

The huge construction is set in motion, and gently and smoothly glides from the docks to the Hudson River. The sun is shining, the weather glorious.

The faces on land get less and less distinct. For the last time I wave my hat.

Hallo! what is the matter with me? Upon my word, I believe I am sad. I go to the library, and, like a child, seize a dozen sheets of note-paper, on which I write »Good-bye«. I will send them to New York from Sandy Hook.

The *Teutonic* is behaving beautifully. We pass Sandy Hook. The sea is perfectly calm. Then I think of my dear ones at home, and the happiest thoughts take the place of my feelings of regret at leaving so many friends.

My impresario, Major J. B. Pond, shares a beautiful, well-lighted, airy cabin with me. He is coming to England to engage Mr. Henry M. Stanley for a lecture in America next season.

The company on board is large and choice. In the steerage a few disappointed American statesmen return to Europe.

Oh, this *Teutonic*! Can anyone imagine anything more grand, more luxurious? She is going at the rate of 450 miles a day. In about five days we shall be at Queenstown.

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### Liverpool, 4th May.

My most humble apologies are due to the Atlantic for libelling that Ocean at the beginning of this book. For the last six days the sea has been perfectly calm, and the trip has been one of pleasure the whole time. Here is another crowd on the landing-stage at Liverpool.