Business Notices.

LEARY'S NEW QUALITY AND PRICE.—For years we have been solicited to make and sell (in addition to our best) a SILK HAT at a less cost than our standard price. We this day comply, and offer in new styles an additional Hat, of lower grade and diminished rate, that will command itself to economists, and meet the approval of young gentlemen wearers of the metropolis. LEARY & Co., Hatters, Astor House, Broadway.

BEEBE & CO., FASHIONABLE HATTERS, No. 156 Broadway, respectfully invite the attention of their customers and the public to the FALL FASHIONS for GENTLEMEN'S HATS and CAPS.

LEARY & CO.'S QUARTERLY For September, 1854—THIS DAY will issue (new and original) styles for GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS. LEARY & Co., Leaders of Fashion, Astor House, Broadway.

MEALIO, HATTER. SEPTEMBER STYLE, 1854.—I would respectfully invite the public to my FALL STYLE of GENTLEMEN'S HATS, which cannot be surpassed by any yet issued. MEALIO, No. 416 Broadway, corner of Canal-st.

SCHOOL HAT FOR BOYS.—A large assortment just received, at GENIN'S, No. 214 Broadway, (opposite St. Paul's Church).

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD LINE.—TIME AND DISTANCE SAVED—NO DUST! NO CINDERS!! NO SMOKE!!!—The following extract of a letter from a correspondent of *The Chicago Journal* may be of benefit to the traveling public:

"Many of your correspondents have alluded most justly in flattering terms to the skillful management of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroads, and to the very attractive route they furnish to the traveler. I shall, therefore, only add my testimony to the facts stated by them, and refer briefly to what I consider above and beyond all other enterprises of the Directors of that road, the most considerate and far-sighted. In these days of dust and heat, the pleasure-seeking traveler, as well as business men of all classes, when many modes of conveyance and various routes are offered to his choice, invariably risks that where the greatest comfort and the least fatigue is incurred. Acting upon this principle myself, fortunately, or perhaps I should say through the kind intimation of Capt. Grey, I secured seats in one of the Patent Ventilated Cars of which they have several now in use on the Southern Road, and enjoyed the most delightful railroad ride I ever had. For the whole distance to the shores of Lake Erie clouds of dust completely enshrouded those who were not able to obtain seats in the ventilated cars, while we enjoyed refreshing breeze, cool and pure air, and the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that this enjoyment would attend us the railroad's length. Dr. Foot of Buffalo, who has invented this incomparable mode of car ventilation, is now fitting up a large number of cars for the Southern Michigan Roads, enough to enable them to make up full trains of their most luxurious coaches. Only those who have experienced the difference between the ventilated and unventilated cars in dusty weather can appreciate the luxury of the former. If I have said much on this subject, too much for your limited space, it is because I wish others to enjoy what I have, and desire to impress upon other railroad companies the necessity which will force them all to the adoption of Dr. Foot's invention, sooner or later—the sooner the better."

For through tickets or any information concerning the routes westward, apply at the Company's Office, No. 193 Broadway, corner of Dey-st., to JOHN F. PORTER, General Agent.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

We are now receiving our FALL IMPORTATIONS of the following articles, to wit: FRENCH AND ENGLISH GAS CHANDALIERS, BRACKETS, PENDANTS, &C. Plain and richly decorated FRENCH CHINA, such as Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Vases, &c., &c. Our assortment is larger than can be found in any one store on either side OF THE ATLANTIC; and our prices are warranted to be at the lowest market rates. W. J. F. DAILEY & Co., Marble Stores, Nos. 631 and 633 Broadway.

"Grisi Schottisch" with a fine Likeness of Madame Grisi, price 38 cents. The complete Opera of Lucrezia Borgia, as performed at Castle Garden, arranged for the piano-forte, with Italian and English words, price $2. Also, the Operas of Norma, Don Giovanni and Lucia di Lammermoor, just published and for sale by BERRY & GORDON, 297 Broadway.

379 BROADWAY.

GREAT BARGAINS—CARPETS AT COST—PURCHASED AT REDUCED PRICES—PETERSON & HUMPHREY will now sell off their stock of CARPETS, &c., at the lowest prices.

RICH VELVET CARPETS........10s.@14s.
RICH TAPESTRY CARPETS........8s.@12s.
RICH BRUSSELS........8s.
RICH 3-PLY........8s.@10s. ₱ yard.
RICH heavy SUPERFINE........6s.@7s.

Also, on consignment, a very large assortment of cheap INGRAINS at 3s. per yard. OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, MATTING, MATS, &c., equally low. No. 379 BROADWAY, corner White-st.

BELLS! BELLS!!—MENEELY'S CELEBRATED CHURCH, FACTORY, STEAMBOAT, SCHOOL, SHIP, LOCOMOTIVE, PLANTATION and other BELLS, constantly on hand at the Works in West Troy, N. Y., and also at the Agency, 116 Broadway, New-York.

