

the oppression with which her heart was bursting; for hitherto she had shed no tear, she had felt no softened emotion, but the burning force of resistance to insolence and tyranny, and the swelling of her soul to repel unmerited insult, had fevered her veins, and parched her lips. When, however, she could weep, the bow unbent, the string relaxed, and the sweet slumber of conscious innocence and rectitude visited her, though but for a very short time, in the gloomy cell and upon the hard and noisome bed, where she reposed. Four of the poor creatures lay down on the floor of this cell, which was about ten feet by eight in size, which shows the populousness of the mansion; but the appearance of a well dressed person of rank and elegance, in these subterraneous abodes of horror, was too extraordinary a circumstance, and afforded too interesting a topic for conversation and remark, to allow of the ladies of the house retiring to rest at an early hour; those who had lain down, rose up from their stony couch, and blacks, Hindoos, Malays, mulattos, mixed with the few white females that were there, entertained each other, for several hours, whilst they smoked their tobacco, and caught their fleas, amidst repressed laughter and smothered oaths; with conjectures as to the causes and consequences of poor Louisa's misfortune. In this receptacle of human misery there was a wretched mad woman, who kept singing all night, and added greatly to the horror of the abode. A bucket of water was brought in in the morning, and shortly after bread was distributed, and Louisa had her loaf of brown bread also thrust through the bars to her. This produced a still more poignant feeling, and, in her own artless words "after a hearty cry," she gave her bread to the poor creatures around her, who thankfully received it to eke out their scanty al-