FROM NEWPORT.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

NEWPORT, Sept. 14, 1860.

DEAR TRIBUNE: I have found in the 7th chapter of Darwin, a quoted passage, which is truly encouraging to people of our modest disposition. It says: "A little dose of judgment or reason often comes into play, even in animals very low in the scale of nature." I have read this with great pleasure, and I here repeat it, that no one may despair of himself, or of his neighbors. Some of us have waited long to see this little dose come into play, in divers of our friends and acquaintances. We have only to wait longer. Every fool is bound to do a clever thing once in his life, and even the Gallows Bird leaves us his dying speech and confession, which is profitable as showing us that he is human, and of like passions with ourselves. This begins very like a sermon, doesn't it? Well, if anything could excuse one for preaching without a call, it would be the late astonishing change in the weather. Talk of the instability of human affairs. Look at your thermometer—a jump downward of 20 degrees, and nobody a bit the wiser for it. How many days since muslins? Only three. From bare arms (white, with bracelets), to blue noses, but a leap. What midgets we are, and how uncomfortable we find ourselves when the north-easter beats, and the chimney smokes, and the wind seems to penetrate the walls of the country house as if they were built of honeycomb. But three days ago we paid a visit to a reverned friend domesticated in one of the palaces by the sea. The sun was so warm, and the scene so lovely, that we made our visit out of doors, and sat on the wide veranda of the house, looking and listening. Of the fair South was our talk, party of Cuban palms, balmy airs, and golden fruits, and of sweet Faith, that tropic of the soul, that cures our critical neuralgias and skeptical rheumatisms. To-day one hugs the idea that Heaven is a warm place, and wishes, without disrespect to one's earthly surroundings, that it were nearer, and easier to find. Fie, this spiteful north-easter! how it sets its teeth in one's flesh—how it curls up one's nerves. Patience with it, though. The fair sky has had to take its portion, and comes off from the encounter gray and livid, with purple bruises of clouds. The trees cling huddled to each other, like frightened Nymphs with their draperies blown the wrong way, and their boughs showing. In the fields, the outlines of horses stand shivering against the sky. Only the imperturbable ox, who will neither sweat nor shiver, hugs his heavy hide, and holds his own. Southward we may ride with some comfort, wondering a little at the painted faces we meet, set in the opposite direction, but wait till we turn to come home again. Southward the wind drives us and the heart draws us, for the Rev. Bellows preaches to-day, and his doctrine is good and warm. His sermons show a high appreciation of life, with many other merits which we are too little learned to reason upon. His text of this morning is too long for us to quote, but his distinction between the knowingness that puffeth up and the love that edifieth, is much relished by us. Of the narrow range of thought and experience of worldly men who know the world, he speaks justly. The man of mean mind has a soul, but does not know it; he has lived by choice in his dog-kennel, says the reverend, till he has forgotten the fine mansion belonging to him, into which he never enters. Good again, and unluckily, when you visit these people, they make you walk into the dog-kennel, and what was wretched for one is asphyxious for two.

The general fault of Unitarian preaching is, that it is too much based on intellectual perception, too little on moral experience. If you should preach to the very Gods of the earth, you should yet remember that some poor, unlearned, sorrowing heart among your audience may offer the most important point your doctrine can reach. To one of these temples I went one day, and found to my surprise that my cook had followed me. I listened to a discourse upon the general duty of improving one's mind and character, which to me had a certain interest. But, looking at the cook, I saw her face as blank as one of her own tins, and not as bright. There had been no word for her—no sacred truth, no holy comfort had been brought home to her. Then, remembering what Christianity was, I felt that every true sermon must have something for the lowly as well as the lofty—something that shall bring into view that common ground of heart-experience and hope whereon the highest and the humblest meet.

"Always a word for the cook," my dear Doctor, will be a good rule to add to the excellent parish recipe-book, by the help of which you compose such edifying homilies. Nay, I will add one other. Once or twice a year, or oftener, invite your congregation to preach to you. But these suggestions are only hints in the dark—they have no special applicability to the discourse of Sunday, which, though supposing a considerable degree of proficiency in the reasoning powers of the audience, had yet heart-warmth enough in it, and was catholic, as well as critical. Sermon time has an end, however, and after it come the pleasant greetings at the doors of pews, as the congregation stream down the aisles. We are not numerous nor splendid, and desire to keep each other in view and in countenance. When we shake hands, we really desire to extend the sign of fellowship to those whose sympathy we prize and need. We do not eye each other's bonnets much during service, but I find myself making studies of bonnets, in the easier intervals of the sermon, observing the rather conical cere-bellum of the *bon vivant*, the ready physiognomy of the snob, and the meek-crowned head whose upper breadth invites the halo, and almost seems to wear it.

