



S. S. SARMATIAN,
FRIDAY MORNING,
AUGUST 29TH, 1884,
9-50 A.M.

HAVING made up my mind to keep a Diary on the occasion of my first Atlantic voyage, I begin the somewhat irksome task. I am writing in the saloon, on as gloriously fine a morning as man could wish for, and I have just had, and enjoyed, an enormous breakfast. But, to begin from the beginning. My wife and I left Preston yesterday morning at 11-15. On arriving in Liverpool, I deposited her in the office of Mr. Bradley, whilst he and I went to the landing stage to leave the luggage. There is, happily, no kind of difficulty in this, as the servants of the Allan Company are waiting to receive it. In a few minutes I had consigned my traps to a man known as "No. 2," and off we went to fetch my wife and get lunch. This accomplished, we walked to the landing stage to await the tender. We had several kind friends there who had been good enough to come and witness our departure, viz. :—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker and their two daughters, Evelyn and Louie; Mr. John Sidgreaves; Mr. Cummins; Mr. Taylor and Mr. Entwistle, from Southport; and Mr. Fred Jones, who had come with Arthur from