News by the English Mail!

Promotions in the Army.—The deaths of the General officers which have just taken place will involve several new appointments and a large amount of promotions in the army. By the decease of Sir Colin Halkett, the Governorship of Chelsea Hospital and the colonelcy of the 45th Regiment, and by that of Lord Hardinge the colonelcy of the 57th Regiment, are rendered vacant. Coupled with the recent deaths of Lieutenant-General Gordon and General Sir H. F. Campbell the decease of Sir Colin Halkett also creates a vacancy on the fixed establishment of General officers, to which Colonel William Booth, half-pay 41st Regiment, the senior on the list—an officer who has served in the Nepaulese and Burmese wars—will succeed; Lieutenant Colonel Raymond, now in command of the depot battalion at Winchester, will become Colonel; and Major Bradshawe, on the staff in Australia, Lieutenant-Colonel. These deaths will also cause the promotion of Lieutenant-General Aylmer to be General, and Major-General Cochrane to be Lieutenant-General, by which the latter officer will have to resign the command of the Dublin district. The Duke of Cambridge will also probably have an opportunity of placing three officers on the list of those receiving rewards for distinguished services in place of Sir Henry Somerset, who will be gazetted to-morrow, in all likelihood, to the Colonelcy of the 25th Regiment, *vice* Sir H. F. Campbell; and of the two officers to be appointed to the 45th and 57th Regiments. It is, we beiieve, usual to promote the Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital to the Governorship when an opportunity arises, and the present Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Edward Blakeney, will therefore be most likely to have the appointment. The next death among the General officers will, with those of Lord Hardinge and Major General James Jones (which occurred on Monday), make Colonel Greaves, late Deputy Quarter-master-General in Ireland, a Major-General.—*Globe, Sept.* 25.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

A letter from Galatz of the 9th says—"The commission on the frontiers of Bessarabia has traced the frontier from the sea to Belgrade, where it arrived last evening. This having been done in the course of a week, it may be hoped that the whole frontier can be traced by the end of the month, or by the beginning of October. The commissioners are to leave to-morrow without stopping at Bolgrad. The frontier was traced by means of an ordinary plough, which accompanied the commissioners. The dispute relative to Bolgrad has not yet been terminated, and the commissioners are waiting for instructions about it."

Soldier at New Orleans.—The Dublin correspondent of the London Times, says that a respectable professional man, recently returned to Dublin from New Orleans, is ready to aver on oath, if called upon, that during his residence at the latter place he had seen John Sadleir, the defaulter and supposed suicide, boldly striding through the streets of New Orleans. There could be, he insists, no mistake, as he had been for many years familiar with the marked features of of that never-to-be forgotten countenance.

Street Worship in Russia.—There is no place in the world where a man with a very small capital can easier gain, if not an honest, at all events a competent livelihood, than in Moscow. All he has to do is spend a few roubles in the purchase of a grimy and obscure saint on canvas, with a tin or gilt glory round his head, and a new frame; to find out a doorway or arch near a thoroughfare where he can place this masterpeice on a table, and get room for himself on a chair, and there, with a old cap or a wooded basin as a money box, sit patiently till his customers come. They are not long in arriving. Behold, here is a mujik coming to market; the pictures catches his eye, he likes it, he makes a few inquiries about it from the proprietor, who assures him that the saint has great interest in the very highest quarters, and has done an immense deal of good to all his clients. The mujik is satisfied, off goes his cap and down bends his head, while his hands busily wander from chest and brow in self benediction, his wild locks fly over his face and bob back again as with increasing fervour he utters his prayers to the obfuscated image before him. When he thinks he has made a favourable impression he puts his hand in his pocket, drops a few copecks into the saint's treasury, and goes on his way rejoicing. "Surely," said I to a Russian, "these poor people ought to be the best in the world, they say so many prayers." "Ah!" replied he "they have need of all their prayers, they sin so much; and these saints listen so readily they are encouraged to commit all kinds of rogueries.

—*Moscow correspondent of the Times.*

Latest News!

EUROPEAN NEWS.

(*Per Telegraph to Reading Room.*)

The Cunard Steamship Persia has arrived at New York. Liverpool dates to 4th inst.

The Money market is reported as decidedly more stringent. The Bank of England has advanced its rate of interest to 5 per cent. The stock of Bullion is reported as decreased to the extent of three hundred and six thousand pounds.

Consols for Money are quoted at 92½ to 92⅜.

Cotton market quiet.

Weather very wet and disagreeable.

Market for Breadstuffs quiet.

Flour—Steady demand.

No alteration is reported in Wheat since previons quotations. The demand was regular.

Corn in moderate request. No change in prices.

Provision market quiet. Sales limited.

Nothing new has transpired relative to Naples or Isle of Serpents difficulties.

We are sorry to find that the Yellow Fever, from which Bermuda suffered so much three years ago, is spreading in those Islands.