GREEN'S BUSINESS THEORY is that promptness and exactitude are the most popular of all qualities in a tradesman. He therefore holds that all promises to customers should be inviolable. While his SHIRTS are matchless in their fit and style, his word, like the laws of the Medes, is never broken.

LINENS—LINENS.—Just received from auction, 3 cases of fine undressed Shirting Linens, which we will offer THIS MORNING at 37½ cents per yard, worth 62½ cents. Also, Napkins, Table Cloths, Table Damasks, Linen Sheetings, &c., equally cheap. E. H. LEADBEATER, (late Leadbeater & Lee,) No. 347 Broadway, corner of Leonard-st.

ALBERT H. NICOLAY will hold his regular semi-weekly auction sale of Stocks and Bonds, THIS DAY, at 12½ o'clock, at the Merchants' Exchange. For further particulars, see his advertisement in another column.

BANK OF WASHTENAW, BANK OF MILFORD, FARMERS' AND MERCHANTS' BANK OF MEMPHIS.—Notes on the above Banks will be taken at 50 cents on the dollar in payment for READY-MADE CLOTHING at E. EVANS'S, Nos 66 and 68 Fulton-st. All other Banks in the Union at par.

PIANO-FORTES AND MELODEONS.—Constantly in store at the great Music Establishment of HORACE WATERS, No. 333 Broadway, an immense assortment of Pianos and Melodeons from the most celebrated manufacturers in the world, comprising the latest and most improved styles; every instrument warranted. A large discount made from factory prices for cash. Pianos sold on monthly payments.

SEWING MACHINES.—The Fall Trade in Clothing, Shoes, Caps, Saddlery, &c., must be supplied, and the only way to complete these manufactures with dispatch, uniformity and unequaled strength and beauty, is to use SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. An investment in a machine now of $110 will secure a profit of $500 by the time the season closes. All suits against Singer's Machines are finally settled, and they are the only machines of any value which do not infringe valid patents, and subject the users to suits and damages. I. M. SINGER & Co., No. 323 Broadway.

THE GREATEST SALE OF THE SEASON.—Our readers will please take notice that the great sale of LOTS in West Flushing continues THIS DAY at 2 o'clock P. M., on the ground. The sale is peremptory, and every lot put up will be sold to the highest bidder. For particulars see advertisement in another column, or inquire of BARKER & ELLIOTT, No. 3 Nassau-st., N. Y.

DAVIS COLLAMORE, No. 447 Broadway, near Grand-st., invites attention to his stock of CHINA and GLASSWARE. Sets of Glass CUT to order and ENGRAVED with Crest or Initial. FANCY GOODS, received from Auction, at low prices.

HAIR DYE AND WIGS.—BATCHELOR'S celebrated HAIR DYE is by all acknowledged the best in the world. Sold wholesale and retail, or applied in nine private rooms, at W. A. BATCHELOR'S Hair Dye, Wig and Ornamental Hair Factory, No. 233 Broadway.

DESHLER'S ANTI-PERIODIC, OR FEVER AND AGUE CURE, was first brought before the public in 1853, and already commands confidence and attention, and an unexampled demand. Sold by CLICKENER & Co., No. 81 Barclay st.

BITS OF THINGS.

—*The Baltimore Patriot* makes the reduction in the size of THE TRIBUNE the text for an animated discourse, in which it shows that New-York has been ruined because we resist the extension of Slavery and don't like the flogging of women and children. Our opposition to these little amusements has frightened southern merchants from New-York, and hence all the rest of the trouble. We believe *The Patriot* is slightly mistaken. Southern merchants do indeed keep away from New York for the reason that they *can't pay their debts*; there is no doubt that if the jobbers of this City had not trusted southern traders for the past three years, they would be a great deal better off than they are.

—*The South Carolinian* says that in some parts of that State *Harper* has been dropped by its patrons, and that in Montgomery, Alabama, the booksellers have packed up and returned the September number of *Putnam* all on account of articles on the Nebraska question. No great loss, we fancy. Probably there are more of those magazines sold on the New-York Central Railroad cars alone, than are taken by all the slave-drivers of the Union.

—The riot in Philadelphia at the Turners' festival seems to have been caused by the police more than by anything else. *The Ledger* says there was no occasion for their interfering.

—*The Detroit Free Press* thinks "it is time that "Democrats and patriots should make their power "felt upon political clergymen and Abolition litera"ture," and especially upon THE TRIBUNE, of course. We should like to know how they propose to do it.

—Mr. George Peabody has a long letter in *The Boston Post* apropos of Mr. D. E. Sickles's refusal to rise at a Fourth of July banquet in London when the health of the Queen was drank before that of the President. Is it a matter of so great consequence whether Mr. Sickles gets up or sits down on such an occasion?

—*The Mobile Tribune*, speaking of Greytown, says that "for years that miserable little village was in "the custom of violating all law toward our citi"zens." If this be anything more than a false accusation, why don't we have some specific facts to support it? What folly to say a man is a thief unless you can prove that he has stolen, or tried to steal, something.

