

One by one my fellow-passengers arrived, looking eagerly at me, and wondering, as well they might, what I could find to write about in so desolate a place. But at last the engine came, and then the ticket master, and all in a minute we were hurried in, and on went our flying chariot, carrying us swiftly to St. Thomas. Here, on my arrival, I was kindly met by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blackwood, of Fingal, who brought their very comfortable carriage and pair to take me to their abode in Fingal. But then my large trunk! what was to be done with that? After trying it in all ways on the carriage, and finding it would not fit, we agreed to send it by stage; and, after enjoying a delightful drive through a pretty part of the country, we reached Mr. B.'s residence, which is a very large and comfortable brick house, with extensive lawn in front, surrounded by trees in which robins and numberless pretty birds have made their nests, and who seemed to welcome me from every quarter, and to say "be happy while you may." Fingal is a scattered place containing six churches and a schoolhouse, which the Episcopalians use for an afternoon service. Every one here seems to have one or two large farms, and the crops are really looking beautiful. My kind host and hostess tried everything in their power to make me enjoy my visit, and several drives were proposed and arranged. The morning after my arrival I started out for a walk,