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General Taylor, from a Drawing by the celebrated French artist,  
Augusta Chatillon, of New Orleans.

THE  
SCOUTING EXPEDITIONS  
OF  
McCULLOCH'S TEXAS RANGERS;

OR, THE

SUMMER AND FALL CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF THE  
UNITED STATES IN MEXICO—1846;

INCLUDING

Skirmishes with the Mexicans,

AND AN ACCURATE DETAIL OF THE

STORMING OF MONTEREY;

ALSO, THE

DARING SCOUTS AT BUENA VISTA;

TOGETHER WITH

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, DESCRIPTIONS OF COUNTRY, AND SKETCHES OF THE LIVES  
OF THE CELEBRATED PARTISAN CHIEFS,

HAYS, McCULLOCH, AND WALKER.

BY

SAMUEL C. REID, JR.

LATE OF THE TEXAS RANGERS AND MEMBER OF THE BAR OF LOUISIANA.

PHILADELPHIA:  
G. B. ZIEBER AND CO.  
1848.

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*Sam'l C. Reid, Jr.*

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TO

MAJOR-GENERAL Z. TAYLOR,

COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES IN MEXICO.

DEAR GENERAL—

Permit a soldier, who has had the honour of serving under your command throughout some of the most stirring scenes of the war with Mexico, to dedicate to you the following pages—being simply the journal of an expedition remarkable for many events worthy of being preserved for the future.

The tribute is offered, not only as a token of the high regard and esteem in which you were held by the men and officers under your command, whose friend and leader you were; and of the high sense universally entertained for your military talents, for which you are so justly distinguished; but also for the kind courtesies received at your hands while in the service of our common country.

With great respect,

I have the honour to be

Your ob't servant,

SAM'L C. REID, JR.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 22, 1847.







## P R E F A C E.

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THE author of the following pages, participating in the enthusiastic feeling that prevailed on the reception of the news from Mexico of the battles of "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma," was induced to join the volunteers called into service, and left New Orleans as adjutant of one of the regiments of Louisiana volunteers.

Soon after his arrival at Brazos St. Jago, becoming dissatisfied with his position, and feeling confident that his regiment would be kept in the rear to garrison the different posts, he resigned his rank, and proceeded to Matamoras, where he joined the company of Texas Rangers, commanded by Capt. Benjamin McCulloch, which was detached from Col. Hays's regiment, and kept for scouting service by General Taylor.

Long habituated to writing a journal, the author kept up his notes while in Mexico, which he has been induced to give to the public, at the solicitation of his friends, and has thought that their presentation would prove most acceptable in their original form. It is, then, but a simple journal of events, that he offers to the public as they occurred, from the embarkation of his regiment, including the storming of Monterey, up to the time of his return to New Orleans, with an account of the celebrated scouts of McCulloch at Buena Vista.

We have endeavoured to give a fair and faithful account of

the incidents herein related, and to do justice to those who participated in them; if, however, some statements may seem to have been given with inaccuracy, it must be recollected that men do not see, think, speak, or act alike, and therefore diversity not only of opinion will exist, but even different constructions will be given; nay, some events may be unknown, while others are overlooked; to those, then, who may seem to have been neglected, we tender this as our apology.

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# McCULLOCH'S TEXAS RANGERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

Departure for the Seat of War—Incidents of the Passage—Arrival at the Brazos St. Jago—Description of the Island, &c., and Point Isabel—Anecdotes—The false Alarm.

ON the morning of the 4th of June, 1846, our regiment, the 6th Louisiana Volunteers, was complete and fully equipped, having been mustered into the service of the United States, and were patiently waiting at the barracks, below the city of New Orleans, for transportation. As is always the case preparatory to the embarkation of either sailors or soldiers, every thing was in the highest state of confusion and excitement. Orders had been issued for the departure of our regiment on the next morning at daylight, and the steamer *James L. Day* was ready at the landing to receive us. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the barracks had been thronged with the friends and relatives of the officers and soldiers, and amid the final adieus and sad farewells, there was many a strict injunction and ardent promise made and given among the parting friends. It was our last night ashore, and every one seemed determined to make the most of it. There were any quantity of malcontents in the guard-house—and many were the ingenious plots, plans, and excuses made up among the men, for the purpose of getting leave to go up town; and in case of failure many of them took *French leave*, by scaling the walls of the barracks. The night was extremely propitious for those who chose this mode of procedure, for a very heavy rain had set in during the early part of the evening, and continued to fall in torrents throughout the night.

At daylight on the 5th, we commenced to embark the troops, and on examining the *morning report*, we found a goodly number marked *absent without leave*; an officer was despatched to town after the delinquents, who succeeded in getting all on board, with a few exceptions. At 11, A. M., we got underweigh, the steamer taking a turn up the river, and rounding most beautifully, with colours flying, and the band playing a lively air; we fired a salute

from a long brass piece, which had been put on board for the protection of the vessel, and the sun coming out in all its wonted splendour as we passed the barracks, we returned the hearty cheer which had saluted us from our friends on shore. Pursuing our course as we swiftly glided over the turbid waters of the Mississippi, which was soon to lead us to the blue waves of Mexico, we saw, as it were, our homes receding far in the distance from us, and to many it was a last and eternal farewell. At 7, P. M., we crossed the bar, and discharged our pilot at the Balize. As the sun sank beneath the blue waves, the men, too, seemed to settle down in a quiet contentment, and if any regretted his patriotic enthusiasm, which had caused him to enlist, it was now too late, for the land we had left was then but as a dim cloud in the distance. It was a most lovely night. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, and the moon never looked more sweet and fascinating with her silvery beams dancing on the rippling waters, caused by the motion of our boat, which was a most delightful one, and sat on the waves as graceful as a swan. At midnight we retired, many of the officers preferring a pallet spread on deck, to a state-room in the cabin.

We had often thought what must have been the glorious splendours of the first breaking in of light upon the world, but never did we fully realize the conception, until the morning of the 6th. The breaking of day at sea is certainly one of nature's grandest spectacles. It was just at gray dawn, when the last lingering stars of heaven were fading from sight, caused by the gradual rising of the sun, though still far below the horizon, that the edge of the blue eastern sky became beautifully tinged with a most delicate roseate hue, gradually spreading and deepening into vermilion; the light fleecy clouds assumed a softer and a richer glow, melting by degrees as the sun approached nearer the surface, into a pale golden tinge, which extended itself along the encircling edge of the sky, now mellowing into a brighter golden light, as the day-god rose in all his gorgeous brilliancy, casting a veil over the soft features of the queen of night, which still rode high in mid-heaven.

At 8, A. M., the death of one of the men was reported, and preparations were made for a burial at sea. The poor fellow was sewed up in his blanket, which served as his winding sheet; and being ballasted at the feet with round shot for the purpose of sinking him, he was placed on a plank which was laid half-way across the rail of the ship, and as his companions stood around, prayers were read, and the body launched into the deep. This cast a gloom over the men, who had become duly sobered, and began to understand their duties and positions. In the afternoon we had

fresh breezes with light squalls of rain. At night the officers amused themselves with reading and playing cards.

Sunday, the 7th, was a delightful day, though very hot, as the thermometer was near 90°. We had a fine bath-house on board, and the sea-bathing, in the shape of shower-baths, was charming. Our captain caught several bonitas and dolphins, which were a great curiosity to those who had never seen these finny tribes of the deep before. As is always the case at sea, or travelling in any way, but more especially on shipboard, after the first excitement wears off a general quiet succeeds—each one seems wrapped in his own thoughts, and, consequently, a degree of monotony prevails.

At daylight on the next day, we made the land, which was very low and flat, and running down the coast until we came to the anchorage ground, off the Brazos, we lay-to for a pilot. The scene which here presented itself was both novel and exciting—innumerable vessels lay outside of the Brazos, whose shallow inlet did not permit them to go over the bar, and were being lightened of their cargoes by small steamers. To the left lay the island of Brazos St. Jago, or “the arms of St. James,” with its little hillocks of sand, which are for ever shifting and changing by the tremendous gales of wind which sweep over the island, while to the right lay a long narrow bar of sand, called St. Padre’s island, which takes its name from the fact that the padre, or priest of Matamoras, once owned a large rancho on this island, some thirty miles from Point Isabel, which contained some 30,000 head of cattle, but which was destroyed by the Texians during their struggle for independence, and the cattle driven off to Corpus Christi. Between these two islands lies a very narrow passage, or inlet, leading into a beautiful bay which washes the high bluffs of Point Isabel. From the anchorage outside, is plainly visible the masts of the smaller craft within.

The passage over the bar and through the inlet is rendered very dangerous from a tremendous surf and ground swell, which rolls in from the sea. A pilot soon came off to us, and in a little while we were in the midst of the breakers and rollers. Another vessel was coming out at the time, and while nearing each other, as each rose and fell with the sea, a collision seemed inevitable; but we passed harmlessly by, and soon were inside of the bay, which was smooth as a lake. We landed on the shore of Brazos Island, and commenced disembarking the troops, and making preparations for our encampment. We pitched our tents about a mile from the landing towards the sea, near the sand-hills, beyond which there lies one of the most beautiful beaches we ever saw. The island is about six miles long. On the south-east part of the



island, there are a few miserable huts, inhabited by a Mexican family, who are supported by a large flock of goats, and trading with the shipping, &c. There were once two tolerably good ponds of fresh water on the island, but they have become stagnant and dry. The only means of obtaining water there, was by digging wells about three feet deep in the sand, but it was brackish and unwholesome; the wells dug nearest the sea-shore, however, proved the best. There was formerly a small village on this island, which was destroyed by a hurricane; and the sea making a complete breach over it, the inhabitants perished with it. There are several legends told, how that, many years ago, the island was the rendezvous of a gang of pirates, who, when pursued, invariably made their escape through this dangerous inlet, and that they frequently enticed vessels ashore, which had drifted from their course, by means of false lights. At the head of the island, or the north-west part of it, there is another arm of the sea, which separates it from the mainland, running around into the bay, called the Boca Chica, or small mouth. It is about fifty yards wide, and is generally fordable, though not deep enough for vessels of even light draught. This inlet, with that of the other at the foot of the island, forms "the arms of St. James," from which the island takes its name.

After the morning parade, on the day following, we went, with several other officers of our regiment who had obtained leave, to visit Point Isabel, which is about three miles distant from the island. For this purpose we chartered a neat sail-boat, and, with a fine breeze, we soon made the Point, the approach to which, however, is very shoal. The bluff here is about fifteen or twenty feet high; and the first thing which strikes one is the commanding position, overlooking the bay and harbour, and the inclined plane, receding towards the interior, giving you a full view of the country. The buildings on the Point are composed of large, board warehouses, for the use of the commissary and quartermaster's department, hospitals for the sick, the post-office, and quarters for the officers. In one of the warehouses, we saw the captured property of the Mexicans, taken at the celebrated battles of the 8th and 9th of May, consisting of pack-saddles, scopets, lances, blankets, and camp utensils. There were no Mexican houses here, having been burnt by the Mexicans when Gen. Taylor first appeared with his forces near this place.

Here we met many old friends. On calling on the brave and lamented Capt. Page, who recognised us at once, he motioned us to hand him a slate on the table, and, after some conversation, he wrote on it that "it was a dear-bought honour, and that he should be content if he ever reached home." Our friends pressing us

to stay with them, we made a "night of it;" and as they had all served in the late battles, many were the incidents and anecdotes with which we were entertained. Lieut. H., of the dragoons, who was the soul of the squad, related the following:—A Texas Ranger, under Walker, who had gone home after the fight, was relating the exploits of his commander, and was describing the battles, &c., to a crowd of friends, when a young lad, who had been an attentive listener, his face brightening up with enthusiasm, at the glowing descriptions of the narrator, slapping his hand upon his thigh, cried out, "D—n me if I don't go to the wars." Attracted by this speech, the Texian turned round to see from whom it had emanated, and discovering the author of it to be a young delicate-looking lad, said to him, with a significant look—"You go to the wars!—hum—you had better stay at home!" "Yes, *me*—why not *me*?" cried the lad, indignantly drawing himself up to his full height. "Why, thar is a heap to do out thar, youngster," said the Texian, "which you mought not be able to do, that's all." "And what have *you* done?" said the boy, making up to the Texian, who stood full six feet in stature. The crowd now gathered around, anxiously leaning forward to catch the reply of the Texian, for the boy's question was thought a poser. "What have *I* done?" said the Texian, repeating the question several times, and laying much stress upon the pronoun *I*, at the same time looking much confused for a reply. "What have *I* done?—Why," said he, "I have done more than *you* will ever do, if *you* go." "And what is *that*?" said the still indignant lad. "Why, *I've got back safe!*" said the Texian, with a loud laugh of triumph, in which the crowd joined.

At this time Point Isabel was the scene of great activity. Supplies were daily being received, and wagon trains were daily departing with an escort of dragoons for Matamoras. What added to the singularity of the bustling scene, was the gangs of *piones*, or Mexican serfs, who were employed in loading teams, and bringing stores, &c., from the landing to the warehouses. Several of these poor devils were pointed out to us as having been engaged in the late battles; and there still could be seen, from their manner, a lurking disposition for revenge. Our flag flaunted on the breeze from the highest eminence, while the cannon which was placed around Fort Polk, commanding the bay and the plain, looked very significant.

On the afternoon of the 11th instant, on returning to camp, it was reported that a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry had been discovered on the main land near the Boca Chica. The report was communicated to Lieut. Doubleday, of the 1st artillery, who was in the command of a small detachment of United States soldiers on the island, and also to the colonel of the Kentucky

Legion, which had lately arrived. Lieut. D. immediately despatched some five or six of his men towards the Boca Chica as a picket-guard, for the purpose of preventing a surprise, and to reconnoitre. In the mean time, all was bustle, excitement, and commotion in camp; cartridges were served out to the men, and orders issued for captains of companies to have their men ready at a moment's warning—the signal of which was to be the beating of the long roll of the drum. The boys were in a glorious humour, and every one rejoiced that the prospect of a fight was so near at hand. The guard was doubled, and a chain of sentinels posted along the hillocks that lined the sea-shore. The Kentucky Legion also posted a strong picket-guard about two miles from camp, and every preparation was made to give the enemy a warm reception. All continued quiet until 9, P. M., when a regular came running into our camp with the news that the bugles of the enemy had been heard sounding the attack, and that they were already approaching. The regular, however, before being permitted to pass into our lines, was first hailed by an Irish sentinel, who was posted on one of the hillocks, and ordered to stand and give the countersign. Upon telling his story, however, to the sentinel, Pat asked him how many the picket-guard consisted of; and being told about fifty—"Blood and murder!" cried Pat, "and why the divil didn't you stay and drive 'em back?" "But," said the regular, "I was ordered to inform your colonel of the fact." "In wid ye, then," cried Pat, "and see that ye's hurry out with the countersign after ye's." On the colonel being informed of the news, the long roll was beat, and the regiment formed in line of battle. The men were kept under arms for three or four hours, but no farther information of the enemy coming in, they were dismissed to their quarters.

The false alarm proceeded from some of our men, who had been out hunting, and having crossed the Boca Chica, they saw a large drove of cattle in the distance, which they took to be Mexican cavalry; and the bugle notes which the regulars heard, proceeded from an instrument played on board of one of the vessels in the harbour, the occasional notes of which had reached the picket-guard. After parade, next morning, the regiment was ordered to discharge their pieces by platoons, the report of which, at a distance, sounded like artillery. In the afternoon, an express arrived from Burita, to ascertain the cause of the firing, as it had produced much alarm there; and the supposition prevailed that it must be the bombardment of Point Isabel! We, in return, were seized with apprehensions, but the mystery was soon cleared up, it being ascertained that we were the cause of the mischief, which resulted in a hearty laugh.



## CHAPTER II.

Camp at Brazos St. Jago—Scenes and Incidents—Capture of a Vessel with contraband Goods—The Trial and Punishment of the Offenders—The Regiment moves to Burita—Arrival at the Rio Grande—Occurrences of the March—Wreck of the Steamer Frontier—Description of Burita.

THE weather was now excessively hot, and the men were suffering very much from the heat and the brackish water; several had already died with the dysentery, the prevailing disease of the climate. The nights, however, were cool and delightful. The only real pleasure which existed on the island was the fine sea-bathing. On the sea-shore, back of the hills, is a most lovely beach, where the waves roll in, frequently six and eight feet high. It was most delightful to swim out a hundred yards or so, and then ride in on the foaming crest of the waves. The men bathed night and day, which was most conducive to their health. The shore is lined with small shells, which are washed up by the sea, many of which we picked up for their beauty. The sea view from the beach by moonlight is charming. There were several vessels of war and merchantmen riding at anchor in the offing; and as they rose and fell with the waves, they seemed like things of life. The billows sparkling with phosphoric light, and beaming with the rays of the moon, formed a starry heaven below; and as they rolled upon the shore, receding with a murmuring sound, made a sweet and plaintive music for the ear. The view of the encampment, from the hills, presented a very fine appearance, as the number of tents had been augmented by the arrival of the Alabama battalion, the long lines of which, with the officers' marquees in the rear, had a very fine effect.

To prevent intemperance, whisky and all spirituous liquors were declared contraband, and not permitted to be sold to the men. Notwithstanding, the soldiers frequently got drunk, and it could not be discovered whence the liquor came. Our energetic lieutenant-colonel, however, determined to ferret it out. So, watching two of the men, one day, he followed them to the foot of the island, where, back of the hills, on the beach, lay a small lugger, which contained two men, and several barrels of liquor, which they had been selling to the soldiers at one dollar a pint! Lieut. Col. Peck, on making this discovery, returned back to camp, and at night proceeded with a detachment of soldiers down to the beach, captured the vessel and contents, and made the two men prisoners, who surrendered without resistance, though their boat was found to be well

armed. The next day a drum-head court-martial was held, and they were condemned and sentenced to be rode on a rail, and then to leave the island in one hour afterwards. The men were either Spaniards or Italians, and two more cut-throat looking dogs we never saw. In default of a rail, however, a plank was procured, and they were bound, and made to straddle the edge of it; a file of soldiers escorted them on either side, while the music in the rear struck up the "rogue's march," and thus, to the evident delight of the men, they were drummed out of camp, and escorted down to their vessel. They bore their punishment with the most sulky indifference. But as an Irishman was heard to exclaim afterwards—"If ye only knew how those thieves of the world was cursing on ye's now, it would make ye say yer prayers."

