

us. Oh dear!" they ejaculated; until one rather hastily tapped me on the shoulder and said in the most plaintive tones, "Oh, sir, please call Emma." And call, or rather yell, "Emma" I did, until my efforts were rewarded by that young lady discovering her friends' whereabouts, and waving at them vigorously.

It was lucky "Emma" found her friends when she did, for after the crowd's and my friends' first look of astonishment at me, they all discovered the joke, and bawled "Emma" to their hearts' content. "Emma" must have been highly surprised at my strange voice, and then the crowd calling on her in this fashion.

We soon passed Battery Point and Governors' Island on our way to the Narrows, and left New York behind us. New York and Brooklyn began to look like two islands, with the Brooklyn Bridge joining them, over Governors' Island. We could just distinguish the spire of Trinity Church and the tower on the Tribune building.

When we entered the Narrows, the weather being dull, and a little rain falling, the two cities behind us seemed like huge mounds on the horizon.

The Narrows are the straits through which one has to pass on either quitting or entering New York on the mail steamers. They are well fortified, and around are forts Wadsworth, Tompkins, Hamilton,