The New England Agricultural Society Fair.

THIRD DAY.

From Our Special Correspondent.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Sept. 8, 1864.

This has been the great day of this great fair, and the weather has been clear, mild, delightful, and the crowd of visitors immense.

It is estimated that 20,000 persons were on the ground at one time, and the money receipts corroborate this opinion. The pecuniary success therefore is assured. I am sorry to say that it has not been assured by the magnitude of the agricultural part of the exhibition. That is too insignificant to attract such a crowd. It is not what New-England should have made it. Indeed it is rather humiliating to think that New-England farmers have not made it better. They might have done it easily, if actuated by a proper desire to make a good display of our agricultural wealth.

Then what has drawn together the vast crowd that is in part swaying to and fro, as though trying to see something beyond the ken of vision, but in the greater part sitting or standing with eyes intent upon one point.

These people are not examining the various breeds of cattle and other domestic animals, and comparing their merits with each other or with those that they have at home; nor are they learning useful lessons of the agricultural machines; nor are they talking with each other about agricultural improvement. Yet they have come to an agricultural exhibition. It is so down in the bills. What has attracted them, and what are they doing? They are attracted by the announcement of "a grand trot for $300," and they are now waiting and watching a race-course. Nothing else. Not one in ten cares for anything else. They have paid their entrance fee and taken a seat in the grand amphitheater to see "speed" and all the tricks of jockies, and there some of them have sat and watched throug six long tedious hours the maneuvering upon the track, and they will go away without having the least knowledge of anything else that people should attend an agricultural show for, besides the gratification of seeing a few fast horses.

The horses have drawn the crowd and the money. The agricultural part is a mere appendage. Well, so be it. There is some satisfaction that anything can bring the people together for a grand holiday. It does them good. It does all thinking men good to see such a grand collection of people. It makes us proud of our country, proud of our native land. It does the patriot and soldier good to see such a meeting, for Gen. Burnside, in an address that he made to-day, said that he was proud to see that the country was not exhausted of men nor material of war, and that such an assemblage did not show any sign that the country had felt any damaging effects from the war now raging, but happily drawing rapidly to a close.

And now, without saying which horse went his mile in "2:19½" around the Hamden Park race course, to the great delight of the tens of thousands of well-dressed men and women here assembled, or which won the society "sweep stakes," I shall proceed to something more practical—more appropriate to an agricultural show.

Sanford Adams, Boston, exhibits a fanning-mill which should be seen by every grain grower. It does clean and absolutely separate, at one operation, all the mixture of oats possible, putting the wheat in one box, and oats, peas, beans, grass seed, etc., in other boxes. In this mill Yankee ingenuity is exhausted. It obviates all necessity of any farmer sowing foul seed. To the grower of any seeds for market it is invaluable.

There is no loss in the show of agricultural implements. McElwain & Bros., Springfield, and Whitemore & Belcher, Chicopee, are entitled to honorable mention for what they have done to give interest to this part of the exhibition.

The mowing-machine family is well represented by the Buckeye, Clipper and Union.

A dish washing-machine, exhibited by Richards & Alexander, Cummington, attracts the attention of the women.

A rock lifter and wall layer, by Gilbert L. Sheldon, New Marlboro, is a grand labor-saving machine.

But I must stop here to get ready to attend the

THIRD EVENING MEETING.

The question announced for discussion this, the third evening, was HORSES, and HORSE-BREEDING, including the question of what is the best breed for New-England. Doctor LORING, the President, opened the discussion, in which he stated that formerly one of the great sources of income to farmers was the breeding of horses, and at length the breed known as New-England horses has become very marked, and, as a whole, as a horse of all work, one of the best known in the world. This breed has been made up by a conglomeration of blood of almost all of the known breeds of the celtic race. This great improvement and value of the New England breed is, perhaps, in some measure owing to the social condition of the people. Now, as this New-England horse is not altogether as perfect as it may be made, it is worth the while of farmers to discuss this question, to know wherein improvement is needed. Much of the stock of the country is marked by the blood of the old Gustin Morgan horses. This breed, known as Morgan horses, has now become famous. When the first Morgan horses were introduced upon the stage route on the Cumberland road, the drivers rebelled against driving them, but they found after a while that the "little rats" could break down the great Pennsylvania breed. The Doctor then spoke of the great improvement that has been made in the last five years in breeding Morgan horses. They are now larger and handsomer than formerly, and consequently more valuable. He also gave a description of the anatomy of this breed, and the points that give them character and their well-known style, and compared it with some favorite breeds. In the course of his remarks he had occasion to allude to the weakness of the "platform" which he stood upon, and this brought out a hearty cheer, that told how much the people are thinking about "platforms." He then said:

One of the most remarkable things about the Morgan horses is the head. It is beautiful and indicative of great good sense, and that the horse is capable of great artificial training. This is what makes him par excellence a trotting horse. It is because he has brains. If a farmer is going to raise horses for a profit, he must raise good ones, such as will command a great price in market. We have never had so good a show of horses as this. Never one that exhibited so great a proportion of fine-looking and valuable horses.