We had now been on the island some ten days, and the men were becoming very much dissatisfied, and anxious to march to some more agreeable position for health, as well as comfort. The island was truly a most dreary and disagreeable place, and equally as bad as the Great Sahara desert, for whenever it blew a gale of wind at night, we would find ourselves next morning completely covered with sand, which would drift in clouds before the wind, and sweep into our tents.

On the 19th, the long looked-for orders arrived, and we struck tents for Burita. As we had no baggage wagons, the quartermaster furnished transportation for our camp equipage by the steamer *Frontier*, which was to go round by the mouth of the Rio Grande. The troops took up the line of march along the shore until we reached the Boca Chica, four miles from camp, and which we crossed without difficulty. We then continued on, still keeping the shore, until we arrived at the mouth of the Rio Grande, which is five miles from the Boca Chica. The day was intensely hot, and the men frequently had to stop and rest, the burning sand blistering their feet, which made the march extremely fatiguing. Once at the mouth, however, we were repaid for all our sufferings. The fresh, cool water of the Rio Bravo was most grateful in quenching our thirst. Green fields met the eye, which were rendered more pleasing from our long detention on the desert island; and the neat little rancho on the opposite side of the river, furnished us with a supply of fruit, milk, and *tortillas*, or flat corn cakes baked on stone.

The steamer, which was deeply laden with military stores and our baggage, was now seen slowly coming round the coast, though evidently labouring very much, for there was a heavy sea on, it blowing very fresh at the time. On nearing the mouth of the river, she struck on the bar in the midst of the breakers. Two launches were soon despatched to her assistance, and the sick sol-

diers taken off, with the camp women of the regiment. The gale increasing, the sea made a complete breach over her, and it was feared that she would soon become a wreck. The main body of the regiment, however, crossed the river, and moved on towards their place of destination, a detachment having been left with an officer, to secure the baggage, should the boat last till morning. The detachment took up their quarters for the night, on board the steamer "Sea," which was lying in the river, about a hundred yards from the mouth, and which was to convey them to Burita. As night set in, the rain fell in torrents. About 9, P. M., one of the sick volunteers, who had received the attention of our surgeon, expired. The scene which now presented itself in the cabin was one of strange novelty. The corpse had been laid out on one side of the cabin, and many were standing around to look at the features of the dead man, and as their gaze became satisfied, would walk moodily off, filled with the awe of death. A general gloom prevailed among the passengers, and many seemed wrapped in the thought how soon *their* time might come. To add to these melancholy reflections, the rain was pattering down on the hurricane roof; and as the winds howled without, the moans of the surf joined in the lament, as if bewailing the loss of the spirit that had fled. A man soon after entered the cabin, and surveying the scene around, took a seat on the dining-table, and after commencing a conversation with a person who sat near, he gave a yawn, and throwing himself back until he rested on his elbow, said: "You will all d—n soon get used to such scenes, after you've been a little longer in the service. Why," said he, "after the battle of the 9th, we had been hard at work burying the dead, when coming across a fellow that had on a better pair of boots than I had, we exchanged; and, after drinking the contents of his canteen, I made a pillow of the corpse, and never slept sounder in my life." This, with other equally refined and feeling remarks, embellished with coarse oaths, grated harshly on the ear of the sensitive, in presence of the dead.

The storm had now somewhat abated, and the signal lights of the "Frontier" could still plainly be seen, while many thought she was sending up rockets as a sign of distress, the captain and crew being still on board. It was left for morning to tell the tale of her wreck, for at daylight she went to pieces, and every thing that would float was washed ashore with the surf. She had drifted in during the night, and now lay within fifty yards of the beach. The men waded out to her, and succeeded in saving nearly every thing from the wreck, which was placed on board the steamer "Sea." In the mean time, preparations had been made to bury the deceased volunteer. There were no boards to make a coffin,



and so they wrapped his blanket around him, and carrying him on a bier, they marched to a high piece of ground, where his grave had been dug, and after firing a volley over him, a rude cross was placed in the earth to mark the spot. Many were heard to exclaim: "It is a pity he had not fallen on the battle-field." And yet it is hard to say whether the poor fellow would have gained more *glory*. A soldier enlists for the chances of death, though few who do so think of it at the time. And yet just as much honour, gratitude, and respect is due, whether he falls on the *battle-field* or not, so long as he dies in the service of his country.

Having become tired of the monotony of camp life, and dissatisfied with the commander of our regiment, we had previously resigned our position as adjutant, and determined to proceed to Matamoras, and join the scouting company of Captain McCulloch's Texas Rangers, who, we were told, were kept constantly in active service. The steamer "Sea" was to leave for Burita, in the afternoon; but having a fine horse with us, we preferred going up by land; and so, at 10, A. M., on the morning of the 20th, in company with several other officers, we crossed the Rio Grande, and rode along some three or four miles, through a very low country, which the late rains had made both wet and muddy, the road in places being covered with water, until we came to a large lake on the left, with the river on our right. Here the country commenced rising, until the chaparral grew quite thick. At 12, M., we arrived at the little town of Burita, which is the first regular settlement after you leave the mouth. It is situated on a ridge of rising ground, on a bend of the Rio Grande. It is nothing more, in fact, than a miserable rancho, composed of some fifty huts, made of logs, mud, and cane. From its elevated position, you have a fine view of the surrounding country, and its situation is commanding. The place was full of volunteers, and several of the huts contained Mexican families of the poorest class. Every thing was in the greatest confusion, and in consequence of the camp equipage not having arrived, the men had to sleep on the ground, while the officers sought the deserted huts. The place was intrenched, and a breastwork thrown up for its defence. The 5th Louisiana regiment was encamped on the ridge, about two miles from this place, and many of the officers came in to see us. On entering one of the huts, we saw a Mexican woman employed cooking *tortillas*, on a heated flat stone, which she used as a griddle. A couple of naked children were playing in a corner of the hovel, the furniture of which consisted of a rude bench, a couple of stools, a ranchero's saddle and bridle, and a few cooking utensils,—their beds consisting of raw hides and blankets. Here we procured a tolerable cup of coffee and some *tortillas*, of which, from the strong

taste of tallow, a single mouthful proved sufficient. The woman looked much distressed at our rejection of her cookery, for fear, perhaps, that we might demand back a portion of the quarter we had given her; and taking up the cake and biting it, and then dividing it between the two children, to re-assure us, said, "Si, si, señor, este mucho bueno."

The volunteers were delighted with their new position, and the change of scene. That night might have been heard many a song and wild laugh of glee, which told of the revelry which prevailed in camp.

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### CHAPTER III.

Camp of the 5th Louisiana Regiment—Departure for Matamoras—Incidents of the Road—Description of Matamoras, &c.—Capt. McCulloch—Camp of the Regulars—Scenes and Anecdotes—The Camp of the Rangers—The Fourth of July—Incidents—The old French Baker—His Garden—A Wedding—The Fandango.

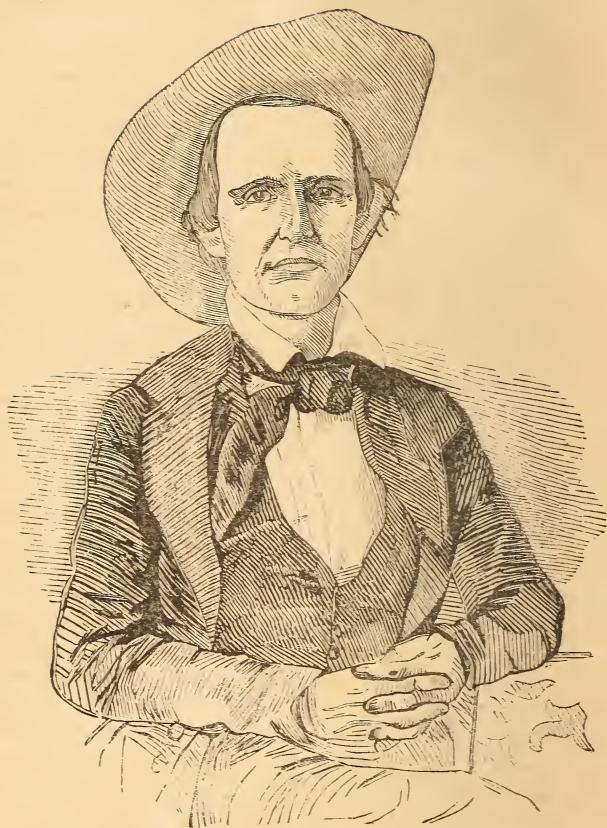
THE next day we visited the camp of the 5th regiment of Louisiana Volunteers, and were kindly received by Col. Peyton and other officers. The situation of the encampment, being high on the ridge, was extremely pleasant; and having plenty of good water, the troops were very healthy. We had intended to proceed on alone to Matamoras, which was eighteen miles distant, but being advised that rancheros infested the road, and that it was not safe, we determined to remain for a party who were going up the next day. Meeting many friends, we spent a delightful evening; it was a fine moonlight night, and the scene around was wild and picturesque.

Our party started after breakfast on the 22d; and after riding about three leagues, we stopped at the house of a Mexican, who had cakes and fruit to sell, and partook of some refreshment. We found the house very neat and clean, and the females well-looking. There was a very pretty child standing by the door, who seemed to take great pleasure in our company; approaching us familiarly, and looking up with his bright eyes, he said, "*Americanos mucho bueno.*" After proceeding a short distance, we fell in with a party of Mexicans, who said they were out hunting cattle. Five leagues distant, we came to another farm house, and on dismounting, we found it only occupied by a woman and her child. The house contained wax images of the Saviour and the saints, with many crosses hung about the walls, which she seemed to take pleasure in showing us. Here we ate

some very fine melons, and, after recompensing the woman, proceeded on our road, which was very muddy and disagreeable. A Mexican shortly after overtook us, who told us he was going to Matamoras. In passing a large cross put up at one side of the road, he replied to our inquiry that it was for a murder which had been committed there. The fellow appeared very shrewd and cunning, and spoke a little English; so we determined to keep a look out for him, but he made some excuse to lag behind, and soon after gave us the slip. We were now about five miles from the town, and passed some very fine houses, with gardens laid off, and improvements indicating more civilization than we had yet seen. They were perfectly deserted, however, the proprietors having left on account of the war. We soon discovered the town in the distance, where we arrived at 3, P. M. The entrance to the town, by narrow, dirty streets, was not very prepossessing; but then, any thing like a town was a great relief to us, and as we gained the main plaza, we became more reconciled. On the south-east side of the plaza stands the cathedral, an old ungainly building, still unfinished, as most of the churches are in Mexico—an excuse, it is said, for the priests to extort money for their completion, which seldom takes place. The houses which line the other sides of the square are generally two stories high and well built. In another square is a small chapel called La Capilla, and which, we were told, was the more “fashionable” church of the two. In all the churches are wax figures, representing “the crucifixion” and the “Virgin Mary.” The furniture of the churches is very poor. The houses of the poorer classes are one-story huts, built of stone and mud, and thatched with cane. The houses which are built of stone and brick have balconies in front, and the windows below are all barred with iron railings, as is the case with the houses in the West Indies and South America. The streets are very narrow, and partly paved. There were but few families of class in town,—and what principally struck us was the shops and stores being occupied by Mexicans, who were still carrying on their trades, as if nothing had happened to interrupt them. In fact they were doing a brisker business than ever. The Mexican barracks and hospital are large and well built; and the latter contained the wounded of the late battles. It was a most sorrowful sight to see the pale and haggard countenances of the wounded Mexicans, as they lay stretched out on the pallets which lined the sides of the rooms. A stalwart looking man was reclining on his elbow, with his head resting on his hand, having a fierce moustache, and who was pointed out to me by the Mexican *medico*, or surgeon, as having belonged to the “Guarda Costa” of the Tampico regiment,







Captain McCulloch, from a Daguerreotype by J. McGuire,  
New Orleans.

which, it may be remembered, fought so bravely, and was almost entirely cut up. The market-house is very poor, and the principal houses which surround it are grog-shops and groceries. There were several public houses opened, with billiard rooms, and a great deal of gambling going on. The population of Matamoras is about 4000.

The next day, in company with some officers of the army, we called on the American consul, Mr. Schatzel, who has been residing here for a great many years. He treated us very hospitably, and said he should always be glad to see us. We then visited the late quarters of Generals Arista and Ampudia, which were nothing more than clever buildings, though finely fitted up inside, and now occupied by the departments of our army. Returning, we met Mr. Kendall, of the Picayune, who introduced us to Capt. Benjamin McCulloch, the celebrated partisan scout. Capt. McCulloch is a man of rather delicate frame, of about five feet ten inches in height, with light hair and complexion. His features are regular and pleasing, though, from long exposure on the frontier, they have a weather-beaten cast. His quick and bright blue eye, with a mouth of thin compressed lips, indicate the cool, calculating, as well as the brave and daring energy of the man. Being told that we were anxious to join his company, after running his eye over us, he asked, "Have you a good horse, sir? for," said he, "I have refused a great many because their horses would not do for our service." Our horse was then inspected, and being pronounced "a good horse," we were immediately made a "Texas Ranger." Capt. McCulloch had just come in from a scout towards Linares, and a detachment of his company had been left at Reynoso, under the command of Lieut. McMullen; and it was expected that we would move up to Reynoso in a few days.

Benjamin McCulloch was born in Rutherford county, state of Tennessee, about the year 1814. His father, Alexander McCulloch, was aid-de-camp to General Coffee, and fought under Gen. Jackson at the battles of Talladega, Tallahassee, and Horse-shoe, during the Creek war. While McCulloch was very young, his father emigrated to Alabama, and Benjamin was sent back to Tennessee to school, where he remained until he was about fourteen years old. Shortly after, however, his father moved back to the western district of Tennessee, and settled in Dyer county. There, Ben was kept hunting until he was near twenty-one. At that time the bears were so bad that hogs could not be raised on their account, and the settlers principally depended upon bear-meat for subsistence. In those days, if a man's gun snapped, he lost his breakfast, for hunting bears in the cane requires much caution.

McCulloch, however, generally killed as many as eighty bears in the course of a season, and never less than twenty during a winter.

When about twenty-one, being fond of a life of adventure, he determined to go on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and left his home for St. Louis, to join a company of trappers; but arriving too late he was disappointed, when he tried to get in with a party of Santa Fé traders; in this he likewise failed, the complement of men having been made up. He then visited the lead mines in Wisconsin territory, and remained during the summer at Dodgeville.

In September, McCulloch returned home, and soon after his arrival, called on Colonel David Crockett, who was making up an expedition to go to Texas, to take part in the revolution that had then broken out in Mexico; the whole south-west at that time was alive with feelings of sympathy for the Texians, and were daily flocking to their standard. McCulloch agreed to accompany Colonel Crockett to Texas. Nacogdoches had been appointed the place of rendezvous from which the expedition was to start, and the Christmas of 1835 was named the day for the meeting—when, as “old Davy” said, *they were to make their Christmas dinner off the hump of a buffalo!* Unfortunately, however, McCulloch did not arrive until early in January, and finding the party was gone, he proceeded on by himself to the river Brazos, where he was taken very ill, and did not recover until after the fall of the Alamo. McCulloch’s disappointment was very great at not being able to join the gallant band of patriots at the time, but which afterwards proved very fortunate for him; for Colonel Travis, after having sustained a siege for thirteen days with only one hundred and eighty Texians against Santa Anna’s army, fell with his brave little band, having previously killed *nine hundred of the enemy!*

After his recovery, he descended the Brazos river in a boat to Gross Plant, where the Texian army had assembled under General Houston, and was induced to join the artillery by their making him captain of a gun. This he gallantly served at the battle of San Jacinto, where Santa Anna was made prisoner, and his army of 1500 killed or captured.

McCulloch settled in Gonzales county, and was afterwards employed on the frontier of Texas, in surveying and locating lands, and serving in the wild border scouts against the Indians and Mexicans, which service he entered before the celebrated Hays. He also distinguished himself in a fight with the Indians, who burnt Linnville, called the battle of Plum Creek. He was likewise at the taking of Mier, but not agreeing with the plans of the



expedition afterwards, he returned home before the fight, and thus escaped from the cruel hardships and imprisonment of that command, which had surrendered to the perfidious Ampudia. He was in almost all the expeditions of the time, and engaged in nearly all of the fights. The following pages give to the reader the continuation of the exploits of this daring partisan.

The regulars were encamped along the banks of the river, which here makes a circling bend, about a quarter of a mile from the town; while opposite, from Fort Brown upwards, was the encampment of the first brigade of the Louisiana Volunteers. The long lines of tents on each side of the river looked most beautiful; it was a new scene to us, as we had never beheld such a large encampment. There are too very good ferries across the river—flat boats—one near Fort Brown, and the other above, opposite Fort Paredes, on the Matamoras side. The evening parades of the companies of the different regiments made a fine display. The bands of the regiments generally played until tattoo, the music of which produced the most delightful sensations, being so near the water. The battle-fields of "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma" were still fresh, and the incidents green in the memory of the officers, and many were the interesting stories which were related to us, as having occurred at the time. On spending a night with the officers of the 5th regiment, Captain C—— told the following story of Captain, now Lieut. Col. Martin Scott: "As you well know," said he, "Scott never was without his favourite dogs; and as we were ordered to charge the battery in command of Gen. de la Véga, which the dragoons had been repulsed at, our adjutant having first volunteered the services of the regiment to do so, we rushed up to sustain them, and drove the enemy back by the point of the bayonet, from retaking the guns—here it was that the brave Lieut. Col. McIntosh received three bayonet wounds—we were already in the rear of the enemy's guns, and sustained the gallant charge which Captain May had been ordered to make." "As we were charging the enemy," said Captain C——, "I discovered the dogs behind me, who, hearing the wild shouts of Capt. Scott, thought that he was after game, when running ahead, they let out in full blast, and were close on to the heels of the Mexicans, when one of them was unfortunately shot by the enemy." It was a delightful evening—the band of the 5th was playing some soul-stirring airs—and among the rest was, "Love not,"—the stars never shone brighter in a heaven so sweetly blue, and save the occasional challenge of the sentinels, all was a quiet of sweet repose.

