

an indescribable—not loving—more than liking (I know the French word, but don't know how to spell it)—sort of clinging, sad-to-part-with-feeling, that no one—at least, I don't know anyone that can put on to paper! I can imagine the feelings of one who has been a long time in prison—the buoyancy of his brain, the elasticity of his step, the joyousness of his voice, his fresh brushed and combed and clean-washed toilet, on the morning of his walking out, a free man, from his confinement; and I can imagine each, pained and slackened, and dulled, and uncared for, as he meets some prison-made acquaintance, whom he knows to be, and respects as one, worthy as himself, yet, alas! not quite so lucky, and shakes him by the hand for the last time.

If my reader can imagine what I mean, he can imagine my feelings at parting with my only friends at New York. I know it *must* be a stretch of imagination, but please do it for *my* sake. From beginning to end of this little story, I have told you that I could never describe anything, so you can scarcely expect it under the present circumstances.

Well, to one and all, on Friday night, the twenty-ninth of June, I bade a kind Farewell! and the following morning found self and party on board the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia screw steam-ship, "City of Washington," wherein, and on, I closed my note-book, from which these pages are compiled on Thursday, the twelfth of July—on the evening of which day we were safely deposited, and taken in and done for, at the "George Hotel," Dale-street, Liverpool—and—That's all!

FINIS.