New-York Daily Tribune.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1854.

Subscribers to THE TRIBUNE wishing their Post-Office address changed, should in all cases give their present Post-Office and specify which edition, whether Daily, Semi-Weekly or Weekly; and club subscribers should give date of subscription. This would frequently prevent delay.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W. H. Hartford. Address lost.

The Democratic Soft Shell Convention met at Syracuse yesterday morning and organized by the appointment of temporary officers, and after the transaction of considerable routine business, calling of Delegates, &c., the Convention adjourned until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In consequence of the telegraph lines West being unable to work on account of lightning, we are without a report of the afternoon proceedings.

We give place this morning to the letters of two impartial eye-witnesses of the reception of Senator Douglas at Chicago on Saturday last, and in so doing we commend their statements to the public confidence and consideration. They fully confirm the impression that the failure of Mr. Douglas to conclude his remarks, after he had spoken for an hour or more in a tone of gross insult and provocation to his audience was due more to his own conduct than to any other cause. Had he preserved his temper and approached his hearers in a decent manner, as if they were people to convince and not fools to bully and browbeat, there is no doubt that, however deep the indignation at his base and perfidious course, he would have been heard patiently to the end. But he lost his temper and behaved like a blackguard, and the crowd groaned at him accordingly. While we wish this had been otherwise, and that, with whatever marks of honest scorn and disapprobation, he had been allowed to continue to the end, it is impossible to overlook the provocation he put upon the citizens of Chicago by his language and manner. He may seek to claim the honors of martyrdom on account of the conclusion of his performance, but it is a martyrdom of his own production, and which in no respect does him credit. At any rate Chicago has decidedly manifested the opinion she entertains of him and his political career, and as the special apostle of popular sovereignty he has no good right to complain. The truth is that he himself was the chief hindrance to his concluding his speech, and those who in narrating the affair omit this fact do but calumniate the city and her people.

THE MORAL OF THE CHOLERA.

We listened, not many Sundays since, to one of our most eloquent and popular preachers, recently returned from a pleasant sojourn in the country, who discoursed of the moral lessons taught by the cholera. His principal topic was that these visitations of disease, like the calamities of a short harvest and pecuniary distress, were the marks of God's displeasure at the vices and sins of the community. They were an evidence that the nation had been doing wrong, and that the time had come for it to repent of its avidity for gain, its political corruption, its Slavery propagandism, and its private licentiousness and extravagance.

The leading principle of the discourse we could readily admit, namely, that nations like individuals which indulge themselves in the commission of crime, must suffer the consequences of their conduct; but in what way the cholera was connected with either of the great national sins to which he referred, we could not discern. On the contrary, that epidemic seemed to us clearly related to a quite another order of negligence and misdeeds. It is not slavery, nor the lust of gain in general, nor the prodigality of the rich that it came specially to punish, but the thorough and persistent disregard of society for the means of public health.

The medical faculty has speculated not a little on the causes and characteristics of this frightful disease, but thus far with no remarkable success. Scarcely a single conclusion has been arrived at in regard to it which can lay claim to the title of a settled principle. It has been said by some that it prevailed chiefly in limestone localities; yet there are large districts of this class, as Berkshire Valley, for instance, in Massachusetts, where it has never appeared. Others have argued that the use of rain water is a prophylactic, but experience at the West has proved that the drinkers of rain-water are as liable to attack as the drinkers of spring-water. As to the remedies prescribed for it, their name is legion; and yet it seems that the proportion of deaths to cases, whether treated by these remedies or not treated at all, is pretty much the same.

There is, however, one exception to this almost universal Know-Nothingism—one fact which stands out prominently in the whole recorded or remembered experiences of the scourge. It is this, that persons in good circumstances, who occupy large houses, who eat good food, who live cleanly—in short, who possess the means and appliances of comfort, are more exempt than the poorer classes. It is in the filthy localities—among the crowded tenements, ill-ventilated rooms, spare kitchens, that the cholera riots. It is there too, that the fever-vapors curl and blast, and death in a hundred other forms reaps its harvests. It is hard that the poor, in addition to their numerous other trials, should be the peculiar victims of the plague, but so it is. Even when they are upright, temperate, neat and careful themselves, they are afflicted through the neighborhoods which they are compelled to inhabit. An atmosphere of danger envelops them like the ring of some foul magician. They cannot run away to the country—they cannot purchase the wholesome things only of the market—they cannot call in the assistance of the most skillful physicians—they cannot rest from exhausting toil at the slightest approach of the invader.

