

Slight rain fell as we approached Liverpool. We got to the bar at 4-15, and our Pilot took us straight over. The Scythia was cruising about, evidently uncertain what to do, but she speedily followed in our wake. Soon after passing New Brighton, the Parisian stopped, and in a while three tenders came alongside, one for the saloon passengers, one for the steerage, and another for the hold baggage, all cabin baggage being in due time—rather long certainly—transferred to the tender containing the saloon passengers. After tossing about alongside the Parisian for an age, the ropes were at last let go, and we started for the Landing Stage. This we reached at 5-40 exactly. Then came the Custom House examination. This is by no means nominal as some people think. Of course we had to wait until the whole of the baggage had been collected in heaps under the various letters of the alphabet. It was nearly 7-0 before this was done, and many people intending to go south missed their trains. This was provoking enough. When the luggage had been so arranged, the doors were opened, and we were all allowed to rush in. Each man had to find and collect together his own boxes, and to have them all opened ready for the officer. As only one such is told off to each letter, and I think hardly one perhaps, time was again lost. I had all my traps together quickly, and happily met with a very civil officer, who, nevertheless, examined everything I had, quickly enough certainly, but it involved both the un-strapping, un-locking, re-strapping, and re-locking of each box or bag, and I was heartily g'lad when all was done. The arrangement for leaving these ocean steamers is a very faulty one, involving great loss of time; and so is the Customs arrangement. I am not prepared with any remedy, but that much improvement might be made I am quite certain. I soon had the assistance of a porter or two, a