

One word about Charlottetown. If the city were to represent the intelligence and enterprise of the fair and fertile isle of which it is the capital, it would be celebrated in the Dominion for the excellence of its sidewalks, its copious supply of water, its thorough system of drainage, and the delightful salubrity of its atmosphere. Since our arrival on the island, our head has been more than once in danger of coming into violent contact with the dilapidated wooden structure beneath. "I smell you in the dark," said Johnson to Boswell, as they walked on one of the then unwatered and undrained streets of Edinburgh, and certainly, the redolence of Charlottetown can hardly with truth be said to be elysian. The return of Mr. William Murphy, the representative of pure water, to a civic seat, from which he ought never to have been ejected, augurs that the legislative and municipal steps already taken to furnish a remedy for evils which can no longer exist without injury to the health of the inhabitants, will lead to a speedy consummation devoutly to be wished; and then Charlottetown will stand, in the estimation of tourists, in the position which its natural advantages warrant.

In hotel accommodation, the extensive and well-equipped Island Park Hotel of Mr. Holman, which we visited, is a credit to the island. The hotel of Mr. John Newson, at Rustico, is also well reported; and we are given to understand that Miss Rankin, determined that Charlottetown should no longer lag behind the times, is about to have a handsome house erected in a most suitable locality. A few first-class hotels will not only be mutually profitable to the owners, but also beneficial to respectable houses of all grades.