

hospital—six on shore and two off—were found inadequate to hold our sick. I then mentioned that the indefatigable officer, Captain Gordon, of the Engineers, was constructing sheds in the square of the barracks hospital, which would afford room for a thousand more; but even this additional accommodation is far from sufficient. Instead of one we are to have three hospitals at Kululee, which will be capable of containing an aggregate of 1,200 patients. Hospitals are also forthwith to be established at Smyrna, at Rhodes, and in another island of the Archipelago, not yet finally decided on, so that in a short time we shall have three at Kululee and four at Scutari for the treatment of the worst cases, and two afloat in the Golden Horn, one at Abydos, and three further south for convalescence, making a terrible total of thirteen establishments, without counting Corfu and Malta, to which large numbers have already been sent.

"At the Barrack hospital there is hardly a single second-class staff-surgeon left, for some of them have been taken away to do duty on board the sick transports, and of the few behind, Dr. Sumners is very ill, and Dr. Newton, I regret to say, is dead. Like poor Struthers, he too has fallen an untimely victim to the zeal with which he discharged his professional duties. It was fever of a low type in his case also: and, indeed, it is so rife now in every direction that the wonder is how more of the healthy and strong are not struck down by it. Both Newton and Struthers, it may be a consolation to their friends to know, were felled in their last moments, and had their dying eyes closed, by Miss Nightingale herself."

This mention of this fact leads to an eloquent tribute to Miss Nightingale and her sisters:—

"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken, which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher, though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment, and promptitude and decision of character. I have hesitated to speak of her hitherto as she deserves, because I well knew that no praise of mine could do justice to her merits, while it might have tended to embarrass the frankness with which she has always accepted the aid furnished her through the Fund. As that source of supply is now nearly exhausted, and my mission approaches its close, I can express myself with more freedom on this subject; and I confidently assert, that but for Miss Nightingale the people of England would scarcely, with all their solicitude, have been spared the additional pang of knowing, which they must have done sooner or later, that their soldiers, even in hospital, had found scanty refuge and relief, from the unparalleled miseries with which this war has hitherto been attended. Miss Stanley, assisted by Miss Emily Anderson, takes charge of the hospital at Kululee, and will, no doubt, soon make her presence there beneficially felt. She took possession of her quarters on Saturday, with 16 or 17 sisters and nurses, and is by this time actively engaged in ministering to the wants of the poor fellows in the wards. They require all the attention and care she can afford them, for more deplorable objects I have not yet seen brought down from the Crimea. A very large number of them present cases of the most frightful frost-bites, complicated in some instances with dysentery."

The Times tells us that a firm of the highest respectability in the provisioning trade, are prepared to bind themselves in the heaviest penalties which the jealousy of Government can impose, to supply to the British army in its present position, or anywhere within two hundred miles of the coast, food consisting of three meals a day to be cooked and delivered at the head quarters of each battalion at 2s. 3d. per head. The breakfast is to consist of tea, coffee, or cocoa, according to choice, and of fresh baked bread; the dinner of

bread, meat, and potatoes, with a quart of malt liquor, and the ordinary allowance of rum. They undertake to, to fresh meat twice a week, and vegetables, besides potatoes. To this is to be added a substantial evening meal. For threepence more they will find and keep up a constant supply of tinned.

At a meeting of the Dublin Protestant Association last week, a petition was carried on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Gregg, which recited that an army of 40,000 men had perished at the seat of war by famine and pestilence; that wisdom, foresight, energy, and prudence, being gifts of God, had been withdrawn by Him from the leaders of that army; the prestige of Great Britain had been destroyed; that if the welfare of the allies were to be successful the French would of right hold the territories disputed with Russia; and that these calamities were fully accounted for by the treason which the State had committed against God in past times by endowing Maynooth—supporting the education of which the Word of God formed no part—and permitting ecclesiastical usurpation.

VICTORIA.—We are in the confidence, monetary or political, of Printing-house-square; but we doubt if the revelations of its ledger would be more startling than those of the Melbourne Argus, the "leading journal" of this province, the editor of which (as an apology for raising the subscription from two to four pounds per annum) gives an account of its expenditure, which we subjoin in an abridged form. "The total cost is, in round numbers, £100,000 a year: the price of composition alone, at half-a-crown per thousand letters, is £27,000 the wear of machinery and current expenses of the mechanical department, £12,000; the rent of premises, £3,000; and the cost of paper, £30,000. Editorial and other expenses amount up the sum to no less than £300 a day for a paper which, half-a-dozen years ago, was published at one-thirtieth of that price." Here, then, is one of the many examples of the artificial state of affairs in Victoria. With labor only for its capital, and its sole export the gold produced by it, the time cannot be far off, unless matters are mended, when it will help to realize the fable of the hare and the tortoise, and be found toiling in the rear of even Western Australia in the course of solid prosperity. How is it that the "Tartar" has not "unlocked" the lands? Can it be that the "squatterocracy" is too strong for him?

According to the last accounts from South Australia, Captain Cadell had again steamed in the Lady Augusta two thousand miles from the mouth of the river Murray, and to within twenty miles of the town of Albury, in New South Wales, which he would have visited but for the river being impeded with snags. Captain Cadell, it is said, has arrived at the conclusion, instead of Australia being a riverless continent, her internal navigation is such as few other large tracts of territory can excel.

