RACHEL.

Mdlle. Rachel arrived yesterday by the Pacific, accompanied by her family and artistic colleagues, to open, as has been for some time announced, a course of French dramatic performances at the Metropolitan Theater on the first of September.

France has ever been generous in sending some of her gifted children to our shores; but although we have had opportunities, from many of which we have drawn both instruction and delight, of beholding representatives of French genius, in the fine arts, in music and in song, of French tragedy and the higher branches of French comedy and melodrama, no worthy representative had up to yesterday ever visited our shores. The interest with which the French troupe is surrounded by its novelty, gathers, we need hardly say, additional light and intensity from the brilliant genius and well-won fame of the lady who is their star and attracting talisman.

So much has been written of late about Mdlle. Rachel, and her agents have been so eager to circulate friendly biographies of her life, and foreign criticisms on her acting, that although we would well wish to see our citizens approach the performances of Mdlle. Rachel unbiased by all grandiose statements, many, if not most, will enter the Metropolitan Theater with opinions unconsciously preconceived either in ecstatic favor of some of her brilliant points or in dead and perhaps false prejudice against some of her supposed shortcomings. All these *rechauffés* of oft-repeated criticisms on Mdlle. Rachel's acting, and stale canards about her private story, many of which are false, are much to be regretted, not alone because an artist of the eminence of Rachel rises high above those little charlatanries, which may be necessary to give attraction to lesser lights, but because it tends to this country an unflattering reputation, which the mass of the people do not deserve, of building its judgment too much on what European papers have printed and European critics have said, instead of forming and following a genuine and independent opinion.

Happily, however, Rachel's early appearance before us will bring to a close all this chattering hue and cry, and, until the termination of her performances, we shall certainly reserve that emphatic judgment which so many have chosen to express before they have begun. Meantime it is our purpose to simply present, as a matter of natural interest at such a moment, the story of Mdle. Rachel's artistic life, relieved of all exaggerated color, and such notice of her peculiar powers as the circumstances of it suggest, and as may, without anticipating the public opinion, furnish a skeleton of her character as an actress which each man's own judgment may unbiasedly fill up.

The simple romance of Rachel's history is indeed sufficient of itself to awaken the interest and touch the heart of this country, without the necessity of throwing around it a dramatic robe. She was born in the year 1820, being consequently now in her thirty-sixth year, and like most of those who in our own country in every sphere have climbed fame's shining steep, she was born of poor, and as is said in Europe, of humble parents. As a child she sang wild snatches around the coffee-houses of Lyons and of Paris, the paltry pittance which her treble wrought being, to her honor as a brave girl be it said, hallowed in contributing to the relief of her poor parents' bitter wants. Who knows but activity thus early employed for such uses led by its inspiring influences to a precocious development of genius, which in a more passive or idle childhood would have taken longer to unfold? However it came, with her it was evense; and through the tattered garb of the little mendicant songstress her genius seems to have stolen. The beauty of her voice and the outward marks of the divine particle within, which she bore in her dark, glittering eye and protruding forehead and brow of cold, classic intellect, fixed one evening on the Boulevards the attention of the celebrated music-teacher Dr. Choron, who admitted her into his singing class. Under his tuition she continued about ten months, pursuing her vocal studies with diligence and success; but she had evidently a mission for the drama. Her kind master saw it. She herself intuitively felt it, as the children of genius ever feel the finger-mark of God. At the age of fifteen she discontinued her studies for the opera, and was removed to a dramatic class, where with severe and assiduous study she cultivated the histrionic art.

Her first efforts at the minor Theaters were not much noticed and of but trifling success; but Vedel, the manager of the Theater Français, had the sagacity to recognize her great merits, and engaging her at a salary of eight hundred dollars for the first year, announced her to appear as Camille in the "Horaces," a tragedy of Corneille.

In France the Theater has precedence over almost all other human affairs, and the debut of a new actress creates almost as much sensation in Paris as the discovery of a new world did at Madrid. The fact that Vedel had engaged her spoke already volumes in her favor. Vedel was a mighty manager, and Louis Philippe in hours of Royal jocoseness used playfully to say that the resignation of the dramatic directorship by Vedel would wake a far greater tumult in Parisian veins than the resignation of the ministerial bureau by Thiers.