The State Elections for Pennsylvania were to come off yesterday.

We are curious to have the results, as upon them will depend the issue of the struggle for the Presidential Chair—a struggle which excites intense interest from one bound of civilization to the other.

The word has gone forth to nations whether the Republic which Washington founded is or is not opposed to the spread of human bondage. The testimony which a pure democracy is prepared to render to the world whether its vital principles is or is not a delusion and a snare, is anxiously looked for.

It is idle for the Southern Slave-breeder to dream, in the contingency of a dissolution of the Union, of annexation to England. Old England would prefer a union with a nation of Cannibals.

The sense of Englishmen—the sense of the civilized world indeed, is, that African Slavery is a dishonor and a reproach to the American Republic, and thus it is that no former Presidential contest has so engaged the attention of people not directly interested in its result, as does the present; simply because the issue bears directly upon great concerns of our common humanity.

A good many years ago Baron Humboldt wrote, to John Quincy Adams we believe:—

"But there is one thing, sir, which grieves me more than I can describe, and that is the policy you have lately adopted in regard to Slavery. I am not so unreasonable as to expec that you should instantly emancipate your Slaves. I know well the formidable difficulties that you have to contend with in solving the problem of Slavery. But what occasions deep sorrow and pain, believe me TO ALL LOVERS OF YOUR COUNTRY, is to find that, instead of adopting any means, however slow and gradual, to relieve yourselves of it, you are constantly trying TO EXTEND AND CONSOLIDATE A SYSTEM which is not only opposed to all the principles of morality, but, as it appears to me, is pregnant with appalling and inevitable dangers to the future of the Republic itself. Tell your countrymen this from me."—*Halifax Sun.*

It is anticipated, and we believe with truth that the business transactions on the River Saint John and its tributaries were never more extensive than they are designed to be in the ensuing winter. The late rise in the price of lumber, combined with the moderate freights have tended to this result, and we have no hesitation in stating that fortunes will be made and lost as briskly as ever in conenction with the approaching operations.—*Frederickton Reporter.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—

Permit me to make a few remarks through the columns of your intelligent and widely-circulated paper. They are not written for the purpose of offending any person, but simply for the purpose of endeavoring to check public abuses of a grave nature.

You, no doubt, in common with others, have read certain communications which were published in the *Islander* some time ago, the first being signed "Simplex," the second (a reply to the first), "Complex"; and, doubtless, you could not but despise the motives, deducible from the writings, which actuated the composers. It is likely, too, you were surprised at the lack of discernment in the publisher who introduced such into the columns of his paper. Any well-wisher of his country would like to see its leading journals maintain their dignity, but surely, a journal forfeits this when it unfolds its pages for the reception of such communications as I have just referred to.

From the strife and unpleasant feeling which these have created, the writers should learn, that there is much impropriety in recurring to the public press to avenge an imaginary or real wrong of a private nature. It should teach *them*, and others also, never to have recourse to such channels, but to steer clear of such an unwarrantable course.

Much blame attaches to the person who contributed the first, but everlasting odium cleaves to him who contributed the second article. This is the first time I have taken my pen in hand to write on this subject, and would not do so now, had not "Complex" been so maliciously inveterate, that he could not let the minister of the "hill church" receive an address from his congregation and reply to the same, without giving vent to more of his unprovoked spleen in circulars; and had not the paper referred to put an untimely stop to the defences of the attacked party. Any paper that would publish such foul calumnies against any gentleman, especially a minister of the gospel, and then close its columns against redress, is unworthy of the support of any, especially those who call themselves by the name of Christ.

I cannot picture in my mind an act more stupidly audacious—more sacrilegious—or of any act which would contain as much insolent effrontery as that which was committed against the minister of the "hill church" by the writer who then subscribed himself "Complex." What were his motives for writing such, I need not stop here to enquire. Perhaps—

"'Twas envy filled his heart with gall and bitterness,
What made the man of envy what he was,
Was worth in others, vileness in himself."

Or perhaps slander filled his—

——"mouth with lying words—
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin. The man
In whom this spirit entered was undone.
His tongue was set on fire of hell, his heart
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste
To propagate the lie his soul had framed;
His pillow was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendship and strife of brotherhoods,
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed,
Devising mischief more; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's names."

His stupidity appears from his supposing, that a minister would write the article signed 'Simplex," about the settlement (and part of his congregation), in which he resided. Stupidity! may I call it? No, it looks more like design. To me it appears that he had long meditated revenge for something, and was anxiously waiting for an opportunity to wreak his vengeance, for no sooner did "Simplex" appear than he anxiously seized the opportunity; hence we see his haste—written between "9 p.m. and 7 the following morning."

