of Kentucky and Dan. Worth of North Carolina. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Thurston of Maine. The Treasurer's report shows the receipt during the year of $40,000. The expenditures during the year were $44,000. The Association will continue in session over to-morrow.

Later from Mexico.

NEW-ORLEANS, Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

The Picayune is in receipt of late and interesting news from Mexico, of which the following is a summary:

The papers report the vomito as still prevailing quite extensively in Vera Cruz, and numbers dying daily.

Up to the 5th inst., Gen. Robles had not made a landing, but remained on board the British steamer Clyde, at anchor off the port. It was the impression among quite a number that he might be called upon to succeed Zulueta at the head of the Government.

The proposition recently offered for the recall of Santa Anna was strongly opposed by Gen. Echagaray, who threatened to join the Liberal army in case the proposition should be persisted in.

The final success of the Liberals was not doubted.

Mr. Forsyth, the American Minister, was still in Mexico (at Tacubaya), where he would remain for several weeks, or until the vomito had disappeared sufficiently to render traveling safe.

Yellow Fever at the South.

NEW-ORLEANS, Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858

The report of the Board of Health for the week past is very similar to that of the preceding week, the figures being as follows: Week ending 20th—total deaths, 638; fever deaths, 160. Week ending 27th—total deaths, 619; fever deaths, 144. It will be seen by the above that there has been a decrease during the week in the total number of deaths of 9, and of fever deaths of 16. The deaths in the Charity Hospital during the 24 hours ending 6 o'clock Monday evening, as reported by the Board of Health, were 9, while for the 24 hours ending last (Tuesday) evening they reached 18.

AUGUSTA, Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

Our city continues healthy. Not a case of yellow fever has occurred.

SAVANNAH, Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

There were three interments from yellow fever today.

MOBILE, Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

The New-Orleans papers contain later advices from TEXAS, which report the total number of deaths by fever at Galveston this season at 47. There were still, however, 150 that remained under treatment.

FORNEY ON POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

Col. JOHN W. FORNEY, the accomplished editor of *The Philadelphia Press*, publishes a lengthy and able address in his journal in vindication of the principle of Popular Sovereignty, and in reply to the assaults of *The Washington Union* and other Lecompton organs upon his (Forney's) late speech at Tarrytown in behalf of the Hon. John B. Haskin. We have only room for an abstract of the address.

Col. Forney commences by laying down the principle, that when a man or a party, solemnly pledged to certain well defined doctrines or fundamental principles, formally repudiates such principles, that to rebuke such dereliction is the part of exalted patriotism; and that when James Buchanan turned his back upon the Popular Sovereignty doctrine of the Cincinnati platform, and upon his own volunteered and oft-repeated pledges of fidelity to that platform, he released every citizen from obedience to the new and heretical creed which he had set up as a model of Democratic orthodoxy. Yet Mr. Forney and those who act with him desired, while respectfully protesting, to occupy a position of honest and respectful difference, rather than fly into a fretful passion and indulge in a wild and unnatural opposition. This could not be tolerated by the Administration. It was only when the reality was forced upon their minds, that such a disagreement with the President and his Cabinet was to be made the pretext for political ostracism and the pretext for personal proscription of the most offensive character, that the independent spirit which lives in the bosom of every free-born citizen took fire, and those who had thus kindly and respectfully protested, seized the opportunity boldly, and everywhere, to denounce the arrogance and the insolence which attempted to outrage them before their country.

As one who had felt in its bitterest form the intolerance referred to, Col. F. resolved, while overlooking the attacks of the slimy sycophants and paid politicians, to vindicate himself as against their masters. The invitation to speak in Mr. Haskin's district offered an opportunity which he accepted, and the kept hounds of the Administration were soon baying on his track. He says:

As to the story of having been a candidate for the Cabinet, that slander is best answered by the fact that my name was never presented with my consent to his consideration, and that the only part I took in the formation of that Cabinet was industriously to labor to elevate Howell Cobb to a seat in that Cabinet, because he had honestly, as I supposed, sustained the principle of popular sovereignty in the Presidential election, and also to raise my voice against the infliction upon that Cabinet of Mr. Jones of Berks County, whose career since then has so fully fulfilled all the apprehensions which I entertained of his subserviency, his treachery, and his incapacity. Nor could I have felt any disappointment after my defeat for the Senate. Indeed, Mr. Buchanan has now in his possession a letter from me, in which I thank him, in grateful terms, for the manner in which he was pleased to prefer me among all the distinguished gentemen named for that high place.

