

LIFE AT SING SING.

Behind the Bars in the State's Great Prison.

Detailed Story of the Inside Workings of the Institution.

The Dark Cell Described and the Weighing Machine Pictured.

Some of the Once Prominent Men Who Are Temporarily Sojourning There.

How Warden Brush and Principal Keeper Conoughton Rule the Turly—Punishment Tempered with Mercy—Good Food and Frequent Baths—Compulsory Education—Tobacco in the Cells—Most of the Inmates Once Went to Sunday-School—Moral Training—What Hard Labor Means—Distinguished Prisoners—Ferdinand Ward, Jackson, Buddenbach and Others—Modern Theories of Prison Discipline—Horror of the Slow-Passing Days.

WARDEN BRUSH.



I HAVE just emerged from Sing Sing. I was immured there in loathsome captivity for two entire days with that well-known desperado, Bronson Howard, but by our combined ingenuity and strength we managed to baffle justice and elude the authorities, and are now again at large.

The State prison at Sing Sing affords a conspicuous advantage to the student of human nature. If the student should previously have been thoughtfully inclined to homicide, arson, burglary, grand larceny, embezzlement, or the gentler arts of penmanship, the authorities will cheerfully enable him to pursue his studies of nature in that institution, and are prepared to guarantee him all the seclusion and freedom from rough interruptions by the outside world which his heart may desire. For a man who has been addicted to liberty, personal adornment, riotous ease, a pampered inclination to sit up nights and be musical with the boys, an unremitting round of draw poker, hearts, setting 'em up, midnight rabbits and morning soda, the asceticism of a jail may at first seem a little irksome, but the fact remains that of the students in Sing Sing but few leave until their course is completed, and most of these come back almost immediately to resume the tranquil enjoyments and education assured them.

I saw the prison thoroughly. Every facility was afforded me by Warden A. A. Brush to pursue my investigations as I chose. I was allowed to see any cell, to see any convict, to see any

particular; inmates, 21; sailors, 50; musicians, 2 (where are the rest?); opticians, 2. Almost every branch of trade is represented on the long list from which I took the above examples. Besides, 229 registered themselves as "laborers," 1 gave his occupation as "hotel thief" and 5 registered as "thieves."

A significant fact, and one which commends itself to the social economist, is that of the 551 convicts received during the year, 411 were idle at the time their crimes were committed.

Of the total number in the prison 1,340 used beer or liquor and 185 did not. In view of the fact that scarcely 2 per cent. of our male population are total abstainers, this proportion is remarkable.

Of the total number of convicts 1,373 used tobacco and 53 did not.

Now serving their first term at Sing Sing there are 1,106; serving second term, 509; third term, 73; fourth term, 19; fifth term, 10; sixth term, 8; seventh term, 2; tenth term, 2.

There are 607 bachelors, 305 married men and only 39 widowers. This is a powerful comfort which every widower should prize in his hat.

The youngest convict now serving at Sing Sing was fourteen years of age when convicted. The oldest was sixty-four.

It may be remarked that as the average age is but twenty-eight years and six months, the low proportion of married men is explained, and it is thus obvious that a man either goes to State prison or marries before reaching that age.

All States are represented except California, Nevada and Oregon.

Of the convicts, the United States claims 1,030; Germany, 104; Ireland, 133; England, 54; Austria, 2; Belgium, 3; Bohemia, 2; Canada, 15; Cuba, 2; Denmark, 2; France, 10; Mexico, 3; Norway, 2; Peru, 1; Poland, 7; Russia, 4; Scotland, 9; Spain, 2; Sweden, 3; Switzerland, 4; Wales, 2; China, 1. (Wong Chin Foo may paste this in his hat and show it to Denis Kearney.)

Dry as these statistics may be, they are useful to the student, and show clearly that within those guard-walls of infamy and penal servitude is a world as various as the world outside, each class and occupation, each degree of intelligence or ignorance, fairly represented.

