

In the article we have given elsewhere, from the *True Catholic*, on "Changes in the Prayer Book," the plan is alluded to of allowing the Bishops, in their several dioceses, to have a discretionary power in the arrangement of portions of the Services in the Prayer Book, to meet the circumstances of such occasions as may arise for having shorter Services than those that are now prescribed. Such a power is proposed by the English Bishops. Certain Offices are to be used, or not, or in a particular way, "as the Ordinary shall direct,"—the Bishop himself being the Ordinary. And several instances have lately occurred, some of which we have noticed in our columns, where the Bishops have given permission to have, sometimes the Litany as a separate Service, at other times the Holy Communion, and also short selections of the Prayers of the Liturgy, and we believe that this has, in all cases, been attended with great advantage, especially to such of "the masses" as have been induced to attend them, and who were often those who had neglected the longer Services. Some of our Bishops, if we mistake not, have exercised a similar discretion—or else certain of the Clergy themselves, pressed by some urgent necessity have taken upon them to do so. There can be no valid reason, one would think, why there should not be this power, in a legitimate way, in the hands of our Bishops; and its exercise would in most cases be found sufficient, in all probability, for the circumstances of the times.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

News Department.

From Papers by R. M. S. America, June 23.

ENGLAND.

On the third reading of the Newspaper Duties Bill in the Lords, Lord Montague recorded his protest against the passing of a bill which needlessly gave up revenue sufficient to pay the interest of the loan contracted for the war, and was opposed by the parties most interested, viz., the newspaper proprietors. The bill does not come into operation till a fortnight after it has received the royal assent.

The Sunday Trading (Metropolis) Bill went into committee on Wednesday. Mr. Massey and Mr. Thomas Duncombe were the chief opponents of the measure, which was strongly supported by Lord R. Grosvenor, Lord Stanley, Mr. Ker Seymour, and Sir G. Grey. The only part of the debate really worth giving is some remarks by Lord Stanley, who denied that the number of persons employed against their will on Sundays was so small as hardly to be worth legislation, and that the practice was very limited. He did not think that statement was altogether borne out by the evidence, for the number employed was considerable. There was a great difference between interfering with shops and interfering with industry or labour. If the population were prohibited from working on a certain day on which they had been accustomed to work, so much labour would be destroyed, and that would be a diminution of the capital of the country; but when it was declared that certain traffic should be carried on in six days rather than in seven, the diminution did not take place. The honourable member admitted that the bill was not conceived in a Sabbatarian spirit. He believed that to be the case, or he would not have supported it. The object was to protect, it might be, in some cases, 99 men out of 100, who were anxious to close their shops on Sundays, against one. In large towns the competition was so great that the shopkeepers could not close their establishments without great loss when others were kept open, and he thought the bill calculated to give a fair and necessary protection to the tradesmen without producing any injurious effect on all classes. In passing the various clauses, Mr. W. J. Fox proposed to exempt Jews from the operation of the bill on account of the rigid manner in which they observed their own Sabbath. The amendment, however, met with a little support that it was not passed, while prohibitions against the sale of milk, mackerel, and other perishable articles, after nine in the morning, were rather hotly contested. The integrity of the bill was preserved in every division that took place, and the committee is to sit again on the 4th of July.

The liabilities under the bankruptcy of Mr. Straehan, Paul, and Bates, which was briefly announced last week, are admitted to range between £500,000 and £700,000, and the prospects of the creditors in general as bad as possible. It is said that a noble earl in Yorkshire will be a sufferer to the extent of £100,000; another noble lord had a balance in their hands of £15,000; several private individuals will lose various sums from £500 to £2,500, and one religious society will suffer to the extent of nearly £1,500. The

cause given for the failure is deep speculation in Italian Railways, which the firm were induced to engage in, in hope of recovering the first loss, of £18,000. The partnership connection of Halford and Co., navy agents, is involved in the suit; it is reported that this firm have no less than 3,000 accounts open, in which sums are due to persons in the navy or their families. Great complaints are made of the bank having continued its payment throughout the whole of Saturday, it being alleged that its insolvency had been clearly shown by statements made up on the previous evening. It is asserted that it will appear, on examination into the state of affairs, that the establishment had been insolvent for nearly a quarter of a century. The firm was one of the oldest in London, having been founded between 160 and 200 years ago.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The following description of the state of the camp (written on the 20th) is graphic and pleasant:—