Now, if this is the fact, and if epidemics are sent, as our preacher contended, as a punishment of the vices for society, it must be the specific vices in which they originate that are aimed at, and not vices in general. It is this dirt, this uncleanliness, this crowded dwelling place, this mean subsistence, which Providence condemns, and not any remote and vague and general offenses. But who are responsible for these? Not the poor man who suffers, nor his family. They would be glad to live in better quarters and on better food, if they could. Not one of them, unbesotted by habits of drink, we venture to say, would refuse a fine house in the Avenue if it were tendered him; not one would cast away good milk, or sound meat and fresh vegetables, and a bath night and morning, if they could be obtained. Poverty and squalor and ignorance, do much towards blunting the finer sensibilities of human nature, but they do not wholly eradicate the love of comfort. Only a few among the very poorest are insensible to the benefits of a tidy chamber, fresh air, nutritious food, and a clean person. But they cannot, we say, procure them, and who are responsible? Society itself, which is so disdainful of the whole subject of social health! The public authorities which neglect the streets, the men of wealth who put up low, narrow, ill-ventilated tenements for the poor, the owners of groggeries which distribute liquid poison, and the editors and clergymen who fail, on any occasion, in directing attention to the needs of what are called the lower classes! They are the sinners who deserve the rebukes of the pulpit, and not the miscellaneous rabble of offenders in general.

We do not, of course, suppose that society can, *as yet*, place all its members in circumstances of plenty and comfort. It cannot raise Joe Baggs to the condition of Mr. Astor: nor would Joe at once become a gentleman if he got there; it cannot wash all the dirty carcases, nor feed all the stinted stomachs, nor convert all the rookeries into palaces. But it can do much, approximatively, in that direction, either in its collective capacity, or through individuals. It can keep the streets clean and administer pure air to the public nostrils. It can stop the dram-drinking, which is the source of nine-tenths of the crime and poverty. It can drain away the refuse which keeps men in a sort of permanent state of inanition and constipation. It can open parks and other resorts for the recreation and amusement of the seething herds of mechanics and their children. Especially, is there no occasion for the wretched hovels in which a large majority of our citizens live. The science of architecture makes us acquainted with plans of dwellings, infinitely superior to them, and just as cheap. Combined houses, furnished with the leading conveniences of an almost princely residence, may be built for less money than it now takes to erect and keep in repair our miserable rookeries. They may be kept clean at little or no expense, provided with air and water, and heated comfortably in winter, and lighted at night, and pay a fair interest on the capital invested, without materially raising rent. Why are they not constructed? Why do not individuals of wealth, or companies, undertake the establishment of such edifices? We are famous for building splendid hotels, splendid steamboats, splendid private edifices—why not even a single comfortable home for the industrious poor?

The reason is that men have no just sense of either their rights or their duties. The first obligation of society is said to be the protection of the persons of its members—but how are our stomachs, our lungs, our skins, our whole bodies, indeed, protected? Are our rights of person as to health cared for at all? Every pore, every nerve, every minutest cell of our system protests against the outrages with which they are afflicted. The blasts of disease blow against us through every alley, the seeds of disease are sown in every gutter, and our very houses are clammy and foul like the walls of tombs. But what is worse, our interior and finer natures suffer with the stomach, lungs, and skin. The dirt sinks into the soul, and the miasma festers at the heart. Our spirits grow unclean with our bodies. The physiological disorder passes into a psychical gangrene. The mind is dyspeptic, the feelings cannot emanate with freedom, the thoughts are swamped and sooty, and society breaks out with sores and ulcers of crime. Thus, so far from being protected in our persons, we are robbed and assassinated. A great ado is made when some burglar creeps into our vacant house to take away the spoons, and the entire apparatus of the police and the courts and the prison-houses is set at work to arrest and punish the criminal. But our health is stolen, our bodies forcibly broken into, our lives made to stand and deliver, by the negligences and misdeeds of society itself—and there is no appeal.

THE NEW CITY HALL.

In the erection of a new public edifice for a City like ours, where every inhabitant contributes his quota toward its cost, and the character and intelligence of the people are to be preserved in marble lineaments upon its walls for the edification of our posterity, it behooves the people to see that they are not misrepresented by it, and that their money is not misapplied. But it is ominous for the cause of popular government and the artistic instincts of our citizens, that they seem to regard the erection of a new public building which is to be paid for by their own money, as an affair with which they have nothing to do. The erection of a new City Hall in the Park has not caused a tithe of the talk and commotion among us that the debut of Grisi and Mario has occasioned. In fact, we doubt very much if one inhabitant of the City in a hundred knows that there is such a thing to be done, or conceives that he has any right, much less a duty, to know or say anything about the matter. The stolidity of New-Yorkers in all affairs relating to the prosperity and ornamentation of New-York is truly marvelous. They are as indifferent about the safety of their city as the Irish passenger was about the safety of the ship because his own life was insured. Every man builds his house to suit himself and lets the Corporation do the same with the public buildings. If the Corporation were elected on account of their peculiar fitness for their duties, it might be well enough to let them alone. But city corporations, like poets, are *non fit*, and the people might by this time be satisfied that their "public servants," as they are absurdly called, will not only bear very close watching but need a good deal of prompting. If they have shown themselves heretofore peculiarly unfit to conduct the ordinary business of the City, what can be expected of them in such important matters as the erection of new buildings of the character of the City Hall, which demand a high order of intelligence and cultivation? The character of the City is implicated in its public edifices and they should properly represent the intelligence, prosperity and refinement of their builders. People who marvel at the comparative magnificence and beauty of the old City Hall, which was built when the wealth and population were hardly a tenth part of what we can now boast of, should remember that it was built under the Mayoralty of Edward Livingston and De Witt Clinton, a style of men we have not seen in that office during the past twenty-five years. They were men who had the prosperity of the City at heart, men of comprehensive minds and cultivated tastes, who were more intent on increasing the attractions of the City, and enlarging its commerce, than on the business of swelling the votes of their party by licensing groggeries, or filling the public offices with their own parasites.

