

A N A R R A T I V E,

&c., &c.

"Ah ! total night and horror here preside—
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide ;
It is their funeral knell, and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear."

Falconer's Shipwreck.

His Majesty's frigate *Pactolus*, in which I was then a midshipman, Captain the Honourable Frederick William Aylmer, one of Rear Admiral Sir H. Hotham's squadron, blockading the port of New London and Long Island Sound, during the late American war, was detached to cruise off the river Delaware, in October, 1814 ; and on the 9th December, in latitude 35 deg. 34 min. N., longitude 70 deg. 4 min. W., at noon, captured the American schooner *Postboy*, 80 tons burthen, of Boston, bound to Charleston, South Carolina.

I was immediately sent on board the prize, with six seamen, and one of the Americans belonging to the vessel, and was ordered by Capt. Aylmer to proceed direct to Bermuda, then bearing S.E. by E., distant 340 miles. I was to be assisted