

dency, the next highest the Vice-Presidency. Now, Hamilton strongly desired Pinckney to lead Adams, who was no favorite of his. This might be effected if some Federalist electors could be induced to give scattering votes instead of votes for Adams. The Adams men believed that Hamilton had done this, and revenged themselves by giving scattering votes instead of votes for Pinckney. In this way, though New England was solid for the Federalists, as many as eighteen votes were lost to Pinckney in New England alone.

This is the first notable instance in our political history of the process known as "knifing." But its sequel showed that the transient gratification of the process is not always equaled by satisfaction with the results. In this instance the Federalists paid dear for it. By throwing out Pinckney they brought in Jefferson, their astute and implacable enemy. They gave him a coign of vantage in the Vice-Presidency. Here, in freedom from all political responsibility, he employed the opportunities of his position in directing the policy of his party, and in watching and counter-working that of his opponents, till at the end of four years more, by over-weening and imprudent use of power, they had dug their own political grave. To their everlasting honor, they had wisely organized the political forms of our national life. Their opponents prevailed by adopting their work and administering their institutions in closer accord with popular demands.



## A Man of Education in Prison

### A Personal Experience

When a man of gentle education, who has never dreamed that such an evil as being convicted of crime could befall him, arrives in prison, he reminds himself of one of those trembling shades, of his classical reading, who awaited the unknown on the shores of the Styx. His coming has been timed by night, out of deference for that poor thing, his pride, and his reception by the Deputy Keeper is not unkindly.

"We've been looking for you for a week past," says that official, hospitably. "Let me see, you got five years, didn't you? Well, that means three years and seven months—forty-three months, all told. It will soon go by. Why, we have men coming back here regularly who would look on that as a mere fly-speck. They call this place a 'play-house,' you know. I'll just lock you in one of the detention-cells to-night, and to-morrow I'll rig you out and find you some easy job. Don't brood, don't look back; just take things as they are. Why, in eighteen months or so you may be pardoned. Come this way, will you?"

This way leads into a lofty oblong building, dimly lighted. In the center rises a solid buttress of stone and iron, composed on either side of the long rows of cells, five tiers high. Around this is a wide corridor, and then the white-washed walls, cut by tall, barred windows. At first breath the new arrival realizes his doom. The stench enlightens him. It lingers on his tongue, it permeates his blood, it contaminates his being. Oh, what must the life be when its very atmosphere reeks of filth and shame!

The detention-cell proves to be on the lowest row. There is the shooting of a bar, the turning of a key. "You'll find some water in that tin," says the Deputy. "Good-night." And then the grated door closes, and the new man is alone in a cold, narrow, dismal hole in the wall, in which the double-bunked bed of gas-pipe frame yields scarce enough room to turn around.

There come raps on the wall on either side: the hall-men in the adjoining cells are vainly seeking to satisfy their curiosity. There comes, too, a prolonged hiss, a peculiar prison signal, and the whisper, "How long did you *git*, Jack?" followed by the night-watchman's stealthy tread and flash of lantern. Then settles the normal quiet of the prison night, not tranquil nor continuous. From one tier resounds a groan; from another, a laugh, far more horrible. Hark to that pacing to and fro, now hurried, now deliberate! It comes from the cell of one who is going

mad, whose screams before morning will send him to a strait-jacket in the hospital ward.

Up from the flagged corridor comes a sodden chill; down from the tiers circles the foul air. There are blasts of biting draughts from the side windows, followed by periods of stifling; and all the while clinging to the bars stands the new arrival, inertly watching the creep of insects along the walls, the scurrying of rats around the corners, until a light as pale and as forlorn as the whitewash breaks through the dingy panes, and the heavy steps of the unwashed kitchen-gang on the stairs announce the advent of a prison day.

This day forever after stands out distinct in the newcomer's mind as the acme of terror and degradation. Beyond it lies a monotonous waste. There is surprise, there is shock; in every sound. Now a hall-man thrusts through the grating pannikins containing coffee made of burnt crust and an unwholesome mosaic supposed to be head-cheese. Now a sharp-eyed officer marches by with book and slate. Now a gong clangs, the bolts snap back. He watches with stupefaction the hurrying lines of convicts. What an acrid dust they raise with their heavy brogans, what a hideous conglomeration they form of everything coarse, uncouth, and vile, as they jostle along, ill-shapen, grimy, malodorous, chewing tobacco and emitting a hum of curses, jeers, and guffaws. Each one looks in, winking or whispering, and it seems to him as if but one man had passed and was continually repassing, so little of individuality is he able to detect. Thence comes the terror. Will his personal self, for which, notwithstanding misfortune or crime, he has retained a certain respect, ever conform to this type? Oh, what can he do—oh, what will he not do, to avoid such a degeneration?

