

13th, when the jailer informed me, that he refused to eat, and no doubt was sick. I went to see him every day—found he did not eat—all the bread and other provisions conveyed to him he gave to his effigy, strung on a string and put in his hand. He lay perfectly still day and night, and took no notice of anything—would drink tea or milk, which I gave him twice a day for five days; he then refused to drink anything for two days, which made seven days that he eat nothing. In that time he began to speak—would ask questions, but would hold no conversation. But the most extraordinary, the most wonderful and mysterious of all is, that in this time he had prepared, undiscovered, and at once exhibited the most striking picture of genius, art, taste, and invention, that ever was, and I presume ever will be produced by any human being placed in this situation, in a dark room, chained and handcuffed, under sentence of death, without so much as a nail or any kind of thing to work but his hands, and naked. The exhibition is far beyond my pen to describe. To give you some faint idea, permit me to say, that it consists of ten characters,—men, women and children,—all made and painted in the most expressive manner, with all the limbs and joints of the human frame,—each performing different parts; their features, shape and form, all express their different offices and characters; their dress is of different fashions, and suitable to the stations in which they are. To view them in their station they appear as perfect as though alive, with all the air and gaiety of actors on the stage. Smith sits on his bed by the side of the jail, his exhibition begins about a foot from the floor, and compasses the whole space to the ceiling. The uppermost is a man whom he calls the tamborine player, or sometimes doctor Blunt, standing with all his pride and appearance of a master musician; his left hand akimbo, his right hand on his tamborine, dressed in suitable uniform. Next him, below, is a lady genteelly dressed, gracefully sitting in a handsome swing; at her left stands a man neatly dressed in the character of a servant, holding the side of the swing with his right, his left hand on his hip, in an easy posture, waiting the lady's motion. On her right hand stands a man genteelly dressed, in the character of a gallant, in a graceful posture for dancing. Beneath these three figures sit a young man and a young girl (apparently about 14), in a posture of tilting, at each end on a board, decently dressed. Directly under these stands one whom he calls Bonaparte, or sometimes the father of his family; he stands erect; his features are prominent; his cheeks red; his teeth white, set in order; his gums and lips red; his nose shaded black, representing the nostrils; his dress is that of the harlequin. In one hand he holds an infant, with the other he plays or beats music; before him stand two children, apparently three or four years old, holding each other by one hand, in the act of playing or dancing, which, with a man dressed in