THE NEW MINISTRY.

Lord PALMERSTON, First Lord of the Treasury.
Lord CRANWORTH, Lord Chancellor.
Lord CLARENDON, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
Lord PANMURE, Secretary of State for the War Department.
Sir GEORGE GREY, Secretary of State for the Home Department.
Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Secretary of State for the Colonies.
Sir C. G. LEWIS, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Sir CHARLES WOOD, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Sir W. MOLESWORTH, Chief Commissioner of Woods and Works.
Loid GRANVILLE, President of the Council.
Lord CANNING, Postmaster-General.
Dnke of ARGYLL, Lord Privy Seal.
Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord CARLISLE.
Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. HORSMAN.
Lord of the Treasury (in the room of Lord Elcho, retired), Lord DUNCAN.
President of the Board of Trade, Lord STANLEY of ADDERLEY.
President of the Board of Control, Mr. VERNON SMITH.
Secretary to the Board of Control, Mr. DANBY SEYMOUR.

Mr. Villiers, who was offered the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Trade, declines that office, and retains his present post of Judge Advocate General. Mr. W. Cowper succeeds Mr. Fitzroy as under Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Sir Robert Peel will probably go to the Colonial Office as Under Secretary. Mr. Monckton Milnes has declined the lordship of the Treasury, rendered vacant by the resignation of Lord Alfred Hervey. In filling the Secretaryship of the Ordnance, Lord Palmerston was anxious to avail himself of the business experience of Mr. Laing, but that gentleman declined the offer. The Attorney-General for Ireland, Mr. Brewster, has tendered his resignation, and it has been accepted. The Solicitor-General, Mr. Keogh, will succeed Mr. Brewster as Attorney-General. Mr. John David Fitzgerald, Q. C., has been appointed Solicitor-General, in succession to Mr. Keogh.

Lord Palmerston has succeeded in the re-construction of his Cabinet; and England once again finds herself under the rule of an Administration, composed almost exclusively of the members of the old traditional Whig families. The celebrated Coalition of 1853, after a contemptible existence of two years, has gone down to the tomb of all the Capulets, and leaves not a living soul behind to lament its fate. Henceforward this famous combination of the Talents will be memorable, only for the genius with which it managed to involve us in a formidable war—for the skill with which it imposed upon us a doubled income-tax—and by the brilliant administrative ability by which it marred a campaign and lost an army. The country will easily reconcile itself to the loss of the "talent" which has been attended with such results; and although the Cabinet now formed may not at first sight appear to be so strong as the exigency of the times would render desirable, every one will at least perceive that it possesses the advantage of a complete uniformity and identity of political opinion and principle between all its members. This, at such a juncture as the present, is an advantage of the most inestimable kind, and may fairly be regarded as fully compensating for a much greater amount of mere mediocrity than can be justly ascribed to any part of the new Government. So manifest is this fact, that even one of the warmest and most violent of Lord Palmerston's political opponents is forced to confess it.

"The new Cabinet," says he, "has one feature which gives it a great advantage over the Ministry which it succeeds. It is more of one mind and of one class. It has thrown off the peril and defilement of the Free-Trade-Tractarian sect, commonly known as 'the Peelites.' Hence it will not excite the alarm and jealousy which were so often aroused, within the last two years, by the Gladstones and Sidney Herberts, whenever any Church question sprung up. Neither will it be imperilled by the internal intrigues or the external unpopularity of those now defunct politicians. In all these respects, the Palmerston Ministry will be more likely to last than the Cabinet which preceded it." This is unquestionably the common sense view of the change that has been effected, and we hardly entertain a doubt that it will turn out to be correct.

