

honestly he would have invested the £2 in the savings' bank in my name, that would have helped me very much in after-life, as you will see further on. Now this two-faced limb of the devil would stay at the publichouse for days together, and kept on repeating the following, " 'Do as you would be done by' that is my zong," and repeated it for hours, but his life was quite the reverse.

I believe it was in the winter, 1822, that the fish pond belonging to Mr. Bebb, of Donnington, was cleaned out, when my governor contracted to draw with horses and carts one acre of mud out, I had to set the cart, and two men stayed in the pond to fill, then I walked out with each load, and saw to the horses while the loads were emptying, then drove the horses into the water again. Many mornings I had to break the ice in the water knee deep; I did this barbarous work all the winter, and all the pay I received over food, were bad shoes, thin clothing, hard work and grumbling. One time I had such a cold I almost lost my voice, I coughed night and day but obliged to keep on with this killing work; although so ill, not a thing was given me to relieve the almost fatal disease. What a wonder I am alive to relate this story. The governor took care of himself, and said he did not wet either of his feet during the winter, but took care to wet his greedy appetite at the devil's workshop at night, while I was cleaning and feeding the horses, this shews up a selfish man without natural feeling. As myself and the governor got partly up Marlborough-hill, we remembered that the large tar cloth was left where we fed the horses, and instead of his fetching it, he sent the little lad for the large heavy cloth, for which I had to go nearly a mile, with orders from him to overtake him by the time he arrived on the top of the hill, but when I got there he was gone, and left orders with the gate-keeper that I was to make haste and overtake him. When I had done so, I received for my trouble another severe thrashing. At another time the poor horses had a heavy load and the roads were covered with ice, and instead of having the horses roughed, the taproom bragger spent the cash on drink; and because the willing horses could not get up Marlborough-hill, to please the swill-tub emptier, the cruel child of his father the devil laid many and furious stripes on me and the horses. For his cruelty two men shamed him, but that did not cure him, Satan's children are willing at all times to do the devil's dirty hell-filling work.

For want of space I am compelled to pass over many years of cruelty to the month of November, 1827, when myself with two others was to perform a certain quantity of work by a stated time, we drove on with all our might but could not finish so soon

by one hour. When the governor came from the "Blue Ball Inn" maddened with cursed drink, the storm was very hot on poor Charles, but no one deserved it. With this and so many unmerited things heaped on me, after almost night and day striving to get on and earn as much as possible, although a big lad always at work, I did not get one shilling in a year, after hearing daily abuses I felt I could stand it no longer. That night I left, went to a person that had been expecting my escape from the house of bondage, for a long time; next day the person gave me a shilling, then off I trudged, taking no clothing but what I had on, and that very much out of repair. I went to Little Hinton, and saw my uncle, Abraham Gee, who was a dealer, doing a large trade, and who had sometime before wished me to live with him and help him in his business, he wished me first to go back to Kintbury and get my clothes, but I made up my mind I would not be beholden to any of my kindred, but would try my luck in the *wide wide world*, and first go to London. When I got to Turnham-green by the side of the road there was a waggon and three horses, I asked the master if he wanted anyone to travel with him, when he said no. I gave him a true statement of my case, when he said I might come one week on trial. His name was Thomas Appleby, a carrier from Watlington, our journeys were from Oxford to London weekly. During my stay in Oxfordshire my old governor at Kintbury several times sent for me, wishing me to come and work for him again, as he confessed no one had taken care of the horses and done the work so well since I had been away; he also promised to be kind and pay me wages, and after five months I returned with some cash, and that he got out of me, and never paid me again, neither any wages, only in hard slavish work and foul language.