Corneille's and Recine's tragedies, though throned in classic splendor on the shelf, had at the period prior to the advent of Rachel, wholly disappeared from the stage. With the brilliant courts, under whose inspiring influence Poesy and the Drama flourished, they had passed from off the scene, and if we except the triumphs of Talma and the short time during which Napoleon wrote amid the smoke of the Kremlin, with one hand manifestoes to his soldiers, with the other to his actors, the tragedies of the time of Richelieu and of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth had almost vanished from the stage. Nor with all the faith placed in Vedel's judgment was the interest in the resuscitation of Corneille of especial liveliness. That interest had been long since diminished if not swept away by the influences of the age of the modern drama, which ever reflects the impression of the time. At the period when the French drama was thrown into a state of confused chaos, by the unconnected and incoherent Twaddle of the Troubadours and those who followed, the purity of taste of Corneille naturally started a furore and a new era, and where all was entanglement and disorder, the unities of Aristotle became a civilizing and beautifying influence. But as soon as order was restored the monotony of the tragedies only ceased to make weary, when some highly-gifted artist, like Talma, threw his vivifying powers into the characters and made the audience forget in their admiration of the glowing genius of the actor the cold pedantry of the scene. It is but an act of justice to Mdlle. Rachel to present this concise picture of the French stage, when she appeared, to show what she combatted and what she conquered. Those who follow it will readily believe that the crowds who thronged the Salle Ventatour on the evening of the 12th June, 1838, to pronounce upon the new actress, came there not so much encumbered with an excess of enthusiasm for the old classic drama as of curiosity to see and disposition to condemn the young Hebrew girl of eighteen who had the daring to assume the character of one of the terrible belles of the early days of Rome.

Her appearance as she entered as Camille at once, with piercing dart of eye rivoted the gaze. There was that magnetic influence about her proclaiming that she was one of those beings palpitating with intellect and impregnated with refined taste. No words can convey the impression. It is in every case more intuitive than demonstratable. As she began to speak, this impression became more confirmed. As she advanced it ripened into conviction. When the curtain fell she had clutched the crown.

Among the auditors that night were two men, who were, at least in their own opinion, the makers and unmakers of kings and queens, tragic and otherwise, and mighty in the little minds of "managers of the Press." Dr. Veron, the brilliant editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and Monsieur Jules Janin, the distinguished feuilletonist of the *Debats*, and king of Parisian critics, had wandered into the theatre, in search of shadow and of solitude, languid with the warmth of a soft Summer night. The Doctor lounged in the orchestra. Jules Janin slept on a sofa in the Green-room. It was not long before old Veron, as he writes himself, was fixed, then enraptured, and rushing to where Janin slept, dragged him to the boxes, insisting that he should listen to the actress.

From that hour those two worthies have announced that they made Rachel's reputation. Silly Veron! jaunty Janin! dressed in your little brief criticisms, when did puny men make a reputation? Genius alone made it, and wrote it on her brow. And doubtless when, as a poor little girl, she strolled through France, begging and singing for a living, she felt the divine fire hissing round her brain, though she may not have been able to account for the strange inward burning. And as she returned to her home that night of her trial and her triumph, she could not have better described her victory than in the haughty words of the great Roman: "Veni, vidi, vici." With the instinct of her sex she sought one small revenge. Before appearing at the Theatre Français, Provost, the great comedian, to whom she had applied for an engagement, had, with a courteous unusual in his polished nation, told her to "go and sell bouquets on the "Boulevards." The evening after her triumph she ran to Provost with a dozen glorious bouquets which had been cast at her feet the night before, and, holding up the fragrant bundle, cried out: "Will you "buy?" From the 12th of June, 1838, her career has been an unbroken triumph; and the shades of Corneille and Racine, could they have been called to life, would have not been the least amazed among the wondering.

