

SCOTT AT LUNDY'S LANE.

[FROM DESHRET EVENING NEWS.]

Lundy's Lane was an accident, but was attended with more glory than many a well-planned battle. It was brought on without orders, was fought with unusual desperation, and though it yielded no substantial results to the victors, who were the aggressors as well it stands well to the front in the list of bloody contests that reflect splendour upon the American arms.

After the American forces had established themselves on Canadian soil in the summer of 1814, the commander, Gen. Jacob Brown, adopted the policy of threatening various important points on that side of the boundary, in order to prevent his opponent, Gen. Riall, from making a counter invasion across Niagara river. On the 25th of July he received news of the British troops that led him to suppose that such an invasion was on foot, and yielding to the urgent solicitation of Gen. Scott, who commanded one of his brigades, ordered him to lead a movement along the Queenstown road to threaten Forts George and Niagara, and thus put the enemy on the defensive.

Instead of a remnant he met an army and unintentionally opened the battle of Lundy's Lane, or Niagara, as it is also called. Riall was in the vicinity with a large force and, moreover, was in full readiness for battle. His troops numbered 4,500 and many of them were fresh. His position was on an eminence along which ran Lundy's Lane, a high-way between Niagara river and the head of Lake Ontario. So precipitate had been Scott's action that there was no safe way of backing out on the part of the Americans. He had advertised his presence by his bold attack, and should he withdraw after a tentative stroke, it would be a confession of weakness and invite pursuit.

The enemy opened with musketry and cannon and Scott accepted the challenge just as though the entire American army was at hand. The British artillery was stationed on an eminence, with infantry to the right and left of it. Between the British left flank and the river there was a space left vacant, but at the moment of Scott's attack, reinforcements for Riall were marching up to occupy it. They never got there however, Scott saw the open space. It was in the uncertain light of evening, and he detailed the Twenty-fifth regiment, under Maj. Thos. S. Jesup, to crawl through the bushes that covered the ground, reach the enemy's left flank and turn it. Jesup obeyed, and struck the opening of the lane into Queenstown road. It was down Queenstown road that supports were marching to Riall's assistance, and Jesup's movement caused them to halt and change their direction. Meanwhile Scott pressed the fighting against the British front. He did not hope to win the fight alone, but thought that he could hold on until relief should come from Gen. Brown, in response to his message that the enemy was reported in force on his front.

Jesup's movement was a brilliant success in every way. He kept off reinforcements from Riall that might have turned the tide against Scott. He fought with a force superior to his own column out of those present under Riall, and he captured Riall and several of his staff before directions could be given in the British lines for the order of battle. The capture of the enemy's leader was a stroke of luck, perhaps, but it was effected by an inspiration of genius and daring such as wins in the heat of a conflict. Riall had been wounded, and with his staff was moving away from the fight in the direction of his reserves. An aid preceded him, and on meeting a party of Jesup's men, mistook them in the dark for British and called out, "Make room there, men, for Gen. Riall." With an "Ay, ay, sir," the American ranks opened, the unsuspecting British moved between, and at a word American bayonets were lowered and the headquarters party were prisoners of war. Soon after this a column of British de-

played between Jesup's line and the river to cut him off, but he charged boldly through the hostile ranks, and ranged his command once more with the main American force. Seeing their left turned, the enemy swung out their right in a furious assault, which Scott repulsed with heavy loss. Only their artillery in the centre remained firm. The re-enforcements, however, that Jesup had cut off on the direct road had arrived on the field, and the issue was undecided with odds greatly against Scott. It was then 9 o'clock at night, and the battle was fought under the light of the moon.

