

last time, John Brown was once more resting on his own bed. A more ghastly figure could hardly be pictured. His face had not the pallor of a fainting fit or of death, but wore a strange sallow hue like that of a mummy. His flesh seemed entirely gone, nothing left but the bones, under a thin covering of leather-like skin. This was specially marked about his face, where, in spite of the growth of hair, every bone looked as if it were coming through the skin, and his eyes, brightened into unnatural lustre, were sunk far into his skull. The late Dr. Sloan, of Ayr, who visited him, told me that to such a degree was the body wasted that, in putting the hand over the pit of the stomach, one could distinctly feel the inner surface of the backbone. Every atom of fatty matter in the body seems to have been consumed.

Light food was sparingly administered, and he appeared to revive, and would insist on being allowed to speak and tell of his experiences in the pit. He had no food with him all the time of his confinement. Once before, when locked up underground by a similar accident, he had drunk the oil from his lamp and had thereby sickened himself; so that this time, though he had both oil and tobacco with him, he had tasted neither. For some days he was able to walk about in the open uncrushed part of the mine, where too he succeeded in supplying himself with water to drink. But in the end, as he grew weaker, he had stumbled across the roadway and fallen into the position in which he was found. The trickle of water ran down the mine close to him, and was for a time the only sound he could hear, but he could not reach it. When asked if he had not despaired of ever being restored to the upper air, he assured his questioners that he had never for a moment lost the belief that he would be rescued. He