MY HISTORY.

"Louise, darling, you *do* know that I love you, but not how tenderly, how devotedly, and how entirely do I love. And will you not make me happy? Say, dearest! may I not keep this hand?" he whispered, while a tear trickled down my flushed cheek—a tear of joy; and, as he pressed me to his heart, I thought my cup of bliss was full.

I was an only child. My father died ere I could lisp his name, leaving my mother with sufficient income to support her handsomely and luxuriously. I was a gay and happy girl; and my mother, who was naturally stern, could but tame my wild spirit—not wholly subdue it.

Alfred Wentworth was the very type of perfection—the star of my existance. As children, we had played together; and, when he attained the age of manhood, and left us to travel on the Continent, oh, how I sighed for those by-gone hours.

"He will meet with some 'fair ladye' whom he will bring home as his bride," I said to myself again and again; and though I knew not why, the thought always caused me pain.

Three years passed, and he returned improved in every way; but he was still the same to me, my own Alfred; and when he sued for my heart, need I say it was gladly yielded to his keeping!

It was a glad and happy gathering to witness my bridal. It was a joyous, aye, a proud moment for me, when the "man of God" pronounced a blessing upon our union. Congratulations were offered; for the wild and gay Louise Marshall was transformed into the silent and blushing Mrs. Wentworth. And him, my husband—methought I never saw him look so nobly beautiful. I doated on him! I could almost have worshipped him. I left my home, the home of my childhood, to reside in his suburban villa; but I was happy, for *he* was with me. Oh, how I love to linger o'er those blessed memories! Alas! a cloud was hovering over me, but I knew it not. Strong in his love, no thought of sorrow shadowed the fleeting hours. Well, our first child was born, and I hailed its appearance as a fresh harbinger of joy. With what interest did I daily watch the expanding petals of that beautiful flower! But it was a delicate and fragile infant; and, despite our most tender solicitude, it drooped. God only knows how fervently I prayed, *not* for submission to his Divine will—oh no! but that she, cherished idol, my sweet Lilla, might live. Alas! they were unavailing. I saw not that in my enthusiastic love for the gift, I had forgotten the Giver, and his claims. I only knew my babe was dying, and I murmured at the dispensation. They placed fresh flowers in her grave—types of her own sinless life; but a rosebud severed from the parent stem was clasped in one of those tiny hands. I was my first real grief; but my husband was lef me, and to him I looked for comfort. t

Two other children were added to our home circle; and, though the memory of the lost one left a sadness in our hearts, yet we were a happy family. The cloud was about to burst upon my unprotected head, still I saw it not; and as I spent the long weary evenings anxiously awaiting his coming, and regretting the urgent, and important business that drew him from our fireside, I little knew how and where he spent his hours; not the slightest shadow of a doubt crossed my mind. To me he was the same devoted husband as of old; and when I gazed into his eyes, those eyes so full of tenderness and love, and saw their harassed expressions, I looked forward with joy and hope to the time when he would be free from those pressing engagements.

I was alone; my children, dear little ones, were asleep locked in each other's arms. Alfred had promised to be with me at eight o'clock; but the hands pointed to the hours twelve—one—two, and still he came not. The time-peace ticked the moments and so perseveringly, and, oh! so lonesomely, that it seemed as though he would never come. He did come—but how? Heavy steps sounded in the Hall; a dim foreboding of evil shadowed my heart; I tottered to the door—two men, whom I knew to be his intimate friends, were bearing him to his own room, not a corpse, but a loathsome inebriate! How long a time intervened, I knew not; but on returning to my consciousness, I repaired to his room. There he lay—could it be my Alfred? Tears fell thick and fast—tears of shame, of humbled pride.

He rose in the morning with feelings of heartfelt penitence, and earnestly resolved that the offence should never be repeated. But the shame of discovery was past; its dread no longer kept him within the bounds of propriety as it had once done. Of a social nature, and convivial habits, he could not resist the temptation of the glittering wine-cup, nor the pleading of friends—associates, I should say. He fell, and holy angels wept over his ruined hopes. Night after night was the same heart-rending scene repeated, and Alfred Wentworth, the noble, the gifted Alfred Wentworth, was fast becoming a—shall I, can I, write it? No—my pen refuses!

