entered the house
of a fellow and Deacon stepped in the two hands and
he said I heard that Barry share don't was not
and continued my business in the usual manner, binding my hands deeper and deeper in
all kinds of wringing until I got so blist in crime I was afraid to commit the blot of death that was over me. I
then hardened me in crime that I never let down and
play cards on the publick, nor morning in the mid
night—some might ascket, but others never was.

I told one that there was nothing to fear, and that
the stolen money had all died away. I went over
where I had hid it, and dug it up, and brought to
where he pretended me with five Dollers of the mone,
and gave me the handkerchief, telling me to buy
court horse. Indeed the money the next morning
was devor to the Dollers, and lead the same bill
and I took it upon the board and began to play
cards and thinking anything about the handwriting,
showing out of my pockets and before I got through
the game, the handkerchief of an officer was lost
from me and my pockets searched, and the bill and
the handkerchief found, and I was taken before
the justice of peace, who ordered me off to jail,
until the appearance of court, as I was given towards
the jail. I kept the handkerchief with me and took them until
they would come to the court to see me and made some
up before that until I got the grave yard where I
was soon as I sat down, remembered God. I cast myself
into the grave of it that you see me his fatherly advice
although I prided myself that I heard his voice, a
speaking term from the brook, yet there lay some
Time in sight and solemn time, and then in a head
and a terrible noise, praying to meet the Lord I told
you it was when I closed my eyes in death, at that
the dead putting, you are treating is that the first
I have not
to you before, my body now. He was in the grave, such
then theicker feeling of my heart, when I put the bill
and there lay my father lost, and so dropped
and in sorrow in love and times, I saw him without
shedding or shedding a tear, I can remember the days
when of the body. Now of my father name was seen by
all the carcass from a great murder: and all the affair
of a water, could keep me, from a flood of tears.

Somebody, seeing the grave yard, from this the middle.
led directly to two large houses on gaining the town.

Told them to pick the money from me and be careful of it.

The old man was returning from some business and had just made up

your mind not to go against him. If leaving business,

you will only take the money and keep it out of the way.

After making my arrangement with the old man, I went

back to the sellers and played cards until some suitable

night and was taken by the car and brought to jail and

shackled with some fifty or sixty.

Colonial who was waiting for those kinds of presenting to

get clear or to come to a safe place among the band

of persons that was robbing. There were a few old men

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

through the mercy of the court. The old man had just

been released from the jail and was taken home. The old man

had just been released from the jail and was taken home and

pleasing to be with the old man. He and the old

adventurer had gone through with the adventure. The

old man was robbing a little about a steak. The

old man had one dog and just as the old fellow

was getting out into the adventure—I saw a car

and asked the bill of fare. We talked. He said, "I shall

not go. I am not going. I don't know if I read the

words can. I do not yet. I don't know how and if

at least one point hundred. I do not say. I will not.
for you, let me know by tomorrow. I step down here at the Eagle tolwoc and day after tomorrow. I am
jone to that for the gate. With five hundred in my
pocket, and am going to keep her ever in the bank of
you to the new yard and hire out on a painter and
play the deep game on some of them spiders. As
Vain about seven hundred and three. I shall off
to England and set up a standing town—be careful
that you call my name for I have changed
and if anyone here to get you don't fail to come
to you and be sure to come to the new yard and
ask for Tom the king for that is my name now.

To wish him, give a call to me, sir. Hence I leave the directions with you for your own
udge, only sends you back to the happy, my own
sure. That I shall be there with you, let them
ving for hours after you, and then shall help you
away, and ask for Sir. I am very sorry, and have
more weeks in my back with the cats than
you will come and help me away till you kill
him over with his hand to give again, and put
the weight of the cats on your back and of Tri-way.
the hotter the better. I will write one of the
bulletins in his heart, making me his horse, putting at the
same time not fail to write to me. After you get your
patience and let me know whether they sent you
back to the coffee, as I can be in time to give you
assistance and help you away. Don't forget the name.

‘To Tom Hawkins—ah, Tommangman said. I am
afraid that we both will come to some bad end, and get
out of the way. Just keep up a good heart,
you know. But the bully, say, a short life and a
quick one never have yourself at six weeks just
one more hour. He and I spent the twenty
two days, and make good use of it. One day, the
name, Bed. Tom then was a good boy. May God bless
you, and the English ship, turn suddenly around
in the head of his beast, and I heard Newton had
tried him—where is that—Son of a— that took you
up where does he live let me read before the morning
dawn I will find his body beneath the rafting
beam where he is in the old order death
line thinking that my friend might be here some
secret hours I told him that I did not know when
he would or where he could be found to tell good by he
don't forget this friendship hold there old fellow I
think you have learnt to drink deep in the experience
of life most of us that our life is not very long only a
little union and then he crossed the bridge
drinking deep or it will be too late because the hour
wind what I still you be counsel well good by the
but forget to write to the address you got your letter
and I will expect and you have the bad luck to
please the person who said the address as
the post a part of the time they come and
let him meet God Knows where because to believe
that I don't believe the time is long I am going
cap you will believe that there is a God when
you are riding upon his human horses and
and a northwestern corner draining away your soul
and the horses to rushing your little eft like a
praddle and the desert a sucking you among the
agapan and in the most true my good fellow you
will believe that there is a God better take them
and drive the taunting you will be the day when
they may make me come playing and mending
with fire before your eyes like a flash of fire better
take them and back against their taunting the
and the past may want through the
hanging door and I saw him not more
whether let me have the number of numbers a
travelling the high roads of life and crime
till the plagues are the brink of the
father's knowledge to understand between the
the earth if one live him here in this condition
and I shall introduce my header to him in the
following chapters and also the

he came to at least the time
had now arrived that ten company with
in line other prisoners sent be brought out
before the court and hear my indictment read and the charge that was laid against me. There I stood a boy only at the age of thirteen, arraigned before the judge and jury to hear what my doom would be and to hear the angry sentences of the judge a scolding 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 loaded down with balls and chains and heavy shackles. As I entered the court house the people stared and gazed upon me and my unhappy comrades as though we were a mob, a throng of animals, the court being called to order my indictment was read and the district attorney's orders to be ready for our trials on the following days and sent us back to jail. There my chains 300 of us in the whole to be tried and I know that I would take my whole 1200 twenty and I went for Miss McTernor to come down to the jail and see me before the expiation of the oath and before my doom would be pronounced in the following day Miss McTernor made her appearance at the jail door and asked if there was anything that laid in her power that she could do for me as she put that question to me I began to reflect a little and to see if I stood in need of her assistance—she heard through it was through the means of Miss McTernor that I was standing between an iron grated door and her yet I stood in need of her help and assistance—she heard that you don't bring me out and mention my name and I will do all that lay in my power for you I suppose you have no lawyer Robert—Miss McTernor replied after a little reflection of what I had gone through at the house of the judge and that I wasn't a mistake to all to be brought there to endure for the wrong that I had made and to receive stillers and Nongrous punishments upon my account for that was the rule in the house of refuge in they day if there made there charge and one got tak
She had to have her own punishments and the other two—Mrs. Mutterman—she replied. Then
a lawyer to stand and plead my case—a lawyer to stand between me and my
person who had sworn to be a witness against me—a lawyer to speak the kind word, to
get any encouragement or advice—then
said Mrs. Mutterman. I'll go and engage
a lawyer for you, but mind and say nothing
to any living person where you got the money from, or from whose hand you received the
handkerchief—she said these words, she turned
to go away, and asked for a lawyer who would take
the case in hand and if possible rescue and
save me from becoming the inmate of the
House of Refuge—Mrs. Mutterman said, as she
turned to go away, if there is any possible
means of your saving me from going back to
the House of Refuge. I wish you would do it
for it will save me from a severe punishment.
She inquired my age and taking it down on
a piece of paper, she thrust her way directly toward
the lawyer's office and employed him as my counsel
two hours past away before she returned and at
the hour of one—Mrs. Mutterman and Mrs. Mutterman
appeared at the jail door, and having asked me a
few questions and my age— she gave me the following
advice: they said you are nothing but a mere boy
and as the money and handkerchief was found in
your possession, and can have no other evidence
where you got the said property, my best advice is to
stay here, 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—Mrs.
Mutterman replied. Some of this can be taken into hand to
avoid it being Mrs. Mutterman into any trouble. So
that is best said, the lawyer just before the direction
and I said with you and that will put an end
to the whole case and make your day and your great
delay lighter. So saying, Mrs. Huntington left, with
the gentleman had left. They did him with tears in
her eyes with Parke's from the care to keep me from
being sent back to the house of refuge where I
would have to suffer under the burning heat of
the sun and without being able to put it down on a piece of paper—giving in
this mad and absurdness that I should not be
the inmate of the house of refuge— and the and
Mrs. Warren repeated that they were out of a darkness
of gloomy jail into the fresh air where the house of
suffer and make me more subject again than
less — let me hear. Mrs. Warren here — if we
the high road of vice and crime and I will retire
the reader to bear in the following chapters and the
accused and death she suffered with the two
nights to find my story begins — how a number, among
just as the town clock struck the hours of
right, Thirteenth prisoners named was called to
ready to go to the court house — I was one of the
the number that belong to that hard, cruel, holding
enemies Reader. I was included among the
transgressors of that day and with hand cuffs on
my wrists I made my way to the court house

The assembly around me filled me with justifiable pride. I pleaded guilty to the whole charge, and so there awaited me near my doom—what and where my lot would be—while I sat there I heard the trials of others—destitute—jailing poor—suffering—content—miseries of soul and body. Theirs and my faults—six—ten—all being over me more than before—together again—sent back to the jail till the next morning and then we were to come and hear our sentences pronounced and our futures prospects blasted and withered forever—the painful morning came which brought many a sorrowful tear and sorrowful tear from the eyes of my companions who had to suffer with me and just render the same tribute on our entering the court house we had sent to press every way through the crowd and I had gathered there to hear our sentences pronounced as I stood at the door. There I saw a man with a cigar in his mouth and a hat on his head. He looked independent as though he had not been a slave. He was the son of some lord or duke. Out went the judge called my name and told me stand up. He then asked me if I had anything to say. The sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon me. I told him that I had nothing to say, and he said that I was thirty years and ten years and by the influence of older persons I had been brought to this and crime, and that I asked him as a friend, a friend, to give me my rightful punishment.
Some homes—shut that cursed and infernal white
French lattice, and be gone as I fear, Mr. 1. The duty little one—that took my money out of my pocket
and that poor little innocent darling has got to suffer
for her deeds—I cursed my eye for ever without
saying one word and left the vacant house with
the stream in my eyes—soon as I entered my
cell, I sat down and wrote the following letter to
Your friend—Rochester—May 15th 1801—
My dear and honest friend, I have only time to
drop you a few lines—Never my sentence
yesterday from Judge Tom is for the term of
two years across the long bridge. It is
I am sure to get out, I will certainly come down
with and see you. What think you now of
my—think there on top, you be careful as
all your last hand may come down upon
you so be very some day that you will feel
very long in your same track—me. It is all
shut that you forever have felt some of its heavy
It is already and that so hard to convince is
that there was. Both—What think you of you moral
nature of a day. What think you, you must think
that He's a strange letter—You spotting little fool
but let me tell you, that there is nothing in it, and
you will recall some day so much. I want you
to record back to it—better first spoken letter
tracks down in one of the principal keys of the
prison and perhaps, I may get it this whole
year and I have the honor. I will great
respect to be your most humble and obedient
Servant—Your friend—
After writing this letter and fulfilling its promise
I placed it in my head for and directed it to Miss
Smith, in the City of New York and handed it to
Miss Wyman, who came down to see me in the after
noon and she promised to post it the same day
the next morning on the second day of May in
the fiction of one number bound down.
in some strong man put aboard the camel bare

"James Savage and began our journey.