What would have been their horror to see their Greek, Roman, Hebrew ideals destroyed, and instead of talking, loving, fretting, sighing and dying, with that blending of antique composure and modern politeness, upon which they were modeled, to see a young Hebrew girl with almost savage independence around her, talking with feeling, loving with vehemence, fretting with passion, sighing with intensity, dying with pathos! The spell of Sophocles is broken, the unities of Aristotle are prostrated. Corneille and Racine are disturbed in their graves. They tremble for the safety of those artistic links by which they had wedded the oracle of Delphos and the Court of Versailles, the Forum and the Tuileries, the Temple and the Cathedral. How can these frail bonds between elements so anomalous be preserved, if the genuine gold of eloquence and passion shines where the cold steel of rhetoric and declamation gleamed? How pale and puny are all the efforts of art in the presence of the omnipotence of genius! A young girl accomplished what Corneille deemed beyond accomplishment. With wonderful tact and inimitable grace she blends the loftiness of the Roman with the fervor of the Hebrew, the intellectuality of the Greek with the politeness of the French and the hauteur of the Heathen with the humanity of the Christian. But Rachel's merit did not rest here. She not only linked together elements the most antagonistic by throwing the whole strength of her brain into the interpretations of her part, and becoming thus the first woman who made Camille and Athalie, Phèdre and Pauline, intelligible and attractive on the stage, but she has done much more—and here lies her chief merit. She taught how to convey the value of a *word* by throwing her whole soul into utterance, look and manner, thus striking at the same moment both the senses and the intellectual perception, and by intensifying her gestitucation, electrifying through every nerve without sacrificing dignity to intensity or judgment to passion. In all her various delineations of sensations she created excitement without being excited herself. The French dread nothing more than ridicule, and although dramatic by their imagination, they love "scenes," even in daily life, yet they are practical by their common sense, and laugh at the actors when the scene is past. Never was there greater risk than in French tragedy of taking the slippery step which leads from the sublime to the absurd. With enthusiasm for the sublime the French unite raillery for its opposite. The manner in which the belles of antiquity fretted away their time in twaddle about their commonplace love affairs is in many instances ridiculous, but the circumstance and the time were generally sublime. The difficulty of catching this sublime without falling into the ridiculous was wonderfully accomplished by Rachel. A commanding atmosphere of intellect hung ever around her, and stood sentinel where so many varying and monotonous attitudes threatened danger. If she talks with loquacity or loves with tenacity, or soars with audacity, or wearies with stupidity, or mourns with intensity, or muses with placidity, you may have found fault with the ridiculous and anomalous thing she did, but never with her. You can never wrest yourself from the impression that a woman of genius stands before you, and whatever may be the part she has to play, that power of genius ever fascinates you throughout. It was its perpetual presence which made her debut such a brilliant success. The women in the audience—and nowhere more than in France are such questions settled by women—all shared in the general admiration. Women are not apt to appreciate too highly each other's qualities; but, whatever may have been their instinctive desire, none dared to dispute the genius of one who was so terribly brilliant. From that evening to within the last four months, when a rival star appeared in the dramatic firmament, she has been looked upon as the undisputed queen of tragedy. Such fame, of European stretch, has naturally given birth to all manner of interpretations of her character and powers. Some say she can only delineate the terrible without portraying the softer passions; others rise into ecstasy, worshiping her as an artistic chameleon, wearing every color of mind and soul with the same dazzling brilliancy, a perfection and model for all ages to come, exhausting praise until words fail to express their frantic admiration. A literary lady again finds that she does not come up to her particular ideal. A philanthropical woman expresses her benevolent feelings by slandering the genius of one who is not known among technical philanthropists; some fashionable woman with significant smile thinks her rather a singular looking person, and through the theater travel strange tales of romantic revels and oriental orgies. Indeed, upon reading the opinions which for the last seventeen years have been written about her, the conviction which presses itself most strongly upon the mind is that next to stupidity nothing perplexes mankind more than genius. Yet with almost a lofty scorn and daring defiance of opinion and arrogant confidence in her own power, she has she moved unheedingly through all. Nor is this surprising. There was much in the hard struggles of her early vagrant songstress life to evolve character and steel resolution; there was much in her young gipsy wanderings to give elasticity to mind and keenness to observation; there was much, too, in the prejudice which haunts her race to cast her back upon herself, creating a sense of isolation, yet of independence. The very jeer which pointed at the child because a Jewess—must it not have prompted her to transform the cry of loathing into a shout of admiration, and to atone by power of genius for the scar of creed?

French tragedy, trammeled as it is by pedantry and deadened by monotony, would seem to afford little scope for her fiery nature. The electrifying thrill which her singing of the Marseillaise produced and her success in Adrienne and other melodramatic parts, prove that the idea of caging her in the narrow temple of French tragedy, however old and classic, was an injury to her genius. We can believe that she would play Lady Macbeth or Lucretia Borgia better than any actress who has lived or lives. Nor can we share that opinion which limits her powers to the delineation of the terrible. We can imagine her portrayal of the softer affections would be different in its kind from that of Siddons; but in her whole past career we see nothing to warrant us in believing that she has not the same mastery over the manifestations which emanate from tenderness of heart as over those which spring from arrogance of soul, though her manner of manifesting generous impulses would be on the stage, as we fancy it would be in private life, different from that of others.

Rachel has genius to spiritualize the author's meaning; grace wit, tact to clothe every word with that drapery of intonation or attitude or gesture which makes the sensation it is intended to express aglow with reality. The knowledge of her own resources has taught her how all the various emotions of the soul, brain and heart have to be wound into fireworks, to be delicately touched and sent forth only when the spectator's mind is so laden with eager anxiety that the match is never laid without starting the firework, and the firework never breaks but in a shower of stars. But not alone in her expression of power, but in her repression of power, is Rachel great. Although, except on great occasions, the fireworks are not seen, yet even when she is mute and still there is the perfume of the sulphur in the air, proclaiming to the senses that though the crash has not come, it is coming—it is there.

Such is the place which Rachel has held since the 12th of June, 1838, in the estimation of Europe. At her debut in Paris her salary was eight hundred dollars for a year; three years afterward, at her debut in London, her salary was as much for one night. Gradually she was more and more liberally paid, until she amassed an enormous fortune. With her wealth grew also her reputation, and Czars and Kings vied in their offers to attract her to their courts. Her expectations in this country seem to soar still higher, if we are to credit the terms of a contract which her brother has displayed with an ostentation calculated to throw over it some doubt. If the prices are fixed as low as reasonable remuneration will admit, her anticipations may be fulfilled. At least we sincerely trust they will be in every respect gratified. But it would be as precarious to surmise about pecuniary as dramatic success. Even with all the spell of her genius and every desire to render homage to the courage with which she has trodden on every obstacle, the excess of rhetoric and paudity of action of French tragedy, as well as the foreign tongue, may keep back some, while the æsthetical chasteness with which she clothes even the fiercest pangs of sorrow and the wildest bounds of passion may keep back others, who can only relish delineations which appeal more grossly and exclusively to the senses. But we cherish anxiously the hope that neither one nor the other pretext or motive will prevent our readers from beholding the greatest tragic artist of our age.