Here are gathered men well born, well educated, beginning life with every advantage of good counsel and good fortune, going to crime through sheer malevolence, through choice and not necessity. Here are men born in the slums, the children and grandchildren of thieves, taught from infancy that society is their common enemy and prey, taught to steal as happier children are taught to read, born and reared in poverty and wretchedness, with no means of livelihood but the profession of crime, of which this is the end. Here are men who were honest and industrious until some mad moment when liquor was in the brain and words led to a quarrel; then followed a blow, the retaliatory flash of a knife and a life of shame and expiation. Here are the enemies of society, cut off from the common benefits of man, reduced from liberty to slavery, from the pride of manhood to the humiliation of the felon, from comfort or luxury to hard labor and enforced privation, from the dignity of citizenship to the disgrace of the convict, from the wide world to the narrow limits of a grated cell. It is a world worth studying.

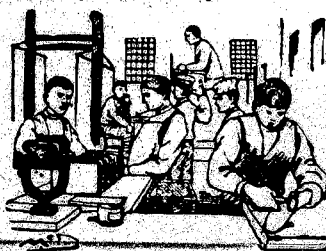
EASY TIMES IN JAIL.

If a Man is Determined to be a Convict, Sing Sing Will Suit Him.

PROBABLY the life of a convict at Sing Sing is easier than at any other penal institution in the world. It is sadly true that in most prisons discipline runs into tyranny and the keepers uncon-

and found it thick, admirably seasoned and of excellent flavor. There were 400 gallons of the for 1,400 convicts, an abundant supply. Besides this soup, each convict had three large slices of boiled beef—fresh, and of good quality—better beef than is usually served to enlisted men in the regular army; three boiled potatoes were at each plate—clean, unspecked potatoes—4 huge slices of bread and a quart cup of coffee. This last was not good. There is only one pound of coffee allowed to 100 men, and to give it body, large quantities of burned bread are added. Still, the convicts prefer this mixture, getting it twice a day, to saving their ration and having strong, unalixed coffee twice a week. Bread is given without stint. I saw one darkey select five slices of bread for his supper.

The cells are three by seven, and each contains a narrow iron bracket, upon which is the convict's bed, a straw mattress and blankets. The bed is not hard—it is not luxurious—but it is clean. A convict is allowed to hang little pictures and brackets in his cell; he has an oil lamp to read and write by, and he is given one pint of oil a week. He is allowed to receive from his friends a piece of carpet, underclothing, toilet articles and food which requires no cooking. He is given two ounces of smoking or chewing tobacco each week, and in his cell may smoke as much as he likes. Once every two months he may receive visits from his friends, and they may bring him the delicacies and other comforts mentioned above. He may get books from the prison library, which contains several thousand volumes in all languages, and he may read or write by the light of his lamp from 6 o'clock, when he is locked in, until 9 o'clock, when all lights must be extinguished.



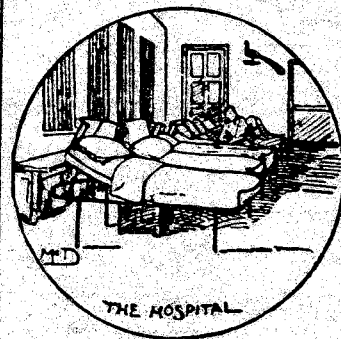
FENDERING SHOES.

An examination of the workshop showed that "confinement at hard labor" means simply that the convict who is in good physical condition must perform an honest day's labor—no more nor less. Each man has his "stint," and, having done that satisfactorily, he takes his ease. In the laundry, the foundry and the shoe-shop, I saw numbers of men resting in easy positions. They had finished the day's task one or two hours in advance of closing time. Ironing two dozen shirts is a "stint" in the laundry.

