



The Washington Standard.
 IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
JOHN MILLER MURPHY,
 Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates:
 Per annum.....\$3 50
 " six months..... 2 00
 Single copies..... 25c
 INvariably IN ADVANCE.

Advertising Rates:
 One square, one insertion.....\$3 00
 Each additional insertion..... 1 00
 Business cards, per quarter..... 5 00
 A liberal deduction will be made in favor of those who advertise four squares, or upwards, by the year.
 Legal notices will be charged to the attorney or officer, authorizing their insertion.
 Advertisements sent from a distance, and transient notices, must be accompanied by the cash.
 Notices of births, marriages and deaths inserted free of charge.

Blanks, bill-heads, cards, bills of fare, posters, programmes, circulars, catalogues, pamphlets, etc., executed at reasonable rates.
 All communications, whether on business or for publication, must be addressed to the editor of the WASHINGTON STANDARD.
 OFFICE—In Barnes's building, corner of Main and First streets, near the steamboat landing.

OFFICIAL.

LAW OF THE UNITED STATES.

Passed at the Third Session of the Thirty-Seventh Congress.

[PUBLIC—No. 34.]
 An Act to change the times of holding the circuit and district courts of the United States in the several districts in the seventh circuit.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That, instead of the times now fixed by law, the circuit and district courts of the United States for the several districts in the States composing the seventh judicial circuit shall hereafter be held as follows:

OHIO.
 At Cleveland, for the Northern district of Ohio, on the first Tuesdays in the months of January, May, and September, in each year.
 At Cincinnati, for the Southern district of Ohio, on the first Tuesdays in the months of February, April and October of each year.

MICHIGAN.
 At Detroit, for the district of Michigan, on the first Tuesdays in June, November and March in each year.

And all recognitions, indictments, or other proceedings, civil and criminal, now pending in either of said courts, shall be entered and have day in court, and be heard and tried, according to the times of holding said courts as herein provided.

APPROVED, February 21, 1863.

[PUBLIC—No. 35.]
 An act to allow the United States to prosecute appeals and writs of error without giving security.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That whenever any writ of error, appeal, or other process in law, admiralty, or equity, shall issue from or be brought up to the Supreme Court of the United States, either by the United States or by direction of any Department of the Government thereof, no bond, obligation, or security shall be required from the United States, or from any party acting under the direction aforesaid, by any judge or clerk of court, either to prosecute said suit or to answer in damages or costs. In case of an adverse decision, such costs as by law are takable against the United States shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the Department under whose direction the proceedings shall have been instituted. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

APPROVED, Feb. 21, 1863.

[PUBLIC—No. 36.]
 An Act extending the time for carrying into effect the provisions of the third section of the act entitled "An act relating to highways in the county of Washington and District of Columbia," approved May three, eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the period named in the third section of the act entitled "An act relating to highways in the county of Washington and District of Columbia," approved May three, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, requiring that the roads designated in said section shall be surveyed, platted, and recorded within one year from the passage of said act, be extended to three years; and the levy court of the said county of Washington is hereby authorized to cause the survey, platting, and recording of such roads, in each year, as it may deem proper and necessary: Provided, That all of said roads be so surveyed, platted, and recorded within the period of three years.

SECTION 2. And be it further enacted, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby empowered, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to fill any vacancy that may hereafter occur in said levy court; and all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

APPROVED, February 21, 1863.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—One Sunday a country clergyman having had a notice for a lecture handed him, which was cut from a newspaper, unfortunately read the wrong side of the paper—nor did he discover his mistake till he had gone through an entire advertisement of a clothing and furnishing warehouse.

The Peninsular Campaign in Virginia.

(MARCH—JULY, 1861.)