Scott's intuition had been correct. The sound of the battle had penetrated to the American camp, and Gen. Brown had promptly sent a brigade under Gen. E. W. Ripley, to move rapidly forward and support the advance, and hastened to the field in person. It took but a glance to determine that the enemy's cannon in the centre, on the eminence around which the fighting had been waged, was the key to the British position. Ripley's brigade followed up along the main river (or Queenstown) road until it came to Lundy's Lane, where the British battery was located. The American engineer of the field quickly informed Brown that the British cannon must be silenced. The leading battalion of Ripley's brigade was the Twenty-first, led by Col. James Miller, and when it reached the lane Brown said to the commander, pointing to the British stronghold, "Colonel, take your regiment, storm that work and take it." "I'll try, sir," responded Miller, and proceeded to the task. His men numbered about 300, and screening themselves by the fence of the lane and a growth of shrubbery beside it, approached to within two rods of the battery. The British gunners stood with lighted matches awaiting the word to fire. It was too dark for effective shots at long range, and they were in readiness to receive attack from any quarter. Miller's men carefully took aim and shot down every gunner, then with a shout mounted the fence and were upon the pieces before the British could resist. A line of British infantry, lying near by as supports opened upon Miller's men with muskets, and attempted to retake the cannon by a bayonet charge, but were kept in check by a rapid fire of musketry. Seven cannons, with the ammunition waggons and horses, fell into Miller's hands.

The British quickly rallied and attempted to drive Miller's men away. After two such assaults had been repulsed, Gen. Ripley brought forward the remainder of his brigade, and the heights were held, even against a third assault—the most powerful of all—by 1,500 fresh troops. Scott's brigade, meanwhile, had borne the brunt of the battle. One after another the regiments of this brigade exhausted their ammunition and retired for fresh supplies, until there was but one left in line—the Ninth—with the skeletons of three others around it. Two of Scott's regimental commanders were down with severe wounds, and all the captains of the Eleventh were killed or wounded. Scott himself suffered from a severe wound that he had received while directing Maj. Jesup's gallant exploit against the enemy's left early in the fight. Notwithstanding all, however, the daring soldier would not allow the battle to lag on his line. While Miller was contending with the British battery, Scott ordered a charge on his own front, and his men were about to carry out the purpose when Miller's success was announced. Then the fight was over.

Bloody as well as desperate had been the battle of Lundy's Lane. It ended at 10 o'clock at night, and the darkness had compelled the combatants to get into very close quarters. Three American regimental commanders, two artillery captains, and numerous staff and line officers, were among the killed and wounded. Gen. Brown was wounded, as was also Scott. The American loss was 171 killed and 571 wounded—742 in all. The proportion of killed was large. The loss was sustained principally in the brigades of Scott and Ripley, and fell upon about 2,500 men. The British lost 84 killed and 559 wounded—643 in all. This loss fell upon about 4,500 men. Scott's wound was made by a bullet that penetrated the shoulder, and though he kept the saddle until near the close of the battle, his system was in the end exhausted by the loss of blood. He had two horses killed under him, and was a veritable hero everywhere on the field. After the battle he was borne by slow stages to Batavia, N. Y., where he remained until convalescent. When able to endure travel upon a litter, he was carried upon the shoulders of admiring gentlemen from town to town, as far as Geneva, N. Y. The fame of Lundy's Lane had preceded him, and he was everywhere greeted with demonstrations honouring him for the part he had played in the conflict along the Niagara. Three weeks before the battle of Lundy's Lane he had incited his men to charge the enemy and refute the British slander that Americans could "not stand cold iron." This was at Chippewa. At the opening of Congress in 1814, Scott was honoured by a vote of thanks and the award of a gold medal. It was this medal that was passed over by bank burglars while robbing the vaults where it was deposited, because it belonged to a hero. Virginia and New York each presented him with a sword, and with a bound he sprang into prominence as a popular idol.

The battle of Lundy's Lane was not a valuable triumph for the nation. After Brown and Scott were taken, wounded from the field the ground was abandoned, together with all captures, excepting one brass piece borne off as a trophy by Col. Miller's gallant men. The British return-

ed and occupied it in strength during the night. But the brilliant tactics of Scott, who fairly out-generaled his opponent, and the valour of the men, whose deeds won the admiration of the British themselves, placed Lundy's Lane among the remarkable struggles of the country.

From such a battle ground, it was fitting that brilliant memories should be handed down. Gen. W. T. Sherman, responding to the toast "The Old Army," in the last speech he delivered, cited Lundy's Lane, and Scott and Col. Miller, for instances of traditional American fidelity on the field of Mars.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Mr. Robert Sellar, the well-known editor of the Huntingdon Gleamer, has addressed an open letter to Mr. Mercier, in which he castigates him for having brought such disgrace upon the Liberal party that it staggers under the load which he has heaped upon it.

ONION GROWING.

Important Departure Respecting This First of Spring Crops.

