

sionally meet with a pole stuck up on the side of the way, longer than the maypole of an English village, in some cases as tall as the mast of a large ship, and on the head of it is a huge cap of liberty, gilt and burnished. These liberty poles were, at the commencement of the troubles with the mother-country, especial favourites of the people, and parties of soldiers were despatched to cut down the "emblems of the factious" by way of extirpating national sentiment.

During the month of January, 1854, a large steamer, with United States troops on board, which had left the eastern coast for California, encountered a severe storm, in which the vessel nearly foundered, and great part of her passengers were washed overboard. A small merchantman, belonging to Glasgow, took off great part of the survivors with considerable risk, as the storm continued raging, and brought them to New York. The whole city was stirred to welcome and honour the deliverers. Public meetings, dinners, balls, were given to that "brave and generous man" the captain, as they called him. How strong is human sympathy for noble actions where institutions have not diverted it to the accidents of birth and wealth! In other countries an equal emotion might have been felt, provided he had belonged to the privileged class, not else.

While I was at New York I visited the Sailors' Home. As I had seen the one at Liverpool just before leaving England, a comparison between the two was not without interest, as it showed the different modes of going on in the two countries. At Liverpool the house was much larger, and a better specimen of