BY THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

V.
 The direct forward march was continued, and, notwithstanding the almost incessant rains which ruined the roads, we soon reached the banks of the Chickahominy, at Bottom bridge, ten miles from Richmond, and where the York River railroad, which the army followed all the way from the White House, crossed the river on a bridge which the enemy had destroyed. We were now at the very gates of Richmond. Till then the campaign had been, if not brilliant, at least fertile in results. Yorktown, one of the most important military positions of the enemy, had fallen. Norfolk, the magnificent arsenal from which the South drew the greater part of its military stores, had been abandoned, and its evacuation had brought on the destruction of the formidable Merrimac. Finally, General McClellan had succeeded in pitching his camp, without accident, in front of the capital of the seceded States and of their chief army. The confederates could fall back no further without losing all their prestige in the eyes of their partisans and of the whole world. They had therefore to accept there a decisive battle. In the circumstances in which we were placed it was no small merit to have driven our adversary to such a necessity. I am aware that this battle ought to have been won, and that it was not; but the responsibility of this failure by no means belongs altogether to the army and to its leader. Who were the men who, by driving them into an untimely campaign, had thus revealed to the enemy the secret of operations not yet ripe for execution? Was General McClellan responsible for the want of unity of purpose and action which had trammelled the movements of the Federal armies ever since the Government had deprived him of the supreme command of all these armies? Finally, was McClellan responsible for the systematic reduction of his forces, which, in face of the concentration of the enemy's forces, had deprived him successively, since the opening of the campaign, of Blenker's divisions, given to Fremont, and of two-thirds of McDowell's corps, without any compensation without sending him a single man to fill the gaps made by cannon and disease? Notwithstanding all these difficulties, he had succeeded in leading his army to Richmond; but he had not the means of striking the great blow which would probably have ended the war. In an enemy's country covered with woods, where very little can be seen or known, an army is constantly subject to surprises. What seems a simple reconnaissance may be in fact a serious and general attack. A large force is needed to guard against these surprises, and a still larger force to secure a line of communication which cannot be broken without danger. Evidently reinforcements were needed. Could they be got? Could the Federals respond by a powerful concentration to that which the exhortations of aeronautes and the daily testimony of deserters proved to be going on among the enemy? This was the first question which we asked ourselves.

General Wool from Norfolk, and General Barnside from North Carolina, could send a few troops; but this was a small matter, while 80,000 men were collected in the neighborhood of Washington. About half of these were making head against Jackson in the valley of the Shenandoah. The rest were under McDowell at Fredericksburg, only sixty miles north of Richmond. They had rebuilt the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock. Following this railroad, they could have joined McClellan's army in three or four days. They would have left nothing exposed by leaving Fredericksburg; there was no enemy in that region. Their stay there was so notoriously useless to the Federal cause that it was a subject of ridicule for the confederate papers, which called them "the fifth wheel of the coach." It was known at the same time in the army of the Potomac that General McDowell ardently desired to give the lie to these jeers by giving to the Union cause at the decisive moment a co-operation which could have insured victory. Accordingly, when General McClellan arrived before Richmond, his first thought was to learn what he had to expect from that quarter. No official notice, either from Washington or from McDowell himself, had informed McClellan of his presence at Fredericksburg, though only sixty miles distant; but public rumor so persistently represented McDowell as advancing to join him, and such a movement was so plainly required by circumstances, that it was resolved to try to open communications with him.

On the night of the 26th, he sent out General Porter with a division of infantry and several squadrons of cavalry, in a fearful storm, to Hanover Court-House, a village about twenty miles north of Richmond, where the railroad from Fredericksburg crosses the Pamunkey. Porter's troops moved rapidly, and about the middle of the day arrived near Hanover Court-House, which they found guarded by General Branch's division. They drove them back by a vigorous assault, and took a cannon. Assailed in their turn by confederate troops who were concealed in the woods, and had purposely let them pass, they turned on these and dispersed them. In this brilliant fight, which cost the Federals only four hundred men, General Porter took one cannon, five hundred prisoners, and two bridges, one on the Fredericksburg road, the other on the road to Gordonsville. The advance guard of McDowell was near Bowling Green, only fifteen miles distant. It

needed but to will it, and the two armies were united, and the possession of Richmond assured. Alas! it was not willed. I cannot think of those fatal moments without a real oppression of the heart. Seated in an orchard at the bivouac of Porter's division, amid the joyous excitement which follows a successful fight, I saw horsemen of the fifth regiment bring in as prisoners entire companies of confederates, with arms and baggage; their officers at their head; but neither this confidence of triumph among the Federals nor the dejection of the enemy deceived me, and I sadly asked myself how many of these young men who surrounded me, telling me of their exploits, would expiate with their lives the error that was about to be committed!

