

"Etruria," to wit, that, on the so much more frequented road to New York, and with the much keener competition, demanding the very fastest and best equipped ships that can possibly be built—appears, of course, to some disadvantage. Whether in the often ice-packed regions of the much further north track of the Canadian Liners, an equal speed would be safe, may be questionable; but there is no doubt a growing demand for an improved and accelerated mail service between this country and England, and probably before long some better ships may be started. At present "The Parisian" is the *best*, but her speed is, by 100 miles *per diem* and more, slower than either of the above-named vessels! Her saloon and music room are good, and the latter very pleasant, for ladies especially, being warm (in winter), cheerful, and conveniently situated. The ship's complement is about 160 saloon passengers, and thereby her "state rooms" are smaller than in some of the smaller vessels of the same line. We made the usual several hours' stay at Movile for the mails, anchoring in Lough Foyle in a position quite land-locked. Some of our party went on to visit Londonderry, and most went ashore; but the day was dull, and having had roaming enough of late we did not follow, as there seemed little to be seen.

From the Music Room—which is quite open by a central arrangement, admitting of the introduction very effectively of flowers and ferns, with the Saloon—the usual concert in aid of the Ship-Wrecked Mariners and Sailors' Orphans' Association was given. Our number was in all under 90, and £10 collected was a fair contribution. The performances were creditable, and enlivened by some amusing recitations by (among others) the Captain of the ship (Captain Smith, R.N.R.) who to his professional qualifications adds considerable skill as a humourist, and much social aptitude, a great desideratum in the commander of a good passenger ship.

The season of the year was later than we would have desired, (October-November), but this makes less difference than might be supposed. The weather was fine as could be desired to within a day's run of the Straits of Belle Isle. Here, as we were nearing the always cheerless-sounding coast of Labrador, we caught a stiff gale full in our teeth, with thick weather, critical at all times approaching land. But these trials were small compared