

omens. The regular passengers, not understanding the delay, were not in the best of humor. Finally, we learned from the train officials that someone had blundered: the "Waterloo" had been sent to Buffalo, but was on its way back and would be here soon. At length about a quarter past 5, the runaway appeared; not another minute was lost in hitching it on to the train, and off we started on a long and beautifully smooth run to Detroit.

We soon had our several staterooms allotted. "When a man's single," he has to have a stateroom to himself, and when it happens to be roomy and next door to the smoking compartment, which is inconveniently small and overloaded with *impedimenta*, such a stateroom is apt to become a rendezvous, and to have a name given to it. All through the trip a stateroom of this character went by the name of Munrovia. Here the songs were sung, the stories told, the hairs split. Here, as the train bore us smoothly and comfortably along through the lovely afternoon, past fields of yellow grain, across green meadows, by forest glades and murmuring streams, we spoke of what we had proposed to do in the way of "solid reading," for which careful preparation had been made. I had brought Geikie's "Geology," his "Physical Geography," and "Geological Essays," for example; but it was prophesied that as this first evening had been, so would the days to follow be,—full of ease and content, but with little science and philosophy, *at first hand*. This wisdom was fully justified in our experience throughout the trip.

Here must be put in the composition of the party. First and foremost, the "General" himself, as he came to be designated—William Christie, far-ken'd his name,