Not only did not the two armies unite, nor even communicate with each other, but an order came from Washington by telegraph to burn the two bridges that had just been seized. The army of the Potomac and its leader were thus told as clearly as possible that they must give up all hope of aid from the armies of upper Virginia; the means of effecting a junction was now taken away. This unfortunate measure had been adopted on hearing of the bold dash which Jackson was then making on the upper Potomac. This skillful leader, finding the Federal forces in that region divided into a number of independent armies, under Generals Fremont, Banks, Sigel, &c., had profited by this state of anarchy to beat them one after the other. He had driven Banks across the Potomac, and created as much confusion as if he had been about to enter Washington. With more than 40,000 men to protect the city, with the line of the Potomac so easy to defend, and with the vast entrenched camp which surrounded the capitol, it was not thought safe. McDowell was summoned in all haste to join in the pursuit of Jackson. As was to have been expected, McDowell arrived too late. But the fact remained that the bridges which might have connected his operations with those of McClellan had been cut. Probably, in the confusion that reigned at Washington, the order to destroy them had been given to prevent the confederates from using them to send reinforcements to Jackson.

But let us leave this afflicting spectacle, let us leave Jackson, by his rapid movements making sport of the four generals opposed to him. He had accomplished his object. His bold dash had prevented the junction of McClellan and McDowell at the time when it might have been decisive. Henceforth the army of the Potomac had to rely on itself alone. It was necessary to act promptly; for each day increased the disproportion between the forces of the two adversaries; and it was to be feared that the Federals, encamped amid the marshes of the Chickahominy, would suffer much from the great heats which had begun to set in. For several days the two armies had been face to face. The Federal advance guard was encamped five miles from Richmond. There were daily skirmishes, carried on with a desperation that made a general action inevitable. General McClellan waited for two things before attacking. He waited till the roads, broken up by the rain, should become more solid and passable by his artillery, and, in the second place, till the bridges which he was throwing over the Chickahominy should be completed, or nearly so. These bridges had become indispensable; nothing could be done without them. The situation of the localities, the impossibility of leaving the railroad which supplied the army, and the necessity of guarding against movement of the enemy to turn his position, had forced the general to divide his troops into two wings on the opposite sides of the river. But it was important to be able to unite them rapidly, either on the right bank, to attack the confederate army which covered Richmond, or on the left bank to oppose the turning movements already mentioned, and which was much to be feared. The confederates, in fact remained masters of several bridges on the upper Chickahominy, which would enable them to occupy the excellent positions presented by the left bank as soon as the northern army should abandon them. The latter would thus have been shut up, blockaded, and starved out on the right bank, and placed in a singularly critical position.

Unfortunately everything dragged on the Federal side. The roads were long in drying, the bridges long in building. "We never saw as rainy a season," said the oldest inhabitant. "We never saw bridges as hard to build," said the engineers. The detestable river foiled all their efforts. Too narrow for a bridge of boats, too deep and miry for piers; here a stream ten yards wide flowing between two plains of quicksand in which the horses sank to their girths, and which offered no foundation; there divided into a thousand streamlets over a surface of three hundred yards, running through one of those wooded, boggy marshes, peculiar to tropical countries, and changing its level and its bed from day to day, in its uncertain and capricious way, it undid or annulled each day the severe labor of the previous day, done under a burning sun and often under the fire of the enemy. And thus the precious days flew by. Perhaps—let us say it frankly—the army was not so eager to act as it should have been. To advance and meet the enemy, to attack him on his own ground, was a bold undertaking, somewhat foreign to the habits of an American army, which loves, above all a methodical, slow, circumspect war, that leaves nothing to chance. This delay, as we have already said, is a national characteristic; it is also, to a certain extent, imposed upon the generals by the nature of their troops. These troops are very brave, but, as we have endeavored to show, the bond of subordination

among them is so weak that one is never sure of getting them to do what is desired of them. Individual wills, which are as capricious as popular majorities, play too great a part among them. The leader is obliged to turn and see whether he is followed; he has no assurance that his subordinates are bound to him by the tie of discipline and duty. Hence hesitation and a condition of things unfavorable for a dash. "If we could be attacked and fight on the defensive," I have often heard it said, "that would be half the battle." They got what they wanted. The enemy made the first attack. On the 31st of May, he put an end to all uncertainties and speculations as to the best way of getting at him, by throwing himself boldly with all his forces on the army of the Potomac. The bloody fight which took place on the evening of that day and the morning of the next day is called the battle of Fair Oaks.