Mr. Forney says he was not rich enough to take an office at the hands of the President; and, in the opinion of the latter, he was not Southern enough to take possession of the national organ, from which, with abundant prospects of becoming a wealthy man, he had voluntarily retired, in 1856, to assist Mr. Buchanan to a nomination for President. Mr. Forney publishes an extract from a speech which he made on the 4th of July, 1857, arguing in favor of submitting the Constitution to the people, and two days later received a letter from a distinguished member of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet, heartily approving the sentiments he had uttered, and inclosing an article from *The Washington Union* taking the same view of the subject.

Among those now most anxious, says Col. F., to consecrate the great betrayal of principle by the present Administration, on the Kansas issue, is the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney General of the United States, a position which he would not occupy to-day, and he knows it well, but for the very anti-Lecompton Democracy against whom he is now constantly, coarsely and calumniously railing.

The next statement is in regard to the origin of *The Press*, the salutatory of which was sent to Washington, "allowing them to make its expressions of devotion to the President even stronger" than he had originally written them. Not a dollar of the money with which *The Press* was started came from the Federal Administration. The paper supported Mr. Buchanan's Administration and received its applause till the Kansas drama began to unfold itself in the shameful desertion of Walker and the removal of Stanton, when it refused to indorse this movement and was accordingly placed under the ban of the Administration. After speaking of the causes which led him to deliver the speech which has elicited such unlicensed abuse from the paid organs of the Administration, Col. Forney says:

I saw Senators turned into speculators in order to induce them to desert their written and spoken promises to the people; I saw Representatives purchased to betray their constituents, as a Southern slaveholder purchases his slaves; I saw newspapers openly and actively engaged with me on the side of conscience and the Constitution, threatened or brought into silence or acquiescence; I witnessed an era of official despotism, and an organization of official insolence, such, as had it taken place under an opposition Administration and against the Democratic party, would have hurled that opposition into perpetual obscurity. * * * *

Now for the accusations which have been called forth against that speech by the hirelings of the Administration. The first to which I shall call attention is that of *The Washington Union*, which, in its issue of Sept. 7, uses the following language:

"Our purpose, however, was not to censure this statement for the want of honor implied in making it, but to denounce it, as we now do most emphatically, for its unmitigated and total destitution of all honesty and truth. No such conversation took place, nor any conversation at all, between those parties on that subject. Mr. Forney never had the courage to address Mr. Buchanan in that strain, and he certainly had not the impudence to offer his advice to the man of whose personal character he had been the habitual traducer for months before Lecompton or anti-Lecompton was thought of."

"No such conversation," says *The Union*, "took place, nor any conversation at all, between those parties on that subject."

To these general words I beg to reply by dates and facts. I visited Washington early in December of 1857, and had an interview of some three hours with Mr. Buchanan on the first day of the meeting of Congress at its last session. That such an interview took place is proved by the fact that it was announced in *The New-York Herald* and THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, shortly after it occurred, and in *The Press* on the 14th of December, as follows:

"It is, of course, not true, as everywhere telegraphed on Friday and Saturday, that the editor of *The Press* was denied admission at the Presidential mansion during his late visit to Washington. He was not only promptly, but most kindly received by the President, who knows too well the proprieties of life to regard an honest difference of opinion as a pretext for personal alienation. The men who were always Mr. Buchanan's enemies before he became President, and who now strive to compensate for their bitter assaults upon his character at Cincinnati by assailing *The Press*, because of its resolute and disinterested support of 'The will of the Majority,' may feed their own malevolence by falsehoods like this, but do not make a favorable impression upon Mr. Buchanan."

So that the interview really did occur! What the object of that interview was, may be imagined from the fact that no other subject could have been discussed between the parties; for, as I have said in these remarks, and as the columns of *The Press* will show, I had no cause of public difference with Mr. Buchanan beyond that of Kansas. We had long since ceased to talk about private matters. Not only did the conversation as detailed take place, but, as the many friends to whom I related it after I left the Presidential mansion will remember, many other things were omitted in the statement which I gave at Tarrytown. Among others, the President said to me: "If you and Walker and Douglas will unite in support of my Kansas policy, the people of Kansas will vote at the election which is to come off on the 21st of December"—(that election, it will be remembered, having been called under the auspices of the minority Legislature for the purpose of putting through the Lecompton Constitution, and was held under circumstances of fraud and infamy which will not soon be forgotten). He said further: "I know that you have the strong side of this question. I know that you can carry off the people, but I appeal to you to stand with me, because, if I do not adhere to my new policy, Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi will probably secede from the Union." It is probable that the memory of Mr. Buchanan will be stimulated when he reads these sentences. As for *The Washington Union*, whether it speaks for him or not in the above extract, I am unable to say. If it does, the memory of the President is most defective.

After a further brief reference to the interview, Col. F. continues:

The Union goes on to say, speaking of the report of the Cabinet meeting:

* * * * *

"The story he tells of the Cabinet meeting is, like the account of his own conversation, wholly fabulous. We venture to assert that Mr. Walker never authorized any one to say that he insulted the President and Cabinet by expressing a suspicion that they would behave treacherously."