In a few weeks onions will receive attention, as the crop is the first one planted and in this section the sets are sometimes set out in March, the principal crops being grown from sets of last year, rather than from seed. To procure the sets the seeds must be planted the preceding year. Mr. T. Greiner, of La Salle, N. Y., who has contributed so many valuable articles to agricultural journals on onion and potato growing, has, by experiment, learned to produce an early crop from seed the first year, to secure large yields, and to realize high prices. In a recent communication to the Farm and Fireside, he states that he ships onions to market in crates holding three-fourths of a bushel, and receives one dollar per crate, and that on the proper soil, the use of suitable varieties, and liberal application of manure and fertilizers, as many as 1,000 bushels per acre of onions may be grown, which is very remunerative compared with many other crops.

ONIONS IN HOTBEDS.

As many will be interested in his method, it may be stated that the varieties are mostly of the "Prize taker" and "Spanish King," the "Victoria" being preferred as a white onion, which can be marketed earlier than the "Denver Yellow," grown in the old way, and other varieties may be grown in the same way, to be marketed in the fall. Seed should be sown as early as hotbeds can be started, in February, or early in March, about a pound and a half of seed being required to grow plants enough for one acre. Sow the seed in hotbeds in rows, an ounce and a half of seed to an ordinary sash, and keep the bed clear of weeds. The young plants are ready for the open ground when they are of the thickness of a lead pencil.

TRANSPLANTING TO OPEN GROUND.

The rows should be twelve inches apart, and the plants three inches apart in the rows. Of course, this close planting calls for much labor, and the transplanting of the young onions is also a heavy job, but it must not be overlooked that the labor usually given to a crop grown from seed in the open ground, before the young onions appear, is also quite an item, as well as the great amount of seed required, hence the transplanting in the end proves very profitable. The crop is best cultivated with hand hoes and wheel hoes. Onions transplant very easily, and good plants seldom die.

HARVESTING.

The chief point is to get the crop properly ripened and cured, and, with this end in view, onions should be pulled as soon as the tops begin to waste away. It is always safer to harvest them too early than too late. In the case of late harvesting you allow more time for growth, but, by early harvesting of the crop, there will be a better chance for the crop to cure, and become well capped over. Gather them when perfectly dry, and store on a barn floor or loft, or on slatted shelves, leaving them spread out thinly, to finish curing, then handle them over to remove the tops, assort them and send to market.

Moulting.

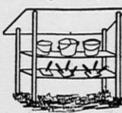
We were gazing on the monarch Of the poultry-yard today, With his gold and emerald feathers, And his coronet so gay. Of the whole brood, with one consent, A cackling concert raised, Calling on all the fowls around To shout their chiefstain's praise.

This world is full of ups and downs; Our rooster found it so, For off, with every wind of heaven, His plumes began to flow. Of golden feathers round his neck He shortly was bereft; One dropped by one from out his tail Till not a plume was left.

And then it was that every chick, The poultry of the day, Would cast their scornful glances when He ventured out for food. Oh! how was now his boastful crow? His step of stately pride? He seemed to feel the change, and sought, Alone, his shame to hide.

Milking Yard Conveniences.

It requires but a little time to make a shelter like that shown in the accompanying sketch, furnished by Mr. L. D. Snook, and it certainly provides a very neat and desirable place in which to set the milk until all the cows are milked. The lower shelf makes a good receptacle for the milking-stools, and, by the way milking-stools ought to be made for the purpose intended, and not by the utilization of some old box, keg, or pail, as many do, for milking is not such a pleasant task that the milk should have a shelter for milking tools. This shelter keeps the rain from the milk, and out of danger from being upset by the cows. The stools are kept dry, and the neatness of the entire surroundings, convenience, and comfort to the milkers, as the result.



Where Farm Luxuries Grow.

A garden is the place for growing the luxuries of the farm. To grow a few early vegetables, and be deprived of the later kinds, is a mistake. There is nothing to prevent growing both early and late vegetables, and a supply can be had from the time frost disappears until it returns in the fall. Make the garden rich before

you begin to spread out the manure now, so as to have the lumps broken up before spring, and to have the plant food ready.

Ashes for Grapes.