The 1st of July was a beautiful clear day; we had had very heavy rains for the last week—and to see a bright day once more

was a great relief to us all. In the morning, we rode up to Fort Paredes, which was now garrisoned by our troops, and crossed the river, then taking a winding path along the banks of the opposite shore, through cornfields, we arrived at last at the camp of the "Rangers." Here was a scene worthy of the pencil. Men in groups with long beards and moustaches, dressed in every variety of garment, with one exception, the slouched hat, the unmistakable uniform of a Texas Ranger, and a belt of pistols around their waists, were occupied drying their blankets, cleaning and fixing their guns, and some employed cooking at different fires, while others were grooming their horses. A rougher looking set we never saw. They were without tents, and a miserable shed afforded them the only shelter. Capt. McCulloch introduced us to his officers, and many of his men, who appeared an orderly and well-mannered people. But from their rough exterior it was hard to tell who or what they were. Notwithstanding their ferocious and outlaw look, there were among them doctors and lawyers, and many a college graduate. While standing in the midst of a group, talking to the captain, a young fellow came into camp with a rifle on his shoulder, and a couple of ducks in his hand, and addressing the captain, said, "Ben, if you hav'nt had dinner, you'd better mess with me, for I know none of the rest have fresh grub to-day." After an invitation to stay to dinner, we were informed that the company would move up to Reynoso in a day or two, and were told to prepare to go with it. So, riding back to our quarters, we were filled with the thought of the wild exciting life we were soon about to lead.

On the 4th of July, the day broke with all the glory and splendour worthy of the commemoration of American liberty. A national salute was fired at sunrise, noon, and sunset, from the different batteries, in honour of the day; and as peal after peal of cannon burst upon the air, the reverberation seemed to echo across the plains of Mexico the shout of liberty. The soldiers of the late battles felt as it were a congeniality of feeling with our forefathers, only that they were *freemen*, but fighting to free the slaves and serfs of Mexico from the hands of tyrants and oppressors, as well as to avenge the insult to our national honour. The "stars and stripes" waved on high from the surrounding battlements, and the plazas of Matamoras; and the Mexicans themselves joined in the gladness of freedom's anniversary. This was the first time of such an occurrence in a foreign, as well as an enemy's country. The volunteers gave a sumptuous dinner, in honour of the day. Night closed the day of festivity with a fandango, given by the Mexican ladies, and many an impression was made by the American cavaliers upon the dark-eyed daughters of Mexico.

The next day, our company left for Reynoso, but lying ill at the time, we were prevented from accompanying it. In a few days after, our first-lieutenant, John McMullen, came down with despatches, and in the mean time the river having risen very high, from the recent heavy rains overflowing the banks, the roads were rendered impassable. Steamers now, however, were actively employed in transporting military and commissary stores to Comargo, which had lately been garrisoned by a part of the troops of the second division, and we would thus be enabled to go up by the river. Calling on the commanding general soon after our recovery, to ascertain the chances of transportation, he remarked, after some pleasant conversation, that he was perfectly deluged with letters, and that much of his time was occupied in making replies. "And, sir," said Gen. Taylor, smiling, as he handed us two letters, "to show you the diversity of subjects that I am called upon to respond to, you may look at these." One of the letters was from a boy, fourteen years of age, giving a sort of history of himself and family, and who desired to enlist in the service, and had written to the general to ask his advice on the subject! The other was from an Irish woman, who wanted to know *if her son Mike was killed*, as she had not heard from him since the late battles. We feel sure that such letters would not have received attention *at Washington*, but both of them were answered by the general, carrying out the maxim *that nothing is beneath the attention of a great man*; and we left him, impressed with the great goodness of his heart.

In Matamoras, there lives an old Frenchman, who keeps a bakery. Many years ago, he lived in New Orleans, and on entering into conversation with him, he told us he had married in Matamoras, and now had grandchildren. We saw one of his married daughters, who was well educated, and far superior to any Mexican woman we had yet met. She was rather pretty and quite engaging. They owned a very large garden opposite, filled with fruits and flowers which were most beautiful. The lady took us over, and showed us through the garden, and took evident pleasure in explaining to us the names of them in Spanish. She said, that next to her children she thought of her flower-garden; that she had often heard of our fine gardens in the United States, and had longed to see them. She picked a large white double rose, which she said was called the "Queen of Spain," and presented it to us, remarking, as she looked up at the green oranges, "When our fruit gets ripe you must come to see us, for I hope by that time the war will be over."

On Sunday, the 12th of July, we attended mass with some officers, and returning from the chapel, we fell in with two surgeons



of the Mexican army, who were well educated men, one of them speaking French tolerably well. Having invited them to dine with us, they made themselves very agreeable, and told us that *Ampudia* was fortifying Monterey, and that we would no doubt have a decisive battle there. After dinner, they invited us to a private party, which they said was to take place that evening. Before which, however, we went to witness a marriage between a young Mexican officer, and a very pretty Mexican girl. The parties, it appears, had been engaged for two years, and the young officer, during the late battles, had his leg shot off; notwithstanding, the girl was true and constant, and determined to have him. The bride was dressed in white, with a gold necklace, which hung over her bosom, and a white veil covering half of her head and face. The groom was in full uniform, which looked very imposing. They were married by the priest, after which there was a shaking of hands, and mingling of congratulations. At night we went to the fandango. The girls were dressed very plain, but neat; and some were quite good-looking. The most beautiful feature about them is their pretty feet. Their dresses were all made short-waisted, after the old fashion, without either corsets or stays to shape them. The Mexican gallants were dressed in white jackets, with pants of blue cotton or fine-dressed buckskin, embroidered with silk, open at the sides, and lined with buttons down the legs, underneath which they wore white loose drawers, which made quite a flashy contrast. Around their waists they wore a blue or red sash. Their hats were of a high crowned conical shape, of black glazed silk, around which they wore silver bands. The music consisted of a tambourine and a mandolin. Their quadrilles were much like ours, only that they danced them differently. The waltz was a sort of slow march, balancing at every two or three turns. We all danced with the girls, and had quite a pleasant time; all agreeing that "Dona Catherina" was the belle of the night.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Departure for Reynoso on the Steamer "J. E. Roberts"—The Rio Grande and its Banks—Our Arrival and Departure—The Steamer aground—Lieut. McMullen's Story—Ride to Reynoso—Description of the Town—An Incident—We proceed to Comargo—The river San Juan—Clay Davis's Place—Arrival at Comargo—Description of its Ruins—The Rangers' Camp, &c.—A Sunday at Church—The Mexican Girls—Their Dress and Customs.

WE had long been waiting most anxiously for a boat to take us to Reynoso, in order to join our company, which we were fearful would go out on a scout before we could reach it. An opportunity



at last presented itself. The 1st infantry was already stationed at Reynoso, and the 7th and 8th had been despatched to Comargo by land. This latter point was to be made the grand depot for future operations, and large quantities of military stores were now being sent up. Orders had also been issued to the 5th regiment to move. And on the 13th of July, three companies of the 5th, under command of Capt. Merrill, were embarked on the steamer "J. E. Roberts," and taking our horses on board, we bade adieu to Matamoras, and were soon booming up the Rio Grande.

At night we stopped at Gen. P. F. Smith's camp of the volunteers, which was then some fifteen miles from Matamoras, on the same side of the river. Several of the volunteer officers came on board to see us, and after landing a few stores, we kept on our way again. The Rio Grande is certainly one of the most crooked rivers in all North America. It partakes very much of the character of our own Mississippi, and is in fact very much like it, only not so wide or deep. The river being very high, a quantity of trees and drift-wood were running down with a sweeping current of about six knots per hour. The wood piles on the banks were quite numerous for the short time our boats had been running, as steamers never before ran so high up the river. The corn fields were one sheet of water, and the Mexicans were gathering the ears in canoes! The huts on the banks were made of mud and cane, with no order or neatness about them. The farms generally were very fine, and we passed some most beautiful places for the opening of plantations. We made but little headway at night, on account of the strong current frequently forcing the boat into the banks, in turning the bends of the river, and so violent were the concussions, that we were often alarmed for our safety.

On we sped, however, invading the enemy's country without opposition; and it was the subject of remark, that we were thus permitted to proceed without resistance. For, had the enemy chosen, small parties might have lain in ambush, and injured and harassed our boats very much; certain it is, that no enemy could take such a liberty with us in our country. At 10, A. M., on the morning of the 15th, we arrived at Reynoso, a distance of 170 miles, which is situated on a high, rocky, steep point, and contains about 2,000 souls. Here we stopped to wood, and learning that our company had gone to Comargo, we remained on board. The road to the town was up a long and steep hill, and it was so extremely hot, that we could not be induced to venture its ascent. Having received our complement of wood, we pursued our course. At 2, P. M., when about fifteen miles from Reynoso, our boat got aground, on the right-hand side of the river, at a place called Sabaritas. After many ineffectual efforts to get off, the soldiers were

all put ashore to lighten the boat, but it did not seem to aid her. At 4, P. M., the "Brownsville" hove in sight, coming down, and by her assistance we were hauled off, and went over on the other side of the river, to lie up for the night. The soldiers remained on the opposite shore, under charge of two officers, and had encamped till morning. Within fifty yards of this place, there is an ugly bar making out, with quite a fall in the river, which is here very shoal, and the current very rapid.

The next morning we spent in ineffectual attempts to get over the bar. The weather was intensely hot, and there was but a slight chance of success. In the mean time, the soldiers were brought over in the yawl. We were sitting out on the boiler deck, after dinner, when Capt. C——, who had heard that Lieut. McMullen was at the battle of Mier, and had been made a prisoner, drew out of him the following story. As the battle is a matter of history, we will omit that part of his narrative, although it was most graphically described at the time, and proceed from where the Texians surrendered. "We had fought from house to house," said young McMullen, for he is hardly twenty-five, "making holes through the roofs, so that we could get on their tops, and had completely driven the Mexicans from the plaza, when a flag of truce was sent in from Ampudia, by an officer, to know if we would surrender, with instructions that, *if we would not*, to tell us *that they would capitulate!* But this we did not know till afterwards. It was put to vote, and as our men were badly cut up, it was thought most prudent to do so, on conditions that we should be honourably treated as prisoners of war. On coming out into the streets, however, we saw the terrible havoc that our rifles had made. The tops of their houses were covered with the dead, and the gutters on the roofs streamed with their blood. Had we but held out, the day would have been our own.

"The next day we were ordered to prepare to march to the city of Mexico; when about fifty leagues from which, we arrived at the town of San Miguel Grande. Here we were imprisoned for some time. Previous to being locked up, Col. Ortime, who was more kind to us than any other officer, marched us around and showed us the town and the plaza. We were evidently the greatest curiosity that the inhabitants had ever seen, for they flocked in numbers to see us. Our garments were soiled and tattered, and our condition most wretched. As we passed the doors of the houses, the women pitied us very much, and after we were locked up, the Mexican girls came and threw cakes and other eatables over the walls to us, though it was strictly forbidden at the time. On our arrival at Tacubaya, near the city of Mexico, Madame Tobias, and other French ladies, determined to give us a

dinner, as we were nearly starved to death. The Mexican officers, however, would not permit us to accept of it, when the indignation of every one became so great, that they were forced to open our prison doors; and if ever poor mortals enjoyed a dinner, we certainly did that one. To sit down once more at a table in a civilized way, with a white snowy cloth, and every luxury about you, after the long deprivations we had suffered, was too much for us. Our confusion and awkwardness was extreme, before the ladies, and it was some time before we could well handle our knife and fork. The ladies were delighted, and seemed to enjoy the fun more than we did the feast.

“After we were released from the dingy prisons of Mexico,” continued our narrator, “we were invited to the house of Señor Don Floris, the splendour of which quite dazzled us. The walls were beautifully painted, resembling our papered walls at home; the furniture was very costly, and every thing else was in accordance with it. There were many young ladies present, one of whom played on the piano, and sang a song for us. One of us was then requested to sing, and having been told that I sang a comic song—for there were several of us that spoke Spanish—they immediately pressed me into service, and entreated me to favour them with a song, which I did, but I was stopped at the end of each verse, until it was translated to them. The song caused a great deal of merriment and hearty laughter. A dance was next proposed; but not caring to make a greater display of the seat of my unmentionables than I could help—for all of us were yet nearly destitute of clothing—I resolutely kept my seat at the far end of the sofa. But there was no getting off; no excuse would do, and I was forced to take a stand by a fair girl upon the floor. My bashfulness was extreme, and the mischievous girls discovering the cause, for I was not the only one in the scrape, enjoyed the fun to the utmost. After the dance was over, and we had partaken of some refreshment, what was our surprise to find that our noble host had procured any quantity of clothing for us! I was shown into a room where a bath had been prepared for me, and shortly after, while making my toilet, several of the ladies came in and insisted upon aiding to dress me. They combed my hair with their own hands, arranged my fine linen collar for me, and showed me how to tie the silk sash about my waist. All this time they seemed to take evident delight at my confusion, and their conversation was continually interrupted with roars of laughter. Having completed my toilet for me, they brought me a looking-glass, and I assure you I thought I never looked better in my life. I could only express my gratitude by kissing their hands; and one of my most grateful remembrances, is that of Señor Don Floris and his family.”



It was now about 5, P. M., and the captain of the boat determined to discharge a portion of the freight, so as to enable us to proceed. To give one an idea of the serpentine bends of the river, although we were fifteen miles from Reynoso by water, yet the town was only one mile and a half off by land, and we could plainly see the spire of the church, and the tops of the houses! Lieut. McMullen and ourself determined to ride back to town, and if it was practicable, to go up by land. So we took our horses on shore, and saddled up. The town is quite neat, and is prettily laid off; the houses are principally built of a gray stone, many of which had been injured by the late flood; the church stands out in bold relief on the river side of the plaza, fronting towards it. Here we found the 1st infantry encamped, the officers of which kindly asked us to stay to supper, which we did. After talking over the news, and partaking of some of Mr. Murphey's "whisky toddy," having concluded to remain on the boat, we started to return, Lieut. H., of the 1st, accompanying us.

It was now late, and the night very dark, and after riding about a mile or so, we found that we had taken the wrong road. We then turned back, and discovering a light, we rode up to it, and found two little shepherd boys, miserably clad, lying by a fire, whom we obtained to show us the road to the steamboat. After paying them, seeing that the poor boys trembled with the cold night air, we offered them a drink of liquor, which the eldest seemed to relish very much. One could not help but pity the little fellows; they were used to hardships, however, for a roof seldom or never covered their heads.

Having discharged a large portion of our freight, which was left in charge of Capt. Chapman and his company, we got under weigh at daylight, on the morning of the 17th, and succeeded in getting over the bar, and were once more on our way for Comargo, which is about 130 miles from Reynoso. The afternoon was cloudy, with rain, and as the navigation was difficult, we lay by all night. The next day, at 3, P. M., we entered the mouth of the river San Juan. The scenery here is wild and rugged, the banks being very high and steep, for the river had fallen very much since we left Matamoras. Three miles from the mouth, we stopped at Clay Davis's place, on the east bank of the Rio Grande, called the "City of the Rio Grande," a beautiful situation, and the best point on the river. Whatever the city is to be, time will tell; it now, however, contained only a few huts.

Some two miles above the city of Rio Grande, on the left bank of the San Juan, is situated the town of Comargo, which but a few weeks ago was one of the finest built towns in this section of country, and contained a population of nearly three thousand.



On ascending the bank, we were struck with the desolation and ruin which had spread itself on every side. The late flood, which had been the cause of it, came on rapidly in the night, while the inhabitants were wrapped in their peaceful slumbers, and many had not the least intimation of it, until the waters had actually floated them out of their beds. From a description which we received from a Mexican, who was here at the time, it must have been heart-rending in the extreme. Mothers were seen wading waist-deep, carrying their children in their arms, hurrying to places of safety, filling the air with shrieks of dismay. The men were engaged saving the children, many of whom were clinging to floating materials, and carrying them to the tops of the houses for safety, which had become the only resort among the poorer classes, who lived in huts, and slept on the ground floor—while those who occupied two-story houses were in greater peril, for the walls becoming saturated, gave way and fell in with a crash, frequently drowning a whole family, while others were carried away by the flood, or drowned in their beds. There were many lives lost, and the destruction of property was very great, about two hundred houses having been ruined. The town was once very beautiful, and from the ruined walls we saw, the houses must have been quite pretty. It contains three plazas, in the middle one of which is situated the finest buildings, and where still stands a neat little church.

Here we were welcomed by many friends, and were soon conducted to the camp of the Rangers, which lay at the upper end of the town. Our mess, in company with three others, occupied a long tent open at both ends, formerly used for an hospital, an old concern which had served to keep out the sun and rain; while the rest occupied the vacant and ruined huts around. Many of the men had just come in from grazing their horses, and were now occupied in grooming them; others were cooking over fires, and preparing supper. At sundown we were invited by our mess to take a cup of coffee, out of a tin pot, and was reminded by them, after our hearty meal, that *our cook-day* would come on Monday. Rations of corn and oats were then served out for our horses—the guard was paraded, and the sentinels posted. It was a fine evening, and the Rangers sat round in groups listening to the songs and stories of their comrades. There is no place like camp for studying character. Men are there seen in their true light, and from the intimate association, every trait which is noble and good, or otherwise, is sure to manifest itself. There can be no deceit or affectation practised there to advantage. And whatever may be the rank or station of men in life, in camp all find their level. The aristocracy of wealth which governs in large cities among

civilians of the present day, is not respected or courted in the camp of a soldier. There, bravery and intelligence outrank it. At 9 o'clock the men retired, our beds consisting merely of a blanket spread on the ground, with a sack of corn or oats for a pillow, or *heading* as the "boys" called it, and save those who were on guard, all was soon hushed in sleep.

