

Major General had told her the falsity before-mentioned that she might have whatever she wanted. Her purse was fortunately pretty well stocked, for, although the plunderers took all the money they found in the house, they had left what she had about her person. But no refreshment was to be obtained for money nor for entreaty, and she was brutally ordered down a flight of steps that led to the lower regions of the prison under ground. At the bottom

*"No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades where"*—

naked, blaspheming, and miserable wretches, rushed forward with the eager curiosity incited in a state of confinement by every novelty, to behold their new companion in misery. Another massy grate was unbarred, and the affrighted Louisa, for now her long-suffering fortitude began to forsake her, was thrust in amongst the abject victims of crime and oppression that flocked around her, staring at her by the light of a solitary candle whose melancholy ray was worse than total darkness. But this light was almost immediately withdrawn. The heavy grating was closed behind her and she was left to shift for herself in a situation of indescribable horror to a mind of sensibility, and of poignant suffering to a female of delicate habits, tender health, and refined manners. She turned round, and before the outer massy door was closed, begged at least to have some water. O, water she would find there, or if not, she should have some in the morning. But even water there was none, for in the suffocating temperature of this island, you may readily conceive, my good friend, that were even the supply of water to the inmates of a dungeon-prison as ample as it was parsimonious, it would be