At the time when it was thus attacked, the Federal army occupied a position in the form of the letter V. The base of the V was at Bottom bridge, where the railroad crosses the Chickahominy. Its left arm extended toward Richmond on the railroad and the Williamsburg road. Here was the left wing, formed of four divisions arranged en echelon, one behind the other, between Fair Oaks and Savage's station, and encamped in the woods on both sides of the road. The right arm of the V followed the left bank of the river, and formed the right wing, composed of four divisions and the reserve. The distance between the extremities of these two wings, by way of Bottom bridge, was twelve or fifteen miles; as the crow flies, the distance was very short, but between the two arms of the V flowed the Chickahominy. To unite these two arms three or four bridges had been commenced, only one of which was available on the 31st of May. It had been built by General Sumner, about half way between Bottom bridge and the most advanced point of the Federal lines. This is what saved the army on that day from disaster. The other bridges were ready, but could not be thrown over the river at the decisive moment, and that is what saved the confederates.

The whole effort of the enemy was directed against the left wing of the army, which had its advanced guard at Fair Oaks station, on the York River railroad, and at a place called Seven Pines, on the Williamsburg road. Here the Federals had thrown up a redoubt in a clearing where there were a few houses, and had made efforts to widen the sweep of their guns. The rest of the country was entirely covered with woods. The day before there had been a tremendous storm, with torrents of rain. The roads were frightful.

Suddenly, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the weather being gray and dull, a sharp firing was heard. The pickets and the advance, were rapidly driven in; the woods around Fair Oaks and Seven Pines swarmed with the enemy's sharpshooters. The troops ran to arms and fought desperately; but the forces of their adversaries continued to increase, and their losses did not check them. The redoubt of Seven Pines was surrounded, and its defenders fell fighting bravely. Colonel Bailey, among others, here met a glorious death on one of his guns. When the redoubt was taken, the northern troops fell into some disorder. In vain did Generals Keyes and Naglee make a thousand efforts to rally their soldiers; they were not regarded. At that moment, they perceived a small French battalion, known as the La Fayette Guards, which had remained in good order. They rushed to them, put themselves at their head, charged the enemy, and retook a battery. The battalion lost four of their number in this charge; but, like true Frenchmen, the same everywhere, they cried out: "They are welcome to call us the Lafourchette Guards now!" alluding to a taunting nickname that had been given them.

But Heintzelman came to the rescue with his two divisions. As at Williamsburg, Kearney's division arrives at the right moment to restore the battle. Berry's brigade, of this division, composed of Michigan regiments, and of an Irish battalion, advances, firm as a wall, amid the disorderly crowd wavering on the battle field, and by its example does more than the strongest reinforcements. We had lost about a mile of ground, fifteen guns, and the camp of the advanced division, that of General Casey; but now we held firm. A sort of line of battle was formed, extending through the woods, perpendicular to the road and the railway, and there we resisted the reported assaults of the masses of the enemy. Our left, protected by White Oak swamp, an impassable marsh, was in danger of being turned, but our right might be surrounded. At that very time, in fact, a strong confederate column was moving on that side. If it could succeed in getting between Bottom bridge and the Federal troops fighting in the advance at Savage's station, the entire left wing would be lost. It would have no way of retreat, and would be obliged to yield to overpowering numbers; but just at that moment, at six o'clock in the evening, new actors came upon the stage. General Sumner, who had succeeded in crossing the Chickahominy, with Sedgwick's division, on the bridge built by his troops, and who, like a brave soldier, marched straight through the woods toward the sound of the cannon, suddenly arrived on the left flank of the column with which the enemy was trying to cut off Heintzelman and Keyes. He planted in a clearing a battery which he had succeeded in bringing with him. The guns were not rifled cannon, those objects of modern infatuation, only good for cool firing at a long range, in an open country; they

were real fighting guns, old-fashioned 12-pound howitzers, discharging either a large round projectile, which rebounds and rolls, or a large load of grape. The simple and rapid fire of these pieces made terrible havoc in the opposing ranks. In vain did Johnston send against this battery his best troops, those from South Carolina, including the Hampton legion. In vain did he come in person into the fight: nothing could shake the Federal ranks, and it was they who, at nightfall, gallantly led by Sumner in person, rushed on the enemy with the bayonet, and drove them back with frightful slaughter as far as Fair Oaks station.

