

**THE INCREASE OF CRIME
AND ITS CAUSE. WITH A
FEW SOLID QUESTIONS**

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The increase of crime and its cause. With a few solid questions by Anna B. Boone

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ANNA B. BOONE

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By ANNA B. BOONE.

AND A SKETCH OF HER ANTECEDENTS.

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TO THE
AMERICAN

BOSTON:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY RAND, AVERY, & FRYE.

TO MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,

THE AUTHRESS.

DEAR MADAM!

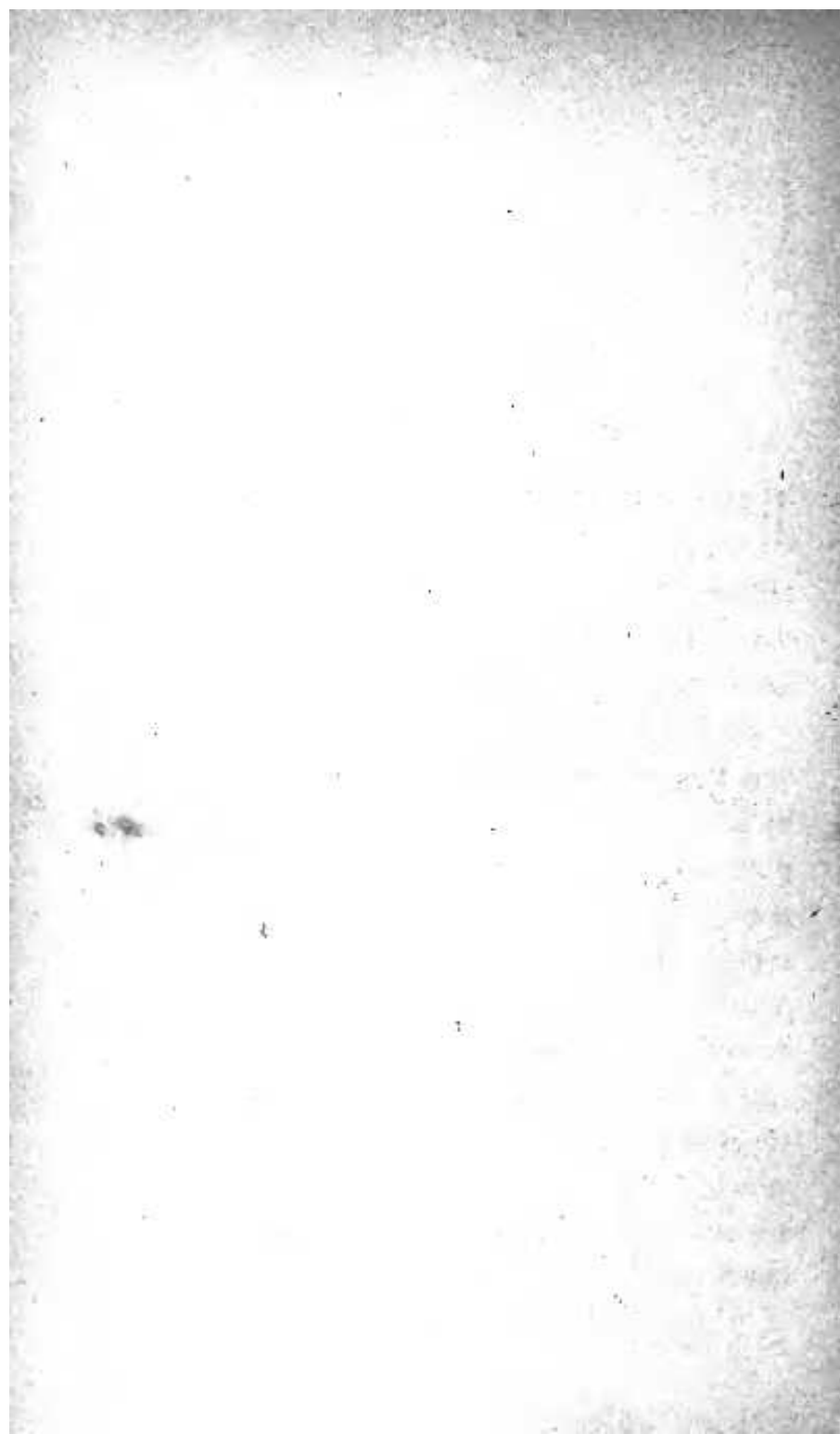
Years ago I read some of your exquisite productions with infinite delight; and subsequently I have had the pleasure of conversing with you, which confirmed the opinion I had entertained of your intellectual and moral worth. And permit me to add, that I know not another woman who has with more dignity and honor filled the positions assigned by God to our sex — Woman, Wife, and Mother — than yourself!

And that this humble offering may prove acceptable to you is the earnest desire of

Yours faithfully,

ANNA B. BOONE.

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PREFACE.

READER, there are thousands of mankind who have no idea what the *many* suffer to *live*, or rather to eke out an existence, no more than those enjoying fine health and affluence know they must suffer to die.

As I intend returning to England speedily, and it is scarcely probable that I shall come back to this country again, I wish to set the public right on more than one subject. Many persons have informed me, that it was currently reported and believed, that, when the gas accident happened to myself and children, I received a large sum of money. As this statement was *false*, and many others, I have determined to give a graphic account of the whole affair; which ought to be a warning to all people of the evil effects of COAL gas, *police* gas, and *women's* gas.

I have passed many happy years in America, intermingled with much vicissitude and tribulation. I have had six children born in this country, and my others came here when comparative babies. My husband was naturalized, and lost his life in the late war. Two of the most sympathizing and loving friends that I ever had were American women, — one moving in the highest classes of society, and the other in a more humble sphere of life; but *both* were just such women as I believe God meant *us all* to be. A great writer, whose name I forget, said, if a man meets with *one real* friend as he passes through life, he may think himself fortunate; or words tantamount. So I ought to feel doubly blessed; and I *do*. With many such reminiscences, it is scarcely to be wondered at that I leave America with affectionate regret. When we first came to this country, I remember a man saying to Mr. Boone, "I guess you thought to pick gold up in the road, when you came here; but you'll have to go through the 'mill,' like the rest of us."

Reader, I have been through the "*mill*" twenty times or more, and it has not ground me

up yet. But, had it not been for the resignation to bear bravely what trials might assail us, and the determination to make the best of what was unavoidable, I certainly should have been mingled with the mother earth long ago.

Some persons are apt to think, when men or women give their ideas and experience, that they are egotists. If this be the case, then everybody should cease to write at all; for all authors are supposed to give their own opinions (although we occasionally find out that they *borrow* a few), even when the hero or moral of the tale is a fictitious one. Yet I suppose, to some extent, humanity is inclined to be egotistical. Still I do not think this appellation should be applied to men and women whom God may have chosen to pass through ordeals of a strange and critical nature, and, by being brought forth to the public, may prove interesting and instructive, and beneficial results generate therefrom. Of course, in my peculiar position, I had seen more of the *world* and its *inmates* ten years ago, than the generality of women double my age. So I wish to give *my* ideas on the "Increase of Crime," and its cause. In this age of