The Church.

"Her Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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Poetry.

DECK OF THE OUTWARD BOUND.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

How seldom we dream of the mariner's grave
Far down by the coral strand.
How little we think of the wind and the wave,
When all we love are on land,
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
And little heed do we take,
Though the trees may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake,
But the north-east wind tells a different tale
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close reef'd sail,
On the deck of an 'outward bound.'

How wistful then we look on the night,
As the threatening clouds go by;
And the winds get up, and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky:
How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
And judge of the bended tree,
How the same wild wind might toss the ship,
And arouse the mighty sea!
Ah! and then we rise meet the day,
And pray for the loved ones far away,
On the deck of the 'outward bound.'

There is one that I cherished, whom hand in hand,
We roved o'er the lowland lea;
And I thought that my love for that one on the land,
Was as earnest as love could be:
But now that he hath gone out on the tide,
I find that I worship him more.
As I think of the waters deep and wide,
As I bask on the flowers on shore,
I have watched the wind, I have watched the stars
And shrunk from the tempest sound;
For my heart strings are wreathed with the slender spars,
That carried the 'outward bound.'

THE ROTHSCHILD FAMILY.

DEATH OF THE BARON SALOMON.

There is a golden romance clustering around this family which makes the death of one of its prominent members a matter of historic notoriety.

The Baron Saloman, whose funeral took place recently at Paris with somewhat of public solemnity, was the second son of the founder of this house, and was at his death aged 82. Anselm, the first son, who was at the head of the Frankfort House, has some time since passed away. Nathan, the third, who reigned over the great London house, is also gone; and of the second generation of these moneyed Mochicans there are now left but James, also of Paris, and Charles, of Naples. Not so much in the loss of their persons, however as of their powers, have the Rothchild family received a severe blow in the death of two of its members---the only able one surviving being James, who, both in monetary genius, elevation of character and range of mind, is the star of the house of Rothschild. Anselm was great by his sagacity; Nathan by his industry; James is by his genius. Anselm singularly combined the instincts of a low cloth Jew, with the penetrating vision of the statesman. Nathan united all the steadiness of a merchant with the craft of a smuggler. He it was, who, while established at Manchester, amassed an enormous fortune by smuggled trade during Napoleon's Blockade of the Continent He knew the result of the battle of Waterloo eight hours before it reached the British Government, and we should fear to surmise what each minute in each of those hours was in his hands worth. But James has, in addition to the sagacity of the one and industry and craft of the other, that which they did not possess—great genius, a most courtly bearing and polished cultivation of mind, which make his relations with the Royal Houses of Europe wear more the character of a diplomatist, while those of his brothers Anselm and Nathan never rose above the Jew.

The sumptuous palace in which Salomon died was of course known to all Americans who have ever visited Paris; to many, perhaps, was also known the humble house on the Ghetto of Frankfort in which he was born. But a few years ago and the windows of this house on the Ghetto were always seen once within the annual circle, on one particular night, to wear a glitter of light, which, as it was cast from the old Jewish lamps, threw a strange, ghastly glimmer on the dignity, decay and dust-eaten dwellings around. This night was the eve of the Jewish New-Year's Day, when were gathered, no matter with what travel, the five sons of Frankfort, Vienna, London, Paris, and Naples around a withered, but shrewd-looking Hebrew woman. This was the mother of the moneyed Grachi, who still clung to the old Ghetto house from which the family had started. The house yet stands, but its stair on the New-Year's Night in silent. The windows throw their glitler no more. The mother is dead; three of the sons have departed; and the two that are left---of Paris and Naples—have no talisman now to attract them to the old homestead.