At this juncture, my mother, whom I had not seen since my marriage, came to pay me a visit. Oh, how unwelcome! for I feared her knowledge of the truth. She came; she saw it; she knew all.

"Louisa," she said, "you must take your children and return with me. They must never know the condition of their father. Besides, this constant anxiety is fast sinking your constitution; and it is best you should seaparate."

"Oh, mother," I replied, "it is impossible—I cannot go; never will I leave my husband."

"But the example to your children," she urged; then assuming a harsher tone—"Never while I have life, shall my only child live with a drunken husband."

In vain I excused him, in vain I pled for him, in vain were his promises of amendment; she was inexorable. Blame me not. Accustomed at all times to yield implicit obedience to her will, and I, myself, seeing the necessity of a decisive step, I returned to the home I had voluntarily left, but with what different feelings! and if he was wretched, God knows I was not less so.

Two months passed. How I existed, I scarcely knew. I was sitting alone in my room, thinking of the past, as it rose before me in vivid pictures. No word from him; my very brain seemed on fire as I contemplated my situation. My mother suffered no communication between us; she was not cruel, but she allowed no temporary enjoyment to cross what she deemed the path of duty. My love seemed stronger than ever. Oh how ardently I longed to see him; but it was in vain.

A letter was placed in my hands bearing a strange post-mark, and I did not recognise the writing; but the words of the seal—"I am not happy without thee!"—told the tale. It was well for me that my mother had left me—well that I was alone. It ran thus.

"LOUISE,—you were once my wife; dare I again address you by the loved title? Various are the means I have used to effect a communication with you. Foiled in every attempt, my letters have been invariably returned unopened. At last I have succeeded in so disguising my hand that even you would not recognise it. You will wonder at the strange post-mark. I could not remain in a place that so vividly recalled the past. I wish to tell you how dear, how inexpressibly dear, you are to me. One wish absorbs all others—that you may be happy. I ask you not to remember me with feelings of love or regret; that were a bane to enjoyment, a blight to happiness. But when you again go forth to taste the pleasures of the world think that I am alone—forsaken and uncared for; that though you had the power to save, you coldly allowed me to perish. But, why do I wish you to remember me at all! I know not, I seek not to analyse my feelings. I only know that we are separated.——Dear, Dear Louisa, how my pen lingers on the word! Farewell; we may never meet again. I am about to return to my now desolate home. Pity and forgive the wretched "ALFRED"

* * * * * * *

I was lying in my own room; the curtains were closely drawn; I wondered why I was there. I could hear my mother's voice; but its tones were so strange, so tremulous—

"Don't you think she will recover, doctor? Oh do not say I must lose my only child."

"Be calm my dear Madam!" he replied; "all excitement must be carefully avoided. The crisis is past; and when she awakens, it will be with returning health. That letter had nearly proved fatal."

I comprehended it all now; and, as I murmured, "Mother!" the flood-gates of memory were opened. I will not dwell on the weeks of convalescence that followed, nor how slowly they passed. * * * * *

It was a lovely day in Spring. The birds were carolling gaily, and everything seemod joyous and happy, as, with my children, I drove to my old home. My emotions, as I rushad up the steps, can be better imagined than described. All was silent; an indescribable gloom pervaded the house, and instinctively a feeling of horror came over me. With an almost bursting heart, I proceeded to the library. There sat Alfred with his face buried in his hands. For a moment he looked in astonishment; then, springing to his feet, he clasped me in his arms, as he said—

"Louise my *own* dear wife! you have returned to bless me."

We are happy now. The fireside circle has a lasting charm for him, and he has foresworn the "poisonous bowl" that had so nearly proved the ruin of us both. I sit by his side, and, as he imprints a kiss on my brow, he murmurs "Thank God, dear Louise! you have saved your husband."—*Waverly Magazine.*

THE SUNBEAM. DEW-DROP AND ROSE.

