

pelled by the dismal interest which these scenes had gained over me. After petting and caressing them a little, and promising them they should return at their pleasure, I succeeded in getting them good-natured, and they cheerfully consented to go, and that they might have double confidence, I persuaded Mrs. Jacob Baker to accompany us.

The scene at meeting was indiscribably touching. The prisoner seemed overjoyed at thus again seeing his children after their long parting; and the children showed no less tenderness and affection. They had been there only a few minutes when they expressed their wish to remain, and so Mrs. Baker returned home.

I entered the cell a few minutes after the first meeting was over. It was a melting scene that I beheld. Both of the children had their arms entwined about their father's neck, and mutual kisses and embraces were being indulged in. The children seemed wild with pleasure at seeing their father once more, and were unable to restrain demonstrations of their joy.

And the prisoner! He was dumb with emotion. His face silently but eloquently expressed the deep feeling which the presence and embraces of his children stirred within his heart.

Pressing them close to his heart, he exclaimed:

"Ah, I haven't seen ye, my dears, for a long time, but I am your father yet, and I'll take care of ye as long as they will let me do it."

He told me he had only slept half an hour the previous night for thinking of them, so much did he long to see them.

"You won't be locked up," he said: "it's only your poor father that they lock up; but you may run about and play with the jailor's children, and I'll give you a few cents to-morrow to buy some sugar-plums with."

The children expressed a desire to stay with him, and it was granted them. They wished to stay in the cell with him, but he told them they could not do this, but they might sleep near him, and they could speak to each other in the night.

These children thought nothing of their father's crime—nothing of his murder of their poor mother—nothing of his horrible position as murderer, close to the foot of the scaffold. They only thought of the prisoner as their father!

I was glad to see his paternal affection rising above his awful condition—above the dark and damning charges laid so terribly near his door—above the woe and anguish of the afflicted family—above the disgrace and suffering which surrounded, and would hang over them during life. It touched me beyond measure, and I felt it to be an earnest of some good in the hearts of human beings.

I left the scene deeply impressed. It will not soon fade from my recollection, but will linger long after the memories of many more pleasing incidents shall have vanished from my mind.