And here a word about snobbism. Do you know that, although occasionally cropping out in individuals, it runs in families? Such have we seen, where father, mother, sons and daughters, all had the eye to measure greatness, and the neck to bow to it. A certain subserviency of profile has the snob—his nose is elevated in the air, snuffing the eminences of high life, but when he meets them, down he goes, bending in the middle as if something had hit him in the sensitive region of the diaphragm. In the case of the snob-families above-mentioned, education is little needed—nature does it all. The parents have the keenest sense of social advantage; the young ladies seem armed with prehensile hooks, whereby they attach themselves to wealthy friends and suitors; the young men are always fitting themselves into snug places, where they were not needed, but whence they cannot be dislodged; their very babies cry for golden godfathers, and would never think even of having the stomachache if a desirable acquaintance in the next room could be disturbed by it. *Bon chien chasse de race*, the French say. But let us remember that snobbism, like insidious scrofula, is everywhere, and waits to break out at the great crisis of life. Few families are without a little taint; has any of us an uncle, cousin, aunt, or grandmother with snobbism in the blood, I wonder? Let that go: The most important question at this moment is how we are to get home in the face of this north-east storm, which growled threateningly behind us all the way into town, but which will dispute with us every inch of the way out. Get up the little open carriage—get out the cloaks. Let loop and button do their uttermost, and dispose the plaid to the best advantage, for now comes the tug of war. Friends tuck you into your vehicle with a condolatory pressure of the hand and a goodby, which means "I had rather you than I," as who had not? With a prim set face, and the spirit of the Pilgrims, you begin the six miles battle. The trumpets sound defiance—scream, scream, goes the wind. You respond at first with laughter, which grows pitifully less, and finally ceases altogether. You begin scudding under bare poles—the side-coverings rolled up to expose as little surface as possible. Instead of one surface, you expose four, all of a highly sensitive nature. This will not do; with benumbed fingers you unroll a carriage-curtain. "You would like to fasten it down," says the wind. "Well, you shan't," and away it goes over the top of the carriage, whence, with feeble clutches, you endeavor in vain to dislodge it. This provokes some merriment, but people don't laugh the right way when they are cold. Conversation flags—the face aches—the chest tingles—eyes full of tears—nose unmentionable—hands too cramped to open, holding desperately on to the reins—head dodging this way and that, to escape the cutting edge of the blast—no use, it must cut, so let it. At last you are chilled into a somnambulic solemnity. Thoughts of diphtheria come over you, visions of grown up croup, tight fingers at your throat, like those that strangled—well, he is dead and gone now, so let even his name be forgotten—ulcers that make one's throat an infernal cavern, with a Cerberus ever ready for torment. You will not get death of cold; no, you never mean to do that, but if you get off with quincy and a fever, a fortnight of aconite, and water-swallowed drop-wise, you will realize your utmost expectations. While you are engrossed with the view of your own sick bed, with useful remembrance of the burying-ground beyond, something else strikes upon your sight. It is your own little gate, and the house, with a good, clear fire visible through the windows. You pull up with the sigh of late relief. The inmates of the carriage are dug out like so many frozen morsels, and passed, shivering into the house, to be recovered. There is at first a little perseverance of gloom and pensiveness, but half an hour's thawing dispels the dream of sickness. Your throat is all right, head clear, pulse vigorous, a little feeling of Sayers and Heenan in the chest, just enough to justify a glass of sherry. Dinner finds you as jolly as it is allowable to be on Sunday, and you all vote that, though you paid pretty dear for the sermon, you yet had your money's worth.

FROM UTAH.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 21, 1860.

With the exception of two or three Gentile firms here, the whole of the merchants are selling off and the general pay for the gewgaws is the wheat and flour of the country. Reports have reached here that Eastern and Western merchants have flooded Pike's Peak with goods which they can neither sell nor give away, accordingly our merchants have their eyes turned toward the diggings, purposing to buy for next to nothing, and to flood this market. The Perrys made an assignment last week for the benefit of creditors. This week the assignees sold out, and next week the firm moves on a train with flour to Pike's Peak. Capt. A. B. Miller has a train of upward of two hundred wagons almost ready for the road, with the same destination and the same freight. Barnes is fitting out a train, and Hockaday & Burr have just sold out, and are to go to Denver City, taking in pay for their stock wheat, flour and cake for that market. Others are doing the same thing, so that by the time all the bills are met, the grain of the country will be drained to a lower figure than the community in such a position, and subject to such vicissitudes seem warranted in doing. Beside this drainage upon the market, the contracts for the army from henceforth will be made entirely within the Territory, instead of supplies being brought from the Missouri at the modest figure of $28 40 per 100 pounds.

