

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

SHAM BATTLE AT WEST POINT.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Post thus refers to Gen. Scott and to a sham fight among the cadets at West Point, during the recent review exercises:

“Gen. Scott was present and reviewed the cadets, superbly dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant general, and looked, what he indisputably is, the most illustrious living military leader of the age. At half-past 8 o'clock, we were attracted to the grounds again by a delicious air from *Trovatore*, played by the band. While all ears and hearts were engrossed with the music, bang went a mortar, speeding a shell through the air at the rate of a mile a second, more or less, and describing a fiery parabola along the horizon, as it flew, until it fell upon the works of Fort Clinton, which was the imaginary citadel of a band of British outragers. Five mortars were in a battery manned by cadets, and every few minutes the utter darkness was penetrated by volleys of these fiery missiles. Presently a fire ball was discharged so as to fall a little short of the fort, and by its light reveal the situation and condition of the enemy and his works. These balls, though not larger than a good-sized base ball, burned for twenty minutes, or more, so brightly as to made all the line of attack distinctly visible and illuminate the whole plain. The discoveries which the light enabled the besiegers to make seemed to awaken them to new activity. Volleys of grenades were fired to clear the walls where the imaginary redcoats were trying to repair imaginary breaches in their works; the shells, five at a time, falling like Satan's devils, “with hideous ruin and combustion” down among the outragers. At ten the drums beat to quarters, and in ten minutes not a cadet or soldier was to be seen, except the sentinels at their posts, while the roads were gradually cleared of the retreating visitors.



Clipped By:

draschne

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