On Sunday, the 19th, at daylight, a party of us went out about a mile and a half to graze our horses. The morning was beautiful, and as is always the case when we meet with new scenery, it elevated the soul, and one became more impressed with the grandeur of God's works. The country around looked bright and cheerful, the birds were singing their morning carols, and the green fields and forests of chaparral were pleasing to the eye. We carried our arms with us, and on arriving at the pasturage, we slipped our horses' bridles around their necks, and merely unbuckled the girths without taking off the saddle, so that in case of surprise, we would be ready for a fight or flight. We then untied our *cabaristas* or Mexican halters, which are about some twenty or thirty feet long, and holding the end in our hands, lay down and let our horses graze at will. The grass here was only tolerable, owing to the late overflow. On returning, we met several small parties of Mexicans on horseback, some of whom were carrying women *before* them, instead of behind them, as is the custom in our country. On reaching camp we rode down to the river, and watered our horses. The banks were lined with women who carried earthen jars upon their heads, and were busy filling them with water—while others were occupied washing clothes, and another group of girls were bathing in the river. They did not mind our presence at all, and swam with great ease and activity. After feeding and grooming our horses we went to breakfast. To have seen the different messes sitting round their meal, one would have thought, from the savage-looking mien of the men, with their long matted hair and beards, and their singular costumes, that we were a band of brigands. Our life was a rough one, and although sometimes disagreeable, yet from its novelty and wild excitement it had many charms—for notwithstanding the hardships we suffered, there was much in it that partook of the romance of the olden days of chivalry.

After breakfast, having determined to go to church, we completed our toilet by greasing our boots, which came up over the caps of our knees, instead of blacking them. The chiming of the bells reminded us *mightily* of our old cathedral at New Orleans; and as it was so natural after taking one's *café noir* at the French market on Sunday morning, to drop into the cathedral to see our pretty Creole girls, and listen to the fine music of the

choir, we thought we would see if we could fancy ourself back there by taking a look into the Comargo cathedral. So we strolled up to the main plaza, and entered the church, but we were doomed to be disappointed. Picture to yourself a good-looking building *outside*, built of a brown lime-stone, with a very neat and pretty white steeple and spire which reminded one of a church in New England. The church is about sixty feet long, with two wings at the rear, leading to which is a very narrow aisle about twelve feet wide, where stands the altar, which was decorated with wax figures and crosses. On one side was a figure of the Holy Virgin, and on the other a figure representing the Saviour on the cross. The tinsel gilt ornaments that surrounded them had the appearance of a worn-out player's wardrobe. The *Señoritas* were all kneeling on the left-hand side of the aisle, while the *greasers*, or Mexican citizens stood up on the right, there being no seats or pews. Over the front door of the church was placed a small gallery, containing the choir, which was composed of one bass, and one tenor singer, one clarion, and a mandolin. There were no female singers. And such exquisite screeching, and strange jumbling of sounds as was produced by their combined efforts, we thought was most admirably adapted for the *sheet iron band*, or for one of our southern negro congo dances. We could not be made to believe that it was *sacred music!* and so far from being piously impressed, it was as much as we could do to keep from laughing outright. The priest did not pretend to preach a sermon; but after prayers were said he went through a ceremony that we never before witnessed. His robes were of the most fantastical colours, rudely embroidered and trimmed with gold. At a given signal, four little boys approached, each holding a pole, which supported the four corners of a red canopy trimmed with gold edging, which the priest got under, when they marched down the aisle; the choir at the same time struck up a regular jig, for we can compare it to nothing else, and as they reached the door, there was not room for them to turn round, so they marched out into the street, and re-entered marching back to the altar. The music then ceased, when the priest took off his robes, and without pronouncing a Benedicite, his flock were dismissed. The Mexican girls here are nearly the same in feature as our Choctaw Indians. Now and then you see one rather pretty. They generally dress in calicoes, some few in silks: their dresses are all very *short waisted*, which make them look somewhat like Dutch girls. They wear over their heads a light scarf, which hangs down at the sides, and which they frequently make use of as a veil, called *ribosa*. They wear no bonnets, nor know what they are, the fashion not yet having been introduced among them



Their principal employment is in weaving blankets, which they do very ingeniously, assorting the colours with great taste. They card the wool and spin from the distaff, as our mothers did in ancient times. Some of the blankets of their manufacture, are extremely beautiful, and cost as high as a hundred dollars. Having no books to read, and being totally illiterate, with few exceptions, they spend their afternoons in hunting among each others' tresses of long black hair; they have no combs, and use a kind of straw brush, with which they part the hair, in order to find the objects of their industrious search. They bathe every morning and evening in crowds in the river, and indeed are more lacking in modesty than in virtue.

The women generally washed for us—charging one dollar per dozen without ironing, and two dollars if ironed. I was surprised, however, to see with what neatness they did up the clothes. Señora Juan Sanches, having two good-looking daughters, received the principal custom. The houses were generally miserably furnished. Some, however, were quite neat. They have very pretty worked cushions, which, on entering a house, they always place in a chair for you to sit on. They generally treated us kindly, but were very suspicious and distrustful; and whenever there were Mexican men about, they would refuse to converse with us. The women keep the money and the treasure of their husbands, which is generally hid in the ground; and there are many stories about large sums having been found in digging about old ranchos.



## CHAPTER V.

News of the War reaches Texas—Formation of Capt. McCulloch's Company of Rangers—March to Corpus Christi—The Ford of the Laguna del Madre—Padre's Island—Uncle Tilley—The Carankawa Indians—Arrival at Point Isabel—March to Matamoras—Scout towards Linares—Incidents—Capture of the Mexican Mail—Arrival at Reynoso.

COMARGO about this time presented a scene of as busy an aspect as any commercial city. Steamers were daily arriving with subsistence, stores, and munitions of war. There might have been frequently seen four or five steamers at a time at the landing, besides the ferry boats which were constantly crossing and recrossing the river. The banks were crowded with barrels and boxes, and teams rattled along at as dangerous a rate as in one of our great cities. The whole of the Second Division of the army, under Gen. Worth, had arrived, and every thing told that great preparations were making for stirring events, the character of



which was not to be mistaken. The period had arrived when the services of our company were most needed; there was much in store for us, and we longed for the exciting moments which should call our energies into action. That time had come. But before we proceed to relate the incidents of our adventurous scouts, it will be necessary, for the sake of unity, that our narrative should revert to the period when our company was first called into the field; and we must request the reader to accompany us back to the scenes and incidents which occurred from the time of its organization up to the moment of our admission into its ranks. The following sketches of that period have been kindly furnished us by the talented author of the following song, who also served with us in the ranks:

THE RANGER'S SONG.—Air: "I'M AFLOAT."

By James T. Lytle.

I.

Mount! mount! and away o'er the green prairie wide—  
The sword is our sceptre, the fleet steed our pride;  
Up! up! with our flag—let its bright star gleam out—  
Mount! mount! and away on the wild border-scout!

II.

We care not for danger, we heed not the foe—  
Where our brave steeds can bear us, right onward we go,  
And never, as cowards, can we fly from the fight,  
While our belts bear a blade, our *star* sheds its light.

III.

Then mount and away! give the fleet steed the rein—  
The Ranger's at home on the prairies again;  
Spur! spur in the chase, dash on to the fight,  
Cry Vengeance for Texas! and God speed the right.

IV.

The might of the foe gathers thick on our way—  
They hear our wild shout as we rush to the fray;  
What to us is the fear of the death-stricken plain—  
We have "braved it before, and will brave it again."

V.

The death-dealing bullets around us may fall—  
They may strike, they may kill, but they cannot appal;  
Through the red field of carnage right onward we'll wade,  
While our guns carry ball, and our hands wield the blade.

VI.

Hurrah, my brave boys! ye may fare as ye please,  
No Mexican banner now floats in the breeze!  
'Tis the flag of Columbia that waves o'er each height,  
While on its proud folds *our star* sheds its light.

VII.

Then mount and away! give the fleet steed the rein—  
The Ranger's at home on the prairies again;  
Spur! spur in the chase, dash on to the fight,  
Cry Vengeance for Texas! and God speed the right.

As soon as the intelligence of the critical situation of the American army on the Rio Grande reached Texas, and Gen. Taylor's call for volunteers was heard throughout the boundaries of the new state, the spirit of patriotism and martial glory which had burned so brightly and so long during the darkest periods of the "Star Republic's" history, burst forth anew to gleam as brightly as in the days of its infant liberty.

On the western frontier—that portion of the state nearest the seat of war—preparations for the campaign were most active and most earnest. No mock show of the pomp and pageantry of war was seen—no tap of spirit-stirring drum, or note of piercing fife—no trumpet-call, or bugle sound, was heard on the border side. But there was wiping of rifles and moulding of bullets—cleaning of pistols and grinding of knives—packing of wallets and saddling of steeds; in short, every step of preparation made, amid the encouraging smiles of mothers, wives, and sisters, who cheerfully came forth to lend their aid, making wallets, and moulding leaden messengers of death, giving evidence that the frontier men knew full well the importance of the duty which they had to perform; and every movement which they made was an earnest that *that duty* would be gallantly done.

In thirty-six hours after the express arrived, Capt. Ben McCulloch had raised a choice company on the banks of the Guadalupe, and set out for the seat of hostilities. This company was perhaps the best mounted, armed, equipped, and appointed corps that was out in the ranging service; and from the time of its arrival at head-quarters until after its disbandment at Monterey, enjoyed more of the trust and confidence of the commanding general than any other volunteer company of the invading army. To this company we had the honour to belong; and in venturing to give a detail of some of the expeditions in which it was engaged, we shall make the account most faithful and true.

On the 13th of May we arrived at San Patricio, and received the news, much to our chagrin and disappointment, of the engagements of the 8th and 9th. We had hoped to have reached the army before a battle would be fought, but the distance we had to ride, although making forced marches, rendered it impossible for us to have done so. But although we were not able to participate in and share the glories of the 8th and 9th, we joyed to learn that Walker and his men had won imperishable renown. With the hope of still being in time to join in the pursuit of the defeated army, we hurried on to Corpus Christi, and the next day took up the line of march down Padre's Island to Point Isabel. Our way, after leaving Corpus Christi, lay along the sea-shore of the main land, until we came to the ford, which we were compelled to cross

before we reached the island. The crossing-place is about twenty miles distant from Corpus Christi, and is certainly the last place in the world a stranger would have supposed to be a ford.

The Laguna del Madre, an arm of the sea which separates the island from the main, is here about five miles wide, and it really looks like going to sea on horseback when you wade off from the land, and direct your course for the dimly seen shores of the island. The waves beat up against our horses' sides, and it was only with much difficulty that we could preserve our fire-arms from contact with the salt water. The water was so deep that it reached almost to our saddle-bows, and several of our horses narrowly escaped being bogged in the quicksands, which lie in dangerous proximity to the course of the ford. We waded across, however, without any serious mishap, and encamped near night-fall on the extreme northern point of the island. The next morning, by the dawn of day, we were on the march along the sea-beaten coast. The island is uninhabited save by one old man, who follows the business of a wrecker, and lives not far from Point Isabel, in a wild-looking place, which he calls, after himself, "Tilley's Camp." To describe one day's travel on this island will be sufficient. Starting early in the morning, and riding until mid-day, we would stop to *noon it, i. e.* to cook our provisions and graze our horses; resting an hour or two, we would then continue our way along the interminable beach until we pitched our camp at night. This monotonous course was pursued from day to day, and never were a set of men or horses more heartily tired of any one portion of this earth's surface, than we and our steeds were of Padre's Island. The island is one hundred and twenty-five miles long, and averages only a mile in width, containing no sign of vegetation, save a species of sour wiry grass, which our horses would only eat when compelled by hunger. There is not a single tree throughout its whole extent. On all sides is to be seen sand hillocks and sand wastes; and, taken altogether, it is one of the most gloomy and desolate looking places which it has ever been our bad fortune to visit. It seemed to us to be a long slice from the western coast of the desert of Sahara, detached by some convulsion of nature, and floated over and anchored on the eastern shore of Mexico. How any human being could ever voluntarily choose it as a place of residence, we cannot conceive. Yet old "Uncle Tilley" lives there, and employs himself in gathering the wrecks of cargoes with which the beach is strewn, seeming perfectly happy in his loneliness, the undisputed lord of this desert isle.

It is said, though since the commencement of the Mexican war, that a small tribe of Indians—the *Carankawas*—who once resided



on the shores of Matagorda bay, have removed to this island, and perhaps will yet dispute the "right of occupancy" with "Uncle Tilley." The history of this tribe is a most singular one. Driven along the shores of Texas by the tide of white emigration, they have found in every other Indian tribe implacable foes. Pressed on by the whites, pursued and hunted down by the Mexicans, defeated and cut to pieces by the Comanches, Lipans, and other prairie Indians, wherever they were caught upon the plains; they gained a scanty subsistence by gathering oysters along the seashore, and fishing in the bays. They finally pitched upon Matagorda bay, as a place of residence, but were again driven out by the Texians, who rapidly settled along the shores. To be persecuted and oppressed, to be down-trodden and insulted, seemed to be the unhappy fate of this miserable race; until, driven to desperation by their sufferings, they resolved to put an end to their name and race for ever. Murdering their women and children, the warriors sought for some uninhabited island, where they could wait patiently for that death which was for ever to destroy all traces of their tribe. It is now said, they have chosen Padre's Island as a suitable spot to linger out the remnant of their miserable lives, and make their lonely graves.

About 12 o'clock on the morning of the 19th of May, we came in sight of the shipping lying at Point Isabel; and never was the sight of masts and yards more welcome to a land-sick mariner, than were these signs of life and civilization to eyes which had for nearly a week gazed upon nothing but one dreary waste of sand and sea. We found on the point of the island several tents which were occupied by boatmen, who ferried passengers over to Point Isabel, and by one of these ferrymen, we informed the officers at the fort of our arrival, and signified our desire to cross immediately.

Taking advantage of the departure of the boat, several of us left our horses in the care of our messmates, and embarked at once for the Point. The little craft, favoured by a fair wind, sped merrily over the smooth waters of the bay, and soon landed us at the long wished-for place of destination. Fort Polk, Frontone, or Point Isabel, has already been described. We found every thing in a state of excitement, and everybody apparently busy. Everywhere bustle and business prevailed, but the movements of every one were controlled by strict order and discipline. Every thing was pleasant to look upon. But more pleasant to our eyes than gay uniforms or glittering arms, snow-white tents, or banners fluttering in the breeze, was the sight of some old familiar faces, which we had not gazed upon for years, but which were the first to welcome us with smiles to the soil of Mexico, and greet us warmly in a



strange land, with the long unheard, but unforgettten accents of home. We found ourself, through the kindness of a relative, who was at that time attached to the sutler's department, comfortably quartered within doors, and although fearing to expose our health by sleeping under a roof, and shut up in a close house, yet we managed to do justice to the good things which graced his table, with an energy which would have tasked most landlords' hospitality to the utmost.

The sea breeze, hard riding, and short rations, are wonderful aids to the appetite, and we had enjoyed all these so long that we possessed one so keen and importunate, that it would not have disgraced a Comanche gourmand. Salt air and brackish water make a decided impression, also, upon the organs of thirst; and if you add to this the temperature of the weather at about 90°, it is not wonderful that we abandoned the vulgar drinks of bad brandy and execrable whisky, adulterated with salt water, and took to iced sherry cobbler with remarkable avidity. But good things, like the pleasant times of this world, have only a short duration, and our enjoyments at Point Isabel lasted only a few short days.

On the afternoon of the 22d, we were ordered to move to Matamoras, and taking up our march, encamped the same night at the first battle-ground—the much talked-of field of Palo Alto. We threw out our line of sentinels, and spread our blankets under some of the *bushes*, expecting to obtain rest and sleep; but whether it was the woful reflections conjured up by our thoughts running upon the terrible scenes of bloodshed and slaughter, so lately enacted here, or that the musquitoes and gallinippers, rendered pugnacious by association, continued their bloody attacks and incessant charges upon us, biting us intolerably from dark until day, that prevented us from closing our eyes in sleep that night, we do not know. It might have been our reflections on the battle-ground, but we rather think from the way the *old campaigners* grumbled, that it was the musquitoes.

General Worth and staff passed our camp at midnight on their way to Matamoras. The next day, as early as possible, we were in our saddles, and marching to the same point. At about 12 o'clock, we arrived at Resaca de la Palma, which still bore the fresh signs of recent and terrible conflict. Strewn about on every side were the hats, cartridge-boxes, belts, broken bayonets, and torn and bloody garments of the Mexican soldiery; while the free fresh air of heaven was tainted by the horrible effluvia arising from the dead bodies of horses, mules, and oxen which lay on every side. To avoid inhaling the "horrid incense" of the battle-field, we rode on, leaving the wolves and carrion birds to gorge

and batten undisturbed upon the dainty feast prepared for their revolting appetites by man. Terrible and sad as are the scenes of savage or civilized warfare; awful as are its sights and sounds, it hath no sadder or more soul-chilling sight, than the lonely, deserted battle-field; no more disgusting, heart-freezing sounds, than the snarl and growl of the wild wolf, as he tears his helpless prey, or the flapping wings and discordant cry of the carrion bird, as he stoops to his hateful feast.