MILITARY.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE SECOND DIVISION NEW-YORK STATE MILITIA AT KINGSTON.

From Our Own Reporter.

The encampment of the Second Division New-York State Militia at Kingston, now in its third day, continues to be the great attraction in this part of the country, and delegations of men, women and children are hourly arriving from every section, many farmers, with their families, coming ten, fifteen and twenty miles distance to witness the military display. On Tuesday afternoon Governor Clark, accompanied by a portion of his staff, arrived in the express train from Albany at the Rhinebeck Station. The party crossed the river in the launch little steamer Rhine, Capt. F. Schultz, and upon arriving at Rondout, the Governor was met by Adjutant-General Pruyn, Inspector-General Bruce, and the remainder of his staff who have been at camp since the first day. The villagers hearing of the distinguished arrival, turned out in great numbers, and thronged the main street.

Quarters having been provided for the Governor at Kingston he was driven in a coach-and-four to that village, attended by his Staff and escorted by the Orange Hussars. During the evening the Governor received no visitors except his Staff and a few personal friends.

Yesterday morning the 70th Regiment, attached to the 5th Brigade, Gen. Duryea, arrived at Rondout in barges. This regiment, which is a cavalry regiment, is commanded by Col. Samuel Graham, Lieut.-Col. J. J. Dillon, Major A. Wellwood, Engineer J. P. Gaynor, Assistant-Engineer McFarlin, Adjutant John McLur, Surgeon Thomas Whiton, Paymaster M. Clarkson, Jr., Quartermaster Gustavus Swan, Assistant-Quartermaster John H. Graham. The various companies, as marshaled in line on the principal street, presented a fine appearance, the ranks being being better filled than any other regiment that arrived previously. The regiment was escorted to the camp ground by the Orange Hussars.

The remnant of that gallant band, the "New-York "Volunteers," commanded by General Ward Burnett, also arrived at Rondout yesterday morning by steamboat, having been specially invited to visit the encampment by Brigadier General Samson and staff and the Trustees of the Village. General Burnett was attended by the following staff officers: Colonel Burnham, Major Taylor, Lieutenant Gaines, Lieutenant Duxenbury and Surgeon Wainwright. The Volunteers proceeded to the Mansion House, where they were received and welcomed in a most cordial manner by the Trustees of the Village of Rondout. Col. Sykes, one of the Trustees, made a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. He regretted exceedingly the illness of the President of the Village, but on his behalf, and in behalf of the other Trustees, he extended a most cordial and hearty welcome to the New-York Volunteers. He had, he said, followed them step by step over the fields of Mexico, and had read with delight of their deeds of valor. He knew them almost before they came to the village, and it would always be his delight to follow them wherever they went. In concluding, the speaker paid a high compliment to General Burnett, alluding to the dangers and privation he had endured for his country's sake.

Gen. Burnett briefly replied, returning thanks to Col. Sykes and his associate Trustees for the kindness and attention they had bestowed upon them.

At the invitation of the Trustees the Company then partook of an excellent breakfast, after which the entire corps were driven in carriages to the Camp Grounds, where quarters were provided for them.

It having been rumoured that Gov. Clark would review the Division on Wednesday, hundreds of persons yesterday afternoon made their way to the encampment for the purpose of witnessing the display.

At 3 o'clock the Governor, attended by his staff, as follows, arrived upon the grounds and was received at the Headquarters of the Division by Maj.-Gen. Ward, Adjutant-General R. H. Pruyn, Inspector-General B. F. Bruce, Commissary-General H. H. Ward, Engineer-in-Chief J. J. Chambers, Quartermaster-Gen. J. L. Mitchel, Judge Advocate O. Vanderburgh, Surgeon-Gen. A. H. Hoff, Paymaster E. E. Kendrick, Aids-de-Camp E. H. Schemerhorn, John Dill, R. H. Hinman, Sec. J. S. C. Thompson. Here an hour or more was spent by the commissioned and non-commissioned officers in paying their respects to the Governor.

At 4½ the Division Line having been formed, the Governor, mounted on a splendid charger and accompanied by his staff, proceeded to review the troop. The line was over a quarter of a mile in length, and as the Governor and suite rode up and down, the bands performed "Hail to the Chief." After this ceremony the line broke into column and marched past the Governor honoring him with the marching salute.