She beaded back—thirteen of us numbered all

among and making our way to a hilly and a

shy—look at one thing but a boy at the thing

of that was laden down with chains and

off to become the inmate of a dark rough and

shameful looking prison—here I sit, stowed away in

one corner of the boat looking and being

the sullen and groans of Peter Vickers

and little children—on the street my heart was

in torment for you as I sat a gaunting here upon

then six little children of yours. The poor

giving my voice again more before the expiration

of ten years shall roll over them while tears of

your—my little lamb of your love. May be

trampling over the grass of the dead and

looking for the first hint that covers her poor

remains—the rest of your Rip Van Way be poor and

trampling over the sleeping dead and the soil

may be mingling with her but all of the pain can

not heal. What John, that worthy you broken hearted

looking prisioner you, you are sitting alone in a

prison that little test past and never to return

you gave your life before you left and saith you promised

with a solemn oath to read and study carefully

during the time you have to pass with one eye on John and

though I am a prisoner yet from the look below my heart I say my

God bless you—look at that hard rough looking

face. He was the laugh and grin and

cut up his show—laugh and grin on your

hard hearted all don't you EuseBio we

and we before fire long years drop over your fate

your laughter shall be turned into weeping

now how happy John have to feel

he got—a lilacs before he left the soil and
little children hanging and clinging to the
her dress as the boat slid out of the dock the boat was
sink by the hand and strange her thrilling heart she said mon
ted her with each one of you and spare your lives to come
from my gloomy prison better men then you are now
thus passing slowly along we reach montezuma in three
days just as the sun was throwing its last glittering ray over
the tops of the trees getting off at montezuma the sheriff
bade two magows 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 esq. cook
the principal keeper of the prison esq. cook ordered the guards
to search our pockets and take us before and have our shoes
cut off after getting our iron plate off the guard in a night
and harsh way orders us to follow him in we march until
we came to a halt in front of a dark gloomy basement
leading dungeon on locking the door he gave it open
and order us to go in and lay down on the hard wood 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 rigid and safe he
ordered us not to make the least stir or noise through the
night one man not to speak one word if one did he should hear
from it with sorrow in the morning reader could you but
witness the tears the groans and the sighs that went from
that gloomy dungeon that night it would melt your heart
the night more slowly away and at the hour of half past
six the bell rung for the prisoners to get up and get ready for to
do that big heavy day work that laid ready for them to do
the convicts had all got there breakfast the keeper of the
kitchen or whose name I shall call mr. richardson came with
The key and on lock us and ordered us to follow him out into the kitchen where we was to be shaved have our hair cropped close to our heads and change our clothes and have the real uniform state prison mark on this rigged and equipped in the clothes disgrace we are ready to enter the hall with the hospital keep and stand before the clerk who put the following question to the convict who must answer him old are you where was you born what county did you come from and where is the crime that you are charged with are your parents living and are you a married man how many children have you and what kind of an education have you are you a temperance man or an inebriate are your parents religious and did you ever attend a school how many times have you ever been in a county jail or how many times have you ever been fined pace convict how low he hangs his head in the ditch of shame as the clerk puts the question to him and all him if he is a temperance man how many the revised book and how he is to answer the question how he thought strikes his heart like a dagger in the heart strikes the heart in the face and makes him carry a pair of black eyes for a long time and the important question had the heart to rekindle his cruel hand at his mother at that old mother who had watched over him night and day and no wonder he wants that he leaves his head in shame when the clerk put the question to him the reader will understand that I am now introducing him to the prison and the rules and regulations and modes of punishment as they were in 1840 when I first entered the prison and as I have just entered the prison let me leave the reader here and give him an introduction to a faithful and useful old soldier who stand upon the prison and keeping watch night and day he is a fine old fellow I have been acquainted with him ever since I was
So high—ever since I was a boy of thirteen years old—and I was acquainted with Mr. Cray, his friend—and I am 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 downfall and his everlasting ruin and destruction. When this old fellow first entered the prison, the warden and the inspectors took so much interest and delight into him, that they placed him higher above any of the officers of the prison—and though it was strictly against the rules of the prison in those days for either convict or officer to smoke within the walls of the prison, yet they broke over there the 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 respect, he should it his merest, and stood like a brave soldier upon his throne to meet the stormy battalions and the mid night air that would come a whirling through the stormy clouds and those frosty 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 placed in—and the sufferings to which he will have to endure until the Almighty sends a thunder bolt and it shatters him from the high and lofty position to which he now stands. Many has been the cold and stormy night—when both keeper and guard has been swept from its the arms of sleep—that this demented old fellow has stood his watch like a brave man—the mid night air and the stormy winds have swept and caused over his head—thunder bolt.
and lightnings has played before his face—snowflakes and beating rain has come a pelting down on him. The glittering sun has thrown its melting rays on him. The shadow of the almighty hand has past over his face. yet the old fellow heads them not—neither does he pay any respects to them. Why the old hatchet looks to me like a proved faithless old fellow—and if it wasn’t for that devilish old fag in his mouth I should respect and like him as much. Look reader—and if you stand as straight and firm as he stands see how he holds up his head and defiance the sun to search him as the Southern blast to beat 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 low and so degraded that he was hated by every one but by and by the old fellow got sick of liquor and looking at himself all lost in rags and thinking of the poverty that he was bringing upon his family he dash the cup from his quivering hand—striped himself of his rag—washed the deep stain of drunkenness from his character and in the course of a few years he received a high station in life. Reader I like this dutiful and brave old soldier for one thing—that is because he is a temperance man. I believe he hates a drunkard for he most looks at a drunkard neither can he bare the smell of liquor—nor is he one of those that geez and sneezes at poverty nor sniffs or mingleth riches—one cold frosty morning just as the keepers was coming in all bundled up in store coats strijting and turning there heads at a small blaze of a spectacüler. I had to lay off in one corner where no officer could see me and laugh heartily what a fiend they made at a little breeze of wind that came a blowing there faces while the poor old fellow had been a standing the cold watches of the night—dutiful old soldier—said I to myself one winter day you have out read many a winter stories and stuck to your duty like a faithful guard—and yet they have never supplied you.
with an over court--see how clean he keeps his musta114--
and how strict he is to be right on the spot at the precise time of
duty. I don't believe the sergeant ever had to speak a word to him
about keeping his musta clean or about being on duty at the
precise hour--there is one had such about this fellow much. I don't
like much--and that is he hates to work--he won't look at it if I
believe the old chaps would rather cut the buttons off--of his coat
and sell them than to work--why Reader if you spoke to him
about work he wouldn't listen to you--may he wouldn't look at
your--now he puts me in mind of some of these contractors who
comes in the shops a puffing and claiming as though they had done
a heavy day's work to say heavy and tedious burdens upon the
contracted shoulders to do but they themselves want so much as duty
there little fingers with it--as I stood a gazing at this old soldier
one day the tender had gone 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 to farmy and hold upon the field of battle
and face--a deadly enemy of duty call it them faith--let being a little
afraid of insulting and hurting the old soldier's dignity I didn't put
the question to the tender--And many many years this honorable
old soldier has got to stay up there with his musta at his shoulder
unenable to tell--but Reader many will be the cold winter
night and many the hot bleeding day--many will be the loud
thunder that will clap and repose 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 puts me in mind of a song with a little sheepearl boy struck
up and sung one day when he was ast on the green plains attending
his father's flock. His song was about one of the very old fellows
and reader the winter sheepearl song--they have cold but they
have not they have just but they walk not hands have they back they
handle not more but they smile and more but they speak ast and the very man that made them is them sent them--we brave and
pride and haughty old fellow, though you might stand firm and bold upon the field of battle and to meet the deadly enemy fear to face and never dodge at the crack of a musket-man, climb at the loud roar of the cannon when she was playing the balls and throwing her hot, dumb, shells 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 stand the cold blast of the night yet a hard, stronger than the winds, and colder than the midnight air will know you from where you now stand and dash you to the ground and you will melt away like sand before the burning blaze, and your everlasting destruction and destination will be sealed up for ever—

I have now introduced the reader to the venerable old soldier, Sapper John who stands upon the top of the prison—but me now take your slowly by the hand and lead you through the dark and gloom old castle—look on the left as you enter the first 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 stones on your chary and peace trees that are beginning to fall and decay away—keep right along until you reach the hall and cast your eyes up over the door on your left-hand side there you will a little board up one the door in large capital letters, with your clerk office-step in and thrust your hand into your pocket and pull out a quarter and hand it to him and he will present you a ticket which you must hand to the sergeant and he will provide you with a guard who will conduct you through the prison—The reader will remember that I am conducting the loiter through the prison as it was in the year 18120—the sergeant has now provided you with a guard who leads his hand on the iron levee and the old iron door swings upon its hinges and let you out into the north wing—passing along a few steps you pass these dark and gloomy cabins where the prisoner has to take up his silent
and solitary alike at night, leaving this dark and lonesome

wing, where every thing looks desolate, silent and cold—the guard brings
eyes out into the corner where you may see men, sitting, stripped
clothes of shame and disgrace, a trailing and laboring and leaving the
heavy breath of a hot summer day—from the coopers shop he leads
you into the tool shop, with standing, slanting position against the
wall with the light windows jet in the roof that the prisoner may have
light enough to do his work in this shop. They make pieces, chisels and so
forth, from the dusty old shops he leads you out into the sunshine
where you have a chance to brush a little of the dust off of your nice
new dresses—crossing the road the guard leads you into the marine
shop where you may see some twenty hands to mark weaving carpets
from the moister old shop—yee strike out into the open air again, and
before you have time to take one puff of fresh air you find your
self into the machine shop where the loud clap of the smith's
hammer comes bounding heavily in your ears, leaving this noisy and
smoky old work shop. The guard conducts you in the comb shop
which you are glad to get out of as quick as you can on the account of
the filthy smell in this shop. They make combs of every description
leaving the filthy shop, you soon find yourself a passing through the
Cabinet shop where your eyes will be dazzled with furniture of every
description, and with a fretted mind with piece you would chose to
sit into your partner. If you was going to buy—from the cabinet shop
your conductor leads you into the frame shop, amidst dust and smoke
and you see a beechy gent or a lady if your out into the open air
without having your throat choked up with smoke and dust in
this shop, they make frames and carry on silver plating from the
frame shop, the guard leads you into the smith wing where every thing
looks black and dark as mid night, and the convict here to take up
his solitary abode and break out the long and lone some nights
of his time. From leaving them dark and chilly looking cabins
the guard leads you into the dining room, where you the tables all
set with seven or eight hundred wooden plates as you pass on.
You soon find your self into the kitchen where the guard politely shows you a bottle of soup and a pot of mush, a jar of beef and a piece of brown bread—if you are a particular friend of the guard he will take time to search for the Warden and get his permission to conduct you up into the hospital. Mind you have got to be his key identical and particular friend, you can get a peep at the face of your dying youth who is just a writhing and fighting hard with the enemy of death—leader are you his friend have you found a long year in his case you have been passing through the shops here you talk sweet to him and try to bring back to his mind the happy days of his boyhood and youth have you brought to his remembrance some sweet remembered tale with you use to sit and spin in your father's log cabin during the long winter nights does the old guard remember the tale you do? does he remember you yet has he forgot the song with you and him use to be a humming ever as you both stood along together up your shady lane—will their leader as the guard has not forgot them happy hours and those gone by days—his return to your with a heavy clump, knocking key in his hand and conducting you to the hospital—onward—onward you press your way through a dark and gloomy thing until your feet enter the threshold of the hospital door—Now black and dismal everything looks—Now still and silent everything around you—No word or a life is heard through out the room—not a smile hangs in your face as you stand between the lining and the dead every thing looks sick and clean—every man that is able to sit up is hanging back in his chair with his hand under his chin and his elbow leaning on the bed and seems to be a doling over his hard allotment and the condition with he is placed in—casting your eyes at the farther end of the room you see a young man a pinching away under the awful and dreadful terror of starvation and you before your pun sets in the most he must pay the debt of nature—without a friend in the world to shed a tear at his destination—poor fellow you say to your self as you turn from
This deck 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—now your sister to wipe the cold sweat from his brow—now no mother to smooth the pillow for his drooping head—now father to come and cheer his heart—all looks black doleful and dismal—and with a broken heart you tear from the dark seance with you have just witnessed and with a rebel of thoughts a spinning into your mind—the guard conducts you back to the hall and where you first started from—before you know where you are you are bounding and skipping through the hall and out into the open street where you begin to sniff the fresh air and breathe off some of the stale prison that still hangs and clings to your clothes which you got on you as you past through the sights to inspect the work and gaze at the unhappy, hardened inmates 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 1846. I shall now lay out the rules and regulations of the prison as it was in 1846 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 1850 and I hope as I lay these rules out to the reader that he must be astonished when I come to tell him that the rules in 1846 were more strict and severe and laid up to them they are more 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 during his hammock and go to bed until the bell rings at eight o'clock—he must then strip off his clothes, winding his hammock and go right to bed and not be seen up by the guard through the night until the bell rings.
for him to get up in the morning at half past five he must then be up and dress and be standing at his door in readiness so as when the keeper comes along and raises the lever of his door he may push it open and come out--he must not have a knife or a fork either in his cell or Toronto about his person--he must have no books, slate arithmetic 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 lie 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 a looking down upon the ground--when sitting at the table we must keep our arms folded our head bowed with our eyes directly down on our dishes before us--not allowed to touch a knife or a fork or to un fold our arms until the bell rings as a signal for us to eat--must not pass a piece of bread or meat or a potato from one man to another either behind you or before you at your right hand or at your left hand--it makes no odds how lead your companion may want it you must not hand it to him for if you do off comes your shirt and less than a minute's time you are suffering under the pains of the cats and you are paying the penalties for breaking our rules if you have once then you want to eat bread it to the waiter and he will give it to the next man that wants it--must not take no provisions out from the table with you to the shop--must not swing 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 bound towards the ground until you reach the place of your destination—must not be seen a tittering in your cell—must not be seen with a fruit 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 its a good rule how does it look for Convicts to be staring and gazing Spectators and strangers in the face as they are passing through the shops it looks to me like shame and misery—there came through too gaze and place at us and not me at them) no reader you are not allowed to look up at that old aged mother or father who perhaps are passing through the shops and who present you may never see again on this side of the grave—there are fact points with they have left behind them seem to be saved 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 inspector as they are passing through the shops without the first speak to the convict—must not talk without it is in the presence 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 winters has already swept it blasted minds into your face—what are you gain to do now—for tobacco been a chewing the old cud for more than fifty years and now you have got to throw the old soldier one side—eh—it comes down hard upon you dont it old man—ainst you sorry you come here old fellow eh been up to see the doctor yet old chap about your end—did you tell him that you couldnt do with out the—did you put on a long face and tell him that you
Was continually sick to your stomach—well what did he say—ha he told you to put a piece of stick into your mouth and chew it—eh, and you say, you come old man—they have play'd a joke upon you there old fellow—sorry you come at last eh—God bless you old fellow—I feel sorry for you and sympathize with you in your low condition and your hard allotments but let me tell you old man that you will see lighter and harder times than those a rolling and rushing over them silly legs if years before the expiration of time you time—Reader do you want to know how these old fellows use to do when they was hard up for tobacco—methinks I hear you say yes—well then—when one of these old would be a strolling along from the Hospital with his arms folded he would take good care to keep his eyes directly down on the ground until he come across an old cask of tobacco which perhaps had been laying under the snow all winter and had been thrown away by some of the contractors or officers of the prison as soon as the old chap would see one of these old soldiers he would make a full, bold and stand and look all around him to see if any of the officers was looking at him—the old fellow being satisfied that no one was seeing him he would bend over and pretend he was tying his shoe and pick the old end up and straighten himself up—he would then give another side look to see if any one was a reaching 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 rag where he had a dozen more of the same kind of old soldiers and wrap it up as careful as though it was pure gold and store it away in his bosom button up his coat pout with his head down and his arms folded as though nothing had happened to a looking for more of the same kind—now I will now lay out the
regulations of the prison as it was in 1840. There were then ten shops again which had been let out on a contract to which I here give the reader a list of—

A list and the names of the different shops in 1840:
The Cooper Shop—
    Tool — do
    Weave — do
    Straw — do
    Cabinet — do
    Shoe — do
    Tailor — do
    Machine — do
    Comb — do
    Ship — do

These shops was built against the wall in a slanting position with the lights fix'd in the roofs of them and in a very bad condition letting the water down through the roofs on the convicts walk 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 five acres of ground—

