

and I to you, as of course I knew how glad you would be to hear from me, and then I got into the boat, and came on shore (a distance of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles). I saw Mr Younger, and posted your note, and left, getting to the ship about 9 p.m.

We went to our bunks early and slept well, as we were tired; by the way these same bunks are very comfortable, and I slept as well as if I had been in my own little room at home. Next morning we got up to shoot gulls, of which we shot nine during the day. At 12 o'clock the tug came alongside with those passengers who chose to join at Greenock, and it also brought Mr Younger to say a last farewell to Hugh, a thing which annoyed us both very much, even the captain remarked it. We started in earnest about 1 p.m., and steamed off down the Clyde, passing the "Kyles of Bute," "Goatfell," "Ailsa Craig," and lastly, the "Mull of Cantyre,"—this is one of the roughest parts on the Scottish coast, and as there was a high, chopping sea running, we got plenty of tossing, and *then began a scene*. Now I am going to tell you something you may find hard to believe, and that is, that *neither Hugh nor I have been the LEAST SICK*; this is not said as an exaggeration, but is, I assure you, perfectly true. The first day we were at sea both of us felt heavy and out of sorts, but never the slightest sick, nor confined to our rooms even for one hour. How to account for this I don't know, but the captain told us we were the *only* passengers on board that were not ill. To return to my subject, the above mentioned "*scene*" was, the steerage passengers lying like pigs vomiting in all directions, over each other and under each other, and indeed *everywhere*. That