Salomon, originally of Vienna, but more recently of Paris, who has just died, and Charles of Naples were always considered the most insignificant of the brothers. He of Vienna was a fat, pompous old man, proud of his living in fellowship with bankrupt Austrian Nobles and drunken Transylvanian Bojars; and Charles of Naples delights in playing the servile beau with the penniless princesses and countesses which abound at the enlightened Court of King Bomba. In his rosier days of youth he affected a tender passion for the Sontag, and the loiterers made much merriment in watching him following her with amorous eagerness as she passed through the streets of Frankfort, bowing, and smiling, and chatting, while his red, rubicand face beamed with fat and fatuity. He married while yet young a Miss Hertz, a girl of singular beauty; and as he might have wedded a large fortune, the old father, who was alive at the time, cursed him and cast him from him, and refused to his last hour to take him to his heart or house. During the residence of Charles at Naples, it is well known to all the habitues of that Court that the beauty of his young wife inspired King Bomba with an intense admiration, and in the absence of the excitement of a new miracle he passed so many hours in love-toying at the feet of the lovely Jewess as to force her husband to fly to discretion, and for a time take up his bags and walk. Baroness Lionel Rothschild, wife of the member for London, is the offspring of this union of Baron Charles and Miss Hertz, and possesses all the facinating gifts of her mother, fortunately without any of the foolish attributes of her father. She is a woman of singular beauty of both mind and person.

With the deaths of Anselm and Nathan genius had but one representative in the house of Rothschild. The other surviving brothers of Vienna and Naples, as we have shown, were in every respect inferior men, and the younger branches of the family are either degenerated by intermarriage with [illegible] tion which new blood pours into the veins, or are like Lionel of London, who is a mere cloth Jew, with two ideas—"to make monisch" and to be *a lord*. A baronetcy was offered him by Lord John Russell—possibly to compensate him for bearing the expenses of their joint election---but his vaulting ambition would brook no lower title than a lord. But that financial genius which Anselm, Nathan and James inherited from their sire will be looked for in rain among the younger representatives of the house in London. This was clearly evidenced durng the Irish famine and the commercial crisis and French revolution which succeeded. Although the great bulk of corn bills passed through their hands, and they know well the heavy liabilities contracted by many of the importers, they were so wholly unprepared when the crash came and house after house stopped payment, that to breast the storm they were compelled to dispose of their English securities, thus producing the immense fall in Consols in 1847, and shaking confidence, which by greater sagacity might have been preserved. This was well known in London, and in fact the little credit which Barons Lionel and Meyer and Sir Anthony possessed for comprehensive foresight, was entirely forfeited. Barons James of Paris, and Anselm, were in fact the directing and protecting powers of the various operations of the houses, and now that one is gone and the other must soon follow, it is a serious question whether if in the train of the present war the thrones of Europe should be shaken, and securities fall, the Rothschilds, a large portion of whose influence is dependent upon the firmness of their throne, would be able to retain their own golden crown, when that genius has departed which controlled the fortunes of the house.

Baron James, who had long seen the dangers of the position of their house with reference to Austrian, Italian, and other Continental securities, used his influence and power with the other members to lead them away from financial, and induce them to devote themselves exclusively to mercantile, operations. [illegible] ed agencies at all the leading points on the globe to invite consignments and solicit orders. It was the jealousy created by this new policy, more than any other impelling motive, which induced the Barings to take the Russian loan, and thus establish a supremacy over the Rothschilds in finance, as they had interfered with them in commerce. The Rothschilds have, however, always exhibited an aversion to touching anything Russian. The old Frankfort Rothschild on his death-bed called his children round him and with parting voice warned them equally against Russia and Republicanism. He distrusted both. In England and Prussia he chiefly placed his faith. As Baron Lionel exclaimed in his maiden speech at the Guildhall of London, "We go for *Conschtitutional Government*.