Mr. DENNY, of Massachusetts, said that his experience of twenty years was, that if we breed from horses with any unsoundness, either natural or accidental, the unsoundness will develop itself in some of the generations. Thorough-bred mares, coupled with our stallions, produce the best possible results. That has been his experience with Pocahontas, a thorough-bred mare.

The PRESIDENT corroborated this view, that it is of the utmost importance to adopt this course.

Prof. AGASSIZ urged the importance of having a museum of skeletons of domestic animals, to be used for comparison. He said that he had commenced the formation of such a museum.

SOLON ROBINSON said that one of the most important questions connected with horse-breeding was, to ascertain the most profitable age to put colts to work, and how to treat them so as to get the greatest amount of service in a life-time. What would be the pecuniary result to New England if one year of service could be added to the age of each horse. He thought, by proper treatment, the longevity of horses may be greatly prolonged. One of the best work-horses he ever owned was twenty-two years old, and all here probably remember the extraordinary "old team" of Lewis F. Brown, exhibited here a few years since.

L. F. ALLEN, Black Rock, N. Y. This suggestion of Mr. Robinson is a most important one. At what age should the colt be put to work? I have known a great many men broken down by being put to work too early. In my opinion a horse does not develop his strength until eight or ten, and I think that a colt should not be put to work before he is five years old. I now drive a horse almost every day that is twenty-seven years old. I know one owned by Mr. Moran, in New-York, that was seven forty years old. Young horses are frequently overdriven and spoiled. A man that over-works a horse is foolish and wicked. A man is very foolish to try to make a fast horse out of a slow one. One horse is made for slow, heavy work, and others for light work and speed. In relation to New-England horses, their quality is more the work of accident than design. I believe in blood. Like begets like. The thorough-bred mare is the true foundation of improvement. The fault of the Morgan horse is, the want of size for noble carriage-horses. To breed horses of a certain character we must have blood upon both sides.

The climate and soil and its productions are not suitable for breeding the great western horses. It is well adapted for the breed you have here. About the use of horses, I am not in favor of fast trotting and trotting matches, because you never will be satisfied with speed. We shall always want to go a little faster. What is wanted is popular lectures to teach the people the principles of horse breeding.

Dr. HATCH, Connecticut, said that he was not a horse breeder, but a lover of good horses, and he thought that there was some analogy between breeding horses and men.

Mr. LAWSON, Massachusetts, said his experience in breeding horses was this: that he has one of the best old mares—his wife says she is genuine—she is 17 hands high and he put her to a stallion 14 hands high, expecting to get a colt that would be as high as the mare. He don't believe in any little runt of a horse, but the result of using such a stallion was to get such a one in the colt.

Several gentlemen spoke of the Messenger breed of horses in very high terms, as one of the best ever used in this country.

The PRESIDENT objected to use of the term "thorough-bred," and to ever using such to improve our own stock. We don't want to import English horses. We have got better horses for our purposes than we can get from England. The secret of the failure of so many thorough-bred colts in England is that they are used for racing at two years old. Many a colt is spoiled in this country by forcing. A horse is a slow-maturing animal and a rough colt often makes the best horse.

Prof. AGASSIZ said that all breeds of horses originated from one stock, and of course all were artificial, but the quality of some of the breeds was very fixed, so that to continue to produce the same kind, only requires that the breeder should have breds.

Mr. LANG, of Maine, made several harangues, all tending to one point, and that is that we have established a "thoroughbred" stock of horses here, which should be known as American thoroughbred and perpetuated, because it is the best breed in the world, and that we should discard all others, and particularly the English thoroughbred, because theirs is a racing stock and ours is a trotting one. He said that he had had twenty years experience in breeding, and although the first five were lost by mistakes, he thought the other fifteen had been sufficient to settle all the laws of breeding to his satisfaction, and he wanted no better breed than this one of New-England.

L. F. ALLEN replied to this that there was no such thing as a fixed breed here that could be relied upon to perpetuate its kind, because it was a mongrel one that had no fixed foundation like that known as thoroughbred in England, which had been established more than 200 years. He was surprised to hear a man who says he has been a horse breeder for twenty years, inquire what is the meaning of the term "thoroughbred." He is still more surprised that any man should discard the use of thoroughbred stock to improve the horses of this country, since it is well known that all the great improvements have come from that source.

Mr. DENNY said that the gentleman from Maine may talk about discarding thorough-bred blood, yet he is constantly seeking for Messenger blood, to improve upon, and that is from the best thorough-bred horse ever imported; and he has tried to purchase his thorough bred mare, Pocahontas, which he would not do if he believed that we already have all the good qualities that we want in the Morgan or New-England stock.

The PRESIDENT closed the meeting at a late hour, by urging upon all present at these discussions, to continue them after they returned home, at other talks, and in farmers' club meetings in every neighborhood.

