

or adversary towards my brother Subaltern, heaven knows, but as an humble imitator, whose lighter sketches and more private narration may, perhaps, give an additional interest to those grave and scientific details with which he has already favoured the public.

In the "Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans,"* you will find a sufficiently elaborate account of the embarkation of the troops in the Garonne, and the passage from thence to the mouth of the Patuxent. Of that account I shall say no more, than that to the minutest tittle, (as far at least as I am a judge) it is correctly given. All went on as the Subaltern has told us; St. Michael's and Bermuda were both visited, the Chesapeake was entered on the 15th of August, 1814, and on the 18th the fleet began to ascend the Patuxent. It was my fortune, during the progress of this voyage, to be embarked on board of a light, though very comfortable transport. The consequence was, that when the ships of war, and other heavy vessels took the ground, we continued to hold our course, till, having approached within eight miles of St. Benedicts, our master deemed it prudent to cast anchor. We had, however, got so far a-head of the rest, that but a very short space of time elapsed, ere boat after boat, loaded with troops, drew up alongside of us; and in a couple of hours our deck, cabin, and hold, were literally jammed with men and officers, making a sort of half-way house of number 375 between their own vessels and the shore.

* Murray, London, 1826.