With the Deputy comes the degradation. The new man is taken to the barber-shop, where other neophytes, sullen, ugly, timid, or hysterical, are awaiting initiation. He receives a bath, and the very thought that he is supposed to need one seems an excess of ignominy; his hair is cropped with great horse-clippers, his beard is hacked and haggled, the convict barber good-naturedly trying to instill foul bravado the while; he dons the striped suit, ill-fitting, insufficient, and casts one glance at himself in the bit of glass. Yes, the worst that could happen has happened. He is no longer a citizen, a man—but a convict, a thing removed from the sympathy of kindred or the notice of humanity.

The Deputy now shows our convict to a cell. Fortunate for him if the prison population is decreasing and he be allowed to share his misery with himself alone; fortunate for him if from the debasing association by day he has not to dread a more evil companionship at night. Then the pair proceed to the shops—a scene of confusion and distraction to the newcomer. Here the dust is flying from the whirl of machinery over the manufacture of pails; there benchful after benchful are hammering away on shoes; and, beyond, the sewing-machines are clicking for dear life. And the men so intently engaged, have they any more mind or soul than the tools and the gearings? The Deputy, true to his word, allots some light task, and then hurries away to start some other unfortunate in the prison life.

The day seems an endless dream to our convict; he is stunned, incapable of connected thought, and automatically repeating to himself, "Only forty-three months, all told." Keepers and inmates alike mercifully ignore him. He may bungle with his task as he will, but no one will censure. His apathy, which is really a period of incubation, is fully recognized in prison. When the whistle blows, some rough hand draws him into his place in line, some gruff voice, tobacco-sprayed, mutters, "You'll feel better to-morrow, Jack;" and then, like a wounded beast, he creeps into his cell. No watchfulness now. The dark is welcome; would that it might last forever; for suspense is gone, and an end has come to everything. In a living grave, what then remains? Rest. He throws himself on the straw pallet, with face to the wall; despite the noise, the filth, the vermin, the stench, he sleeps as one without hope; and when he awakes it is unto submission.

The following day becomes a type of the life, a link in

an endless chain of routine. Our convict soon appreciates what is expected of him, and how to do it. Each sound has significance, each hour is associated with duty. The round of eating, working, eating, working, eating, sleeping, becomes so familiar that he could fulfill his part with his eyes shut. His task requires little of his hand and naught of his brain, but it lacks interest and value. What else remains? In this dreary barrenness, how can he keep his mind unimpaired, his sensibilities from becoming blunt? And is it worth while to try?

For since the obsession of his entrance passed away, our convict has been conscious of the prison influence. His companions no longer look alike to him. Each one is an entity of flesh, blood, and virile force. He is surrounded by a super-vital magnetism whose touch is contagion, and whose trend is degeneration. "Come and be one with us," urges its voice; "you are one of us, you know. You wear the stripes, your name is Jack, you are without standing or character; come and be one with us."

There is little in all this of temptation to the man of culture. If his despair be engrossing, it is far more apt to lead him to insanity or death. The danger that he will disregard the Deputy's advice, and both look back and brood. Then will follow loss of flesh, loss of appetite, a general anæmia with its inevitable consequences. Many a man commits suicide in prison by not keeping stout of heart.

But if our convict determines to resist unto the end, he perceives that he must keep busy. His energies may at first direct themselves towards cleanliness—the most evident sign of an inner grace. There is something pathetic in the eagerness with which he keeps his quarters in order; for neatness seems to him to be a quiet protest against his condition. If he still has means or friends—contingencies alike remote—he will also learn to lessen the rigor of his Sabine fare with such simple delicacies as can be manufactured from eggs and condensed milk. Much has been written of what can be done with a chafing-dish; but still more might be of what can be done over a prison lamp. Such domestic cares work a mitigation of feelings, and, all unknowing, he scrubs and cooks unto sanity.

Those remote contingencies may also furnish suitable books. Though prison authorities passively ignore a man who is industrious, obedient, and uncomplaining, they will strive to grant any reasonable request which he may make. Thus it may come about that our convict will receive permission to burn his light after hours—after 9 P.M.—on the express conditions of silence and of drawing some rude curtain, a blanket perhaps, across the grated door so that the shadow on the wall may not arouse jealousy. Then, by the dim lamp, with a board for a desk, half-stifed yet exultant, he will write and study, and in the realms of the imagination forget the sights of squalor and the sounds of ignominy. Iron bars have never yet been wrought which can form a cage for a free and constant mind.