The reader will remember that it was one of them mild and beautiful evenings in the month of May that I entered this gloomy looking prison in company with twelve others who was to be my companions and inmates until the expiration of our sentences and on the fourth day of that beautiful and soft month I was ushered in the present of the clerk to go through our prison inspection after the clerk had ask us a different number questions the keepers 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 a breeding — Where may you borne — 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 times 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 he was separated from each other and taken off to the shops where he wasn't allowed hardly to look at each other for fear of a severe punishment—It 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—had not been in the shop no more than two minutes before the keeper called me up to the desk and in a rough and uncivil manner ask me what my name was—where I was from—and how long I came for the term 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 cats of nine tails and told me that if I broke one of his rules I might expect to take a dozen of them on my back—he then pointed his cane to a stool that stood hard by and told me to sit down on it and pull my arms and hold down my head and not to look up until the foreman or contractor put me to work—pah you old tyrant you said I to myself as I sat there in this deplorable condition—pah you old villain you who cares for your—your rules—who cares for you as your cats—why you old pimp—I said I to myself—I have gone under them little fellows every day—I have gone under the treatment of them little cats poorer—killed—ill one time—I have had them stung deeper
into my back then everyone dare to sink them. I have had
a more punishment with them than ever you dare to give me
—pah you old tyrant who care for you or your cats—who care
for you or your rules. While I was sitting in this deep revie of
thoughts I heard the heavy tramp of footsteps behind me and in a
moment time the heavy weight of a mans 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 a str Tyler and taking off my cap I
made a bow to him—Where are you from said he—I am
from Rochester sir I replied—How long have you come for two
years sir said—pah said he that's nothing I will make a man
of you before that time—Then old are you—thirteen sir said I—
well said he you must be a good boy and behave yourself well
and try to be as good and as smart a man as your fathers was
I was acquainted with your fathers he called me said he that
none of those others inmates don't get the upper hand of you and
lead you astray—look out said Mr. Tyler that they don't play that
skilled in fluence over you and you yield yourself to them and
in it—What man a dare face boundled in him that will look
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 in his pockets and made his way
out of door—oh thou I cried—thou & Soho my lips quivered
when. Mr. Tyler mention my fathers name—a commuted sale
and tears came rushing down my dark cheeks as I heard the
Sacred name of my father mention'd—taking my feet again
I cover my face with both hands and gave way to a full
flood of tears and sat in this condition until the bell rang
for Dinner—the men all fell in where respected places came
into a single file folded there arms and let the irrigation
They march'd off to the dining room to fresh themselves with
course rough grade—Now as I past through the dining
room I had a my chance of looking some of the concile in the face to see if ever I had ever seen any of them before—but I hardly been a new face much was change to me. I recognized some blooming little faces which I had seen in the house of refuge. I received hints 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 strongman and I got through the means of that black hearted Thorn King among eight hundred prisoners there were over one hundred and fifty that I was well acquainted with and had been boys with me in the house of refuge—there I saw Jack Williams and Tom Ryan—Joe Coulter and Harry Williams—Willie Jones and charlie Kendall—Jim Edwards and cleaver—Hi—all once little Williams and scamps with me in the house of refuge—had gone through the same treatment that I had gone through had played in the same yard that I had played in had ate under the same old roof—and under the same old timbers had heard many a solemn prayer and blessing and now had come forth into the world—and follow in the high roads of life and crime and was now inmates with me in a dark and a gloomy prison—in the afternoon Mr. Hudson the contractor put me to work with a black man that was all the time full of his devotions and told him to learn me how to make chair bottoms. my little chance that this nig could get he would come to my bench and pretend that he was hunting one something about my work. But at the same time he would be a talking about something else which would make one burst out and laugh— one day this nig had said something to me which made me laugh very much and caused the tears
to rush from my eyes. The Keeper happen to see this piece of fun again on and he called us both down and wanted to know what it was that sickled us so. The rig confided what it was and the Keeper ordered him to pull off his shirt and he gave him a blow on his bare back—he then called me and ask me if his cells were so hard that I could not line 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 draw out a blue razor—told me to stand around fold my arms 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 he would put something else in my back much would make me bleed—You want your old Lizard you paid to myself. If I swung my coat across my arm and went off to my work—If you want your cats nor saw hide cannot make me flinch—I must flinch for you. I'll show the boys that I can stand them little presses just as good as a man can—so off I went to my work a muttering over something to myself what it was I don't remember. For my bottom was burning with stings and my eye a flashing like fire—it was only the next day when I sat at the table that mills unrolled his arms and put his hand under the table and just me a note rich I was lucky enough to get milk and the Keeper a seeing me sick after I got to my cell at night I open it and read it and thomas the contents of that note.

W'll old Hand cross the long bridge at last eh?—been a looking for you a long time—Come at last Eh?—Well look out now for hard times and rough usage—For they take delight in smiting the old cat here—look to yourself have had a snuff of the old pan already. Here they feel old boy Eh?—Worse then them down to the hogs they show no respects to persons here rich or poor black or white thus
Since then all a like look out. How long did they
throw your fur. Those you come from Rochester. El dont
fail to give me an answer to this.

Yours respectfully
Rector Mills.

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

The author answer to Mills note.

These I'll 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 grits and obey
the point of every cane and finger that comes a pointing
into my face and fall down on my mourns at every blow
the hypocritical hand gives me with the cat's—eye burning
looking youth you.

The next morning while at breakfast Rector took 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
made this Mills was and what shop he work in. There I was
cought far and spire on the spot and how to get out of it. I
knew not but a second thought struck me at once much
second 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 and aight right up to the
captains office and told the truth. Pard my hell by explaining
the truth to him and the account was settled with
seventeen light blows on my bare back with the cat's
hair fast. Instead with my arms folded, during that
sorrowful moment never flinch—never buckle—never
I shed a tear but stood my ground and took it like a man. I must confess that the little fellows did seem and sting me and I felt the pangs of these sharp cuts but the shock would have driven madness to me. I knew what scenes and snarls I should have to meet with if I played the part of a boy and burst out and cried; then again I knew the praises that I would have if I stood still and never flinched at a dozen small blows. Since I am no man that makes light of suffering humanity, I neither am no joke over pain and misery it isn’t a thing to be joked with. God bless you—your poor sons of suffering where ever you may be or where ever your lot may be casted. I sympathize with you. I have suffered enough to know what it is and they who suffer are the only ones that can feel it. But I could not help to stick my face away in one corner one day and laugh heartily. I see that a great tall, big, stout, jump and fall down on his marrowbones give a loud scream at every blow. The keeper gave him. While I was at the age of thirteen, I stood before the old tyrant and never flinched under the strongest blow that he gave me. After I had put the on my shirt and gone back to my work one of the inmates pretended that he was showing me some thing about my work and at the same time began to encourage me and praise me up there well I had stood to cats and to be careful of that rig that went aside of me. I would get up into trouble, every day and that the keeper was a facetious friend and said like this, I told him that I didn’t care for the keeper nor his cats neither. Will you believe me the convict went right down and told the keeper what I had said and again as I called up to answer for what I had said that convict then with tears in my eyes I began to remember what Mr. Taylor had said to me and I fell in in a deep thoughts of reflection.
There was a beautiful forth of July's morning that the golden rays of the sun came through the windows to old man. I sat at the table in deep and melancholy thoughts and reflections that the weight of a big heavy bavarian came plump a cross my shooted legs for handing the man next to me a piece of meat. Much I did not want...after I got back to the shop the keeper called me up before him (with Tibet did not care about him) then if I had never stood before him before (for I begun to get use to his calls) and ask me if I certainly meant to break over and rush through those bright and golden rules of his. I tried to make some excuse for breaking over that rule. I had to find a smock to cover the deed but all in vain. I had broken the rule and forgot the advice of his Tyla, and now I was arraigned and stood convicted and must suffer the penalty of it by suffering under the bending and blistering pains of the old cat and he look up in the dungeon until the next morning. Never will I forget that bright and white day of July as I was strolling to the Hospital that I ever took Mills who had been an inmate with one in the House of Refuge and fell into a conversation with him until one of the release officers stepped up to us and as was our names, and the name of the shop that we 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 called me up to his desk and ask me what my young chaps was that I was talking too and what we was telling about. I see said the office that you don't try no means to get along here without suffer the lash every day what to do with you. I know not.
it is to whip you to death right on the spot while the keeper was talking to me. By Cook, the Warden of the prison, came through the door and the keeper took him one side and whispered something into his ear about one they held along conversation about me for some minutes while I stood with my face towards the desk after they had got through with their conversation by Cook took his seat behind the keeper's desk and in a rash and an ugly tone the keeper called me in the presence of by Cook and said—this boy by is becoming a harden convict he is listening to the silly tales and counsels of the older inmates and following their devilish lives and learning all the iniquities and misdeeds that is prevailing within the prison—he is letting these altercations have their influence over him and learning to play these men and devilish tricks—and what to do with him I know not—I have whip him until the blood came streaming from his back and it appears to have no effect upon the boy at all—what to do with him sir I cannot tell I am tired of throwing the lash upon his back he is a smart boy and seems to be endued with good reason and faculties and if I let him lead the course that he is now a leading he will surely become a harden convict and one day another will be loaded down with heavy balls and chains and become the inmate of a dark and a 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 harden youth take him and not out your own pleasure with him—the reader may have some idea of the feelings of my mind during that conversation of the Warden and the keeper—there I stood a nothing here a mere boy before two officers a weeping and crying horses' tears—ears—clamor horses came beating and beating upon my mind—you may said by Cook to the officer who stood with the belt in his hand—that you don't know what to do
Neither nor—To the officer replied it was only yesterday that I gave him a severe punishment and never give the youth over into your hands that he may pass through hard and rough treatment— as the officer said these words these words, Mr. Cook asked him what kind of treatment I had been through besides the cat—have you confined him in solitary confinement yet—yes sir said the officer— I have confined him away to a dark and gloomy dungeon and fed him on bread and water once a day—and it has had no effect upon the boy at all and if he is allowed to go on in the path with he is now treading he will be the ringleader of all the evils and crimes that are prevailing within the walls of a gloomy prison into your hands said Mr. Cook will I commend you to see that you are under a hard and rough treatment will him fast with the cat and after that give him over to my hands and I'll see what virtue there is in the stock—then if he keeps on leading the career that he now leads the crack of the pistol shall prove his deliverer as Mr. Cook said these words the officer ordered me to pull off my shirt I obeyed his authority and to all of my shirt and he went forty and two blows into my back with the cat after I had put on my shirt Mr. Cook ordered me to follow him—like a dog with his tail hanging down to the ground did I follow this venerable gentleman whose gray hair I honor and respect to this day—pressing his way onward he led me to the stock—the and enclosed me in a large but such as which they called the stocks and made my hands feet and head fast so as I could not stir my body at all these stocks when closed and made fast are as dark and black as midnight it confines 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 horses
Triumph of two officers making their way to the box, where I was consigned. The heavy weight of these came down upon the floor, and I told me that they were the very ones who had consigned me to the stocks, as they approached. This was torture, they on lock the door, made my hands and feet free from torture and pain, and led me back to the shop. Slowly and sadly did I pace my way back to the shop in a penitent manner. While the keeper kept close up at my head with a light kick near in his hand. The Reader must imagine to himself how I felt and the pain I was enduring pain and learning after gain through this treatment. I must remember that I felt, weary and faint and was glad enough to lay my head down upon the cold floor, as soon as I entered my cell, and through it was strictly against the rule for the convict to swing his hammock before the bell rang at eight o'clock for him to turn in. Yet he painted and exhausted was I that I swung my bed just as soon as I entered my cell. The night guard came along and took into my cell and found me crowded in bed. Here he said, someone up here to the door. And I got up on my hands and knees and crept to the door, as well as I could, suffering with pain at every inch. I opened the door, told you to go to bed. To said the guard, you permission to swing your hammock. Sir said I. The pain and suffering much I have endured this day has caused me to break over this rule. I don't care if a man is breathing his last breath of life, he is no business to break over the rules and get out permission to swing his hammock. And in my veins, I put on my clothes in vain did I try to reason and explain with the hard and cold hearted devil, but all of my tears and begging and reasoning and rough and cruel treatment would not make any effect on this cold hearted devil. Heart-burned right off and got the key of my cell door and on look it and called me to follow him down stairs. And slowly did I follow the stairs down stairs while the cold clods of blood still clung to my back, grouping my way down the stairs.
led me out into the kitchen and order me to pull off my short. I strip myself and turned my back around to toward the cruel thirteen guard and all the marks and bleed that came coming from my back exceeding to the heart of that guard and he laid four light lashes upon my back with the cats.

On that dark and lonesome night as I sat penitent 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 awaked from the scene of reflections by a kind and a sweet voice that struck upon my ear like a band of music proceeding from the white milk throne of heaven—good evening good evening said the venerable old gentleman as he approached my cell and extended his hand through my iron grated door—good evening sir said I as I extend my black parents his milk white hand—You look very penitent and said this evening said the chaplain—gave look so as you have just through trouble to day—Yes sir replied I have been thinking out of the cup of sorrow to day and now to night I'll have to taste the bitter bread of pain—talking with me on the subject of religion for a few moments the man asked me how old I was and if my father and mother were yet alive—He said I am thirteen years of age and the green grass is now waving over the grave of my father and many has been the mid winter snows that has blown over his grave the green turf has been a singing place for birds and the grief has always broken to me and none time nor distance can move a scratch from my memory—and so for my mother said I the not alive when I left the land of my nativity oh how I missed and now I cried when I heard the sacred name of my father and mother mention—as the chaplain stood in front of my iron grated door he seemed to one like a new born angle sent from the portals of the sky to come
and on look the prisoners door, oh kind his chains and let the prisoner free he comes yes reader he comes to my dark and gloomy cell where I am sitting and brings words of peace and joy he comes to hurray up the down trodden heart of the prisoner and smooth his soft hand over his striken brow he is my friend and to him I can unfold all of my sorrows and griefs and on his shoulders can I lay my heavy weight of sorrow and it is him that will take them away to the bleeding cross he is the friend the convict ever has around this dark and gloomy prison he is the one that tries to make our burden lighter and our situation more pleasant he is the one that comes from the cottage to the prisoners tomb like cell and sits and sighs with him the friendly manner speaking kind and soft words much seem near to the convict the reader must remember that the convict has to hear hard rash words spoken to him while prayer and a kind voice from the chaplain and a kind look and the shake of the hand Rich he does not very often meet with often the old devil heart some and makes him sneer and shed many a tearful tear he is the one that tries to point that harden old grey head convict to the bleeding cross he is the one that tries to bring back to mind that a holyheek young soul misses him the days of his childhood this is the matter joined a prayer with a kiss upon his cruel lips reader if you are so unfortunate to become the inmate of a gloomy prison never give a cross an angry look at the chaplain never curse him in your heart for if you the birds of the air will carry the cruel stone at eve take your cross an angry word to him but sell him sell him kindfly and he will treat your lovely cell and try to hurray 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 for what you have already part through and his soft hand will try to wipe away the dropping tears from your eyes and the same warm hand will smooth the
trouble that comes mingling down again brood-oh which often-oh Haun often have I stood with my ears up to the grated
door of my cell and listen to hear the tramp of the chaplain's feet
as he left my lonely cell, the tread of his bare feet seemed to sound
like music upon my ear. Then loneliness and pensiveness I felt
again when he was gone. Remember the old prophet stood
up a long and said: Their beauty are the feet of those that brings
glades tidings upon the end of them trumpets-thus have I stood and
listen at my door till the last tread of the chaplain's feet died
away in the distance.