This is a somewhat unfortunate denial, appearing, as it does, in *The Washington Union*, inasmuch as the report of that conversation between Robert J. Walker and the Cabinet was communicated by one of the editors of *The Washington Union*, on more than one occasion, when there was no confidence imposed, and at the time that editor was the known public and active adversary of the Kansas policy of the Administration. The name of that editor is Col. Simeon M. Johnson. I believe that he is now attached to *The Washington Union*. If he denies the statement here made, I shall be compelled to make it good by furnishing the name or names of respectable witnesses, who were present when he described this celebrated interview between Gov. Walker and the Cabinet and President Buchanan; and thus, without calling upon Gov. Walker, or the President, or the Cabinet, I beg to rest this part of my statement upon the distinguished authority of the editor of *The Washington Union* himself.

Among those who have volunteered to supply their ready abuse of the Tarrytown speech, I notice the editor of *The N. Y. Herald*, the infamous James Gordon Bennett. Addressing, as I do, a mixed audience, because, I presume, this statement will be read by men of all parties, I am sure that I commit no offense when I recall public attention to the manner in which this man conducted his newspaper during the campaign of 1856. A long life of shame, a life brightened by no single deed of virtue, a life of selfishness, of jealousy, of ostracism, was fittingly illustrated in the columns of his newspaper during that memorable struggle. Absent in Europe when Mr. Buchanan returned from England, Bennett came to New-York shortly after, and cast about to see which of the great parties had the best chance of success. Finally, his years of hatred of James Buchanan obtained the mastery, and he placed himself in the hands of the friends of Fremont—whether or not for a consideration I am unable to *prove*. This man had grown rich in a career of villainy. His attacks upon personal character, his terrorism over actors and actresses, his reckless intrigues against business men and business interests, all combined, had filled his pockets, and he now aspired to a respectable representative position at some foreign Court. It is stated that when he applied for such a position under the administration of President Pierce his petition was scouted, and he became the assailant of that Administration. How he toiled to defeat Mr Buchanan the columns of his journal will show. He seemed to have abandoned all remorse. His agents penetrated every section of the Union; they hung about Lancaster, where Mr. Buchanan resided; they lingered at Washington; they were in the South and in the North, and all talked the same way, and rioted in the same common calumnies. There was not a fabrication, no matter how vile, that did not find ready circulation through the columns of *The Herald*. The most sacred secrets were exposed to the public eye. The early life of Mr. Buchanan, his intimate confidential relations, and especially that portion which he himself has most sedulously hidden from notoriety, was ruthlessly laid bare to the vulgar gaze. This jackal of the press, who grinds his envenomed tooth even into the grave itself, tore open the cerements of the innocent and helpless dead, and shook into the eyes of the startled public secrets which even Mr. Buchanan's intimate friends did not dare allude to.

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At the time these articles appeared, Mr. Buchanan said to me one day, taking up *The N. Y. Herald*, while I was on a visit to Wheatland, "Why am I thus to be traduced and pursued by this infamous knave? Have I no friends who will visit New-York and punish him as he deserves? His ears should be taken off in the public streets." I never saw Mr. Buchanan more excited than he was on this and other occasions under Bennett's unlicensed and cruel slanders, and I believe that it is to my prudence and compassion that Bennett is this day permitted to walk Broadway with his long ears on his Scotch head. I well remember how, after the campaign, the first impulse of the Democrats all over the Union was to have a settlement with *The N. Y. Herald*. That paper had expended all of its influence and a good deal of Fremont's money in trying to defeat Mr. Buchanan. Thousands of Democratic editors throughout the country felt that Bennett deserved to be castigated, and at the solicitation of a number of distinguished men, then in Philadelphia, I sat down and prepared a somewhat caustic article, showing him up in faithful colors. Mr. Buchanan astonished me by calling my attention to this article, and complained of the proprietor of the paper for publishing it. I told him that I had myself written it, and that I had written it because it was demanded by common decency, and by ordinary respect for the gallant men who had been traduced in that journal, and especially for the thousands of struggling editors throughout the Union who had regarded *The Herald* as his most infamous, relentless, and savage enemy. "Well," said he, "I regret that I have written to the proprietor of the paper about this article, but I desire that Mr. Bennett shall support my Administration." I can now perceive that the man who was thus willing to court the most abandoned and most infamous editor upon the face of the earth—the man who was thus willing to procure the support of James Gordon Bennett after he had poured the vials of utter and inconceivable wrath upon his head, and after he had traduced the South, betrayed the Republicans, and been rebuked by the result of the election—was even at that day resolved in his own mind to turn his back upon the gallant men in that city and State, who had surrounded him as with a wall of fire, and who had carried him forward into the Presidency after twenty years of hard, unremitting, and chilvaric toil. For myself, I have only to say that although Bennett has accused me of many things, he has yet to speak of me as shamelessly and as brutally as he has spoken of the President of the United States!

