

my clothes were drenched, but notwithstanding that fact they took me in my wet clothes and threw me into the dungeon again. I begged and pleaded with them to give me some dry clothing, saying I would catch cold and die if I was put in in that state. They only laughed at me and state. They only laughed at me and threw me in. After I got in I thought they would bring me some clothes, for I did not believe that, mean as they were, they would be so inhuman as to leave me in such a state. But they did.

I waited about five hours, and could not bear the wet clothing any longer, as I turned very sick and began to feel feverish. Then I took my clothes off, and walked as rapidly as I could up and down the dungeon, to try and get warm. I was so sick that I hardly realized what I was doing. Next morning food was brought to me, and I crouched down by the wall of the cell, in a nude condition. I asked again for dry clothes, saying I was sick and could not wear those I had, but they laughed at me, and Albright said, "We'll fix you before we get through with you." Matters went on thus for two days, by the end of which time my clothing became dry, and I put it on again. I was kept in the dungeon on again, three days in all that time, and was then taken back to my cell.

I got along all right for a couple of weeks after this, except for exercise, about which I continued to complain, but got no redress. I was again threatened by Hill with punishment, and I told him I would not submit to it. The sheriff, McQueen, came, and was talking to a prisoner about some money matters. I called him over to me, and tried to explain to him my treatment. He shut me off, saying, "You — —, we'll fix you in about two hours."

Albright came in in about that time, and I was taken down by him and Hill to the basement and again subjected to hosing. The water was turned on me by Albright, about the same as before. I told them I did not deserve such treatment, and while the water was playing on me I prayed to the Lord to soften their hearts that they would not be so cruel. They only laughed at me, and said they would either kill or cure me. They put me in the dungeon again in my wet clothes, which I removed as before. I was in the dark hole about two days this time.

Afterwards, when I thought of the brutal treatment I had been getting, I grew very angry, and did not care what I did. I acted mean to the guards because of what was done to me, and which I knew I did not deserve. I kept on complaining about the exercise and about the bad meat, as all the other prisoners did, though none of them spoke out as I did, as they seemed to be afraid to do so.

About a month after the second hosing, when I complained, they shut me off as usual. This was on a Saturday evening, and when Hill applied epithets to me, I also called him names. We wrangled quite a bit, and then he told me he would fix me by hosing. Hill and Albright took me to the hosing place and made me strip all my clothes off. They chained me to the post as before, and Albright held

the hose again. He kept the stream of cold water on me for fully twenty minutes. I was about used up, and wished I was dead. I was partially out of my mind. That time they did not put me in the dungeon. They told me to put my clothes on, and because I could not do it in my exhausted condition as quickly as they thought I should, they threatened to repeat the hosing, but did not do so. I was then put back in my cell. I was quite sick, and was delirious and raved.

Next morning I was thinking of what had been done, and grew wild and broke eight window panes. I was put back in my cell, where I made a noise, shouting and singing. I did not fully realize what I was doing, as I was off my head. Deputy Sheriff Joe O'Brien and Hill put handcuffs on me, to take me to the dungeon, and to hose me. I knew what was coming, and I resisted as desperately as I could. This was the strongest resistance I ever offered. O'Brien took a club and hit me on the back of the neck, rendering me unconscious. The next thing I knew, I was chained to the post and was being hosed by O'Brien, who tormented me worse than did Albright. I had part of my clothes on that time. They had tried to take them off, but it was too much work. I was naked till I was insensible again, I do not know how long. The next I knew, I was lying in the dungeon with my wet overalls and shirt on. O'Brien was there, and told me I would have to stay in a day for every pane of glass I had broken. As on the former occasions, there was no bedding, nothing but the bare, cold stone floor. I was left in there the full eight days, and fed on bread and water. While there, Albright and Hill frequently visited me. They made fun of me. Albright was always taunting me, and once said, "We don't care if you do die, we'll get \$15 for your 'stiff,' and then we can have a blowout."

Since then I have never been put in the dungeon, as there was a change made about that time in the treatment of the prisoners. They got better meat and more exercise, and now they are fairly treated.

This morning when I was released Hill said to me that I had better get out of town or I would be arrested. The sheriff offered to send me to Ogden, but I did not care to go. I told Hill, about a week ago, that I would forgive them all for what they had done, but I concluded in my own mind to tell it so the public would know what had been going on, if I could get the opportunity. When in prison I tried several times to get word out by letters, but they were always intercepted. I expect to leave this part of the country, but I have made up my mind to lead an honest life in the future.

I, Henry Cassidy, being duly sworn, do say that the foregoing statement made by me is true.

HENRY CASSIDY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of August, 1893.

JOHN A. EVANS,

Notary Public.

[SEAL] My commission expires January 18, 1894.

That the public may arrive at a conclusion whether or not Cassidy's state-

ment is made out of revenge, or a dislike for the jail officers, it may be well to state that at about the time of the last occurrence of "hosing" noted by him there were rumors of prisoners in the county jail being ill treated, and members of the county court made inquiries into the matter. The investigation was conducted quietly, and the facts that were brought to the knowledge of the court were not made public. A News representative applied for the information, and one of the selectmen replied: "We have decided not to give this thing out, unless the grand jury should take it up. It is a d—n bad thing, about stinking meat and hanging a prisoner up by the hands, stripping him and turning the hose on him, and putting men in the sweat box; but the sheriff has promised to do better, so we've concluded to let the thing go this time, unless it should happen again." Because of the suppression of the facts they were not then given. Cassidy now comes out with his version of the affair.

Sheriff McQueen and his enterprising deputies admit that what Henry Cassidy, the ex-county convict, stated in last evening's News in relation to the inhuman treatment to which he was subjected was true.

The sheriff is quoted in this morning's Tribune as saying in response to questions put by a reporter of that paper: "You can say for me that I did punish him with a broom handle, and had the hose turned on him and confined him in a dark cell."

Also, "He lies when he says I kept the hose on him for ten minutes. I kept it on him for an hour, and would have kept it on him longer had he not promised to behave himself."

* * * He got no more than he deserved and just what other prisoners will get if they do not obey the rules which are not any too strict."

Deputy Joe O'Brien when spoken to by a News representative regarding the matter last even stated with a characteristic grin and a decided Irish accent: "Yes, we did give him h—l; we turned the hose on him and wet him through and through. But instead of letting the water run on him for ten or twenty minutes we allowed it to run for two hours. The — of a b—deserved more than he got. If I had had my way he would have been banged by the wrists until it was necessary to send for a physician."

Three or four hours later a News reporter met the doughty Joe and again asked him if he had actually hit Cassidy as the latter claimed and he replied: "Yes, you bet, I hit him and hit him hard but not with a club. I gave it to him in the back of the head as hard as I knew how. The devil bit me on the hand like a dog and I thought I might get hydrophobia, I wanted to get even with him."

O'Brien says he was so badly bitten that he was compelled to go to a doctor for treatment.

The discrepancy as to the time the cold water was allowed to run on Cassidy is easily accounted for, as the latter says he became unconscious at the expiration of ten or twenty minutes, and therefore does not doubt the truthfulness of what the sheriff says when he admits that the stream played on him for an hour or what