

by parliamentary duties, and enabled to devote his whole energies to his diocese. But, alas! it is too clearly seen that if this experiment be made, its success will render its extension unavoidable; and then we should soon see S. G. Osborne's gigliohope, and though the Church would be strengthened, and the episcopacy rendered more effective, it would be somewhat short of its munificence splendour! The Lower House of Convocation treated the matter very differently. They "express their devout thankfulness to Almighty God for having put it into the heart of the offeror to make a proposal which promises to be so conducive to the spiritual welfare of the Church, and that the prolocutor be requested to communicate the same to his Grace the president." Here, too, will be the proper place to observe that Dr. Walker is the founder of the magnificent church of All Saints, Notting Hill, now nearly completed. He has also furnished an endowment; and has provided that the church shall be free for ever, and kept always open. This is Dr. Walker's notion of a monument to his parents, who lived in that neighbourhood.

Correspondence.

A NOVA SCOTIAN IN TURKEY. *

Further Extracts.

"I then went on to Mussabeg, whence I sent back the animals which had brought up the supplies, and with the aid of my escort seized on 14 arabas, drawn by a pair of oxen each. All these Bulgarians are armed to the teeth, and as I had with me at the time but one Turkish trooper, they looked like showing fight; but I find that a determined demeanour has great effect with these people, and a threat to knock them down does wonders. At Mussabeg we were troubled by a fly, as large as a bumble-bee, with a bright green head, which stung the horses so as to bring forth streams of blood, and as I occasionally came in for a sting, in spite of every precaution, it felt to me like the wound of a lancet. The tortures of one night's sleeping in the open air in such a place was enough.

"In following up the course of the Danube, we were at one time within pistol shot of a picket of the enemy, and as we neared Siliustria, saw the camp of one of their corps extending for miles on the other side of the river.

"It is impossible for me to describe Siliustria to you, but I must say, that a sight of the theatre of the recent struggle increases one's admiration of Turkish valour. The covered ways of the enemy approached so near the works of the Arab Fort, and the mines were sprung in such close proximity to the defences, that it seems wonderful how the place ever held out, and I have heard it said that none but Turks would have held out as they did. The mines of the enemy sprung back on themselves, and killed thousands of the storming parties, who lay close by in the trenches to take advantage of the breach. Not a Turk could lift his head above the parapet but he fell a victim to the deadly Minie rifles of the besiegers. And at times the combatants approached so closely, that they have handed to each other pieces of bread at the bayonet's point.—The city presents a scene of destruction from the bombardments; mosques in ruins, minarets pierced through by shot, here a house is shown wherein a Pasha got his death-blow, there another where six horses were killed by one well-directed shot, and so on, a thousand incidents might be told. The streets have sunk into deep holes, in places where mines had been prepared to receive the invaders; and all this being in addition to the ordinary ruin and filth of a Turkish town, does not render Siliustria more inviting. I visited Ismail Pasha in his hut, at one of the forts. I went on business, and found him very agreeable. The usual ceremony of handing round coffee in small cups like eggshells was gone through. 30,000 men are in camp here. We then went to Shumla in three marches—an immense army lay here also; and the town and vicinity is strongly fortified, and everything bespeaks war on a gigantic scale. Here I met my *compagnon du voyage*, Mr. Cowan, already broken down by anxiety of mind. Shumla is a large city, but the filthiest I have yet seen. It is indescribable, without stooping all one's ideas of delicacy. Omer Pasha is here in camp, attended by English, French, and Austrian officers. From Shumla we came here in two marches, after a patrol of 280 miles, during which we scoured the whole of that part of Bulgaria, wherein it was suspected the enemy were lurking. We were 18 days out, during which I slept in the open air, without any tent, and nothing but a blanket and water-proof rug for my bedding. We passed through about 20 towns and villages all in ruins, and laid waste by the Greek Bulgarians, on the declaration of war. And though the country for miles and miles in every direction is waving with crops ready for the sickle, inhabitants there are none, to reap. I met about 5,000 Bashi-Bigoaks, and at Hussouva with a party commanded by a "lawy," who is old and ugly, but unmarried, and sways her lawless retainers by some mysterious influence which gives her unquestioned power. She encountered the enemy in the vicinity of Siliustria, and leads her men to battle in person.—When on the road towards Bayard-pick and Mussabeg, I was overtaken by about 500 of the Bashi-Bigoaks, who so intermingled with the convoy, that it looked to me like a disposition to carry us off. I rein-