The troops after the severe drillings that they have undergone for the last three days appeared to much better advantage yesterday afternoon than they otherwise would have done, yet to make them anyway perfect they need more protracted instruction in the "School of the Soldier" than they can get during this encampment. Many of the companies are quite new, having been organized but a few months, and as much cannot of course be expected from them as from companies formed years ago. An encampment of this kind every year would afford them more knowledge of military tactics and discipline than they could gain at their weekly or monthly "drill meeting."

The Governor was highly pleased with the appearance of the troops, and expressed himself to that effect to those attending him. This is the first Division review that he has made. It is probable that he will review the First Division in this City toward the latter part of next month or the middle of October.

After the review the Governor took leave of Major-General Ward and left the encampment. He returned to Albany last evening.

The encampment grounds being now in excellent order are well worthy of a visit, and there will doubtless be a larger concourse of people there to-day than there was yesterday. It is rumored that General Scott will review the troops this afternoon, but nothing definite as to the matter is yet known.

At the opening of this encampment General Ward issued an order positively forbidding any person from selling liquor on the grounds, or within a mile thereof, but we are sorry to state that but little attention has been paid to said order by General Ward himself, or the squatters about the grounds, for in the booths or shanties (referred to in our report yesterday) liquor is dispensed to every individual having the voice to call for it. The consequence of this is that many of the young men visiting the encampment, and even some of the soldiers, are to be seen outside of the lines with bricks in their hats. The enforcement of this order would have given a quietness and respectability among the outsiders, instead of the riotous and noisy conduct that now prevails. The auctioneer is still at his post, as is the fat man, the latter demanding a shilling toll from the driver of every vehicle. It is stated by those who appear to know, that he has no authority for levying this tax, and he is doing it entirely on private account. It is certainly a novel way of raising the wind.

This evening a grand ball will be given on the grounds, a large tent having been provided for the purpose. It is expected that a large company will be present and unite in the festivities.

STILL ANOTHER OUTRAGE IN KANSAS.

We cut the following paragraph from *The Kansas Herald*, published at Leavenworth, K. T.:

SUICIDE OF A NEGRO.—Circumstances have transpired within a few weeks past in this neighborhood which have placed beyond a doubt the existence of an organized band of Abolitionists in our midst. We counsel our friends who have money in slave property to keep a sharp lookout lest their valued slaves may be induced to commit acts which might jeopardize their lives. Mr. Graffam Thomason of this place lost a valuable negro about a week ago, *and we have not the least doubt that she was persuaded by one of this lawless band to destroy herself rather than remain in slavery.* In fact, one of this gang was heard to remark "that she did perfectly right in drowning her-"self," and just as he would have done, or what any negro who is held in bondage should do. We ask, shall a man expressing such sentiments be permitted to reside in our midst—be permitted to run at large among our slaves, sowing the seeds of discord and discontent, jeopardizing our lives and our property? We may justly be branded as "ruffians" and cowards did we permit it.

The sequel to this story is told by *The Squatter Sovereign*, Stringfellow's paper, of the 7th inst.:

"The most interesting ceremony ever witnessed in this town was the whipping of a 'live abolitionist,' with the euphonious name of J. W. B. Kelly, who hails all the way from Cincinnati, Ohio, by Mr. Grafton Thomason, late of Clay County, Missouri. Mr. Thomason a short time ago lost a valuable negro woman, who it was thought had been induced to drown herself by the thieving scoundrel who is the subject of this article. Kelly, who was heard to express himself in the matter, severely reproached Mr. Thomason for being a slaveholder. Mr. Thomason, on hearing the matter, called on the said Kelly, who gave him to understand that he did not speak to men who owned negroes. Mr Thomason did not wait for a further expression from him, but seized the independent individual and nearly wore him out against the ground. A friend attempting to interfere, was by one blow from the powerful fist of Mr. Thomason landed backward 'on the 'other side of Jordan.'

"A meeting of the citizens was called on the following morning, and a committee appointed to command Kelly to leave the place at one hour's notice. The absence in the town of the article 'tar' prevented the citizens from downing him a coat of tar and feathers. He left our town between two days; and should he ever come back he will be forced to go through with a tight-rope performance."

The excitement caused by the dastardly performance so lauded in the above extract was kept up by a public meeting at which the following resolutions were adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That one J. W. B. Kelly, hailing from Cincinnati, having upon sundry occasions denounced our institutions, and declared all Pro-Slavery men ruffians, we deem it an act of kindness to him of such company, and hereby command him to leave the town of Atchison one hour after being informed of the passage of this resolution, never more to show himself in this vicinity.

2. *Resolved*, That in case he fails to obey this reasonable command, we inflict upon him such punishment as the nature of the case and circumstances may require.

3. *Resolved*, That other emissaries of this Aid Society who are now in our midst tampering with our slaves are warned to leave, else they too will meet with the reward which their nefarious designs so justly merit—hemp.

4. *Resolved*, That we approve and applaud our fellow-townsman, Grafton Thomason, for the castigation administered to the said J. W. B. Kelly, whose presence among us is a libel upon our good standing and a disgrace to this community.