After referring to the out-cry of the Lecompton organs on the wickedness of repeating private conversations, Col. F. quotes Senator Brown's (Mississippi) statement of a recent conversation with the President, in which he was assured that he (Buchanan) would appoint no man to office who held the opinion that Kansas should come into the Union with less than 93,000 population, and would remove any officer holding such opinions, he continues:

"Private conversation," forsooth! Look at the exposé of the last hours of Colonel Benton, made since the death of that illustrious man! There were conversations in the sacred, silent chamber of Col. Benton—heard, we are told, by but two men; the one the dying patriot, the other the living President! The whole life of Thomas H. Benton was one unceasing battle for principle; one bold protest against secession; one prayer for the preservation of the American Union. He was the known and notorious foe of the whole Lecompton policy of the Administration. He had supported Mr. Buchanan against his own son-in-law, Col. Fremont, because he believed that he would be a moderate and conservative President, and because the open enemies of the Union, North and South, were the opponents of Mr. Buchanan's nomination. And yet, by means of a "private conversation," mysteriously divulged, and now published in the journals under pay of the Administration, Thomas H. Benton's name is made to figure as the indorser of one of the most stupendous frauds that have ever been perpetrated upon any civilized people!

There is an exquisite sense of propriety in the complaint of the revelation of private conversations on the part of those who applaud such an example as this!

In further paying his respects to the Government critics of the Tarrytown speech, Mr. Forney says:

Some of the accusations against me on account of this speech are worthy of a passing notice. *The Washington Union*, *The Washington Star* and *The Richmond South* have been most fertile in their compliments. Divided among these several journals may be found such charges as these: "He is ungrateful to the President. The President gave him all the consequence he ever had; took him by the hand and advanced him, assisted his family, expended money for him, and even educated him. And, at the best, Forney's great feat was the Forrest letter, which ought to disgrace him in every man's eyes." Such is the substance of the personal part of the indictment under which I have been tried, and upon which I am now being tried by these newspaper lawyers.

As Mr. Buchanan is in the habit of reading all these journals, he has seen all these charges. I wonder how he felt on reading them. I think I know, and if he had been called forward in a Court of Justice to answer, under oath, he would have said, and I think he will yet say before he is summoned to his final account:

"All these charges are basely false. Forney is under no obligations to me—not one. The obligation is all on the other side. I never helped him pecuniarly but once in my life, and that debt he has repaid to me with compound interest. He has spent and sacrificed more money for me than I am worth to-day. I never had a blood relative that was half as devoted to me as Forney. I never assisted his family. He started his first paper in Lancaster 22 years ago, without a copper from me. He bought *The Pennsylvanian* with his own hard-earned means, when I was the most unpopular public man in Philadelphia; when both people and politicians were against me; when my own friends there could have been put into an omnibus; and he persevered in working for me till he was a ruined man, and went to Washington to retrieve his fortunes, which he would have done had he not foolishly given up everything in the world but his wife's property, to support me, rather than have it said that he left General Pierce with pockets full. Beside, I never was of any assistance to Forney in Washington. The Virginia delegation in Congress were always against me; and I was, elsewhere, powerless to help him. He was elected to the Clerkship because he had been a hard-working editor and an honest man; and when he got there he thought of nobody but me, and filled his office with my friends—thinking of me first and always. He was my true, constant, unselfish, romantic friend. It won't do for you, Bennett, Pryor, Wallach and Wendell, to talk about the Forrest letter, and such nonsense. I know Forney better than all of you; and even if I were disposed to have you abuse him, I have too often defended him, and know his heart too well, to be made a party to your abuse of him now. Yes, not only upon the Forrest letter, but upon every act of his life that concerns the public, there is not an accusation now made against him that does not recoil with ten-fold force upon its authors, and assist instead of hurting him."

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I ought to congratulate the Administration on those who do support their peculiar policy. It is but right that, when *The Union* closes its eyes upon the excesses of the Secessionists and other enemies of the Republic in the South, they, in their turn, should give to *The Union* and its especial cause their best aid; and thus it is that the only thorough supporters of the proscription of private opinion and the rum-mad Kansas policy of the Administration are to be found in that concentration of enmity to the American Union, *The Charleston Mercury*, and those of that ilk, who regard the Constitution as Slavery, and who would break laws and treaties whenever occasion demands, and only insist upon them when they are necessary to protect themselves. In a word, the defenders of the last Administration programme are to be found among the Disunionists of the South, who are a minority in their own region, and powerless and suspected at their own fire-sides!