The Russian major taken prisoner in the act of stabbing wounded men has disappointed public vengeance. When captured he had a severe wound in his shoulder, and was sent to the hospital in Kululee, near Scutari, which is set apart for wounded Russian prisoners, where he died a short time ago. Dr. Gregg, of Edinburgh, who attended him, has preserved the wounded joint "as a memorial of the monster."

In a Chancery case, *Jeffries v. Mitchell*, heard on Friday, where two granddaughters of a testator, being of the same name, both claimed a legacy of £150, the Master of the Rolls ordered the sum to be paid to that granddaughter who, it appeared from evidence produced, was in the habit of visiting and staying with the old man, and whose father and mother he frequently visited.

GOOD-HUSBANDRY THE HIGHEST PRAISE.—The moral force of a community of educated farmers would be irresistible and salutary in the highest degree. The farm is the nursery of industry, economy, fidelity, honesty, patriotism, and physical health and endurance, and its influence would be conservative and wholesome in restraining the evils of society and the corruptions of government. The professions of arms, of law, and of medicine, are necessary and honorable, but the necessity arises from the evil passions and misfortunes of mankind. They are not, however, more necessary or honorable, or entitled to more general regard, than the profession of agriculture. While, therefore, I would not deny the honor of orators, civic crown, eulogies, and monuments to those who deserve them, yet I would make it the highest praise of a good man, as it was in Cato's time, to say: "He understands agriculture well, and is an excellent husbandman."

FRATERNISING PICKETS.—Habit, I suppose, has lessened the aversion with which the hostile pickets at first regarded each other, and now I am informed that between our men and the French and Muscovite guards as large an amount of politeness and small talk goes forward as the mutual ignorance of one another's language will permit. All parties agree that the English are bono, the French bono, and the Russians bono; but the Turks are condemned nem.con. Out-pickets can only fire in case of a sortie or attack, when their alarm arouses the covering parties, who in turn arouse the batteries, which, by firing, turn out either the garrison or camp. All these fraternising sentries are withdrawn on both sides at daybreak; any seen after that are fired on by the batteries without the least compunction.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON'S RESOLUTIONS.—The following resolutions were found in the desk of Archbishop Tillotson, written at the age of sixty-six, June 7, 1696.—1. Not to be angry with anybody, upon any occasion; because all anger is foolish, and a short fit of madness betrays us to great indecencies, and whereas it is intended to hurt others, the edge of it turns upon ourselves; we always repent of it, and are at last more angry at ourselves, by being angry at others. 2. Not to be peevish and discontented; this argues littleness of mind. 3. To use all gentleness towards all men: in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves. 4. Whenever I see any error or infirmity in myself, instead of intending to mend it, to resolve upon it presently and effectually. 5. To read this every morning before I go to prayer.

### Correspondence.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

DEAR MR. GOSSIP,

I am a dweller in a remote country place, too far to see the Royal Standard floating majestically on Citadel Hill, or to hear borne along on the breeze the soul stirring words of our National Anthem, which so often regale the ears of you happy Haligonians.

In common with many others so situated, and who are not too young to remember when Loyalty was the fashion, and "God Save the King" called up the happiest associations, I have often lamented the want of these privileges; and a circumstance, which recently occurred here, induces me now to give substantial form to these regrets.

You must know, then, that we have a Singing School among us, conducted by a master of no small reputation, and among whose pupils are several whose voices want but little more cultivation to equal those of Mr. P.'s and Miss L.'s, which so delightfully awake the slumbering echoes of old St. Paul's.

Now it so chanced, that one evening, while our singing school was in full practice at Ferrytown, a tune was turned up by some body, which, stripped of its disguise, was recognized at once as Old England's National Anthem, and the happy discovery was hailed with acclamation; but alas! on a second look, the words were found to be a wretched travesty of the original;—an invocation to the Geniuses of the "Sweet Land of Liberty." To proceed under this difficulty was not easy, for unfortunately no one present was acquainted with that which every Briton ought to know, the words of "God save the Queen." There was not wanting however a loyal spirit in some who were present, for "John Stouteheart" backed by "Stephen Trump," declared he "would not sing a line of such trash," and "Henry Sreallast" preserved an ominous silence. To guard against a repetition of the difficulty on future occasions, it was decided to apply to Mr. "Conrad Singwell," who would be sure to have the proper words, for he was acquainted with all manner of songs and hymns from "Chevy Chase" down to "Russell's last"; and it was observed that his ancestors had left their Fatherland for their love of old King George, to settle here under his flag and rule. But Singwell on looking over his papers could find nothing more than a fragment beginning "God save great George our King," which, it was properly argued, could not suit their case, seeing they were under the sway of a gentle descendant of that venerated Sovereign.

Thus, I regret to say, the difficulty remains as before. Some, I believe, sing the words as in the book; but they say that when they do so, they try and forget all about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," mob law, and other matters not always convenient to remember. I do not however recommend this course to them, for I am not fond of sarcasm, and do not wish to hurt the feelings of moderate and sensible Americans, because others among them are so vain glorious as to think none are so free or wise as themselves. Of such as these, my friend Mr. Hardecash, a leading Merchant at Ferrytown above mentioned, publicly remarks, "They understand more goods for sale than they get in their shops." Please Mr. Gossip, oblige all here, by publishing in your next paper a correct version of "God save the Queen," for many are resolved when they get them, to copy them into their books, and hang up the printed form over their mantel piece, as a proper reminder for the growing generation of Britons.

I am, Dear Sir,

PLAIN TEXT.