Matamoras! Matamoras! was shouted along the line as we came in sight of the town we had so ardently desired to see. And far in the distance, with its white walls and turrets gleaming in the sunlight, with the American flag floating proudly over it, we beheld the first Mexican town captured by American arms. Mexican towns are all magnificent at a distance; but you must not approach too closely, unless you wish to find, in many of them, all your beautiful dreams of Moorish palaces and Oriental gardens, orange groves, and shady avenues immediately fade away, and in their place, cherish recollections of rude mud-built houses, plastered and whitewashed; windows without glass, hot dusty streets, and a dirty, lazy, and most unpoetical-looking set of inhabitants.

As we approached the river bank, drums were beating and fifes blowing, and on all sides were noise and excitement; flags fluttering, arms gleaming, teamsters cursing at their unruly animals; soldiers drilling, dogs barking, and Mexican hucksters bawling their goods at their voices' tops. Pursuing our way through the various groups which lined the road side, we rode by several companies, who presented arms as we passed, and returning their salute, we proceeded to our quarters, which were almost directly under the walls of Fort Brown. Here we found Walker's and Price's companies of Rangers encamped, and here we *constructed* our tents for the present,—constructed, we say, because the government never furnished us, during our whole term of service, with a patch of canvass large enough to keep out a drop of rain, or shield us from a ray of the scorching sun. Whether it was because they thought the Texian troops were accustomed to, and could endure more hardships than any other troops in the field, we do not know. One thing is certain, they gave us as ample an opportunity to evince our greatest powers of endurance and fortitude as the disciples of Diogenes could have desired, had they been placed in our room and stead. We were left to shift for ourselves, wholly unprovided with tents, camp equipage, or cooking utensils. Had we been allowed to appropriate to our own use the unoccupied houses of the enemy, we would have asked no favours from friend or foe; but while the strictest injunctions were laid upon us, in regard to the property of the Mexicans, we were charitably left

to brave unsheltered as much of the sun and rain as heaven pleased to send upon us. The consequence was, that wherever we were encamped for any length of time, we were obliged to construct rude shelters out of poles, cane, rushes, or any other material which the vicinity afforded. And the Rangers' camp frequently looked more like a collection of huts in a Hottentot hamlet, or a group of rude wigwams in an Indian village, than the regular cantonment of volunteers in the service of the United States.

We remained in camp at Matamoras, until the 12th of June, when we received orders to follow the trail of Arista's army as far as practicable—pierce the country in the direction of Linares, to ascertain the condition of the road, the quantity of water, &c.—in short, to discover if the route could possibly be used for the line of march for a large division, with its artillery and wagons, intended to penetrate the enemy's country in this direction. Much rejoiced at this prospect of active service, we saddled up with light hearts and willing hands; and in a few hours after the order was received, we were ready for the journey.

On the morning of the 12th, we were busily engaged in transporting ourselves and horses across the Rio Grande to the Matamoras side. The ferry boats used for this purpose were the same formerly employed by the Mexicans at this point,—and poorer apologies for ferry boats than these were, can scarcely be imagined. You might cross half the rivers in the world, and never look upon their like again—clumsy, leaky barges, that threatened every moment to go to the bottom, and promised to deposit their cargoes anywhere but on the opposite bank. At 12 o'clock, had crossed the whole command, and we moved through the town of Matamoras, to commence our scout. To throw upon the wrong scent any Mexican spies who might be watching our movements, Capt. McCulloch took the direct road to Reynoso, as if he intended to join Col. Wilson's command, which was stationed at that post. Accordingly, we encamped that night, at the Rancho de Guadeloupe, and feasted on roasting-ears, water-melons, musk-melons, and every vegetable luxury that the rancho afforded. The most of us had a little pocket-change, and we drove a lively trade with the Mexicans, for all the eatables they could bring to our camp. Our orders were most strict as regarded our intercourse with the Mexicans, and we were enjoined to take nothing without giving an adequate compensation. Our government was wise enough to suppose that they could conquer the Mexicans by kindness, and force them to a speedy cessation of hostilities, by affording them a ready market for every thing they could raise, and paying enormous prices for every thing we obtained at their hands. The policy of the government was to conciliate the peo-



ple. How absurd that policy has been, the experience of the campaign has since exhibited. To us, however, the policy of the government was nothing. Our second-lieutenant, James Allen, acting-commissary, had his saddle-bags well filled with specie, to purchase all the forage and provisions we needed on the road. Our orders were most strict, and most strictly did we obey them; and, as far as our own knowledge extends, we do not know of an instance where a single article was procured without they were remunerated by more than twice its value. The next morning, after leaving the rancho, we followed the Reynoso road until we were out of sight of the rancheros; then altering our course to the south, struck across to the Linares road. This was the route followed by Arista's army in its flight, and he seemed to have chosen it because it was the one least likely to be followed by the Americans in pursuit. It leads over a rough barren country, which is nearly destitute of water, and is almost impracticable for an army, which is compelled to move like ours, accompanied by large trains of heavy baggage wagons. During the day, the horse of one of our party became so lame that it was found impossible for him to proceed further, and the man was consequently compelled to return to Matamoras. The incidents of the day were rather of a *cooling* than an exciting nature, for we were visited by frequent showers of rain, which soaked us to the skin. But although it thoroughly wetted our bodies, it could not dampen our spirits, and we rode on our way as merrily, with song, and laugh, and jest, as if, instead of riding on a perilous scout, we had been gayly trooping to a wedding or a fair. Just before daylight, on the third morning after our departure, our sentinels challenged a party of Mexicans who were travelling to Matamoras. Our camp was immediately upon the road-side, and of course no one could travel it without our knowledge and consent. Capt. McCulloch and several of the men were saddling the horses previous to an early start, and when the sentinel hailed, McCulloch rode out to see the party. "Quien vive?" challenged the leader of the ranchero party. "Amigos," replied McCulloch, riding up. "Nuestros amigos—los malditos Americanos," cried the ranchero, presenting his escopette at McCulloch's breast. "Saddle up, men, and follow me!" shouted he, as he charged at once into the astonished group of Mexicans. They fled in consternation at finding a large party, where they expected to see only a few men, and bolted at top speed for the chaparral, which was only a few hundred yards distant from the road. Right happy was it for them that they possessed so much the advantage of the start, and a knowledge of the ground over which they ran, for there was hot blood at their heels, and half a dozen reckless fellows, mounted on the fleetest horses in the company, followed



our captain, in the mad pursuit. The ground was so uneven, and full of holes, that several of our horses fell in the chase; and this, together with the want of sufficient light, enabled them to effect their escape. But so hotly were they pressed, that several of them abandoned their horses, guns, pistols, spurs, and in fact every thing that could be dropped, and took to the chaparral on foot, where they were safe, as we could not follow them into it on horseback. The pursuing party returned to camp with the booty, after finding that further pursuit was useless; and much was our disappointment, afterwards, on learning that one of the fugitives was the murderer of Col. Cross,—the notorious ranchero chief and robber, Blas Falcon. One of the young men who was foremost in the chase, was so severely injured by falling upon his knife, when his horse fell under him, as to render it impossible for him to proceed further; and as we had already passed several ranchos, it was deemed prudent to send several men with him, as an escort to Matamoras.

This reduced our party to thirty-five, all told, for we had only selected forty of the best mounted men in the company for this expedition. "It would be difficult," says Mr. Kendall, who was one of our party, "to picture the astonishment and alarm at the different ranchos, as the Rangers entered them; or the consternation of those upon whom we came suddenly upon the road. By forced night marches, our commander frequently got upon the other side of some of the settlements, and rode into them, as if direct from Monterey or Linares, and going towards Matamoras. By doubling and twisting about, they were thrown completely off the scent, and were willing to answer any questions with a readiness which showed that they thought life or death depended upon their alacrity."

At El Ebonilla, we procured a supply of corn, sufficient to last our horses for two days. We here also received the unwelcome intelligence, that there were no more ranchos on the road at which this important article could be obtained. We pushed on as far as we could make the supply last, and on the road met many parties of Mexicans, whose evident alarm and surprise convinced us that we were unlooked-for travellers in this part of the country. We passed several of the camps where Arista had rested his army, during its rapid retreat to Linares. The camping place was always marked by the rags, and old worn-out shoes and sandals that the soldiers had left behind; and occasionally the ground was strewn with stray cards from a *montepack*, showing that even in their hasty flight they had found time to indulge in that passion, which is most deeply seated in a Mexican's nature—the love of gambling.

Our camp, on the night of the 20th of June, was in a pleasant musquit-grove, while the ground around it afforded ample pasturage for our horses. We had learned the day before, from some Mexican shepherds, that there was no water to be found on the road, from this point to Linares, a distance of about sixty miles. Capt. McCulloch thought it advisable to ascertain this fact, before he proceeded farther, and accordingly despatched Lieut. McMullen with ten men, to a water-hole about ten miles ahead, that was marked as unfailing, to discover if our informants or our map of the country were wrong. Lieut. McMullen pushed on to the water-hole, and found it dry, and then riding within thirty miles of Linares, returned with the unwelcome intelligence to camp. This was the first instance in which we had discovered a mistake in our chart, it being for the most part admirably correct. The map was furnished to Capt. McCulloch by Gen. Taylor, being an accurate copy of the one found in Gen. Arista's military chest, captured at the battle of Resaca de la Palma. It was a most minute and accurate picture of the face of the country, between the Rio Grande and the "Sierra del Madre," and every rancho and village, every road or mountain path, every water-pond and insignificant streamlet were marked down with a truthfulness and precision, which we found but rarely at fault, and which, considering the vast extent of country it represented, was really astonishing. The map was common property in camp, and we all studied it so well that we soon had a thorough knowledge of the face and bearing of the whole country, stretching from the mountain ridges to the waters of the Rio Grande. This knowledge was of much importance to all of us; as frequently during our scouts a separation of the command was unavoidable, and often a single man would have to depend upon his own knowledge and skill, to pilot himself through many miles of a wilderness into camp.

Finding it impossible to proceed much farther in this direction, and having ascertained that this route was impracticable as a line of march for a large division of our army, on account of the scarcity of water, our captain determined to leave the Linares road, and strike across to the main road, leading from Matamoras to Monterey. The result of the reconnoissance on the Linares road was as follows:—First, that this route from Matamoras to Monterey was not as practicable a one for the advance of our troops, when they sought to penetrate to the mountains, as the route via Comargo and Serralvo. Secondly, that Arista had removed the greater portion of his forces from Linares to Monterey, leaving a garrison in the former place of 1000 infantry, and a few squadrons of cavalry; and, lastly, that Gen. Canales was at that time en-

gaged in recruiting rancheros, not far from us on the Monterey road. To strike the "chaparral fox" in his own hills—slaughter his band, and take "reynard" himself captive, was a thing above all others McCulloch most desired to do. So, having accomplished his commands, in regard to the information above mentioned, he determined to strike suddenly across to the Monterey road, and endeavour to obtain a fight, or a foot-race, out of the rancho general.

On the morning of the 21st, then, our course was changed, and we rode off at a right angle from our former route. A Mexican shepherd whom we forced to accompany us as a guide, warned us, that in the direction we were going we would find no water, and advised us to follow another course, which he said would lead to the same point, and that though the way was longer, still it was plentifully supplied with water-holes. The road he pointed out did not lead in exactly the direction we thought we ought to travel, and not having implicit confidence in the honesty of his intentions, he was ordered peremptorily to lead us on the first-named course. On we *vamosed* over high rocky hills and immense level plains, through thicket and brake, over dingle and dell; sometimes passing along hill sides thickly covered with *wesatchee* bushes, (the acacia,) which were all in full bloom, and the modest little yellow flowers gave to the morning air a fragrance which was delightful to inhale. Sometimes we followed the trail of innumerable droves of wild horses that roamed in freedom over this immense range of waste country. Sometimes we travelled for miles, without a single sign to guide us over the untrodden hills, but the position of the sun in the heavens, and a knowledge of the course we wished to pursue.

The 21st of June, we shall long remember as a day of great suffering and fatigue. It was the longest day in the year, and by far the hottest we ever experienced; to add, too, to our misery, there was not a single breath of air to fan our burning brows, or cool our fevered cheeks. A vertical sun poured down his fiery rays upon us the live-long day, without even once veiling his fierce glare by the shadow of a passing cloud. "Hot! hot! hot!" would ejaculate some half-fainting one.

"You had better say, 'scorching and roasting,'" retorted his file-leader.

"By the forge of Vulcan," drawled a classical youth, whose love of the romantic had led him to join the Rangers—"By the forge of Vulcan, the weather *is* intensely warm."

"I don't know what blacksmith you are talking about, youngster," growled an old Ranger at his side; "but if you'd say that a volcano was an ice-house to this place, you'd come nigher the mark, I reckon."



The weather was so unmercifully hot, that to prevent our horses' backs from scalding, we had frequently to dismount, and unsaddle, and rub them dry before we could proceed. The poor beasts seemed to feel the heat more sensibly, if possible, than we did. The tardy step, the half-closed eye, the drooping head, and the panting and expanded nostril, plainly manifested the degree and extent of their sufferings. Water was demanded on every side. We had emptied our gourds and canteens of their contents early in the day, and were now suffering intolerably from thirst.

"Water! can't that infernal guide find us water?" shouted a voice in the rear.

"Keep quiet there, men," said McCulloch; "scatter out on both sides of the road, and see if you can find a water-hole."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the men rode off in all directions to prosecute the search.

The sun was about half an hour high, when a horseman came galloping up with the joyful news that he had found a water-hole about half a mile to the right. Helter-skelter, without order the party scampered off to reach the quenching nectar of their burning thirst. It was a wild, hard race, but McCulloch reached it first, and dismounting, threatened to shoot the first man that rode into the pond. The water-hole was a mere mud-puddle at best, and could not have contained much over a hogshead of water; so that, had not our captain taken the precautions he did, it would not have sufficed for half of the company. For man and beast had suffered so much for want of water, that when they did reach it, they were inclined to rush into the middle of the pond, which would have rendered it unfit, even for the animals. The order was now given for every man to dismount and fill his canteen and gourd, and drink sufficient to satisfy himself; afterwards the horses were led up to the edge, and allowed to drink without muddying the water. Notwithstanding it was stagnant and lukewarm, it was drunk with avidity. The pack-mules' turn came next, but they were not so easily managed, for in spite of our exertions, two or three broke away, and after running into the middle of the little pond, and taking their fill, they rolled over and over into the mud, seeming to enjoy extremely the pleasures of the bath. Luckily for them, we had all drunk as much as we wanted, or the poor beasts would have paid dearly for their pleasure.

Several of the men, who had wandered about during the day in search of water, had eaten large quantities of the ripe prickly pear, which grows in great abundance all over the country. The fruit is much in shape like a pear, of a blood red colour, very



juicy, and full of small seeds; the outside is covered with fine furz, which is sharper to the touch than the points of fine cambric needles. Those who had thus indulged, paid dearly for it—for that night they were taken down with a violent fever and ague, which this fruit invariably produces on those who have not become *acclimated*.

The guard was posted, and as we spread our blankets down that night, after the severe day's travel, we congratulated each other on the pleasant night we would pass after all our fatigue. In truth it was a peerless night; there was not a single cloud to mar the deep blue of the boundless sky, and the moon's bright orb, like some vast silver shield hung midway in the vault of heaven, shedding a world of light upon the quiet scene. It chanced that we had spread our blanket down by the side of one of our messmates, who was a veteran of the Texas wars. Major R. was among the first who emigrated from Kentucky to Texas. He had commanded a company at San Jacinto; fought through the Federal war, was Lieutenant-colonel at the "Parbon fight," and now, with the unasking modesty and unambitious zeal of a true Texian, had, when his country needed his services, come out at her call, as a simple *private* in a ranging corps. The Major was a fine companion, and a specimen of the gallantry and chivalry of "olden days." He had been through the "tug of war," and as he expressed it, "having seen the *elephant*, he was now going to see the *ca-ra-van*." It happened that we were provided with a water-proof cloth, which, upon this occasion, we proposed to spread over both the Major and ourself, to keep off the heavy dews. The Major readily accepted the proposition, and we "spooned" up together as affectionately as possible. About midnight we were awakened by a tremendous thunder peal, and found that a storm had been brewing during our sleep; the sky was as black as ink, and the rain coming down in torrents; we drew our head under the water-proof, and were piously engaged in praying for those poor fellows who were exposed to the fury of the storm, without any shelter whatever, when we suddenly felt a little rivulet commence its meanderings under the very spot where our blankets were spread. The "windows of heaven were opened," and the flood still continued to rise higher and higher.

The under blanket was now completely saturated, and the water still continued to rise. We discovered that we were lying in a little gully which was rapidly filling, but bore our affliction as quietly as possible, and without murmuring, being ashamed to grumble while the Major slept so soundly. But it was past endurance, for the water had now risen half way up our side, filling our powder-horn, which was unfortunately unstopped, and

becoming desperate, we awoke the Major, and asked him if it would not be advisable to shift our quarters? Stopping one of his long snores, with a loud snort, the Major showed his head from under cover, and inquired what we wanted.

"Bless me," cried he in the same breath, "why, it is raining! The ground is getting damp too."

"We think it is, Major, and if we don't leave this pretty soon, we shall be washed off. Let's move to some dryer place."

"Lie down, 'Jim,' lie down and go to sleep. Don't you see that we have got this puddle of water warm now, by the heat of our bodies, and if we move, we shall only get into another, and *take cold*. So lie down, 'Jim,' and go to sleep; it's nothing when you get used to it."

We could not but admire the Major's philosophy, but, notwithstanding, we had not yet become a sufficient convert of hydropathy as to sleep in the *warm puddle!* So taking up our blanket, much against the Major's will, we sat down at the foot of a tree, and slept for the remainder of the night in that position. That a man can sleep, and soundly too, half immersed in water, may seem strange to those who have never spent much time in the woods; but to those who are well acquainted with a frontier life, it appears natural enough, and we can assure the skeptical, that the foregoing anecdote is literally true.