The places abandoned by the three leading Peelite deserters have been distributed by the Premier in the following manner:—Lord John Russell succeeds Mr. Sidney Herbert as Secretary for the Colonies; Sir George Cornewall Lewis fills the place of Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Sir Charles Wood becomes First Lord of the Admiralty in the room of Sir James Graham. So much prestige has hitherto attached to the names of Mr. Gladstone and Sir James Graham, that many people are disposed to shake the head and to look exceedingly grave when they run their eye down the list of the new Ministry, and find the places of these celebrated gentlemen supplied by the humbler names of Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Sir Charles Wood. Now there is an old and homely adage which says, that "the proof of the pudding lies in the eating." For something more than two years, we have had the advantage of Mr. Gladstone's sparkling ability in the Exchequer, and of Sir James Graham's administrative talent in the Admiralty. What have they produced? In the department of the one, increased taxation and embarrassed finance; in the department of the other, a mighty demonstration of naval strength with no result. Are we to be so enamoured of these results, as to declare that no men of less acknowledged genius than Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone shall fill these important places in the Government? Are we to conclude, that Sir George Cornewall Lewis would not have capacity enough to double the most onerous of our taxes; or, that Sir Charles Wood would not possess sufficient intelligence to send out a fleet which should bring back nothing better or more valuable than a refractory admiral? We confess we do not share in the apprehensions of those who look with alarm at the substitution of the high genius which has produced us these results, for the less pretentious talent of the gentleman whom Lord Palmerston has appointed to the offices in question. Sir Charles Wood is not unfavourably known for his former administration of the admiralty; and although Sir G. C. Lewis is a new and untried man in the department of finance, he must at any rate be exceedingly unfortunate, as well as hopelessly incapable, if he do not make "as good a hand of it" as his very famous but woefully deficient predecessor. Nobody we presume will, for a moment, dispute that the Government and the country gain immeasurably by the substitution of Lord John Russell for Mr. Sidney Herbert in the Secretaryship for the Colonies. We know not upon what conditions Lord John Russell's adhesion to the new Cabinet may have been obtained. Many feelings personal to himself might certainly have operated to deter him from entering any Cabinet in a capacity subordinate to that of Lord Palmerston. It is hardly to be supposed that the circumstances of 1851 can have been completely forgotten, either by himself or by the present Premier.

We presume however, that a high sense of public duty overrode all other considerations in Lord John Russell's mind, and induced him, as soon as he was informed of the Peelite desertion, to afford with prompt and patriotic readiness all the support which his honored name could give to the shattered and tottering Administration of his old colleague—the somewhat cavaliery-treated subordinate of a former day—but the admitted chief and trusted champion of the present hour. Lord John Russell's conduct in this instance, does him infinite honour. It is understood, that as soon as he shall have acquitted himself of the high mission confided to him at Vienna (which is not expected to detain him for more than a very brief period), he will return to England, and in his place in Parliament, will lend the whole weight of his great experience and personal influence to the new Administration.

Looking at Lord Palmerston's Cabinet as it now stands, we are compelled to admit, that it has lost much of oratorical, and something, perhaps of administrative ability; but we are strongly of opinion, that these losses are more than compensated by the homogeneity—the unity of opinion and principle which it has gained. Its success, however, and its continuance in power even for the next three months, will wholly depend upon the activity and vigour which it shall display, not only in correcting the negligences and errors of its predecessor, but in pushing forward the war in the new campaign which is now about to open, with the whole weight and power of the empire. Lord Palmerston has taken the helm at a critical moment in the nation's fortunes, and will doubtless have many difficulties to encounter, but he has now surrounded himself with a crew of his own selection, and to adopt the modern phrase, he is, in the most emphatic sense of the term, "master of the position."

All eyes are now fixed upon him as the statesman who can best embody the purposes of the British nation. Will he deceive the hopes thus fondly placed in him? We trust not—we believe not.

THE VIENNA CONGRESS.

(From the Morning Herald.)

We warn the public not to be sanguine in their expectations of success in Lord John Russell's mission to Vienna. We entertain a confident opinion, that none of those who have sent him are sanguine, or have any other intention, than securing a formal cessation of the miserable shilly-shallying which has been going on so long at our expense, and for the Czar's advantage. This we believe to be the view of Lord Palmerston, and, it may be of Lord John Russell; and if even that little point be gained, we must be thankful for small mercies. But let not credulity or connivance burst forth again into full Aberdeen bloom. If it do, it will be the death-flower of the national honor. What is the state of the case? The war has been horribly and fatally mismanaged from first to last; the English people looking on with an apathy, or, if the word be more agreeable, forbearance, quiet new to the English character, and, if it continue, of evil omen. They have tolerated an old man crying *peace! paace! when there was no peace*, but there was kindled a war, blazing round us at this moment like a circle of fire. That old man has been got rid of, and pitched into privacy after a convulsive effort; but he left his mantle over his representatives in the cabinet, and they, with war on their lips, are in reality crying *peace;* while our giant foe is ordering a levy *en masse*, calling every available man to arms, and already far advanced in a campaign, where the watchword is victory or destruction. Our attack on Sebastopol is an arrow quivering in the very eye of the enemy, or rather, we are aiming at the very heart of his colosal power. If we fail, we are ruined; as he is, if we succeed; and at this precise moment, with our forces, in so dreadful a condition before Sebastopol, one of our leading statesmen starts off post-haste to Vienna, again to talk about—peace! While Lord John is pottering with Gortschakoff, Nicholas is pushing on with life and death exertion reinforcements on a tremendous scale; and, doubtless, by this time has placed his own construction on the motives, that could have led us to send Lord John Russell on such an errand at such a moment. We do not want to be told that Nicholas will not do what we ask; we know it already that he will as soon listen to a proposal for dismantling Sebastopol as a man to the proposal for cutting off his right arm. It is mere madness to suppose, that he will do any thing of the kind; and that madness is on the ministry, if they seriously entertain such a supposition. The country is in a stern humour, and will not tolerate trifling any longer. Our brothers' blood crieth from the ground; while we are fooling, they are perishing—perishing ingloriously, and with them the renown of old England. While the country looks at Lord Palmerston with an anguished face, he jauntily flaunts it with a bit of red tape, saying "Pooh! be quiet! I will put your War-office into good keeping—that of *an elderly invalid and a young incapable!*—Panmure and Peel!" We believe that Mr. Gladstone will have the temerity to propose to parliament to go on as he did before, and starve the war abroad by crushing us at home. If he do, there will be a sudden storm of national fury, the like of which England has not seen for a century. Yet such is Mr. Gladstone's infatuation, that we are prepared to see him make the attempt, and the country is waiting sullenly to see whether he will.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Wednesday, March 21st, 1855.

The proprietor trusts that his readers will for a little while bear with and overlook any occasional deficiencies that may occur, in any department of the paper. Some time must elapse, before his mind recovers from the shock occasioned by the sudden and appalling death of a much loved brother, to whose natural abilities, and studious habits, he has been frequently indebted for assistance, and to whom when the period of his preparatory studies had ended, he looked for more valuable aid.

The task that devolves upon us this day is a sad and distressing one. We gave notice, in our last, that one of the Mail Boats was missing, but were unable to give any further information with respect to the fate of either the crew or the passengers. On Monday evening, however, the melancholy intelligence which we are about to communicate reached us. We have been kindly favoured with the use of a letter from A. M'Farlane, Esq., to the Hon. Edward Palmer, the greatest part of which we insert, preferring this mode of giving the sad details, which, for obvious reasons, will be more acceptable from the pen of a disinterested person than anything which might emanate from our own.

Wallace, N. S., 14th March, 1855.

Dear Sir;

Yesterday morning, I received information that the Ice Boat, from Cape Tormentine, to the Island, in charge of McRae's, with the Mails and Passengers, had succeded in getting on shore at the rear of Fox Harbour, about five miles from Wallace, in an exhausted and perishing condition. I immediately hurried to where the poor people on the shore had succeeded in getting them to shelter, and found the scene awful in the extreme. The Boat left the Cape on Saturday, with the crew of four men, and three passengers: young Mr. Haszard, and Mr. Johnston, son of Dr. Johnston, both of Charlottetown, Medical Students, on their way from the United States, and an old gentleman, Joseph Wier, of Bangor. After crossing without accident to within half a mile of the Island shore, the storm of sleet and snow grew violent, and the lolly lay so deep, that they could not force the Boat through it. After repeated attempts, and being in danger of swamping the Boat, they were forced to return, and drawing the Boat on the ice, turned her up to form a shelter from the raging storm and intense cold, and thus, drifted helplessly in the Gulf throughout Friday night, Saturday and Saturday night. On Sunday morning—having drifted about midway in the Gulf, and the flow of drift ice making it utterly impracticable to reach the Island shore—they commenced, with much fatigue, drawing their Boat towards the Mainland, the three passengers being then considerably frost-bitten; they toiled on throughout Sunday, and until about mid-day on Monday, when the Boatmen being utterly exhausted, neither they nor the Passengers having tasted food for three days, were about giving up in despair Fortunately, Mr. Wier had with him a small spaniel, which they killed, *drank its blood, and Passengers and Crew eat the flesh, raw!* this revived them, and being then, as they supposed, within 4 to 5 miles of the land, they lightened the Boat by throwing away Trunks and Baggage, put Mr. Haszard, who had become unable to walk, into the Boat, and Mr. Wier also, occasionally, he being much exhausted, and thus crawled on towards the shore. Monday evening, Mr. Haszard died from exhaustion; they toiled on through this night, and just after daylight on Tuesday morning, reached the shore, and unfortunately, two miles from any dwelling. Two of the Boatmen succeeded in reaching a house, gave the alarm, and the Inhabitants carried them to their houses. The surviving Passengers are both badly frozen, Mr. Wier I had brought to my own house, where he now is. His hands and feet are frozen, the latter so badly, that I fear the toes will be lost, the old man is in good spirits * * * Mr. Johnston's hands and person are safe, but his feet are frost-bitten, one of them pretty badly, but Dr. Creed, of Pugwash, who has examined them, thinks they are not dangerous. He remained last night at the house where they landed, I have just learned that he slept well, and feels quite refreshed. A friend of mine, Mr. Judson, has just gone to take him to his house, where, his friends may feel assured, he will receive every care and comfort required. The Boatmen, with the exception of one, who has almost entirely escaped, are badly frost-bitten in the feet, and so exhausted, that some time must elapse ere they can be recovered. In the mean time, they will be suitably treated and taken care of. The surviving Passengers entirely clear them from blame, and say they did all that men could do. The Mails are all saved, and I had them placed in charge of the Postmaster here, to be forwarded on. The loss of Mr. Haszard is to be deeply lamented; I wish you would inform his friends that I have had every decent attention paid to his remains, and will have the body so interred, that it can be removed if they wish so to do.

