party make people believe that in the Antilles there is nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, chains and whips, yaws and yellow fever."

I said that cock-fighting was one of the principal amusements of the lower class of white Barbadians, but the middle class also is partial to this cruel and disgusting sport. At a main, fought by the birds of two well-known sporting gentlemen, the pit was quite full, and great amusement was derived from watching some of the betters and lookers on. They seemed to feel such intense anxiety in the fate of their favourite birds, that every stroke had an electric effect upon them. A hideous, sunburnt buccaneering-looking fellow appeared to suffer as much as the cock upon which he had staked his money; suddenly he would writhe as if in acute pain, his hands clenched, breath drawn in, and his body bent forwards, watching with convulsive eagerness the pending battle. At last, his bird received the *coup de grace*, when, with a wo-begone face, and mouth screwed up, he uttered aloud, "Whew! he ben't a cock; he 's a 'orse; see how he jumps on the flats o' his foots!"

It is not generally known, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea-side. In 1807 the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of a Mrs. Goddard; in 1808 a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it; and

in 1812 Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812 the vault was opened for the body of the Honourable T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were much disturbed. In 1816 a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent in the coffins. In 1819 a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened the coffins were replaced in their proper situations, that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door (and a massive stone which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons; and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps or water.

The last time the vault was opened was in 1819; Lord Combermere was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault; some with the heads down, and others up. What could have occasioned this phenomenon? In no other vault in the island has this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault?

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this some years ago at Staunton, in Suffolk. It is stated, that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed

on biers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault properly closed, when again another of the family dying, they were a second time found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it) was found on the fourth step which led down to the vaults, and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this. As yet no one has satisfactorily accounted for the Barbadian or the Staunton wonder.

I spent one day at a most charming residence, Vaucluse, on a high spot, delightfully cool, and commanding extensive views. The proprietor said that some Moravian brethren had established themselves in his neighbourhood, and that those of his negroes who attended the instructions of that excellent fraternity, were extremely sober and industrious. His butler had lately died, and he gave him a handsome funeral, for he had served him faithfully for many years, and the master was anxious to testify his respect for his servant. Shortly after this, a healthy negro refused all food, lay with his eyes open, and gasping as it were for breath; the doctor could discover no ailment, and it was conjectured that the butler's funeral had so excited his envy, that he determined to have a similar one, and to starve himself. The master came in, and said aloud, "If this negro dies, I mean to throw him into a hole, and bury him with