The next morning, as soon as our blankets were sufficiently dry, we mounted, and again advanced towards the Monterey road. Our way now lay for the most part across bald and rocky hills. About noon we came upon a little pond in the hills, which was stagnant, the surface covered with a green scum, and the water itself almost warm enough to make coffee. Yet as none better was to be had, we were obliged to drink it, and notwithstanding its nauseousness, it served to quench our thirst. Shortly after leaving this pond we came in sight of the Monterey road, and by our sudden descent from the hills, alarmed a merchant very much, who was carting his goods to Monterey. That we were a band of robbers he was quite sure at first, from our appearance, and great was his delight when he found out his mistake. We purchased some corn from his carts, and also procured a supply of dried beef. While "nooning it" at the carts, a solitary horseman turned the angle of the road, about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and halted in evident alarm, when he saw the bad company he was about to fall in with on his road. He was about to turn and fly, when he perceived about a dozen of the boys mounting to seek his company, so mustering up his courage he concluded to venture boldly into our camp, as escape was out of the question. As the horseman rode up, his salute was returned, and before he

could well make an excuse, which was hanging on his lips, he was immediately interrupted by a shout of "the mail rider!" the bag which he carried having betrayed him. It proved to be the Mexican mail from Monterey to Matamoras. The poor fellow thought his time had come. Our captain overhauling the mail, the letters were opened and examined, and such of them as were of a public nature were reserved for General Taylor's inspection; the rest were returned to the bag, when the man was allowed to proceed quietly on his route. His disappointment was so great in not being shot, that he made light of losing his letters, and mounting his pony, with a bland smile, bade us good-day. This was the first and only mail robbery in which we ever were engaged, and we had no idea before how easy the recollection of the evil deed would rest upon a man's conscience.

We were unable to gain any farther information about Canales, only that he had been on this road about a week ago; but of his present whereabouts we could not gain the slightest clew. So finding it useless to follow a cold trail, Captain McCulloch, in pursuance of his orders, turned his course towards Reynoso. As we drew near the town, which was yet in the distance, we could plainly hear the beating of the drums marshaling the garrison to arms. The flat-house tops were covered with men and officers; the latter were spying with their glasses and endeavouring to make out our character and number. To see a body of armed men approaching from the very quarter in which they expected the enemy, was enough to excite apprehensions of an attack. And as we rode into town as if direct from Monterey, the garrison very naturally mistook us for the advance guard of a Mexican force. We enjoyed their mistake very much, and as we dismounted in the plaza, the officers came out to greet us, saying that having at first mistrusted us, they were preparing to give us a *warm welcome*, instead of a hearty greeting.

A few days after this, we learned that Canales had, at one time, been within a few miles of us, with a force of several hundred men. "That he was aware," says Mr. Kendall, in one of his letters, "of Capt. McCulloch being in his neighbourhood, there is but little doubt; but whether he was unable to catch up with the hurried and complicated movements of the Texians, or fearful of giving them battle, is more than this deponent can say. I say hurried and complicated movements of the Texians, because, from the time of our leaving Matamoras, to our reaching this place, the men never took off their coats, boots, or spurs; not an extra or second shirt was carried by one of them; and although the weather was rainy much of the time, and two heavy northers visited



us while encamped, there was not a minute when any man's pistol or rifle would have missed fire, or he would not have been up and ready for an attack. I have seen a goodly number of volunteers in my time, but Capt. Ben. McCulloch's men are choice specimens."

We encamped under some shade trees, on the outskirts of the village of Reynoso, and thus ended the first scout in which our company was engaged.



## CHAPTER VI.

Camp at Reynoso—Scenes and Incidents—An Express leaves for Matamoras—Lieut. McMullen left in Command—Attempt to capture Canales at a Fandango—The Festival of St. Juan—The Chicken Race—Celebration of the Fourth of July—Pursuit of a Band of Robbers—The Arrival of the remainder of the Company at Reynoso—Our March to Comargo—Bill Dean's Story—Arrival at Comargo.

THE first few days that we were encamped near Reynoso, our ears were constantly assailed with rumours of contemplated night attacks, and horrible accounts of the weight of Mexican vengeance which was about to be visited upon our heads, for having dared to take possession of this pompous little village. At one time, we would be told by the bright-eyed Señoras—who, with pitying looks and confiding accents, whispered their doleful tales into our unbelieving ears—that Col. Juan Seguin, with all his valiant followers, would pounce upon us that very night; yes, that very night, and as sure as fate, cut all our throats from ear to ear. "Holy Mother of God, how horrible!" And the sweet creatures would go weeping away, as if they really believed every word they had told us was true.

The next day, it was not Juan Seguin, but Gen. Canales, with his gallant rancheros who was to exterminate us; and when neither of these made his appearance, it was some other redoubtable champion of Mexican liberty that was to sweep us from the face of the earth, and destroy our whole force effectually and entirely. But finding that their dreadful accounts of threatened attacks, and their confidential statements of the number and force of the overwhelming army that was shortly to extirpate us, produced no other effect in camp than to increase our merriment; and their prudential advice, so far from causing us to double our precautions, or place an extra man on duty, was received only with derision and contempt, they determined to abandon us to our fate as a set of



hardened wretches, entirely too *old* to be either harassed or annoyed by crediting false stories, or believing false alarms. We afterwards learned that they had been playing the same game on Col. Wilson, and for some time previous to our arrival the colonel had had his command on double duty, fearful, from the information he daily received from the *friendly town-people*, that there was a large Mexican force in his immediate neighbourhood, only waiting a favourable moment to sweep down on him like an avalanche.

So deep and inveterate was the hatred cherished by the people of this place against the Americans, that they resorted to these means as a plan to harass and annoy our troops, when they found no other mode left them to gratify their spite and ill-will. From all we could learn of its history, its population, and its reputation, we were disposed to consider the town of Reynoso as the most rascally place in all Mexico. The town itself is well enough, but the inhabitants are a set of the most irreclaimable scoundrels that are to be found anywhere in the valley of the Rio Grande—a race of brigands, whose avowed occupation is rapine and murder. It was here that the Mier prisoners were treated so inhumanly, as they were marched through on their way to the Castle of Perote; the men cursing and stoning them, as they moved through the streets, and the women spitting on them, with all the malice of she-wolves. It was this place, too, that many of the robbing parties which ravaged the Texian frontier acknowledged as their head-quarters. And some of the scoundrels who were engaged in the “Rogers’ massacre,” lived here in peace and security. Yes! some of the incarnate fiends, who had committed the most horrible outrages and atrocities upon the members of that most unfortunate family, boldly walked the streets of Reynoso, and with the most consummate impudence, seemed fond of parading themselves directly before our very eyes. Yet, such was the mild forbearance, and gentle conciliatory policy of our government towards this people, that we were not allowed to apprehend and punish these villains as they deserved, or visit upon them the speedy and terrible vengeance they so richly merited from Texian hands.

Our orders were most strict not to molest any unarmed Mexican, and if some of the most notorious of these villains were found shot, or hung up in the chaparral, during our visit to Reynoso, the government was charitably bound to suppose, that during some fit of remorse and desperation, tortured by conscience for the many evil deeds they had committed, they had recklessly laid *violent hands upon their own lives!* “*Quien sabe?*”

The steamboat “Aid” having arrived, and discharged her cargo

of army stores, was about to return to Matamoras, when Captain McCulloch, Mr. Kendall, and a few others, determined to go down in her; Capt. McC. to conduct the rest of the company from Matamoras to Reynoso, and Mr. Kendall to seek more comfortable quarters than Reynoso afforded. The following description of our situation in camp was written by him, the night previous to his departure:—

“But if Reynoso was not beleaguered by armed men, and if no villanous saltpetre was burnt, nor lead thrown, we passed any thing but a comfortable night of it. The early part was most disagreeably hot and sultry—enough of itself to prevent sleep, although we were encamped out of doors, and on the hard ground; but to add to this, every dog in the town kept up a most incessant barking, and each separate whelp seemed engaged in an attempt to out-bark and out-howl his neighbour. How many dogs there are in Reynoso, I have no means of ascertaining, there being no tax upon the curs, nor any statistics from which correct information can be obtained; yet, as the number of inhabitants is put down at 3000, I should think that by multiplying them by 750—judging from the noise they make altogether—you might get somewhere in the neighbourhood of the number of dogs. When we have no positive data to go upon, we are obliged to resort to guess-work. Well, these rascally whelps barked away the hours until a rain-storm came up, and then we had a thunder gust for an accompaniment. Pleasant country, this! but rather hard on that portion of the American people this side the Rio Grande. Do you know that I sometimes think of the St. Charles, the Verandah, and of Hewlett’s—their sumptuous dinners and comfortable beds!

“Yet, with all the drawbacks above enumerated, we still made out to nap it awhile, towards morning. I could not help laughing at a young Ranger, whose blanket was within good hearing distance of mine. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘if I’d been told when I left Mississippi, a year ago last Spring, by any one of my particular friends, that I could ever sleep in this way—that I could ever catch a wink with all my clothes on, belted round with two pistols and a bowie, boots on, and spurs to boot,—out doors, on the ground, and in a single blanket, and raining at that, I’d a told him that *he* lied, sure.’ It’s pretty much so.”

After the departure of Capt. McCulloch, the command of our party devolved upon Lieut. McMullen, and upon a better officer it could not have fallen. A few days after, two officers of the Mexican army were apprehended in Reynoso, and detained as spies, until the commands of Gen. Taylor in regard to them could be obtained. McMullen was called upon by Col. Wilson to fur-

nish men to bear an express to Matamoras, and accordingly five men, under Sergt. Gibson, were detailed for this duty. This reduced our party to about twenty-five men. The rainy season in Mexico had now set in; our camp, which was near the river bank, was soon ankle deep in mud; the heavy rain continued to fall incessantly; we were unable to cook our food, or to sleep with any degree of comfort, for our clothes and blankets were thoroughly saturated with water night and day. Lieut. McMullen represented the unpleasantness of our situation to Col. Wilson, and entreated him to allow us to occupy some of the untenanted sheds in the outskirts of the town. "My orders are positive, sir," replied the colonel, "and I cannot suffer any Mexican domiciles to be encroached upon. The quarters of a soldier, sir, in time of war, is the field." And having delivered himself of this pertinent speech, the colonel walked into *his quarters*, a comfortable stone house—the best one in the place.

We remained in our miserable quarters, which were now partially overflowed, for another day and night, and which we christened "Camp Nasty," when the men became mutinous, and swore they would remain there no longer to please Col. Wilson, or anybody else. Lieut. McMullen went up again to the colonel to inform him that there was a large and comfortable cotton-gin shed on the opposite side of the town, which belonged to a colonel in the Mexican army, which was at that time unoccupied, and capable of giving ample shelter to ourselves and horses. Col. Wilson replied that "he could not think of allowing us to take possession of any thing that belonged to the Mexicans, unless they consented to it, as it was directly contrary to the policy of the government." McMullen then desired that he would suffer him to remove the company ten or fifteen miles into the country, to find a higher and drier camping place. This he said was too hazardous, as we might be cut off; besides, he wanted our services in case the town should be attacked. After, however, a formal demand, in writing, for quarters, the cotton-gin shed was reluctantly granted to us. We marched into it in triumph, and a few days afterwards we had the pleasure of swimming our horse over the very spot where we were formerly encamped.

A three weeks' rain continued to deluge the earth; the Rio Grande overflowed its banks, and the country around Reynoso was one vast sheet of water. But we cared very little for the rain, as we were now posted in the most comfortable quarters that had been enjoyed by any Texian troops since the commencement of the campaign. The gin-shed was large, dry, and commodious, and amply sufficient to shelter us from sun and rain; and during



the three weeks that we occupied it, we passed, perhaps, the most easy period of our term of service.

We had been encamped in the old "cotton-gin shed" about two weeks, when Lieut. McMullen told us, one evening, about sundown, that he wanted twenty men to saddle up for special and secret service. The horses were ready in a twinkling, and we were all eager to learn what the object of this night expedition could be. All was anxiety and expectation until about 8 o'clock, when we were ordered to move in silence. Not a word was spoken as we filed out of the yard, and took our position in the line. "Fall into double file—keep strict silence, and follow me," said our lieutenant, in a low voice, as he rode on in the advance. We followed without uttering a word. When we had rode on in this manner for about a mile, and were entirely clear of all the houses of the town, we were halted, and Lieut. McMullen explained to us the nature of the duty he wished us to perform. "It is reported, boys," said he, "that Canales, with some of his officers, are at this moment at a fandango, which is held at a rancho, about six miles from town. My object is to capture them, if possible. To insure success, silence and caution are necessary. When we approach the rancho, it will be necessary for some of you to dismount, and hold the horses of the others while the rest surround the house. Commence counting there in front!—every fifth man will be detailed to take care of the horses!" As soon as the names of the men upon whom this duty devolved were made known, we moved on again in silence. It was now necessary to procure a guide, as none of us knew the rancho at which the fandango was held, except by name. Fortunately, we picked up a little Mexican boy on the road, who agreed to be our pilot for the consideration of one dollar, paid in hand. The money was given to him, and he jumped up behind one of the men, to direct us in the route we wished to pursue.

Splashing onward through mud and water, for five miles farther, we came in sight of the lights of the rancho. The boy here requested to be put down, as he did not wish his people to know that he had guided their enemies upon them. The little fellow slipped off in the darkness of the night, and we hastened on to the place of the merry-making.

The scene which presented itself as we approached was unique and beautiful. The dance was held in the open air; and the bright fires kindled at different points, the candles and torches moving to and fro, the animated groups of revellers clustered on every side, the white robes of the girls prettily contrasting in the fire-light with the dusky apparel of their partners; while gay

forms, replete with life and motion, bounded in the lively dance, or floated in the graceful waltz, in sweet accord with the spirit-stirring strains of music which the night-breeze wafted to our ears—all made a scene that was, at the distance we viewed it, beautiful indeed.

“Halt!—dismount!—creep up cautiously, men, and surround the house—and when I call you, come up quickly and firmly at the charge.” McMullen loosened his pistols in his belt as he gave this command, and strolled quite carelessly into the midst of the astonished dancers. Our places were quickly taken, and before the revellers dreamed of danger, they found their scene of festivity suddenly surrounded with a ring of Texian rifles. Never was a scene of rejoicing more quickly turned into one of dismay and confusion. The women shrieked and fluttered about like a flock of frightened doves upon the sudden appearance of a hawk; the men shouted, in alarm, “The Americans are upon us!” and bolted right and left, to make their escape, but on all sides they were met by the muzzle of a gun, and a gruff voice saying, “Stand back, or I’ll shoot you down.” The party was completely entrapped; and finding no chance to escape, now gathered around an old drunken fellow who was dancing in their midst, singing as he danced, and occasionally crying out, “We are poor honest people—what have we to fear from our enemies.” While this scene was being enacted out of doors, McMullen was busily engaged in the house, turning over tables, looking under beds, and examining carefully every nook and corner that could possibly conceal a fugitive. None were found, however, and after scanning closely the members of the party out doors, we were forced to conclude that either our information was false, or that Canales and his friends had left the fandango before we arrived. The first was the most reasonable presumption. We asked no questions, for we did not expect a truthful answer.

The party, therefore, could only guess the cause of our unexpected visit, until Lieut. McMullen told them that he was passing the rancho with his men, when the sound of music made us stop to see how they were enjoying themselves. They appeared perfectly satisfied with the explanation, and insisted that we should join the dance, and partake of the refreshments. Two or three of the best dancers in our squad laid aside their guns, and picking out the prettiest girls for their partners, took their places in the set; the rest of us looked on, with our rifles in our hands. We had seen some pretty *tall* dancing in our time, but we think the feats we witnessed that night, were a little ahead of any thing in that line we ever saw before. The men had not had an opportunity of enjoying themselves by tripping on the “light fantastic toe” for some time

past, and on this occasion they determined, as they said, to "*spread themselves.*" The step of every negro dance that was ever known, was called into requisition and admirably executed. They performed the "*double shuffle,*" the "*Virginny break-down,*" the "*Kentucky heel tap,*" the "*pigeon wing,*" the "*back balance lick,*" the "*Arkansas hoe-down,*" with unbounded applause and irresistible effect. We laughed heartily at their grotesque figures and comical movements, and the Mexicans were perfectly enraptured with their activity and skill. The rogues stepped about like *lions* after the dance was finished, and appeared to enjoy the admiration they had excited amazingly. The Mexican girls were so much captivated that they entirely slighted their old lovers, and were quarrelling with one another as to who next should dance with "*los buenos Americanos.*"

"Come, boys," said McMullen, after two or three more dances were over, "this is enough fun for one night. Mount! and return to quarters." So taking one glass of *Muscal* more all round, we bade the party "*adios,*" and hied merrily homeward, regretting that our information in regard to Canales had proved untrue, but not sorry that we had been induced to hunt for him at a "*fandango.*"

The festa-day of St. Juan was ushered in by a bright sun and a blue sky. The prayers of the Mexican gallants must certainly have induced the good saint to intercede with the "clerk of the weather" for one fair day in the midst of the rainy season. Whatever may have been the cause, it was certainly the most beautiful day we had been blessed with for some time past. The manner in which the day is celebrated in Mexico, is most singular and strange. St. Juan must have been the patron saint of horsemen, or a kind of protector of cavalry, for on this day no footman is allowed to promenade the streets. Men and boys of all ages, sizes, and conditions are mounted on the best and most gayly caparisoned steeds they can procure, and parade the streets in holiday attire. Whooping and yelling like Indians, they dash through the streets in large parties, charging upon and riding down every thing that impedes their progress. Single horsemen sometimes meet in full career, and as it is disgraceful to give the road on such occasions, they ride directly upon one another, and the consequence is, that the weakest horse or the most unskilful rider is dashed to the ground, while the victor rides on in triumph, rewarded for his gallantry and skill by bright smiles from the balconies above. Occasionally large rival parties meet in the narrow streets, and then a scene of wild confusion ensues. Like madmen, they yell and rush together; and when the horses are not overthrown by the shock, they grasp each other by the neck or waist, and attempt to drag their antago-



nist from the saddle to the ground. Wo to the awkward or unskilful rider who places his foot in the stirrup on the festival of St. Juan!

