

are you? *A Frenchman, born in France.* Was you ever in England? He had been at London and Liverpool, but never at Brighton. Was you ever at Kingston or St. John, New-Brunswick? He answered, *No, he did not know where that was!* with a countenance as firm and steady as if it had really been true. He appeared rather more fleshy than when at Kingston, but still the same subtle and mysterious being. He is the first I believe that has succeeded to relieve himself from labour in that prison, by any pretence or deception. He keeps himself clean and decent as usual, and amongst the wretched victims, fifty-seven in number, daily disgorged from the horrid pit in which they are immured, and put to their daily labour in chains and fetters, *William Newman* appears like a distinguished character.

I have been impelled both by duty and inclination to publish these memoirs, because the facts are both curious and astonishing; and because, with the knowledge of them, I thought it my duty to society to expose them to the world, that all might be better enabled to guard against the insidious approaches of an artful and designing villain. If I had felt competent to add such moral reflections as the subject would naturally inspire in a serious and reflecting mind, the work would have been rendered more conducive to the propagation of good morals, and far more worthy of public notice—but conscious of my inability, I have been contented with a simple narrative of facts, which my repu-