

was impudent and insubordinate. The warden said, 'Drop that and fall in.' I told him I wouldn't fall in. I told him I would die before I would do that. I said I wanted my just dues and no more, and I asked him to call on the other men in line to prove that I hadn't been up.

"He said, 'That's enough of this.' He sent all the other men to the cells and left me standing there. Then he told two guards to take me to the cells. They came and took hold of me, and I threw them off as if they were babies. Then more guards came up, and one of them hit me over the head with a club, and I fell. And then, sir"—here the convict's voice fell to a whisper—"and then he told them to take me to the dungeon."

"Go on," said the chairman.

"They took me to the dungeon, sir. Did you ever see the dungeon?"

"Perhaps; but you may tell us about it."

"There are several little rooms in the dungeon. The one they put me in was about five by eight. The only light that comes in, passes through a slit in the door. It doesn't give much light, because the door is thick.

"Well, Sir, they gave me a blanket and put me on bread and water. That's all they ever give you in the dungeon.

"The next night after they put me in, the warden came and asked me if I was all right. I said I was. He said, 'Will you behave yourself and go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No sir, I won't go to work till I get what is due me.' He said, 'Very well; maybe you'll change your mind after you have been in here a week.'

"They kept me there a week. The next Sunday night the warden

came and said, 'Are you ready to go to work to-morrow?' and I said, 'No; I will not go to work till I get what is due me.'

The chairman interrupted. "Did you not reflect," he asked, "that these officers would not have stooped to rob you? That it was through some mistake they withheld your tobacco, and that in any event you had a choice of two things to loose—one a plug of tobacco, and the other, seven years of freedom?"

"But they angered me and hurt me, sir, by calling me a thief, and they threw me in a dungeon like a beast. I was standing for my rights, and my rights were my manhood; and that is something a man can carry sound to the grave, whether he's bond or free, weak or powerful, rich or poor."

"Well, after you refused to go to work what did the warden do?"

"When I told him that, sir, he said he'd take me to the ladder and see if he couldn't make me change my mind... Yes sir; he said he'd take me to the ladder." (Here there was a long pause.) The other warden hadn't tried to break my spirit on the ladder. He did break it, though; he broke it clear to the bottom of the man inside of me.

"They strapped my arms to the ladder, and stretched so hard that they pulled me up clear of the floor. Then they strapped my legs to the ladder. The warden then picked up the whip. He said to me, 'I'll give you one more chance: Will you go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No; I won't go to work till I get my dues.' 'Very well,' said he, 'you'll get your dues now.' And then he stepped back and raised the whip. I turned my head and looked at him, and I could see it in his eyes that he meant to strike... And