Well knowing the manner in which the Mexicans observed this day, we determined to have our share of the fun. So carefully grooming our horses early in the morning, plaiting their manes, and expending upon their appearance all the finery we could muster, we mounted, and rode in a body to the main plaza. The exercises of the day were much interrupted by the plaza being occupied by our artillery, and the streets barricaded by piles of stones, but cramped as we were in our movements, we determined with the Mexicans to make the most of the occasion. By 10 o'clock, the streets were filled with mounted Mexicans, whooping and charging upon each other. Gradually they all formed into one great party, and rode by us in a bantering style. We were fewer in number, but possessed an immense advantage over them in the size, weight, strength, and speed of our horses. Thinking that we did not accept or understand their first challenge, they formed to charge upon us. We were clustered in the mouth of one of the main streets that led to the plaza, and as we found them rushing down like a whirlwind upon our ranks, we suddenly opened to the right and left, and allowed the whole body to pass to the rear. With a jeer of triumph they passed by, when we wheeled like lightning on their rear, and using freely our spurs, charged the whole body at full speed. The weight of twenty large American horses is enough to overthrow all the ponies in Mexico, and as we had no arms to carry, our whole attention was devoted to the management of our horses. We rode right full upon them, and at the first shock more than twenty men and horses were rolling in the dust, and our triumph was achieved, for the rest of the party scattered in every direction, up alleys and into yards, in short, perfectly satisfied that "*los cavallos Americanos son mucho buenos, y mucho grandes.*" It was our turn now to ride in triumph up and down the streets, bowing to the señoras, and kissing our hands to the señoritas, who lined the streets and windows, and who returned our salutations most graciously. The Mexican gallants followed after us, but kept at a most respectful distance. At length, one of them who spoke a little English rode up, and inquired if we would like to engage in a "*chicken race.*" We expressed our willingness to do so, and two or three of them dashed off to procure a chicken. The conditions of the race were these—the chicken was to be given to some man mounted on a good horse; the rest of the party, both Mexicans and Americans, were to remain in the plaza, while the man was to have about a hundred yards start; at a given signal he was to run, by a designated course

which led about two miles round town, to our camp. If he reached camp in safety, the chicken was his prize; but if he were intercepted, or overtaken by any of the Mexicans who were going to take short cuts through the town for the purpose, and the bird taken away from him, why then he was to be laughed at, and suffer the mortification of defeat. A wild young Texian, by the name of Clinton Dewit, volunteered to bear the chicken to camp; and seizing the bird by the legs, dashed off at a break-neck pace. After he had got a fair start, about one-half of the Mexicans rushed after him, yelling like a legion of devils; the remainder ran by a shorter route to intercept him at different points of the road. We galloped out of town to see the sport. They had purposely chosen a road for him to follow, that was covered with loose rocks, and full of holes, in hopes that his horse would either stumble over the one, or fall into the other. But "Clint Dewit" was too good a horseman to suffer either of these mishaps, and picked his course over the uneven ground as coolly as if he were gallanting a lady to church. The speed of his horse was so much greater than that of his pursuers, that he was soon able to leave them far behind; but those who had run across and got before him, annoyed him exceedingly, so that he was frequently obliged to ride right over them, (which he always did when he had a chance,) or task his horse's powers to the utmost to ride around and avoid them. When he had nearly reached the camp, a big, stout fellow, mounted on a strong horse, rushed out from behind a house which he was obliged to pass, and grasped the prize; and so eager was he to secure the chicken, that he momentarily released his hold of the bridle, while both horses were dashing along at full speed. "Clint" immediately perceived his advantage, and grappling him by the throat, suddenly reined his horse up. The consequence was, that the greaser's horse passed from under him, and left the rider in Clint's grasp. Dashing him to the ground, the young Texian clutched the prize, and raising a yell of triumph, bore it easily to the camp.

Another was brought out, and another chase succeeded, terminating like the first. Another, and another, and still with the same success. Until at last, we found ourselves pretty well supplied with stock in the poultry line, and the Mexicanos ruefully acknowledged that there were "*no mas Gallenas in Reynoso,*"—no more chickens in Reynoso.

Our time in this place was spent pleasantly enough, for we had little or nothing to do, and when the rainy season was over, we occupied ourselves with hunting, horse-racing, and every other kind of sport that our ingenuity could devise.

The morning of the 4th of July found us busily employed in

preparations to celebrate the day with suitable rejoicing. Every stray pig, or chicken that ventured to show himself in our yard that day, was unfortunately despatched—unfortunately, I say, since everybody said they came to their death by accident; for, as the boys said, “if the poor things would run in the way *just* as they were going to shoot off their guns in honour of the 4th, of course they could not help it, if they *were killed*.” And then *just* to prevent them from *spoiling*, they were put on the fire.

Two large horse-buckets of whisky was procured, and a loaf of white sugar grated into it, with the due allowance of water. But to describe the scene of feasting, drinking, and revelry which ensued, is beyond the power of our pen. Yet we would not have it for a moment supposed, that we were unable to tell what happened after dinner, because —.

Suffice it, that the dinner went off as all other dinners go off, with infinite satisfaction to everybody that enjoyed it. The wine—the whisky we mean—was capital, and circulated freely, and everybody was in such admirable spirits, and such excellent good humour with everybody else, and the toasts that were given were received with such prolonged, vociferous, and tumultuous applause, that Col. Wilson, although nearly half a mile distant, was suddenly awakened from his *siesta* by the noise; and despatched a file of men to find out if the Ranger’s camp had been unexpectedly attacked by a Mexican force, or “what was the meaning of that disturbance, anyhow.”

The men were furnished with several “*horns*” out of the “big bucket,” and sent back to Col. Wilson, “with the compliments of the Rangers,” and the polite request, “that he would join us in a drink.” The message was faithfully carried, and the colonel came up himself. But when he arrived and found no officer about, (for McMullen was not present,) and by looking over the fence, saw the men were ripe for any thing, he prudently concluded not to pay us a visit. He was perceived, however, and one of the most “*far-gone*” of the party reeled to his feet, and proposed as a toast, “the health of Col. Wilson;” and three of the most vociferous cheers that ever rose upon the air, burst from the group around. The old gentleman understood the joke, and hurried off to his quarters, so that we were allowed to enjoy ourselves for the remainder of the evening as we pleased.

Not many days had elapsed after this jollification, when we were ordered to pursue a party of robbers, who had been committing depredations in the neighbourhood. We relished not overmuch the service; as we cared very little how much the Mexicans preyed upon each other, and like the woman, when she saw her husband in conflict with a bear, were perfectly indifferent as to



which party whipped. But our orders were positive, and we prepared to execute them faithfully. An old Mexican, who had been attacked by these brigands the night before, was horribly wounded and mutilated. One of his hands was nearly severed from his body, and his face gashed up, while his nose was entirely cut off. In this mutilated condition, he managed to effect his escape in the night, and brought the news of these outrages to Reynoso. After his wounds had been dressed, he volunteered to become our guide, and conducted us to the robbers' encampment, which was about ten miles from town, on the Matamoras road. Pointing out the tree to which he had been tied, he gave us a detailed account of the cruelties which had been practised upon him, and described the agonies he had suffered. We found every thing, in the now deserted camp, just as he had related it to us. The robbers, however, had fled. Taking their trail, we followed it briskly for five or six miles, when we suddenly lost it; upon retracing our steps for a few hundred yards, we discovered that they had—as if fearful of pursuit, and resolving to baffle it—separated and diverged in all directions, so that it would be impossible to follow their trail.

Our party was now divided, and ordered to scour the chaparral on both sides of the road in every direction; the order was promptly obeyed, and the country minutely examined for miles around. But no further clue of the rascals could be discovered, and finding all attempts to do so fruitless, the party again assembled at the diverging point.

Scarcely had we done so, when a large party was seen coming over a hill, some distance in the advance. Hastily concealing ourselves for an ambuscade, McMullen galloped on towards them, to reconnoitre, and attempt to draw them into the snare. He had not been gone long, when the heavy tramp of a number of horses was heard upon the road, and our lieutenant hastened back to tell us that it was the rest of the company coming up from Matamoras. Joyfully we came out to meet them, and amid mutual inquiries after healths, and hearty greetings, rode merrily back to Reynoso.

The most pleasant news that our companions brought up from Matamoras, was the glad tidings, that we were ordered up to Comargo, and were to move immediately. We were all delighted to hear this, for although the life we had passed in Reynoso was pleasant enough, we were right willing to exchange it for the stirring scenes of active, and more hazardous service. Early on the morning of the 9th of July, the bugle sounded the advance, and we bid the town of Reynoso farewell for ever.

A steamboat, with troops and army stores, was already on her way up the Rio Grande to Comargo; the 7th regiment of in-

infantry, with a detachment of artillery under Captain Holmes, was marching to the same point by land, and our company was ordered to act as the advance guard. The incidents of the march are unworthy of relation, for most of the distance was accomplished in early morning and late evening; as the heat was too great for the infantry to march at mid-day.

We could not but pity the poor fellows as they toiled through the mud and water which were sometimes nearly waist deep, for they seemed nearly ready to sink with fatigue. The road was exceedingly bad, and the sun excessively hot, and when the poor footmen would reach their camp at night, they would drop upon the ground, as if completely worn out and exhausted.

Our first camping place was at the town of "old Reynoso," it being the former town site, but the houses having been once washed away by an overflow of the Rio Grande, the inhabitants removed to a high point lower down the stream, and built the present town of Reynoso.

Early on the next morning we were again upon the road, and after another hard day's ride, encamped in a pleasant place, expecting the next day to reach Comargo.

The fires gleamed brightly, and as we reclined upon our blankets around them, many a good tale was told of border life, and its wild excitements. Among the rest, the following has found its way into the columns of the "Picayune," and we give Mr. Kendall's version of it to the reader.

"McCulloch's Rangers, after a very hard day's ride, had bivouacked one night last summer in a beautiful musquit grove between Reynoso Viejo and Comargo, a barranca protecting one side of the encampment from a surprise, while the steep banks of the Rio Grande served the same purpose on the other. The horses had all been watered, fed and curried, the first relief of the guard posted, and the Rangers, after drinking their coffee, were reclining about on their blankets, spinning long yarns of their adventures, when Bill Dean told a story that wound up the entertainments of the evening, in theatrical parlance, and caused an outbreak at the termination that came nigh stampeding the entire cavallada. Bill had joined McCulloch's men for the trip, and the recollection of his humorous tale about chasing the prairie fire a mile and a half, trying to cook his horse meat, secured him a most patient hearing.

"Those who know any thing about the emigration of Germans into Texas, are well aware that thousands of them have made Indian Point, near Port Lavaca, a grand rendezvous before leaving for the interior settlement of New Braunfels, or the frontier station on the Pierdenales, the Llano, or the San Saba. Bill said

that he visited the Point last spring, when some five thousand Germans were encamped there, and was present at one of the most thrilling and heart-rending scenes it had ever been his lot to witness. So far as his individual knowledge went, neither ancient nor modern history made mention of any case which might be considered as anywhere near parallel.

“Among the emigrants, remarked Dean, was a young, pretty, red-cheeked girl, the pride of the party, who strolled out alone one day to gather wild flowers in the chaparral. Her ramblings carried her farther than she intended, and when she turned to retrace her steps she found that she was lost, poor thing—bewildered and perplexed in a tangled maze. In vain she strove to recollect the position and bearings of the camp she had left, all so joyous, a short hour before—reason had fled its throne. In an agony of doubt she ran to and fro in the chaparral, every step taking her farther from her friends, and darkness at length found her completely exhausted, and crazed with thoughts of Indian peril and of starvation. Her sufferings during that dreadful night, continued Bill, you must fancy for yourselves—I shall not attempt to depict them.

“With the early morning light she was again on her feet. She gazed in every direction, she ran in every direction; but no sight of her friends gladdened her longing vision. While thus engaged she was discovered by a Mexican girl, whose father had a small rancho some five miles from the Point; and now when succour was at hand the lost one fled at its approach. The Mexican girl called upon her in soothing terms; but she heeded her not. The former then went to her father, hard by, and told him that some poor straggler from the camp of the strangers was in the bushes, and to all appearance lost and bereft of reason. The old man mounted his horse, went out in search, and soon came up with her; but she fled at his approach as from one of the wild denizens of the prairie. The old man, in the kindness of his heart, with soft accents attempted to arrest her flight. She heeded him not. He knew that she must belong to the German camp, that she was lost, that she was crazed, and he determined to rescue her. Coiling the *lariat* or leather rope which hung to his saddle in his hand, he set off full speed after the bewildered and frightened fugitive, threw it gently over her head, and thus checked her flight. To call his daughter, thinking that she might better assist in soothing the poor girl, was his first impulse; to proceed with her to the camp of her friends, and deliver her safely to those who must be but too anxious for her, was his second.

“Great was the joy of her relatives, gladdened were the hearts of all who knew her, as she was brought into camp; but soon



these emotions were changed to bitter sorrow, as one by one they discovered that the fairest flower among the emigrants was crazed. The sweet caresses of her mother and sisters she answered only with a vacant stare; the kind offices of those who crowded around were uncared for, unregarded. Her half-frantic lover, as he uttered words of comfort and endearment, was answered with a look that told plainly she recognised him not, that he was forgotten. Restoratives of every description were resorted to, but without effect. A favourite little dog, as he wagged his tail in joy, and endeavoured to lick the hands of his mistress in token of gladness at her return, was spurned as a stranger. Songs that she had loved in childhood fell in soft cadence upon her ear; yet she heeded them not. Presents from her lover—gifts that she had treasured in her heart of hearts—were passed over as idle toys. Her once bright eye, so full of intelligence and life, was now glazed, vacant and lustreless—her round, full face, once so radiant with intellect, was now a meaningless blank—and as her friends gazed upon her they wrung their hands in sorrow, and with sad misgivings that the reason of the poor girl was lost for ever.

“At length, continued Bill, an elderly matron left the melancholy group, and started off as if intent on making one more effort at restoring the crazed one to her senses. Presently she returned with a large plate of hot, smoking sour crout in her hand. Elbowing her way in among the sorrowing crowd, she presented the dish to the girl, and”—

“And with what effect?” ejaculated a Ranger who had been listening all the while, and who now dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye. “With what effect?”

“As-ton-ish-ing!” slowly ejaculated the wag. “It brought her right to; and the way she skived into that crout showed that twenty-four hours’ hard exercise in the chaparral is a great help to the appetite!”

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“It took at least twenty minutes to collect the scattered horses that broke their ropes when the laugh that succeeded this termination to a sad story first burst upon them.”

By two o’clock on the next morning we were in our saddles once more and again upon the road. We were obliged to start thus early, and then move slowly to accommodate the infantry who accompanied us. About ten o’clock we came in sight of the town of Comargo, and found the steamer had already arrived.

## CHAPTER VII

The Indian Scout—The Comanches—News of their Depredations—Ordered to follow their Trail—The swimming of the Rio Grande—Attempt to rescue a Drowning Man—A Ranger playing 'Possum—The City of Rio Grande—Prickly Pears—The Indian Trail—The Night Alarm—Strange Concert—The Deserted Ranchos—The Elephant in the Chaparral—Re-crossing of the River—Arrival at Mier—Bathing—Scene—The Battle Ground—Return to Comargo.

VARIOUS are the excitements of a Ranger's life ; the wild foray, the secret scout, the ambuscade, the exciting skirmish, and the hazardous yet enticing expeditions in which we were so frequently engaged, lent a fascination, a romance to our existence, which those who drag out a commonplace life in a dull city can never dream of or enjoy. Our company had been encamped at Comargo, anxiously waiting for several days, when they received orders to march. Being deprived at the time by illness from accompanying our corps on this scout, we give the particulars and incidents of it as described by the pen of our friend, the author of "the Ranger's Song."

About 1 o'clock on the morning of the 22d of July, a runner arrived in camp, with intelligence that a large body of Comanches, under their celebrated chief Buffalo Hump, had been scouring the country above us, on both sides of the Rio Grande, stealing horses, burning ranchos, murdering the Mexican *hombres*, and carrying off the most beautiful of the Mexican *Señoritas*. Indeed, so bold had they become, that it was said they had actually ventured into Capt. Gillespie's camp of Rangers, situated about three miles from us on the opposite bank of the river, and stolen some of their best horses. An order immediately came down from head-quarters for Capt. McCulloch, who immediately went up and received instructions from Gen. Worth to take thirty of his best men, and give chase to the Indians forthwith, to have a parley with them, if possible, and not engage them without absolute necessity. Preparations were made to start before the dawn of day. A moment's notice was all we wanted ; and in half an hour after the order was received the men were in the saddle, ready for any service and every contingency.

"Fall in double file, men—march!" came from the head of the line, and on we rode in silence, scarcely any knowing whither. All we knew, and all we wanted to know, was, that there was a prospect for a fight ; and with hearts beating with excitement, in

the darkness of the night, we defiled out of the town of Comargo, and bent our course to the river bank. A lovely morning as ever dawned from a Mexican sky broke upon us as we reached the Rio Grande. Every tree, and bush, and blade of grass, covered with the night dew, and sparkling in the morning light, gave a freshness and charm to the scene which was enchanting. We were not detained long upon the river bank, before the deep cough of a steamboat was heard in the distance, and soon after we discovered the "Enterprise" coming slowly along, puffing her way against the swollen current. She stopped as we hailed her, and came to at the bank. Our saddles, blankets, and arms, were then put on board, and ferried across the river, leaving us to transport ourselves and horses as best we might, the steamer being too heavily freighted to carry us.