THE LAST DAY.

SPRINGFIELD, Friday, Sept. 9, 1864.

The leading feature of interest to the farmer to-day, was the speech of Gov. Andrew, at 12 o'clock, to a very large and most appreciative audience. If THE TRIBUNE finds room to print it, I think that all of its readers will agree with me in opinion that it was most admirably adapted to the occasion. It was delivered from a platform erected on the inside of the track, opposite the amphitheater, but so far off that those on the seats could not hear it satisfactorily, although the speaker's voice was full, loud and clear. All the space in the two tracks, between the platform and seats, was filled with people, and so was a large space in the rear of the speaker. I think that full 2,000 people were able to hear the Governor's words distinctly, and many of his points were answered with loud applause.

Previous to the address all the prize cattle were paraded for the edification of his excellency and others, and really they made a respectable show, except in the matter of work-oxen and milch cows. I should have mentioned in a previous letter, among the large cattle exhibitors, the names of H. G. White, Frothingham, Paul Lathrop, South Hadley; Joseph Fogg, Deerfield; W. S. Allen, Vergennes, Vt.; A. M. Winslow & Sons, Putney, Vt. The principal exhibition of Hereford, and I believe the only one of that breed, was A. N. Merrick, Springfield. The celebrated Dutch stock was well represented from the herd of Mr. W. Cheever, Belmont, whence originated the cattle disease that has created so much excitement in Massachusetts. Fat cattle are not seen to any extent in this show. The fat cattle makers, in this valley, have probably turned their attention to tobacco.

After the address, which lasted about an hour, the prize list was read by Mr. Flint, the Secretary, and by that time the audience had very much increased and the exhibitors decreased. But the people were satisfied. They had not come to see anything but horse racing, and with that in a small way, they were gratified during the afternoon to an extent that appeared to give entire satisfaction. Certainly the crowd gave evidence of a high degree of enjoyment.

The crowd was decidedly merry, and during the afternoon very large, and it continued to be amused until nearly sundown, when another and the closing grand event came off. This was the annual dinner, for which 300 plates are laid in the large tent near the grand stand, and where I expect to hear something less than a speech to each guest; but I will reserve any report of them until to-morrow, for I desire to forward the Governor's address to-night, together with all the prize list attainable, because I know that a good many readers are looking to read them in THE TRIBUNE. The weather to-day, though threatening rain in the morning, has been good, and the attendance of people very great—sufficient to insure the society in being able to pay all expenses and the prize list, and on the whole is a great success, and although it might and should have been more instructive to the people, will, I trust, do a great deal of good.

THE CLOSE OF THE FAIR—THE RESULTS—THE BANQUETS AND SPEECHES—THE LESSONS IT HAS TAUGHT US.

From Our Special Reporter.

SPRINGFIELD, Friday Evening, Sept. 9, 1864.

The first Fair of the New-England Society is over. Its culmination was a grand banquet—without intoxicating liquor—and a dozen stirring, after-dinner speeches from such distinguished men as Gov. Andrew, General Burnside, Prof. Agassiz, Rev. A. L. Stone, Doct. Loring, Doct. Holmes, and others of similar standing, who have lent their countenance to this exhibition because they believe that it is well calculated to elevate the character of New-England farmers. The mistake in the conduct of the Society is, in my opinion, in devoting so much attention to fast horses and all the jockeyism incident to a race course. It is true, that is what brought the people to Hampden Park and filled the treasury of the Society to repletion, and crowded Springfield for four days so full of strangers that many of them could not find beds; but that is not what has elevated any other community in good morals and an improved condition of society, and I do not believe that it will give permanent improvement to New-England. It may not corrupt, but if it does not, it is because virtue is inherent in the people. I am free to say, that I never saw a more orderly collection of people, for among the forty thousand that visited the Park I did not see one case of intoxication, and only heard a very little profanity or vulgarity. The people are well bred, well fed, well dressed, and show a high advance in civilization, but they are not incorruptible, and I certainly fear the influence of the race course. That, during all this show, has been the point of attraction, and there has been everywhere a great deal of "horse talk." Too much, I am sure, for the good of the youth of a purely agricultural people. And there has been too little attention, on the part of the managers, to the purely agricultural interests of farmers. They have not been offered proper encouragement to induce them to make an exhibition of their products. Indeed, they were almost shut out, by charging them a dollar for the privilege of exhibiting an article. It would be better to pay the dollar to every one who would aid to make up a grand show. One of the consequences of this policy was, that the vegetable and fruit show was almost contemptible. It was not as good as could be made in almost any first-class New-England town. B. K. Bliss, (whose name is so extensively known as a seedsman, of Springfield,) appears to have exerted himself to the utmost to make the show respectable. So did Mr. Snow, gardener for Mr. Ames, of Chicopee. Who else did? There was a collection of fruit from Boston, and Doct. Grant, of Iona, made a show of grapes, principally to let people become acquainted with the new sort called "Iona" and which, I must say, is worthy of being known, and receiving all the commendation it has obtained. It is the best grape in America, at least on the Atlantic side.

