

one had got through the obstacles, whatever they might be.

At ten o'clock in the morning, after seventeen hours' detention, we moved off very, very slowly. Still it *was* movement and a blessed relief after the enforced deadlock of the previous weary hours.

The necessity for travelling at such a slow pace wherever the rails were supposed to be most shaky, and insecure, lost us of course many more hours, and we only arrived at our destination at four a.m. on the Saturday morning instead of seven-forty-five a.m. the previous day.

Later experience taught us to look very lightly on some twenty to thirty hours of unpunctuality in the arrival of trains, but I give this one instance in full, to show travellers what they must expect when once they leave the eastern states and the beaten track across this continent.

The following note comes here in my journal: "I must here mention that in a considerable experience of American railway cars, extending over six months, I have never save once found the boasted dining car one hears so much about, and that was on the train between Boston and New York, about the only journey where one could have dispensed with it."