

It was the last day of the old year of 1873, and the manager, who, I think, must have been a Scotchman, was about to give a grand ball to the hotel domestics and their friends. The guests staying in the house were also invited, myself among the number. We had a gala evening, which was to be my last in England, and I danced with the maidens fair till the "wee hours of the morn."

After the ball was over and the guests had dispersed, thinking a short sleep would refresh me, I retired to rest, having, however, given strict injunctions to "Boots" to call me in time. But good old "Boots" had evidently been drinking the health of the New Year, and never fulfilled his promise; for, on coming down about three hours later, there was he, fast asleep in one of the hall chairs. As I had scarcely a moment to lose I shook him, and I had some difficulty in making him understand that I wanted my baggage brought from my room. However, after some little delay it was forthcoming and placed in a cab, and, "Boots" having sworn everlasting friendship for me, I was quickly driven to the wharf, and in less than half an hour I was aboard the steamer, the anchor was weighed, and we were sailing down the Mersey on our way to New York.