The old City Hall is the finest public edifice in the City, in spite of its defects, and the only municipal edifice in the Union, excepting the City Hall in Washington, which can make the slightest pretensions to architectural elegance. Although the foundation of the City Hall was laid fifty years ago, we have done nothing better since, with all our boasting, and the Corporation in advertising for a design for the new City Hall, should merely have demanded plans for duplicating, or extending the old one. But though they did not do this, let us award to the Committee on Repairs and Supplies the praise to which they are entitled for having given the highest premium to the design which most nearly resembles the old City Hall in its general character. The present age is clearly not an inventive one in architectural design, on either side of the Atlantic. The new additions to the Louvre, in Paris, projected by Louis Napoleon, by which that immense pile is to be connected with the palace of the Tuileries, are from the designs of M. Visconti, which are strictly in harmony with the additions made by Perrault nearly two hundred years ago. Neither England nor France can exhibit any architectural improvements upon the designs of Le Mesurier, Le Van, or Perrault, and even our own City Hall is but a small example of their school.

Our Corporation committed a very great error in cramping the invention of our architects by limiting the cost of the building to $600,000. What the City requires is a suitable accommodation for the public offices, and a building which shall be in harmony with the genius of our institutions and the general wealth; and, as it must stand in such close proximity to the old Hall, it should be neither too mean nor too magnificent for its companionship, while its style should be perfectly congruous and harmonious. The other public buildings in the Park are both mean and monstrous, and every one of them should be removed as soon as the new building is completed. The public money is never so well expended, except for sanitary and educational purposes, as in public buildings of a semi-monumental character. It is of great importance to have some great public works which belong to the people, to serve at once as objects of public pride and as great unchanging educators, teachers of refinement and elevators of public taste and sentiment. The effect of such buildings cannot be overestimated, and their first cost is a matter of secondary importance.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

Cincinnatus, of all the heroes of antiquity, is the character who has most cast his influence over modern times, and is quoted for imitation. The glory of a Cincinnatus, however, was based upon a simple economic law of the State in which he lived, no Roman at that time being allowed to hold more than seven acres of ground, and that obliged him to cultivate his own estate with his own hands—to be a practical, working farmer. Although the age was deemed barbarous, yet such a system almost forbid slavery, and continued, would have extinguished it; for only one in fifteen of the population was held in bondage. When, however, these early simplicities were destroyed, and conquest and annexation became the shibboleth of party, no second Cincinnatus appeared, and slaves grew to be one-half of the population, and were only held in subjugation by armies which eventually ruined the empire. From the Punic War to the present day, the condition of a European farmer deriving his civilization mainly through the Roman conquest has more resembled that he held under the Decline and Fall of Rome than under the Cincinnatian age. The result is that the great mass of European cultivators are serfs or boors, and it is held to be sufficient in Europe that the plowman should not know much more than the horses he drives—his business being to work in the circle of low and blind routine, ignorant of the economies of the planet whence he draws his daily bread. The exception to this is the gentleman farmer, the personage who has generally a house in London or Paris, Berlin or St. Petersburg, and occupies himself with a sort of dilletante superintendence over his broad acres in the same way the planter looks after his slaves. But to the disgrace of gentleman farmers, it is not the hereditary owners of the soil who make speeches at fairs upon the dignity of farming, at the same time taking good care never to put their hands to the plow-handle, and despising all labor, whether agricultural or mechanical—it is not to these that agriculture is indebted for its most salient improvements and promises—but to the razor-strop maker, Mechi of London, who, diverting his gains from trade, turns them into high farming, and astounds and delights the lords of the soil with his projections and successes.

The prevalent ignorant boorishness and stupidity of the practical agriculturists—the veritable laborers of Europe—is of course vastly changed in this country; and without praising farmers as do politicians seeking their votes, we may say that the intelligence of many American agriculturists is quite a contrast to the want of that commodity in Europe, and its existence to its present extent induces us to offer a few words on the necessity of educating our farmers in a scientific manner for their beneficent calling.