After reviewing the acts of commission and omission on the part of the National Administration, and drawing unpleasant contrasts between Mr. Buchanan and Gen. Jackson, Col. Forney takes a brief survey of the field of political contest in Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, Ohio, &c., in which he augurs disaster to the Lecomptonites, and concludes as follows:

[How much will it help the Administration by making the English bill an issue, and by continuing to denounce all who will not consent to do the same? We have never yet had a trial of Lecomptonism in Pennsylvania. Our last election—that which took place in October of 1857—resulted in the triumph of Wm. F. Packer, who stood broadly and squarely and publicly upon the principle of Popular Sovereignty, which principle he afterward manfully reiterated in his inaugural address. But this is the first election in which the distinctive policy of the Administration has come in issue in our State. Not only the peculiar policy of the Administration in this respect will be involved in the result, but the new idea, lately enunciated, that the President is the principle and that the Administration is the party; that all creeds and all platforms have passed away, and that the Cabinet and the powers that be shall make our creeds and reconstruct our platforms. *All this will be in issue.* In the days of Gen. Jackson the great motto which immortalized his Administration was, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved." This motto has now been changed into "The President: He must and shall be sustained." Pennsylvania in October next will be called upon to decide whether she will prefer to sustain the doctrines which have made the country prosperous, or to desert these doctrines for the purpose of sustaining the President.]

POLITICAL.

IXTH DISTRICT.—In this District, now represented by the Hon. John B. Haskin, a Congressional Convention of the Opposition is called on Monday, Oct. 4, 12 m., at the American Hotel, Sing-Sing.

AMERICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.—This Convention met last night at the Stuyvesant Institute. The Second and Fourteenth Wards were contested, and after sitting until 1 o'clock a Committee of one from each Ward was appointed to confer with the Republicans.

VITH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—The Convention adjourned without doing any business.

ERIE COUNTY.—The principal candidates on the Democratic ticket are: Congressman, Israel T. Hatch; Senator, Levi J. Ham; Sheriff, James Wadsworth; Clerk, James M. Payne.

The official returns of the late constitutional election in Tennessee indicate, notwithstanding the smallness of the vote, a decided opposition to any change in the Constitution of the State. Out of 24,868 votes cast, 28,931 were against and only 3,937 in favor of such change.

Gov. Corwin is making a thorough canvass of his District. In one of his late speeches he thus characteristically expresses a very natural thought concerning Douglas:

"I have said that I honor Douglas. I honor any man in a party who looks the head of that party in the face, and defies his power. But why did not Douglas wholly emancipate himself, instead of putting the fetters off one hand, and allowing the handcuffs to die on the other?"

PENNSYLVANIA.—John H. Walker of Erie is the Republican candidate in the XXVth District.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.—*The Catholic Herald and Visitor* denies the truth of the statement, to the effect that 504 Austrian priests had memorialized the Archbishop of Vienna, in favor of the abolition of the celibacy of priests, &c., and asserts that the whole affair is a "weak invention of the enemy," manufactured at this side of the Atlantic, without a foundation in any European journal.

PAUL MORPHY AND HARWITZ.—Paul Morphy has turned the tide of battle in his favor on the chess-board, and there remains only one game out of seven to decide the championship between Harwitz and himself. Harwitz is said to be the first player in Europe, and is employed by the owner of the Café de la Regence to play there against all challengers.

COURT OF APPEALS, Sept. 30, 1858.—The People agt. James Rogers.—Judgment of the Supreme Court reversed, and that of Court of General Sessions affirmed.

No. 1, argument concluded.

Van Rensselaer agt. Hays.—Motion to move causes out of their order granted; but causes not to be moved at present term without consent.

Nos. 78, 529, 48.

No. 425, The U. S. Trust Co., Receiver, &c., appellant, agt. The U. S. Fire Insurance Co., respondent.—E. S. Van Winkle and J. M. Mason for appellant; J. W. Edmonds and S. Sanxay for respondent.

Calendar for Oct. 1, 1858.—Nos. 2, 144, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15.

FARMERS AND FARMING.

ADDRESS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Annual Agricultural Fair in Middlesex County, Mass., took place on Wednesday at Concord. The noticeable event of the day was the delivery of the following address by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson at the dinner:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I suppose there is no anniversary that meets from counties, a more entire good will than this rural festival. Town and country, trades and manufactures, church and laymen, sailor and soldier, men and women, all have an equal good will, because an equal stake in the prosperity of the farmer. It is well with all when it is well with him. He has no enemy. All are loud in his praise. Every wise State has favored him, and the best men have held him highest. Cato said, when it was said that such or such a man was good husband man, it was looked upon as the very highest compliment. Of all the rewards given by the Romans to great public benefactors, the most valued and the rarest bestowed was the crown of Grass, given only by the acclamation of the army for the preservation of the whole army, by the faith of one man. Since the dependence, not of the whole army, but of the whole State rests on the tiller of the ground who grows the grass, the crown should be more rightfully awarded to the farmer. Let us then look at the condition of the farmer, or the man with the hoe, at his strength and weakness, at his aids and servants, at his greater and lesser means, and his share in the great future which opens before the people of this country.

