

lemon peel (perhaps a dusting of spice, I am not certain now), cover the whole over with pounded white sugar and then pour about a wine-glassful of sherry over all. He handed it to me with a glass tube about eight inches long. I was shown how to push this among the lumps of ice to the bottom and to suck up through it the liquor there. I did so. The day was excessively hot and I was fatigued by my walk and by my exertions in fighting shy of Mr. Beebee's coal mine. I sucked it up to the last drop: then, turning to Captain Parsons, I exclaimed, "It is worth a voyage to New York to enjoy that!" I did not tell him it was worth what we had undergone on the pier owing to his breach of contract; and we parted good friends.

I need not in future describe the composition of these American drinks. All are made in the same manner; but flavoured differently with mint, brandy, or otherwise. They are very delicious.

There was a large, handsomely furnished sitting-room, with a piano, in our hotel for the use of all the inmates; all were expected

to take their meals together in the dining-room. To this we were summoned by a tremendous gong, that rumbled through all the house at one o'clock. When we entered the room a few minutes after, the company had already advanced far through their meal. Vegetables, lobster-salads, and dessert were on the table; the solid meats and the "fruit pies" (elsewhere, open tarts) were carved by the landlord at a side table. No one drank wine or beer, but vast quantities of water, in which floated lumps of ice. "At seven o'clock next morning," writes Louie, "this gong was carried round to the doors of all the bed-rooms, to awaken, and then deafen, all the inmates. In half-an-hour, just as our ears were beginning to recover from the infliction, it was repeated to announce the first breakfast. In another half-hour, the gong sounded again for the second breakfast, consisting of what was left from the first; this meal was for the nurses, children, and all those who had been too lazy to get up in time for the first; the master of the hotel and his family also breakfasted at it. As soon as it was over, all the waiters of the

hotel sat down. Throughout America there are no private parlours in the hotels, but two public sitting-rooms: one is called the 'Ladies' sitting-room', the other is a reading-room where the gentlemen smoke and read the papers. Every ladies' room is provided with rocking-chairs. At first we greatly disliked these rocking-chairs, but we soon began to feel differently towards them. The American ladies rock and fan themselves incessantly, except when they play on the piano, one of which is in every sitting-room."

"One day," continues Agnes, "a fat old lady, who seemed glued to the rocking-chair, for we found her there in the morning and left her there at night, pulled towards her the corner of my pocket-handkerchief, and pointing to the mark, said, 'That proves you are from the old country; we could not afford to spend our time in marking things here'. I suppose," continues my saucy child, "it would hinder them from going a-head fast enough. So the churches in this place are obliged to be shut except during service, because some of the New Yorkers, not satisfied with going

a-head in the usual manner, would do it by quicker means,—by such as would be called stealing ‘in the old country’, but which are perhaps justified by liberty and equality here.” I deny my child’s imputation of dishonesty in the Americans; she was only thirteen when she was in the country—fourteen when she wrote; it may be necessary to close the churches against the emigrants in New York, the riff-raff of Europe; but real Americans must not be confounded with these. “The sun was excessively hot,” continues my critic, “so that we did not attempt to see the town in the morning. About five o’clock, a great many parties of very finely-dressed ladies drove in their carriages to the Battery Gardens, under the windows of our hotel, and got out and walked. We went to the Broadway, which is a very handsome street. We noticed a great many pretty girls walking about: many of them in bright scarlet shawls. It was quite astonishing to see the number of houses being built. Parts of almost every street you went into were blocked up with bricks and mortar. Some of the shops in Broadway were very

magnificent. There was a linen-draper's shop faced with pillars of white marble; but as people in trade are the gentlemen of America, this is, of course, not to be wondered at; and the more you go west, the more gentle they become; so that, at last, a shoemaker desired a waiter 'to ask the gentleman in the bar to give the man (meaning papa) his boots.'

"The next morning," she continues, "was the commencement of our troubles. Our dear mama had caught cold and over-fatigued herself in landing, and now kept her bed, with a cough, and a blister on her chest. Our pets also began to diminish: our dormouse died, we believe from eating biscuit that had been wetted with the salt water that had washed over us in the boat; and, the same day, one of the canaries was found dead in the bottom of its cage. Our little dog had been ailing for some time on board the *Kate Hunter*; but its fate was reserved."

"The second night after our arrival at the hotel," Louie records, "mama had rung her bedroom bell for some hot water. The chambermaid answered that it was ten o'clock, and