Yesterday a case which has had considerable interest, and been pending before the Probate Court for the last twelve months—Clawson agt. Hartnett—was settled in favor of the plaintiff. Secretary Hartnett, leaving a year ago for the States left his affairs rather unsettled, and the action in the present case was for $400 rent and $300 damages to the property. The administrator of Hartnett's estate petitioned Judge Sinclair to restrain the action of the Probate Court on that eternal question of difficulty between the Courts. The writ of prohibition was served on the Judge and the plaintiff till the then next term of the District Court. No Judges being in the Territory and the term of Court having expired, the case came up again before the Probate Judge. On the third sitting of the Court the petition and bonds of the administrator were asked for by the Judge, and on examination, the signature of Judge Sinclair was discovered wanting which immediately quashed the injunction. The rent claim was allowed, and $275 damages for the property, which not unlikely will end in *The Valley Tan* press and fixtures passing into the hands of some Mormon as that is the only property of the deceased Secretary that is now in the Territory. How changing are the affairs of men! The engine that was to help Mr. Buchanan to break up Mormonism falls into the ranks of the other party.

There are over 150 cases on the record of the Third Judicial District Court still undisposed of, most of which had been docketed previous to the adjournment of the last term of the Court, held here over a year ago. In the First District Court, there are not less than ten or twelve indictments for murder still remaining untried, and the parties not arrested. One prisoner, Delos M. Gibson, has been over one year in prison awaiting his trial. Utah is the best abused country, judicially, of any part of Uncle Sam's domains. The District Judges would not permit the Probate Judges to act, and now they have themselves left the Territory, and nothing can be done. At the present time I am justified in saying that the Gentiles are now the loudest in their denunciations of the Lake District Judges. They can have no settlement of their claims, there are many thousands of dollars unsettled, and the worst feature in the affair is that there is not the slightest prospect of another term of the District Court being held again. Where are the newly-appointed Judges? Yes, where? Waiting, probably, to see the result of the 6th of November, and if fatal to Democracy, they will never cross the plains for the few months of office between that and March.

Col. P. St. George Cooke, the new commander of the Department of Utah, arrived at Camp Floyd on Saturday with about eighty recruits. The Colonel is well spoken of by the people here. The Mormon battalion that went to California in 1846 was under his command. In 1858 a letter got into the New-York papers with his name attached charging the Mormons with cowardice, and other bad qualities, which led to the first steps of a challenge on the part of one of the Mormon Generals. The Colonel disclaimed authorship, and I believe to readers is ignorant of the author. I have reason for believing it was wholly a fault of the printers. The offensive letter came from the Adjutant-General's quarters by the same mail as Col. Cooke's account of the disastrous expedition of his cavalry in the Winter of 1857. The printers, in the hurry of making up the paper grossly struck the Colonel's last paragraph with his signature, on to the other letter. This gentlemanly conduct on the occasion, and his general course with the battalion in 1847, will go far to create a better feeling than anything that has yet existed between the civil and military authorities here.

Col. G. H. Crosman, A. Q. M. G., and Capt. Turnley of the same Department have obtained leave of absence. The Colonel is to be succeeded by Capt. Cleary of St. Louis. I believe that there are a great many of the officers in daily expectation of "leave of absence." Two Winters in Camp Floyd are enough; but if the past have been trying to the patience of these gentlemen, the heavy dullness of '60-'61 is destined to be unsupportable. Camp Floyd is a deserted village. The Hon. Wm. H. Hooper returned from Washington last week. He appeared at the Bowery last Sunday, and, I believe, talked to his constituents. I did not hear him; but am informed that his "remarks" were confined to the struggles of the day, and "the confusion that reigns in Babylon." Mr. Hooper will return to Washington before November, taking his family with him.

Last week a few of the women of Provo burned down a distillery in that place.

THE UNITED STATES FAIR.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

BURNET HOUSE, CINCINNATI,
Thursday, Sept. 13, 1860.

The second day of the United States Fair has just closed. I cannot by any means pronounce it a complete success—in fact, as I returned in the cars, I heard a great many disappointed individuals, some of who were from the rural districts, and some also from the city, all these people united in emphatically designating the National Fair a humbug. Many of them used a profane expressive in speaking of the aforesaid Fair, and appeared to think that they had been taken in. Well, the truth of the matter is, the grounds are in the most provoking confusion, and although I believe the officers all endeavor to do their duty, it seems to be impossible for them to get things to go on smoothly.