A dew-drop hung trembling like a timid thing upon the soft velvet leaf of a rose. It sparkled and flashed, each time the breeze wooed the rose buds with myriads of brilliant hues, till it seemed as if a rainbow had been imprisoned within its crystal bosom, and was struggling to escape. Now the rose beheld its beauty, and thought she had never seen so lovely a creature; so she spoke to it gently, in a voice that seemed like the essence of a summer wind

"Beautiful dew-drop!" said the rose, "I love you. You are like the stars that I see looking down from heaven on me when the wind wakens me at night; but I love you more than I do them, for *you* are near me, and they are far away. Come dwell with me ever, sweet gem of the morning, and to thee will I unlock all the fragrance of my bosom."

The rose as she spoke, unfolded her delicate leaves, until the dew-drop beheld the crimson depths of her heart, glowing with love and passion.

Just then a sly sunbeam peeped out from behind an embroidered cloud, and saw the dew-drop, which was quivering with emotion at the declaration of the rose.

"Heed not that foolish flower, sweet dew-drop!" cried the sunbeam; "she would never love you as I can. Be mine, and I will bear thee up amongst the highest stars of heaven, and when I look at thee thou shalt outshine them all."

The dew-drop was bewildered, and knew not what to say. It would gladly have reigned in the golden heavens, and been the queen of the stars, but it feared the fierce ardor of the sunbeam; and then the rose kept whispering such sweet things to it with its mossy lips, that it could not help loving its gentle voice. So it thought a little, and then replied to the sunbeam thus—

"O, golden sunbeam! who gazest at me with thine eyes of splendour; thou art far too great for me to love thee. What would I, a poor, timid dew-drop, do, wedded to such magnificence as thine? At thy first embrace, I should melt away and vanish like the morning mist upon the hills. But the sweet rose I love dearly. Her kisses are laden with perfume, and from her bosom steals forth all the fragrance of love. O fond and beautiful flower! in thy rosy chalice I will dwell for ever and be happy!"

So saying, the dew-drop slid gently down into the glowing bosom of the rose, and nestled among her velvet leaves.

Sensible dew-drop! well didst thou know that it is not the love that dazzles most which brings the greatest peace. The love of the sunbeam would have been fatal to thee, while that of the rose gave thee happiness and contentment. Love, like the skylark, though sometimes soaring to Heaven, still builds its nest upon the earth!—*Exchange.*

SHAVING BY MACHINERY QUEER INVENTION.

William Johnson, of North Shields, joiner, has invented a shaving-machine. This machine is of singular construction, and contains every qualification necessary for the process.—In appearance it is not unlike an old-fashioned arm-chair. But the most unique feature in the whole affair is the arrangement of the razor blades, which are fixed longitudinally on cylinders, from three to six inches in length, four on each cylinder, at an angle of sixty degrees, with fine camel-hair brushes between; for you are lathered and shaved at one and the same time, the lather being slipped from the interior of the cylinders, which are hollow. The machine is put in motion by the weight of the patient, the seat gradually giving way beneath, and sinking with him until he reaches the ground, when the operation is completed. The seat, rising as soon as it is released from his weight is ready to commence again without any preparation. A musical box, of Mr. Johnson's construction, and capable of performing a great variety of airs, is appended to the machine, and can be attached or detached according to the pleasure of the person undergoing the operation, so that you may be shaved to any tune you please! Experiments, (says the "Gateshead Observer,") have been tried and found satisfactory.

