

ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL.

The Courier arrived from Cape Traverse on Saturday night about nine o'clock, bringing a large portion of the Mails, including part of the English Mail, which reached Halifax on Tuesday last, in the Steamship Canada.

We have not yet received any of our English papers by the Mail, the Ice Boat being obliged to leave the Mail bags containing the English papers for another trip.

According to advices just received, Omar Pasha has fought another battle, taken possession of Khoni, about 40 miles in advance of his old position, and was preparing to attack Kutais.

(From the Illustrated London News, Dec. 22.)

THE WAR IN ASIA.—ANOTHER TURKISH VICTORY.

We are still without particulars relating to the fall of Kars. The Invalide Russe announces that it surrendered to General Mouravieff on the 26th of November; and that the Muhrir Wassif Pasha, eight other Pachas, General Williams, and the entire garrison, are prisoners of war.

The Turkish army of occupation counts 40,000 men; but the transport service is difficult on account of the season. The table ground of Armenia is covered with snow.

The letters from Constantinople received by the steamer, which arrived at Marseilles on Wednesday, announce that Omar Pasha had fought another battle, and taken the fortified town of Khoni, situated behind the river Zskeni-Khal.

THE SWEDISH ALLIANCE.—A BALTIC CAMPAIGN.

The Moniteur of Thursday contains a copy of the treaty just contracted between the Allied Powers and Sweden. The latter Power engages not to cede to, nor to exchange with, Russia either territory, pasturage, fishing, or other privileges.

The Borenhalle states that the treaty concedes to France and England the privilege of establishing depots and hospitals on Swedish territory. In return, the Western Powers undertake to maintain the integrity of Sweden against Russia.

It is believed that a treaty of offensive alliance has also been contracted, but if so its provisions will not be made public until the time for active co-operation in the spring.

Great arrangements are making in the Baltic ports on English account for victualling and providing the fleet next spring.

Contracts have also been made in Sweden for the French fleet, and, it is reported, also for an accompanying army.

OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.—FIRING BETWEEN THE NORTH AND SOUTH FORTS.

General correspondence from the Crimea states that the Russians on the north side of Sebastopol continue a very heavy fire against the south side, sometimes nearly all day at the rate of two guns a minute.

The Allies reply but little; their engineers continue at work within the town. The British army is, this winter, over-supplied with equipments. Each man has a water-proof suit, besides tweed coats lined with skin, fur caps and cow-hide boots.

There are still eleven Russian infantry divisions in the Crimea, two having gone North. Only 20,000 reinforcements (Russians) and those all militia—have entered the Crimea since the fall of Sebastopol.

Mr. EBRON.—Several persons have asked the following question:—“Can William Cooper, Esq., M.P.P., say with truth that he voted for the Tenant Compensation and Rent Roll Bills (two very important bills in our estimation) to expose the Liberals?”

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—Having observed in your paper of the 31st December last, a communication signed by a person styling himself “A Native,” published with an intention to deceive the tenantry, and throw a discredit on my titles of my estate on the eastern part of Lot 37, recently purchased by me.

In order that the tenants and all others may not be misled by the statements made by “A Native,” I have thought proper to make this communication through the same medium, to contradict and correct the writer's designs and false statements, and save the tenants on the estate from being misled by error into litigation and expense.

The “Native” states that the title deeds were found wanting in sustaining a suit in the Supreme Court last May. It appears that an omission in the want of a proper description was discovered in the conveyance, viz: in the boundary of the lands, an omission inadvertently made by the conveyancer in Dublin.

After the omission was detected, the writer proceeded expressly to Ireland, and in the presence of Mrs. and Mr. Molesworth, the contracting parties, the interlineation of the proper description and plan was inserted before the lawful authorities then and there, under the advice of able counsel, which rendered the documents perfect in all respects.

These documents have subsequently been submitted to his law adviser in this Colony, have been pronounced valid and complete, and are now on the records of the Colony, except the Power of Attorney, which was considered unnecessary to put on record, as the tenants very properly made arrangements for the arrears.

I have to add, for the information of the tenants and the officious “Native,” that I am now in full possession of the property, and that independent of Mr. Molesworth's life interest, she had it in her power to lease for 99 years, which can be seen in the original conveyance in the Registry Office, in the office of Heath Haviland, Esq., or at my own office.