It may as well be candidly confessed that up till a very recent period there has been little or no curiosity among our farmers respecting the great laws of Nature, which in various forms—of geology, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, dynamics, physiology and meteorology—underlie the fruitful prosecution of agriculture. The European peasant's traditions and mere routine have too largely prevailed, instead of a spirit of bold investigation and tireless experiment. Else we would find that the farmer was rated among the learned professions, and the sickening foolery of our colleges, speaking of "law, medicine and divinity as the "three learned professions," would cease; and high or highest on the list of learning would be he who could name every tree and plant, discuss soils superficial and internal, be wise on the breeding and diseases of animals, on the structure of mills, machinery and tools, or the changes and influences of weather, and on the nature of whatever food necessary to the constitution of man, and on the laws which regulate the wealth of the State.

The time has now arrived when, through the cheap newspaper-press, our farmers may be made sensible of abandoning the inheritance of ignorance which has grown out of the depraved relations of the laborer to the soil as practiced generally in Europe. Instead of being satisfied that their children should grow up ignorant of the various scientific laws which bear directly and indirectly on agriculture, they should feel the value of study, experiment, and knowledge. If the farmer has any thing better than the Indian in agriculture, it grows out of science; and it is simply necessary to extend that science to give a new form to his labors. When we look at what a mysterious thing is the whole basis of agriculture—the theory of growth—the secret of vegetable and animal life—it is impossible to insist too strongly on the necessity of the farmer learning the laws which guide for weal or wo the products of the earth. How can any man above the level of a brute remain wilfully ignorant of those great revelations of chemistry which teach the components of fruits and meats, of earths and manures? How can a farmer worthy the name trudge from dawn till dark over the furrow or grass and not feel curiosity to analyse both? How can he own broad acres and not feel the value of getting behind the laws which cause their deterioration or appreciation? How can he go on for years breeding animals, and remain insensible to the certainties by which they are improved or perfected; how the lean and stunted become fat and full; how the dull and slow become bright and nimble-footed; how the treasures from systems of irrigation and manuring may be brought to bear; how the maximum of product may be assured by determined means?

Nothing proves the value of improved agriculture to a country more than that exhibited by England since Pitt ordered an agricultural survey in the year 1797. A little island was thus mainly enabled to afford subsidies to the whole of Europe, France excepted, and to rear a class of yeomanry who were irresistible in battle. The superiority of England lay in the superiority of the minds directing her agriculture. Her horses, sheep, cattle, average crops to the acre, all took the first rank when the gentlemen of England allied themselves with science for the improvement of their farms. But if this dilletante farming has done so much for a state, how much more could we expect when every man, Cincinnatus-like, driving his own plow, imitates a Mechi in the enthusiasm which he gives to the secrets of agricultural production! Then we would not find hard bacon quoted as the staple food of millions in this country; then we would not find farmers sending their best products to market, too ignorant or too stingy to partake of such themselves. But the farmer enriched with knowledge, and with not simply the eye of the master, but himself the master and himself the workman, would be enabled to grasp whatever truth could benefit his property. He could leave the plow to fight the enemy Ignorance at the monthly meeting or yearly shows; he could change the Congress of Farmers into the best of legislative halls, where corruption could not thrive and annexation would be elevated to the merging of individual experiences in agriculture into one generous national whole. That such a future is reserved for the American Farmer we fully believe.

SMUGGLING AND BRIBING.

We had the honor of a visit last evening from a certain Mr. Heilbuth, one of the parties now under examination before Mr. Commissioner Morton, on a charge of smuggling. Mr. Heilbuth requested us to suppress his name in connection with our reporter's account of the examination, as the case was not yet decided and the publication would do him great injury. We would willingly have done so until a decision had been rendered, but after he left we received a note from our law reporter, of which the following is a copy:

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Mr. Heilbuth, examined on a charge of smuggling diamonds, &c., is very anxious that his name should not appear, as it will injure his credit, he says, if it is known that he is charged with smuggling. He made me a very liberal offer to suppress the name, but I told him you expected I would report and not suppress. The associate District Attorney, Mr. Joachimssen, refused a request he made him to require me to suppress the name, and I told him he must go to you; but Mr. Morton, after his going to his office, came to me in the room where I was writing up the report, and said he wished that the name should be suppressed. I told Mr. M. I thought after an examination they belonged to the public, but he did not acquiesce in the idea, and said he could, or would, have such examination private. He also hinted that if the name appeared he would prevent me hereafter from obtaining, or refuse to give me information or decisions. I am sorry to say, as the laws or rules stand, that the Clerks and Commissioners have too much power for suppression. Your ob't servant,

THE LAW REPORTER OF THE TRIBUNE.