[This invention will certainly remove the objection made by those who wear long beards, as it relates to shaving and time. All that the long beards, have to do is to sit down and off goes the hair like a wool picker. This machine comes of the Yankees visiting England in 1851; the hint was no doubt derived from a flock cutter, Miniss' self-walking and running chair.—*Scientific American.*

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION 'OF DIAMOND POWDER.—Some considerable sensation has been produced in the scientific circles of Paris, by the announcement of the artificial production of diamond powder. M. Despretz has made two communications to the *Academic des Sciences*, upon carbon. In these he states that placing at the inferior pole of a voltaic battery, a cylinder of pure charcoal (its purity being secured by preparing it from crystallized white sugar candy) and at the superior pole a bundle of fine platinum wires, so arranged that the charcoal was in the red portion of the electric arc, and the plantinum in the violet—he found the cärbon volatilized, and collected on the plantinum wires in a changed state. In these experiments the current has been continued a month in activity and the powder collected on the wires has been found to be sufficiently hard to polish rubies with great rapidity, and when burnt it left no residue. M. Despretz asks himself: Have I obtained crystals of carbon which I can separate and weigh, in which I can determine the index of refraction and the angle of polarization without doubt? No I have simply produced by the electric arc, and by weak voltaic currents, carbon crystallized black octohedrons, in colorless and translucent, which possess the hardness of the powder of the diamond, and which disappear in combustion without any sensible residue. A similar result has been obtained by decomposing a mixture of coloride of carbon and alchol, by weak galvanic currents. The black powder deposited was found to possess equal hardness with that which was sublimed and rubies were readily polished by it.

From the Paris Journal des Debats.

TRADE AND COMMERCE OF TURKEY.

The Turkish States receive principally from England cotton goods, hardware, and ironmongery; from Trieste sugar; and from France, as from Austria and Germany, woollen and silk goods, furniture, millinery, and wines. In return, they export to these countries corn, timber, wool, hemp, and tallow. All the exchanges consist in the above named articles. England would evidently have to suffer more than any other country from a conflict in the east. Her commerce, which has been for some years past falling off with Russia, is on the contrary, considerably increasing with the Turkish Provinces; with the port of Constantinople alone she keeps up an annual movement of 500,000 tons of shipping; and in 1852, out of 9,220 sailing vessels which entered that port, 1,687 were English, 1,280 Austrian, and 236 French. In the Danubain ports of Galatz, in Moldavia, and Ibrail in Wallachia, England in 1851 reckoned 226 vessels, Austria 96, and France 70. As to the commercial value of the exchanges, England trades with Turkey and the countries of the Danube for an annual sum of about 180,000,000. In 1850 she supplied them with 141,000,000 of metres of cottonade, or 61,000,000 francs worth. The Eastern question is, therefore, as regards the United Kingdom, principally a Manchester question. Our own country, (France) unfortunately, has not so brilliant a part, but its exchanges nevertheless amounted in 1852 to 84,500,000. The relations of Austria by sea add to these figures a sum of 60,000,000, which the operations by the Danube may carry up to 118,000,000. This, therefore, for these three powers alone, and without speaking of the business they carry on with Odessa, makes a commercial movement of 382,000,000 francs, which added to the transactions effected through the medium of the Greek and Ionian ports, must amount in all to nearly 500,000,000 francs, and which, already checked by the events of the last six or eight months, may be now completely stopped, as far as regards the relations with the Black Sea and the ports of the Danube. These relations have this year a particular interest for Western Europe, labouring as it is under a food crisis, for Wallachia and Moldavia, the important centres of agricultural production, are, with Servia and Bessarabia, the principal sources of supply for the corn trade at Odessa. The export of corn by the Danube is unfortunately impeded for a great part of the year by the bar of Sulina, which Russia appears, after having engaged to remove it, to have taken under her high protection, and to preserve carefully as it was. The corn trade has not less contributed to increase the importance of Galatz, which from 1842 to 1850, exported more than 1,400,000 quarters (about 4,000,090 hectolitres) of wheat. Ibrail also exported a larger quantity.—The operations of the Lioyd's Steam Navigation Company of Trieste on the Lower Danube, and in the Black Sea, have been very active. In 1851 they made 210 voyages, and a new line of steamboats between Vienna and Constantinople, by Galatz, now places those extreme points within a distance of seven days. Thus the question of the Danube, while it directly concerns Vienna, Venice and Trieste, does not the less interest Berlin, Leipsic, and the other manufacturing cities of Western Germany, now that a treaty unites the commercial destinies of the Zolleverein to those of Austria.—The Danubian countries, although manufacturers have made but little progress there; possess considerable riches, not only of an agricultural description, but also in forests and minerals; and the powerful families of Boyards who reside at Jassy, Bucharest, Giurgevo, and Krajowa are, with the rich population of the principalities, valuable consumers of Birmingham and Manchester articles, as well as of the fine productions of Paris, Lyons, St. Etienne, and Mulhouse. These last-named articles unfortunately do not often reach them, except through the medium of English and Austrain commerce, and that we cannot too often repeat, is the habitual and permanent cause of the weakness of our relations with the Moldavian, Servian, and Wallachian provinces. However this may be, western manufacturers, thanks to the connections which have been there established, have certainly little to fear from the competition of Russian manufacturers. However secondary these considerations of purely material interests may be before the importance of the political question, which in certain cases must predominate over questions of commercial interest, it may be seen what pertubation would one day result in the trade of western Europe, if the Moldavian and Wallachian provinces should become subjected to the traiffs of Russia, who, although very tolerant as far asregards the raw material, closes the door to every article which has undergone the process of manu facture.