The glory of the farmer is that it is his to construct and to create. Let others borrow and imitate, travel and exchange, and make fortunes by speed and dexterity in selling something which they never made; but the whole rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature: obtains from the earth bread: the food which was not he has caused to be. And this necessity and duty gives this farm its dignity. All men feel this to be their natural employment. The first farmer was the first man, and all nobility rests on the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work very well; but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which may direct it for a time to other hands. If he had not some small skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product which the farmer will give him corn for, he must himself return to his due place among the planters of corn. The profession has its ancient charm of standing close to God, He who gives. Then I think the piety, the tranquillity, the innocence of the countryman, his independence, and all the pleasing arts belonging to him, the care of beast, of poultry, of sheep, of fruits, of trees, and its reaction on the workman, in giving him a strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men are sensible of. All of us keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where to hide their poverty and their solitude, if they do not succeed in society. Who knows how many remorseful glances are turned thus away from the competitions of the shop and counting-room, from the mortifying cunning of the Courts and the Senates. After the man has been degraded so that he has no longer the vigor to attempt active labor on the soil, yet when he has been poisoned by town life and drugged by cooks, and every meal is a force pump to exhaust by stimulus the poor remainder of his strength, he resolves: "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery and shall now be their hospital."

The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose-color. You must take him just as he stands. Nothing is arbitrary or sentimental in his condition, and therefore one respects rather the elements of his office than himself. He bends to the order of the seasons and the weather and the soils, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants, and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and atom, by atom, little by little, accomplishes her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or in planting, is the knowledge of nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, excess of water and drouth, patience with the slowness of our feet and with the littleness of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times himself to nature and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his food to grow. His rule is that the earth shall feed him and find him, and in each he must be a graceful splendor. His spending must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's.

But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has advantages on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as the rocks do. Here in this town farms remain in the same families now for seven or eight generations, and the settlers of 1635 have their names still in town; and the same general fact holds good in all the surrounding towns in the county. This hard work will always be done by one kind of men; not by scheming speculators, not by professors, nor by readers of Tennyson, but by men of strength and endurance.

The farmer has a great life, and a great appetite and health, and means for his end. He has broad land in which to place his home. He has wood to burn great fires. He has plenty of plain food. His milk at least is watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the door of every family and weighs to each their life. It is for him to say whether men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are indissolubly nested with abundance, or as Burke says, breeds at the mouth." The farmer is the guard of Quarantine. He has not only the life but the health of others in his keeping. He is the capital health as his farm is the capital of wealth. And it from him and his influences that the worth and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities comes. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in cities who are the centers of energy, the wheels in trade or politics, or arts of letters, women of beauty and genius, are the children or children of farmers, and are spending the energies which their hard, silent life accumulated in former days, in poverty, in darkness, and in necessity. Summer's heat and Winter's cold. Then he is universal factory. He who digs and builds a well or a stone fountain, he who plants a grove of trees by the roadside, who plants an orchard and builds durable house, or even puts a stone seat by the way side, makes the land lovely and desirable, and makes a fortune which he cannot carry with him, but which is useful to his country and mankind long afterward. The man that works at home moves society throughout the world. If it be true that not by the fiat of political parties, but upon external laws of political economy, slaves are driven out of Missouri, out of Texas, out of the Middle States, out of Kentucky, then the true Abolitionist is the farmer of Massachusetts, who, heedless of laws and Constitutions, stands all day in the field investing his labor in the land and making a product with which no forced labor can in the long run contend. The rich man, we say, can speak the truth. It is the boast that was ever claimed for wealth, that it could speak the truth, could afford honesty, could afford independence of opinion and action, and that is the theory of nobility. But understand this: It is only the rich man in the true sense who can do this—the man who keeps his outgo within his income.

The boys who watch the spindles in the English factories, to see that no thread breaks or gets entangled, are called "minders." And in this great factory of our Copernican Globe, shifting its slides of constellations, tides and times, bringing now the day of planting, now the day of watering, now the day of reaping, now the day of curing and storing, the farmer is the "minder." His machine is of colossal proportions; the diameter of the water wheel, the arms of the lever, the power of the battery, out of all proportion; and it takes him long to understand its abilities and its working. This pump never sucks. These screws are never loose. This machine is never out of order. The piston and wheels and tires never wear out, but are self-repairing. Let me show you then what are his aids.

