

Day had barely dawned on the nineteenth, when the report of a cannon from one of the frigates lower down, gave notice that all the boats should be hoisted out, and the troops conveyed to land. How it came about I know not, but in my eagerness to reach *terra firma*, I sprang, with five dozen men, and one brother officer, into a broad-bowed punt, which, being supplied with no more than a couple of oars, moved against the stream at the rate of half a-mile per hour. The point of rendezvous had, however, been named; it was St. Benedicts, a village distant, as I have already stated, eight long miles from our place of anchorage. We had, therefore, but a gloomy prospect before us.—that of a sixteen hours' voyage under a broiling sun; and the prospect, at one period, seemed not unlikely to be realized. Boat after boat, and barge after barge, passed us by, without bestowing upon us any other notice than a volley of jokes, or repeated peals of laughter; till at last a worthy midshipman took pity upon us, and threw us a line. Under his towage we made way at a tolerably rapid rate; and having quitted the ship at six o'clock, found ourselves snugly on shore, and in full march towards the bivouac, about half an hour before noon.

St. Benedicts, like most of the villages on the banks of the Chesapeake rivers, is a small straggling place; the houses of which stand far apart from each other, and are surrounded by neat gardens, and apparently productive orchards. When we landed it was totally deserted by its inhabitants. The furniture however, had not been removed,—at least not wholly,—from any