

I then crossed to the north side of the James river, being rowed out at sunrise far from the shore to wait for a steamer. The hour of her arrival being somewhat uncertain, we remained for some time in the cold, muffled up in our cloaks, in a small boat moored to a single wooden pile driven into a shoal, with three negroes for our companions. The situation was desolate in the extreme, both the banks of the broad estuary appearing low and distant, and as wild and uninhabited as when first discovered in 1607, by Captain Smith, before he was taken prisoner, and his life saved by the Indian maiden Pocahontas. At length we gladly hailed the large steamer as she came down rapidly towards us, and my luggage was immediately taken charge of by two of the sable crew, who called themselves Lord Wellington and Julius Cæsar.

We disembarked in a few hours near the old deserted village of Jamestown, at the Grove Landing, seven miles south of Williamsburg. Here I found the beach strewn over with innumerable fossil shells, washed out of the sandy Miocene marls of a cliff forty feet high. Some large varieties of the genus *Pecten* were most abundant, closely packed together in a dense bed, above which was another layer composed almost wholly of the shells of a *Chama* (*C. congregata*), both valves being united in each individual. From the same cliff I also procured shells of the genera *Conus*, *Oliva*, *Marginella*, *Fusus*, *Pyrula*, *Murex*, *Natica*, and others.

We then visited Williamsburg, where there is a University founded by William and Mary, and therefore very ancient for this country. In the neighbourhood I procured a rich harvest of fossil shells, collecting in one