

to following foxhounds, which is a great sport here in the fall.

The Virginian planter, as a rule, is a rough-looking, ill-dressed individual. Perhaps never did we see such a difference as between the ladies and gentlemen of this State. The former are perhaps the most beautiful and accomplished class we ever met to have been brought up in the circumstances. The latter, although there are some noble exceptions, are, as a class, boorish and ill-educated. Curiosity is a remarkable feature of their nature. The first afternoon we spent in Virginia was at a small town on the east side of the State, not far distant from the fruitful and rich bottom lands of the Rappahannock and Mataponi. It was a Saturday, and most of the neighbouring farmers had driven up in their waggons to buy provisions for the ensuing week. It is a custom in those parts among black and white to take a holiday on the last day of the week, no matter how busy or how important their work may be. This is an idle afternoon; ere long we were surrounded by a crowd of eager inquirers. What were our intentions? How much money had we? Were we going to buy land? And so the string of questions went on, and were answered, only to be cross-examined by another fresh party. Every other man here wants to sell his plantation. They are a poor class, and it happens thus. Before the war—and it only requires a man to visit Virginia to judge of the horrors of a civil war—those men were all slaveholders to a large extent. Their great profit was raising slaves for the Southern market, for the cotton plantations of