Any person desirous of ascertaining if my titles are valid, will obtain every information they may require from Charles Palmer, Esq., Attorney at Law, and I am ready, if required—if considered necessary—to bind myself and my heirs to warrant and defend contracting parties during the term of 99 years.

The only real object the “Native” could have in view was to give vent to a feeling of envy, hatred, and vindictive spirit towards myself, and not to befriended the tenants, as he pretends to.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully, J. R. BOURKE.

Mill View, Jan. 9, 1856.

FOR THE EXAMINER.

QUERY.

Mr. EBRON.—Several persons have asked the following question:—“Can William Cooper, Esq., M.P.P., say with truth that he voted for the Tenant Compensation and Rent Roll Bills (two very important bills in our estimation) to expose the Liberals?”

ONE OF HIS CONSTITUENTS. 1st District of King's County, January 10, 1856.

der, and I cry aloud on God to let me go find her, and on her to come to me, and then think darkness settles on me.

“The doctor calls this apoplexy, and says I shall some day die in a fit of it. What do doctors know of the tremendous influences that are working on our souls? He, in his scientific stupidity, calls it a disease, and warns me against wine and high living; as if I did not understand what it is, and why my vision at such times reaches so very far into the deep unknown.”

“I have spoken of Tom Lewis, her cousin. Rumor said he was the old man's heir in equal proportion with the daughter; for he had been brought up in the family, and had always been treated as a son. He was a good fellow if he was rough, for he had the goodness that all who came within her influence must have.

“I have seen her look the devil out of him often. I remember once when the horse had behaved in a way not to suit him, and he had let an oath or two escape his lips preparatory to putting on the whip. We were riding together down the avenue, and he raised the lash. At the moment he caught her eye. She was walking up from the lodge, where she had been to see a sick child. She saw the raised whip, and her eye caught his. He did not strike. The horses escaped for that time. He drove them quietly through the gate, and three miles and back without a word of anger.

“Did I tell you I was her cousin, also? On her mother's side. Not on the General's. We lived not far off, and I lived much of my time at his house. Tom and myself had been inseparable, and we did not conceal our rivalry from each other.

“Tom,” said I, one morning, “why can't you be content with half the General's fortune, and let me have the other half?”

“Bah! Jerry,” said he, “as if that would be any more even, when you want Sarah with it. In Heaven's name take the half of the money, if that's all you want.”

“Can't we fix it so as to make an even division, Tom? Take all the fortune, and let me have her, and I'll call it square.”

“Just what I was going to propose to you. Be reasonable now, Jerry, and get out of the way. You must see she does not care a copper for you.”

“I twirled a rosebud in my fingers that she had given me that morning, and replied: “Poor devil! I did not think you could be so infatuated. Why, Tom, there is no chance for you under the sun. But go ahead; find it out as you will. I'm sorry for you.”

“A hundred such pleasant talks we used to have, and she never gave either of us one particle more of encouragement than the other. She was like a sister to us both, and neither dared break the spell of our perfect happiness by asking her to be more.”

“And so time passed on. One summer afternoon we were off together on horseback, all three of us, over the mountain and down the valley. We were returning toward sunset, sauntering along the road, down the side of the hill.

“Philip, stir the fire a little. That bowl of punch is getting cold, it seems to me, and I am a little chilly myself. Perhaps it is the recollection of that day that chills me.”

“I had made up my mind, if opportunity occurred, to tell her that day all that I had thought for years. I had determined to know, once for all, if she would love me or no.

“If not, I would go I cared not where; the world was broad enough, and it should be to some place where I should never see her face again, never hear her voice again, never bow down and worship her magnificent beauty again. I would go to Russia and offer myself to the Czar, or to Syria and fight with Napoleon, or to Egypt and serve with the men of Murad Bey. All my notions were military, I remember, and all my ideas were of war and death on the field.

“I rode by her side, and looked up at her occasionally, and thought she was looking splendidly. I had never seen her more so. Every attitude was grace, every look was life and spirit.

“Tom clung close to her. One would have thought he was watching the very opportunity I was after myself. Now he rode a few paces forward, and as I was catching my breath to say ‘Sarah,’ he would reign up and fall back to his place, and I would make some flat remark that made me seem like a fool to myself, if not to her.

“What's the matter with you, Jerry?” said she, at length. “Jerry's in love,” said Tom.

“I could have thrashed him on the spot. “In love! Jerry in love!” and she turned her large brown eyes toward me.

“In vain I sought to fathom them, and arrive at some conclusion whether or no the subject interested her with special force.