Who are the farmer's servants? Not the Irish, God help him. No, but chemistry; the pure air; the water-brook; the lightning cloud; the winds that have blown in the interminable succession of years before he was born; the sun which has for ages soaked the land with light and heat, melted the earth, decomposed the rocks and covered them with forests, and accumulated the stagnum which makes the heat of the meadow. The students of all nations have in past years been dedicating their education to universal science, and they have reformed our school-books, and our terminology. The four-quarters of the globe are no longer Europe, Asia, Africa and America, but Carbon, Oxygen, Hydrogen and Nitrogen. The four seasons of the year are now Gravitation, Light, Heat and Electricity. Science has been showing how nature works in regard to the support of marine animals by marine plants. So nature works on the land—on a plan of all for each, and each for all. You cannot detach any portion of its forces and retain a perfect nature. The flame of fire that comes out of the cellar foot of wood or coal is exactly the same in amount as the light and heat which was taken in in the sunshine in the form of leaves and roots, and now is given out after a hundred thousand years. Thus lie in the farm inexhaustible magazines. The eternal rocks have held their oxygen and lime undiminished and entire as they were. No particle of oxygen can run away or wear out, but has the same energy as on the first morning. The great rocks seem to say, "Patient waiters are no losers." We have not lost so much as a spasm of the power we received.

The earth works for man. It is a machine which yields new service to every application of intellect. Every plant is a manufactory of soil. In the stem of the plant development begins. The tree can draw on the whole air, or the whole earth, or the rolling main. The tree is all suction pipe, imbibing from the ground by its roots, from the air by its twigs, with all its might. The atmosphere is an immense distillery, drinking in the oxygen and the carbon from plants, and absorbing the essence of every solid on the globe. It is the receptacle from which all things spring, and into which all return. The invisible air takes form and solid mass. Our senses are sceptics, and only believe the impressions of the moment. They do not believe what is demonstrated to them—that these vast mountain chains are made of gases and rolling wind. They do not believe, what is true, that one-half the rocks which compose the great globe, every solid substance, the soils we cultivate, are made up of animals, and plants, and invisible oxygen. Nature is as subtle as she is strong. Her processes of decomposition and reconstruction might be followed out in higher grades of existence, rank into rank, to sentient beings. They burn with internal fire which wastes while it works. The great agencies work in man as in all.

There is no porter like gravitation, who will bring down any weight which you cannot carry, and if he wants aid he knows where to find his fellow-laborers. Water works in masses, and sets his irresistible shoulder to your mills and your shops, or transports vast bowlders of rock a thousand miles. But its far greater power lies in its capacity to enter the smallest holes and pores. By its agency the vegetable world exists, carrying in solution the elements needful to every plant. Water! that daily miracle—a substance as explosive as gunpowder—the electric force contained in a drop of water being equal in amount to that which is discharged from a thunder-cloud. I quote from the exact Farraday.

While the farmer has these grand fellow laborers to assist him, and these majestic tools to work with, it must be owned that he is not quite competent to their direction. His servants are sometimes too strong for him. His tools are too sharp. But this inequality finds its remedy in practice. Experience gradually teaches him, and he is thoughtful. The farmer hates innovation; he hates the hoe till he tries it, preferring to scratch with a stick; he will walk till he has tried the railway car; but the oldest fogies among us, now that the Atlantic Cable is laid, would hardly set out to dispatch a letter across the ocean by swimming with it in his mouth. While such great energies are working for the farmer, he is also to recollect the great power that is in small things. It is very little that is required. Its internal force consists in a few simple arrangements. Look, for instance, at the powers of a chestnut rail. Look at that prairie, hundreds of miles off, not a stick or a stone upon it, except at rare intervals. Well, the farmer manages to put up a rail fence, and at once seeds sprout and crops rise. It was only the browse and fire that kept them down. Plant a fruit tree by the roadside and it will not produce, although it receives many hints from projected stones and sticks, that fruit is desired to come down, and though fruit has gone crude into the bowels of small boys. But put a fence around it, the boys will let it alone and you will have fruit so large and luscious as to seem almost inviting you to take its picture before being sent to the Horticultural Fair.

Nature drops a pine cone in Mariposa, and it grows three or four centuries, producing trees thirty feet in circumference. How was it done? They did not grow on a ridge, but in a basin, where they found a deep and dry soil, and where they could protect themselves from the sun by growing in groves, and from the winds by the mountain shelter. The planter who saw them remembered his orchard at home, where every year a destroying wind made his pears and peaches look as bleak as suffering virtue, not better than Abolitionists, while the fat Democrats, that had got their tap-roots into the National Treasury, grew stout and hearty. So he went home and built a high wall on the exposed side of his orchard, and after that his peaches grew to the size of melons, and his vines ran out of all control.

