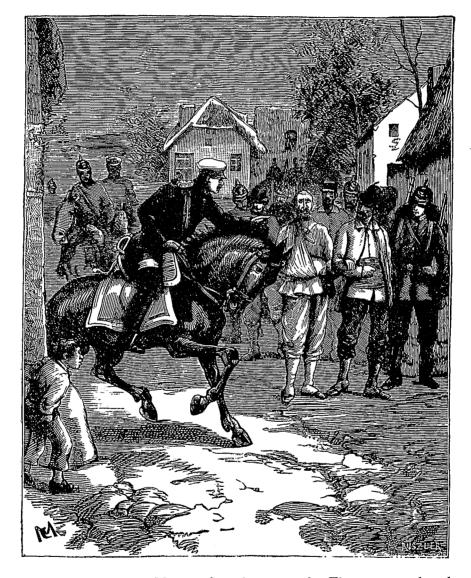
FRENCH SOLDIERS IN GERMAN PRISONS.

By CANON E. GUERS.

(Continued from page 308, Vol. V.)

him was at the point of death; and Father Kaiser, on whom the succession had now fallen, and who conducted me through the place, was risking his life in passing from bed to bed.

RINCE Charles's Hospital was filled from in the lazarettos, already over-full as they were, basement to roof with six hundred so they had to lie in the camp upon the filthy Frenchmen. At Schönbornerhof there straw like unclean animals, and very often on the



were four hundred more. At the Münster bar-racks, turned into a Hospital, there were another to take them to. Some rough open huts, with four hundred. At the gates of the city I passed a plank roofs, were hastily constructed, but they whole day in a frightful depôt of small-pox patients, were scarcely ready when a new batch of prisoners whom death was mowing down by hundreds. A Jesuit had been attending to these, but he caught the contagion and died; a Belgian who replaced the mercy of the epidemic, and they died under

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