Prof. Budd says: "No fact is now better established than that the ashes are the one thing needful on our soils for the production of a high grade of the grape. This is not surprising in view of the statement made by chemists that a crop of four tons of grapes to the acre removes from the soil forty pounds of potash, thirteen pounds of nitrogen and twelve pounds of phosphoric acid."

Down With the Fences.

An old rail fence with a nice lot of dry soft grass makes a splendid home for mice and rabbits, and if near a young orchard they will have a sweet feast this winter and you a sorry looking orchard next spring. Clean out the fence corners in the fall, or better still have no fence corners or as few as possible.

Wasteful and Unsightly.

Every farmer knows how unsightly the tufts of grass appear in the pasture which have been stimulated by the droppings of the animals. When the cows are on the pasture it will pay to collect this manure daily, or go into the fields with a rake and scatter it. This may appear like extra labor, but it will pay, as the manure will confer greater benefit to the field and to the grass. Cattle seem to avoid these tufts, and until the field is plowed again some of the land will become poorer and other portions richer.

George Catches On.

"Katie," he said, timidly, "I-I have allowed myself to hope that you regard me as something more than a friend." "George," she answered softly, with half-averted face, "you—you are away off." And George understood. He came near.

A Vigorous Denial.

Miss Antique—"Why do you go around telling people I look as old as Methuselah?" Miss Freshton—"I don't and I never did. I haven't anything against Methuselah."

An Average.

Jack Spratt took anti-fat, His wife took anti-lean, And so betwixt them both They struck a happy mean.

Profanity of the Eyes.

Wool—"I stepped on a woman's gown to-day, and she swore at me." Van Pelt—"What did she say?" Wool—"Nothing; but you ought to have seen her eyes."

The Borrowed Ring.

Maud Cheviot was standing in her friend's boudoir. "It worked," she said to her hostess, "beautifully. There is your ring, and thank you so much. I shall always, in some sort, owe you much of my happiness, you know. It is a pretty ring. I hope your fiancé may never object to my temporary use of it. Tom proposed twenty-four hours after he saw it on my finger. It's always the way with men. When they think they have lost you they find they wanted you all the time. And now, you see I've got a real engagement ring of my own on; not yours, dear. But—we're to be married in three months. You must come to the wedding. Tom has very much to thank you for—or your ring. He shall know that—some day."—Chicago Times.

Women as Tailors' Duns.

The latest and most effectual scheme resorted to by the noble army of martyrs—the tailors—is a collecting and protective agency conducted exclusively by young women. The manager is a woman, and she has thirteen bright and pretty girls assistants all resident in the city of Atlanta. The gilded youth who is persistently in arrears with his trousers duns is confronted by a vision of bewitching girlhood, and surprised into paying his bill before he realizes it. The most amusing scenes occur daily at the office of the agency.

Lace Gowns.

Black lace gowns are still prominent. A departure in sombreness is thankfully received for the pretty, graceful patterns are now showing over backgrounds of Nile green, claid blue, and ivory white, while shoulder knots of the two colors are mingled artistically.

She Clips His Wings.

Stanley has his future career mapped out for him. His wife has decided it for him. No more junketing about in African jungles. She wants him to stay at home, write the story of his life, and stand for the House of Commons.

Squealed.

"I beg you to hear my suit," said the young lawyer. "Pray, Mr. Briffins," she said, chillingly, "don't talk shop."

"As the Tree is Bent," Etc.

Take great care when you are either taking off and putting on a bride especially to your young horses. If you hurt his mouth once, he fears you will do so again, and his attempts to prevent you doing this, often makes it very inconvenient to you. But if you use proper care he will soon learn to render you valuable assistance by holding his head exactly as you wish him to.

Go In for Good Cows.

Remember that the cow giving 120 pounds of butter at 25 cents returns only \$30 cash, or just what her keeping is worth, while the 300 pound cow returns \$75 at the same price per pound. Suppose the extra food of the latter cost an extra \$10. She would net her owner \$35 still. Go in for good cows.

OUT OF THE FARM PAPERS.

There is a law in Kansas to punish misrepresentation and deception in the sale of trees and plants. "Blood will tell," but it must be carefully watched or it tells stories of disappointment, discouragement, loss and ruin. A walk about the farm in winter is not devoid of interest, even in reference to plant life. Every old lichen-covered fence rail, stump or rock serves as a study to an observant eye.

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