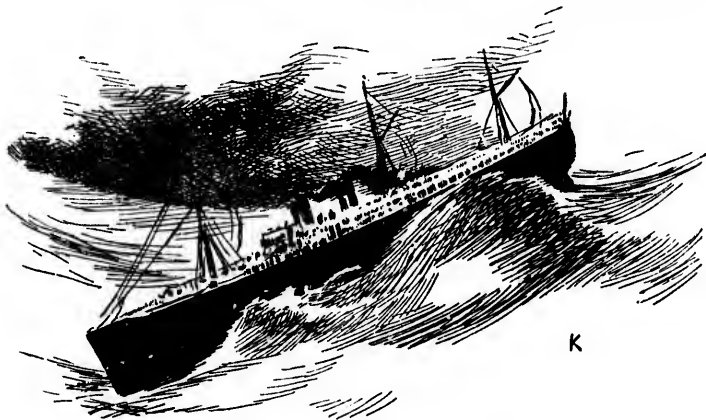


steamer is out of sight. A great many among the dense crowd are friendly faces familiar to me.

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,



THE "TEUTONIC."

like a child, seize a dozen sheets of note paper on which I write: "Good-by." 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 my friends.

My impresario, Major J. B. Pond, shares a beautiful,