ed in my horse, and with half a dozen of my escort of Turkish cavalry, waited to see how affairs were progressing, when the chief, armed with yatagan and pistols, and an enormous spear 20 feet long, tufted with a bunch of hair, very scap-like, pulled up his charger, and in a moment we were surrounded by a party of his retainers. The old ruffian with his lance balanced in his right hand, as if ready to transfix any one—I fancy he would not be particular as to friend or foe—glowered at me with his solitary eye, which gleamed from beneath an overhanging brow, black as a thunder cloud, and with his swarthy visage, seamed and scarred by hideous wounds, looked the picture of what he really was: the chieftain of a band of cut-throats, whose life is spent in strife, turmoil, and robbery. The many seamed faces which passed me, told a tale of Bashi-Bigoaks' life, more certain than any other evidence.—These people are the Restouins of Europe, and yield not in any respect to their Asiatic brethren in ferocity and rapacity. You must excuse this bad writing, but I am writing on the floor in a Bulgarian *muq-hut*. No chairs or tables are to be seen in this country, every one is seated on mats or carpets on the floor. I follow the custom, and though I cannot come the cross-legged dodge yet, still I get on in the reclining posture, but it does not answer for letter-writing, for I have been on my back, face, and either side, a dozen times, while writing this, and all the while tormented by a plague of flies."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH TIMES.

Sir,—It has been my privilege to visit Beaver Harbour, and to join in the services of the Sanctuary and the Sabbath School. The Church and Parsonage are prettily situated on the eastern side of the Harbour, and there is an air of neatness and attention to cleanliness, both within and without the Church, strikingly in contrast with some of the buildings along those shores. The service was solemn and impressive, and the congregation attentive and devout, and there appeared between the Pastor and his people, that respect, regard, and sympathy, which could only arise from their experience of his moral worth, and consistent piety. In the afternoon I attended the Sunday School; about 33 children of all ages were present, besides their parents and friends. The school-room was scrupulously neat and clean, and the children were well dressed; and their happy and intelligent countenances lighted up with smiles at the entrance of the Parson's wife, who in fact was their kind and faithful superintendent. According to previous arrangement, after the school was opened, we examined the children, and both in the recital of portions of Scripture, and Hymns and Catechisms, as well as their replies to questions, they showed a most creditable amount of Scriptural knowledge, and a striking reverence and attention to divine things. It would not be pleasing to the feelings of those whose patient labours are thus making the moral wilderness blossom like a rose, to dilate more upon this subject; but there are reflections, suggested by the sight of these and some similar scenes along these eastern shores of Nova Scotia that, for the sake of the Church, I ought not to withhold. It is with no common feelings of thankfulness that I have witnessed the operations of our Church, and as I see the way open, and ordinary prejudice removed, I also see a personal fitness in our present ministers on this shore for their missionary work, likely to give their efforts, for the edifying of the Church of Christ, a permanent character. But their number is altogether disproportionate to the extent of these scattered settlements, and I should be glad indeed if this notice should provoke the zeal of any to give more liberally to the 2 Societies that now endeavour to supply the waste places of this Diocese with Missionary laborers. I know the members of our Church are awakening to the glorious responsibility of giving, but I contend much more may be done and will be done by us all, when we feel as we ought to feel for the souls of our brethren. Shall I furnish you with a contrast?—Not many miles from this place we met a family, bearing a Protestant name, in which the children growing up in ignorance boasted that their father taught them to swear. Here drunkenness and sin kept the family aloof from the means of grace, and living on an island, they were not often within reach of missionary visits. After this, how bright and green does the spot become where stands the Beaver Harbour Sabbath School. Let our contributions help to multiply these Gospel stations, and gladden the hearts of the poor settlers by sending amongst them more of such ministers as shall uplift amongst them the Standard of the Cross, and preach and teach from house to house the preciousness of Christ crucified.

