

## CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

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*The following notes of a recent visit to Canada, in connection with the British Association, which appeared in the columns of the HAMPSHIRE INDEPENDENT, are, in response to many requests, reproduced in a more permanent form :—*

The "Parisian" ranks among the highest class of transatlantic steamers. Not only is she built of steel throughout, thereby combining the maximum of strength with the minimum of dead weight, but being constructed with an inner skin, with a space of five feet between it and the hull, she would be able to sustain with impunity an amount of damage which would cause a vessel built in the ordinary manner to founder. Besides this space being sub-divided into watertight compartments, the vessel has no less than ten water-tight bulkheads—an element of safety, in case of collision, which cannot be over-rated. The "Parisian" is 5,500 tons register, having a set of compound engines with three cylinders, capable of developing 6,200 horse power. The general accommodation is first-class, whilst the providore department is upon such a scale as to leave nothing to be desired, the attention to the personal wants of the passengers rendering life on board this magnificent steamer such as to cause universal regret at the termination of the voyage. She is a favourite vessel, as is the St. Lawrence the favourite route of the Bishop of Rochester, who not only selected the "Parisian" when Dr. Thorold, but since his elevation to the episcopate, he has borne public testimony to the advantages of travelling to Canada by this fine steamer of the Allan Line. His lordship writes: "Given three good things—five weeks' time, a liking for salt water, and £50, and in no way could you obtain so much healthful change as by a visit to Canada." He further says that for this expenditure you obtain the passage out and home in vessels beaten by none on the Atlantic for safety, comfort, discipline, and cheapness. The discipline is assured from the knowledge that the "Parisian" is under the command of Capt. Wylie, than whom, as commodore of the Allan fleet, no navigator has earned a more flattering or well-deserved reputation.

We left Liverpool on Thursday, 17th July, and arrived at Moville, in the Lough of Foyle, on Friday morning at eight o'clock. Here we brought up, awaiting the arrival of the mails and passengers from Ireland. The passage from Liverpool was so quiet—notwithstanding the prevalence of a westerly breeze—as to give the hope of an agreeable passage across the Atlantic. The mails and passengers being embarked, at six o'clock we were fairly off. The night, calm and fine, was passed without incident, if we except the fate of one gentleman who, failing to hold on by his eyebrows (as the sailors say) was capsized from a top berth on to the cabin floor, fortunately without injury. Among our passengers are Mr. Fegan, a gentleman well-known for his devotion to the rescue of street arabs, and with him fifty lads, whom he had saved from courses of misery, trained for lives of usefulness, and provided for each a home in Canada. Mr. Fegan holds a religious service on the deck of the steamer morning and evening, in which to a large extent he is joined by the passengers. It may be interesting locally to note that on