

Preston. We went on board the tender a few minutes before three, and soon came alongside the Sarmatian, and all our party went on board. We explored our *State Cabin* !! It was about 10 or 11 feet square I should guess, and rather small diggings for two people. Our luggage we knew was safe, and we gave ourselves no trouble about it. All the things we required for the voyage had been marked "Cabin, 1 & 2," and the remainder, "Hold." Little time was lost after the passengers had left the tender. The signal was given for visitors to clear off, hasty good-byes were exchanged, and a good deal of kissing here and there, with which I had nothing to do (though I had volunteered my services in a certain quarter). Away steamed the tender, amid waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and hearty wishes for a pleasant trip. Almost directly after we ourselves were steaming gently down the river, and the voyage had begun. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and every appearance of roughish weather for a start. It was 3-40 when we sailed. We reached the Crosby Lightship at 4-20, the Formby at 4-33, the sea being inclined to roughness. At 6-0 the bell rang for dinner. We had the best seats possible at the Captain's table, I sitting on his left hand, next but one to him. About a hundred mustered, I think. We had a good bill of fare, and I did ample justice to it. The atmosphere was unpleasantly close, and the port holes were all, oddly enough, closed. I got some of them opened, and the beneficial effect was at once apparent. I walked about on deck after dinner, though driven in by occasional showers. We approached the Isle of Man (on the Calf side) about 8-0, and it was then blowing rather fresh, but the Sarmatian went steadily and well. A quantity of herring boats, each well lighted, gave us the notion that we were near the Irish coast, but on enquiring and finding that they were fishing boats, we had to admit that our geography