I must now go back a few years. We often had to remove furniture for gentlemen. My relations wished to give me the smallpox, as they said I could then travel without danger. I think it was in 1819 that killing disease broke out in a family near our house, when poor me was told to go and sit in the house where the children's faces were completely covered with sores, I dared not refuse the orders. Two days after my cruel matron inoculated me with I believe a quarter of a ounce of matter which she had taken from a boy who had the smallpox. All this was kept very sly, but it came out all over me. I was then ordered to be taken where the others had been sent, to a very lonely farm, about three miles. These know-nothings took me late at night in an

open cart, and by that foolhardiness, and the night being cold, and my body covered with sores, the eruptions were struck in, and having a bad nurse for some days it was with much difficulty it could be brought out again for some weeks. I was unconscious during that time. Dr Major, of Hungerford, that attended me, said he had been abroad and seen many bad cases in the hospitals, but never witnessed anything so distressing before, and assured the brute I must die, and nothing would save my life; but nearly 60 years have been added to my up and down life. After a time I got about again, but my arms and legs were in a very bad state with wounds. My finger and toe nails all came off, my head was also in a bad state; flesh and hair came off; and when consciousness returned the weakness and pain I endured no one can describe, and all from the ignorance and wickedness of lovers of darkness; for all liars shall have their portion that burns with brimstone and fire, for the Lord's word declares it. When the doctor left off attending me he said my inside was in as bad condition as the outside, and he wished them to give me plenty of medicine, but my unkind relations did not heed his advice. The tender mercies of fools are cruelty. Again, the family from which I was inoculated was consumptive, asthmatical, and dropsical, and of course the complaints rooted themselves in me, and I have to suffer for it, having always a disease on the chest which cannot be cured. A gentleman said, I saw Taylor boy before he had the smallpox, he was as pretty as an angel; but now he has had the smallpox he is as ugly as the devil. When hardly able I was again obliged to resume my labours and to endure hard blows and curses. My poor dejected spirit was daily broken down with grief, nothing but God kept me from cutting short my life with my own hand. Some years after, when suffering with my chest and other complaints, Doctor Thomas Carter attended me, when I told him the manner I was treated with the smallpox, he was astonished at my recovery, and said the quantity of matter put on my arms was enough to inoculate every person in Newbury and several parishes round, so the reader must believe what a burden of rottenness, and suffering was laid on me by ignorant people.

I will again refer your attention to my return from Oxfordshire. From often being very wet, I had a bad cold from which I felt such pains in my limbs, but especially in my back, that I could not stoop. I got so ill that I could neither sleep nor move without being in dreadful pain my legs were swollen and the whole system was full of

impurity. I applied to Charles Alderman, Esq., a retired doctor at Kintbury, when he promised he would do his best, but after he had tried some-time he told me he had never had such an obstinate case before, he then prescribed the powders for purifying the blood, which removed the lumps from my suffering body, but the gnawing pains were not removed from my limbs, I could not get ease in bed or out, my good doctor then said my complaint was rheumatic gout, he then prescribed the original drops, and the first night I took a dose I slept free from pain and very soon the gout was eradicated. Several times the doctor conversed with me about medicines, and stated how they acted and what they would cure, for which I was very glad as I wished to be instructed in its right application, as my mind was continually leaning towards the use of medicines, as he said it was a pity I was not a *Doctor*. In May, 1826, I was offered a donkey, cart, and harness, for which I was to give £5, and pay for it as I could get the money, for I had not got it then, and was obliged to borrow four shillings to begin with, not being possessed of a farthing, and but one shirt, and an *old shaker*. I then began very industriously as a carrier from Kintbury to Newbury, but as the old cart and harness were so often out of repair it took nearly all the money I earned to keep it fit for the journeys. I have been to Newbury and back several times and not earned a shilling. Other days I have had very heavy loads then I tied a rope on the cart and pulled by the side of my companion, the noble donkey, which was very pleased with a help mate, as we agreed quite well. I put up at the "Catherine Wheel," where I spent twopence each day for a pint of ale and no more. I always brought goods for the landlord of the "Jolly Sailor," and there I had half-a-pint of beer. While my donkey was eating her hay I felt a perfect hatred to stopping at a public-house. I knew the want of cash, therefore I felt its value. I had saved three half crowns towards paying debts, but one day I and my donkey and dog were passing a farm-yard, when the dog ran after some geese, when he killed one and crippled another, for which I had to pay five shillings, and the farmer kept the poultry, then I was nearly broken down for want of cash, but I plucked up courage and my loading began to increase. I had a small new cart, which cost £7. Several persons wished to buy my beautiful donkey, I sold her for £3, and the purchaser sold her to a lady for £5. I then bought a pony, but as my trade increased I was obliged to have a larger cart, then a strong horse and new harness, all of it together cost £40, and by working and taking great care of all I earned, I paid for the above and for another new cart for farming and other purposes.