

*striking the mate, John Pierce by name, killed him instantly.* The sloop sailed on to New York, where the mangled body, raised on a platform, was paraded through the streets, in order to augment the vehement indignation, already at a high pitch, against the English.

“Now, let us be candid to our rivals; and ask ourselves, whether the Americans would have been worthy of our friendship, or even of our hostility, *had they tamely submitted to indignities, which if passed upon ourselves, would have roused not only Liverpool, but the whole country, into a passion of nationality?*”

Let this question be arranged, and there is no risk from any animosity that the people of the United States bear to the British, either as a nation, or as individuals. The British name is a passport to all who travel in the United States, who conduct themselves as gentlemen, in the best sense of the word.

On the 8th October, after the gay season at Hoboken was entirely at an end, we returned to Mr. Van Boskerck's boarding-house, which was more conveniently situated for us, owing to its contiguity to New York. From this period until we left America in the following month of April, there never were more than two boarders in the house besides ourselves, so that it was almost a family party of friends,—and we felt quite at home in every respect.

Soon after we returned to Hoboken, preparations commenced for celebrating at New York the French revolution of the preceding July on a grand scale. I witnessed the progress of the whole proceedings, and