In Russia, one person In 220 received instruction of some kind; in the United States, the proportion is one in five.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, January 4, 1853.

THE ADDRESS TO MESSRS. MACGOWAN AND M'EAGHEN ESQUIRES.

We hope to have made it manifest, that the Constituency of which the above gentlemen are the members elect, having declared its opinion of their fitness to represent the district; no portion of that Constituency—whether composed of those who gave their votes for Messrs. Macgowan and M'Eachen, or those who voted against them, or a combination of the two—has a right to dictate in what manner they shall exercise their vicerial or representative functions; and in so doing, we have all along considered that any Address or Remonstrance emanating from either portion, contained the bona fide expression of the sentiments of such portion, and that the Address or Remonstrance itself had emanated from the spontaneous feeling of the parties whose signatures appear to be attached to the Document; and that nothing had been inserted, but what is strictly true, and the signatures themselves genuine. Now, the Address to Messrs. Macgowan and McEachen is deficient, we undertake to say, in every one of these particulars. In the first place, instead of being the sentiments of the Constituency, the whole is the production of Edward Whelan, William Cooper and John McIntosh; neither of whom, we believe, have even a qualification to vote in the District; but who have had the unparalelled audacity to get up, on false statements and pretences, what they have the impudence to term Public Meetings of Electors, held in kitchens long after the time appointed and attended, with that powerful stimulant, technically called "white eye" otherwise American rum. Some of the scenes at which, we are informed, were of the most ludicious character and would have been worthy of the pencil of a Cruickshank or a 'Phiz.'

But that is not the worst feature in the case though bad enough and sufficiently degrading. The most shameful means were, we are well advised, resorted to to obtain signitures, whole pages of paper are signed in the same hand writing, and we are told, and have no reason to doubt the fact, that the means of whole families have been inscribed though not one of them were entitled to vote. There is nothing easier in the world than writing down the name of McDonald, and it is a matter of little consequence whether Donald John or Angus be prefixed, as no man can tell who the name is intended for, unless the soubriquet which usually attached to the name is added; and the same may be said of McPhee and McInnis. There is also, nothing easier in the world, than getting signatures to papers, when the parties who get them up, are unscrupulous men, who stick at no kind of deception, and who hesitate not to give the most solemn assurances of the truth of their assertions, men with whom the lie is a matter of daily occurrenee, and perjury familiar. Mr. Macgowan and Mr. M'Eachen are both well aware of this, and they have hitherto, we find from Whelan's Gazette, treated the Address or Remonstrance, not with contempt, but with that compassionate silence, which is the best answer they can render it. The absurdity of the request, that they should resign their seats—a thing, by the way, they could not do, until they had taken them—is too apparent on the face of it, to require a serious answer. The Address itself, is premature; it would have been time enough when Messrs. M'Eachen and Macgowan had done something sufficiently decisive in their places, in the House, to have called it forth. These gentlemen have not now to learn, that there is but one Departmental Officer in the the House, the Colonial Secretary, and that there is no possibility of the Government getting another. Nor have they now to be informed, that the present Administration has, in the most shameless manner, violated the Constitutional rule of Responsible Government, by nominating to a Seat in the Legislative Council, an Officer, who had appealed to a Constituency, and had been rejected. That in fact, the very people, themselves, who boast to have introduced Departmental Government, have been instrumental in giving it its death blow, by their own unconstitutional practices, and shewing—in their own case at least—the utter impossibility of complying with its requisitions. Under all these circumstances, we trust that Messrs. Macgowan and M'Eachen will persevere in the silence they have hitherto maintained, as the safest and most dignified course they can possibly pursue. When they meet the House in full Session, they will, no doubt, exercise their best judgment, as to the course, which, under existing circumstances, they will consider it best to adopt, in defiance of the machinations of a poor unfortunate, who stands trembling at the prospect of the loss of a lucrative situation, the howling of disappointed Candidates, or even the assaults and menaces of unprincipled aud misguided men.

