

stately, voluble, you feel that she thinks about your comfort, and would make you happy; one would like always to call her Laura. Last of all, except the writer, we had Mr. Thomas Robertson and his wife—a daring adventure for the latter to undertake, she having barely recovered from the effects of a terrible accident; but Mrs. Robertson is a woman of nerve, yet withal yielding, and soft of speech—no one more thoughtful of others. “Tam” is a metaphysician when he is serious; but the memory of youthful pranks is often with him, and then, as well as when he is serious, he is all that a companion ought to be. Tam looks at life and nature from the purely picturesque or artistic point of view—if life or nature have any other aspect it is all in the beholder, and he don’t amount to much.

We had now crossed the Detroit River on the huge ferry—a marvel to our Scottish friends, as were also the high tower electric lights in the city. Our road was henceforth by the Wabash, and we hoped to resurrect in Chicago in the morning. This we did about 8 o’clock by Toronto time, but found we had gained an hour. It took us fully this hour to reach the station, to such an outrageous extent do the suburbs of the city extend, approaching it by the Wabash. And such suburbs! meanness, filth and squalor on all sides. On arrival at Dearborn Street, however, leaving “Waterloo” in charge of Shaw, our good-natured white negro porter, we were soon transported to the marble grandeur of the Auditorium, and a sumptuous breakfast. About 11 o’clock we all mounted a superb tally-ho and went off to see the sights, the day warm and bright. We drove along Michigan Avenue to 35th Street, then through Grand Boulevard, Drexel Boulevard, and on to Smith’s Club House on 50th