The great commercial crisis of 1847 was favorable to the policy of Baron James. After the Irvings, the Gowers, the Reids, and many other merchant princes of London had failed, many West India planters and East India merchants, who used to draw on their houses, transferred their business to the Rothschilds. However, their relations with courts, especially on the Continent, were too intimate to be loosened so soon, and merchant-like ambition cannot be satisfied without qualities which Jews rarely possess. To control great shipping operations and great merchant undertakings, great qualities of heart must be blended with great qualities of head, in order to compromise and conciliate all conflicting interests and clashing individualities, which must be mastered and subdued to ensure a great success. But the Asiatic nature of the Jews is too absolute in its leanings ever to succeed where compromising interests and conciliating individuals is to be achieved, and it is too intense and concentrated to take delight in pursuits which require a diffusion of qualities and a many-sided watchfulness. Hence the race ever prefer to do one thing which they themselves can personally control and do this with all their heart and soul and might. They excel therefore in money-changing which requires, not like the merchant's business, knowledge of and patience with many things and persons, but simply, a thorough knowledge of one thing—money itself. In the intensity with which they devote themselves to this one thing they cannot be surpassed by any other race of men, except perhaps Yankees. It was the money-changing genius of the original Meyer Rothschild which laid the foundation of his wealth. His connection with the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel did the rest. This Landgrave was that charming Hessian who made so much money by selling his troops to England to aid her against her enemies, and out of that money was principally built that large capital which he entrusted to the keeping of Rothschild when he fled before Napoleon's army. To compensate the Jew for the risk which he had run in accepting this treasureship, he lent the money to him free of interest; and how cleverly Meyer used it the house of Rothschild tells. His abilities and honesty indeed made Meyer the pet Jew of most of the German Princes. His ability chiefly consisted in a singular cunning of speculation and art of changing and rechanging, by which he gradually elevated his house from what was deemed in Europe the low contemptible trade of a money-changer to the more exalted station of a banker.—The business was, however, in reality the same, though the rose may have smelt sweeter under another name. Beside being dealers in money, the Rothschilds became dealers in bills, and by unheard of magnitude of operation they were enabled to place their hand upon the world's pulse and regulate its monetary beat.

The Rothschilds are, however, unquestionably, the greatest curse to European liberty. They propped up all the little despots of Germany, helped on Austria in her [illegible] House would be hailed with delight by all the European people. The present Sir Robert Peel but expressed the popular feeling in his savage assault upon the family, though it was said in the House of Commons at the time to have been instigated by some usurious reminiscences. Like most Jews, they have no feeling for anything but money, for any person but their own kindred; and to have suggested to old Meyer Rothschild, that in becoming the pet Jew of the Hessian Prince who had made his money out of American blood he would stain his name, would set the whole tribe in laughter, and make gay the very stones upon the Ghetto.

Baron James opened the establishment in Paris in 1815, which Salomon subsequetly joined. The details of its monotonous money life offer few materials of interest. James was the best of the tribe, a man of wisdom and good sense, and, for a Jew, of rather liberal charity, having founded a school for poor children of his persuasion and contributed to many charitable institutions. Salomon's charities were ostentatious.

In England, the three present representatives of the house—Barons Lionel and Meyer and Sir Anthony Rothschild—live in that sumptuous solitude and domestic magnificence with which the Jews so deeply delight to surround themselves, like some few of the Christian Israelites in our own palatial avenue. With the exception of Sir Anthony, who is a senile sensualist and gourmand, they extend but little hospitality, and wrap themselves up in a selfish indulgence. When, however, they do receive, it is with an Oriental gorgeousness, and the maitres de cuisine of both Sir Anthony and Baron Lionel are among the most cunning chefs in Europe. The residence of the one in Grosvenor place and of the other in Piccadilly next Apsley House, the town palace of the Duke of Wellington, are furnished with an affluence of splendor, and their ordinary daily life is surrounded, like that of all the wealthy Jews, with every appliance of luxury. Indeed, one of the banquets given by Baron Rothschild at his country villa equaled any thing yet [illegible] It was in Summer, and the banquet was served in the [illegible] vatory. Music floated around and art lent its lovely light everywhere. The Servers on which desert was served contained each a different picture of rare artistic excellence, which might have been dreamt by Veronese or Claude Lorraine.

The only amusement in which the Rothschilds indulge is hunting. Old Anthony is gouty, and chuckles at Lionel and Meyer "for galloping round the field after a fox.', But the two brothers have a box at Mentmore, about forty miles from London on the North-Weftern Rail, where they keep a spledid stud and a pack of buck hounds, and the swells of the city and stock exchange may be seen on morns of cloudy sky and southerly wind, with scarlet tops and cigar, flying in their Handsomes to the North-Western Station to have a day with the Baron's hounds. Hunting has become quite a passion in London with the youth of the Exchange. It is considered "slow" not to be out at least once a week, and for the convenience of those who cannot afford to keep a nag, a slashing shop has been opened, which is well supplied with Buckingham mud, with which counterfeit hunters are splashed and then loll into the city club, with a "such a run old fellow, as we had." One of these gents sat for Punch's pleasant portraits of Mr. Briggs. Meyer Rothschild can just about keep his place with the hounds, but Lionel would be pounded by a three-foot fence.

