

£300 in money, as well as their only child, a girl of nine, she started, and hid herself in one of the farm houses. When she was found nothing could induce her to return or give up what she had taken. Search warrants were taken out and houses examined by him, at first, with no success; but at last, in his mother-in-law's house, sewed up in one of her footstools, the money and notes were found. He then got hold of the child by stealth, and is gone, I believe, to the States.

In the course of the next week, we drove to and around St. Thomas, and a very pretty town it is, looking a little dull on account of the many failures which have occurred there lately, reminding me of a story which I had heard of a traveller in a previous year stopping at an hotel in one of our towns, in which a great many of the stores were shut. He rose in the morning, and seeing everything so quiet, concluded that it was too early to rise: this he repeated two or three times, but at last thought he would call for his breakfast. "That," said the waiter, "is over long ago; they are eating dinner now." "Then why," said the traveller, "are not the stores open?" "Why, sir, those people have failed." The stillness that prevailed would have almost led one to believe that all the people were asleep. We made several calls on the *elite* of the place. Mr. Horton, whose fine garden and hot-house we explored, gave me a