

it, and a bench. I found the prisoner seated on the bench smoking, and so, to be sociable, I took out my own pipe and commenced smoking too.

We watched each other for a short time without speaking. I could easily observe the twitching, nervous movements of the man. He would get absorbed in thought every now and again, and rub his knuckles together, and play with his finger nails, while a look of intense anxiety would come over his face.

Presently he asked me to be seated, and moved to one end of the bench that I might occupy the other. I thanked him, and sat down—alongside an alleged murderer! We soon began to talk a little about the case—easily at first, but at length I succeeded in drawing him out fully. He seemed nervous about his trial, wanted a good lawyer, and hoped that he would get a “fair shake.” This was said almost pitifully.

Then in answer to a question from me, he said—

“I am a poor man, and haven’t much speech, but I am too honest for this thing; but I will meet it like a man. It is pretty hard to be here. [Here he became pathetic.] I have laid here for months. They have got up everything against me; but I bear it all. I look up to God. I am too honest for this thing.”

Then, in reply to another remark—“I hope they will not take my life for this. They have got the wrong man—they have got the wrong man! The right man has not been got yet. God has given me sense to say this one thing.”

Then he complained of his daughter prosecuting him, and how she had sworn falsely against him.

I said;

“What motive has your daughter for being so very much against you?”

Said he:

“I will tell you why, I brought my daughter up well until she was fifteen years old, and then she became her own master, and she went astray, and she kept company with a married man. Her poor mother tried to stop her, and they had fightin’ and jawing all the time.—Then my daughter had a child, and if my wife told me true, she had two children, and there was where the trouble all was. And this man wanted my wife out of the way, and than wanted me out of the way too. But, thank god, I am alive yet! But they have’nt the right one yet. O! they have the wrong man! O! I tell you they have the wrong man!”

Here the prisoner became much affected and his language was quite impressive.

Said he:

“The man that takes my life for this will have no peace on this earth afterwards—and I don’t believe he will ever get to heaven at last! I tell you they have got the wrong man!”