The exhibition is held on the grounds of the Cincinnati Trotting Association, consisting of about sixty acres of gently-rolling land, dotted here and there with rather sickly-looking trees. There is consequently no stately and commodious amphitheater, capable of seating fifteen or eighteen thousand people, as there are at St. Louis, Louisville, and Lexington, Ky. What structures there are upon the grounds, look as if they had been tossed up in a hurry and then nailed together. The entrance gates had a rickish, up-all-night sort of an air and the place where the press-gang assembled, resembles there primitive structures which one sees on new Western railways, erected by enterprising Hibernians, and vulgarly called "shanties." It is of rude boards, as are all the other structures, and has been left in that primitive condition. I presume whitewash is scarce and dear about Cincinnati. Didn't inquire, but heard so. The approach to the grounds is by the Cincinnati and Dayton Railway, and though they are seven miles out from the city, you can start from the stately Burnet House and return hither for fifty cents. This hotel, which is famous as having been the place where the caucuses met which nominated His Eminence "J. B." for the Presidency, though crowded, is not packed so much like a box of herrings as it was then. In fact there are not near so many people in the city as I had expected to see, for the Cincinnati papers have been doing their utmost to blow the trumpets and sound the "hewgags" in order to draw a crowd to the "gurreat" United States Fair, but with rather indifferent success so far. There could not have been more than a thousand or twelve hundred persons on the grounds to-day, and most of these, I am judge, were from the country districts. I saw none of those who consider themselves the Upper Refined Stratum, and who, having made (I mean some of them only) their fortunes by pork-packing and distilling red-head whisky, determined thereafter to go the whole hog—paint coats-of-arms on their carriages, put white gloves on their coachmen, a tossel band on his hat, and then "wonder who those people are" whom they used to know up the alley. Very few, if any, of this class were out at the Fair to-day. I am much afraid O Messieurs Managers of the United States Fair, that your exhibition has been voted "demnition vo gair." No matter, if Seventh street and East Fourth street do taboo it, if the lower ten thousand patronize it, the thing might do very well. But they have not patronized it so far. And it doesn't deserve to be patronized so far, for there is scarcely anything to be seen; and the grounds, unlike those of the St. Louis association, are not ornamented and beautified by tasteful structures, winding paths, cool, shady avenues, and jetting fountains. The greatest display at the famous Kentucky Fairs consists of lovely women—ladies with the real "blood look," as N. P. Willis says, who have also thorough-bred hands, and Oh! such feet and ankles, which they show off to fine advantage in ascending the long flights of steps. I am individually fond of those Kentucky Fairs. I have been there—know all about them.

But oh, how dismally disappointed I was, when I went out to-day and saw some of the most colossal specimens of untutored ugliness—ugliness *au naturel*—it is possible to imagine. I didn't observe but two good-looking women, and to one of them I gave up my bachelorial seat in the cars. It was salubrious—excessively so.

I dare say your readers will begin to wonder when I am going to commence describing the fair. Candidly, I have been trying to put it off as long as possible. And by the way, let me tell the half a million readers of THE TRIBUNE that Cincinnati—which used to be very vain, you know, and boasted of 250,000 inhabitants including old Nick Longworth and all his wine-sellers—has now had the crinoline taken out of her skirts, and those implacable census-takers tell us she has really only 160,000. Some folks will have to come down. People still get married here though, and from natural causes society will increase. But to return to the Fair. This is the eighth annual exhibition. The first was held at Springfield, Mass.; the others at Springfield, Ohio; Boston, Philadelphia, Louisville, Richmond, and Chicago. Generally self-sustaining, as we are told—"the receipts having met disbursements "of upward of $250 000 for premiums and expenses." The present location was presented to the attention of the Society by Prof. Carey (Vice President for Ohio), at the annual meeting in 1859; but it had been previously arranged that the Fair for that year should be held at Chicago. When Prof. Carey, however, renewed his offer, it was accepted, at the January meeting of 1860. So Mr. Carey made a long address yesterday, being the opening day, and formally handed over the grounds to the United States Association. He told the small party assembled around the stand: "As citizens of Ohio, we welcome you as brothers to the festivities in prospective, on these beautiful grounds, whose transformation for the present occasion *are more like the visions of romance than reality.*" Oh! Now I like that; it shows a bold, a very bold and opulent imagination. I should suppose that if any one wants a silk purse constructed artistically out of the auricular appendage of a female "sow ear," they might successfully apply to the Professor. Doesn't Bonner, the golden Boy of *The Ledger*, want a new contributor? Sylvanus, what's his name! can't beat him. I'll wager my plantation in the South on that. The Professor, after some sentimental allusions to bloody hatchets, tomahawks and red "injuns," thus continueth: "But it is not our province at the present to trace these pleasing contrasts. The duty of this occasion is forme, in behalf of the City of Cincinnati, to deliver into your hands, Mr. President, *these* keys, furnishing to you free access to *these* grounds, and *this* lease, guaranteeing their use and occupancy during the period of your exhibition, and this sheet, containing the names of the guarantors in the sum of twenty thousand dollars, that the amount of your premium list will be met by the receipts of your exhibition."

The President of the Society, Henry Wager, accepted, and the ceremony was over.

In consequence of the non-arrival of stock, the first day the Executive Committee rescinded the order for the exhibition of stallions, so that the proceedings began this morning at 10 o'clock, with the show of draught horses, which was tolerably good. Some horses have arrived from Kentucky, Indiana, Virginia, and other sections, none of them, however, of any particular celebrity. It is odd that Mr. R. A. Alexander of Kentucky, whose sale of blood horses I described in THE TRIBUNE of 28th of August, should have sent no horses to this Fair. Neither has Mr. Keene Richards of Scott County, Ky. These two men are considered, I believe, the most prominent horsemen in the West, and are noted for their strong horse-sense. "Ruler," a son of "Stockbridge Chief," and Mr. Olmstead's "Young Stockbridge," are both on the grounds, and have excited some remarks.

