

I had hitherto seen. It is cultivated by negroes, who are treated with kindness and humanity.

After having passed some days in visiting this beautiful country, I returned to Newark. The north-west winds, which are in these countries extremely cold, had arrested the progress of the yellow fever. The merchants returned to their business, and the workmen to their labours; I proposed, therefore, to continue my travels.

On the seventh of November I set out for Elizabethtown, a beautiful little place, seventeen miles distant from Newark. It has, since the troubles in the West Indies, afforded a retreat to many inhabitants of St. Domingo and Guadaloupe, who came to seek an asylum in this part of the continent. The apparent tranquillity of these islands has induced many of them to return to their former habitations; but the more prudent part, or those who have other resources, have deferred their departure to more happy times. Elizabethtown, situated on a small river which flows into the bay of New York, is the most agreeable part of Jersey. Its population is not greater than that of Newark; and its inhabitants almost all profess the reformed and Presbyterian religions. Each sect has a church, well built, and carefully kept in repair.

I had an opportunity, during my stay at Elizabethtown, of being present at some French parties, where I was enabled to judge of the character and disposition of the Creole women. Idleness, supineness, and levity, seem to constitute the basis of their pleasures. The slowness of their speaking, their embarrassed countenances, their love of ease, and their repeated yawnings, may appear amiable in the sight of those men who have been accustomed to such graces from their infancy, but a Frenchman must endure much in such company before he can derive any pleasure.

Notwithstanding the pressing invitations that I received from my friends, with whom I had spent some agreeable days at Elizabethtown, I set out for Brunswick on the 11th of November. I had for my companion an old soldier, who had fought against the independence of the United States, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, and had remained there since the peace. He showed me two thickets on the road, where the two armies had been encamped for many days, and at some little distance a plain where they had had more bloody work. To my regret he left me at Bridgetown, seven miles distant from Elizabethtown. This place is only remarkable from the number of its bridges; it is almost entirely surrounded by the river Rosway, which has an opening into the bay of Sandy Hook. The road from Bridge-