This enforced labor means two things. First, it means that the convict earns his own bread by the sweat of his brow, and is not a burden upon the honest tax-payer; second, it means that he is compelled to acquire habits of industry in place of idleness; third, it means that he has a diversion to relieve the tedium of confinement, and exercise needed for his moral and physical health; fourth, it means that he is taught to become useful to himself and to society. He acquires a trade in Sing Sing. In the laundry first-class work is done. In the foundry he is taught how to become a moulder, capable of earning \$2 and \$3 a day. In the shoe-shop he is taught the use of all machinery employed in converting leather into shoes and becomes a skilled laborer in that trade.

Meen opposition has been raised to convict labor, on the ground that it takes bread out of honest men's mouths. There are two sides to this question: First, without labor the convict must be sup-

plied with much care, skill and kindness as the patients in any hospital.



THE HOSPITAL.

Special food is given him, as his case may require. He has magazines, books and illustrated papers to amuse him, and at one convict's bedside I saw a game of draughts.

"Do you allow convicts to play at games?" I asked the Warden.

"We have no very severe discipline in here," he replied. "There is no need of robbing a sick man of every amusement, even if he is a convict."

The fact is that both Warden Brush and Dr. Barber are men of heart, and whose kindness rules better than severity, employ it. Both are men of high intelligence, iron will and nice discrimination, and in this care of sick or dying prisoners the wisdom of their government appeared to advantage.

Another class of prisoners receive skillful treatment—the ignorant. For four years a convict school has been running at Sing Sing, and the attendance is compulsory for those who when admitted were unable to read or write.

Bronson Howard and I attended this school, which is held every evening in the chapel. There were four forms, and ten convicts sat on each—white and black, native and foreign.

The first exercise was in reading. The first form stood up, Sargent's Third Reader in hand. Each convict read a paragraph in turn. Each was asked how long he had been in the prison; the answers gave from three weeks to six months, and the rapidity of the reading varied accordingly. The second form read more rapidly and with less frequent mistakes of pronunciation; the third was fairly good, and the fourth form read with correctness and intelligence. Not half a dozen of these men, on their own confession, knew even the alphabet when they came to prison.

Each man's slate, with his signature, his spelling and writing, was handed me. The writing was very clear and well formed, even with the first form; the last form wrote quite well enough for any purpose.

The pupils took a pride in this, and were prouder still when able to write a letter or one. Who can say that this is not a valuable step in reform?

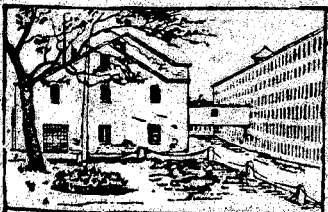
The multiplication table was gone through with a rapidity and accuracy which was surprising, and then an exercise in mnemonics and elocution, a number, including a negro, reciting such poems as they had studied.

Last year 345 convicts were received into the school unable to read or write, and 210 were graduated with good ability to read, write and cipher.

The teacher is a convict. He has labored night and day and done excellent service. He has four months yet to serve, but in view of his excellent and voluntary extra work, his personal good conduct and the fact that he has incipient consumption and the winters are very severe in Sing Sing, I earnestly trust Gov. Hill will favorably view his petition when he goes forward in his behalf.

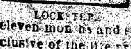
to guarantee him all the seclusion and freedom from noisy interruptions by the outside world which his heart may desire. For a man who has been addicted to liberty, personal adornment, riotous ease, a pampered inclination to sit up nights and be musical with the boys, an unremitting round of draw poker, bears, setting 'em up, midnight rabbits and morning soda, the aseptic calm of a jail may at first seem a little irksome, but the fact remains that of the students in Sing Sing but few leave until their course is completed, and most of these come back almost immediately to resume the tranquil enjoyment and education assured them.