Neither do the family confine their passion for horseflesh to the hunting field. They embarked upon the turf and for one or two years they spared no expense to carry away its "blue ribbon" by winning a Derby. It is possible they would have succeeded in the race of '53, had not "Orestas," who carried the fortunes of the House, been unfairly dealt with the night before the running, and had a foul grain or two playfully introduced into his corn. This false play sickened the Rothschilds of the turf, and, we believe, they have not now any horses in training.

The efforts made in the past few years to crown the Temple of Universal Freedom by the emancipation of the Jews, and to wipe away the last persecuting blot from the statute book of England, induced them to enter also on that political arena, against which the old father especially warned them. "I wish my children," he was wont to say, "to be one thing, and be the best of that. Let my son be the best brewer or best baker and no more." But the Rothschilds do not possess that element which Danton says is the first, second, and third secret of success, daring, "Taudace, toujours l'audace."—Nor have they even liberality. Many men of very small means subscribed more than the Rothschilds to the liberal fund at the last election, though the freedom of their race was in the scale. The emancipation of the Jews appears just as distant as the day on which London emphatically called out in its favor by returning as its representative the leading Israelite. But the torpid state of the question is mainly due to the apathy of the Jews themselves, and the absence of noble impulse. Baron Rothschild apperrs to be quite satisfied with his position under the gallery as "M. P. unattached," and for the rest, they care little for those rights which are dear to freemen, as long as they are allowed "to dishcount von little bill" at eighty or a hundred per cent. The wife of Lionel, whom we have before described, is the ablest politician of the family, takes eager interest in all party questions, and speaks with enthusiastic rapture of the glories of her race. Nor have we ever seen such bright, beautiful children as the little Hebrews she has presented to her lord.

To see the Rothschilds, however, in their glory one must visit the Exchanges. This applies only to the Frankfort, Paris and London houses. In Vienna and Naples the Exchanges are only frequented by the very lowest class of 'wild animals.' But to see the old Baron Anselm or Baron James go to 'Change, amid men who on every side doffed hat and bowed with cringing smile, would have convinced the veriest optimist that honor to Mammon had not yet departed from the earth. Baron James always looked the gentleman, and even in the greatest excitement on the Bourse, when he stood surrounded by hundreds of faiseurs and brokes, a courtly smile ever slavered over his ominously smooth face. Baron Anselm with his noble head of white hair looked very imposing from a distance, but he was so illiterate and so coarse as to make it a service of disgust to approach him.—The London Rothschilds have their station behind the statue of the Queen, near the entrance which leads to Exchange-place.—Thither Lionel and Sir Anthony are to be seen twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays at about 2½ P. M., when bill-exchange is taking place, languidly approaching, supported generally by some pet broker, and leaning towards the column at the left hand from the entrance. The gentlemen who lean on the adjoining columns are Mr. Heath, of the firm of Heath, Furs, & Co., Mr. Bates, of Barings, and Mr. Doxat, and other dons. To see the conflict among the bill and stock brokers as to who shall first catch Lionel's eye or ear is intensely amusing. While at the Stock Exchange the thrice-honored bull or bear who has been seen in converse with the Baron, is looked up to with veneration and probably makes a sixteenth percent out of the lucky incident. After having stood this position for about an hour, Baron Lionel wends his way home in the same languid attitude, leaning on the arm of Sir Anthony or his uncle, Mr Cohen, who is the principal bill-broker of the House. As they turn from the Exchange into Bucklersbury, many are the winks and signs of the passers-by who recognize the brood and some of their poor co-religionists, who watch their exit to solicit alms, gather about them a circle of eager fellow beggars, when in some dirty [illegible] in Houndsditch, Moses relates with [illegible] the firm in New Court is inclosed in a large yard, which wears much the appearance of a garden.—About fifteen clerks are in the main office, to which several private rooms are attached, one of them being devoted to Consular affairs, the Baron being the Austrian Consul. Here, at about eleven, the Stock Exchange men, a class half snob and half Jew, make their appearance, and with gossip and swagger, and flattery and fawning, and shaving, the business of the day runs on until about four, when the Leviathans may be seen driving to their sumptuous homes, either in their own equipage, or occasionally, to affect simplicity, in a Hanson cab.