NOTE.—Mr. M'Eachen has, we are informed, been made the object of a determined attack, terminating in assault, by a number of the faction, calling themselves Reformers!

SUPREME COURT—HILARY TERM.

The Court opened yesterday the 3d. inst. with the usual formalities.

Charles Stewart Esq. was sworn Foreman of the Grand Jury. The charge given to the Grand Jury by the Hon. the Chief Justice after repeating the impressive form of oath which the jurors had just taken, explained the manner in which their duties were to be discharged with reference thereto. The Court expressed its satisfaction that although the Sheriffs calendar exhibited a greater number of cases than usual—13 in all—yet that it contained only one of an aggravated nature which was a charge against a man of the name of Julius Nelson, for stabbing a man named Peter Woods, and which appears to have been perpetrated in a broil at a low tavern in Charlottetown. "It is with deep regret, said the Chief Justice that the Court feels compelled to observe upon the frequency of charges of this nature, a crime which was a few years ago unknown in this Colony. It is he observed a brutal cowardly and assassin like crime, particularly revolting to British ideas of fair play between combatants, and although all combats are illegal and to be put down and the parties engaged in them punished, yet how much more does the party engaged in such a combat, who shall use a knife or any other deadly weapon of any kind, deserve severe punishment? And looking to the frequent occurrence of the crime the Court have come to the determination in all cases of conviction for this offence—unless very strong mitigating circumstances exist, to inflict, as it has the power of doing, public whipping in addition to imprisonment with hard labour to the end that the severity of the punishment may deter from its commission.

There was a case for assaulting a justice in the discharge of his duty which the Court peculiarly remarked on account of the greater gravity of the charge when viewed in comparison with a common assault.

The remaining 11 cases were larcenies. And the Court explained the nature of the law in such cases

The Court then alluded to the Licence Act 9 Vic. Cap. 26 and explained that it was the duty of the Grand Jury to hear evidence on both sides and that it was an exception to the general rule which had before been pointed out

The Act 16 Vic. Cap. 10 was also mentioned and it was with much pleasure and satisfaction, that we heard the Court press upon the Jury the necessity of keeping in view the objects intended to be obviated by Statute, "the preamble to which marks as strongly as language well can, the motives which influenced the Legislature in passing it, and you will do well, remarked the Chief Justice to bear in mind the language of that preamble which declares that the act regulating the sale by license of spirituous and other liquors is greatly evaded and abused, and under color of such act, many persons keep houses for the retail of spirituous liquors without the accommodation for travellers prescribed, and *many of such licensed houses are in no way necessary for public accommodation, but rather mere evils to society*, and again the language of the 13th section of the Act which enacts 'that it still be deemed a remedial Act, and shall in all respects be construed liberally with the view of *supplying and countenancing the evils and immorality arising from the evasion, abuse or misuse of licences granted or to be granted for the retail of spirituous liquors."