It was a bright midsummer day as I was marching from
the table that I called my eyes on three young men who had
just come in taking a close side look at the middle man
whose face I had reconized before. I found that it was in the
man who had been the means of sending me to a dark and a
gloomy prison—With a burning passion I longed to get a chance to
speak to him but I found it impossible on account of the
repeal keepers who were brooding and shaking around to catch
any convict they could a talking four months had just passed
before I got any opportunity to speak to person. More than
both patients in the Hospital and at my bed was right next to his. We
both had a good opportunity of talking to each other—If God
reason said it is this young boy this one said reason for
heaven sake hold don't let my name right name you must now
call me by the felonies name with I came here by—and what
name is that said D. Halley Thomas said iron-iron and
domination said I to myself I remember the youth knew he was
once a boy with me in the House of Refuge by the heavens why
didn't I betray the recumbent in the court House and have his
path with it to the scarp. I have known him to be a thief and
a burglar from his boyhead—feel feel accused feel that I
was. Why did I betray the scarp and I wouldnt been here
a mingling with thee young billed to-day—but as it was for ever to late to hit you now in reen to the policeman let us have a little chat together for now is our time and the curtain of darkness is covering the land—well Hal—didn’t know me when me and you set together in Miss Mettawee House—El—didn’t know that you and me had both calamities table and walk in one step down to the House of Sport—El didn’t know that when you sat in the court House—I know you back but you didn’t know me—but from my old coat—Bob said even in the end—I thought you set your a sitting down here—cursed jest you was Bob 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 truth go on and I would turned the duty little bitch in a dark and a gloomy prison and closed you from the scrape altogether—never mind minister said—I have only a few more months to stay then I shrank into the world again to find and mingle with old companions—well Hal I shall help you still—Wish I was again with you said minister for I know where I can make a clack of ten thousand dollar gold—but my complaint is so bad that I am afraid that I shall never see the outside of them walls again—there is corn and I kept a telling till the late hour of midnight the seconded unfolded to me the graphs and burglary he had made and the pistols he had loaded and discharged at travellers and bodies he had laid cold and frozen with stone beneath the motion waves and closed up his dark catalogue of crimes by telling me then he came to get here in prison—minister said about the age of eighteen and in good circumstances when I first saw last seen him he had been up to buffets and spent his money in the trusts of infame and frequenting those places of hell rent till he became the fury of a deadly disease but his gold saved his character his position commuted a crime which brought him to a gloomy prison and then he lead with the right mirack upon the platform of misad and an inmate with me 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. I snatched the inmate of a gloomy prison—pick up that piece of meat! Do you hear me pick that piece of meat off the floor, said an officer to me one day as I sat at the table and there was a piece of meat on the floor. I did not like it; he said, throw it away. He brought the heavy weight of his cane a cracking head with caused my head to turn for some minutes; and then that boy and comrade away to the dungeon, said one of the officers, you damn black-hearted curse. Said I: does the inspector allow you to rob men over there? Heads with your cane and break these skulls in. Do you hear me occasion the house voice of the keeper again do you hear me? Take my boy and lock him up. Two officers stepped up to me and took me by the coat collar and led me away to the dungeon. I have suffered enough through your tyrannical hands, said I, and I am not again to stand it any longer. Shut up here! Shut up! I'll break your brains out with my cane! Take one of the officers, you dare you dare face looking devil you—You insolent said I: As I drew a knife from my breast. Rich I had concealed. I'll tend you by and by young boy, said a heavy looking grand. This dungeon air is lighter than your black, black air. Said I, in madness and your hearts and cruel deeds is darker than this dungeon and your character is blacker then your heart. Present that knife for into my hands, said the officer. I mounted. I replied. I will present it to your heart you 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, she locked upon dungeon. Your door said Big-Cola as he approached my dungeon door with the chaplain at his side. He knife said the officer. I mont by the Heavens I mont.
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 Cook—and the said these words one of the officers made his way towards me—and I stood my ground with my knife drawn in my hand refusing to give it up— The pistol said the one of the officers. Big Cook presented the pistol into the under officers hand Who cocked it and threatened to blow my brain out in two minutes if I did not deliver the knife into his hand—Hold—Hold— Stand back— said the chaplain as he rushed forwards and stood between me and the officers— I ask you in the authority of these officers paid the chaplain for that knife and I hope that you will deliver it into my hands— the kind and tender words of the chaplain brought the knife from my hands into his— Big Cook 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 your Esq— said the officer as he slammed my door to and turned the key on me— what did I tell you— did I tell you that you boy would become an hardened convict if you were left to himself— it those cursed and infamous inmates said the officers that have been laboring there— silly tales in his ears— and worse curmudgeon influences have been playing and shadowing over his mind— as the officers said these words to Big Cook— the Esq ordered me to take my bible down from off my shelf and sit down in one corner of my cell— and reflect on my past conduct— until he had time to take my case in hand— I took my bible from my shelf— and with all my might I dashed it to the floor— and picked it up and tore it in a thousand pieces— and trample the leaves under my feet— oh these precious old books— Here— here I thought of them— Trembles with—
Dear my Child, I think of thee - and fear that every ray of the contents which I tend under foot will rise up in the judgment day and condemn me having nothing more to do and no more hopes to commit on the state. I sat in one corner of my cell and covered my face with both hands and gave way to a flood of tears and silent reflections - and these were my reflections. So that I entered the prison with my mother's prayer printed upon my lips and my father's blessing upon my head and laden with good reason and an ample store of good education, but your - eye does face looking deeds have misled my Mentor prayers from my lips into tears and blotted my father's blessing from my head with a heavy, hacking club - and took away from me all the good reason which God had endowed one with - oh cruel and wicked match of a boy. Said the chaplain as he approached my iron grated door and saw the leaves of my Bible torn and scattered on the floor cell floor - oh cruel match he asked the second time how could you be so wicked cruel 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 match - the day is coming when you will have to answer for every word of that sacred book which you have thrown 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 frowned from my dark and
gloomy cell and left me to reflect over the scene that had scattered at my feet. of the horrors of that day came homeing in my breast, as I paced my cell backward and forth. with large drops of tears a dropping from my eyes — cruel and wicked metes of a devil, said I to myself, in a burning rage of anger after I had mused over my fully-nicked and infernal Scamp of a big - goy - have, destroyed that humble old monitor that learnt you. A - B - C — torre and tempest under your feet the good counsels it has given and thrown away your day of grace . — humble and precious old book said I to myself, with tears dropping from my eyes — humble old fellow there plead and counsell with me and under the roof of that humble old cottage of my childhood and birth and when I left the land of my matrity, there fellow one to a dark and gloomy prison and now I have rendered the evil for good — wretched and wicked — cruel and black hearted metes when these books thin ones in sleep the contents and the counsels of that precious book shall haunt thee like a thief in the night — when thou art willing and believers under the burning heats of the Sun the thoughts of thy bible shall pierce thy heart like a dagger — when the cold night of death shall ever take thee and the messenger of death shall attend his firmly hand to lead thee up to judgement then, the leaves of thy bible will be there as a witness against thee, and a voice louder than ten thousand peals of thunders will say where is that book you threw away —

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

Alone in his sorrows with none to condole
Have read the regrets that Emittus his son he mourns on the hearth that he first met as a boy and spilled his heart to the tempter while away.

Oh never is the time to extend him your hand to scratch from extinction the still burning brand. Aymenic is the time while his heart is yet warm to list to his yearnings and whisper reform.

Oh could you have thought that when kindness was soft that neglect and ill treatment would harden to oft that cut off from all virtue a man will in time. Set breeding on lies 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 dare face looking officer came up to my cell and on locking my door he ordered me to follow him to the south wing keeping close behind the officer with my hands tied in front of me I followed him until we reach the South wing where stood Crg Cook and another dare face looking William with pistols in these hands on tying my hands the officers ordered me to pull off my cap and stand true before the rack and give an account of my misbehaviour at the table. I stood a trembling boy before them not knowing where to commence or what to say. You have nothing to say. Said the second officer nor no reason to give why this pistol shouldn't be discharged at your heart and send you a cross that last ocean neither no mortal is ever permitted to return again as he said these words he presented the pistol at my heart and was about ready to fire. When the voice of the third officer said...
him to hold a moment— you said the officer are a bad boy and leading a poor and a miserable life— you are listening to the silly songs of the older inmates and following those devilish deeds and learning those 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— you tore your bible to pieces and tramp the hands of it under your feet— you put forth words out of your mouth which will arise up in the judgement day and condemn you— you are bringing sorrow upon yourself and the grey hairs of your mother clow to her grave— the crack of the pistol will end your career for ever and shall send you to that land where you will never see no more trouble— are you ready to resign yourself in the hands of almighty said by Cook— me sir I replied as a deluge of tears came streaming and flowing from my eyes— he ready said the third officer for six minutes the pistol shall settle the case that least of eternity which you will never cross again— three minutes more sir is allotted you and the mortal shall take its everlasting flight— are you ready for one moment sir— if you please— said I as I threw my arms around by Cooks neck and with tears and loud sobbs begd him to spare my life— your life sir is in the hands of your officers and if it is for them to decide the question— stand back and the crack of the pistol shall decide the question and are two minutes shall roll over they read the death tale shall be told— again did I fall down upon my knees and close 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 stood one side and held a long conversation and concluded to give me a lesser punishment with the cats after consulting together for more than an half
Horn said the regret that Embottler's head
horror was on the head he next met ashes
and yielded his heart to the laughter with a cry.

When the officers ordered me to follow them to the
kitchen on my awing in the kitchen I saw general officers
standing on the desk awaiting my arrival, and among
them were Mr. Hard Heart, Mr. Cruel Feelings, Mr. Cruel
Heart, Mr. Demon, Mr. Friend, Mr. Love Torture, Mr.
Syrant, and Mr. Cat Bearer—all consulting together to see
whose duty it should lie to inflict a punishment upon
me, with the ante according to the degree of the Wardon
after consulting the matter over the bloody duty
fell upon Mr. Cat Bearer while Mr. Love Torture stood
by to keep count of how many heavy blows I got
off with, your shirt did. Said Mr. Cat Bearer in an
ugly and an ugly tone of voice—off with it. Don't
say lie. I am going to kill at once—stripping off
my shirt the tyrannical curse bounded my
hands fast in front of me and ordered me to stand
around—turning my back towards him he threw
fifty seven lashes on me according to the orders of
Capt. I was then ordered to stand over the
brush floor one of the inmate make my mark in
a pool of salt brine—after passing through this
kind of treatment I was taken back to my cell by
one of the officers and lock up—Reader would you like
to know the feelings and the effects that those
tormented little creatures have on the back when
thou see again the back of the sufferer the sting like the
prick of a needle and when unseen in very deep the
sufferer feels as though he had been bitten by the bite of
a dog or been scratch by the paws of a cat—the cats are made of cat gut strings with a little knot tied at the ends and wound at the ends with a small thread wire—

It was a pleasant day in the month of September as I sat by the bedside of incession in the hospital. That the shaking of his eyes and the heavy beats of his breast seemed to tell me that the hour of his dissolution was drawing to a close and that death could not be standing at a far distance. The cold shake of his hand and the quivering lips of the dying boy seemed to tell me all at once that the cold night of death was fast approaching and there was but a step between him and death. Incession said to you are gain fast and a few moments more and you will be lying across that wide ocean which you will never cross again—Yes, Incession said the dying boy. I feel the clumsy hand of death to work at my chest now and ere the mid-nights hour he will have it down to the ground, and my spirit will go a falling 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. And one a drink said Incession that I may cool my parched tongue and burning lips. I handed the youth a cup of cold water and the threads of life began to be snapping fast—soon said Incession to Incession, 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 sickel hand of Incession and told him that the mystery of that and dag rubbier that was committed under the roof of Miss Materson
Macaulay shortly he brought out into the open day light and that I was the innocent sufferer of that midday's robbery—wish I was dead said Iverson with a blasphemous oath andailing down the stream—you wicked wretch you Iverson said I know dare you utter such blasphemous oaths and wishes when you are on the very brink of that stream which lies open to your view—give me another drink, Robi said Iverson and I'll drink in honor of your health—I handed the cursed wretch another drink and his eyes ball began to roll and flesh like a streak of lightning and the signs of death stood a blushing in his face—well and damnation said Iverson as he grasped the old companion of his boyhood and dashed it to the floor take that bible out of my sight and the fiery looking eyes of Iverson nigh was mirking will blood gave another glance at the bible which he had dash to the floor and the dying youth turned on his back and a convulsive sob and groans bitter cries blasphemous oaths Hells and damnations proceeded from the lips of the dying Iverson a heavy heavy a loud and a mournful groan a horrid yell of murder and the youth stretch himself out and expired while his soul launch upon that little hurt which meant bury it in the presents of him that gave it — — and his lady was given into the hands of the desecrators—this dies Iverson was within the walls of a gloomy prison under the fictitious name of Halsey Thomas—