There were, to be sure, a number of small lots of fruit, but nothing to impress upon the mind of a stranger the richness, in this line, of the Connecticut River valley.

In culinary vegetables, grain, and household products, the show was shamefully deficient. It should, in future, be wholly abandoned, or made better. As it was here, and as it has been at several other exhibitions that I have attended of late years, it discredits the industry of the American farmers, and the productiveness of American soil. To charge an admission fee for such a vegetable and fruit show as that at Springfield, is disgraceful to any State Society. Much more for one that is semi-national. For, be it understood, this branch of the show was disconnected from the other. It was spread out in the City Hall, a mile from that in the Park. And this hall was crowded night after night by people who supposed that there was a sight there worth seeing. Some had their pockets picked by thieves—all by the society that inaugurated the show. In this and some other things, the managers have had an opportunity to learn some lessons. I hope they have done so. They must learn, for one thing, not to work their Secretary to death. They will find few men willing to serve as Charles L. Flint and Henry Clark have at the Springfield show. If there was a treasurer, he failed lamentably to do his duty, or else there was some wretched mismanagement. There was no lack of funds, yet no prizes were paid. This defect must be remedied in future. Take the New-York State Society for a pattern, and live and prosper. It would be well to take it for a pattern in some other respects. Dr. Geo. B. Loring is a very intelligent, clever, respectable gentleman. He is, withal, good looking. With the exception that he talks too much himself, more than any chairman of a public meeting should, he is a good presiding officer of the evening meetings. But he has something to learn, as the President of a great Agricultural Society. He must learn not to devote two-thirds of his time to fast men and fast horses.

We find that many distinguished strangers were invited to attend the show, and show themselves to a "committee of reception." That committee was a myth, and much of the time, as far as strangers were concerned, so was the President. Strangers came, with their cards of invitation, and naturally made their way to "The President's Tent," where they found, usually, two or three reporters, too busy to answer questions, and sometimes one or two tables surrounded with judges making up reports, but rarely did they find the President, or any officer of the New England Agricultural Society, to do them honor. To the numerous inquiries made to me, I could only answer, "You must look around the horse stand, for fast trotting is the point of attraction here."

There was a lamentable deficiency in the management about getting the prize list. After toilsome efforts, reporters were unable to complete it, so that it could be presented on Saturday in a complete form.

The management of the "sports of the ring," were miserable. It appeared as though it was desirable to keep the people waiting for "the trot to come off," just as long as possible. They were often held in expectation that "something would turn up" to recompence them for so much time wasted, and after all disappointed. It is true that they sometimes saw "a horse which cost ten thousand dollars," but he looked, at a distance, hardly as handsome as one in their own carriage that only cost two hundred. It was reported that Mr. Lang, the owner of Gen. Knox refused $25,000 for him while here. Did that fact make the sight of him an instructive lesson to the people? The truth is, the people are going fast—horse-crazy, and such exhibitions as this will keep them going. The President of the Society said, in a public address, that he thought the fast horse breeders public benefactors. That showed that he, at least, was a subject of the mania that afflicts our staid New-England.

And now, having said all that I could find room for in praise, and given a little deserved censure, but naught in malice, for I had nothing personal that was not entirely pleasant, I will come to the closing scene, which I look upon as a superfluity, which may safely be dispensed with by any other Society, and by this one in all future years.

THE BANQUET AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

According to the programme, the invited guests were to have been entertained at the Massasoit House. That, however, was so full of its own guests that no more could be entertained. So the banquet was spread in the President's tent. It was simply a good plain farmer's dinner, except that it came at his hour for supper. It was eaten by a company of perhaps two hundred ladies and gentlemen, who usually eat better dinners at home. Still it was good enough for the occasion, and those who furnished it are entitled to great credit for quick work, for the tables were built and laid after three o'clock.

After the conclusion of the meal, the President "led off" in the speech-making line, by remarking that the pleasantest part of an agricultural exhibition is such a social entertainment, and the free interchange of opinions it encourages. This was one of the objects of those who originated this Society. He thought the occasion had been largely enjoyed at this great gathering of the people. In every sense the Fair has been a great success. He thought it the best show of horses, and nearly the best show of cattle ever held in the Northern States, and the show of agricultural implements wonderfully good. He alluded particularly to the potato implements that I spoke of in a former letter. He thought that the cause of agricultural improvement in New-England would be very much advanced by this show. He deprecated the statement that has been published, that New-England farmers are a set of hard-fisted, angular shaped men, as rough as their rocky farms, and almost as uncultivated. To disprove this he called upon the company to look at the three specimens on his right hand. (These were Gov. Andrew, Prof. Agassiz, and Gen. Burnside.) Said he, these, if not actual working farmers, are intimately connected with the farming interest, and have come to the exhibition to promote that interest. Your Governor has come down from his high official position to mix with and take you by the hand, and to address you in most encouraging language to-day. The head of the scientific world also comes to mix with the farmers, and study the science of agriculture from practical men, that he can better impart instruction to others. And here is a military hero, whom all delight to honor, who is a New-England citizen, and feels a deep interest in the improvement of his agriculture.