Baron James's idea of extending the shipping and commission business of the house led him to set his son to this country and he passed some time in New Orleans without accomplishing anything. Mr. Belment, who was their clerk here, gave little satisfaction, and McHanau, who was their clerk at New-Orleans, had been dismissed. Indeed, the Rothschilds, by confining themselves to proteges and poor relations for agents, are subjecting themselves to great difficulties. Mr. Belmont is a native of Schonberg, which translated into French for purposes of elegance, having, as in the custom with many Jews, adopted the name of the village where he was born. Schonberg is in the vicinity of Alzey, a little country town between Mayence and Kaiserlautern, and the Rabbi Alzey was an uncle of Mr Schonberg, Belmont, as he here called himself. The rabbi's wife was a distant relative of Baron Anselm, and from the fact of her being a Jewess and Baron Anselm admiring nature her beauty, the malicious people of Alzey, Kaiserlautern, and even of Frankfort and Mayence, spread a report, the echo of which may have travelled here that there was under tie between young Schonberg and the old Baron. But it was a mere piece of gaious gossip without the smallest foundation. The fact of the young man being taken to Rothschild's office arose from the direct relationship—the same motive which sent Hanau to New Orleans. But in the electing young men according to accident birth instead of merit, the saddest mistakes daily taking place. The incapacity of the special agents over the world is becoming matter of notoriety to all who are brought contact with them, but perhaps the strongest mark of this feeling was exhibited by Mr Davidson, their agent, was returned them under protest by the late Czar Nicholas. The reason alleged was that he was a Jew, but Baron Hieglitz himself, which the Hopes of Amsterdam transacted all Russian loans, being a Jew, the fact can one accounted for by the repulsive individuality of the man and the aversion in which the Rothschilds are held in St. Petersburg.

The greediness of the family in business matters, as well as the niggardly remuneration they give their employees, is beyond belief. Baron Lionel once on change spent a whole hour to induce a Trieste corn exporter to consign to them a cargo of grain.—The commission would be perhaps $400, the shaving and pilfering $200; but it is not so much the legitimate commission which fascinates from concocting exchanges and manipulating rentage. What they playfully call 'gammeln.' Old Baron Anselm of Frankfort, who, like many other wealthy Jews, was in the habit of eating on Friday evening some richly-seasoned fish, generally a brown carp sweetened with sugar and voluptuously swimming in a luscious sauce, opening in consequence the Sabbath with an indigestion which was confounded with compunction, used often to complain on change that he had not made money enough to pay for his fish. The meanness of the Rothschilds in those with whom they transact business, as to those whom they employ, leads us think that though there may have been at the funeral of Baron Salomon much sable pomp and melancholy splendor, there will be left but few to strew flowers upon his grave.

We have no space to give a list of all the stars and ribbands and orders with which Anselm, Salomon, Nathan, James and Charles were decorated by their royal creditors and masters, thus with graceful dilicacy expressing an abiding sense of favors. But the proudest homage ever offered to the race was when old Kaiser Frantz made the aged head of the house, Meyer Rothschild, an Austrian Baron, in commemoration of his having negotiated the first five per cent metallique loan. Their triumph and the triumph of money however found its crown, when within the sacred precincts of the Vatican in that city where the dust of no 'Jew dog' was ever permitted to sleep, Pope Pius himself in violation of the past, tendered with graceful condescension the little toe of holy foot to the Jew James Rothschild, who impressed upon it an impassioned kiss, doubtless made more fervent by sweet prospective thoughts of the newly-formed connection with Torlonias house of which it was a pledge.

While the old lady lived on the Frankfort Ghetto the old lamps were lit up on all such occasions with unusual splendor. And as some of her own children tell, the aged Mosaic Laetitia used to exclaim with proud rapture on her keen, wrinkled Leah face: 'My Mann (husband) ish a Baroon.' And on that night the Jewish women with whom she was wont to play Lotto in the evening thought her crazy and strange, as in her bewilderment of joy she marked a quatern where the cards only shewed an amb.