The cattle department is not especially good. There is, however, a very great variety. I was shown quite an elephantine monster belonging to Mr. Kirk of Fayette County, Ohio. He weighs 3,300 pounds, and is six years old. Thos. Aston of Elyria, and Mr. McHenry of Maryland, have some Herefords and Alderneys to show, and Mr. Cooper of Hamilton County, Ohio, will exhibit some Devons. Dr. Warden has three Ayrshires in the stables. The Devons, Ayrshires, and Jersey cattle are chiefly noted for their dairy qualities, while the Herefords and Durhams are prized for their choice beef.

The cattle stalls are on the south side of the grounds, in two parallel ranges of stables—most of the Durhams are on the inside range of the eastern stalls.

Stalls No. 1 to 9, inclusive, are occupied by Col. Brutus J. Clay's herd, from Bourbon County, Ky., as follows:

No. 1. Cow, Belle, by Locomotive, out of old Belle, a roan, in the "aged" class. ("Aged" means four years old and upward).

No. 2. Occupied by the herdman.

No. 3. a "Free Martin," or a spayed heifer, Lady Challenger (1st), by imported Challenger, out of Matilda III., five years old.

No. 4. Cow, Ellen two years old, by Rover, out of Butterfly, by imported Orontes, out of imported Caroline.

No. 5. Red bull, Kentucky Duke, three years old by Alexander's famous thousand dollar premium bull Duke of Airdrie. Mr Clay paid E. M. B. Sims $2,000 for the bull when two years old. He is a superb specimen.

No. 6. Red and white cow, Emma Hickman, by Locomotive, out of Pearl, three years old.

No. 7. Bull, Ben Bolt, five months old, by old Ben Bolt, out of Snow Ball.

No. 8. White heifer calf, 5½ months old, by Wissahickon, out of imported Lady Caroline.

No. 9. Cow, Lizzie, two years old, by Rover, by Pearl.

"Power Hall," an extensive wooden shed, about two hundred feet by eighty, is, so far, in a very incomplete state, though I dare say that this part of the exhibition, if they succeed in getting it in order, will be well worth seeing. The huge engine by which it is intended to run all the machinery, is a fine specimen of mechanical genius. It is seventy-five horse power, and will be used during the fair to run 250 feet of counter shafting. It has a four-feet stroke, twenty four feet fly wheel, and eighteen inch cylinder. As for the Floral Hall, it contains only five or six pots of withered shrubs. They say it will improve.

There is no fruit on exhibition yet; and, as for vegetables, only two pumpkins, one squash, and a few ears of seedy-looking corn. It will be better, also, in a few days. Glad to hear it, for things look famine-like at present. In the Household Department I only saw a few big ginger cakes and some rough-looking bread—did not try any of it—suppose it is nourishing, at any rate. As for the Fine Art Hall, with its paintings and drawings, I fear it is like the fabled Island of Atlantis—gone—glimmering. It may possibly turn up, however, some time in the middle of next week.

The Fair will continue until next Thursday, the society by which time the managers expect to get things ship-shape.

Amongst the new inventions on the ground, which may be of some interest to your farming readers, I add a description of a "Patent Cow Milker," which is ingenious, and seems to work most satisfactorily. It is the invention of L. O. Calvin, of Cortland County, New-York, and is now used by Mr. Kershaw, of Philadelphia, who milks over a hundred cows with it every morning.

The machine is built on the principle of a remitting suction, in imitation of the natural suction of the calf. It has two separate suction pumps attached, which work so easily that a child ten or twelve years old can easily use it. It milks all four teats at once, the four clasps opening like so many mouths, and fitting as neatly as so many little tongues; and these are so hinged on that they will adjust themselves to suit the capacity of the cow, whether she is large or small, fat or lean. It is composed of tin, zinc, and india-rubber, and is fastened on to the edge of the bucket, into which the milk flows. The two handles lie across the top of the bucket when it is not in use, but when being used the handles move horizontally, like the opening and shutting of a pair of common shears.

It usually milks about four quarts a minute, but will work even faster than that. At this rate, if you have ten cows to milk, and they each give two quarts you could milk them all in less than half an hour. Those who have seen it work, say that the cow remains more quiet while being milked in this way, than when milked by hand, as there is little or no pressure that can possibly give them pain.

If the cow should start, it will not stick to her, because the moment the milker ceases to press on the handles, the machine is entirely loose. They are sold at $10 each.

I add a list of horses which took premiums to-day. Stallions of all work for years old and upward—1st, J. Nichols, of Ky., $100, on his eight year old stallion. Second premium, $40, to J. Utz, of Ky.

Three year-old, first premium, $75, to Geo. Orr of Ky. Two years old, and under three, first premium, $50, to Z. Brown, of Ohio. Second premium, $20, to M. Vinage, of Ohio. One year, and under two, first premium, $20, to F. A. Boser, of Ohio.

In the three-year-old ring, W. Reed of Butler County showed Young Top Gallant, a sorrel colt of fine form, and pay as a peacock, by Old Top Gallant, out of a Lafayette Stockholder dam. His successful competitors, however, showed more of the points required by the standard.