“The eyes remained fixed, till I blundered out the old saw, ‘Tom judges others by himself.’

“Then the eyes turned to Tom, and he pleaded guilty by his awkward looks, and half-blushes, and averted eyes, and forced laugh.

“By Heaven! thought I, what would I not give for Tom's awkwardness now! The scandal is winning his way by it.

“Jerry, is Tom in love?”

“The nature of the question, the correctness of it, the very simplicity of the thing was irresistible, and I could not repress a smile that grew into a laugh.

“Tom joined in it, and we made the woods ring with our merriment.

“I say, Tom, isn't that your whip lying back yonder in the road?”

“Confound it, yes; the cord has broken from my wrist, and he rode back for it.

“Jerry, whom does Tom love?” said she, quickly, turning to me.

“You,” said I, bluntly.

“Why, of course; but who is he in love with, I mean?”

“It was a curious way to get at it. Could I be justified? It was not asking what I had intended, but it was getting at it in another way, and just as well, perhaps. It was, at all events, asking Tom's question for him, and it saved me the embarrassment of putting it as my own. I determined this in an instant.

“Sarah, could you love Tom well enough to marry him?”

“I, Jerry; what do you mean?”

“Suppose Tom wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?”

“I don't know—I can't tell—I never thought of such a thing. You don't think he has any such idea, do you?”

“That was my answer. It was enough as far as it went, but I was no better off than before. She did not love Tom, or she would never have answered thus. But did she love me? Would she marry me? Wouldn't she receive the idea in just the same way?”

“I looked back. Tom was on the ground, had picked up his whip, and had one foot in the stirrup, ready to mount again. I gulped down my heart that was up in my throat and spoke out: “Sarah will you marry me?”

“Philip, she turned her eyes again towards me—those large brown eyes, those holy eyes—and blessed me with their unutterably glorious gaze. To my dying hour I will not forget that gaze; to all eternity it will remain in my soul. She looked at me one look; and whether it was pity, sorrow, surprise, or love, I cannot tell you, that filled me and overflowed toward me from their immeasurable depths; but Philip, it was the last light of those eyes I ever saw—the last, the last.

“Is there any thing left in that bowl? Thank you. Just a glassful. You will not take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish it. My story is nearly ended, and I will not keep you up much longer.

“We had not noticed, so absorbed had we been in our pleasant talk, that a black cloud had risen in the west and obscured the sun, and covered the entire sky; and even the sultry air had not called our attention to the coming thunder-storm.

“As she looked at me, even as she fixed her eyes on mine, a flash, blinding and fierce, fell on the top of a pine-tree by the roadside not fifty yards from us, and the crash of the thunder shook the foundations of the hills.

“Calling to Sarah to keep back and wait, I drove the spurs into my horse and went down the steep path. Looking back, I saw her following, her horse making tremendous speed. She kept the carriage-road, following on after Tom, and I pressed on, thinking to intercept his horse below.

“My pace was terrible. I could hear them thundering down the track above. I looked up and caught sight of them through the trees. I looked down, and saw a gully before me full eighteen feet wide, and as many deep.

“A great horse was that black horse Casar, and he took the gully at a flying leap that landed us far over it, and a moment later I was at the point where the roads again met, but only in time to see the other two horses go by at a furious pace, Sarah's abreast of the gray, and she reaching her hand out bravely trying to grasp the flying rein, as her horse went leap for leap with him.

“To ride close behind them was worse than useless in such a case. It would but serve to increase their speed; so I fell back a dozen rods and followed, watching the end.

“At the foot of the mountain the river ran, broad and deep, spanned by the bridge at the narrowest point. To reach the bridge, the road took a short turn up stream, directly on the bank.

“On swept the gray and the black horse, side by side, down the hillside, not fifty leaps along the level ground, and then came the turn.

“She was on the off-side. At the sharp turn she pressed ahead a half length and reined her horse across the gray's shoulder, if possible, to turn him up toward the bridge.

“It was all over in an instant. The gray was the heavier horse. He pressed her close; the black horse yielded, gave way toward the fence, stumbled, and the fence, a light rail, broke with a crash, and they went over, all together into the deep black stream.

“Still, still the sound of that crash and plunge is in my ears. Still I can see them go headlong down that bank together into the black water.”

