

mixed with the common atmospheric air. When I considered that our number amounted to an hundred, I could not drive from my mind this calculation, and the result of it nearly deprived me of my reason. The horrors of the *Black Hole of Calcutta* have been long celebrated, because *Englishmen* suffered and perished in it. Now the English have more than a *thousana* black holes into which they unfeelingly thrust their impressed men, and their prisoners of war. Their tenders that lay in the Thames, off Tower-wharf are so many *black holes* into which they thrust their own people, whom their press gangs seize in the streets of London, and crowd into them like so many live rabbits or chickens carrying in a cart to market. My reflections on these things have greatly changed my opinion of the English character in point of humanity.

After passing a wretched night, one of the petty officers came down to us, by which event, we learnt that it was morning. I found myself much indisposed; my tongue was dry and coated with a furr; my head ached violently, and I felt no inclination to take any thing but cold water. A degree of calmness, however, prevailed among my fellow prisoners. They found lamentations unavailing, and complaints useless. Few of them, beside myself, had lost their appetites, and several expressed a wish for some breakfast. Preparations were soon made for this delicious repast. The first step was to divide us into messes, six in a mess. To each mess was given a wooden *kid*, or *piggin*, as our farmers call them, because it is out of such wooden vessels that they feed their pigs that are fatting for the market. At 8 o'clock one was called from each mess, by the whistle of the boatswain's mate, to attend at the galley, the nautical name for the kitchen and fire place, to receive the breakfast for the rest. But what was our disappointment to find instead of coffee, which we were allowed by our own government at Melville prison, a piggin of *swill*, for we farmers' sons can give no other name to the disgusting mess they brought us. This breakfast was a pint of liquid which they call *Burgoo*, which is a kind of oatmeal gruel, about the consistence of the swill which our farmers give their hogs, and not a whit better in its quality. It is made of oatmeal, which we Americans very generally detest. Our people consider ground oats as only fit for cattle, and it is never eaten by