5. *Resolved*, That we have commenced the good work of purging our town of all resident Abolitionists, and after cleansing our town of such nuisances, shall do the same for the settlers on Walnut and Independence Creeks, whose propensities for cattle-stealing are well known to many.

6. *Resolved*, That the chairman appoint a committee of three to wait upon said Kelly and acquaint him with the action of this meeting.

7. *Resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be published, that the world may know our determination.

Correspondence of The St. Louis Democrat.]

SHAWNEE MISSION, Aug. 2.

A telegraphic dispatch has been received here announcing the dismissal of Judge Elmore by Mr. President Veto Pierce. It is rumored, too—but I cannot ascertain whether or not on "magnetic" authority—that Judge Johnson, also, and Mr. District Attorney Isacs have been discharged from the Federal service.

The announcements or rumors have given universal and great dissatisfaction to the legislators of Kansas. Judge Elmore has always been a favorite with them; and I need hardly say that since the publication of the recent judicial opinion to which he affixed his name his popularity has not decreased at the Shawnee Manual Labor School. The legislators denounce the President. They would rather, I believe, never heard of Reeder's dismissal than had him removed for alleged offenses, which, if proved, throw no shade on his official career.

They say that these last dismissals of the President are cowardly concessions to the South for removing a northern Governor. To allay this dissatisfaction, that such a step would necessarily occasion, they allege, is his reason for discharging *two* Southern officials here. "It's a miserable subterfuge," is a phrase I have heard frequently repeated in reference to this subject to-day.

Governor Reeder keeps every bill sent to him now over three days—his signature after that time is not required by law, and he affixes his name to none of them. J. R.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

HEALTH OF NEW-ORLEANS.—*The New-Orleans Bulletin* commenting upon the health of that city states the following facts in connection therewith:

A few facts by the way of illustration may be of interest. In 1847, the period from the first reported case to its highest point of mortality was sixty days; in 1853 it was seventy-nine days, and in 1854 sixty-eight days. Physicians say that the average duration of the yellow fever epidemic, as such, is from sixty to seventy days. The first officially reported case in the papers the present year was on the 30th of June, so that reasoning on the above premises, it will continue on the ascending scale until the 9th of September. Such will be the progress of the present fever, premising that it will correspond with the history of the rise, fall and decline of all previous fever epidemics.

The fever the present year is full one month earlier than it was 1854, and also earlier than it was in 1847, later than in 1853. The deaths for the week ending Aug. 6, 1847, were 123—or a fraction over 17 per day; week ending Aug. 6, 1853, 1,036—or 148 per day; week ending Aug. 6, 1854, 29—or 4 per day; and the week ending Aug. 6, 1855, 229—or 32 per day.

From these data our readers will be able to draw their own conclusions, and from conjectures in regard to its duration, which may be just as accurate as those ciphered out by editors or doctors. If the character of the present fever does not differ materially from those which have preceded it we have every reason to expect an increase for some three or four weeks. This increase in all probability will be very gradual, and the aggregate of the mortality at termination, we hope and believe, will be less than in former epidemic years, and for the very satisfactory reason that there is a deficiency of material, and besides, as we are told by those who are competent to judge, the fever-producer is less powerful.

We are pained to say that the weather at the present time is most unpropitious; we have daily succession of showers, and the nights are as cool as in the month of October.

ACCOUNTS BY TELEGRAPH.

RELIEF FOR THE NORFOLK SUFFERERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, Aug. 22, 1855.

The laborers in the Philadelphia Navy Yard have resolved to contribute one day's pay for the relief of the suffers by the yellow fever at Norfolk.

BALTIMORE, Wednesday, Aug. 22, 1855.

There is no change in the aspect of affairs at Norfolk and Portsmouth. The Norfolk papers state that the yellow fever was attacking the better classes of citizens.

The latest intelligence from Norfolk and Portsmouth represents the fever as increasing. Thirty-two deaths had occurred in the two cities during 24 hours.

THE CENSUS SWINDLE.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: The bills of the census marshals, as presented in your columns this morning, do not fully indicate the relative amount of labor they have performed and of course the different amounts of compensation they are entitled to. The amount of population in a district is about the true criterion as to the number of days devoted to taking the census, and when $100 is considered a fair and honorable charge in a district of 3,000 it is certainly not unreasonable in districts containing a population of 4,000 to 7,000, where additional help is engaged to finish the schedule in seasonable time, to charge for such services. This is the case with many whose bills are thought so extravagant. L. T. S.

New-York, Aug. 17, 1855.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP PACIFIC.

NOTHING DECISIVE FROM SEVASTOPOL.

Reported Bombardment of Revel.

Cotton steady—Breadstuffs dull and lower—Consols 91.

The United States mail steamship Pacific, Capt. Nye, from Liverpool at 10½ A. M Aug. 11, arrived at Quarantine on Wednesday morning at 6:35, after two hours' detention at Sandy Hook.