I saw the prison thoroughly. Every facility was afforded me by Warden A. A. Brush to pursue my investigations as I chose. I was allowed to see and talk to any convict I might select without the presence of an officer. I was denied access to no part of the institution, but at any hour of the day might go where my fancy inclined. The cells, the mess-hall, kitchen, workshops, hospital, methods of discipline, library, school, chapel, storehouses, yard—I inspected them all. I was locked up in a dark cell and left in company with a gloom thicker than a stack of black cats in a cellar at midnight. I was manacled and hung up on the weighing-machine until I was ready to promise anything. I have stretched myself on a convict's bed—selecting Ferdinand Ward's, by the way. I have dipped convict's soup from a 200-gallon cauldron, cut a slice of convict's beef from a huge joint, and together with a slice of convict's bread and a convict's potatoes, furnished myself a meal—a good, substantial and palatable meal. I have watched the convicts and been with them every moment during their day, from the hour of rising until they were locked in their cells for the night. I am therefore prepared to pass upon the institution an opinion based entirely upon personal experience and observation.



THE YARD.

There were 1,425 other convicts within the walls of Sing Sing when Bronson Howard and I arrived. Of these 406 were foreign born. The average age of the convicts there was twenty-eight years and six months at time of conviction. The average term they are serving is four years, eleven months and six days. This, of course, exclusive of the prisoners.



For crimes against person there are 299 convicts, murder, 57; rape, 17; manslaughter, 40; kidnapping, 1; crime against nature, 10; bigamy, 14; attempted suicide, 1; duress, 8; assault to harm, 100; assault to kill, 10; assault to ravish, 2.

For crimes against property there are as hard labor: Burglary, 188; larceny, 46; arson, 12; grand larceny, 52; picking pockets, 1; receiving stolen goods, 20; extortion, 1; robbing and attempts, 114. Then these: Attempt at illegal voting, 2; bribery, 2; perjury, 7; stealing cars, 1.

Nearly all employments and professions are represented: Army officer, 1; banker, 1; brokers, 2; editor, 1; cowboy, 1; elevator boy, 1; messengers, 2; newsboy, 1; office boy, 1; stage carpenter, 1; actor, 2; artist, 1; horse-catcher, 24; cabin boy, 1; cabin-dealer, 1; civil engineer, 1; lawyer, 1; policeman, 8; sexton, 1; preacher, 1; speculators, 6; carpenters, 4; chemist, 1; druggists, 2; electricians, 1; conductors, 2; accountants, 2; fisherman, 1; lapidary, 1; peddler, 40; tailor, 23 (some had tailors it seems get caught); plumbers, 18 (some are unnecessary); superintendent, 1; waiter, 10; (about) teacher, 1; shoe-makers, 2; housekeepers, 18; machinists, 14; painters, 30; drivers, 100; clerks, 81; cooks, 50 (the number seems ridiculously small); bookkeepers, 20; carpenters, 20; barbers, 20 (two, again, it seems to be the same as last year).

to citizenship to the disgrace of the convict, from the wide world to the narrow limits of a grated cell. It is a world worth studying.

EASY TIMES IN JAIL.

If a Man is Determined to be a Convict, Sing Sing Will Suit Him.



PROBABLY the life of a convict at Sing Sing is easier than at any other penal institution in the world. It is a sady true that in most prisons discipline runs into tyranny and the keepers unconsciously become brutal.

Convicts are not the pampered pets of society, and must be made to feel the hand of justice upon them. A prison is not intended as a place of comfort and ease, but should be made terrible to the evil-doer, that fear of it may restrain him when he is again at liberty. This is a common argument.

It is true. But equally true is it that severity tempered with humanity is more effective in teaching the lesson and upholding the majesty of the law. Brutality is father to brutishness, and cruelty has the power to obliterate in its victim the last vestige of a desire or a capacity for well doing.

Here at Sing Sing I saw every evidence that the hardship of prison life was tempered by as much humanity and kindness as is possible.

Cleanliness is a religion here. That sickening, penetrating, unwholesome odor which invariably attaches itself to buildings crowded with human beings, and known the world over as the smell of a prison, but is barely perceptible even in the huge hall where over 1,400 convicts sleep. Nothing but the most scrupulous care and constant labor could effect this.