It is hardly worth while to comment upon this barefaced attempt at bribery. Whatever benefit Mr. Heilbuth will receive from the suppression of his name in the regular report, will be fully compensated by its appearance here. But the interference of Mr. Commissioner Morton, and his apparent anxiety to have the name suppressed, is a matter of more serious import to the public. Had he requested the reporters, at the outset, not to print the name, his motives would have been unquestioned, and the accused smuggler would have been spared the disgrace of adding an attempt at bribery to his other troubles. But when the Commissioner of a United States Court attempts to brow-beat and bully a reporter into such an act, under a threat of depriving him, and of course the whole people, of a knowledge of all the business coming before him to which the United States is a party—such as slave-catching, smuggling, piracy, mutiny, revolt, murders at sea, and Post-Office robberies—whatever legal power he may have to do so, he perpetrates a moral outrage of very grave magnitude, disgraces the office which he holds, and lays himself liable to the suspicion of collusion with the party who has just attempted bribery for the same end. Mr. Mr. Morton, however, we preesume, only develops his real sentiments toward the Press. He has evidently desired to exclude reporters from the room in every case where he has had fugitive slaves in his clutches, as his behavior at such times proved. We wait to see whether he will now attempt to put in execution his menace in behalf of his bribing client.

The patriarchal institution at the South is fully illustrated by such a notice as this, from *The Commercial Bulletin* of New-Orleans:

"NEGROES SURRENDERED.—Nine negroes surrendered themselves yesterday to the Police of this District, claiming the protection of the law against the cruelty of their overseer. They belong to a plantation on the coast, 27 miles below the city. They said they wanted to find their master, who resides in the city. They were locked up to await further developments."

The patriarchs, supposing them to be gentleness personified, do not always stay at home, but depute their authority to non-patriarchs, and hence the above cruelties.

Of the complexion of slaves—that it matters not whether they are black or white—may be judged by such advertisements as the following, from *The Charleston* (S. C.) *Courier*:

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—The advertiser will pay a reward of Fifty Dollars for the apprehension and recovery, or for any information that may lead to the apprehension and recovery of ROBERT, the property of Mrs. MARGARET M. SMITH, of Sullivan's Island, who either ran or was enticed away on the 2d instant. Robert is a very bright, though considerably sunburnt mulatto; is about nineteen years of age; about five feet in hight; has fine, light-colored, straight hair, short cropped; very large and somewhat projecting front teeth, rather separated at the sides; large nose, black eyes, is thin in person, rather knock-kneed in one leg; quite intelligent; wore when he left dark or black clothes, and is doubtless passing himself off as white under some assumed name. Having been instigated, doubtless, in the commission of this act by some evil-disposed person or persons, the undersigned hereby, and particularly for his faithful and distressed mother's sake, offers himself as security against his punishment, should he voluntarily return. The above reward for the purposes stated, together with one hundred dollars for proof to conviction of Robert having been harbored by any responsible white or free person of color, or for any information sufficiently direct to insure the recovery of his value, will be paid by JAMES H. MURRELL, Trustee and Agent, Charleston, S. C.

This run away from his patriarch, was not a "stupid black nigger, but one remove above a "brute," but "intelligent" and "white" with "fine light-colored hair." And this is published in the Democratic State of South Carolina, neither exciting remark nor indignation! And the alliance of such "Democracy" with that of Tammany Hall determines the foreign and domestic policy of this country!

Men not only run away from the patriarchal institution, but allow themselves to be stolen. The following advertisement from *The New-Orleans Delta* detailing the villainy of one John Jones in that capacity, may show one of many of the troubles of the patriarchs in keeping up the attractions of the system:

$225 REWARD.—On the 2d day of May last the slave described below was stolen from the subscriber, living in Butler County, Alabama, and was brought into the neighborhood of the White Sulphur Springs, in the Parish of Catahoula, State of Louisiana, about the 19th of May last, by a white man who called himself John Jones. On the 26th or 27th of June following, the white man left the aforesaid neighborhood without, as is generally supposed, taking the negro with him, being aware that he was suspected of having stolen property in his possession. The negro decamped a short time before the white man left, and it is thought he is still lurking about the neighborhood of the White Sulphur Springs, or in that section of country, as he evinced an unwillingness to go farther with the white man, whose real name, the negro said, was Moses Harrison, and who brought him as he informed several persons, from Butler County, Ala., giving, at the same time, the name of his owner.

The white man is about five feet eleven and a half inches high; weighs about one hundred and seventy-five or eighty pounds, of light complexion, his hair and whiskers light-colored, the latter heavy and rather of a reddish cast. He speaks slowly, has a sly countenance, his forehead short and flat, his eyes large and of a yellowish appearance; would be taken for a man about thirty years of age. He was last seen at Lacroix Ferry, on Little River, going in the direction of Alexandria, on Red River.

The slave is a dark-colored negro man, aged about twenty-eight or thirty years, heavy set, weighs about one hundred and forty five pounds, about five feet five or six inches high, forehead receding and hair growing high on the forehead; the hair on the top of his head very thin, approaching almost to baldness. Has a scar about an inch or an inch and a half in length, on his forehead, in the edge of his hair. His name is BOB—went under the assumed name of Sam White in custody of the white man.

I will give a reward of Two Hundred Dollars to any person or persons who will apprehend and lodge in the jail of the aforesaid Parish of Catahoula the above described white man, who had the said slave in his possession in said parish. I will give a reward of Twenty-five Dollars for the apprehension and lodgment of said slave in any public jail.