As I stood a leaning against a pile of boards one day in the month of September and basking myself in the sun I was accosted by two honorable looking gentlemens whose looks before so good nature and whose hearts seemed to beat with pity and sympathy towards me—what a pity — what a pity—Admitted the silver hair gentleman what
a pity it is that you are leading such a hard and a miserable life bringing cruel tortures and punishments upon your self and listening to the advice of those that rejoice over your punishments and illtreatment—last thou a faster. Said Mr. Parsons—my father said I lays cold and silent in the grave—and thy mother said Mr. Henson—my mother said I a pointing with my fingre towards the land of my birth was a lie. When I left the land of my childhood—also said Mr. Henson. There swetched must she lie—and this night perhaps she will lie sleeping for thee—as these two gent—mention the parent names of my father and mother—a flood of tears gushed from my eyes and I kept before them like a child for I was yet young and tender in years—there I stood before these two gentleman who appeared to befriend me and sympathise with me in my deep sorrow and distress no whipping cats nor torturing stocks or floging calls nor lonesome dungeons no time no distance can eradicate or mar the sorrows of that day from my heart—no dire deed none tyrant can make me forget the day that I stood a trembling youth before Mr. Parsons and Mr. Henson—he careful said Mr. Parsons that you ain't fed away again by the cruel hands of your inmates and have to suffer under the rod—little little swetched said Mr. Henson you tore the companions of your youth and guide up and transport under your feet—those little black hearted devil the brice of thy companion will cry to thee out of the ground until the day that those grey down to thy grave—with a quivering lips I took up the words of Cain and said my punishment is more then I can bare—ugly and hard hearted hearted hearted thou art not learnt that the way of the transgressor is hard—and the rod said Mr. Henson was made for the fools back—you and the wicked said Mr. Henson shall be beaten with many stripes—awful—awful—awful—all 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 we have given him crumbs enough out of that sacred old volume that lay on my table at home. I said to Mr. Parsons, I see they begin to cheak him and make the tears come out of his eyes—as he said those words—my tears from my eyes with my coat sleeve and went into the shop with a determination to do better during the remainder of my time in the prison—as I entered the shop—doors met with just what I expected from the inmates—one of nothing but scorns and sneers and derisions were my companions during the waking hours of the day—long will I remember that good old gentleman Mr. Parsons and long will I honor the gray hairs of Daniel Parsons—many have been the long and lonely nights when I have spoken from my stage and thought of the good counsels that was given to me on that September day by Mr. Parsons and I fondly wish and when look in a dark and gloomy cell my thought has wandered back to the counsels of that good old man that now lies asleep and slumbering beneath the cold cloaks—and these have been my thoughts—wonder if the venerable old man is waking the busy noon and drest in that long and white robe a coming down to his left—wonder if he is yet the golden harp and timbrel in his hand and striking up one of those new songs with an ear directed on earth can never learn—which of the venerable old man is walking his face and falling down with the four and twenty elders and given his homage to him that sits upon the throne for ever and ever—wonder if he is walking upon that sea of glass and drinking from that crystal stream—while his bones lay bleaching beneath the sands—Rest Mr. Parsons—Rest till the bones shall crumble away to the last sand—and peacefully may they slumber he until the last man shall beam on the world and the last sun shall set in the west.
The beautiful and bright Sabbath morn of my liberation came at last, and on the first day of May in 1812. The officer came to my cell and on lock the door and led me to the Board where I changed my tattered clothes of disgrace and appeared before the clerk in a neat suit of citizen's clothes and a little bundle small under my arm which contained one shirt and one pair of socks. Two other unfortunate devils who had come to prison were 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 sentences 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—have you ever joined—have you a wife and children—have you a father or a mother—is there any living—did you have a trade before you came to prison—what employment did you follow when you was out—and what are you doing when you was arrested—have you an education—could you read or write when you first entered this dark and gloomy castle—were you a temperate man for, clock, thank God, I can look you straight in the face and eyes and without a blush in my face to condemn you or testify against you. I can say that I am a temperate man—28. I'll challenge the tallest angle in heaven to come down and declare in the presence of him that sits upon the throne for ever and ever and say that he ever seen me dip my lips in the intoxicating bowl. After the clerk had asked me the above question he handed me a pen to sign our names on a strip of paper and gave us the following advice—he careful boys and don't fall into any bad Company that will bring you back here to prison remember that you can never commit a crime without being detected and the all piercing eye of God watches every movement you make. With these words he paid 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 chequered heart rushed out into the open street and stood there to look and to be looked at—now Mr. Smith the clerk handed me the portion of money that was allotted to me; he held out a little testament in his hand and had me take it and read it and follow its precepts and choose it as the man of my counsel. Had there a mother said Mr. Smith—my mother was alive. She said I a painting with my finger towards the Because of my childhood and birth and with tears streaming from my eyes—was a line when I left my native land—also said Mr. Smith have stretched must the lie—be stern. Her made a long passage and added with tears in his eyes go return to thy mother that thy mother may yet have pleasure when the sun arise in the morning and the tree blossom in the spring—go cheer the broken heart of thy mother and wife away the deep plum现今, ye have stamp upon her brow—handing me a letter I plunged forth into the open street and shouldering my little bundle I began my homeward march both my heart beat high as with joy and my eyes beamed with gladness as I tramped towards the land of maternity on the fourth day of May in the year 1842. I thrust the latch of the old cottage door under whose roof I had been sheltered in the days of my infancy the sun was just a setting in the west as I passed the cottage door with the marks of trouble and care printed deep upon my brow and the blooming heat of boyhood and youth a glittering in my face. You look as though you had seen a long of trouble my son said an elderly woman as she arose from her seat and threw her arms around my neck and printed a matters ties on my cheek and a flood of tears burst forth from her eyes and her tears came dripping down upon my shoulder 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 mother, as I entered the bed-room I opened the letter which I had got at the prison and found that it was written to me shortly after I entered the prison and had been directed in care of the chaplain. The letter had been written by my old companion Stringman who was an inmate with me in the house of refuge and had made his escape with me to Harveson's inn and sign by the fictitious name of James Hawkins—Reader there was the dark and gloomy days when gross darkness covered over the prison and the prisoners sat in one total darkness of ignorance and heathenism—there was the dark days when no prisoner was allowed to write a letter to his friends or to make one single mark with a pencil and though the Honorable Wm. Seward was chief justice of the state yet he in all of his power could not grant the prisoner the privilege of writing one kind word to his friends through the legal at the point of death—those were the dark and lone some days when the convict had no library books to read nothing but his bible and tract— and if he wanted to kill time during the long summer days he must take his bible or tract from his shelf and-more away the long and lonesome hours that came all hanging on him like a heavy weight by reading them—the convict had no state and pencil to kill time with how did he dare to have a knife in his possession to whittle time away. Reader those were the dark and cruel days when young Alune was stript stark naked and laid across the bench with his hands tied to the floor and secured such a severe punishment with the cats that he expired a few days after. There was the day when the prisoners backs were cut and lacerated with the cats till the blood came running down there backs many was the nights that the prisoners returned to their cells with the backs cut and bled up with the cats and cursing and damning there maker and uttering
Hard and horrible cast until the bell rung for them to see their hammocks. I have heard horrible and bitter groans ascend up from those nine cabins painful sighs and heavy groans came beating upon my ear from some poor inmate before me or not to me again the loud cry of vengeance has been heard a speaking in the middle night hour as the prisoner lay in a half dream of sickness and murmuring over to himself the ill-treatment with he had just through.

Though it may seem strange to the reader, yet truth is stranger than fiction. That the inmate of the penitentiary receives some slight word of kindness from the official from the day he enters the prison until the day he is discharged from its only friend, and adviser is the chaplain who welcomes him with a visit after he is shut up in his cell at night. Through all the terrible old prison feels like the meaning of his sentence affords with what joy does he hail that beautiful and delightful morning as it comes a bustling forth from the east—poor dun eight and broken-hearted devil then his eyes glittered as he entered the hall to get his discharge—poor miserable old wretch you when you first entered the prison you thought that you would never be the next side of that great gate. Oh you thought that you must close them weeping eyes of yours in a dark and gloomy prison—the old fellow—but the long climb in hell day has come at last and the day has opened with a bright and a promising prospect before your-long nights of sorrow has swept away in a miniature summer sun shines—but old fellow let me tell you—before you go that you have the deep print of a state prison mark stamp upon your brow and with that mark you have got to face a cold
fusty 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—Click and let me be a making my tracks towards the happy home of my boy and girl—Cash over—and let me leave this gloomy old palace—Say click is this all the money you give to a poor old man? Like me who has worked hard for five years in a gloomy prison—yes, so that is all they click—hardly enough to pay me home—How long before the next train goes click—ah, I hear the bell, ring so far you will click I am bound for home—Hallow there old fellow the chaplain wants to see you before you go—Can't stop now—Can't stop—Man and beast—bound—no but come and see what the man wants to see may say something to you that may do you some good—or may have something for you wish may give you a push out in the bustling world—good God I can't say—Can't say a minute been away from home five long years and the old woman expect to see me bounding through the gate today—So old hawk you want listen to what the chaplain got to say—Can't say there's the ears ready to start move—so farewell to you—and God bless you—you wicked old curse—you—you had ought to be stretched upon the gallows with other years ago and hung with the same sash—pass I believe that you are a hard cruel hard old curse—well say the old fellow if I am hard I have been hardened within the walls of a gloomy prison and if I am cruel I have learnt it within the walls of a gloomy prison yet there where cruelty pain shame and misery dwells as the old fellow speaks his way—He touches the gate with his shining with his own hands and sabbath noon
just five years ago he looks around and he sees a deep hole in the fence where the musket ball lodged. one salubrious man when he was firing at a mark. just five years ago—onward he tramps towards the house and he trod over the little mound that he dug and laid a sweet little angle in it. just five years ago—he approaches the door and his clumsy old hand gives a shrill knock and the strange voice of a female bids him enter: he looks around and finds that Stringer has taken possession of his farm and his sweet-angled wife lays aside with pangs beneath the ground—he with tears in his eyes he inquiries for the spot: where lays the mortal remains of the wife of his bosom—gazing among the unrequited mould he sees a new-made grave with a withering tear that marks the sacred spot where lays the mortal remains of his angels wife—weeping over the silent spot for a moment she sits herself down at the head of the grave—where lays all that was once fair and beautiful as an angel—and she kisses the green sod that covers all that was once sacred to him—as she leaves the sacred spot she has the marks of grief stenciled upon her brow and the heart of the widowed wretch is ready to burst and bleed—leaving back on the scenes of his boyhood and youth she remembers with old farmer that lives a field 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 toward the lordly leading mansion until he comes within sight of the roof—she then makes his way to a patch of mounds and hides himself till darkness begins to cover the land—then he begins.
The cruel deed of plunder and robbery under the
court of darkness, until the heavy hand of the officers
is laid upon him and he becomes the inmate of a dark
and a gloomy prison again—let us now follow the
unfortunate Wrench 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—his
how-long did you get this time old man—three and
half—yes that all old fellow—yes—and I wouldnt
say that the court hadnt bribed the judge—and the
judge bribed the jury—old man I dont understand
your meaning exactly suppose you explain yourself a
little plainer—well I think mean to say that the jury
was prejudiced against me—and was bribed by a pack of
heavens—and no hand judge or jury I was dispatched
to a dark and a gloomy prison and five I am confined for
three and a half—God bless you old man I feel sorry
for you and sympathise with you in your sufferings
otherwise I am gain under the same discipline and
atrocities that you will have to go through—well old
corn lip that me have got our gallows all swept off
down—and we are out of the sight of and hearing of the
officers supose me sit down here and give me a little
history of your adventures during the time that you was
out—very well sir I have no objections—very well then old
man begin your story—hark old man I hear the footsteps of
some officer let me see who it is—ah its no one but the
chaplain again around to see if each prisoner has a little
in his cell—so got on with your tale old man—well
dit you remember the morning that I left this dismal
looking old place—ah yes old man I do remember that
bright and beautiful morn when the sun was throwing
his golden rays through our iron grated windows
and you heart old man beated lightly with joy and
your eyes beamd with gladness and you long to reach
the Happy Home of your childhood and birth—yes old
man long will I remember that happy day—proceed old man—now tell your story well sir—well sir with only two dollars in my pocket I rushed out of the front gate and commenced my homeward march between the hours of eight and nine I reach the happy cottage which I once used to own as I gave a heavy rap at the door I heard the strange voice of a female who bid me enter—I opened the door and looking this female in the face I found that strangers had taken possession of my house and lot while I had been gone from home—the house and lot was under mortgage when I left and after I came away the rap of the sheriff's mallet told the tale and my wife was driven out of doors without a house or a home or a friend in the world and the poor creature died a broken hearted and the afflictions of my bosom lay mourning away to dust after taken another look at the old cottage I made my way to the grave yard and with tears trickling from my eyes I face the new made grave of my wife—seating myself at the head of her grave I wept like a child and moisten the green sods with my tears—gain along a little further I stumbled on the grave of my little daughter whose little remains must has lied so long before this—well a little old fellow I must interrupt you for a moment—you say that you sat down on the grave of your wife and wept like a child—yes sir and I would have wept large drops of blood if I only could—well old man I must confess that you have touched a soft spot in my heart now—for I remember the very day that my father was buried that long after the sun had sunk behind the clouds that I sat all alone at the head of my father's grave and wept like a child and I felt the effects and the loss of my father—well old fellow proceed with your story—well sir—leaving these lonesome solitudes of the dead I began to think about leaving for the distance west where my father and mother lives but not having one red cent in my pocket nor no means of getting to them I was obliged to plug my hands into the treasure of a rich farmer who I knew in the days of my boyhood and commit a crime rich brought me back to the lonesome place—well old
man when the clerk asked you if you was guilty what did you tell him—why I told him no—well old man sorry you guilty—guilty yes I was guilty as a dog—well old man why didn’t you stop and hear what the chaplain had to say to you that day you went out perhaps he might give your little craft such a push down the stream that you would never stop till you had landed right in front of your father’s door and perhaps you wouldn’t been back here today—oh old man you acted the part of a fool—be careful you and holla’ed to you to come back but you refused his calls perhaps he might give you a God—blessing old fellow and that might have made a hundred to you and your father—sorry old fellow that you didn’t stop and hear what the chaplain had to say—indeed I am—well old man when I leave this dismal old place again I mean to leave it with the chaplain’s blessing pronounced upon my head and with that blessing I mean to keep as a prize and rush through this dark world with it like the dog to go down to my grave—I’ll follow—I believe that you are a hard old convict for you don’t seem to have any reflections about you at all—reflections like my mind is burdened with reflections every night when I enter you become all—well what are those reflections—well die in the first place I remember that dark and chilly night when I had returned from a swim with me where the song and the boat and the boat and the mid night chorus had been just around—staggered for home there a cold mid winter night the moon was streaming her glistening light in the street and I staggered past the window of my house—I saw the angular form of my wife a standing at the window and with strained eyes she was looking and waiting for my return it was late and the town clock had given the hour of one there stood my wife both in tears casting her eyes out of the window she caught my figure and with a scream and a shriek she plunged out into the street with her hair hanging on her face and with tears in her eyes she began to come in the house and retire to bed—bust as I entered the house I caught her by the hair of her head and forced her from the door—holding the door I staggered over chairs ladders and stands until I reach the little cradle where laid my
innocent little daughter folded in the arms of sleep, taken the little dish to my eye in these clumsy hands of mine, I dash her to the floor and lift her a bleeding in her gore—ye cursed and infernal old black hearted devil you—State prison is to good for you and new old men I believe that you have caused your wife and daughter to go down to these graves in sorrow.