* Thus in the printed copy of the Laws of 1853. qu. *suppressing?*

TO THE EDITOR OF HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

SIR;

A correspondence between certain gentlemen recently in the Commission of the Peace for Queen's County and His Excellency Sir Alexander Bannerman, has been published in your paper and in the *Islander*, relative to the appointment of the Hon. Edward Whelan to the Commission of the Peace for that County, after having offered, as it is alleged, in their hearing a gross insult to the Public Meeting that was held in consequence of the calamitous loss of the Fairy Queen.

A further correspondence subsequently appeared in the columns of the same newspapers, between the Rev. Dr. Evans and His Excellency, originating in certain remarks advanced by His Excellency with a view of palliating Mr. Whelan's conduct at that meeting, which remarks the Rev. Dr. Evans conceived reflected upon him in his sacred calling as a Christian Minister.

We believe there are few in this community who would venture to question the veracity of any one of the fourteen gentlemen whose names are subscribed to the communication addressed to His Excellency on the 27th October last. We, therefore, do not consider that the truthfulness of their statement regarding the impropriety of Mr. Whelan's conduct upon the occasion referred to requires our confirmation; nevertheless, as we were present at and were close observers of the proceedings of that meeting, we do not deem it out of place thus publicly to express our conviction that the circumstances under which Mr. Whelan committed himself are faithfully narrated by the Rev. Dr. Evans, in his letter to His Excellency of the 23d ultimo; and we also affirm, that the justly merited rebuke administered by the Rev. Dr. Evans to Mr. Whelan was the *effect*, and not the *cause* of Mr. Whelan's contemptuous observation, that "neither he nor the Government cared a pin for the Resolutions," or words of similar import.

E. L. Lydiard	Job Bevan
G. W. De Blois	William Tanton
John Brecken	William Lowe
J. Mackieson	Henry Palmer
James E. S. Bagnall	James Purdie
Richard Wright	Charles Welsh
John Rider	Samuel Westacott
Edward Palmer	William McKay
J. T. Thomas	John Fielding
James Anderson	John Orlebar, Com'dr
A. H. Yates	Thomas Dawson
W. S. Longworth	Mark Butcher
George Beer, Jr.	James Moore
John Ings	William Brown
James R. Watt	William C. Trowan
David Stewart	Richard Heartz
Wellington Nelson	Kenneth McKeuzie
John Bovyer	Wm. B. Dawson
Fred'k Brecken	George Beer
T. Heath Haviland, Jr.	James Morris
Michael Beazeley	George T. Haszard
Robert Stewart	Charles Wright
John Gates	John Wm. Morrison.
William Scott	

(For Haszard's Gazette.)

Mr. Editor,—Will you inform the Public how it is, that the Magistrates who have been recently appointed by the present Government, for some reason—best known to themselves—have not taken the oaths to qualify them to act, and what is more, that two Magistrates who were appointed about two years since, and who reside in Queen's Square, have not yet been sworn? Now, Mr. Editor, I would further enquire, have these individuals been nominated in the Commission of the Peace for the purpose of enabling them to write J. P. after their names, or for the purpose of discharging the Public Business attached to their offices? I was present yesterday, when one of the County Constables stated that a person was put into his custody by a merchant in Queen Street, charged with having stolen some articles of merchandise from his counter, and that it was not until after he had travelled to four different Justices of the Peace, that he found one who would commit the Prisoner, one stating that he was not acquainted with the duties of a Justice of the Peace; and others, that they were not sworn, and did not act.

Yours, &c.,
Q.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.—On Friday evening last, 30th ult., Mr. Henry Trowan delivered a very interesting lecture on "the Progression of Knowledge," to a numerous audience.

On Friday next, 6th inst., the Vice President of the Association, will deliver a lecture, on "Cornish Mining," when the public generally are invited to attend.

There was a Levee held yesterday—Tuesday 3d inst.—at the Government House, pursuant to notice. It is the first time that a Levee has been held since the advent of Responsible Government. There were a good many present of both sides of politics. The sitting of the Supreme Court happening the same day, prevented many others from attending.