“I never knew exactly what I did then. When I was conscious, I found myself swimming around in a circle, diving occasionally to find them, but in vain. The gray horse swam ashore and stood on the bank by my back, with distended nostrils and trembling limbs, and shaking from head to foot with terror. The other black horse was floating down the surface of the stream, drowned. His mistress was nowhere visible, and Tom was gone also.

“I found her at last. “Yes, she was dead!”

“Restore her? No. A glance at her face showed how vain all such hope was. Never was human face so angelic. She was already one of the saints—one of the immortals—and the beauty and glory of her new life had left some faint likeness of itself on her dead form and face.

“Philip, I said I had never grown a day older since that time. You know now why. I have never ceased to think of her as on that day. I have never lost the blessing of those eyes as they looked on me in the forest on the mountain road. I have never left her, never grown away from her. If, in the resurrection, we are to resume the bodies most exactly fitted to represent our whole lives; if, as I have sometimes thought, we shall rise in the forms we wore when some great event stamped our souls forever, then I am certain that I shall awake in form and feature as I was that day, and no record will remain of an hour of my life after her burial.

“We buried her in the old vault close by the house, among the solemn oaks. Beautiful, angel-like, to the very last.

“My voice is broken. I can say no more, Philip. You have the story. That is the whole of it. God bless you, Philip, my boy. You have listened—patiently—to—my—talk.

“Good-night, boy. Go to bed. I'll stay here in the old chair awhile. I don't—exactly—feel—like—sleeping—yet.”

I left him sitting there; his head bowed on his breast, his eyes closed, his breathing short and heavy, as if with apparent grief. My own eyes were misty.

In the hall I found John, sitting bolt upright in a large chair.

“Why, John, I thought the Major sent you to bed long ago?”

“Yes, Sir; the Major always sends me to bed at the third bowl, Sir, and I always doesn't go. He's been a telling you the old story, now hasn't he, Mr. Philip?”

“What old story, John?”

“Why, all about Miss Lewis, and Mister Tom, and the General?”

“Yes.”

John laid his long black finger knowingly up by the side of his nose, and looked at me.

“Why, John—you don't mean to say—eh?”

“All the punch, Sir.”

“What! Sarah and the black horse, and—?”

“All punch, Sir.”

“John, my man, go in and take care of him. He is either asleep or drunk. Curious that! Why didn't I think that a man was hardly to be believed after the second bowl, and perfectly incredible on the third. By Jove! he is a trump at a story, though.”

It would be difficult to describe all that I dreamed about that night.

where they will winter. Admiral Houston's squadron was to sail on the 4th for Spynrna.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN ATTACK ON THE ALLIES.

The following despatch respecting an affair at Baga-Orkusta-Skrada is as received by the French Minister of War from General Pellissier:

SEBASTOPOL, Dec. 8.—Between 2,000 and 3,000 infantry and 400 and 500 cavalry have attacked Baga-Orkusta-Skrada. After an hour's sharp firing the enemy beat a retreat, leaving in our hands about 30 prisoners, of whom two are officers, besides killed and wounded, the whole number of whom is unknown at present. Our loss is insignificant.

Baga-Orkusta-Skrada are three villages situated at the eastern extremity of the valley of Baidar, and to the extreme right of the French position as well as that of the Allied army. Our allies are posted very strongly here, and their reserves are close at hand.

The London Globe of the 14th ult., alluding to this attack, says:

“No new light is thrown upon the skirmish in the valley of Baidar beyond the details communicated by Marshal Pellissier. The three villages mentioned are situated on the northeast of that fertile basin, and form a right-angled triangle of which Baga is the apex, looking northeast. The hills enclosing the valley run in a long ridge from Skvaka nearly due north, and where the road from Markoul to Braga breaks through the hills, they tread away in a westerly direction towards Ouzbush. The Tchernaya, running among the hills to the east, passes south of Skvaka and north of Skelia, and nearly bisects the valley of Baidar, runs by the pass of Ashu into the proper Tchernaya valley, below the Mackenzie ridge. Where the French outposts were withdrawn within the Baidar valley, they were strongly posted at Oorkusta, Baga, Skrakka, and Skelia, with reserves close at hand.

These three villages, therefore, form the extreme right of the Allied position. To reach them, the Russians on the Upper Belbeck probably marched by the pass leading from Markoul to Baidar. To reach Skvaka they must have passed along the eastern ridge of hills, and their appearance so far south would indicate that they occupy the neighbouring valley to the east, where the Tchernaya takes its rise.