The President then offered as a sentiment:

MASSACHUSETTS—Foremost in every enterprise to enlighten and elevate mankind.

The ceremony of drinking to the toast was dispensed with, because there was nothing to be drank. Governor Andrew was called upon to respond, and did so very briefly, excusing himself on the ground that he had already occupied an hour to-day in addressing the farmers. From this auspicious beginning of the New-England Agricultural Society, he hoped that honor, prosperity and usefulness would attend it at its annual shows in each of the States.

Prof. Agassiz was called upon to answer the sentiment, "Practice with Science," which is the motto of this Society. This he did in one of his most happy vein. Although unaccustomed, till of late years, to speak the English language, there are not many who excel him in its proper enunciation. He said he did not come here like an ordinary emigrant, nor as a political refugee, seeking asylum from monarchical tyranny, for he came from the old Republic of Switzerland, where freedom had dwelt for 500 years. He came as a curious traveler to investigate our country, and remained to become an American citizen. He remained because he loved the country and its institutions, and this he intends shall be his home and the home of his children. De Tocqueville has said that America is the Paradise of mediocrity, but Prof. Agassiz said he thought our civilization would yet work out higher results. One of the great wants of the country is one richly endowed, great University, instead of so many minor schools called Colleges. As a part of such an one the proposed Agricultural College might be made a benefit to the farmers of the State.

The President gave as a sentiment, "The sword and the ploughshare," and called upon Gen. Burnside. This call was loudly enforced by the cheers of the company.

The General was evidently taken by surprise; he would rather face a battery than that company. He arose and begged to be excused. He said he had inflicted three speeches upon the public within three days, upon the conduct of the war. For four years his every thought had been devoted to that subject. He had had no time to think of Agriculture nor of its kindred sciences. He could speak of nothing else, and that he supposed was not a subject interesting to this company. He thanked it, however, for the respect shown him, and was about to resume his seat, when he was arrested by such an outburst of "Go on!" "Go on!" "Go on!" and such a waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, that he had no chance for a retreat, and therefore stood boldly up to the work in hand. He then [illegible] delighted the audience with his accounts of the condition of the army, declaring that not a doubt was entertained by any member of it that it would eventually crush this Rebellion. His words removed all feeling of despondency, if any were entertained, and the people were full of hope and gladness that they had heard and seen this real fighting General.

After Gen. Burnside had taken his seat, and the enthusiasm of the crowd had subsided, the President gave as a sentiment, "The free Church of New-England and its connection with Agriculture—it is the foundation of our Christian civilization." In answer to this, he called upon the Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston. It is idle to attempt to give the words or spirit of Mr. Stone's remarks. Those who know him, know that it would be impossible. He is one of the most soul-stirring speakers of the age. He said that if he had such an excuse as Gen. Burnside, he would be silent. History speaks for him, and although he can afford to be silent, he cannot afford that he should be. His words have roused us all with his hopefulness. You notice he says nothing of himself; his words are all for his country, and his country's defenders. I am glad that he has given us his opinions in his clear and stirring words.

The allusion of the President to the connection between free church and agricultural prosperity, is pertinent to the occasion and to the work of this Society. With Heaven's blessing, it will prosper and do good. As a class, Mr. Stone thought the ministers could not attend horse fairs and learn more about horses, for they are notoriously hard drivers. Perhaps it is because they are hard-drivers themselves, and in driving a borrowed horse, the livery stable man think the clergy are hard masters. All that ennobles the horse tends to ennoble his owner. They come to look upon one another as fellow-laborers, as friends. I am delighted to see with what care and attention, with what affection, some of the horses are treated in some of the stables upon this Park. The effect of such a show must be beneficial to every right-minded man—I might say women, for ladies are all interested in fine horses. He then spoke very feelingly of the sympathy which exists between the horse and his rider in a military campaign. Of this he had had experience during nine months' service. He related a very touching anecdote in relation to the effect of the war upon the country. He lately met with an old man in a remote wilderness part of Maine. He said to him, "I suppose the war does not much affect you here? Perhaps you only hear of it?" The old man almost choked in his reply, as he said: "My oldest son sleeps upon the battle-field of Gettysburg; my next and only one is at the front with Grant. I would give more, if I had them, in such a holy cause." He could not help grasping the old man's hand as a token of respect. Passing on, he met a beautiful young woman driving a yoke of oxen attached to the hay-cart. She took down the bars as handily and handled her team as easily as one of her brothers would have done. "I almost involuntarily," said Mr. Stone, "pulled off my hat and saluted her with respect. I believe she saw by my countenance that the respect was sincere, for she answered the salutation most gracefully. I have since spoken so enthusiastically of this genuine American lady, that one for whom I have great respect, in my own house, has become a little suspicious of my agricultural acquaintance. This scene, and many similar ones that I have witnessed, convinces me that we shall not lack hands to gather the harvest, even if fathers do give up their only sons to help put down this Rebellion; and after a few more such blows as Farragut is giving at Mobile, and Sherman at Atlanta, we shall be able to gather our harvests in peace."

Mr. Burt, of Walpole, said he was never more hopeful than at present. What he had seen and heard here made him so. He was hopeful of seeing practical farming and science connected. A jealousy among farmers had existed toward those engaged in scientific pursuits, which was rapidly passing away. Hitherto "book farmers" had had an up-hill business. Even now there was a feeling in Massachusetts that the proposed Agricultural College must be disconnected with all the existing colleges, as though Science and Agriculture were not related. He was, therefore, glad to see this Society in its infancy endeavoring to connect with it men of the highest scientific attainments. This will insure its success, for it will have a firm foundation. To obtain success in this war, all that is necessary is for the people to support the Government. He would greatly prefer to see our armies filled by volunteers instead of conscripts. If the Copperheads refuse to go and help put down the Rebellion, let them stay at home, and sink, as they will, into eternal infamy. If hands are wanted to till the fields, the women of New-England will furnish them.

Short addresses were also made by Lieut.-Gov. Trask, David Leavitt, George Dwight, Mr. Emerson, of Massachusetts; Solon Robinson, of New-York; Dr. Holmes, of Maine; Mr. Smith, of New-Hampshire; Mr. Twichell, of Boston; T. S. Gold of Connecticut, and some others, and the banqueting company finally separated, after a session of three hours, with such feelings as certainly do tend to make mankind wiser and better; and to this end has the first meeting of the New-England Agricultural Society been held. That it may long live and prosper, is the sincere wish of him who has thus briefly sketched its proceedings.

S. R.

THE INDIAN WAR.

Another Account of Sully's Battle with the Indians.

Correspondence of the St. Paul Press.

BRACKETT'S MINNESOTA BATTALION,
Camp of Northwestern Indian Expedition,
HEART RIVER, D. T., July 31, 1864.

I open my letter with the (to me) painful announcement of the death of your special correspondent, G. W. Northrup. He fell in the front of the battle, as a soldier should, and we buried him by a small lake on the head of Knife River. He rests in the prairies of the great Northwest, which he loved so well, and his only monument is in the memories of those who loved him.

Two days before the battle, when the probability of meeting the Indians had become a certainty, he asked me, in a bantering tone, if I would write his obituary in case he were killed. I answered that I would, and I can do it in no better words than by a slight variation from a familiar poem:

"True as the steel of his tried blade;
Here in heart and hand."

The expedition left Fort Rice on the 19th inst., and marched in a westerly direction with the intention of striking the Yellow Stone at the mouth of the Big Horn; but on the 24th General Sully, becoming suspicious that the guides were misleading him, changed his course more to the northward, and encamped on the 25th on the head-waters of Heart River, some eighty miles from the Missouri. Here the wagons were corralled, and orders given to pack a large number of mules with rations and ammunition for a rapid march, but the pack-saddles were found to be useless, and the rations had to be loaded again into the wagons. All extra baggage, and everything which could be dispensed with, was left, and, with a few wagons lightly loaded, the expedition, in the lightest marching order, started about noon of the 26th to find and fight the Indians.

After marching about four miles, scouts came in with the news that an advance party had met and engaged the Indians. Brackett's battalion was at once pushed to the front at a double quick, but after a gallop of ten miles it was found that the Indians, about thirty in number, had been allowed to escape, by the bad management of the scouting party. We camped that night near the Young Man Butte, on the head of one of the branches of Knife River.

From there we followed on the trail of the retreating savages, until about noon of the 28th, when their village was discovered at the foot of a high ridge, full of thickets and ravines. No better ground could have been found for defensive purposes, or for a retreat. The troops were at once formed in order of battle, the 1st Brigade, consisting of the Minnesota expedition, on the left, and the 1st Brigade, consisting of the Iowa troops and Brackett's battalion, on the right.

One regiment of each brigade was dismounted, and advanced in line of skirmishers. The artillery was placed in the centre, supported by detachments of Iowa and Dakota troops. Brackett's Battalion was held in reserve on the right, and the Second Minnesota cavalry on the left. The line advanced for two miles, but nothing was accomplished. A few shells were fired by the battery, but every moment the savages grew bolder. The hill tops in every direction were covered with dusky forms, estimated by the General at not less than three thousand. They were evidently bent on fight and confident of success. Once they approached the train with the evident intention of attacking the wagons. At last, Major Brackett, who had been wounded early in the day in the hand, but who still kept the field at the head of his command, discovered a large body trying to sneak him on the right, and at once sent to the General for leave to charge them, which was given.