There were three entries in the two-year-old ring, each fine specimens of the American Boy and Perfection get—stock in high repute in this region.

Only two entries in the yearling ring, and only one meritorious. He carried off the ribbon without debate.

The remaining premiums will be published officially. The show of horses did not seem to attract much attention, as the stand, capable of seating twelve hundred persons, was not more than half filled. There was very little competition, and no excitement.

There are some fine Cashmere goats to be exhibited by Mr. Peters of Georgia, and Mr. Williams of Ohio. They were imported last Spring into Georgia by the Hon. W. H. Stiles from Turkey in Asia, accompanied by a Greek herdsman, who is now with them. Stockfanciers may probably try the experiment of breeding them. There is also a flock of fourteen Japanese sheep, imported in 1857, by J. C. Nyes of Missouri. They are remarkably large, some of them weighing 400 and 500 pounds. They have no horns and spot rather like *à la Japanese*. R. A. Alexander of Kentucky, shows some fine Southdown sheep.

The show of blood and thoroughbred horses will be much finer next week, as several famous racers and trotters are then expected.

I sincerely hope the Fair may be successful, but thus far the Cincinnati people seem to take very little interest in it. The fact is not to be wondered at, by those who have been out. W. K.

POLITICAL.

—The citizens of the Fourth Congressional District met on Friday evening, the 14th inst. at No. 199 Bowery, and nominated John Commerford as their candidate for Congress.

—The Hon. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, and Z. K. Pangborn of Boston, will address the people of Jersey City, at Metropolitan Hall, on Thursday, the 20th inst. It is unnecessary to add a single word to secure a full house.

—The young men favorable to the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, in the village of Bloomfield, Essex County, New-Jersey, organized a Wide-Awake Club last week enrolled fifty members, and forthwith ordered fifty uniforms. Their officers are as follows:

Captain—Walter Dodd.
Lieutenant—Edward Baldwin.
First Sergeant—James Close.
Second Sergeant—Edward Hayes.

This company were to turn out for the first time last night, for the purpose of attending a meeting at Stone-House Plains. They will also participate in the reception of the Hartford Wide-Awakes at Newark and be great turn out in New-York on the night of the 3d of October, when they confidently expect to muster 150 men, fully uniformed.

—A Lincoln and Hamlin Club has been formed at Elizabethport, N. J., of which John H. Rolston is President, and Henry L. Norton, Corresponding Secretary.

—The Hon. Henry Wilson speaks at Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday evening next.

—A Republican Club and Company of Wide Awakes have been organized in Lower Hampton, Washington County, N. Y.

—A correspondent informs us that at a Bell and Everett meeting, on Thursday last, in Burlington, N. J., the *names of Bell and Everett were not once spoken.* A Democratic meeting adjourned and nearly or quite all of its attendants marched in procession to the hall to swell the number of the Bellites. David Paul Brown was the chief orator of the occasion, and indecorous personalities the theme of his discourse. He received three faint cheers *after he had left the room*, while Douglas was furiously applauded.

—Carl Schurz, on Saturday, left this city for Pennsylvania, where he will remain until after the October election. Returning through this State, he will speak as follows:

October 13th.....at Buffalo.
October 15th.....at Albany.
October 16th.....at Kingston.
October 17th.....at Williamsburgh
October 18th.....at New-York City.
October 19th.....at New-Haven, Ct.
October 20th.....at Newark, N. J.
October 22d.....at Syracuse, N. Y.

—The desert of Southern politics has occasionally, like other deserts, an oasis. On the 10th inst. certain Douglas-Bell men and Breckinridge men met together at Woodbury, in Tennessee, for a discussion. "Gen." Bate led off for Breckinridge, and, according to the party paper, quite used up not only Douglas and Bell, but also several of his antagonists upon the stump. "Col." Golladay followed him and was succeeded by one Mr. Burger upon the same side. "The feature of the occasion," says the reporter, "was the reply of 'Gen.' Bate; in the course of this there occurred one of those incidents of which we read, but which we seldom see north of a certain line." The scene is thus described by *The Nashville Union and American*:

"Near the close of his reply he was rudely interrupted by a mean character who asked him in the midst his speech 'what will you do with Yancey?' The quick reply was 'we have put him in a pen made of rails exactly like Abe Lincoln,' to keep him from sawing such men as you are out of your boots and breeches,' which brought the house down at the expense of the interrupter. He was standing on a bench outside of the bar, and much excited raised his stick, and striking it in an offensive manner toward Gen. Bate, and before he had time to think what he was about, Bate snatched from the table a glass tumbler, hurled it with great force, and shivered it upon him, the interrupter, whose name I will not call, still holding his stick in a menacing attitude as if to throw. And putting one hand to his pocket, Bate with the most bitter denunciation, dashed on in a gallant and undaunted style to the close of his speech, followed by round after round of enthusiastic applause. In fact, the day was a complete and overwhelming triumph for the Bate Democracy. Many of the Democrats who have been for Douglas visited him at his room and gave in their adhesion to the cause which he had so gallantly and successfully defended."

