

**THE LAW OF HOTEL LIFE;
OR, THE
WRONGS AND RIGHTS
OF HOST AND GUEST**

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The law of hotel life; or, The wrongs and rights of host and guest by R. Vashon Rogers

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R. VASHON ROGERS

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TITLE

LAW OF HOTEL LIFE

OR THE

Wrongs and Rights of Host and Guest.

BY

R. VASHON ROGERS JR.

Of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law

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A PREFACE.

The author knows as well as did old Burton that "books are so plentiful that they serve to put under pies, to lap spice in, and keep roast meat from burning," yet he ventures to offer another volume to the public, trusting that some men's fancies will incline towards and approve of it; for "writings are so many dishes, readers guests, books like beauty—that which one admires another rejects." He thinks he can say, in the words of Democritus Junior, that "as a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all, I have laboriously collected this cento out of divers authors, and that *sine injuria*. I cite and quote mine authors."

This volume was written at the suggestion of the Publishers, as a companion to "The Wrongs and Rights of a Traveller," and is now committed to the tender mercies of general readers, and to the microscopic eyes of the critics who know everything. Doubtless mistakes will be found; but if every one knew the law who thinks he does, lawyers would starve.

R. V. R. JR.

Kingston, Ont., March, 1879.

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CONTENTS.

I. A COMMON INN AND INNKEEPER, - - -	1
II. CITY HOUSE AND MANNERS, - - - - -	18
III. ACCIDENTS, ROOMS, DOGS, - - - - -	31
IV. GUESTS, WAGERS, GAMERS, - - - - -	53
V. SAFES AND BAGGAGE, - - - - -	76
VI. FIRE, RATS, AND BURGLARS, - - - - -	97
VII. HORSES AND STABLES, - - - - -	117
VIII. WHAT IS A LIEN? - - - - -	136
IX. DUTIES OF A BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER, - - -	152
X. MORE ABOUT BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS, - - -	166
XI. CHARMS OF FURNISHED APARTMENTS, - - -	173
XII. NOTICE TO QUIT AND TURNING OUT, - - -	189



CHAPTER I.

A COMMON INN AND INNKEEPER.

The last kiss was given—the last embrace over—and, amid a storm of hurrahs and laughter and a hailstorm of old slippers and uncooked rice, we dashed away from my two-hours' bride's father's country mansion in the new family carriage, on our wedding tour. The programme was that we were to stay at the little village of Blank that night, and on the morrow we expected to reach the city of Noname, where we would be able to find conveyances more in accord with the requirements of the last quarter of the nineteenth century of grace than a carriage and pair.

Arm in arm and hand in hand we sat during the long, bright June afternoon, as the prancing grays hurried us along the country roads—now beside grassy meads, now beneath o'erhanging forest trees, then up hill, next down dale, while little squirrels raced along beside us on the fence tops, or little streamlets dashed along near by, bubbling, foaming, roaring and sparkling in the sheen of the merry sunshine, and the broad fans of insect angels gently waved over their golden disks as they floated past; all nature, animate and inanimate, smiling merrily upon us, as if quite conscious who and what we were. But little did we note the beauties of sky or field, cot or hamlet, bird or