No more welcome order could have been given to the tried veterans of his command. With a yell they swept down the hill-side across a ravine and up the opposite slope, and in a moment were upon them. The savages were in no mood for retreating. They contested every foot with desperate valor and yielded no vantage ground until its capacities for defense had been contested to the utmost. Every thicket bristled with arrows; every rock sheltered its savage. The charge was a succession of desperate hand to hand encounters, which ended only in the death of one or the other of the parties. The wounded savage as he lay struggling on the ground drew the arrow to his head with his teeth when he could no longer use his hand, and ceased fighting only when he died. A mile and a half of this kind of work brought them to the foot of a high Butte with sides as steep as the walls of a house.

Here the Indians seemed determined to make a stand, but there was no halt. A few shells from a twelve pound howitzer, which Lieut. Leveels had brought to our support, startled them from their fancied security, and dismounting, the men went at the work before them as if it were but pastime. Sharpshooters cleared the sides with their carbines, and foot by foot they won their way to the top, and rushing down the opposite slope drove the last of the Indians to the hill beyond the river, and the battle was over.

The batteries had fired about fifty rounds—the skirmish line had kept up a dropping fire, but all the hard work had been done by Brackett's battery. On the ground lay over a hundred dead Indians. Two of the battalion were dead on the field, eight were wounded, and twenty-two horses were killed. As an evidence of the desperate fighting it is only necessary to state that of Major Brackett's personal staff, two had their horses shot dead under them, and another received two arrow wounds. Outside the battalion but two men were wounded, and those but slightly. The wounded are all doing well, under the care of D. Thurston, Assistant Surgeon, of the Eighth Minnesota Volunteers, who was assigned to duty in our battalion at Fort Rice. Dr. Johnson having been unable to accompany the expedition.

The men in their enthusiasm named the Butte from which they last drove the Indians, Brackett's Peak, and Capt. Von. Minden, Engineer Officer of the expedition entered it by that name upon his map. The next day, the 29th, an attempt was made to follow the Indians, but it was found impossible to get the wagons through the rough and broken country to which the Indians had retreated. And Gen. Sully, fearful for the safety of the wagons he had left on Heart River, reluctantly gave the order to return. That night a dash was made upon the pickets by a party of Indians, and three men, whose names I have been unable to learn, were killed, their bodies being literally filled with arrows. Two of them belonged to Co. E, 2d Minn. cavalry, the other to the 6th Iowa cavalry.

This battle, known as the battle of Falling Springs, is universally allowed to be the hardest contested and most effective of the war. The location of the battle ground is on one of the Northern branches of Knife River, about 150 miles North-West of Fort Rice.

The casualties were as follows:

KILLED—Ord.-Serg. G. W. Northrup, Co. C.; Priv. Horatio E. Austin, Co. D.

WOUNDED—Sergt. Maj. E. Marshall, severely; Corp. Asher Nyer, Co. A, severely; Priv. Burnett Sperry, Co. A, severely; Corp. John W. Cramer, Co. C, severely; Corp. Frederick McCarty, Co. C, severely; Priv. Horace Jameson, Co. C, severely; Corp. Frank Tubbs, Co. D, slightly; Priv. Lewis La Fever, Co. D, slightly.

The expedition goes from here direct to the Yellow Stone, and will start in a few days.

A Thrilling Letter of Adventures of an Emigrant Party.

From a Private Letter in Chicago Tribune, 10th.

SWEET WATER BRIDGE,
100 MILES EAST OF SOUTH PASS, July 22, 1864.

DEAR ——: We know you must feel very anxious about us by this time, for we suppose you have heard of the trouble up here among the Indians, and I expect the reports are multiplied considerably by the time they reach you.

We have struck a hard run of luck lately, although Anna, Henry, and myself never enjoyed better health than now.

On July 14 the Indians stampeded about sixty head of stock from our train, while they were feeding about one and a half miles from our camp. They got every animal I had, except the two Jacks and Jenny, and succeeded in getting them all off. The first we heard of any trouble among the Indians was about midnight of the 13th; some soldiers were passing, and said the Indians had attacked and captured a train above the day before and murdered six men, and were all about us. We had seen no sign of them, but nevertheless we gathered in our stock, and guarded it well till daylight, and about 6 o'clock we turned them out to graze, and about 7 a. m. the Indians came out of the hills near by and got within a few feet of the men on guard before they were discovered. Henry was out with my stock, and also the other man that was with me. I had been on guard all night, and had laid down by the wagons to sleep.

When I sent the stock out I put a long rope on Kitty, (a favorite mare,) and told him not to let go of it, but if there was any alarm or danger to mount her and come to me at once. He had just got on the feeding ground, and sat down on the grass to mend his moccasin, with the rope in his hand, when he heard a horse galloping in the direction of our camp. He looked up, and saw an Indian within a few feet of him. The Indian yelled and scared the mare; she broke the rope, and away she went with the rest. If I could have got the mare, with her and my rifle I could have recovered the whole of my stock in a few hours, as there were only about ten or twelve Indians in the gang. The boys that went out forgot to take their revolvers, and there was but one revolver out at the time. The man who had it emptied it at them, but does not know as he done any damage. The other boys ran into the herd, and tried to head them to the camp, and one of the teamsters got an arrow into his hip pretty badly, but is now nearly well.

We lay there, where we were, till there were near five hundred wagons come up, and about one hundred and ten soldiers, and on the 15th we moved up to Deer Creek, and lay there two days for the military to fool around and do nothing. They could have had two hundred volunteers, and there were over one hundred of them, and two mounted howitzers, and the trail perfectly plain to follow, but they would not go. After waiting two days on the creek, we moved up to Deer Creek, twenty miles, to a military station and telegraph office. The emigrants volunteered their teams to move our wagons to that point, thinking we would be safer there than on the road. On reaching there, Capt. Granger and myself learned there had been a train of six wagons and sixty loose mules left there that morning for Salt Lake. (Capt. G. is the man who owned most of the train we were in company with). We mounted a couple of mules and started after them. We overtook them at Platte bridge, twenty-eight miles; stayed over night with them, and they sent back thirty-one mules to help us. They had already picked up about seven wagons in the same fix, and they only had that many animals to spare.

When we got back to Deer Creek Station, we found they had started out with 100 soldiers and ten days' rations to try to recapture the stock. We learned when we came to Deer Creek that on the 13th the Indians, about thirty in number, had surrounded a train of three or four wagons, six men and their families, professing to be friendly Indians, and kept on with them for a few miles, and then demanded their supper. The emigrants were in their power, and therefore stopped to comply with their demand, and, as they were making a fire to cook it, the Indians commenced the attack and killed or wounded all but one white man and a negro; they both commenced to run on the first alarm, and made their escape to some willows on the bank of the stream, and, it being night, they got to the station. A force was sent out in the morning and they found two of the men there badly wounded with arrows, and three dead, and two women and three children missing, and the wagons burned and stock gone. They buried the dead and removed the wounded to the station, but sent no one in pursuit. Four days after, as we were moving up, we took another road which passed about two miles to the right of the scene.

Near the road we were on, was found one of the children, a little girl six years old, with several arrows in her body, and scalped. We buried her as well as we could and passed on. That happened about fifteen miles from the Deer Creek Station, and, when within about six miles of the Station, we found a man beside the road, shot with arrows and stripped of all but his pants. He had been dead I should think, about four days, but we could not find out anything about him. He was buried where he lay.

At Deer Creek we found the two wounded men, and one of the women came in the night before we got there, bringing her little boy with her. She had made her escape in the night, and had traveled two nights and a part of the last day, and came in safe. Her husband was one of the wounded, and is likely to recover. The other wounded man is a single man, and is probably dead before this.

We lay awhile before we moved on, and for a week after they commenced they were stealing the stock and attacking the trains all up and down the Platte River for fifty miles, and no one to stop them, and the emigrant had to rely on his own arm for protection. I didn't hear of their killing any more, but there were a great many wounded in different trains, and as near as I can find out they have captured above 2,000 head of horses and mules from the emigrants.

We got the mules from the Salt Lake train, and Granger and myself started our wagons. We offered to the families that were with us enough to move two of the three families, but they preferred to stay and await the return of the expedition, thinking to recover their stock, or a part of it, but I had seen enough to satisfy me there was no hope, and I came to the conclusion that we could expect no help from any man, or the Indians receive any damage from one who was keeping from one to three squaws to sleep with and raise families by, and therefore thought it best to take the first chance to go on. We moved on to this place, eighty miles from Deer Creek, and reached here Saturday night. My big Jack was taken sick Saturday afternoon, and I had to stop with him, and the train went on and left me, and here I am. The Jack is some better, and I hope will be able to travel by the first of August.

I have succeeded in buying one yoke of broken-down cattle, and a yoke of cows by paying heavy for them, and hope to be able to raise another yoke of cattle, although it is doubtful, as they are dying by thousands along the road. It will take all the money I have and my watch to get us to Salt Lake, if the cattle I have live to reach there, but we will work through some way, sure.

We are now camped at a military and telegraph post at Independence Rock, four hundred miles from Salt Lake. I wish to God I could get to the authorities and let them know how they work out here. I will write you when I strike the mail route at Fort Bridger, as it is uncertain about a letter reaching you from here. There is no hop for the emigrant from those here, but the opposite. Yours, ever, A. L. ROCKWOOD.

NEW-YORK CATTLE MARKET.

RECEIPTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1864.

			Sheep and Lambs.	Swine.	Total.
Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.			
7,033	140	2,310	21,118	8,033	39,774

These were sold at the following Market-Places:

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep and Lambs.	Swine.	Total.
At Allerton's, 44th st.	4,435	25	334	1,617	8,006	....
At Browning's, 6th st.	341	22	193	5,023	....	....
At O'Brien's, 9th st.	219	64	420	6