

hours, and we are entering the magnificent harbour of Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island, and no mean city. The harbour is, indeed, a large and splendid one. As we near the city, the island presents a very beautiful appearance, the red cliffs on the shore covered to the very edge with a luxuriant green, contrasting with the snow white beach with charming effect. Into the harbour three rivers empty themselves, the east, north, and west rivers, the waters of which can be seen stretching away far inland. Approaching nearer the city, the Government House and Catholic Cathedral are conspicuous, and while the eye is lost in admiration of the pretty scene, the steamer runs alongside the wharf, and we are informed that in a very short time she will be off again for Shediac. However, a stroll into the city reveals wide red sandstone streets, a novel sight in themselves; shops of respectable size, and strong healthy looking inhabitants. As there had been a grand Orange procession during the day, the city was gay with bunting, and numbers of the fair sex were promenading the principal thoroughfares—and very fair and pretty were the young ladies of Charlottetown, and, I believe, as a general rule, this is strictly true. A loud whistle from the steamer necessitates a hasty retreat on board, and again is the "Princess" under way. With the departure of daylight, the comfortable well-lighted saloon of the steamer is filled with a sociable group of passengers, and many are the opinions expressed as to the benefits of this Confederation, and grave are the considerations as to what should be the duty of Prince Edward Island in the present critical state of affairs. A Montrealer on board horrified the Islanders by stating that the Island would make a grand watering place for the Dominion, and startling as his proposition seemed to the indignant Charlottetownians, it is a far greater probability than that Prince Edward Island will remain in the state of isolation it at present enjoys. Retiring to a comfortable state-room, after a refreshing night's rest we awake to find ourselves at Shediac, on the north-eastern shore of New Brunswick. In the harbour are a number of vessels