Any comments upon the above heartrending tale would be just now superfluous and out of place.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. MacAusland delivered last evening, a Practical and Scientific Lecture upon Steam, and illustrated his subject by diagram, and by having the model of a Steam Engine, constructed by that ingenious Mechanic, Mr. William C. Hobs of this Town, in full and successful operation.—The Lecturer gave a very enlarged view of the Motive Power, and shewed its adaptation, to practical purposes in Commerce, Agriculture, and the Manufacturers.—

An animated discussion followed, in which the question of motive power against Manual Labour was fully argued—and the preference was given to the former.—

Heath Haviland, Esq., V. P. presided and His Honor the President, who came in late, stated that Mr. Birnie had generously presented to the Institute, the above mentioned model, and, he therefore moved the followed Resolution, which was seconded by J. T. Pidwell, Esq.,—and carried unanimously.—

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Institute, be given and conveyed to the Honorable George Birnie, for his liberality in kindly presenting to the Institute, a beautiful model of a Steam Engine."

At the close of the proceedings, the President feelingly alluded to the bereavement, that had been recently sustained, by their first Vice Patron, and moved the following Resolution of condolence, which was seconded by George W. DeBlois, Esquire, and passed with much solemnity.

Resolved, that the Members of the Institute, deeply sympathise with James D. Haszard Esq. Vice Patron, in his recent sudden bereavement by the unexpected and lamented death of his son; and the Members trust that Mr. Haszard and his family will receive those consolations from the most High, which He alone can impart to the afflicted.

The Hon. Daniel Brenan, will Lecture on Tuesday evening next, on "Ancient Commerce."

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.—The Sixth of the series of Meetings will be held in the Temperance Hall, on Thursday, 22d. The Rev. Mr. Strong will address the meeting. Chair to be taken at 8 o'clock.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst., the Presbytery of Prince Edward Island, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, met at Princetown. A call from the congregation of Cascumpec, and West Point, was presented to Mr. Allan Fraser, Preacher of the Gospel, and accepted by him. Next meeting of Presbytery, was appointed to be at Covehead Church, on Wednesday, the 28th inst.; a Presbyterial vistation of the Congregation, to take place. The Rev. John McLeod, was appointed to preach.

Errata.

In the Gaelic Poem, in our last number; in the 3d verse, for the word "chintiun," read *cluintinn.* In the 7th verse, 5th line, for the first word "ann" read *ac.*

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE—The February number of this old and able magazine, published by L. Scott & Co., No. 54 Gold street, this city, contains eight capital articles on various subjects, the "Story of the Campaign," continued, and part three of "Zaidee," a romance. The story of the campaign is written by an officer in the Britsh army in the Crimea; he describes what he sees, and what he knows to be true.—There are reviews of the life of Lord Metcalf (once Governor of Canada,) and of that late eminent naturalist, Prof Forbes, and one of Bulwer. One tremendous article entitled "The Revelations of a Showman," is a review of the autobiography of P. T. Barnum. It is the most scorching and severe article we ever read; it is enough to make the object shrink into a pint vinegar bottle. It is a tip-top number; those who wish to get the best foreign monthly magazine in the world, at only $3 per annum, should send in their names to the agents Messrs. Haszard and Owen.