The object of this movement of the enemy it is difficult to divine; but it was probably a simple reconnaissance with the view of testing the vigilance of our Allies, and of ascertaining whether a surprise were practicable in that quarter. These small incidents of warfare may be expected to occur throughout the winter; but the enemy is mistaken if he expects that he can make any impression on the position of our Allies in the valley of Baidar.

MOVEMENTS OF OMAR PASHA.

According to previous accounts Omar Pasha was on the banks of the Mavani, three hours' march from Kutais, awaiting the arrival of Mustapha Pasha's division and the Egyptian division, 13,000 strong, which had been employed at Eupatoria, and was ordered from there to reinforce him. Omar was expected to be able to advance by the 11th ult., but the Russians were in force before him, Prince Bismoff having established his headquarters at Kutais. Selim Pasha, with a large c nroy of provisions, was ready to advance to the relief of Kars, but he had not done so until too late.

The Vienna Military Gazette states from Rodou's Kale that both the English Commissioner and Omar Pasha's envoy have totally failed in their negotiations with the Cossacians, their chiefs having refused to leave the mountains for the purpose of making an attack upon Georgia. The relations subsisting between Omar Pasha and Schamyl are anything but satisfactory, and Omar's plan of crossing the river and advancing further into the interior of Georgia may be considered a failure.

The opinion that peace would be obtained before the time came for re-opening the campaign seems to have gained ground, both in France and England. In the meantime, however, preparations to continue the war most vigorously were being carried on both sides of the channel.

Parliament is further prorogued till 31st January, then to meet for despatch of business.

To meet the demand of twenty-five thousand clamorous purchasers of Macaulay's new volumes, Messrs. Westley & Company, the great binders of London, have undertaken to supply 3000 copies every day until the order is completed.

Some time ago (12th October) the Frigate Haberdashery, carrying Hearth-rugs, Umbrellas, and other articles, made a furious outcry about £10 being lost to the revenue, through an error committed by Mr. Clark in making up the amount of a bond due by the late firm of Travers & McPhee.

The Islander protested that the money could not be recovered—that if an action were commenced against Travers & McPhee, the Attorney General's fees would amount to as much as the claim, and if the suit went against the Government, there would be a loss of £20 to the revenue; but if the Government should gain it, said the Islander, there would still be a loss of £10, in the shape of fees to the Attorney General. Our attention was turned to all this balderdash by learning the other day that a short time previously a new bond was executed, including the £10 at first refused to be paid, as soon as the parties found that the Attorney General really did mean to prosecute, and that they certainly would lose the suit. But before the Attorney General was prepared to take any proceedings in the matter, Mr. Clark paid the deficient £10 out of his own pocket into the Treasury. So all the hubbub of the Islander went, in the usual way, for nothing.

We cannot say whether it was malice or ignorance which prompted Maclean to tell his readers that Mr. Attorney General Hensley would get fees out of the suit, if it went on, to the amount of £10. He ought to have known that Mr. Hensley could not receive a shilling in the shape of fees if the suit did go on, and continued even for a month. The Salary Bill provides a fixed allowance for the Attorney General, and under that Bill he is precluded from receiving any fees whatever for any professional services rendered to the Government. So much for Duncan Maclean's ignorance of law, or his malice in misrepresenting it, for a factious purpose.

There appeared in the obituary list of the Islander of Friday week, an announcement of the death of a beloved daughter of the Hon. Mr. Warburton. In almost the next column of the same paper there appeared a violent and ferocious attack on the private as well as public character of the bereaved parent, which, we need not say, was utterly false and malicious from beginning to end. The most implacable savage, in the most barbarous age, would never think of perpetrating such an outrage as that. But it is in the hour of domestic affliction with its opponents the Islander most delights to exhibit its ferocity against them. The Advertiser of Thursday last descants on the enormity in the following terms—an enormity, we feel assured, which has no parallel in the history of newspaper attacks.

“For many weeks past it has been a part of the unenviable labors of Mr. McLean, in the columns of the Islander, to vilify and endeavor to detract from the public and private character of the Hon. James Warburton; the stigma and slanders hurled at that gentleman's name, by the implacable McLean, are too bald and flagrant in their character for any serious consideration or grave notice; and we should not now have used a penful of ink in advertising to those calamities, but merely refer to them in connection with the continued attack, at this particular time, upon that honorable gentleman, in the last issue of the Islander.

“We now ask both the Editor and the Publisher of the