

into our hands in 1811, the state of society was deplorable; nothing was thought of but smuggling and privateering; agricultural pursuits were quite neglected, morality was at a low ebb amongst the colonists, marriage was universally considered a silly restraint, and divorces were to be had for a song. The atheistical catechisms of the French Revolution were still to be found in the few schools; the most Jacobin principles prevailed, and with all these anti-social tenets and practices, was found the usual accompaniment, a cordial hatred of Great Britain. A great improvement in every respect was represented to have taken place.

Two or three days after our arrival, a party was formed to visit the tomb of Paul and Virginia. I acknowledge that I was then simple enough to believe in the actual existence of this charming couple; and it was therefore with pain I learned that the narrow base of fact on which one of the incidents rested, was not sufficient to redeem the interesting tale from the character of fiction. We drove to the farm, where a small obelisk had been erected by the proprietor as a good speculation; and were received with great politeness and civility,—paying for the same.

The race of slaves here were large and muscular, and some amongst them of Herculean proportions. They were chiefly from Madagascar; many of them were most active in the water, and admirable divers. One morning in going ashore, we found a party of blacks employed by the Harbour-Master in weighing a large anchor, from which some ship had recently parted in a gale; and as we approached, one enormous negro, with a rope in his hand, dived with a spring from the edge of the Harbour-Master's boat: I timed his performance. A minute passed and all was quiet: