THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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ADVERTISEMENTS RENEWED EVERY DAY

THE LIQUOR DEALERS AND THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS PARTY.

NOTICE.—The Convention of the Liquor Dealers' will meet to-day at 3½ o'clock, at Odd Fellows' Hall—the Society will meet, on Monday, at 7½ o'clock, at the same place. We ask a full attendance at these meetings. The cause should by no means be neglected. Every member should be present to contribute, by his vote and his influence, to the success of wise counsels and judicious action. Again we warn liquor dealers' to beware of politicians.

MOVEMENTS OF COLONEL VANDERPOOL.

We have had occasion before now to warn the liquor dealers against the insidious wiles of professional politicians, who endeavor to attach themselves to the organization with no other view than that of controlling its energies to their own benefit, or to subserve their own party ends. Whenever a new party organization arises, these gentlemen immediately volunteer to take it under their paternal charge, doubtless considering that no one can doubt their ability as leaders, and that they have only to offer their services in order to be at once invested with command and control. But it is for this very reason that they are so well skilled in political manœuvres inspire distrust them. It is because they are so intimately versed in all intricate movements of political machinery that we fear to trust ourselves in their hands. Recent events have justified our fears, and proved that the apprehensions entertained by many of our friends were but too well grounded. We learn from Albany that the machinations of Col. Vanderpool, of Buffalo, to make the liquor dealers an appendage of the soft party have succeeded in producing some effect in the first named city. Col. Vanderpool has induced the Albany society to follow the example of defection set by him at the extreme western limit of the State, by repudiating a portion of the nominations made at the convention of the 9th of October at which convention Col. Vanderpool was himself a member. We learn also that similar movements have been made in the counties of Dutchess, Orange and Westchester, with what effect remains to be seen.

Now we propose to examine the claims which Col. Vanderpool has on the confidence and respect of the liquor dealers. We propose to show his connection with the movement, how far he is committed to it, and what motives, as indicated by his conduct, caused him to take part in it. Some time during the month of June last a circular, signed by Mr. J. Taylor, was received by some prominent liquor dealers in this city, requesting the members of the Liquor Dealers' Society to meet a committee of gentlemen at Albany on the 19th of June, to take into consideration the propriety of calling a State Convention opposed to the Maine Liquor law. When the gentlemen from this city arrived in Albany they were astonished to find present persons from every part of the State, so that the meeting appeared to be rather that of a convention than a committee. The persons who took the most active part in this proceeding were prominent members of the soft party, who had no direct interest in the trade. The evident intention was to break down the independent organization of the liquor dealers and to fuse with the softs. This would have been a very good move for Col. Vanderpool and the soft politicians who pull the wires, but it would have been fatal to the liquor dealers as a party.

A gentleman from New York remonstrated against any action except in the capacity of liquor dealers, for the very obvious reason that if they should extend their organization so as to embrace all who were opposed to the Maine law, they would open the door for a multitude of persons from other parties—privates and leaders—who would control it in order to serve their own interests or the interests of their respective parties. But these sound and discriminating views were overruled by the majority of the persons present, led by politicians who evidently had no other motive than to absorb the liquor dealers' organization and to render it an integral portion of the democratic party.

The same attempt, as a further development of the plan, was renewed at a convention of the liquor dealers held, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements on the 8th of August. Col. Vanderpool and his confederates appeared there and attempted to carry out the plan of changing the name of the organization, and opening the door for designing politicians. Fortunately the attempt failed. Subsequently a convention of liquor dealers was called to meet at Syracuse on the 10th of October, on which day a convention of the constitutional rights party was called to meet at the same place. Of the latter convention Col Vanderpool was a member, and obviously supposed that he had it packed to suit his purpose. It was chosen, in the manner in which conventions are usually chosen, but was called together by circular letter, and was to consist of a large majority of soft politicians, kept in countenance by just enough hards to make a show of decency. But in spite of the precautions which had been taken, the liquor dealers attending in large numbers than had been anticipated, and outvoted the disorganizers. So far as the convention were concerned, the plot was a decided failure. The ticket was ratified by both conventions, and thus their action became binding on their members. The soft ticket was not adopted, as the soft politicians had intended, just to that extent Col. Vanderpool and his Lieutenant, Mr. Hendrickson, were disappointed. But so indefatigable a politician was not to be baffled by such trifling obstacles as these conventions, even though he had himself been a manager. As a manager, honest, straightforward tradesmen, like the liquor dealers, have not supposed to be bound by their action. No such scruples of honor or conscience are suffered to interfere with the current of Col. Vanderpool's calculations. Two rumors only sufficed to prepare him for a third effort. No sooner had the convention adjourned than he returned to Buffalo, called a meeting, and procured the repudiation of the very ticket that just assisted in making. This movement of the chief disorganizer at Buffalo was met with a response from his accomplices at the opposite end of the State. The Albany meeting is Hendrickson's reply to Vanderpool. It is nothing more than the last spasmodic effort to break down the liquor dealers' party as a distinct organization, above all to ruin the chances of Mr. Vanderpool and his associates once more to enter the lists against the black republicans. They wish to elect the soft ticket, and if they accomplish that, the liquor dealers and their interests will be forgotten in two days.

NEWS ITEMS ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

It appears that on Wednesday of last week Mr. W. R. Preston, one of the apothecaries of Portsmouth, N. H., was charged by the Police Court with having sold on the Sunday evening previous, a pint of Alcohol to Mr. John A. Pickering, a highly respectable citizen of the city, to be used for bathing by his wife, who was quite sick. The City Marshal, Mr. Hanscome, was present, and told Mr. Preston that he should prosecute if he did not pay the proper fine and costs. Mr. Preston said, in consideration of the urgency of the case, he would give the alcohol and await the result. At the trial, the County Solicitor stated that "a plain and evident construction of the law prohibits the sale of all tinctures and medicines into which intoxicating liquors, thus wresting its interpretation from the courts, and appealing from the expression of the popular will which dictated said law—

"Resolved, That firmly believing the great principle of prohibition to be right we will resist the attempt now being made to prevent a trial of the practical workings thereof in this State.

"The temperance men regarding this as a cumulative to their principles, have this year, as last, pledged themselves and thrown the weight of their influence to the candidates we have named.

"The American party was not only wholly silent in regard to the repeal of the law, but have placed upon their State ticket two of the leading advocates of the law in the last Legislature, both of whom voted for its passage.

"Both sections of the democratic party expressed themselves in their State convention, in favor of the repeal of this enactment, and if the question was simply one of a general of either of the two organizations into which that party is divided, with out regard to practical consequences, we would not attempt to bias your judgment as regards either. But in bestating between two sections of friends, we will most certainly avert the victory to our declared enemies. In attempting to divide our support between candidates of these sections, we multiply the chances of success to their and our opponents.

"We are aware that a proposition has been made by a portion of our friends, to support a ticket composed of both sections of the democratic party; but the suggestion has failed to call out any response from either side or to meet the approval of either of their State committees. The brief time that is to elapse before the election, is itself enough, perhaps, to prevent such an arrangement, however desirable; and the time has now arrived when, instead of deliberating, we must act.

"The contest of last year showed that the preponderance of votes was on the side of that one of these sections which cast for Governor Seymour 156,000 votes to 33,000 for Judge Bronson. The defeat of Governor Seymour was due to the diversion of votes to the side of his democratic opponent, and to sinister ness and inefficiency on our part, the result of hesitating counsels and a divided organization.

"It is due to ourselves and our cause that we should not a second time repeat that error, and defeat that ticket on which only we can rely, for the sake of those who then assisted in defeating Governor Seymour and electing Governor Clark, and in bringing upon us this oppressive and insulting measure, which stigmatizes and treats us as criminals, and against the authors and abettors of which self respect as well as self protection, invites us to combine. In speaking thus we disclaim all partialities and preferences for any class of politicians, and are conscious of being governed only by a solicitude for our interests and a sense of the best interests of the cause. Without assuming to censure others, or to interfere with plans of action already formed by others, or with such a course of conduct in localities as our friends shall deem expedient, we feel, in view of all the circumstances, that we shall best discharge the duty you have entrusted to us, as a State Central Committee, by recommending to the support of the friends of the cause—

For Judge of Appeals, (long term).....Samuel Selden.
For Judge of Appeals, (short term).....Nicholas Hill, Jr.
For Secretary of State.....Israel T. Hatch.
For Comptroller.....Lemuel Stetson.
For State Treasurer.....Ariel S. Thomson.
For Canal Commissioner.....Curtis Hawley.
For Attorney General.....Samuel J. Tilden.
For State Engineer and surveyor.....John B. Jervis.
For State Prison Inspector.....Patrick H. Agan.

"In regard to the Senate and Assembly, we recommend that the members in our interest support no man for those places who is not known to them by satisfactory assurances to be an advocate for the repeal of this law."

This is signed by John Taylor and fourteen other gentlemen, ambitious, no doubt, of seeing their names in print. We are informed, also, by an addendum to the name of Mr. Taylor, that they constitute a State Committee, of which that gentleman is chairman. We were at a loss to know what political organization is represented by these gentlemen, or whence they derive their authority; but our curiosity was set at rest by the Atlas, which tells us that these gentlemen constitute the committee appointed by the Convention of the 19th June. The address opens by speaking of the affair of June 19th as a delegated meeting. Now, we do distinctly affirm that it was no such thing, unless the persons present were delegates of and represented Mr. John Taylor—he being the appointing power. The meeting was called together by circular letter, and was no more a convention, in the ordinary political acceptation of that term, than if the members had met casually in the street. Nevertheless, it did appoint a committee, and that committee did, after a fashion, call a State Convention, which met at Syracuse on the 10th of October, and assisted in making nominations, after which it appointed a new State Committee. Thus the old committee was superseded, and ceased to have any existence as an official body. At all events, its acts cannot be repudiated by those who called it into existence, and imparted to all the life vitality it possessed. Yet they can find no expression of recognition in its action other than contained in the words—

"We are aware that a proposition has been made by a portion of our friends to support a ticket composed of both sections of the democratic party."

This is certainly anything but complimentary to Col. Vanderpool and the Constitutional Rights' Convention. The acts of the very astute gentleman in composing that convention are certainly deserving of consideration, or at least recognition, at the hands of those who had labored so long and so zealously to get it up. Why do they entertain such a horror of it as to fear even the utterance of its name? Are they like Frankenstein, afraid of the work of their own hands? Does the vision haunt them? We are perfectly aware that the work did not suit their purpose; but they should, at least, pay some respect to their own handiwork.

The first portion of the extract we present above is a sufficient justification of the course pursued by the Syracuse Conventions. Indeed, it is not only sufficient, but it is conclusive. The signers of the document pretend that they are greatly opposed to a division of the liquor vote, fearing that such a division might contribute to the success of the prohibitionists. Yet they are doing all in their power to produce this very result. The Syracuse conventions, after due deliberation, nominated what they considered the most eligible ticket. Do Mr. Taylor and his followers think that the constituents of the delegates composing those conventions are going to stultify themselves and render themselves ridiculous by repudiating their action at the dictation of a couple of dozen individuals in Albany and Buffalo? Have they the vanity to suppose that their names, attached to a manifesto and paraded in the columns of the "Albany Atlas," will have so magical an effect on the liquor dealers as to cause them to abandon their own organization and follow Vanderpool, like a flock of sheep, into the soft ranks? But unless they imagine this to be the case they must know that theirs is the only course that can, by any possibility, produce a division in the ranks of the anti prohibitionists.

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SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

BOSTON, Oct. 26—2 P. M.

The fourth day's proceedings of the Agricultural Fair were inaugurated to-day by a grand procession by all the horses on exhibition.

The morning opened clear, and the attendance was very large. The reserved seats were filled with ladies, and the grounds presented a most animated and enlivening appearance.

At 10 o'clock there were some spirited races in double harness, with the following result, single dash of one mile, $100:—

Jonas Wright, of Rutland, Vermont, entered pair blacks 1
John Kendall, of Boston, pair bay ponies.....2
Wright's time, 3:08—Kendall's, 3:19.

Jonas Stevens, of Boston, pair of bays.....1
Clapp & Sharp, Hartford Ct., pair grays.....2
Stevens' time, 3:28—Clapp's time, 3:31.

S. R. Travis' pair black mares, Lyon and Messenger, driven by C. F. Whitcomb.....1
D. W. Payne, Brandon street, pair chesnut horses.....2
Pearl's time, 3:22—Payne's, 3:47.

At two o'clock the members of the society and their guests sat down to a cold water banquet in an immense pavilion, erected in the centre of the grounds. Plates had been laid for two thousand persons, and they were all on hand. Tickets one dollar.

The pavilion was handsomely decorated with the flags of all nations, and over the grand entrance, in evergreen letters, was the motto "Success to Agriculture." The Governor of the State, Hon. H. J. Gardner; the Mayor of the city, Dr. J. V. C. Smith; the Hon. Edward Everett, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, and other distinguished persons, occupied seats on the right and left of the chair, which was filled by the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, President of the society. The presence of many beautiful women added to the brilliant *ensemble* of the gay and festive scene.

The banquet was fair to middling for the price, and it was devoured with true agricultural appetites.

There being a cessation of knife and fork hostilities, the President rose and said—

BROTHER FARMERS AND FELLOW CITIZENS—Your presence on this occasion affords me unfeigned pleasure, for it gathers around me the friends and patrons of agriculture. Most sincerely do I rejoice with you in the lively interest which is manifested by all classes in our exhibition, especially in the presence of our honored guests, whose attendance gives importance to our meeting, and whose voices are ever grateful to the ears of their fellow-citizens. (Cheers.) It is also particularly gratifying to meet at this festive board so large a representation of the mothers and daughters of our land, who have come up here to cheer us by their approving smiles, and to honor the primeval pursuits of man. Ladies, we greet you with a most cordial welcome. (Loud applause.) Nothing can be more appropriate than your presence. Nor is it a new thing in this Pilgrim City for woman to be engaged in industrial exhibitions. More than a century ago, these hundred of your patriotic mothers assembled on Boston Common, distaff in hand, to advance a branch of domestic industry which has long since been supplanted by the progress of invention. One of the most interesting incidents of this exhibition relates to the spot on which it is held. This whole territory is land redeemed from Neptune's dominions. Here modern enterprise has literally fulfilled the words of scripture, and has said to the surrounding hills: "Be ye placed up and cast into the sea;" and they have moved in obedience to its command. Here, where but yesterday rolled the ocean's wave, here in the middle of the nineteenth century and in the midst of this populous and flourishing city, the National Agricultural Society has come up with its flocks and herds, pitched its tents and invited you to unite in celebrating the triumphs of art over nature, and to witness the achievements of science in a most important department of husbandry. In behalf of those of whom I have the honor to represent, and in my own behalf, I tender the grateful acknowledgments of this association to the municipal authorities of Boston for their prompt and hearty co-operation in the preparation for this exhibition. (Applause.) Our thanks are also due to the patriotic citizens of this metropolis and its vicinity for their private munificence in the creation of a guarantee fund to ensure the success of this enterprise; nor would I be unmindful of our obligations to the Massachusetts Society, a pioneer among the agricultural associations of our country, and to other benefactors, for the aid afforded us by their liberal donations and timely exertions. We are also under great obligations to the contributors who have placed their valuable stock on exhibition, at no small risk and expense; to the Marshals and Judges and others who have aided in carrying forward this enterprise to its present happy consummation. (Cheers.) Fellow associates, I congratulate you upon the complete success which has crowned another exhibition of this society. The present has surpassed those that preceded it in interest and utility, and awakens the most pleasing anticipations of those which are to succeed. The record of these proceedings will constitute an important chapter in the history of American agriculture. A very large number of entries have been made. But our principal object has been quality and not quantity; and it is believed that for points of excellence this exhibition holds the pre-eminence. The speaker continued at some length, in a similar strain.

The first toast was in honor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and was responded to by Governor Gardner, who toasted the officers of the society. Dr. J. V. C. Smith, Mayor of the city, was called out, and took a fine view of the subject. He thought the exhibition would be profitable to the city, as it would increase the value of the land in the vicinity. He was glad to have people from abroad come to Boston. The streets were crooked but the people were straight. Governor Hopkins, of Rhode Island, made a short speech. President Landreth, of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, responded for his State. Mr. Morton McMichael, of Philadelphia, made a brilliant speech, drawing a parallel between this "curriculum" and the amphitheatres of Greece and Rome. Honorable John C. Gray responded for the Massachusetts Agricultural Society.

The President then proposed the health of Honorable R. C. Winthrop, who responded as follows:—

I know of few things, Mr. President, better calculated to take the courage out of a man than to find himself rising, on such an occasion and in such a presence as this, with the full knowledge that he has been advertised, in a hundred bills and broad sides, for a fortnight beforehand, as being relied on to furnish one of the formal addresses for this crowning banquet. For one, I cannot help feeling that the brute beasts, who are here on exhibition with us, have had something of an unfair advantage over their human yoke-fellows in this respect. They have been permitted to come comparatively unconscious into the field. They have been privileged to exhibit their points, and show their faces, without any solicitude as to the expectations which they may disappoint or gratify. The most ruminating animals among them all have never spent a moment, I venture to say, in considering what sort of a figure they should cut, or what sort of an utterance they should find. They have cheered their cud in undisturbed complacency, even while these uncounted thousands of spectators have been crowding in to gaze upon their qualities. They have, certainly, stood in awe of no reporters. They have pondered no periods—unless, indeed, it be that welcome period which shall put an end to their strange confinement, and send them quietly back to their pleasant pastures or their comfortable stalls. Enviable condition of insensibility and inanity! Theirs is a sort of Know Nothing party which I could be well content to join. "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Sir, this is, indeed, a truly unacquainted speech for this precise locality. So many yokes in Boston Neck, which, in 1775, if I remember right, could not bear even one yoke patiently! It is a novel sight, within the limits of any large and populous city—these flocks and herds and droves of cattle by which we are encompassed! One is well nigh constrained to exclaim, in the words of the old Ruler of Israel—"What meaneth, then, this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" But the question, unlike that which was addressed to the rebellious Hebrews, is happily susceptible of a most innocent and agreeable answer, and one which need involve us in no apprehension of either divine or human displeasure. This great congress of animals, convened from all quarters of the Union, are here on no errand of insubordination or disorganization. They have come to no partisan or sectional spirit. They have neither assembled to make a platform, nor to nominate a President. No paramount issues disturb their serenity. They have come for the simple purpose of reminding us of the pre-eminent importance of agriculture among the arts of life, and of the common interests and objects which should unite and animate the farmers of our whole country, from Maine to California. They have come, as the chosen representatives of a thousand hills and valleys, to furnish us with a visible type and illustration of the surpassing magnitude of that mighty branch of American industry of which they are members, and to impress upon us all a deeper sense of the claims which it has upon our most careful consideration and attention. And, beyond all doubt, Mr. President, the agriculture of the United States has long ago reached a condition in which nothing less than the collected wisdom of the whole country is required to devise the best means for securing its future prosperity and welfare. So far, indeed, as mere farming is concerned—so far as relates only to the modes and processes by which the productiveness of the soil may be increased, and the soil itself saved from deterioration—I do not feel sure that much more is to be accomplished by a national association than by State or county societies. Even in this view, however, I would by no means undervalue the importance of an organization by which so wide a comparison of opinion and of experience may be facilitated, and so much of comprehensive information obtained. But what I cannot but think the peculiarly important province of a national agricultural association is to present to the contemplation of the country, and of the farmers, and of the statesmen of the country, from time to time, some accurate and adequate conceptions of the condition and of the wants of American agriculture; to hold up to the view of the people and of the government a just picture of its magnitude as a whole; to develope and display the mutual relations and dependencies of its different industrial and geographical departments; to unfold its relations to other arts and to other countries; and, above all, to give seasonable warning of any dangers, either from overaction or from underaction, which may threaten the prosperity and welfare of those who are engaged in it. It is never to be forgotten, sir, that while so many other nations are bestowing attention upon agriculture in order to prevent their population from starving, our own attention to it thus far is more needed—I might almost say, is only needed—to prevent the waste of our soil, and the waste of our substance, and the waste of our labor, in producing more than we can either eat, or sell, or even give away. And we may do well to remember seasonably the wise monitions of the immortal dramatist, when he tells us that "they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing." The agriculture of the United States! How much is included in the full signification and import of that phrase! What gigantic harvests! What an army of husbandmen! What a host of housewives and handmaids! What swarms of animals! What myriads of implements! What a measureless breadth of acres! It is not often that mere arithmetical figures produce any impression or sensation of sublimity. But what can be grander than some of the items in the statistical tables which set forth the agricultural agencies, capacities and crops of the United States? Why, sir two years ago there were estimated to be within our limits more than twenty millions of horned cattle, more than twenty millions of sheep, and more than thirty millions of swine. By the same returns, there were said to have been raised in a single year one hundred and six million bushels of potatoes, one hundred and ten million bushels of wheat, one hundred and sixty million bushels of oats, sixteen hundred million pounds of cotton, fifteen million tons of hay, and six hundred million bushels of Indian corn. But these figures are many of them far below the estimates of the present season. I have somewhere seen our wheat crop for 1855 set down at not less than 175 million, and our maize or Indian corn at from 800 to 1,000 million bushels. What mighty aggregates are these, and how do they speak to us of the growing greatness and importance of American agriculture—not to ourselves only, but to mankind at large. How distinctly do they point out to us our destined part in the great economy of human existence. How emphatically do they proclaim our mission to pour out the rich gifts of our exuberant soil over every land,—

——the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world.

Certainly, sir, it is quite time for some national association, or some national board of agriculture, to take such figures and such facts under their especial charge, and to consider by what arrangements of internal and external exchanges—by what enlarged facilities of intercommunication, or multiplied divisions of labor—by what additional supply of mouths and markets—these enormous harvests may find an adequate consumption at a remunerating price, so that our plenty may never become our disease, nor our land present the picture of the industrious farmer buried up beneath his own exuberant heaps. Foreign wars will not last forever, we trust. European crops will not always be deficient. Peace and plenty will soon be seen renewing their horns and diffusing their priceless blessings over the other hemisphere, as now over this. All that is temporary and exceptional in the present demand for the products of agriculture will have passed away. And then we shall more than ever feel the want of some better assurance of prosperity for the farmers than any which rests upon the evils and misfortunes of other people. Sir, I hail the existence and steady progress of this society as a pledge that the interests of the great body of American farmers shall hereafter be a chosen and cherished theme for the consideration of wise and experienced men in all parts of the Union, and that our American crops shall henceforth be the subject of some careful ascertainment and of some systematic disposition and treatment.

A mighty *medes*, but not without a plan.

Among the many welcome reflections which the establishment of such an association suggests to us, none is more welcome than that it is the fulfilment of one of the most cherished wishes of the father of his country. That great, and good, and eminently wise man,—whose character is itself the noblest product which America has ever given to the world, and whose name and fame grow brighter and brighter, and dearer and dearer to us, with the lapse of years—had few things more warmly at heart than the establishment of precisely such an institution. I cannot but wish that his own loved and lovely seat on the Potomac might one day or other become your permanent headquarters, and your experimental farm. The ladies of Virginia, I perceive, are appealing to their sisters throughout the Union, to aid them in purchasing it; and I would be the last to interfere with any plan of our fair halves. But by whomsoever it may be purchased, Mount Vernon must be consecrated to nothing less than a national use, free from all sectional—free from all partisan taint. And what use is there which so completely fulfils all these requisitions, and which is in such perfect harmony with the career, and the character and the known wishes of Washington, and with the genius of the place where his ashes repose, as that which I have suggested? Methinks your Directors would catch something of fresh animation and inspiration for the patriotic work which they have undertaken, if they were fathomed from time to time beneath that hallowed roof, and could hold their deliberations around that old chimney piece, covered with the emblems of agricultural industry, which you have so appropriately selected as the illustration for your official letter paper. There, at any rate, in that venerated mansion, and in the breast of its august proprietor, the idea of your association originated. In one of those well remembered letters of his to Sir John Sinclair, who has been called the father of British agriculture and the father of British statistics—in one of those letters of which a fac-simile edition is the richest ornament of so many farmers' libraries, and of which I had the happiness to present a copy to the son of Sir John, the venerable Archdeacon of Middlesex, England, on his late visit to America—Washington says:—"It will be some time, I fear, before an agricultural society, with Congressional aids, will be established in this country. We must walk, as other countries have done, before we can run. Smaller societies must prepare the way for greater; but with the lights before us I hope we shall not be so slow as older nations have been." Well, sir, the smaller societies have indeed prepared the way, and it is time for the greater to enter into their labors. You have called me up in connection with one of them, "The Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture," of which my excellent friend at my side (Hon. J. C. Gray) is President. That society, founded in 1792, has done much, and is still doing much. Its stock are hardly second to any in your pens this day. Its premiums are at this moment stimulating the invention of the whole country to furnish us with even a better mowing machine than those which have already been the admiration and wonder of the crystal palaces of both England and France. And I believe we shall have a better. I would be the last to rob this old society of any of its rightful laurels. But I am afraid I cannot insist on its being called the oldest State society in the country. The first American society of all was undoubtedly the Philadelphia society, to which you have just alluded, of which our own Timothy Pickering was the original secretary; and it is a most agreeable coincidence that this earliest American association, for the formation of this greatest American interest, had the same birthplace with both the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. This was a city or county society. But in examining the minutes of this time-honored institution (as printed in 1854, and kindly sent to me by a Philadelphia friend), I found, somewhat unexpectedly, evidence that a much earlier State society was formed than that of Massachusetts. The Philadelphia *Record* of Dec. 5, 1785, sets forth that a letter was received "from the Hon. Wm. Drayton, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of the South Carolina Society of Agriculture, inclosing a few copies of their address and rules, and soliciting a correspondence with this society." This letter was dated Nov. 2, 1785, and leaves no doubt, therefore, that South Carolina had established a State Agricultural Society at least some years before Massachusetts. It is certainly a striking circumstance that the year of its establishment was the very year in which the first five bales of cotton ever exported from America were entered at Liverpool, and were actually seized at the Custom House, I believe, on the ground that no such thing as cotton had ever been grown, or could ever be grown, in America. Indigo was then the staple export of Carolina, of which hardly a plant is now found upon her soil, and of which not a pound is exported. Allow me, Mr. President, in alluding to some of these facts, to propose to you as a sentiment for this occasion:—

Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Massachusetts—The pioneers in the great cause of American agricultural improvement, with Washington as its especial patron; may common memories in the past, and common interests in the present, and common hopes for the future, ever bind them together in the sacred glorious brotherhood.

The PRESIDENT announced the third regular toast:—

Our Distinguished Guest, the Hon. Edward Everett—scholar, diplomatist, statesman, patriot. His name is associated with the learning and literature of our country, and his words, of wisdom and eloquence shall thrill the heart, so long as the English language is spoken.

Mr. EVERETT rose, amid prolonged cheering, and spoke as follows:—

If this were a geological instead of an agricultural society, and if it were not your province to dig the surface but to bore into the depths of the earth, it would not be surprising if in some of your excavations you should strike upon such a fossil as myself. But when I look around upon your exhibition—the training course—the crowded bowling ring—the motion, the life, the fire—the immense crowds of ardent youth and exulting manhood, assembled from almost every part of the country, actors or spectators of the scene—I feel that it is hardly the place for quiet old-fashioned folks, accustomed to quiet old-fashioned ways. I feel somewhat like the Doge of Genoa, whom the imperious mandate of Louis XIV. had compelled to come to Versailles, and who, after surveying and admiring its marvels, exclaimed, that he wondered at everything he saw, and most of all at finding himself there. Since, however, sir, with that delicate consideration toward your "elder brethren," which I see lately had occasion to acknowledge at Dorchester, you are willing to trust yourself by the side of such a specimen of paleontology as myself, I have much pleasure in assuring you that I have witnessed, with the highest satisfaction, the proof afforded by this grand exhibition, that the agriculture of our country, with all the interests connected with it, is in a state of active improvement. In all things, sir, though I approve a judicious conservatism, it is not merely for itself, but as the basis of a safe progress. I own, sir, there are some old things, both in nature and art, and society, that I like for themselves. I all but worship the grand old hills, the old rivers that roll between them, the fine old trees bending with the weight of centuries. I reverence an old homestead, an old burying ground, the good men of old times. I love olden friends, good old books, and I don't absolutely dislike a drop of good old wine for the stomach's sake, provided it is taken from an original package. But these tastes and sentiments are all consistent with, nay, in my judgment, they are favorable to a genial growth, progression, and improvement, such as is rapidly taking place in the agriculture of the country. In a word I have always been, and am now, for both stability and progress, learning from a rather antiquated, but not yet wholly discredited authority, "to prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." I know, sir, that the modern rule is, "try all things and hold fast to nothing." I believe I shall adhere to the old reading a little longer. But, sir, to come to more practical, and you will probably think more appropriate, topics, I will endeavor to show you that I am no enemy to new discoveries in agriculture, or anything else. So far from it, I am going to communicate to you a new discovery of my own, which, if I do not greatly overrate its importance, is as novel as brilliant, and as auspicious of great results as the celebrated discovery of Dr. Franklin—not the identity of the electric fluid and lightning. I don't refer to that, but his other famous discovery, that in the latitude of Paris the sun rises several hours before noon; that he begins to shine as soon as he rises; and that the solar ray is a cheaper light for the inhabitants of large cities than the candles and oil which they are in the habit of preferring to it. I say, sir, my discovery is somewhat of the same kind; and I really think full as important. I have been upon the track of it for several years—ever since the glitter of a few metallic particles in the gravel washed out of Captain Sutter's mill race first led to the discovery of the gold diggings of California, which for some time past I have been pouring into the country fifty or sixty millions of dollars annually. My discovery, sir, is nothing short of this, that we have no need to go or send to California for gold, inasmuch as we have gold diggings on this side of the continent, much more productive, and consequently much more valuable than theirs. I do not, of course, refer to the mines of North Carolina or Georgia, which have been worked with some success for several years, but which compared with California are of no great moment. I refer to a much broader vein of auriferous earth, which runs wholly through the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains, which we have been working unconsciously for many years, without recognizing its transcendant importance, and it is actually estimated will yield the present year ten or fifteen times as much as the California diggings, taking their produce at sixty millions of dollars. Then, sir, this gold of ours not only exceeds the California in the annual yield of the diggings, but in several other respects. It certainly requires labor, but not nearly as much labor to get it out. Our diggings may be depended on with far greater confidence for the average yield on a given superficies. A certain quantity of moisture is no doubt necessary with us, as with them, but you are not required, as you are in the placers of California, to stand up to your middle in water all day, rocking a cradle filled with gravel and gold dust. The cradles we rock in our diggings are filled in a different way. Another signal advantage of our gold over the California gold is that after being pulverized and moistened, and subjected to the action of moderate heat, it becomes a grateful and nutritious article of food; whereas no man—not the long-eared king of Dryga himself—could manicate a thimblefull of the California dust, cold or hot, to save him from starvation. Then, sir, we get our Atlantic gold on a good deal more favorable terms than we get the California.