no unfortunato. Inside, of whom there were more
than seventy, who beheld themselves most cruelly
squeezing themselves. But the men, not knowing them
as of little value.

Yet recollecting what had been said about the place, I
limit myself to stating certain facts. That there was a
man who lived in this little city, who was
to be hanged for having
committed murder. On
the front of execution
there was a notice reading

history. Command. He
man released.

Never my life little I see,
more dissolute,
reproach and the
dissuading. Man in shackles
Almost every day when
I saw walking about
or standing on banes
or walls above in his

Nothing exterior the marks
of dissoluteness, self-dare
and consequently thereupon
life of physical power.

The next morning set off for
London, via Birmingham,
where we slept for some
hours. I took advantage
from the opportunity to
lating a superficial
view of the city of B
which does not present

feature of peculiar interest.
On a large marketplace
in the midst of the town.
I saw a statue of Lord
Nelson, he was leaning
on a man of war.

Before him lay the ship's
cable raised together
In were many thousand
manufacturers of black
work. Unfortunately
I went by the wrong
route and was therefore glad
not to have been.