—*The Baltimore Patriot* publishes the following extracts from the letter of a Springfield (Ill.) correspondent:

"I never supposed that a candidature for the Presidency could possibly be attended by such serious annoyances as those which I have witnessed in connection with Mr. Lincoln's. His intimate friends and always concede him the possession of a deep insight into human nature, and a sound judgment of men and motives; but he has gone far beyond their most partial estimate of his powers in this respect, during the trying circumstances of this campaign. I happen to know something of Mr. Buchanan's trials at Wheatland, in the campaign of 1856; but they are trifles in comparison with those that have befallen Mr. Lincoln.

"Beset from morning to night by visitors from all portions of the Republic, he has never been known to avoid an interview. 'I am a public man, now,' he would say to his sympathizing friends, 'and I am the public's most obedient servant.' Possessed of an unparalleled equanimity of temperament, and yet endowed with an iron-like firmness, he lends a willing ear to every visitor, patiently hears them through, and in every case dismisses them with a dignity and an affability that inspire the loftiest respect and admiration of his character. In no instance have I heard of any man coming out of Mr. Lincoln's presence with feelings other than those of admiration and satisfaction.

"Among the multitudes who have come to see the rising man, there must of necessity be hundreds to whom the amenities of life are perfect strangers, and whose selfish motives are discoverable in all their actions. And yet, even such have come out from the presence of Mr. Lincoln loud in their praise of the man, for his kind forbearance of what they themselves could not see was intrusive. On the other hand, he is never slow to repel obtrusiveness, and many have been the cases in which he has been compelled so to act, to the no small discomfiture of such intruders, but even then to the saving of their *amour propre*. I will venture to say that no man has yet left the presence of Mr. Lincoln his opponent, whatever may have been the motives of his visit.

"Mr. Lincoln's correspondence has been even more intrusive than his visitors. Men feel that they can speak more freely on paper than in person, and you may well imagine the character of some of the letters he has received. It is always easy to divine the motives of letter-writers, and if I were to say that seven tenths of all the letters addressed to him were for the advancement of personal and political interests, I should be within bounds. Mr. Lincoln has maintained no correspondence with any person since his nomination except with known friends, nor has he suffered any letters to be answered in his name, notwithstanding there has been one published purporting to be written at his request.

"Some of the most interesting interviews which Mr Lincoln has had, have been with extreme Southern gentlemen, who came full of prejudices against him but who left, satisfied with his loyalty to all the constitutional rights of the South. I could tell you of some most interesting cases but it is enough to know that the general sentiment of all Southern men who have conversed with him, is the same as that publicly expressed by Mr. Goggin of Virginia, Mr. Perry of South Carolina, Mr. McRae of North Carolina, and many others, who have not hesitated to avow their intention of accepting Mr. Lincoln's election, and holding him to the constitutional discharge of the Presidential office.

"You know Mr. Crittenden, and Mr. Breckinridge, and Mr. Bell personally, and intimately I believe, and I am sure you would be satisfied with the election to the Presidency of either of these gentlemen, in a personal point of view, and apart from Mr. Breckinridge's being a Democrat. If you know Mr. Lincoln (We do), I cannot see how you can fail to recognize in him all the high and lofty qualities personally of the gentlemen just named. He is a Kentuckian, and we shall have a Henry Clay administration at his hands. That is enough for me.

"I notice you concede the election of Mr. Lincoln. You do no more than acknowledge, in advance, the self-evident culmination of the campaign. That Mr. Lincoln should be your second choice, after Mr. Bell, seeing that both of them were old Clay men, is to your credit. Nobody, who has ever known *The Patriot*, would expect it to become a tender to Democracy in any form. I rejoice that you have held firm to the old faith. The old Clay guard of Illinois know how to estimate your constant fidelity to principles. You are not alone among the old Clay men of the South. I could give you the names of Southern men you little dream of, who occupy precisely your position, and who will never countenance the restoration of Democracy to power again, by any act of theirs. You do but justice to Mr. Bell, when you oppose all coalitions with Democracy."

WALKER'S DEFEAT.

Correspondence of The New-Orleans Picayune.

BAY ISLANDS, Aug. 31, 1860.

I presume you have had the fullest particulars before now of the daring manner in which Gen. Walker took the fortess of Truxillo. It was defended by 300 men. The General's force was 90. With a rush they sallied in, and had entire possession 15 minutes after the first shot was fired by the advanced guard nearly a mile from the fortress.

What arrant cowards these Hondurans are! Here is a town of 2,000 inhabitants, with a strong fortress, defended by 300 troops and townspeople *ad infinitum*, taken in 15 minutes by 90 men, the attacking party having only two men slightly and one severely wounded.

