

My second son, the eldest then with us, had a quarrel with an Irish housemaid in this hotel, which was near causing us to change our quarters. He was sitting one morning at the piano in the ladies' drawing-room, (and every ladies drawing-room, whether ashore or afloat in America, seems to have a piano in it, which is thumped upon by all who can play a dozen notes by heart), he was sitting at this piano, playing some little air, when this Irish housemaid ordered him not to touch it. A lad of sixteen naturally resented any order, still more an order so uncivilly given. A war of words ensued, when the wench called to the landlord, who was passing. My boy told him not to allow his servants to speak impertinently, and left the room. The landlord did so also, locking the door after him, and taking away the key. Soon after, my wife and two elder daughters, who had not heard of this squabble, came to the door, and finding it locked, sent for the key. The landlord appeared, and said that the ladies sitting-room was not intended for children. "But," said my wife, "I wish to sit

there myself with my daughters ; I presume it is for our use ? ”

“ The room,” replied Mr. Sweeny, “ is for ladies to sit in when they are dressed to receive their visitors ; ” and, at the same time, he cast a rather supercilious look at the travelling dresses of our party.

I came in soon after, and was told what had happened. Of course, I went immediately to Mr. Sweeney, and gave the fellow, as the phrase is, a bit of my mind ; as to himself, his guests, and those he had to deal with. The Scotchman, as I believe he was, though he tried to pass himself off for an American, stammered various excuses, and went and unlocked the door.

But the female vanity of “ my womankind ” had been insulted by the implied objection to their dress. They would no longer save the trouble of the Irish porter ; and they made him carry up to their rooms three or four heavy chests and imperials. They could not, as Agnes said, put on “ low light muslin or silk dresses, and sham gilt bracelets and rings ; but they dressed themselves like English ladies,

resident rather than travelling. The effect was magical upon the vulgar minds of our landlord and his crew ; and it was impossible to meet with greater deference than we afterwards received.

When the master of Eton confided to Dr. Parr, that he feared a “barring out” among the boys, the latter advised him “to buy a large cocked hat—a tremendously large cocked hat”, and quoted

“Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.”

Ignorant human nature is the same, whether in Windsor forest or in the backwoods of America.

It was after this episode that a certain Captain Trumbour, who sat in the bar-room and managed the hotel for the great Mr. Sweeney, came to me, and, with the greatest deference, begged to know how he ought to address me ; he knew my name, he said ; but it was not seemly in him to say only *Mister* ; “was it Colonel, or General, or what ?” I assured him that I had no claim to any title whatever. “It

could not be! It ought not to be! Would not I assume one while travelling in the United States?" I told him that I should consider any title other than that of "Admiral" an affront; and, when he was hastening to bestow it on me, I disappointed him, by saying that it was not our practice to assume rank or office to which we were not entitled. I then turned the conversation by asking him if he himself were in the United States Navy, or whence he had the title of "Captain", which, I observed, every one gave him?

For a month or two, he had commanded a steamboat on the Ohio between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

Messrs. Beebee of New York had given me, not an order on their correspondents here for the few thousand dollars I should want on the journey; but a receipt for the same and the name of their correspondent at Cincinnati. I went to the firm and found the head-partner, in a brown holland jacket and vest, behind the counter, chewing tobacco most vigorously, which he offered to me. I declined; and stood and watched the dexterity with which

he counted over and examined a packet of dollar notes which a depositor was handing to him. He counted and examined them much more rapidly than any one unhabituated to the business could have counted them only: and as he quickly turned them over between finger and thumb, he threw out one, merely observing:—

“That’s made by the wrong man.”

The owner of the forged note took it up without one word of remark.

The banker was very busy then: and asked me if I could not call again after four o’clock. “The bank would be shut; but the door would be on the latch and they would be in attendance for less public business.”

This I must record as one of the worst features in American domestic life,—every man is in business, and the business is never over. Nominally, the office may be shut; but, in reality, the merchant, or the lawyer, or the commission agent, is bound to be at the beck and call of whoever may want him. From the early morning until late at night, he is only permitted to snatch a quarter of an hour or