The cells are whitewashed thoroughly once a month, each is swept daily and the corridors are washed and scrubbed every morning. All day long the windows are open and are closed even in winter but long enough before the convicts return from work to allow the steam-pipes to take the chill from the air.

Each convict is compelled to bathe once a week, and those employed in the foundry or machine shops may bathe twice or thrice a week if they desire.

Bronson Howard and I visited one of the bath-rooms. There were forty iron tubs, in four rows of ten, and each tub had its complement of hot and cold water pipes. Four convict attendants had filled the tubs with water before the bathers arrived.

Forty convicts arrived in charge of a keeper. Breaking ranks from the lockstep they undressed with marvellous rapidity and plunged in. Each had a cake of soap, each turned on the hot water, and half an hour was given over to an industrious scrubbing, rubbing, splashing, lathering and dousing as I have ever seen. They enjoyed it thoroughly.

The moment a man was out the attendant opened the drain, let out the water and then secured the tub with boiling water and made it ready for the next batch of bathers.

Formerly, here, as in most prisons, the convict had to bathe in a common receptacle, and this, besides being repulsive, was to be condemned for grave sanitary reasons.

When the first batch had finished bathing and were dressed they fell in and marched away in the lockstep and another batch took their place. There are sixty tubs in the two bath-rooms, and for several hours each day they are occupied. With compulsory hot and cold water, a private bath and unlimited soap, surely a convict who has been brought up in abhorrence of cleanliness stands a chance of being reformed, and although it would be death to an Ananias, the treatment must be humiliating as it is conducive to health.

The food is good and well cooked. We imposed the beef before cooking and after, the bread and potatoes, and they were each better than the average. The kitchen is a huge affair, kept with scrupulous neatness. I dipped from a 200-gallon cauldron to acquire habit of industry in place of idleness; third, it means that he has a diversion to relieve the tedium of confinement, and exercise needed for his moral and physical health; fourth, it means that he is taught to become useful to himself and to society. He acquires a trade in Sing Sing. In the laundry first-class work is done. In the foundry he is taught how to become a moulder, capable of earning \$2 and \$3 a day. In the shoe-shop he is taught the use of all machinery employed in converting leather into shoes and becomes a skilled laborer in that trade.

Much opposition has been raised to convict labor, on the ground that it takes bread out of honest men's mouths. There are two sides to this question: First, without labor the convict must be supported by the taxpayer. Second, if he is confined in idleness he must necessarily return to crime. After five, ten or twenty years of idleness, what man can be expected to take to toil? Third, to confine convicts without labor is a horrible and unnecessary cruelty. A large number of men in the Auburn State Prison are unemployed. Last year seven men were sent from Sing Sing to the insane asylum, while Auburn, with about the same number of convicts, sent forty-three!

The contracts having expired at Sing Sing, the work is done for the benefit of the State.

The laundry employs 200 men and turns out 240 dozen shirts a day, at from 75 cents to \$1.75 a dozen.

The foundry employs 450 men and turns out 200 complete stoves a day, worth about \$600.

The shoe shop employs about four hundred men. It uses \$500 worth of raw material a day, and issues probably \$1,000 worth of made shoes.

These vast workshops, with all their cares and responsibilities, are now under the personal direction of Warden Brush, and it is with no small credit to his ability that they are now running quite as well as when under the contractors, although the change was made within a few months. As yet it is an experiment, but the Warden says it promises to do well with great care and proper management.

HUMANITY AND DISCIPLINE.

Factors Which Go to Benefit the Convict Morally and Mentally.



NOW I come to the twin questions of humanity and discipline.

When an intelligent person reflects that within a State prison are burglars, murderers, highwaymen, thieves, forgers—the scum of the earth—and none of its salt—desperate men sentenced to long terms and hard labor, cut off from the world and eager to return to it, it is obvious that the sternest of discipline is necessary.

At the same time, in the interests of humanity, and with the merciful purpose of reclaiming these offenders from their ways during their confinement and sending them back to civilization willing and able to earn their living by honest industry instead of crime, it is demanded that this discipline be wise, just and tempered with kindness.