Night put an end to the contest. On both sides, no one knew anything of the result of the battle but what he had himself seen. Friends and enemies, lost in the unknown woods, lay down among heaps of dead and wounded, wherever the darkness found them. The fatigue of this obstinate struggle, together with the darkness of the night, caused one of those tacit truces so common in war.

Johnston had evidently flattered himself that, by throwing all his forces on the four divisions of the Federal left wing, he could annihilate them before aid could reach them from the main body, which remained on the left bank of the Chickahominy. For the time, he had failed, before the energetic resistance of these four divisions, and the furious and unexpected attack of Sumner's troops. He had doubtless supposed that the terrible storm of the previous day had swollen the Chickahominy, made impossible the erection of any bridge, or carried away the bridges already erected; but the capricious river baffled his combinations, as a few hours later it baffled those of his adversaries. The effect of the deluge of the day before was not immediate; the freshet did not come on for twenty-four hours. Did the Federals profit by this unexpected delay with all desirable activity? This is a question which will always remain in dispute, like so many others of the same kind that form one of the inevitable chapters of the history of most great battles.

The action had not begun till one o'clock in the afternoon. Some delay took place before it was discovered whether the attack was not a feint for the purpose of drawing the Federal troops across the river, while the enemy's main body might debouch on the left bank. An end was soon put to all uncertainty by the violence of the attack, and by the reports of aeronautes, who saw the whole confederate army moving toward the scene of action. Sumner was then ordered to cross the river with his two divisions. He executed the order rapidly, marching at a venture at the head of his column, with no other guide than the sound of the cannon, and arrived precisely at the critical time and place. Now, it was then, and is still, thought by some, that if Sumner was ordered to cross the river, the same order had been given to all the divisions of the right wing, it could have been executed. One may imagine what would have happened if, instead of fifteen thousand men, fifty thousand had been hurled upon Johnston's flank. But Sumner's bridge would certainly not have sufficed for the passage of so many. At midnight, the rear of his column was still struggling to cross it against all the difficulties for horses and artillery presented by a bridge formed of trunks of trees that turned under the feet, by deep morasses, and by a dark night, made darker by the thick woods. But several other bridges were ready to be thrown across at other points. These should have been put up without a moment's delay, and regardless of the obstacles which the enemy would have tried to throw in the way. Johnston had made a parade of placing a brigade, as a sort of scarecrow, opposite points naturally suited for such an undertaking; but the stakes were so vast, the result to be accomplished so important, the occasion so unexpected and so favorable for a decisive blow, that nothing, it seems to us, should have prevented to effect this at any cost. Here, again, the Federal cause suffered from that American tardiness which rather characterized the army than its leader. It was not till seven o'clock in the evening that it was resolved to put up all the bridges without delay, and cross the whole army by daybreak to the right bank of the Chickahominy. It was too late. Four hours had been lost; and opportunity, more fleeting in war than in all things else, had fled. The freshet, on which Johnston had reckoned in vain, and which had not prevented Sumner from crossing, came on in the night. The river suddenly rose two feet, and continued to swell rapidly, carrying away the new bridges, raising and sweeping away the trees which formed the floor of Sumner's bridge, and covering the whole valley with its wild waters. Nothing crossed over.

With the first light of day, the battle was fiercely renewed on the left bank. The enemy came on in masses, without order or method, and rushed on the Federals, who, knowing their own inferiority in numbers, and without hope of reinforcements, attempted nothing more than to hold their ground. Both sides fought with savage energy, without noise, without shouting. When our men were too closely pressed, they charged bayonet. The artillery, placed in clearings in the rear, fired shells over the combatants. Oh, that all who, forgetful of the past and influenced by selfish calculations, encouraged this fatal slaveholders' rebellion, could have witnessed this fratricidal conflict! Oh, that they could have been condemned, as a punishment, to look upon that frightful battlefield, heaped with thousands of the dead and dying! Oh, that they could have seen the ambulances around the scattered houses!

