

another place. almost every one would be up like negro hen coop, for their country. pressors; others to a new ns from recti- strong wilful- their parents re sobbing out their mother's imprisonment. in this way, ner fell into a grinding noise with the cry own his ham- ack, and was key. If any, was dilatory, soldier, who a sailor, and al little or no

the prisoners. ses in turns. are kept out sons, and in tressing and g place for e are either ever so in-

were about severity of y the Brit- ath through by the bar- in the se- ent, Miller, ple, had he

been so disposed, without relaxation of duty. But he, as well as the turnkey, named *Grant*, seemed to take delight in tormenting the Americans. This man would often keep the prisoners out for many hours, in the severest weather, when the mercury was ten and fifteen degrees below 0, under a pretext that the prison had been washed, and was not sufficiently dry for their reception, when in fact, every drop of water used, was in a moment ice. People in the southern states, and the inhabitants of England and Ireland, can form no adequate idea of the frightful climate of Nova Scotia. The description of the sufferings of our poor fellows, the past winter, was enough to make ones heart ache, and to rouse our indignation against the agents in this business.

Our people are sensible to kind treatment, and are ready to acknowledge humane and considerate conduct towards themselves, or towards their companions; but they are resentful in proportion as they are grateful. They speak very generally of the conduct of Miller the agent, and Grant the turnkey, with disgust and resentment. A complaint was made to him of the badness of the beef served out to the prisoners, upon which he collected the prisoners, and mounted the stair-case, began a most passionate harrangue, declaring that the beef was good enough, and a d—d deal better than they had in their own country, and if they did not eat it, they should have none. He then went on as follows:—"Hundreds of you, d—d scoundrels, have been to me begging and pleading that I would interpose my influence that you might be the first to be exchanged, to return home to your families, who were starving in your absence, and now you have the impudence to tell me to my face, that the King's beef is not good enough for your dainty stomach. Why some of that there beef is good enough for me to eat. You are a set of mean rascals, you beg of an enemy the favours which your own government won't grant you You complain of ill treatment, when you never fared better in your lives. Had you been in a French prison and fed on horse-beef, you would have some grounds of complaint; but here in his Britannick Majesty's royal prison, you have every thing that is right and proper for persons taken fighting against his crown and dignity. There is a surgeon here for you, if you are sick, and physick