There are three factors employed at Sing Sing for the moral benefit of the convict:

First, he is compelled to regular hours and to habits of cleanliness, order and work.

Second, for good conduct there is a commutation of his sentence amounting to about 30 per cent.

Third, he is allowed, for good behavior, to retain some little connection with the world which banished him—to see his friends six times a year, to write as often, to receive little comforts of food and apparel from home.

Fourth, he is taught to read, write and cipher, and acquires a trade by which he may afterwards easily earn his living.

On entrance into the prison each convict is subjected to a rigid medical scrutiny, and the work to which he is assigned is commensurate with his physical condition. If he is ill and unable to work he is placed in the hospital, a large well-lighted

room, the multiplication table was questioned with a rapidity and accuracy which was surprising, and then an exercise in memories and elocution, a number, including a negro, reciting such poems as they had studied.

Last year 243 convicts were received into the school unable to read or write, and 218 were graduated with good ability to read, write and cipher.

The teacher is a convict. He has labored night and day and done excellent service. He has rear months yet to serve, but in view of his excellent and voluntary extra work, his personal good conduct and the fact that he has incipient consumption and the writers are very severe, in Sing Sing, I earnestly trust Gov. Hill will favorably view the petition which has gone forward in his behalf.

Too much praise cannot be given to this school and its benefits cannot really be measured. How much crime is due to ignorance statistics have long ago shown, and the fact that every convict who goes to Sing Sing unlettered and tradesman is sent out with an education and equipped to earn an honest living is one of which the State may be proud.

Mr. Edgerton, the chaplain, who has direction of this school, has recommended the addition of a school for bookkeeping and mathematics, and this should meet with prompt attention.

Religious services are held every Sunday. There are two chapels—one Protestant, one Roman Catholic—and the convicts are free to choose, but attendance is compulsory.

A curious fact from the official report of the chaplain is that of 518 convicts received during the year 66 had attended Sunday-school when boys.

The health of the prisoners is excellent, notwithstanding adverse circumstances over which the management has no control. The death rate is only a fraction above the half of one per cent—the smallest in many years. There is some malaria in summer, some rheumatism and pneumonia in winter, but neither serious.

This good sanitary condition has been brought about and maintained by:

First—The constant and plentiful supply of a more than ordinary variety of wholesome food, and an adequate supply of comfortable clothing.

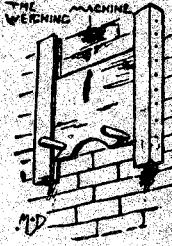
Second—The maintenance of a system of uniform daily industry.

Third—Constant medical attention and surveillance, day and night.

Fourth—The maintenance of a humane, reasonable and proper system of discipline.

Convicts who misbehave are punished. Lighter offences subject them to loss of portions of their commutation and loss of privileges. For gross insubordination there is the dark cell, and for bringing men to terms when all other means fail there is the "weighing machine" and its pain.

This instrument of discipline consists simply, as shown, of a sliding board between two frames on the wall.



The convict who refuses to obey, threatens a keeper's life or in other ways refractory in high degree, is handcuffed and led to the machine. The handcuffs are suspended to a hook above near the top of the sliding board, and two keepers lift it by the handles, till he only rests upon his toes. His weight thus falls entirely upon his arms and wrists,

and the physical pain is such as to bring him at once to subjection. No convict is kept on the machine or in the dark cell any longer than is necessary to bring him to terms. The moment he promises to behave he is set free.

I was locked up in one cell and Bronson Howard in another. The sensation is not pleasant. The blackness closes upon the eyes like a mask. There is a sense of isolation from the world, from life itself. The silence is broken by the sound of running water in one corner, and all coaxed from the outside world come in muffled beatings and distant, inarticulate roars, conveying no intelligence to the ear. Practically, one is blind and deaf, utterly alone and helpless as in the grave.