For further particulars I refer to James G. Taliafero of Harrisonburg, Lousiana. JOSHUA BARRETT.

It has been frequently observed that this country has not been able to create a humorous paper like the London *Punch*, for divers and sundry reasons. Any person, however, north of 36° 30′ who desires a facetious newspaper, need only take a Southern journal, wherein are jumbled essays on Liberty and Slavery, forming an olla-podrida as laughable as the best number of the London wit. For example, *The Texas State Times* has an article containing the following:

"Something must be done to check the flight of slaves to Mexico. Every day adds to the number of runaways. The people of Texas have let one chance to remedy this evil pass by them. When Gen. Carvajal was endeavoring to free his country, he made an arrangement with his American auxiliaries for the return of fugitive slaves to their masters. He also obliged himself to endeavor, in case of success, to negotiate a treaty with the United States Government on the subject, and in default of that pledged himself to have a law enacted making it felony for any person in a state of servitude to escape from his master and take refuge in the territory of the new Government. There was but one slave taken during his military operations. He was sent to his master on the Guadalupe. If Carvajal had succeeded, Slavery would have been as secure in Texas as in any State of the Union. Slaves could not have escaped. The result would have been incalculably advantageous to Texas—to Western Texas in particular. What is it retards the settlement and cultivation of the immense bodies of cotton and sugar lands upon the Colorado, the Guadalupe, the San Antonio, the Nueces rivers and their tributaries? There is but one answer—the insecurity of slave property. Had our citizens aided Gen. Carvajal this insecurity would have been obviated. What reason was there for not giving this aid? We never could see. Gen. Carvajal was a leader appointed by the Mexican people themselves in their primary assemblies. They had arms in their hands combating the most odious, detestable, tyranny which has existed in modern times. They were attempting to establish a Government on a basis similar to that of the United States—had invited American citizens to settle among them—were anxious to avail themselves of American teachings. Gen. Carvajal was educated in the United States by the famous Alexander Campbell of Virginia, is a Protestant in belief—is practically acquainted with the workings of our Government, and an enthusiastic admirer of our institutions. He made frequent appeals to our love of liberty—to our sympathy for a people struggling for freedom—and even to our interests in the matter of slavery, but we were deaf. A movement more truly southern in its bearings was never undertaken. Its failure was really a calamity to the South."

Apart from the *Punch* of this extract, there is a serious aspect to it, and that is a change in Mexican politics—"freedom" to Mexico means a Fugitive Slave law to precede annexation. Such is the programme of the extreme South.

The letter of our Paris correspondent, published in to-day's TRIBUNE, gives a precious account of some of the abuses of our diplomatic and consular system in Europe. It appears that Mr. Belmont—the Democratic purist who paid out of his breeches-pocket $30,000 or so to aid Gen. Pierce's election—has determined not to restrict his chances of repayment to the salary he receives—which, doubtless, and very much more, he spends. As Sheriff Alspice said at the feast, "Ladies and gentlemen, don't spare the "pickles, there's plenty more in the shop;" or as the Parisian Madame Teloutel puts on her husband's tomb-slab in Père la Chaise, "This "was erected by his disconsolate widow, who "still continues the grocery business at No. "167 Rue Vivienne"—so M. Belmont, U. S. Chargé near the Hague, mixes up the graceful amenities of his diplomatic position with the profits of the counter. In one word, he has opened shop under the very nose of the Court, employs clerks to count "de monish," and is the same there as here—agent of the Rothschilds. "Sink the shop" is a moldy adage—putrescent, it would seem, in the eyes of our Chargé near the Hague, and to be thrown overboard. It may, however, be urged that Mr. Belmont is right so to bring down the sham and spangle of diplomacy to the level of the rough realities of Wall-st. The only difficulty in the premises is that he was not sent abroad with such intent, but the order "pure and simple" was to take charge of American interests, if any should require it, in the land of pipes and canals. His own interest, he may choose to call American, but its identification with the Rothschilds gives it foreign *color*, difficult to wash out; and it looks as if the American eagle was transmogrified into a bull or a bear. If M. Belmont be permitted to open shop in Europe, it should be under a general permit extended to all our diplomatic agents. Mr. Mason then might, under a special Imperial permit, have a tobacco "divan," wholesale and retail, in the Faubourg St. Honoré; Mr. Soulé sell sugar, from "a penneth-worth" up to a hogshead; Mr. Buchanan put up an attorney's sign and dispose of legal opinions; and so forth. But our money-lending friend should not be permitted to shave notes and carry on his trade, while other diplomatists are restricted by a supposed sense of the eternal fitness of things, from turning an honest penny in trade.

The system of consular swindling described by our correspondent, also requires reform. Travelers proverbially are open-handed, and Americans generally are more or less flush; ignorant, too, of the usages of foreign countries, and dreading detentions and delays from the infernal passport system, they can be wheedled into spending at every city or town for a visé in preference to undergoing the expense of having to wait until they could write to whatever American Minister or Chargé to