Yours,

A CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

October 2, 1854.

News Department.

ENGLAND.

It is worth while noticing the time in which intelligence can be telegraphed to us across Europe. The first and incorrect despatch about the landing on the 14th, was forwarded on the 16th from Constantinople by courier to Bucharest, where it was received on the 19th; from Bucharest it was transmitted to the nearest telegraph station (probably Cronstadt in Transylvania), and from thence telegraphed to Vienna. It was in Vienna on the evening of the 20th, and in London on the morning of the 21st, just a week from the Crimea. The despatch from Lord Raglan of the middle of the day or evening of the 16th, reached the Duke of Newcastle late in the night of the 24th, taking apparently one day more. Probably it also came by way of Constantinople and Bucharest to Cronstadt. This is rapid enough. But it seems as if—as was stated some time back in the Vienna correspondence of the *Times*—the news could be brought yet more rapidly. A steamer would bring the intelligence to Kostonje, or even to Varna, several hours sooner than Constantinople; and also the long detour and land journey would be saved from Constantinople by Bucharest to the telegraph at Cronstadt. It took more than three days to send the intelligence from Constantinople to Cronstadt. The distance from Kostonje to Cronstadt, by Tchernarda and Plojescit, is said not to exceed two hundred miles, and relays of Tartars could generally accomplish that distance in twenty-six or thirty hours. There seems no reason why the shortest and speediest route should not be chosen for intelligence, on the speedy reception of which at home so much may depend.—*Church and State Gazette.*

UNITED STATES.

BISHOP WAINWRIGHT.—The New York *Protestant Churchman* bears the following testimony to the character and conduct of this much lamented prelate:

Two years since and the heart of the Church was gladdened with the tidings that Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright had been elected Provisional Bishop of this Diocese, and now within a brief period we are bewailing his loss. This stroke falls suddenly and heavily. Under judicious and conciliatory administration, peace reigned within our borders, party animosity was silenced, and the fairest prospect was presented of increasing unity and prosperity. We question if ever a man called to so responsible a station under circumstances apparently presenting so many difficulties in the way of harmonizing and satisfying different interests, succeeded in guiding his conduct with such impartiality and universal acceptance as did Bishop Wainwright. His heart was right, and that was the secret of his success. He filled the office of a Bishop without abusing its prerogatives, being intent upon the exercise of his ministry, and not in wielding power. Amiable and benign in disposition, affable in address, and social in temperament, his urbane and conciliatory manners reflected the gentle and kind characteristics of his nature. And though his views were settled and decided, and on just occasions he was not backward in their expression, yet he did not obtrude them offensively, nor seek to make them a test for his clergy. He preferred preaching the Gospel and administering his holy office to dogmatizing—practical Christianity to theoretical theology—and was emphatically a man of work in his high calling.

The Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., of St. Peter's Church, Albany, has been elected Provisional Bishop of the Diocese of New York, in the room of Dr. Wainwright, deceased. The election appears to have given general satisfaction. A New York paper says:

Dr. Potter is considered a moderate Churchman, and probable no other could have been elected, since the death of Dr. Wainwright, better fitted to conciliate and harmonize the different parties in the Church. For the last twenty years or more he has been pastor of the oldest Episcopal parish in Albany, where he is greatly esteemed and beloved. We believe he graduated at Union College in 1826, and is now over fifty years of age. His brother, the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., LL. D., is Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Pennsylvania; and it is a remarkable coincidence that the two important dioceses of New York and Pennsylvania should for the second time be placed under the Episcopal charge of brothers; formerly the two Bishops Onderdonk, and now the two Bishops Potter.

HEAVILY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—The Government has acceded to the application of Mr. Moses H. Perley, of New Brunswick, respecting the free admission of Colonial fish caught this season, and has given official assistance of an executive application to Congress for the refundment of any duties that may hereafter be paid on such fish, and for power to conceal any warehouses, bonds that may be given hereafter until the Reciprocity Treaty shall come into full operation. This concession has been made in consideration of our fish-