The time passed uneventful hardly for me, for I

LIFE AT SING SING.

(Continued from Next Page.)

was trying some acoustic experiments, whispering on my heel and then seeing if I could find the door under the guidance of the sound of water in the other corner. I soon found that I was mistaken as often as right. At the end of five minutes I was let out and the next was my nap.

Bronson H. Ward had not been scientifically employed, and he emerged with the air of one who had had quite enough. He was at once seized, handcuffed and led to the weighing machine. Refusing to conform to prison discipline, he was hoisted to his toes. The change was effective. Hardened offender as he is, he was at once softened and begged to be let down.

I was handcuffed and wedged next. I was shod entirely of my feet. A tremendous pain shot through my frame, like a giant crab, combined with an excruciating gout and a beemochous migraine.

I remarked, "O!" That was sufficient promise for good behavior, and I was let down. The pain at once ceased and the discipline, therefore, while effective, does no lasting injury.

Abhorrent as this may be, it is absolutely necessary. Some nations require brute force and pain for their mastery, and it must be remembered that a State prison contains the worst and most dangerous men society has known. The whippings, the water-drops, the ball and chain and other cruel tortures employed in other institutions have no place here, and Sing Sing has proved that they are unnecessary.

CHECKS ON THE KEEPERS.

Any Inmate Can Make Complaints without Fear of Consequences.



MAN at once feared and respected by the convicts is James Connaughton, principal keeper. He is with them day and night. He has a large and powerful frame, a cool, courageous, keen-eyed and self-controlled. He is not swayed by passion in administering discipline. He has no need of that. He has a kindly, though stern, face, and no convict of good behavior fears him, but I became convinced that his very presence was a check to any revolt. He exhibits the calmness of power, and the knowledge that the power he wields presents generally serves to maintain discipline.

Warden Brush has so arranged matters that any convict desiring to make a complaint of unjust treatment can reach him direct. Any convict may drop a note in the complainant's box, and the night keepers are compelled to give to the Warden any complaints the convicts may make. This serves as a double check on both keepers and convicts and makes the discipline more effective.

I conversed with many convicts alone, making my own selections. Some were "ifers," some had but a week or a month to serve, some were the best and some were the worst characters in the prison. The replies to questions concerning their treatment were freely given. They had no complaint. "If a man behaves right, he is treated right," was the reply. All said Sing Sing was the best prison they had served in.



THE FOUNDRY.

I saw no men overtaxed with work. I stood for an hour on two occasions in the foundry, where the work is hard, and the labor was lighter than in many other places where honest men are employed. Let me see it done.

Many of the men are the best expert workmen. In all the departments I saw the finest work performed by men who know nothing of mechanics.

AT HARD LABOR.

The Work as Severe as One Can Readily Stand—The Horror of Jail Life.



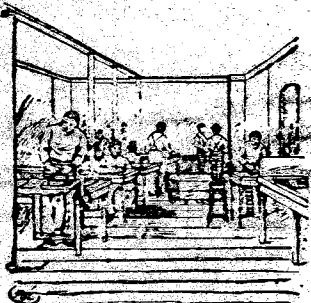
HARD labor at Sing Sing, however, is not a joke. I saw ex-alderman Jaehne filling the packages of tobacco given to each prisoner once a week. He did not wear the expression of a happy man.

The Young Napoleon of West street, Ferdinand Ward, was in a little St. Helena printing shop. The convict garb and the confinement had robbed his smile of its sunshine.

Ex-Alderman O'Neill paced up and down the yard, guarding the convicts' washing spread upon the grass to dry. He is employed at this and in the tailor shop.

Builder Budgehouse jogs in the jobbing and repair shop, and looks hardened and sour.

Policeman Houck, who assassinated his round-up, is in the laundry, and there, too, ironing shirts



THE LAUNDRY.

not for his own wear, is ex-Alderman McQuada, and McQuada conspicuously doesn't like it.