"During the fortnight which has now elapsed since the sailing of the expedition a large number of additional troops have arrived, and an enormous reach of ground outside of our former position has been taken into uncontested occupation. The 'eternal Cossack' no longer looks down into the valley of Balaclava from the ridges east of the Highlanders' camp, not only is the debateable land occupied and resigned within one autumn month, ours and beyond chance of reprisal, but our cavalry water their horses peaceably in the Tchernaya, our baggage animals revel in the luxuriant herbage which covers the plain, the Woronzoff road: for many additional miles is traversed by our field waggons, and has been made by recent orders the common property of the soldier and the amateur, the actors and the spectators of the war. The Russian, for aught we know, may bivouac in force at Simpheropol or Bakshi Serai; but we are upon his flanks on both sides, and able to defy his most aggressive or despairing endeavours. The marines, who so long held the post of honour on the mountain-top above Balaclava, have taken ground five miles in advance of their previous stronghold, where they still serve in the van. The Sardinians, who deserve and find unsparing commendation for their soldier-like appearance and apparatus of campaign, crown the summit of Cameron's hill, and spread over many an undulating rood in advance of it. The French, with their favourite General, Bosquet, at their head, have crossed the river, and now enclose within their extended lines the bridge by which the armies passed after descending from Mackenzie's Farm. As you stand on the heights by the French telegraph, from which the Woronzoff road, well macadamized and engineered, bends its serpentine course towards Kaffa and Tchergoun, the spectacle is a proud and an animating one. The verdant prairie which stretches beneath you is encircled by the dotted encampments of the four nations, and the field-works which throughout the winter and the spring defended our rear have lost their value and become a neglected memorial of the past. The view is panoramic in the best sense of the term. You see from sea to sea—from the masts which tower against the beleaguered city to those which come in quick succession to our unimpeded harbours. Before you and below you to the south the Genoese fortress shines against an ocean seldom vacant of a sail. Beneath you, on the nearer mound, as you look eastward, the Turks are posted and the faint monotony of their droning music comes to you across the valley, 'either to the left the more formidable ranges are sprinkled with the white tents of the French, which crop out again and again upon the horizon far away, foretelling no distant conclusion to the protracted struggle. You descend amid waving grasses, giant thistles, and regaled by the scent of a thousand flowers; diverge an instant from the road, and you trample upon vetches and lupins, convolvulus and poppy, geranium and wild parsley, with innumerable other blossoms of the rank and file. It is a vivid and delicious contrast to the hoof-trodden and arid waste desolated by our winter encampment, cut into its spontaneous fairy rings by tents planted and removed, and sown broadcast with fragments of broken bottle and discarded rament—a contrast not less refreshing to the eye of man than to the appetite of a myriad beasts. The Chasseur rides down beside you with his hand-sword to reap an easy load of succulent forage. The Turk has discarded his canvas habitation and contrived himself a shady bower thatched with green branches of underwood, beneath which he enjoys a siesta accommodated to his heart's desire. It is no longer a question whether this jutting corner of the peninsula shall be ours—earth and water, dale and hill—whether the fruits shall outlive his hard day's labour, and the man strive beyond his failing strength, yet