Mdlle Rachel and troupe are among the passengers.

The steamship Pacific arrived out on Sunday morning, Aug. 5, at 2½ o'clock, having been detained two hours at the Bar.

The steamship Arago arrived off Cowes at 10 o'clock on the morning of Friday, Aug. 10.

The news by this arrival is unsatisfactory—many rumors and few facts. Nothing definite from the Crimea. Private advices say that the bombardment had been resumed, but as yet we do not know with what effect. Gen. Markham is spoken of in certain circles as likely to succeed to the command, but the statement is doubtful. Sir Colin Campbell's appointment would be more popular. The Queen is desirous to nominate the Duke of Cambridge, but he prudently declines the honor; offering, however, to go out as second in command. Meantime Gen. Simpson continues with the army. Omer Pasha is appointed commander-in-chief of the Turks in Asia. Some operations of no great moment have been executed by the Allies in the Sea of Azoff. The Black Sea fleet is still concentrated for some great movement. A *coup de main* is confidently expected in the Baltic. Ninety ships are assembled at Nargan, and opinions on board are divided as to whether their destination is Revel or Sweaborg—most probably the latter.

The well-informed Paris correspondent of *The London Times* states that Austria has just made spontaneous advances of some friendly relations toward the Western Powers. Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, conveyed a similar meaning, but the British and French public are slow to believe in Austrian friendship.

The Paris correspondence is full of allusion to what is termed a "legitimate conspiracy." The sum and substance of the affair seems to be that two Frenchmen, M. M. D'Escars and Chapot have been in communication with the Count of Montemolino, with the immediate view of encouraging the Carlist insurrection in Spain and the ulterior hopes of bringing about a favorable chance for Henry V in France. Russian complicity is said to be proved in the matter, and the French Government has eagerly siezed the opportunity of making political capital both at home and in Spain. Closely following on the exposure of this "conspiracy" is an announcement that Spain will definitely contribute 25,000 men to the Allies (to be paid by France and England), and that France agrees to uphold the throne of Isabella against all danger from whatever source. This intelligence is stated in positive form, but requires further confirmation.

Liverpool COTTON MARKET was reported steady at privious rates. BREADSTUFFS dull and lower, and weather again favorable. MONEY tighter; Consols 91. AMERICAN SECURITIES quiet, mostly unchanged.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, Friday, Aug. 10, 1855.

In THE TRIBUNE of July 20 you published the evidence of Alexander Humboldt against Slavery; I can add that another distinguished Prussian scholar and statesman, Chevalier Bunsen, is not less explicit in his opinions about the peculiar institution. In the fourth volume of his *Hippolytus*, page 291, he describes with great power the views of the philosophical men of Roman Catholic countries and of the Millenarians of England and New-England, and winds up with the following magnificent comparison of the times of the Apostles and our own:

"The prevailing element (with the Jesuits and Millenarians) is despair as to what exists, either in politics or religion, or in both. A foreboding of great organic changes pervades human society. This despair and this foreboding existed, however, undeniably also among the Apostles, and throughout ancient Christendom; and still faith, tested by a self-denying life and by martyrdom, coexisted with it, and was not disappointed in reality. The globe remained as it was, but the old world upon it perished; a new world came. Christianity destroyed the one and nursed the other. Why should it not be so now? There are signs of corruption, of blindness and delusions, both in governments and nations, fully as fatal and enormous as in the times of Nero, Domitian, Commodus, Caracota and Decius. In *their time despotism at least was not made into a system, and certainly did not receive the sanction of Christianity.* Liberty was not sought by great masses as the means of plunder; and bestial emancipation of the individual was not preached as its gospel. If superstition was idolized by crafty emperors, it was at least not in the name of Christ and the Spirit. Systematic, crushing intolerance and persecution were not practiced under Nero. *Christ could teach freely surrounded by multitudes. Scripture was not quoted, nor the God of the Christians invoked to sanction injustice. Promises were broken, and oaths violated, but no divine right of princes was claimed for doing so.* There existed sorcerers and mountebanks, and *Slavery was legal*, but there were no Mormons in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers and of Penn; *and no law rendered the manumission of slaves impossible to the master in the Union founded by Washington upon the equality of men.* The salt of the earth was wanting, but it had not lost its savor. Miracles, and warnings, and prophets were there; but have they been wanting in the modern world, and in our days, both to governments and nations? There were martyrs then, and there have been martyrs for truth, without intermission, for more than three hundred years. At the same time the Spirit of God evidently pervades society; and great and wonderful efforts are made in the name of Christ. All this looks very apocalyptic. May there not be, then, great folly in the apparent wisdom of the philosophy of despair, and much wisdom lie hidden in the hopes of Millenarians? May not their very *delusions be the* childish, unintelligent impressions received from a reality which is surely approaching?"