Sergeant Crowley, the assassin of Maggie Morris, is in the hospital kitchen.

John Hope, bright-faced, smiling, the handsomest convict in Sing Sing, sentenced for twenty years for the Manhattan Bank burglary, is in the mess-room.

Ross Raymond, the gifted litter-car with a penchant for theft, is useful as a laborer.

Mike Gorman, a lifer, who has been there thirty-two years, and has slept nineteen years in one cell, has care of the chapel. There are many extraordinary circumstances in Gorman's case, and he has never been reprimanded while in prison. Gorman is reviewing his case and the prison authorities expressed to me their desire to see the old man get a pardon.

S Oct 23, 1877 (2)

John Paul Freeman, twenty-six years in Sing Sing and for five, is the best.

French was the expert machinist and most expert and dangerous burglar, tends the engine.

There are many-four men in Sing Sing, and nearly one-half of these are in for wife-murder.

I have spoken of the amenities of the institution. Who can speak of its horrors but an inmate? Think what it is to enter those walls and face that clock whose slow pendulum shall beat out—hour, second, minutes, hours, days, weeks or months—ten years of your precious youth and manhood before you again see the world which has discarded you! Think of the unnumbered pounds of iron succeeded by the solitary cell and miserable hours of waiting what might have been and what is. How slow the hours pass without hope, without profit in his bitter soul, without comfort in his so-called, wretched hour, without respect, without liberty! How slow the days mark the week, and the week the month, where each is dearly the same, and in and season out, till the dreary year is told.

To be the companion of the vilest, cowardly-jowl; to wear the garb of slavery; to be driven from the cell to labor, and from the labor to the cell; to see on all sides the high walls and the restraints, where glances the men ready to kill the insurgent; to know that however skilfully the escape is planned, however bravely executed, there are keen-scented and long-eyed sentries to track, and the strong arm of the law to recover; to feel that by no power can relief come until the long-drawn day appointed, save the power which can be an unhappy life's ending.

There have been many and daring escapes from Sing Sing, but really every one has been tracked back by State Detective Jackson, who has an unerring instinct upon the chase, and is absolutely without fear in his seizure of the most desperate. Some have been recaptured in New Orleans, some in Texas, others in almost every State in the Union.

What a record of hopelessness, of despair, remorse and gnawing misery the pitiless stone of these cells could tell! Small wonder that after years of confinement every kindly trait of nature is withered, root and branch, and only sullen desperation and hatred of society remain.

Look at their faces to read that story. Not one in a hundred has the face of shame, of unrepentance, of sordid resignation to inevitable privation and disgrace. See that long line of gray misery marching to his noonday meal—a human centipede—a hundred locked together—shuffle, shuffle, shuffle—the very step is a degradation. Slowly they glide, into the cheerless room, and in silence and with bowed head each sits to devour his portion. Not a word, not a whisper, all wants expressed by signs. Long lines of keepers, each cold and keenly watchful, each ready with a stick to suppress the slightest token of revolt for this is the time of danger in a State prison. The meal is soon over. At a beckon they arise and lock together—shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle—back to labor again.

Woe to the mislabeled, indeed! I read a poem written by a convict during a sentence of twenty years. The writer said that when he was a boy and a prodigy he had run through a jail. One stanza struck me:

The cell of labor, Charles,
Of prisoners that had been;
The front, at length was won,
The convict are treated for years.
Justice demands that the criminal shall be punished, and the way of the transgressor shall be made hard. For this justice may wisely be compared with mercy and humanity, but justice. There is no equity in Sing Sing, no humanity, no precaution. There is every advantage given the convict to improve his moral and physical condition. The discipline is strict, but kindly and just. I examine the structure and thoroughly, and in my opinion it is a model institution of which the State may well be proud. But the horrors of the place, the hundreds of human beings in pain, dirt and cold, in loneliness and fear, and the weight of their own misdeeds—these shall haunt me many a day.
HENRY GUY CARLTON.