

bin. I have her yet, then : and she is again employed in her former traffic from Arichat to Chetecan, but she shall never visit Europe any more.

Eight days after we had left her close in with the Dursey Island and the Bull Rock, she was found by some pilot-boats, at a short distance from the old Head of Kinsale, and carried into Cross-haven, a small place at the entrance of the cove of Cork. I went there, laid claim to her, paid a salvage, fitted her out, and, shortly after, saw her safe to Jersey.

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*London, January, 1812.*

THE above is the simple narrative of facts I wrote at the request of an intimate and confidential friend. It was far from my thoughts, when it was written, that it should at any time be laid before the public, in any shape whatever, and the farthest of all in that in which it now appears.

Although I may, at some future period, have occasion to mention the small vessel in which I so much suffered, it may not be out of the way for me at this moment to say a few words more concerning her. After she returned to me from Jer-