

giving the preference to the latter, notwithstanding my English prejudices.

The next morning we all took seats in the railroad cars for Stafford, some seventy miles distant from Liverpool. After passing through the tunnel, under the city, of more than a mile in length, we emerged into a beautiful country, adorned on all sides with antique buildings and rural scenery. These passed before us like the scenes in a panorama, and, by ten o'clock, A. M., we reached the stopping-place, a short distance from Stafford. Here we were literally in danger of being torn asunder by the eagerness of two hackmen, who, as we were the only passengers left at the depot, were especially zealous for our patronage. A police officer, one of whom is stationed at every depot on the road, speedily relieved us from their importunity. Stepping up, he asked me which man I would employ. Pointing to one of them, the other dropped my baggage, and in a few minutes, we were at the door of my brother-in-law, Mr. William Tills.

Although I had not seen my sister for thirty years, yet, no sooner did she see me, than, throwing her arms around my neck, she exclaimed, "Oh, my brother!" I need not add, that our reception was cordial, and our stay with them characterized by every trait of genuine hospitality.

The town was alive with the bustle of an election; flags and streamers were floating over every tavern-sign and public building. Men, women