

PREFACE.

The following pages are presented to the public by one of the survivors of this worst of prisons, believing it will be read with deep interest by every American, and by every relative and friend of those who happened to be one of the unfortunate inmates of the Dartmoor Prison.

If any part of the work should be found languid and tedious, it must be wholly attributed to the suffering situation of the author; the vigor and vivacity of whose mind was greatly affected by those of the body. If misery is less interesting collectively in groups than when viewed individually, let the reader single out one, and view him, separately, through the iron grating, and see him, pale and feeble, etching upon a stick, with a rusty nail, another notch, which adds to his calender another of those dismal days and nights he had spent in confinement; he may view him till he sees the iron enter his soul before he turns from him, and then say—it was my son, my brother, or my friend!—he will then have a picture interesting enough to his feelings.

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Wm. L. G. Jones

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