

emaciation from protracted starvation, and my arms and legs were covered with ulcerated boils, from long immersion in salt water. The late Sir William Bolton, then captain of his Majesty's ship Forth, and several other officers of our ships of war, evinced much interest on hearing the account of my almost miraculous preservation and escape.

I have since ascertained that both my companions in misfortune are dead. On our return to England, after the war was over, Paxton was sent to the Naval Hospital at Plymouth, in a very bad state of health, the consequence of his sufferings. He remained there eleven months, and died soon after he left it, at his own home. When the Pactolus was paid off, in September, 1815, Brown went to sea in a trader, and was afterwards drowned. As to myself, there can be but little doubt that what I suffered on this occasion laid the foundation of the severe asthmatic disease with which I have been more or less nearly ever since afflicted, and which, in the last few years, has become so distressing as frequently to make me incapable of the smallest bodily exertion, and has rendered me unable to engage in the more active service of my country.