Were Shylock of Venice again to start on the rialto or Isaac of York look down upon the lists of Ashby De La Coech, how would the blood of Fathers Abraham glitter in the thin blue vein as they looked down on the glories of their race and felt how mighty even in the palaces of kings is the house of Judah. What a change has passed across the world's dream from the times when Christ scourged the money changers from the temple—[illegible] upon their gabardines, and like some foul and spotted skunk they cowered amongold clothes, old jars and old coins in some dark spot on the Ghetto.

The European news by the *Pacific* is on the whole favorable. Although there is nothing startling from before Sebastopol, yet the siege was progressing with unabated vigor. The health of the allied armies is much better than was anticipated during the summer. The French approaches are now so close to the Russian stronghold, the Malakoff Tower, that we may almost expect by the next steamer to hear of another and we fondly trust more successful assault, that position once taken Sebastopol virtually falls. Our active allies had inflicted considerable loss on the Russians by one of those *ruses de guerre* for which, in the field, they were always so celebrated. By rocket signals, similar to that preceding the last attack, the sounding of bugles and the cries of the officers in the trenches they led the Russians to expect an immediate attack, in consequence the tower was soon filled with men, when the French opened a terrific fire of shell, grape, &c., which, crowded as the Russians were, must have inflicted a very severe loss.

Austria had been spontaneously making friendly advances to the allies, but as nothing but shuffling is to be expected from that treacherous power, it is to be hoped she will not draw the allies into any patched up peace. Prussia continues the same. We have, however, better news from Spain. She is about to add 25,000 Spanish troops to the allied armies and join the alliance, so that we shall have another instance of ancient foes fighting side by side against the unscrupulous power of Russia. Should the allies make a campaign in the interior, the Spanish guerilla mode of fighting will be most useful and effective amidst the fastnesses of the Crimea.

It is considered probable that General Markham, who is well remembered by many both in this city and Toronto, will succeed to the chief command in the Crimea, and from the qualities he has always developed will make an excellent Commander-in-Chief. It would be most gratifying to learn that a gallant and meritorious officer who distinguished himself in the suppression of the Rebellion here, should lead the British army victoriously into Sebastopol.

Blackwood's Magazine.—We have had the August number of this most interesting Magazine laid before us. It deserves in every way the high reputation it has earned, having for its contributors the leading literary celebrities in the United Kingdom.

EUROPEAN NEWS

THE "PACIFIC'S" NEWS.

THE MALAKOFF TOWER.

A letter from Kamiesch, in the *Moniteur de la Flotte* says:—Malakoff commands all the lower part of Sebastopol, and dominates the passage of the Bay of Inkermann, by which the town obtains its supplies from the North side. When this tower falls into our hands we shall be able to sweep the bay, burn the Russian fleet, bombard the lower town, and almost immediately after instal ourselves in the latter, for it can then be no longer held by the Russians. From the Malakoff Tower besides, we can silence the Fort Constantine, destroy the stockade and open the port to our vessels.

The Russians know that well—as well as we do; and hence the terrible energy which is displayed on both sides in forming approaches, and in the partial combats which are renewed almost every night. Our newly constructed batteries are really most formidable—especially those of Quarantine Bay, and of what we call the Bay des Calfats, which are armed with guns of the largest calibre, and which are destined to force the Russian fleet to seek a refuge behind Fort Catharine, the sole place where they will be unable to injure us. The Russians multiply their sorties; sometimes it is the English, but more frequently ourselves, who have the honor of receiving them, and accompanying them on their return. One fact worthy of remark, which proves how much the siege of Sebastopol has already cost Russia in men is, that the prisoners whom we make almost wear new uniforms. This circumstance causes us to believe that all the army of the Crimea must have been employed in the defence of the place.

THE FLEET IN THE GULF OF FINLAND.

Off Cronstadt, July 24 to 28.

The division of the fleet under Rear-Admiral Baynes, comprising 12 sail of the line, the steam frigate Imperieuse, paddle steamer Bulldog, and seven gun-boats, remain at anchor four miles N. W. of Tolbouikin Lighthouse, blockading Cronstadt and the shores of the bay of St. Petersburg. The Russians are daily practising the mortars in their batteries and earthworks, and engaged in still further augmenting the defences on the northern shore of the island, to attack which, with the present means and appliances, with any probability of success is deemed impossible.

