

called, ironically enough, the *Relief*, commanded by one Gardner, an Irishman. This schooner *Relief* plied between the prison-ship and New-York, and carried the water and provisions from the city to the ship. In fact, the said schooner might emphatically be termed the *Relief*, for the execrable water and provisions she carried *relieved* many of my brave but unfortunate countrymen *by death*, from the misery and savage treatment they daily endured. Before I go on to relate the treatment we experienced on board the *Jersey*, I will make one remark, and that is, that if you were to rake the infernal regions, I doubt whether you could find such another set of dæmons as the officers and men who had charge of the old *Jersey* prison-ship. And, Sir, I shall not be surprised if you, possessing those finer feelings which I believe are interwoven in the composition of man, and which are not totally torn from the *piece*, till, by a long and obstinate perseverance in the meanest, the basest, and cruelest of all human arts, a man becomes lost to every sense of honour, of justice, of humanity, and common honesty;—I shall not be surprised, I say, if you, possessing those finer feelings, should doubt whether men could be so lost to their sacred obligations to their God, and the moral ties which ought to bind them to their duty toward their fellow men, as those men were, who had the charge, and also those who had any agency in the affairs of the *Jersey* prison-ship. *On my arrival on board the old Jersey, I found there about eleven hundred prisoners; many of them had been there from three to six months, but few*