

no regard to cleanliness, and the provisions were in keeping with the surroundings. Fortunately, our extra purchases, after our difficulty were returned. The rice and tea were prepared for us. Knives, forks and spoons were not allowed. Before we passed the Banks the decks were covered with ice and the crew so frost-bitten that their duties were unperformed. When the weather moderated the decks leaked. Two days' work and a pound of nails had been used to construct the 'cabin.' Sometimes the prisoners went a day without food. McLeod and McNulty soon passed away. For myself I had no repentant thoughts and braced myself to fortitude. Our miseries did not end. We were accused of mutiny and brought on deck, with threats of flogging and heavier chains put upon us. The captain, on reaching England, received high encomiums for its suppression. A clergyman who was a passenger visited and tried to comfort us. He was a New Englander who among the slums of London pursued his holy calling upon sixpence per day. A few days before we reached England we were allowed to go an hour on deck. Thirty-eight days after leaving Fort Henry, and the twenty-fifth after leaving Quebec, we entered the Mersey and anchored three miles from Liverpool. Vast crowds met us on our landing. 'God bless the brave Canadians,' met our ears on every side, 'and bring them home to their wives and children.' We were sent to the Borough jail for convicted criminals. Five hundred men, three hundred women and boys under ten years of age were within its walls. There were two walls, the outer one from fifteen to twenty feet high, the coping stuck with broken glass. Even this was better than the loathsome ship we had left. Here the manacles were taken off. Lightness of foot made us lighter hearted. Mr. Jefferies of Quebec jail had sent certificates of our good conduct and wrote to the Governor of the jail (Mr. Batchelder) that he hoped we would maintain it. The Governor, Mayor and ex-Mayor offered to assist in every way to our comfort. We were exempted from the 'silent rule.' Tobacco and light literature were prohibited. Our correspondence was inspected and all grievances were to be made known to the visiting magistrates who came each day. We had a fire each day, which was a comfort to our chilled bodies, and food partaken with a relish after the misery of the past twenty-five days. Surprise was expressed that we declined the pot of ale. This meal was given us from pure humanity. We kept true to our temperance principles. Our beds, though not comfortable, were scrupulously clean and we had our extra bedding. The food we did not like, and gave it to the felons who received it with gladness. The diet was changed but the bread was not. They hoped we would soon return to America. They advised us to communicate with whom-