

those were doomed to witness, whose bodily vigour was more tenacious of life.

A small building behind one of the wings of the prison, which seemed formerly to have been appropriated for a cow-house, was now set apart for a temporary reception of the dead till they were removed for burial. Never shall I forget the appalling sensation I felt, and which pervaded the prison, when this ante-chamber of death first received its guests. A chill of horror came over every spectator, as he beheld the bodies of his comrades laid out in this gloomy receptacle, wrapped up in sheets or blankets,—the only substitute for a coffin which could be procured for any one,—whilst a sad presentiment seemed to seize upon him, that he was looking upon the circumstances in which, after a few weeks, or even days, he was himself perhaps destined to lie. The dead-cart now began to pay its regular visits, every second day, to this transient abode of the corpses, for the purpose of removing them for burial.

After some time an adjoining building was converted into an hospital, into which some of the worst cases were removed from the general prison. Here, indeed, the provisions were considerably better, but the patients were seldom admitted till the spark of life had sunk too low to be capable of resuscitation. Soon, however, the hospital was too strait to receive a tithe of the patients who were daily falling a prey to the ravages of disease, rendered now more desolating than ever, by infection, in the crowded rooms in which we were obliged to lie. Not only did the mortality rapidly increase, but the disease itself assumed a more terrific character. Instead of the languor and exhaustion which before quietly extinguished life, a raging fever now aggravated and exasperated our former maladies. Under the paroxysms of the fever, it was difficult to prevent the patients from destroying themselves. Instances of this kind, not a few, actually occurred. Some during the night threw themselves out of the windows, and were found in the morning lying on the pavement, the most hideous spectacles which disease and death can possibly present; whilst others were found at the bottom of a deep well which was in the prison-yard! As the winter advanced, the mournfulness of our condition was proportionably increased by the length and darkness of the night, during which we were not allowed the use of a candle in any of our rooms; the only light permitted being a small lamp at the head of each of the stairs. All the offices of kindness, therefore, needed by the sick and the dying, were to be performed in the dark. Often did the dreariness of the night draw a veil over the last agonies of our comrades, which only the morning light removed, presenting us, at the same time, with their ghastly corpses. If occasion required any one to go into the yard, he was likely, as he groped his way, to stumble over the dead body of some one who had crawled out of his room for air, and died in the passage; or of one which had been placed there for