

of Cincinnati. Sixty churches are devoted to different modes of worship. Of these, twelve are Catholic; two are Jewish; four are episcopal; the others are dedicated to the promulgation of what, in England, are called different modes of dissent. In nine churches, the service is performed in German.

A busy, smoking, reeking place Cincinnati thus very necessarily appeared to us during this first morning's walk; the sun was very hot; and I found the air impregnated with an oppressive odour which I could not understand. We returned to the Burnet House to dinner at two o'clock. About one hundred people were seated in the dining room: the women were, as a matter of course in America, very stylishly and flauntingly drest: many of the men sat in brown holland frock coats. A crowd of black waiters were in attendance and guided us to our places. Beside my plate, I found a printed sheet, which I copy verbatim, though I cannot give the engraving of the hotel which headed it:

BURNET HOUSE.

A. B. COLEMAN, PROPRIETOR.

HOURS FOR MEALS.

Breakfast.....	7 to 10	} Tea 6	
Dinner—Gents' ordinary ...	1		} Supper 9 to 12
Ladies' ordinary ...	2½		

☞ Servants and children—Breakfast at 7 ; Dine at 1 ;
and Tea at 6.

☞ PRIVATE SERVANTS NOT ALLOWED IN THE ORDINARIES.

☞ Children occupying seats at table will be charged full price.

☞ All meals, lunches, &c., sent to rooms will be charged
extra. ☞

BILL OF FARE.

☞ No gong will be sounded for breakfast. ☞

SOUPS.

Vermicelli soup.

Chicken soup with crust.

BOILED DISHES.

Ham.
Corned Beef.
Tongues.
Jole and Cabbage.
Chickens and Pork.

ROAST DISHES.

Pork, apple sauce.
Beef.
Lamb, mint sauce.
Spring Chickens.
Phipps Ham, champagne sauce.

Calf's Head, brain sauce.
Chicken Salads.

Broiled Sweetbreads with Pork.
Baked Pork and Beans.

SIDE DISHES.

Lamb cutlets in paper.
 Fillets of Pork with Asparagus.
 Charlotte of Apples, French style.
 Minced Salt Fish Baked.
 Breast of Lamb, Breaded.
 Blanquettes of Veal in a Border of Potatoe.
 Kidneys on a Form of Bread.
 Macaroni in Forms and Plain.
 Veal cutlets, Italian style.
 Stewed Lamb with fine vegetables.
 Pies Garnished with Poached Eggs.
 Croquettes of Beef Tongue.
 Fricassee Chicken with Peas.
 Ragout of Mutton with Asparagus.

RELISHES.

Pickles.	Lettuce.	Horse Radish.
Rhubarb sauce.		Cucumbers.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled Potatoes.	Boiled Rice.
Onions.	Cabbage.
Beets.	Homony.
	Peas.

PASTRY.

Currant Pies.	Pumpkin Pies.
Custard Pudding.	Charlotte Kisses.
Iced Lemon Cakes.	Almond Kisses.

DESSERT.

Almonds.	Raisins.	Prunes.
Strawberries.	Pecan Nuts.	Hickory Nuts.
	Ice Cream.	

Thursday, June 12, 1851.

What thinkest thou, reader, of a dinner in the back woods of America, one thousand miles from Boston or New York? The cooking of the dishes, such as they were, was very good; and the waiting excellent. On the reverse side of the Bill of Fare, was printed a list of wines, with prices: port, sherry, and Madeira, about double what they would be in England; champagne, claret, and Rhine wines, about the same as on the continent of Europe. But not one person in twenty drank anything but iced water: the others took champagne. The early dinner hour of America precludes drinking; and to sit more than twenty minutes at table would interfere with business.

After dinner, we moved to the Walnut Street House, a large hotel in a more quiet and airy part of the town, that had been much recommended to me, and where they engaged to board us for a week at half the charge made by the Burnet House people. On the following day, I received a message from the latter, intimating that, if I would return to them, they would be glad to take us in on

terms which, had they proposed them before, I should have assented to. It was now too late. We were well satisfied with the Walnut Street House. We had not the “ice” and the “kisses” of the other bill of fare; but our table was well supplied, and our younger children were all allowed to dine with us; this was very soothing to the dignity of the elder of them, and was a satisfactory change to all.

In the map or plan of Cincinnati, I had seen a large space marked as “The Cathedral”. I made my way towards it, and found that it was a Catholic church. While in England, I had corresponded with Archbishop Purcell: telling him my plans for my boys, and that I had thoughts of sending some of them to be educated in the country of their future home. I had been much pleased by the interest he had very kindly expressed in them. I now regretted to find that His Grace was himself in Europe; but his brother, the Very Reverend Edward Purcell, was at home, and received me with open arms,—with Irish warmth and American frankness. He showed