strive in vain. The feet of our horses have been in Tchergoun; the humble burgesses of the Bidar have tendered their submission to the alms. Up to those precipitous ridges which bound the prospect, scored by rains and streaked with white seams of limestone there is no competitor. The fruits of the flank march are ripe and ready to cut. The hunters are beginning to close upon their prey. The strength and the purpose of the two great countries of Western Europe have made themselves at last plainly visible to the eye of every beholder, and the roar of the guns which bedged round Sebastopol in nearer and nearer embrace, seems to have a sound of triumph mixed with its malign and deep reverberation. Our own army is once more what England's army should be, if it is to represent her—in first-rate condition, full of vigour and enthusiasm, nor is there any doubt in any soldier's mind as to what he can do or will. The knots of men who group themselves at leisure hours on every favourable spot for a sight of the town and batteries have but one current and universal phrase embossed a thousand ways by the gunpowder of speech, 'Why don't they let us go at it?' The weather is hot, in the low grounds desperately hot, and even on the heights the thermometer within doors ranges above 90 degrees in the day-time; mine stood near 80 degrees at ten o'clock last night—but almost every day there are some hours of cool breeze that sets in at nine o'clock, and holds on two three or four. Supply is plenty of all kinds—enough and to spare. The Commissariat officer declares that he puts twenty-one different articles within the reach of those whom he caters for. Canteens flourish and grow all over the camp, diffusing small luxuries of every imaginable kind, bating Wenzlau-lake ice and soda-water, which are, however, rumoured to be upon their way. The bazaar: down below can only be paralleled by the scene of an English racecourse or a state-fair. It is a Babel of hilarious tongues and a surfeit of small wares, 'Barceloney nuts' included. The officer can eat his turkey for dinner, and thinks claret and champagne but moderate liquors, saving the price. If he will take the trouble to go and search for it, he may gather himself a dish of a-pa-agas, even within the confines of the division. Camp life, if it is not altogether Capuan, is at all events like a monster picnic, refracted on every side. Even the dinner-bell rings cheerily, one may say; at least, there are regiments which own a melodious gong, and toll out the hours across the plain clearly as a Sunday steeple in Old England. At night the whole country gleams and sparkles round you like the outskirts of London, looked down upon from Highgate or Hampstead. Midnight revelries send their jovial sound hither and thither with the drifting airs. So far as we have yet advanced into the merry month of June, it is an easy, happy, invigorating, albeit animal kind of existence that men lead—easy as the life of cities, invigorating as that of patriarchs; and if rural sounds, no less than rural sights, as Thomson somewhere declares, exhilarate the senses, there is no lack of cocks to crow, ducks to quack, dogs to bark, sheep to lament, and mules to whinny, while the cannonade, though scarcely rural, comes in an inconstant bass, now hardly felt or missed any more than a railway train in the manufacturing districts.

"The fighting is done by jerks and starts, and the combatants, like Homer's heroes, stand at ease the best part of the time, and take it coolly, meaning deadly mischief all the while. The sharpest onset is generally on the side of our allies, about the Flagstaff or Quarantine Battery, where they are still sedulously advancing their endless mileage of trench and parallel, and promising themselves a result before long. There has been an unusual lull on the side of the Russians, due, as one will have it, to pestilence raging in Sebastopol; as others speculate, to a desire of economizing ammunition; as the third proposes, on the authority of a hve deserter, to the detachment of a large body of men to strengthen the coaling force on the bank of the Tchernaya, and keep Bosquet in check. Shall we say that the warmth of the weather has dulled their energies, and a freer 'transpiration' reduced the virus of hostility below its average level? We know, at any rate, that there are frequent transshipments of the useless and incapable hands from the southern to the northern side, and, per contra, as frequent introductions of newer and better blood. We know, for we can see it, that they are working away to strengthen and provision the fortress on the north side. We know, for their lights glance at night along the lofty background, that they muster in no inconsiderable number upon the ridges which overlook our encampment, and cover the road by which supplies are conveyed into the town. We attribute to them the impression that the term of struggle on the higher bank is drawing to its close."