

The ground !—alas !—a floor of foul, and seamed, and fœtid planks, now replaced the silver sand where we had wont to course each other in slow and majestic turtle race. We were now passengers on board the good ship the *Lively Betsy*, bound for the port of London.

Gods ! how abhorrent in my eyes has that one word *lively* since become ! Captain—mate—purser—steward—crew !—all, while they exulted over my prostrate humiliation, soon united in declaring that I—even I—was the most “lively” of the squad ;—that I was “ fattest—heaviest—most *lively* ! ”—a morsel for a lord mayor ;—a fish for a Birch ! at every fresh flounder made by myself and company, when

Pleas'd we remembered our august abodes,
trusting that our own efforts might still restore us to the ocean murmuring so near, a fresh shout arose from the tyrants. “ Fine lively turtle, Jack ; ” cried one with whiter nether garments and a redder visage than the rest. “ Fetch the hammer and nails, my hearty ! and fix 'em.”

“ *Fix 'em !* ”—Will it be believed of the sons of a land of liberty—of the fellow-country men of Howard, Jonas Hanway, and Richard Martin—of men to whom Cowper has sung, and Sadler specified—will it be believed that the operation of “ fixing ” consisted in driving four rough and spit-like nails through our fins, leaving our bodies extended on the deck after the fashion of a kite against a barn-door, or the effigy of a spread eagle on an Austrian banner or English stage coach !—What was Bajazet's durance in his iron cage compared with ours !—What, Montezuma's torture grilling on his coals, to mine, broiled alive, and inch by inch, and noon by noon, under a vertical sun !

There were seven spars of Deptford mould
On the deck of the *Betsy*, hard and old ;
There were seven turtles, fat and heavy,
Nailed each to each, a mournful bevy.
My nearer brother gasped and pined,
Slowly his unctuous heart declined,
He loathed, and put away his foot.

But wherfore pursue the parody ? My soul sickens at the reminiscence ! *My* brethren, like those of Bonnevard, pined away and perished ; and, as the end of each approached, I saw the miserable victim upturn from his excruciation, and consigned to the hands of the executioner. No ! They were not even suffered to breathe their last in peace ! From my bed of martyrdom I scented the savoury fume in which their murdered remains