The earnest attention of the English and French flag officers is now being directed toward Swenborg, the next important position of the enemy in the Gulf of Finland, with the view of commencing active operations in that quarter.

By a letter which reached me yesterday, I am informed that in the course of a few days the whole of the ships at present off Nargen will remove from that anchorage, and take up a position near Swenborg, land the mortars and heavy guns on one of the small islands and open fire on the town of Helsingfors and the batteries which defend it. To share in this enterprise is the most earnest desire of every officer and seaman in the ships under the order of Rear-Admiral Baynes. They complain much of being employed in the merely blockading Cronstadt, and the scouring of them will be part in the more important services that they believe to be on the eve of taking place.

The blockade of every place in the Gulf of Bothnia and Finland is most rigidly enforced, and the coasting trade is effectually stopped. In the vicinity of Wyborg the Arrogant and Magicienne are harassing the enemy to a great extent. Four gun boats were despatched a few days ago to that quarter to assist in the demolition of the defences of that place, where important results may occur within a short period.

Nargen, July 31.

We have all been on the *qui vive* during the past week, expecting an attack to be made on Swenborg, and I believe our hopes have only been disappointed by the non-arrival of the Calcutta and *Rolus* with the reserve ammunition.

On Wednesday the 25th ult., at noon, the Locust and Hawke joined the fleet from Faro Sund; the latter saluted the Admiral before she anchored.

July 26.

During the morning the Merlin, Skylark, Hind and Princess Alice arrived from Cronstadt, and in the afternoon were followed by the Thistle, bearing despatches from the enemy to the Commander-in-Chief, received under a flag of truce. I have no doubt they relate to the Hango prisoners. At 6 30 p. m., the Vulture was sent to Faro to bring up the Bellosle hospital ship, which has been lying comparatively idle there instead of being with the fleet.

July 29.

The ships are rapidly flocking in from all parts to swell the number of pennants at Nargen. This morning the Auerlitz and L'Aigle arrived from Ledsund, followed by the Edinburgh, and the seven gunboats, Magpie, Weazle, Pelter, Badger, Lark, Redwing, and Dapper from Cronstadt, where they left Admiral Baynes and his squadron, heartily sick of nothing to do. At 3:30 p. m. the Amphion and Gleaner arrived from Swenborg, the former having broken her screw shaft. A few days ago they, together with the *Dragon* and a French gunboat, endeavored to get near enough to a fortified place called Borko, about eighteen miles east of the town of Helsingfors, [illegible] but they could only get within four miles of it; in doing that the Gleaner got aground, and was hauled off by the French boat, which almost immediately ran on hard and fast herself; the Gleaner in her turn took to tugging, but without stirring her friend for some time, but at last managed to get her off. At 6:10 p. m. the Lightning arrived with the mails from Dantzic, and the Isabella Napier, with bullocks from Copenhagen.

July 30.

To-day the Arrogant, with the squadron which went to Kotka, the Hawk and Bitter gun boat, and the Vulture, with the Bellosle in tow, arrived, making the fleet here at present to consist of nearly 60 sail.

July 31.

It is generally understood that we proceed to bombard Helsingfors some day this week. I hope to send you an account next mail.

THE FLEET OFF REVEL.

Dantzic, Aug. 3.

The Princess Alice despatch boat, Lieut Underwood commanding, left the fleet at Nargen at six o'clock on Tuesday evening last, and arrived here this morning, with the weekly mails. She encountered, when off Dagerort, a very heavy gale, which knocked away part of her starboard paddle-box, and much damaged the bulwarks. It is not at all improbable that, before these lines reach you, the first blow this year will have been struck in the Baltic. A friend in the fleet, whose authority is excellent and worthy of all belief, writes me off Nargen, 1st of August:—'To-morrow we start for Swenborg, which places we are going to attack. To attempt to anticipate the result of this expedition would, of course, be presumptuous it is, however, to be hoped that the time has at length arrived when the affair at Hango, with its bloodthirsty massacre, will be deeply but honorably revenged.'

THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

Kamara, July 24.

Omar Pasha has not yet returned from Constantinople, and the idea is more and more gaining ground that he will not again return to the Crimea. But, nevertheless, he is expected back by the soldiers with great anxiety. When he left he made a kind of address to the soldiers, in which he told them he was going away for a short time, but he would be back soon. The soldiers, in that free and off-hand way which characterizes the intercourse of high and low in the East, if there is not some dirty interest in question, exclaimed—'Come back soon, or else we will go off too.' The poor fellows did not reflect in the excitement of the moment that the Crimea is for us an island, and that in our sceptical age the genii disdain, even in the East, to build bridges over 250 miles of sea, or to carry an army of true believers through the air. Fortunately, the Turkish army is a school of patience, and so every one is waiting quietly the decision of his fate. Yesterday the news arrived that Omar Pasha had landed at Kamboch, and horses were accordingly sent down to meet him; but they returned in the evening—the whole had been a mistake; it was Alidi Pasha, the same who commanded lastyear in Epirus and Thessaly, and who is daily expected here, and had arrived.

Our out-posts were, until lately, over where on the opposite bank of the river but a slight change occurred a few days ago in this respect. The Russians had, for some time past, been seen working on the road leading up to Mackenzie's Farm. In the beginning it looked as if they were fortifying, but it soon became clear that, on the contrary, they were repairing the road, which it had been cut up, in order to make it inaccessible to any advancing force. Lately they have come down and repaired likewise the battery which commands the ascent of the road, which had been destroyed by the French on the occasion of their advance to the Tchernaya. In consequence of this movement of the Russians, the French outposts retired over the bridge of Traktir. All this looks as if the Russians had some intention to attack us, instead of waiting for our advance. Perhaps they are tired of waiting, which would not be at all surprising, although, on the other hand, it seems [illegible] should be carried [illegible] untimely warlike ardor.

According to all accounts a great deal of sickness prevails among the Russians. In one of my rambles to the neighborhood of Baldar, I found in a solitary country house on the sea shore, which had lately been deserted by its inmates, several letters from Simpheropol of a recent date—the beginning of June—which were strewed about in the rooms, and all of them speak of a fearful mortality. As they were private letters, and left behind in the hurry of a sudden departure, there can be no doubt about their veracity. The Tartars pretend that it is the plague, and that several cases of it occurred likewise in the Tartar villages, infected by the presence of the Russian troops. It must be a virulent kind of fever which, like the epidemic last winter among the Turks at Balaklava, is called plague by the Tartars, for the plague season is over in Egypt and Syria, after the middle of June, no case of plague ever occurs. However, if the accounts of the virulence of this epidemic are true, it answers just as well as plague for reducing the Russian force.

It seems as if the Crimean summer heat, which everybody has hitherto been expecting with such dread, has set in at last. For several days we have had 94 degrees in the shade, notwithstanding all possible contrivances to establish a current of air, and thus to mitigate the heat of the sunshine. As usual in hot climates, the mornings up to seven o'clock, are the most oppressive, about noon the sea breeze springs up, and moderates somewhat the heat of the temperature. The nights afford scarcely any relief; except the sudden chill which accompanies the sunset and sunrise, and brings down the thermometer by 10 or 15 degrees in a few minutes there is scarcely any difference between day and night. The consequence is a nearly uninterrupted Russian bath, with a very moderate allowance of water for an occasional douche. We have, indeed the wholesomes before us; but the descent to and ascent from it over the steep cliffs more than counterbalances any advantage to be derived from it. The springs and wells in the neighborhood are very scanty considering the number them. They are besieged from morning till night; much closer than Sebastopol, and in greater danger to be soon reduced; for, besides the Turks, there are numbers of French and Sardinian fatigue parties, cutting brushwook for gabions and fascines, who refresh themselves on their way to and fro.

BENEDICTIONS AND SACRED IMAGES.

Prince Gortschakoff issued an order of the day on July 22d, to impress the Russian troops with the idea that the benediction of priests and presence of sacred images had always given victory to the Russians in their earliest wars, and he refers to the benedictions of the Archbishops of Kherson and Kherson, and the production of sacred images and pictures being the pledge of fresh triumphs.