

write not of civilised, but of savage life ; and, having now o'er-shot the boundary, it were as well that I should close.

On the 25th of May 1847, I embarked in the good ship New York, for England.

The merry "Yo, heave ho!" of the sailors, as they worked the windlass and capstan, rang loudly out, while I stood upon the deck with several other passengers, watching them as they cleared the noble vessel from her moorings. In half an hour we left the wharf, and gently floated down the Hudson ; while the trees and houses on the shore, receding slowly from our view, passed away like a shadow.

The air was light and warm, and the sun unclouded, as we floated slowly out to sea, and ere long the vessel bathed her swelling bows in the broad Atlantic.

Gradually, as if loath to part, the wood-clad shores of America grew faint and dim ; and, as I turned my eyes, for the last time, upon the distant shore, the blue hills quivered for a moment on the horizon, as if to bid us all a long farewell, and then sank into the liquid bosom of the ocean.

THE END.