

CHAPTER XLIII.

GOOD-BY TO AMERICA—NOT "ADIEU," BUT "AU REVOIR"—ON BOARD THE "TEUTONIC"—HOME AGAIN.

New York, April 26.

THE last two days have vanished rapidly in paying calls.

This morning my impresario gave me a farewell breakfast at the Everett House. Edmund Clarence Stedman was there; Mark Twain, George Kennan, General Horace Porter, General Lloyd Bryce, Richard Watson Gilder, and many others sat at table, and joined in wishing me *bon voyage*.

Good-by, my dear American friends, I shall carry away sweet recollections of you, and whether I am re-invited in your country or not, I will come again.

April 27.

The saloon on board the *Teutonic* is a mass of floral offerings sent by friends to the passengers. Two huge beautiful baskets of lilies and roses are mine.

The whistle is heard for the third time. The hands are pressed and the faces kissed, and all those who are not passengers leave the boat and go and take up position on the wharf to wave their handkerchiefs until the