What miseries! What sufferings! There was something peculiarly horrible about the ambulances. The houses were far too few to

contain even a small part of the wounded, who had to be heaped up around them; but, though they uttered no complaints and bore their fate with stoical courage, their exposure to the mid-day heat of a June sun soon became intolerable, and they were then seen using all their remaining strength to crawl away in search of a little shade. I shall always remember a cluster of rose-bushes, the perfumed flowers of which I was admiring as I conversed with a friend, when he pointed out to me under the foliage one of these poor creatures who had just expired. We look at each other in silence, our hearts oppressed with the saddest emotions. Sad scenes, from which the pen of the writer, like the eye of the spectator, hastens to turn away.

Toward noon the fire gradually decreased, and then ceased, and the enemy retired; but the Federals were in no condition to pursue him. It was not then known what a loss the southerners had had in the person of their leader, General Johnston, who had been seriously wounded. It is to his absence that was chiefly owing to the unconnected character of the attacks made in the morning upon the Federal army. When the fire ceased at noon, the confederates, wearied by the long struggle and having no longer any leader, were, it is said, (for in these immense forests nothing is seen and everything has to be conjectured,) in a state of inextricable confusion. Let it be imagined what would have happened if at that moment the thirty-five thousand fresh troops left on the other side of the Chickahominy could have safely crossed the bridges and appeared on the flank of this disordered crowd.

Such is the history of this singular battle, which, complicated as it was by incidents above the will of man, may yet be taken as a type of American battles. The conflict had been bloody, for the northern army had lost five thousand men, the southern army at least eight thousand; but on both sides the results were negative. The confederates, in very superior numbers, had attacked vigorously, driven back their adversaries about a mile, and taken several cannons; and there they had stopped, satisfied with having earned the right to claim the victory. The Federals had had the defensive battle that they desired, had repulsed the enemy, and had captured a general and many other prisoners; but, stopped by natural obstacles which perhaps were not insurmountable, they had gained nothing by their success. In fact, both sides had failed for want of organization, for want of subordination, and for want of the bond which results from it between the soul of the general and the great body called an army—that powerful bond which enables a general to ask of his soldiers, and to obtain from their blind obedience, those extraordinary efforts which win battles. Yet, though the losses of the enemy exceeded those of the Federals, the check was especially unfortunate for the latter. They had lost an unique opportunity for striking a decisive blow. Such opportunities never return; and besides, in the circumstances in which they were placed, time was against them.

The day after this battle, McClellan retook without a blow the positions of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, so that the two armies were exactly in the same situation as before. For nearly a month they thus remained face to face, in a state of inaction, which, however, was not rest. On the contrary, this month, with its alternations of rain and overpowering heat, with the immense work imposed upon the soldiers, with the ceaseless alarms and partial combats, were tedious and laborious.

The Federal army was unwilling either to commence or provoke another conflict like that of Fair Oaks till the bridges should be finished and communication between the two wings established. Floods of rain hindered the construction of the bridges. Besides, something had been learned from experience, and it was resolved to give to these bridges, together with a monumental solidity, an extent that would embrace not only the current of the river, but also the whole valley. And thus, there would be nothing more to be feared from floods; but such a work required much time and trouble. As long as it remained unfinished, the left wing must remain exposed to attacks from the whole body of the confederate forces. We there hastened to provide against this danger by throwing up intrenchments along the whole line. This was an immense work. As everywhere else, redoubts with embankments had to be raised, and ditches had to be dug, and all under a burning sun. Moreover, trees had to be cut down over the whole space occupied by these works, and for several hundred yards in front of them, in order that we might be able to see a little before us. In some places, the earthwork was raised; only the trees were cut down so as to give the outline of regular fortifications. The denser portion of a forest, left standing and silent, served as a bastion. The artillery and the sharpshooters, placed in the forest, flanked with their fire the narrow borders that represented the curtains. The defenders of these new-fashioned works had no other protection against the enemy's fire than the foliage, behind which it was impossible to take direct aim at them.

All these works were made with admirable energy and intelligence. In this respect, the American soldier is unrivaled. He is patient of fatigue, full of resources, a good digger, an excellent wood-cutter, a good carpenter, and even something of a civil engineer. In several times happened in the course of the campaign that we came upon a flour-mill of a saw-mill, turned by a water wheel or a steam engine. I cannot refrain from mentioning here a desperate incident: Newspaper vendors were selling the latest New York papers on the left bank of the river; and found purchasers.

*In English, "Fork Guards" which probably corresponds to the expression, "Trencher Knights," but not at all catching than fighting.