The General supposed he had established an excellent base of operations. The position is undoubtedly strong, and only assailable by heavy artillery, of which the Hondurans have none, or by a *coup de main*, and pluck they have not got for that, and I believe 2,000 of such things as they call soldiers could not have recovered it.

After Gen. Walker had held possession two weeks, an English man-of-war, the Icarus, laid claim to it as British property, and demanded $60,000 to be paid down, or the General and his men to surrender without conditions.

This British interference in the affairs of Central America took place on Tuesday, the 22d August, an hour before sunset. The General consulted his officers, and resolved to evacuate, as he had no means of resisting the broadside of such a ship as that. The order was carried out at 9 o'clock at night, and the party took up a line of march to the eastward.

The Honduran commandante had to be sent for two or three times before he could get up courage enough to return and take possession of the empty fortress. On Wednesday evening he entered, and on Thursday sent 100 men in pursuit of Gen. Walker.

They came up with him on Friday, during a halt at Cotton Tree, on the bank of the Roman River, when his men were mostly sleeping, took them by surprise, and fired a volley into them at forty yards distance, with so little effect that the General lost only one man killed, one dangerously and four slightly wounded. The second volley might have told with fearful effect while the Americans were huddled together getting their arms, but fortunately it was diverted from the main body toward one man at a distance, who, hearing the firing, rushed toward his comrades, and ran the gauntlet through the second volley from the whole troop without receiving a shot. By this time the Americans had formed, delivered their fire, which knocked over ten or twelve, then charged, and scattered the Hondurans like a flock of sheep. About thirty plunged into the river, where several were drowned. The remainder scattered through the savanna, and all that were not shot got to cover.

In this affair the Hondurans lost about fifty killed and wounded. Gen. Walker had one killed and seven wounded, himself among the latter. He has now possession of part of the Carib town of Limas, where he is strongly barricaded, and able to resist 500 Hondurans; but we hear that the Icarus is bound down again to rout him or make him prisoner.

This vessel brought seven of Walker's men from Truxillo that were left behind sick when the place was evacuated, and has landed them here without any means of support, though they surrendered themselves prisoners to the British flag, at the same time the authorities denounce as filibusters any persons that render Walker's men assistance. But, as men must not be allowed to starve in the midst of plenty, some of the inhabitants for charity's sake are rendering themselves obnoxious to the powers that be.

LOCAL FAIRS.—We have attended several County and other Agricultural Fairs this season, and hope to attend more. Their popularity is great, and evidently on the increase. The farmers, who have been hard at work all Summer, are glad of an excuse for taking a holiday, and coming together to survey the best fruits of their recent efforts; and no judiciously located wisely conducted Fair fails to receive a generous patronage. If the farmers were as ready to contribute as to attend, these Fairs would be greatly advanced in interest and usefulness. But too many are content to pay, gaze, and go home, grumbling that the display is so meager, not considering that *they* are responsible for the deficiency—that *they* ought to have done their part, but did not, to make the display worthy of the occasion. If every farmer would make a point of sending *something* to the Fair of his county or district, though only a peck of apples or potatoes a big squash or a dozen ears of corn, there would be nothing left to complain of. But while nine-tenths rely on others for the display, confining themselves to a growl at its meagerness, there will be ample room for improvement and abundant scope for fault-finding.

The best Fair we have attended this year was that of Franklin County, held last week at Malone. Franklin is the north eastern County of our State, or would be but for Clinton, lying east of it. It has "John Brown's Tract" on the south, whence it descends to the St. Lawrence, with the County of St. Lawrence on the west. It is mainly a grazing county, exporting Horses, Butter, and Cheese. It is some fifty years old, and has grown steadily in population, and more rapidly in wealth, the Northern (Ogdensburgh) Railroad running through it, and giving a great impetus to its development. We presume the census just taken will give it a population exceeding Twenty-five Thousand, almost wholly engaged in agriculture. Its production of Fruit is quite moderate, owing partly to its severe climate, partly to want of attention. Its show of Cattle, especially Calves, at this Fair, was very creditable; and its leading farmers have clubbed to introduce pure Ayrshire stock to their own and their neighbors' signal benefit. Excellent Sheep, both fine and coarse-wooled, were on exhibition, with a large number of Horses; while the Butter and Cheese could not well be surpassed; and the show of Vegetables especially of Potatoes, (which are largely raised here for exportation), was unusually good. The leading farmers of Franklin County are doing a noble work in connection with their Fairs, whereof the benefits will be increasingly felt through many years. Should it be our fortune to meet them ten years hence, we are sure that their Fair then will be a great improvement even on this.

The above remarks need little change to apply them to the great grazing County of St Lawrence, and to the Fair of her eastern townships at Gouverneur last week. Here, too, Cattle, Butter, and Cheese were the great attractions, while Fruit and Implements were deficient. There was not a Subsoil Plow nor a Drain-Tile on the ground at either Fair! It will be otherwise a few years hence. St. Lawrence is a level, fertile county, and, though cold, rapidly increasing, under a system of Dairy Farming, in population, wealth, and productiveness