

A

SUBALTERN'S FURLOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

Sweet Auburn!

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Dear lovely bow'ns of innocence and ease.

GOLDSMITH.

For those rebellious here their pris'n ordained.

MILTON.

The most pernicious infection, next the plague, is the smell of the jail, where prisoners have been long and close kept.

BACON.

HEARING that the board of health had issued an order that no visitors should be admitted into the prison until the cholera had subsided, a precaution taken in consequence of its having broken out in the Sing-Sing prison on the Hudson, we much feared that we should be disappointed in not attaining the object for which we had visited Auburn; fortunately, however, Mr. B. had introductory letters to Dr. Richards, president of the Theological Seminary, through whose interest we obtained an order for admittance at mid-day on the 7th of August.

The prison is situated on the outskirts of the village, surrounded by a wall 2000 feet in extent, varying in height from 20 to 35 feet, according to the situation of the shops in which the convicts are employed. The cells where they are confined during the night have a singular appearance (something like a large pigeon box, or

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