**Masturbation, or the Demon of J Cell:**

I will now unfold the secrets and the habits of the prisoner and point out the man of masturbation to the Reader as he first enters the prison—Reader enter the prison on some lovely morning between the hours of nine and ten and you will see some fifty or fifty fine looking young men with their hands up to their sides or up to their backs and an old dirty piece of rag tied around their necks shouting and making their way to the hospital to pray the Doctor these morning. Notice Reader—watch them all they get at the head of the stairs and the little devils make a fair bet and begin to examine his own palms before he steps within the door if he see his palms is in good order he kites his elbow at hard rap against the wall and then begins to feel of his palms again and with one hand up to his side and the other up to his head or back he walks in and takes a seat near some post where he begins to knock his elbow till the officer calls his name to come up and be examined by the Doctor. Watch his steps and ways Reader as he passes him way towards the doctor his head bent and his eyes cast with shame towards the floor—smile the master and point of masturbation printed deep under the lower knee of thighs. He takes his seat before the Doctor. Who asks him the following question—Tell me what is the trouble with you this morning you seem to come up here very morning and I am continually bothered with your morning trouble. What's the trouble?—Doctor I have a 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 angrily. I am continually sick at my stomach and feel very weak—can you give me from labor to day Doctor with a heart of feeling and an eye of pity. The Doctor examines the cursed little devil and then the dialogue commences between the Doctor.
and the infernal little snake—How long has the Doctor been in prison—three months sir—How long did you come for—two and a half sir—looking the little devil in the eye again he tells him that he is a boy of masturbation and unless he stops the devilish game and practices it well and his career is a premature grave—by which the Doctor unbuckles his crime and devilish deeds to him the poor little curri-curris it will be open fire and declares that he has never been guilty of the deed so may he has been in prison—again the Doctor puts the question to the wicked little devil and asks him how old he is—seven years sir—while the doctor is going through with the examination the wonder happens to stop in and then the dialogue begins between the two concerning the little demon who is still sitting before him—I asked if the young boy is a boy of masturbation and if he don't stop it will become a demon of the cell and from thence will find an untimely grave — Doctor are you sure that you boy is a boy of masturbation—Sir I am just assure of it as I am sitting here and have the evidence of it under the lower brow of his eye—Well Doctor suppose you go on and prove to me that your boy is a boy of masturbation—long well sir—Do you see that little blue streak under the lower brow of his eye—safer not—well that is one sign of it and those little shadows that come a playing and flashing before his eye is another sign of it and unless he stops it wonder will become a demon of the cell and all the devils on earth and the tallt angels in heaven can't save him from a premature grave—I now give him into your hands with the hope that he may quit the devilish crime and deed—so it takes away all of his good feelings and makes him weak and sick take away his reason the good has given him and in after days he becomes crazy and like a brute he lays down and disease and the hands I commit the boy for I am tired of his crying morning and night with a guilty the doctor tells the demon to go down—watch him reader as he leaves his seat and turning around to the doctor he asks him if he want administer a little medicine to his pain I cant say the Doctor give you anything this morning for all the medicines on earth can save you disease—With curses on the end of his tongue he turns around and looks the Doctor in the face and with madness he shouts and his blood flashing with which the poor doctor has to carr—
them on his shoulders and in loud tones in the street or lay them low at the foot of the bleeding cross. I remember some years ago as Doctor Begg stood in the centre of the yard, that I stepped up to him and pointing out one of these demons of a cell, with him. They gnawed at our hair, that dirty pay 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 having what 1 meant until I had told him the mysteries 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 hard usages, and I will challenge the best Doctor 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 burning in my eyes on the mouth and the finge of it under my eye brows—

---The Death of a Demon---

Murder—murder—murder—hell and damnation. Take that devil away—murder—murder—bring that insolent match to me, and I lay him cold and sound at my feet—do you hear me—bring him to me—he slays my sister and with one stroke of his bloody hand he lays my sister cold at his feet and betrays the innocent blood of my sister—bring the dam insolent match to me that I may seek the revenger of my sister—Reader these are the bloody and terrorible cries of the man of masturbation who has made himself to be and practised the deverish deed. Until he become a demon of the cell and suffering under the effects of insanity again and again. A man in a dark cell. He never got up from his lonely cell and in a few moments more he finds his officer standing in front of him. He calling to the master to bring ropes chains handcuffs and caught vests to bind the unfortunate match and make him fast until the can get him to the hospital and his bloody cries for vengeance as they are analogy and fast he has his denuded castle of pain and see the big tears a rolling down his cheeks ah, that heavy days of recent that comes drooping from his brow—and look at them.
eyes of his a flashing with blood and fire—hear his sorrowful groans—and again his bloodthirsty prayers—hear his bitter curses as he enters the hospital—and see his uplifted hand to give the docto a blow as he comes near to examine him—Hark and you hear the bloody cry of murder again protruding from his mouth while his eyes are reading over the dark catalogue that is written against him on the wall—he thinks he sees friends who have been laid in the silent grave for years—and he thinks he sees a mans hand a melting down his dark character on the walls—the walls and you'll him a striking eye one of his old midnight airs—hear his cursed words for heaven to turn his heart and blast all of his future prospects—hear him groan and groan until you hear the heavy bump of the thunderbolt who has come to see the end the trouble is—Read in the sorrowful dialogue between the Doctor and the Doctor again—What did Eben tell you—Harden what did Eben tell you about your boy— did I tell you that your boy would one day or another become a demon of a man and go down to a premonitory grave—did I tell you the insanity would one day or another take possession of the brain of your boy—oh I remember—yes Eben I remember the day that you boy entered the prison and his cheeks were as red and handsome as a rose he was the fairest flower of that day I know—just in the morning of life—but alas alas the blighting hand of stigmatization has touched the blushing youth away—Doctor can you administer something that will restore him and ease his pain of little—Harden all the medicine on this side of the grave could not save him—Hark I hear the heavy thump of the avenger—there comes with the uplifted dagger in his hand to strike the blow that none misses—then just heaving his may—here—sharp his dagger hand—here eager he is to do the deed—Who art thou—I see the angle of death—and what is thy cause and who sent thee—whom do—bring in the dagger in the heart of your demon—I was sent by him in whose hand is the life and breath of thy monster—Stand back give way till I enter—Hold—Hold a moment there—there is the avenger's way I cannot stop you do the bloody deed and take my effusing life one stroke and the deed is done a heavy groan a score of the breast and a curse from the wretched life and the dagger tells the last dreadful tale and the
ceased. Mitch stretches himself out and dies and his spirit goes back to him who gave it. Reader this is the awful end of the man of masturbation and the destiny of the demon of a cell—ah—methinks I hear his bitter cries and his singed nose methinks I hear his blasphemous prayers and his pitiful looks methinks I hear his midnight songs and in letters of gold I see the hand writing a standing against him and on the walls I read his character and doom in large capital letters—methinks I see the great drops of blood oozing from the point of the dagger as the angel takes his excoriating plight—eyes methinks I see the floor stained with the blood of a demon—

Death has been here and borne away a brother from our side just in the morning of his prime as young as me he died— not long ago he filled his place and sat with us to learn but now he is in his eternal place and never an return—

again

I saw, an unheroic mound where reeds and brambles swayed. 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 miseries of a dungeon prison during the year 1840 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 sun was just setting in the west and the curtain of darkness began to close the globe as I reach the happy home of my childhood and birth— as I sat myself down by the side of my mother I began to tell her of
The pains and miseries the bond imposed and the ill-treatment to which I had just passed 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 passed through during the ten years of my confinement. And this did I dream: I dreamed that I had just returned from a dark and gloomy prison and was standing before my mother and the tears came trickling down her cheeks. I thought that I could not bear to see these marred tears of affliction flow any longer; without pursuing some revenge on him who had been the means of my long separation from my mother—although the infernal wretch had laid cold and blunt in the hands of the ladies who stood ready with their shining instruments to dress the flesh from off his bones— I thought that I disguised myself in the dress of a female and taking a dagger in my hand, I thought that I opened the door and plunged my way out in the open street. I thought that the night was very dark and cloudy, and was suited to the purpose of my design. I thought that when I had opened the door and plunged into the open street that I put my way onward until I came in front of a lockup, motioned, 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 on the watch a matching the count and deed to strike my bloody hand 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 replied. I thought the bolt sprang out the door and in the form of a man—stood trembling before me— I thought the man said: what brought you to his door so late in the night? I thought as he said these words that I drew my dagger and plunged it to his heart and he fell at my feet with the loud cry of murder proceeding from his mouth. I thought that I with drew the dagger and pressing my foot on his breast I thought that I gave him another plunging and ere he could give the second cry of murder, the bloody dead lay at my feet. Pushing my way through several departments of the house I thought that I entered a bedroom where lay a female except in a long white robe and folded securely in the arms of sleep— as I stood by her bed with an uplifted and drawn
dagger in my hand. I thought that I looked the innocent girl in the face, and she was in such a state of terror that she said, "I am the only one here. You have not escaped me." I said, "You have done many wrongs. Your blood is now upon your head."

The worse words that I spoke that night I have not said. I have not told the world the worst words that I have spoken. I have told you of the murder that I committed. I have brought to those who are innocent the pain that I caused by my words. I have told you of the blood that I caused to flow. I have told you of the grief that I caused to those who were innocent. I have told you of the pain that I caused to those who were innocent.

As a sequel to the dream --

Turning over on my side I fell asleep and dreamed again. I dreamed that I made my way from that deadly mansion, and I saw a woman with the blood of an innocent female on her hands. She had been the cause of my separation for two years prior to that time. I loved her with my heart. I saw her with the blood of an innocent woman on her hands. I thought that I made my way to the police office where I gave myself up as the murderer of two innocent beings. I thought that I was arraigned before the court and pleaded guilty of the terrible deed. I thought that I was taken to a prison and a gallows higher than human was proper for me. I thought that I was maintained on the gallows high, and was hanging between the heavens and the earth, for the horror and bloody crime which I had committed. I thought that my spirit took its everlasting flight in the presence of God, and stood before his white mills there. I thought that I saw a venerable looking man seated upon the throne with a book in his hand. I thought that his hair was as white as the drifting snow and his face shone brighter than ten thousand suns. I thought that I saw my father standing in front of the throne, holding up a bible in his hand and standing ready to be a witness against me as I stood arraigned before the judgment house of God. I thought the venerable judge said to my father, "If that was your son, I said my father (holding up a bible in his hand) that is my son and in his hands I gave him a price to get wisdom and I left him a
lying father's advice and prayer and yet met with standing all of thr
he had lighted the blessing mark I left him — I thought as my father
spoke these words he raised his face and fell down before the throne and
of our most twenty elders who were seated in long white dresses coming
down below them feet and they struck up a beautiful song saying those
words mostly in Sic to receive blessing honor and glory — casting my eyes on
the right side of the throne I thought I saw one usher with a Son of God.
I thought that he held both of his hands up to me and showed me the
feet with the cadaver had made and pointing with his fingers towards
his side he showed me the preparer with the soldiers had made with
those stones — casting his eyes down towards his feet methought he
showed me the marks where the murderers drove the forks sticks though
his feet methought I saw the tears come trickling from his eyes as he
showed me a deep mingled with bitterness and gall — ah yes methought
that I saw those large deep drops of blood and blood come foaming from his
nose as he said to me all this pervert and he turned to find a piece
of meat and having his hand he found a place under his father's throne
and there he stilled those tears for me — the honorable judge then
held up a dagger and a female dress all stained with blood and said that
these were witnesses against me for the most atrocities and the depred
of that wicked murder — at these guilty said he I thought that it
told him that I was guilty and deserved the deepest ditch in hell
methought a descending post and carrying me down 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 bind him hand and foot and
cast him into outer darkness — methought when the judge pronounced the
sentence against me that I said Amen — amen I thought that
after my sentence had been pronounced that this descending post did
bear me hand and foot and led me away through a waste and a
waste land not a tree not shade not a rock or a stone nor a sphere
of grass nor tree to be seen through out that long journey to make
a vast travelling — I saw no humane beings through out that burning
plain — onward and onward we went our way with white eyes
once and a while the heavy peal of a thunder would strike upon
my ears and then a holler louder than ten thousand thunder would
say and what you know your duty but did it not this did
that thunder like noise kept a fealing in my ears until I reached the place of my destination—being tired and weary I thought I asked the iron man to let me sit down and rest—I thought as I asked him that another feel of thunder struck upon mine ears and said—and what—you knew your duty but did it not one at the noise died away in the distance—I thought we came in part of a large hole that was dug in the ground and I thought the old stumps picked me up and tumbled me in head foremost—thought I sunk some thousands of feet before I rose at the surface—as I rose I thought I found myself in one vast burning lake of fire mingled with lime stone and 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 these parched tongues and burning lips—I thought I saw husband and a clinging to these wives and children and children clinging to these parents and calling for rocks and mountains to fall and cover these desolated heads—I thought I heard the muffled cry of millions upon millions taking up the bitter words and saying the harvest is past the summer is ended and my soul is not save—I thought I heard another cry mingled with pitiful cries and saying—oh that I had sought my father and those deep cries died away in everlasting pain and misery and the torments and the torments of that burning day heated me so hot that I wrote and behold it was wrought but a dream.

The Death of Miss Muttem—And the journey to New York—
Douse me here for a moment until I ascertain the necessary information with my mother as to the present condition of Miss Muttem and what had happened to her during the two years to which I had been gone—my mother informed me that miss Muttem had become the inmate of the county house shortly after I had left and there ended her days.
laughs of my face that stood around the little cottage made
delusive to my brain that came a creeping over their tips, the
flash of lightning came swiftly across my face and another peal of thunder
brought large drops of rain a beating against the side of the little cottage
and the window sashes, that thunder said my mother put me in
mind of the voice of God a speaking to the realities of men
as she said these words another peal 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 wrapped in an
eternal silence, for few voices did the rain continue to come down
and there a beautiful sun broke forth through the clouds and came
shining from the east, and the bear was seen in the forest,
as my mother said a gazing at those wonderful sights I threw my
coat a cross my arm and taking the parental shake of the hand my
mother printed a kiss upon my cheek and I started for the city of
new York as I turned a corner the little home that led from the
cottage I took the last look of the roof of the little dwelling that once
were the head and the big tear came a streaming from my eyes.
it was between the hours of nine and ten that I landed in the city
of new York as I was walking up leonard street I met a young
looking youth whose countenance I thought I had seen once
before, passing this beautiful looking youth I made a low bow to
him and greeted my way up the city, the youth stop a few moments
and casting his eyes clearly upon me, he followed me some ten
rods up the street meeting a colored man I ask him he could
direct me to the house of one miss Himm who resides in the city as
I said these words the robed clone looking youth came up to me
and grasping me by the hand he shook it till I thought the finger
would split from my hands, you are a stranger to me he said I
a stranger to you, the youth replied, eyes, sir, said I how you for
gotten me, she said the youth I have per, replied but your looks
seems to tell me that I have seen you some where before but where
I cannot now tell dont you remember little Himm, said the
youth I do said I well this is one with a blushing crimson
upon my tongue I ask the youth if he was the very Mike Himm
who had made his way with Strongman and Miller and
me from the house of refuge the youth please join and
He was the king and went on to relate the story of our escape and the sufferings to which we were exposed in the days that followed the escape, and also he related to me the kindness of Capt. Smith, who had taken us on board of the Steamer and conveyed us to the port, where we were met by Mrs. Johnson, and several other ladies—this story convinced me at once that the truth which stood before me was none other than the truth. Mrs. Harn—looking now in from the street, up the city until we reach the first avenue and entering in a little cottage I found myself once more under the roof of Mrs. Harn, as I took a chair I asked Mrs. Harn if she could give me any information concerning Stringman—poor Stringman said the woman as big drops of tears fell down her cheeks—poor Stringman was no more good. She said to myself what does the woman mean—is she crazy, or what is it that causes these big drops to run from her eyes—what does the man mean when he says he is no more does she mean to say that he is dead—I do not understand what you mean. Mrs. Harn said. In order you say he is no more will you please to hold yourself back. I mean Robert, that Stringman has killed the butcher and is dead. She said, Mrs. Harn said I am sure in earnest of what you say—I am Robert, said the man as he wiped the woman’s tears from her eyes—he entered the man and gave in his name James Harn and fell in a fight with one of the sailors and struck him dead on the spot—and poor Stringman had to pay the penalty of that murder by being between the heavens and earth—as Mrs. Harn said those words I rose from my seat and in company with my wife walked over next door towards the river, again as I entered the yard I ask one of the sailors if there was a young chap in those crews by the name of Hawkins. He said the sailor he has been the buccaneer, and has gone down to Davie Jones’ locker—and did you know Hawkins? I said the sailor—yes I replied. Where did you know him—I know him in the most said he—and has he parents a living—yes I replied he has rich parents a living some where in the midst—never came across a buccaneer boy in my life. Then Hawkins was said the sailor—with an oath upon his lips he swore that he would rather stretch the hang himself than to see Hawkins
The death he died—learning from this sad lot of pain and misery I made my way out of the yard. With the thought not that any man was near a mingling with the wretched and destitute in Hell. I then began to think of the pains and miseries to which him and me had endured through the mean of that black hunter Tom King, and the cursed and wicked oath with which he uttered in my presence the last time I saw him. It was late in the afternoon and Mike and me returned to the house of our master, seating ourselves down. I began to ask Mike how the master had sent with him from the day that we parted—rough. I told you it has met rough with one—there are not many a storm and many have been the tempests that have blown in my face and many have been the tempests that have blown in my head and think I will lay off through them all and then with a hair in my head I tell you that I got a friend that stuck closer to me than a brother. He is a bit of a man in the beam of the sun, and he had a bright eye. He said—well, it being one hour got to sleep in the convenient. I'll give you the whole story of my life since the day I first started. You can see my chair up close to him, he gave me the following narrative.