The audacity of the act is evident. No person possessing a tithe of prudence or christian feeling would have acted so unmanly a part. To know that it is sacrilegious, it needs only to be read. It breathes an utter disregard for all that is sacred—for all that is religious; and to let the author of it go unpunished would be a libel on the professors of christianity, and those who regard character I think any person who values the ordinances of religion, and character, in reproving such, can scarcely help being moved to severity. Indeed, in this case, in the light I view it, coolness would be a crime; yes, as much so as it would have been for Paul not to have reproved sharply Elymas the sorcerer, When we behold a man scampering through the fair cornfields—social and religious society—with the blazing brand of slander hot from Tophet's valley, surely it is but laudable to endeavor to arrest him in his mad career.

As regards the minister's prayers, all I dare say is,—"To his own master he standeth or falleth," and "Complex" will surely fall with his fallen master, if he repent not, and turn from the error of his ways. It is well known, wicked men are not fond of prayers, excepting such as invoke curses on their own heads or those of their neighbors, whom the gospel enjoins to love as themselves.

When "Complex" shall have acquired so much bodily strength, that by placing his shoulder against Ararat, he can overturn it quite easily and roll it into the Caspian Sea, then I shall say, if his mental faculties strengthen in proportion, that his abilities, to a certain degree, will be commensurate to what is required in the man who would successfully and presumptuously attack the ordinances of the christian religion.

"Complex," however, finding that he had overshot his mark, that the minister was not the person who wrote the piece signed "Simplex," made an attempt to apologize, which attempt (I think, any person will say, who understands English,) was equivalent to—I am sorry he was not the man.

A few things only in his circular I deem worthy of notice. His writings remind me in one respect) of the Electric Eel. Each succeeding shock from this animal is weaker than the preceeding; and so it is with the writings I refer to; the succeeding one is feebler than its predecessor.

In his letter to the elders and members of the church in Cavendish and New London, he makes "haste," an apology for writing what he did in the piece signed "Complex." A very poor excuse for ill-humour and incompetency. In one place he says, "none of you deem it wrong to criticise Pastor's sermons; why then his public prayer?" Miserable subterfuge! Allow me to tell him why not. In the first case, a minister addresses his fellow creatures for the purpose of edifying them; in the second he addresses God, in his own, and in their behalf. He next adds, "the one act is *customary*, the other is *unusual*. "True; it is *unusual*, for none but an impious, full-hardy sinner would attempt the like. And yet he confidently trusts he is a "christian" and a "freeman." Is he a freeman whom the "truth made free?" Such a freeman would not contemn the sacred ordinances of religion, and spitefully reproach a minister of the gospel in the ungentlemanly manner he has done. A freeman!! I hope he will learn that he is not at liberty to sow the unhallowed seeds of discord in a minister's congregation—to maliciously attack ministers of religion—or to publicly malign unsullied characters. Verily, if his ability to do evil was equal to his inclination he would be a formidable foe.

In his letter to the minister is contained a good deal of low abuse, to reply to which, would be, in my opinion, beneath the dignity of a minister of the gospel, it being only a reflection of the writer's own tainted mind. In the second paragraph he ironically intimates that a "Mr. C. Crosbie" I hope the gentleman will excuse for quoting his name, is the minister's "elder," whereas that gentleman, I believe, never pretended to belong to the Presbyterian body. It is a pity he should now begin to mangle the figures of speech, after so mercilessly mutilating English composition.

At the commencement of the third paragraph he says, (referring to the reply,) "the character of a minister, you truly remark, should be above suspicion." In the reply no such remark is made. It must therefore have been coined by Mr. B. himself, to answer some purpose. In the next sentence (which is a real jumble of nonsense,) behold the use he makes of it;—I, the writer am a suspicious character. But the most ludicrous part of this sentence is, when he represents the "elder" as having a son who was a "presenter" in Cavendish Church. And what did he present? Was it a child for baptism? Impossible! for the "elder" himself was only married a few months ago. Perhaps it is *precenter* he means. If however, this and others be typographical errors, he should have corrected them with his own pen before distributing the circulars. It is to me perfectly astonishing, that a man who has seen so much of the world, and "*may* have had the privilege of hearing" so many public prayers, (not saying he embraced,) should have been ignorant of this bit of education.

It is obvious to all who understand English, that Mr B's communications contain assertions without arguments, and denials without proving the contrary; and that each of them is devoid of logic, reason, sense, and politeness, and I do hope that the public will not be bored with any more "rejoinders."

Frank.

Cascumpec, October 10th, 1856.

HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

Saturday, October 18, 1856.

Pleasant, wholesome and generally agreeable as our climate is, we could, we confess, wish that it were not so variable, and that the duration of the autumn unvisited by severe frost, was in all years similar to the present. Until the day before yesterday, the gardens have kept up their shew of verdure, not even the French Bean or Tomato in the kitchen garden, or the balsam, that tenderest of plants, in the flower garden having had their leaves in the least injured. It is impossible to theorize upon this subject. Giving the rein to our imagination, we have contemplated the continent of America, as closely peopled as that of