It is interesting to see, and one of the signs of the times, that a man, for thirty years Ambassador of one of the absolutist powers, thus describes and condemns the policy which he had to represent, and to which he sacrificed the best energies of his comprehensive mind. The Statesman of Prussia, the friend of the hierarchical despot Frederic William IV, now denounces hierarchical despotism as the Anti-Christian principle in its most accursed form, according to the Apocalypse. He finds that "the true interpre-"tation of Christ's prophetic words has since "been written, by the history of the world, in "such gigantic and flaming characters on "heaven and earth, that everybody may read "them by the glare of our revolutions, if he "cannot discern them by the light of his "reason." "As in ancient times," he says, "hierarchical despotism is the power which "is giving strength to the tyrant, and summon-"ing, as far as it is able, the men of faith and "of liberty before the tribunals of Princes, and "delivering them to the scaffold, or to chains a "thousand times more cruel than death; while "it dispenses with oaths and solemn promises "given to nations, and at the same time sanc-"tions rebellion and anarchy '(the *coup d'état*)' "when strong enough to do so." The belief that sweeping changes in the political world are impending, pervades the ponderous publication of Bunsen; not only Kossuth and Mazzini, but the Diplomatists of the aristocratic courts and of the despotic Princes of Europe, see the doom of the old forms, and the regeneration of Europe looming already in the immediate future.

As the 15th inst. is the fête of Napoleon, the patron saint of the Bonaparte family, and as on the 18th the Queen goes to Paris, about that time, or some days later, during the stay of the Queen in France, we may hear of important news from the seat of war. The Baltic fleet is preparing for an attack on Sweaborg, and Pelissier delays his final attempt upon the Malakoff and the Redan only in order to gratify the Emperor with a highsounding bulletin for the glorification of St Napoleon. You may remember that similar preparations were made in April for the birthday of the Emperor, which passed off at Windsor without any demonstrations, since the bombardment of Sevastopol failed completely. It would be most disagreeable to the Imperial party should a second failure disappoint the hopes of Napoleon and Palmerston. Meantime the Black Sea fleet is watching the Spit of Arabat in the Sea of Azoff, and bombarding once more Berdiansk and Taganrog; the Baltic fleet is destroying government buildings, barracks and telegraph stations on the isles near Helsingfors and Sweaborg. Kertsh has at last received a French garrison, the outrages are stopped, and the inhabitants of the ill-fated town, expelled by the plundering marauders, are beginning to return, and to clear away the ruins. Gen. Beatson's murder by the Bashi Bazouks has not been confirmed, and the insurrection of his corps turns out to have been greatly exaggerated by the correspondents of the German papers. As to Gen. Muravieff, he has, as I foretold he would, withdrawn from his advanced position between Kars and Erzeroum, and returned to his former station. Failing to entice the Turkish garrison to the open field, he had to retire on strategical grounds, not desiring to expose his communication with his base of operations to a Turkish counter attack. His advance was nothing but a foraging expedition on a grand scale. He destroyed and captured the magazines and stores of the Turks, but could not obtain any serious strategical result. As the season is already too much advanced no real danger threatens the Sultan in Asia. Gen. Muravieff may, perhaps, succeed in reducing Kars before Winter sets in on the Armenian plateau, but Erzeroum is safe for this year. An attack on Batoum, from Gumri, may likewise be contemplated by the Russians, but they cannot in any case maintain themselves on the coast of the Black Sea, as long as the Allied fleet commands its waters. Sevastopol is, therefore, still the only important point; as to Sweaborg, it is out of the question that the Allies should take it without an army, the case of wooden-walls vs. granite walls having been long ago decided in favor of stone. Large reënforcements have lately arrived in the Crimea from Poland; the Imperial Guards are already at Sevastopol, and the Philo-Russian papers on the Continent speak of offensive movements on the part of Prince Gorchakoff as likely to take place at a very early date.

Omer Pasha is to take the command of the army in Asia. Little fear is entertained in Constantinople about the safety of Kars, while the Hungarians, Gen. Bem, Colonel Rolman and Major Schwarzenberg command the fortress and the army.

Spain has at last entered into the Western league against Russia. Twenty-five thousand men are to be sent to the Crimea in the Spring, of course for the same consideration as Sardinia received. The guaranty of a loan may likewise induce Portugal to take part in the war. Belgium on the other hand, with her better regulated finances, does not abandon the strictest neutrality, to which Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Naples cling still more firmly on account of the Russian sympathies or the affinity of the reigning house with the Czar. The accounts about the cruelty of the Neapolitan Government, appearing in the official organs of France and England forebode some changes in the foreign policy of the Western Powers as regards Italy. The leading article of *The London Times* on Monday last, and Lord John Russell's speech in Parliament corroborate the impression of the public, that some diplomatic moves may be soon expected against Naples, in preparation for a Muratist outbreak. A. P. C.

THE WAR.

THE SIEGE—LATEST DISPATCHES.

July 28.—Gen. Simpson telegraphs:

"Since my dispatch of the 24th I have n