He was a poor miserable logger, pinch, with hunger and thirst, and the rains, the rage of these and injuries that I had lost a place to dig my hands and I was obliged to go and lose myself out to an old farm and frog and sludge and my good was nothing but the bread and the dinner did eat and my lodging was in the log-pan with the longest night. I thought it a long hard thing to Rob the sleeping of these beasts to satisfy my hunger. And day by day I stand in the log-pan, I determined myself from head to foot and from myself a suffering in rage—after a little a close examination of myself, I gave a leap from that old filthy log-pan and jest any way there was my father I saw you have one idea, that is how I last was cured with mud and field and dangled in rage. I was a shame to let the old man. My father, for me but I had made the resolution to return back home to him and tell him just the truth of the whole matter and the condition with I had been placed with the resolution I took courage and jest my way over hill and dale and mountain—our lacharines and peaks through muddy swamps and dark deserts. It was just about the eleventh hour of the day as I reached the hill that held down upon the roof of my father's cottage, and I stood agen upon the little cottage that surrounded my father's home. I seen the hired servants, at eating and drinking and having a plenty.
and enough to spare—there I stand ashamed to bring your father see me
but existing his eyes up towards the hill he saw one and knew one
and with out startled Lips he plan towards me and down the
hill—Scam and the old man clasp me right in his arms and
a deep kiss upon my cheek—and wash me with his tears—will make
what did he do with you then—will he stop me of my keys and
put a new padlock on me—just a ring of my hands and shoes on my
feet— and one time’d together—Rob one and your have been share
enough—and more I beg you to rise and go and seek your father's fear

Mrs. Ruby Presenting the author with a little testament—

Read in the month of June 1842—That I left the city of new-york
and made my way home—stepping in canvassed & entered the
mansion of Mrs. Ruby—who by some means or another had found
that I had been the inmate of a prison—calling me towards her
she gave me a motherly advice and told me to throw the paper
that leads to vice and crime and prepare myself to meet God in peace
as she said to me she presented a little testament in my hand
and bade me read it night by night and keep it as the guide of
my youth thinking the little testament from the lady’s hand I put it
in my pocket and bade her good by and commenced my way home

He reached his home—he sees the tears fall from his mother’s eyes—

It was three o’clock in the afternoon when Breach my home— and as
I entered the door my mother flung her arms around my neck and
again and again the press the kiss upon my cheek and my son said she too—she
afraid that you had fell in with some bad company and found your
way back to a glassy prison—she said she read the testament
shaking from her eyes and a heavy load of grief laid load upon my
heart—

When in my early life and prime
I stray the paths of vice and crime
my mother execrated my wrong
she rail’d to crime I took—

When in my heart she tried to placet
the gospel truths and richer grace, the tears ran trickling from her eyes, as though I heard a mother cries — A voice from heaven to me telling, dear sir, that I was a wicked way for to take the path of crime and sin, and heaven get you in, —

His name, Nicholas Miller, he became the inmate of a prison. —

June the 7th, day of June in the year 1838 — That I went up to ascend to prison, and there I saw Nicholas Miller, who had made his escape with me from the House of Refuge — taking him by the hand I informed him of my wrongs, and the terrible death which he died under — then struck and amazed, the boy gave a loud cry of horror and detestation mingled with tears — hearing me speaking, I learned of how and committed a crime which brought me back to a gloomy prison and into the prison I found that the old shops had been all torn down and new large brick building had been erected in the stead for the sole purpose of the convicts to labor in a new library had been established, and the convict had the chance of killing time by reading choice historic books, man of reading, but not a man that could read or write, on cipher was practiced with a spelling book and slate and arithmetic and a long-tailed boy, keeping the long winter nights and a teacher employed from the outside to teach those who insisted on writing or cipher. Books had been circulated through and the prison by some means and knowledge to the officers, the convict was allowed to be shown his home, at home, as he got in his cell, if he chose the mode of punishment with the cell was a little and several different modes of punishment was got up to the convicts — was allowed to draw one plug of tobacco a week and have pretty 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 of the officers called me up for it and said, you should not throw it to the dungeon. I told him that I would not, after one step for him, which I knew the Warden — the Warden has nothing to do with you, to this, he said to me to go to the door — I told him, plain and plain that I would do it — to go to the door and he drew his cane to strike me with — as he drew his cane I pricked to my work bench and grasped a knife and told him if he laid the waste of that cane more, I would strike that knife. things...
him as I said three words the release officer speaking to the desk and
smuggling a resolution he presented it at once—present that knife to
me, sir, he said. I said I was I stand with this knife in my hand—present that knife to me sir or I'll lead you to the
floor, with my own Turrent—crack that pistol on him if
he don't deliver that knife as he said there stood the release
officer demanded the knife from me which I held on to until the
Warden came at the Warden entered the door the release officer
said that he demanded that knife from me in the name and in
the authority of the Warden—Warden in my dungeon. Do you want have
that knife as I said three words the Warden demanded the knife from
me which I thought was mere, then my duty to deliver it
in his hands as he had the highest power in his hands—handing the
Warden the knife he added me to follow him to the dungeon and
I did and was kept there until the next morning

The author is put in chains and tied up—

The next morning between the bars of mine and ten three
officers and the Warden came to the dungeon door and looking in
the Warden ask one of my temper had got out and I told him it had—
he then asked me kind and gently what I thought of myself for
acting in the way that I did towards my keeper—I said no reply
for I had no good reason to give it was that bad and devilish
temper of mine which had led me acting he then added one if I
didn't think that I deserved a severe punishment. I told him
I did and they took my cell and asked me to follow him. I
followed him to the state ship and sitting on some iron bail
and chair he made it fast to my leg and put a pair of handcuffs around my wrists and made one hold both hands up
straight over my head where he took a rope and bring me one
and tied the handcuffs he made it fast and then they took the
other end of the rope through a pulley until it brought it right
from my neck to my feet and made the rope fast in the tending
and trossome condition I stood a crying with pains for two
hours at the end of two hours he unfasten the rope and let me
The author is handcuffed and laid upon a barrel——

This may be said to one and rung in a snapping and a stubbling way——this way——I follow it to the gallows looking gentleman up to his neck to see what he meant of me. In early in the morning as I reach the desk he asked me to take off my cap and get upon that bench——what now sir captain——what now sir——I protested insinuance to the gentleman get up time——oh well——say I if that is all the kind of punishments that you are going to give me——for insulting the gentleman I will give him a little of my own to eat——one day for he declare it some and a while——one to——this is my word——I ask the officer——I'm not here to ask——tell as that——he said——the I sprung upon the barrel like a streak of lightning——and the officer put the hands up around my neck and the stick under my legs and went away and left me to conduce and bands over my post conduct and to become a spectacle to spectators——who were passing through the shop. Most every time of the day he asked me——what a pretty looking fellow that is——a man laid upon a barrel to be staid and go at by spectators——for three hours I was kept in this situation in the blood began to slip——circulating in my hands arms and legs——and I was forced to beg the famous pardon and that settled the whole back——and I was content——

The author is put in an iron cage——

This may be what now sir——come along——I tell you and come——this way——can't come. He tells the maiden comes through the shop——well sir——tell you are and I let you give the day that you didn't come——when I call it——a thing——a long grass——fell for the count——in the come——in the come——in the come and in the grinding of a eye the officer gives him his orders and before the officer have time to get the words out of his mouth the matter is on a run after the maiden——

Wallace there comes the maiden——a stumbling along with a horse——

come in his hand——wonder what he'll do with me——shower——I guess——
by the informer. So he shut the door of water on my head till he hearing my complaint, he put as much as 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 officer has to say the Warden gives a holler with his hand for one to come to him—next the burning rage of madness I pull off my cap and dash it to the floor and he begins to ask me what is to trouble me—next relating story to him, and he tells me that I am reported for being too tory to the Jews—and brings a million of after old indictments against me which I had committed two or three years ago—he then orders me to submit myself to the punishments which the keeper is ready to inflict upon one. In the sto. burning heat of madness I submit myself into his hands and he leads me down with a heavy irongate and a flow to night shall attack, at each end of the gate. This must more until I beg the passman pardon and confess my faults to the keeper and give him some good reason why I did not come up to him when he first called me with many tears and hard begging he takes the heavy burden off my neck and so, feel as weak as a child, three days old—and when the officer says to me, as he is taken, that all Egyptians, he off of my neck—well fellow this—If you don't behave me will tell you how you are the worst, stamp. That is the prison—don't know what to do with you and with true words and a thousand other times he ordered me back to my sack. 

The author in the shining bath———

I went upon to follow me. said a rough beater officer to me one cold morning at 8, stood shining on the stone with cold, I follow the hard cold hearted match, while he hit me away to the shining bath. I was well aware of what the officer wanted of me, when he called me and I prepared myself with a knife to plunge in his heart the moment he undertook to commit the cruelty upon me which he had intended too, he was an officer which I never liked a man could, I ever leave the right of him when he'd be a passing through the
...
So many young men a 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 of getting his good reason lost in one of the poor unfortunate passengers. Who steps on board of her if she has committed a heazy crime, for will he sure to meet with a heavy tempest. But if her crime is small one a light gale blows up and the poor unfortunate little pumps go off with a light showering glade is that poor man who is aboard of her and expecting every moment to be lost in an ocean of showers glade is he when she reaches the harbour and lets her anchors drop. How his heart beats in the joy where he hears the captain give the order to take in the sails. This little craft is conducted by the Window of the prison, and he has the whole control of her. No captain dare take a passenger on board of her without his consent or without he's standing by.

The author with an iron cap on his head.

I hardly know what to do with you. Said an officer to me as I stood by the side of another chap, 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 to me. This may fill I put the cap on your head, he said. If you can put an iron cap on your head, he said. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put a knife in my hand, you can't press me with your cutlass, for I am a talking to you. I said I put the cap on your head, he said. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put a knife in my hand, you can't press me with this knife, he said. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put a knife in my hand. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put a knife in my hand, you can't press me with this knife, he said. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put a knife in my hand, you can't press me with this knife, he said. I put the cap on your head, he said. I put a knife in my hand, you can't press me. I saw a mid summer's day, when I was called by an officer to follow him over to the State shop, where hung a rope in the shape of a: 

The author in the Spread Eagle:

or Col. Jem's advice to him.
much the convicts gave the name of a Spread eagle. The Spread eagle was a
kind of a mode of punishing the convicts who disregarded the rules of the ship.
As soon the state ship the officer let down the rope and made them fast
to each other – then tied one end of the rope around ankle and taking
hold of the other end which was made fast in a pulley he began to haul away
until both of my arms was stretch out at full length and then made the
rope fast to a staple that was inside the window. Taking hold of another
rope he pulled on that until it brought my leg up straight a bout two feet
from the floor and made the rope fast and went and sat down in a chair
to match the pain and misery to which I was to go through gain through this
Suffering and torture and torment of pain for about one hour. This is
the principal manner of the pain happens pass through the ship and for me as
my pain full condition a standing on one leg and arm stretched out in full
length he step up to me and ask me if I could not get along with just
given under so much torture and punishments. I told the old gentleman
that I thought I could if I only tried – he then told me that I was a smart boy
to work and made decent and with a good seven and knew enough to go
right straight along without getting into any trouble. All you let your tempo
carry your working and when that gets again it appears as though the very devil
is working with you. I think you have suffered and gone through
hardships enough to know how to behave your self as the old gentleman
stood a talking to me in this manner the tears came rolling down
my cheeks and I began to think of the advice with Mr. Miles and
Mr. Richardson gave me in former days and the prayer and the blessing
to wish my father gone home before he died – the Col. then ask me how
long I had been going up to which I replied about one hour he
then went and intimated with the Judge for me and I was let
out from this tormented mode of torture promising Col. Levis that
I would strive to do better in the future. Such reader and that a
beautiful looking scene for a man to stand in for two or three
hours on a stretch. It bends the whole body and for days after the
poor unfortunate wretch feels the torture and pains of that cruel Spread
eagle.

Col. Richardson advice to the author.