I have heard a man say that he could have a whole farm in a box a rod square. He would take his roots into his library and feed them with food they like. If they have a fancy for dead dog he would let them have it, being sure that the fruits would never reveal the secrets of their table. Such men we need to bring out a greater degree of cultivation of our soil, which is capable of as great an increased productiveness as that which England has achieved. Concord is one of the oldest towns in the country—far on now in its third century. The Selectmen have once in five years perambulated its bounds, and yet in this year a very large quantity of land has been discovered and added to the agricultural land, and without a murmur of complaint. By drainage we have gone to the subsoil, and we have a Concord under Concord, a Middlesex under Middlesex, and a basement story of Massachusetts more valuable than all the superstructure. Tiles are political economists. They are so many young Americans announcing a better era, and a day of fat things. There has been a nightmare brought up in England, under the indigestion of the late suppers of overgrown Lords, that while the population increases in a geometrical ratio, the crops increase only in an arithmetical ratio. The theory is that the best land is cultivated first. This is not so, for the poorest land is the first cultivated, and the last lands are the best lands. It needs science to cultivate the best lands in the best manner. Every day a new plan, a new theory, and this political economy is in the hands of these teachers. It is true, however, that population increases in the ratio of morality, and the crops will increase in a like ratio.

I congratulate the farmer of Massachusetts on his advantages. I congratulate him that he is set down in a good place, where the soil and climate is so good. We plant more than in any northern or southern latitude. We are here on the northern boundary of the tropics, on the southern boundary of the Arctic regions. We can raise almost all crops, and if we lack the orange and palm, we have the apple and peach and pear. In Illinois, it is often said, although it is more the voice of their scorn than of their pity, that they reckon it a singular leading of Divine Providence that Massachusetts was settled before the prairie was known, else unproductive soils would never have been settled. But the Massachusetts farmer may console himself that if he has not as rich a soil, he has the advantage of a market at his own door, the manufactory in the same town. I congratulate you, then, on this advantage of your position. Next, I congratulate you on the new territory which you have discovered, and not annexed, but sub-nexed to Middlesex and to Massachusetts. And then I congratulate you at being born at a happy time, when the sharp stick must go out with the arrow; when the steam-engine is in full use, and new plants and new culture are daily brought forward. I congratulate you on the fact that the year that has just witnessed successful employment in the mill-room and on the plains and prairies, has also witnessed the laying of the Atlantic cable. The cable is laid, and the courage of man is confirmed. The cable is a smiting hand. All that used to look like vagary and castle-building is to be solid sense henceforth. Who shall ever dare say impossible again. Henceforth, if a thing is really desirable, it is in that degree really practicable, and the farm you have dreams of—go instantly and begin to make it. I congratulate you, lastly, on the new political economy which takes off the crape and lets in the sunlight on us, and which teaches that what is good for one human body is good and useful for us all.

Mr. Emerson was much applauded as he took his seat.

The regular toats of the day were then read.

To the toast, "The State of Massachusetts," the Hon. Joseph White of Lowell responded; to "The State Board of Agriculture," the Hon. George Marston of Barnstable responded; to "The Atlantic Cable," Dr. Charles T. Jackson of Boston; to "The British Provinces," the Hon. Joseph Howe of Halifax; to "Uncle Sam," the Hon. C. L. Knapp of Lowell; to "The Orator of the Day," Mr. Emerson. Mr. Joseph T. Buckingham of Cambridge, a former President of the Society, and Mr. E. P. Whipple of Boston, were called out by complimentary toasts, to which they spoke. Mr. Buckingham took occasion to observe that he thought the article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, on "Farm Life in New-England," a gross libel on the farmers of Massachusetts, certainly on those of Middlesex County, for he had seen as much intellect and refinement in the houses of Middlesex farmers as he should expect to see anywhere.

THE GERMAN SOCIETY—THE AUSTRIA CATASTROPHE.—A special meeting of the Board of Directors of the German Society was held on Wednesday at their office. Mr. Jellinghaus, the President, occupied the chair. An animated discussion arose on the subject of the Austria disaster, when several plans were proposed to effect the enactment of laws to prevent a conflagration at sea in future. Among others, the enactment of a law was suggested by Dr. Welker, to subject all passengers on vessels to a military discipline. The subject was referred to a Convention of Delegates of various Emigrant Societies in the United States, to be held on the 1st and 2d of October at Pythagorse Hall, in Canal street. This Convention has been previously called by the German Society for the purpose of taking measures for the enactment of certain laws for the protection of emigrants.

FALL REGATTA OF THE NEW-YORK YACHT CLUB.

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