In such wise our convict wards off physical and mental decay; and, with such a purely personal routine, he might wear out his term without exchanging a word or recognizing a face. For the man who attends strictly to his own affairs is never molested in prison. Convicts fight shy of reserve—they know, for one thing, that there are awful potentialities of temper behind it. But such isolation would render him sullen, sour, and selfish. Better far if from aversion he comes to feel sympathy and pity for his fellows; better far if that prison voice, "You are one of us; you wear the stripes; your name is Jack," keeps him humble and considerate.

The average convict has two heroes: the thorough-paced villain and the gentleman. The one he emulates, the other he reverences. He is quick to disregard assumption and to torment an impostor; for the latter distinction is only accorded through acute observation. The gentleman must be neat and cleanly. He may be dignified and melancholy—indeed, a touch of sorrow will help him—but he must continue affable and obliging. He must refrain from slang, from profanity, from interest in criminal subjects—for thus the difference which he does not claim becomes manifest. He must show no curiosity, yet be receptive to confidences when offered. He must be generous, and democratic in

his generosity. If our convict does all this—that is, if he is naturally a gentleman—he will find himself set apart and honored without an effort. Inmates will seek to do him a favor—to relieve him from some of those things which they argue he must mind, but which they think nothing whatever about—knowing that if he has a match, for instance, or a bit of tobacco, he will willingly bestow it. They will call on him to read letters, to write replies, and to give advice, revealing with singular candor all the weaknesses, vices, and virtues of prison life.

Such association is elevating to both sides, and its continuance depends solely on our convict. From it he learns that there is a spark of the divine in the grossest breast, and that unfortunate parentage, lack of education, press of circumstance, and public neglect have much to do with the molding of a habitual criminal. From it, too, comes that recompense which unselfish interest always returns. In the knowledge of so much unappreciated wretchedness the acuteness of his own misery seems less of a curse.

For though our convict endure to the end, he can never become used to prison life. From first to last it must be loathsome to his nature, or else that nature will be irretrievably ruined. He cannot acquire the average convict's insensibility to cold, heat, foul air, and filth. He cannot eat ravenously tough and tainted meat which is carved with a spoon, nor nibble contentedly on a crust which has been carried for days in the pocket. He cannot look forward to Saturday as a red-letter day because then he will receive a chunk of molasses-stuck twigs called tobacco. He cannot sleep at any time and under all circumstances. He cannot find delight in gossip, and ambition in tales of criminal achievement. He cannot look forward for months to turkey at Thanksgiving, nor wonder throughout a year whether there will be music next Fourth of July. He cannot welcome a former inmate returning with a fresh sentence as if he were an alumnus revisiting his school, nor take pride in his growing notoriety. The prison is no "play-house" for him. It is a place of hardships without honor; of incessant struggle for the bare right of existence.

Nor, when his sentence draws to a close, can our convict view release with the unheeding rapture of his associates. He realizes the blight of his conviction; the distrust, the cold surprise, which seems to ask, "Why didn't you die?" He knows that for him cares will be more carking and the needs of life more difficult to gain; that his path must be on the shady side, his residence in the east end of town. And yet, if he has kept himself unspotted from deterioration—that one active prison influence—if he has scorned to barter his soul for brutish content, he will return to those who are near and dear to him with sober thankfulness.

## The Canterbury Pilgrims<sup>1</sup>

By Louise B. Parsons

In order to gain a true picture of fourteenth century life, every school boy and girl should become acquainted with the interesting company described by Chaucer in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, which of itself would have made the poet famous. In those days persons of all ranks and conditions, were in the habit of making pilgrimages—for pleasure as well as from a sense of duty—to the shrine of some saint; the favorite one being Thomas à Becket. The most popular public house where pilgrims assembled before their departure, was the Tabard of Chaucer; so-called on account of its sign, which was that of a coat or sleeveless jacket; a garment commonly worn by noblemen and others. After a beautiful description of spring in the opening Prologue, Chaucer goes on to say, that, one day while resting at the Tabard, ready to go on his pilgrimage, there arrived toward night a company of all sorts of people, nine and twenty of them, all pilgrims to Canterbury. He soon made their acquaintance, and it was agreed that they should rise early in the morning and journey together, as traveling alone was unsafe on account of bad roads and numerous robbers. The genial host agreed to accompany them if each would promise to tell two tales going, and two

<sup>1</sup> See also "Chaucer for Children" in *The Outlook*, July 18.