It was a cold winters day as I stood in the kitchen warming myself by
the stove that Col. Richardson step up to me and addresome in the
following events—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 own heart bleed when I think what a fool you have made of yourself and become the burden and a grief to your sweet wife and children. I would have you consider the depth of the well into which you are going; I would have you remember the day is coming when you must lay your drooping head upon the pillow of death, and must lie with your feet in the cold beams of judgment, then that day will be the day of your reckoning. Then that day will be too late and too late to do you any good. You will have the heavy story of the angel before you, knocking at your door, and with a voice louder than thunder, ‘Stand up, stand up, it is time to turn the pen and the pencil to the last and to the light of the candle and I will stand in the midst of you and speak in the name of him that sent me that to you more than any other voice will speak. As I stood before the gentleman upon the old stone floor, the tears came trickling from my eyes, and I thought of the advice which my father gave me, before he died; there I stood a living minion before him and knowing hardly what to say as he repeated to me the terrible words that day when he would stand with the millions before the judgment bar, with tears streaming from my eyes; I turned from this venerable old gentleman and went and sat down alone by myself and fell into deep reflection. As I thought to myself, ‘Mr. Richardson, cannot I write myself in some such case so that my own cannot be seen?’ I cannot keep myself from the all-searching eye of that day. I cannot; I cannot cover myself from his all-searching eye in that day, or can I? I call for some rock or mountain to fall and cover my head, but in that day the rocks and the mountains will roll away like dust before a burning flame. The man will be as red as blood, and the face of the heavens will fall and fade away—the face will become as black as the back cloth of heaven and all nature will be a weeping in the earth in that day because of these things and shall fall upon the heads of men—listening to the good advice of their
memorable old man. I made up my mind at once that I would go on and try to reform and become a better man—and from that day to this I have had no trouble nor any punishment for the reason of that day seems to stick me still to the heart——but in that day when I shall stand before God I'll have him turn back where the tarp has printed it with the act and will point him to a duck and a gloomy dungeon where I was laid my head may a cold night with not a bed or a blanket and some days at a mortar of bread to eat—and I will point him to the planning vault and tell him of the water that has been the cruel on my head. I will show him the tarp that has tortured and tormented me during my confinement within the gloomy vaults of a prison these who might have done me a loop of good time to be any destroy and took away all of the good principles and reason to wish. I was more wise with the high and noble mind with which God had given to me above all been destroyed by hard usage and heavy cloth—his very programs with my mother printed upon my life have all been snatched away beneath the water of a floating bath——

The convicts' jewelry consist of iron or brass for instance his finger ring. Which is made of a piece thick brass or iron is highly polish with or more on his finger until it begins to beam its outline or to get a little rusty he then pulls it off and rubs it for hours on a stone 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 never it to church at a time. His breast pin consists of the same metal and polish in the same manner———His neck lace is a piece of cloth-like his shirt which is a piece of coarse lace 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 and 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 drinks off with his lonely cell at night and then because it with a craving appetite. If the poor unfortunate Welch inside with a broken down health and can not eat this coarse nourish
food he goes and makes his complaint to the Doctor who orders his course diet to be changed--for finer food until he gets better. This former food consists of fried meat, potatoes, white bread, crackers, coffee and a cup of tea--before convicts can get this kind of diet from the Doctor to eat he's got to give a good reason why he can't eat the same kind of course rough food that the rest of the convicts eat and to go through a thorough examination by the Doctor and if the Doctor finds that he is a case of indigestion and upsets habits--he is left a prima-rat disease and left upon himself or if the worst comes to the worst of indigestion he's playing and blooming in the wicked section says he turns him away with a scowl of pity and leaves nothing to do with the wretched devil but leaves him to grapple and grapple 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 in till he goes down to his grave--or into the cruel hands of the director--

Hard to tell yet it's true the story in such the convicts lives time those long and lonesome hours in summer and during the long Sabbath days when he and convicts all does long in his lonesome cell he sits down and pulls an old jack knife from his pocket and begins to whittle out a corn and carve it or make bat at a boil or perhaps to finish an old jack knife which he has been to work on for more than two in the night after he gets it done he throws it off for a plug of tobacco or a finger ring--thus does he sit in his lonely cell a whittling and whittling time until the bell rings for him to get ready for church--the keeper then un locks his door and he marches off to church and hears a good sermon preach by the chaplain--and then return back to his lonely cell the same wicked and harden convict as he was when he left his cell he then sit down and begins to plume over some old song to himself in courses and darns the day that ever he was sent a to a hatch and a gloomy prison--getting into one corner of his cell--he sits down and dabbers the humble meal which he brought up to his cell with him--and there begins to breed upon lice and crime and over his head...
fate with these thoughts a screaming in his mind he sees his
humble and humble himself down upon it, feels his arms across
his breast and gives way to sleep, he then awakes and in a solemn
manner he says aloud with tears on his face, he sits down in one corner of his gloomy cell, and covering his face with
both hands he gives way to a flood of tears and again he hears
the mournful sigh resounding from his lonely cell— that I wish
I was— as he says these words over in a doleful way he falls in a
deep reverie of meditations and reflections and says what is it
that has brought me here to this dark and desolate prison when I
must spend the best of my days in illtreatment and hard usage—
what is it that has hurl me from my peaceful home and from the
side of my wife and children and from the society of my father and
mother— with a fountain of tears in his eyes he says— oh I see the
cause of my down fall now— I see why I have been torn from the
under the parental roof and brought here to pass a term of years in
this gloomy prison— and he says it was for the early lies and crimes
which I practiced and followed in my early childhood and youth
and breaking through the parental restraints of a kind and a good
mother— this is what has brought me here to become the inmate of
a cold and gloomy prison and the inmate of a dungeon and the
interior wretchedness of a gloomy dungeon— with these
silencers and silent reflections he throws himself down upon his bed
again and falls asleep, the dreamings of the pains and remedies to
which he’ll have to pass through while confined within the walls
of a gloomy prison — Reader this is the way and the manner in
which the convict kills time until the long rolling years of his
sentence expires and the day breaks forth for him to rush out
into the open world again where he may go and enjoy the
happy comforts of his wife and children. ———

The new comer, Dialogue between the new comer and an old inmate ———

Hark methinks I hear the heavy rattling of chains.
and with them the loud cries of some new prisoners who had just entered the prison. Greif and sorrow seem to be mingled with those tears—oh there he is—what 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 with seems to speak in thunder. The tone orders the young man to strip himself and yet in that lobe 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 tube and put on a uniform of striped clothes and to have his hair cut off close to his head. After passing through this apparatus of cleaning and dressing, the officer in a brisk way orders the poor beaten haggard wretch to follow him—with a drawn, cast look and a face as pale as death. The poor unfortunate wretch follows the officer until he reaches the clerks' office where he must pass through an examination and answer the many questions which the clerk will put to him. After passing through this examination, he follows the officer back to the kitchen where he sits down and has his head down toward the cold stone floor. And covering his face with both hands, he falls to a weeping—an old inmate happens to be a sitting witness of the unhappy youth, and casting his eyes up towards the officer to see if he can get a good chance to speak to the new comer. The dialogue then commenced between the two. ‘God bless you young man don't cry—I can't help it, says the new comer—well I feel sorry for you young man and sympathize with you in your hard and cold allotment. How long did the judge throw you for four and a half?—well my good friend let me tell you that these four and a half years will hang as heavy as a mill stone upon you, and they'll seem like ten long years to you—but let me tell you one thing you must—
Keep up good courage and don't give way to grief and sorrow for that has proved the ruin of many young men within the walls of this prison and they have gone down to an untimely grave—You 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 snares and scorns of the older inmates and yield your self to their bad habits and influences—you'll have to learn and follow their deplorable devices until you learn the mysteries and the miseries of the prison and become the donor of a cell—you'll have to listen to their silly tales and yield your self to the different modes of punishment that prevail within the walls of a glowing prison—my heart bleeds for you young man—when I think of the hard treatment to which you will have to endure here in prison—I'll have to bear rack and clog words from your keepers and obey the point of his cane or finger in the direction that he points you in—you'll have to be the unfortunate subject of an iron yoke or the miserable weight of a ball and chain—and if you cast an ugly look at these tortures rich tortures and pass your body as if you give a side look at that cold hearted instrument that caused you to suffer in this manner—he'll take you off to the shaving bath and there shorn your little grain reason is taken away from you—now is this all young man—you'll be taken off to the shop where there will be a heavy task given to you for to do and if you don't put in and do it—you must go to the dungeon and there you must stay and eat bread and water for many along day—

This is hard rough looking fact I don't believe I can eat it my constitution won't bear it—you young man it is very coarse looking instrument but we've got to eat it or go with out you must eat a little to a lume until you get use to it—but bad I feel—Sorry I am that I never took the good advice
of my mother—yes, young man, it makes my heart ache every time I see so many young men a-reeling within the walls of a gloomy prison. Where in the course of time he will become the burden inmate of a gloomy prison once again the new-convict leaves his head and covers his face with both hands, and falls to a weeping, his tears he sinks his bitter groans and tired, as he is heard till he enters his lonely cell—ten or fifteen minutes. Then, to stand at his gloomy cell door and hear the awful and bitter wailingings with he takes up—watch him there for a few moments as he stands in both in tears and casting his fiery looking eyes around those cold walls that hold him so light—watch him as he lays his face upon the bible that lays on his shelf, and with a heavy grasp he pries it from his shelf and opens it and begins to fumble the leaves over and over until the bell rings him to bed—it was a cold mid-winter's day when Jack B., our new convict, had entered a dark and gloomy cell for the first time in his life and there with a firm resolution resolved to set out from that time forward to lead and live a better life, but alas, alas, are three months rolled off his head he had learnt all the mysteries the mirror and the iniquities of the prison and had become a man of consummation and the torment of despair of a cell and a deadly disease and a premature death is now waiting to come his body to the tomb or into the cruel hands of the doctors.

What they do with an old man that is spoken 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 bound down beneath the weight of old age he is taken by one of the officers to the state where he is allowed to sit and bring about just as he pleases, if it is cold and heavy weather he is allowed to take his library book or bible and sit down by the stove and pass away his lonely hours in reading. If the weather proves to be warm and pleasant the officers allowed him to stroll about the yard where the
old man regales himself by lying down upon the green grass and refreshes himself with a little sleep. When a convict is sick he goes before the Doctor and makes his complaint to him. The Doctor then examines him and if he finds that the man is sick he gives him some medicine to take and if the man is not able to read the Doctor hand him a written order of excuse from labour until he is well. The convict hands 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's mind the many little tricks and games with the convict plays upon the Doctor. The convict who is really sick or desirous to be kept the Doctor away among the layers of rice and tea among the done and eight hundred convicts that are in the prison some sixty persons may make it a rule to treat him every morning. If there is anything the matter with him or not do it makes it hard for him to invite whether this man or that man is able to reach or to ditch to be sent back to his Shop without any medicine for instance one man works in the cabinet shop and another man works in the cooper Shop they perhaps meet to see each other or to strike up some trading game. The make a sign to each other with their hands or fingers to meet each other at the hospital on the following morning and they will sit aside of each a disquieting. If anything auntil the officer happens to cast his eye upon them and catches them both a talking and order them back to their respective Shops where they are repeat and sentenced the Reader will see that it makes it hard for the Doctor to tell whether the convict is really sick and not able to work or whether he came up there to talk and traffic with his companion. Sunday appears to be the most proper time for this kind of balance to go on with the inmates during the chapel services any of the convicts goes to the hospital to get rest of hearing a sermon preach on for the sole purpose to traffic and trade.

The Words of Horace C. Cook

Swas the twenty seventh day of May in the year 1887. as I stood within the walls of a dark and gloomy prison that
I stood before Mr. Horace C. Cook, dressed in my starched clothes of shame and disgrace—bearing a long hour of respects to this gentleman. I asked him this—Mr. Cook said to you don’t visit this gloomy place very often—why a tear in his eye he assured me in the following manner—So said he it almost breaks my heart every time I pass through the gloomy place, when I see so many young men rushing and pressing there way to the gloomy prison. It makes my heart bleed and my bosom yearn. Every time I pass these gloomy walls—drawing his handkerchief from his coat pocket he wipe the big tear from his eye, and the perception from his brain 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 and who might have done a good deal of good and might been bright and shining ornaments in the world, and angels in heaven—but instead of that said Mr. Cook they are spending the best of their days in a dark and a gloomy prison. With tears in my eyes I turned from this gentleman and went off to my tenebrous cell and gave way to a deluge of tears. Repeating his words over to myself and saying young men young men who are endowed with a good reason and with a good education—could he have been a leading to me when he uttered these last words or could he have been leading to some rich man’s son who had once been a college boy. With him—Mr. Cook—he must have been a meeting me in with the number to whom he was talking to—yes Mr. Cook—ah yes when I first enter in the prison in the days of my bondage. The cheerful respects and good manners bloom'd and breathed in my face like a mild summer day. I was endowed with a good reason and had a good education given to one and had good manners of respect and my father’s prayer was plate upon my lips and his dying advice was stamp’d upon my heart but this hard and cruel heartless tyrant has beaten me with many stripes and taken my education my good reason which god had given me all away and made me to become the harren convict of a gloomy prison in that
day when God shall send his holy angel, who shall smite in his name, under the sign of thunder, that time was more: then will I humble the tyrant before the throne of God, who has kept me in a gloomy dungeon: I will join the same tyrant to the God who oppress me with vain and misery, during my confinement within the walls of a gloomy prison: many have been the cold winter nights when the winds howled through my iron-grated door, have I laid awake in silence, and thought of the words of that honorableness: he said to me: with in the walls of a prison, and the winds of me: Horace C. Cook: still remains in my memory: and they will there stand and check, until the day that I go down to my grave: and they will be sealed up, in the judgment day, before the throne of God.

To the Reader...

Reader, I have now unfolded to you, the secrets and the habits of the criminals, in the mysteries and miseries of American prisons, together with the rules and regulations of the prison from the year 1844, up to the year 1853: I will now give you the names of the different shops, as they are at the present time:

Names of the Different Shops in 1853:

Cooper Shop:
Tool - do.
Woven - do.
Home - do.
lace - do.
 Slate - do.
Cabinet - do.
Shoe - do.
Machine - do.
Rug - do.
Spin - do.
Tailor - do.
Conclusion

Reader, many has been the sad and dismal cry which I have heard ascending up from these lonesome cabins within the walls of a dying prison—and on the sighing notes of pity the local cry of some young delinquent man has said:—I wish I was home—and the still mid night cry comes a bursting upon my ear from another quarter of the prison wall, says:—I am long home;—many has been the long solatrial day, and the cold chilly night as I have laid on my course and then the couch that these benighted eaters has broke forth upon my hearing. God bless you, my dear companions of solitude and sorrow, from the very bottom of my heart I wish you was home, and enroiled around the hearts of your wife and children of your fathers and mothers, and enroiled in the benedictions of your sister, hard—hard indeed is the convict allotment, hard is his food, and hard and rough is his bed, and cold is his cell when he return to it on a cold winter night, it is his treatment and hard is his usage, bleak and climate is his prospect, and gloomy is his home, in silence he sits and thinks on the scenes of his boyhood, or in misery he paces his lonely cell a brooding on his past crime, with a broken heart he lays his drooping head down on his pillow at night a thinking whether he will ever return from those gloomy walls back home to his friends alive—discouraged and heart broken he stretches himself out on his couch and gives way to the secret habits of the convict—men's souls away and he becomes the young man of meditation and the demon of a cell—meets, rushes on and he dies the death of demen—he knows no kind to give the signal of his departure or to tell his body away to the grave, he has no friend to carry the sad and dismal news home to his friends or tell of the fatal accident that had befell him; his friends but the rough hands of the convicts to sink his weeping bones beneath the cold clods—Not a friend in all of God's world to drop a tearful tear on the green grass that covers his mortal remains. all is dark cold chilly and dismal. Reader be careful and take warning from one
who has past through the iron gates of sorrow and trouble. 
Take, manning last ye, also come to the place of torment and 
become the inmate of a dark and a gloomy prison.

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