Now came a stirring scene, in which every man had to bear his part. The river, like our own Mississippi at times, was swollen excessively, and was sweeping past at the rate of five miles an hour; and, to add to the danger of the passage, there were great quantities of drift-wood running; and if any of us or our horses should chance to become entangled in the branches of the trees that were floating down, a speedy passage not only down the stream, but to eternity, would have been the inevitable consequence. There we stood upon the banks, all in the *undress uniform* of the Rangers, our horses rearing, snorting, and eyeing the troubled waters with evident alarm.

"Now, boys, wade into it," said our captain, as he vaulted upon his chestnut horse, "Tom," and plunged into the stream.

"Tom" was an old war-horse, and felt almost as much at home in the water as upon the land; and right gallantly did he strike for the opposite shore. McCulloch cut a strange figure as he sat bolt-upright on "Tom," with his yellow hair waving in the wind, and the muddy waters breaking around his form. About a dozen horses followed him, but the rest, after swimming about fifty yards, declined the feat, and returned to the bank. The boys on the bank were not disposed to yield in silence to their misfortune, but venting their feelings in yells, and whoops, and imprecations, so loud, deep, and continuous, that one might have fancied that a select party of imps had just adjourned from a wine table below, and were engaged in yelling for a prize, which was to be awarded to the noisiest.

Long poles were in demand, and many a poor brute's nose suffered as he emerged, snorting, from the stream; and notwithstanding all their exertions to prevent it, some few horses rushed by, and broke up the bank. They were soon caught, however, and the whole number again forced to take water. The second



effort was more successful than the first, for nearly all were bridled, and forced to swim the stream with their riders. Five or six of the men remained on the bank to see that no renegade returned; but their efforts were not required, as all had now gained the opposite bank in safety. The passage was not, however, without an alarming incident. Young T——, who had lately joined our company, was an expert swimmer, and attempted to cross the river alone. We watched his progress some time with anxiety. As he neared the centre of the stream, his strength appeared to fail him, and taking off his hat, which he had worn to protect his head from the sun, he waved it several times above his head, as a signal for help, and then slowly sank from sight. Those who had remained upon the bank rushed with desperation into an old "*dug-out*," which lay a little distance up the stream, and commenced paddling with might and main to his assistance. Great God! what were our feelings, to see a comrade and friend drowning before our eyes, and we not within reach to succour or save him! The clumsy old canoe seemed to move like a snail across the waters. T—— rose and sank again; and this time we could hear a faint cry for help. Like madmen, they strove to urge the canoe ahead; with their naked bodies bared to the scorching sun, they toiled until the big drops of perspiration rolled down their panting sides. Again he rose and sank, and this time they were within reach of him; and in trying to turn the canoe round, it floated broadside down the stream, in spite of all their efforts to prevent it. To describe their agony, and their exertions to bring her up again—for they had nothing but poles to paddle with—would be as unavailing as were their efforts; they were just about to give up in hopeless despair, when young T—— raised a loud laugh, and struck out easily for the shore. He had been playing 'possum at our expense; but to describe the severe reprimand which he got when we all reached the shore, in the shape of unvarnished and original cursing, would make a devil cross himself with fear. As soon, though, as the poor fellows had recovered from their fatigue, they all laughed as heartily as any at the *ruse* which had cost us so much mental pain, and readily forgave the trick which had caused them so much labour.

After crossing the river, we halted for some time for the purpose of procuring a guide, at the city of Rio Grande, being on the east or Texas side of the river. The city—or rather the *ground* on which the city *is hereafter to be built*—belongs to an enterprising young Texian by the name of Clay Davis, who acquired his right to the land by marrying a Mexican heiress, whose property consists in large tracts of wild land. The tract runs

within a few miles of the mouth of the St. Juan, to some extent down the Rio Grande. It is the only point not subject to overflow anywhere near the head of navigation. The town site is a high bluff, only three miles from Comargo by land; and, since the destruction of the latter place by the flood, bids fair to become one of the most important points for the Mexican trade on the whole Texian frontier. The land is very rich and fertile; and, taking all its advantages into consideration, it is undoubtedly one of the most eligible points for a city that the valley of the Rio Grande can boast.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we started with our guide on the trail which led off from the rancho in a northerly direction. The sign was plainly visible, and that a large party of savages were banded together, on a marauding expedition, was evident enough, even to those among us most unpractised in wood craft. The guide, poor fellow, was extremely fearful, and took particular pains not to place himself too far in advance of the command. And right good cause had he to be so; for a more unmerciful set of demons, than the Comanches, never scoured the border-side. It is their custom never to take a man prisoner, and should one be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, his fate is sealed for ever. No chance for escape is left him—death, immediate, terrible, and certain, is his inevitable doom. It was only with much persuasion, and tempting offers of reward, that our guide could be prevailed upon, in the first place, to pilot us through the chaparral; and when it is remembered that he was mounted on a miserable jaded mule, and was compelled to ride back alone to the rancho, running the risk of being cut off by the Indians at every step he took upon the homeward track, it is not to be wondered at, that he felt, and manifested extreme reluctance in undertaking this profitable but perilous service. Onward we pushed, however, our captain riding directly in his rear, and the whole command following as fast as possible in single file.

The chaparral was so dense, that it was only with great difficulty we could force our way through, and at the same time follow the half-obliterated trail. Our lacerated and bleeding hands, faces and legs, gave us a *scratching* of what we would have to suffer before the termination of this scout. Sticking into our flesh and torturing us most horribly, we bore beautiful specimens of that most prickly of all thorny plants, called by botanists the *cactus*, but better known to us as the omnipresent, and infernal prickly pear. How the half-clad savages ever rode through that country, with the rapidity they did, was always to us a wonder and a marvel.

About nightfall, we pitched our camp upon the borders of a

beautiful murmuring stream, and after the fatigues of the day, congratulated ourselves upon the idea of passing a pleasant night in the wild woods. The fires were kindled, the horses staked out, and the guard posted; it was really a relief after having been encamped for weeks in a dusty town, to spread our blankets once more upon the fresh green sward, and repose our weary limbs on this soft and dewy couch. The full-orbed moon was wending her way, like some fair crystal chariot, across the cloudless heaven, and the "sentinel stars," paled by her light, shone fainter and fainter in the deep blue vault above, till sweet refreshing slumber shut out their blessed light, and closing our heavy lids, we forgot in deep sleep the beauties of either earth or heaven. At midnight, we were startled by one of the guard firing upon what he supposed to be an Indian prowling about the camp. Whether it really was so, or not, we could never certainly determine; though the alarm served to increase our vigilance. Our horses were brought closer in, and every man slept within a few paces of his steed. We apprehended no danger from an attack, but we were fearful that our horses might be *stampeded*, or silently stolen from the lines by our crafty foe. For some time after the sentinel shot, divers strange and unusual noises were heard in the woods around, which we supposed to be Indian signals; as this strange race always convey intelligence to one another, when on the war path, by means of these sounds. A most singular and wild concert they made that night; there was hooting of owls, and screeching of wild cats, and yelping of wolves, growling of bears, screaming of panthers, and in short every bird of the air and beast of the forest seemed to have combined their musical talents to give us the benefit of their horrid voices. Little cared we for noises, by whomsoever made, so that our horses were safe. And after doubling the guard, we sank to rest again, promising ourselves, as soon as the morrow's light should give us an opportunity, to cultivate a closer acquaintance with our strange musicians.

As soon as day dawned, the next morning, we prepared a hurried cup of coffee, and after munching our scanty allowance of hard bread and dried beef, set out on our journey. The signs of moccasoned feet were thick around our camp, but the feet that made the tracks, as our Mexican guide expressed it, were *sacabo*—which means, "not about." The poor guide, after being paid off here, took his leave of us, but not without many misgivings, and with all the speed his poor mule could muster, put back for the rancho.

We pursued our way on the trail, which led us a weary march, over hill and valley, through thicket and prairie, occasionally wending our way to some high hill-top, when visions of beauty



and grandeur would burst upon us, that were truly sublime. The noble river rolling far beneath, the hills clad in deep rich green, the thicket covered dells, the flower enameled plain, and in the background, the shadowy outline of the distant mountains; all added to the magnificent landscapes which were so frequently spread before us.

Our way now continued directly up the river, and as we passed the various ranchos, which lay upon the road, we found that they had all been deserted. We halted at noon at a large rancho, and although it was strongly barricaded, yet like all the rest, it was tenantless; the Mexicans who lived there having fled across the river to escape from the savages. As we rode up, they ventured to show themselves on the opposite bank, and although we endeavoured to make them come across to us, yet no pantomimic entreaties could prevail upon them to do so. We wanted information in regard to the Indians, so our first-lieutenant, John McMullen, was sent with four or five men in an old canoe, which we found lying on the bank, across the river to hold a parley with them. Two or three of the Mexicans accompanied him back, and they gave us a most doleful account of the massacre and atrocities the Indians had committed. They expressed themselves delighted that we had come to their aid, but forgot not, in the meanwhile, as a means of showing their gratitude, to make us pay as high as possible for every thing we wanted. An American would have thrown open his doors, and freely given the contents of his larder, or his granaries, to men who had marched a weary way to come to his assistance and relief. Not so with the Mexican—he looks upon every stranger, whether friend or foe, as the legitimate subject of his extortion and spoliation, and allows no opportunity to pass by unimproved. On this occasion, they kindly consented to sell us eggs at sixty cents a dozen, and beef, corn, and other necessaries, at a like exorbitant price. After resting our horses for a few hours, we learned the route they supposed the Indians had taken, and again set out in pursuit.

Our difficulties began anew. The trail led directly into the thickest of the chaparral, and through the thorny bushes we were obliged to go. The thicket was so dense that we frequently were compelled to dismount, and lead our horses through places where it was impossible for a mounted man to penetrate. Our clothes were literally torn off us. Frequently the low hanging branches which obstructed our way, would nearly drag us from our saddles; and before we emerged from the twilight gloom of that dense thicket, there was not a man among us, but who was firmly convinced that he had seen "*the elephant in the chaparral.*" Following the trail, we at length arrived at the river, and

great was our relief to have once more an unimpeded path to travel. Continuing our way along the bank, we soon arrived at a small rancho, which bore evident marks of the Indian's depredation. They had killed the cattle, driven off all the horses, and carried off with them some Mexican children, and a young girl, who was said to have been celebrated for her great beauty. The Mexicans generally, we speak of the character of the mass of the people, are certainly base cowards. Whenever the Indians approach the ranchos, the men run off, and hide themselves, leaving the women totally unprotected. As soon as they think all danger is over—they then return, and braggadocio-like, swear vengeance, threatening to exterminate the tribe; and mounting their *caballos*, pretend to give chase, but taking good care not to come up with their foe. The Indians, well knowing their character, frequently lie in wait, on the occasion of these exhibitions of bravery, and reward them for their cowardice by cutting their throats. The Comanches are far superior to the class of *piones* or serfs in Mexico, in every particular. Upon one occasion, an Indian was surrounded by a large party, having his squaw and child with him—he was told to surrender—but replied, that “the Comanches never surrendered *in the defence of a woman*”—giving them battle, he drove them back with his single arm, until the woman and child could escape; dealing destruction on every side with his knife, until he was shot down, weltering in the blood of his enemies!

We found several of their arrows lying about, but could discover no clue to inform us of their immediate whereabouts. As it was growing late, McCulloch concluded to pitch his camp about two miles beyond this place, and we reached the spot just as the sun was sinking in the west. The place selected was directly on the river bank, and a Mexican corn-field furnished a convenient pen for our horses, during the night. The corn had been removed from the field, but there was plenty of good grass left, and our tired animals were turned in to graze at will upon the excellent pasture. A steep bank, about thirty feet high, formed one side of the enclosure, and the river the other—the two ends being enclosed by fences running from the bank to the water-side. Our place of encampment was on the table-land, on the bank above, where we could overlook the whole enclosure. Four sentinels were placed over the horses, while the camp itself was left entirely unguarded. Indeed, as we ourselves practised somewhat the Indian mode of campaigning, we never feared a surprise or night attack; for, as we always slept with our arms by our sides, we were always prepared to spring to our feet and be ready on the instant to repulse the foe, or rush forward to the attack. Our horses gave us our

only trouble, and if we were certain that they were securely guarded, we cared not for the foe who might venture to assault us.

The next day, we learned from some rancheros who had seen the light of our fires on the night previous, and who had come over to visit us, by day-break in the morning, that the Indians had crossed the river, some few miles above, early on the morning of the preceding day, and were supposed to be now lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mier. In order to pursue them, we again were compelled to swim the river, which was not accomplished without a vast deal of trouble and fatigue. At length, after a repetition of some of the scenes we witnessed at the first crossing, we all passed over in safety, and shaped our course directly for the town of Mier. As we approached the place it presented a beautiful appearance, with its snowy walls and turrets gleaming in the reflected light of the sun; and its good citizens were not a little surprised to find a company of *los Texanos* so unexpectedly at their doors.

Just before entering the town, we had to ford a beautiful stream which danced merrily along, and rippled over its rocky bed, pure, cool, and as limpid as a mountain rivulet. As we rode up, still being concealed behind a high bank, a rare sight was presented to our view. Some fifty or sixty young Mexican girls were bathing in the lovely stream, making the air ring with their merry laughter, and the water foam and splash with their sportive agile movements. Occasionally, their unveiled charms were exposed to our gaze, as we peeped cautiously over the high bank at the lovely nymphs, who continued their joyous sports, totally unconscious of our presence. Every form of maiden loveliness stood before us, from the girl of eighteen to the budding beauty of the laughing child. How long we might have gazed entranced upon this fair original scene, we cannot pretend to say; for, unfortunately for us, one of the young girls happened to glance above, and descried a long line of strange, bearded, and moustached faces peering earnestly over the bank at them. The sight we now witnessed afforded us the highest merriment. The alarm had been quickly given, and the girls, in confusion and dismay, paddling and splashing, quickly made for the shore, with screams and shrieks; and scampering towards their garments, *rebosas*, mantillas, and gowns, picked up in all directions, were put on in a hurry, and then running—such a foot-race for home, half-dressed as they were, made one of the most amusing and laughable scenes that we ever saw. It was soon spread that a large American troop of horse had arrived, and the whole population swarmed out to see us. We rode into town, in double file, and proceeded directly to the *alcalde's* apartments, to make a requisition for meat and bread.

The order was quickly complied with, and the desired articles



forthcoming; for they knew not, as yet, whether we came as friends or foes, (as the place had not yet been garrisoned by our troops,) and the only way to make a Mexican act promptly, is to operate on his fears. Under the shadow of some beautiful shade-trees, which ornamented the streets of the town, we sought shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, and despatched our rations of sweet bread, fresh meat, and *poloncias*, (Mexican sugar,) with an appetite sharpened by our previous exertions. Mier is a pretty town, and rejoices in the possession of a multitude of fair women; indeed, we thought that it contained more beauty than any place we had yet visited.

So much has been said of Mier by others, that we will not here attempt to describe its localities. We had among us many of the brave men who had participated in the engagement which rendered its name immortal on the page of Texian history; and all the most notable points of the battle-ground were pointed out to us by Lieut. McMullen, who was in the fight, and who, as our readers already have seen, shared all the horrors of Mexican captivity. Thus was our day spent in Mier, and it was with no little reluctance that we were compelled to leave so pleasant a spot. But a soldier's orders are his only law, and when our commander had learned that the Indians had struck off from this place towards their great hunting-grounds in the north-west, he concluded to discontinue further the pursuit. Accordingly, our horses' heads were turned towards our old post, Comargo; and after another hard day's ride, and again swimming another river, the San Juan, we arrived safely on its banks, and were warmly welcomed to our quarters by our messmates and friends; and as we sat around our suppers, which were cooking on the fires, we related to our anxious comrades the incidents of the scout.

To those who are at all acquainted with the skilful stratagems used by the roving tribes of the prairies, to baffle and elude pursuit, and the amazing rapidity with which they move when on a marauding expedition, no explanation need be given for the unsuccessful termination of our expedition. But if there be any not over-versed in such matters, and yet over-curious on the subject, we have only to say to such, go to Mexico, join a ranging company, start out in a hurry, almost without provisions, upon an Indian trail, swim three rivers, and follow a Comanche war-party for five days and nights, through the chaparral, and we will wager high that at the termination of the chase, you will be perfectly satisfied upon the subject, and will never be inquisitive again about the pleasures or result of an Indian scout.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Hospital of the Sick—Soldiers' Anecdotes—Orders for our March—Scout to China—The Sugar Rancho—The strange Guide—An extraordinary Vision—The March at Night—Rancho El Toro—The Arm-Chair Church—Preparations for a Fight—The false Alarm—Our Entrance into China—Retreat of Col. Seguin and his Men—The vain Pursuit.

HAVING seen the termination of "The Indian Scout," which the writer was deprived of participating in, we will ask of the kind reader to go back with us from the time we were made an invalid until the next expedition of our company, in order to bring up our "Journal notes."

We lay sick then in the hospital tent of the 5th infantry, to which we had been removed by the kindness of our friends; and stretched out on a pallet among the sick soldiers of that regiment, we suffered for some days from the excruciating disease of the climate. There is no place like the couch of the sick for reflection and meditation. There, man is made to feel his helplessness and his dependency upon the will of a Supreme Being; there, feeling the uncertainty of life, his soul softens and relents towards his fellow man; the stern purpose, or fell design, relaxes in determination; and he who, in health the day before, would have stopped at nothing, is then made as weak and helpless as a child. The hospital of the sick, especially that of the soldier, is human nature undisguised. It is the mirror of character, into which one may look and read at will. Scenes of every nature are reflected there, from the gayest to the most mournful. And, oh! most sad and sorrowful is it, melancholy, and most painful of all scenes, to see a young soldier in the bloom and hey-day of life, when his fond anticipations and dearest prospects glow brightest with the fire of enthusiasm, lying on the couch of death, with no kind friend or relative near to speak a soothing word of consolation, or to remember him to those he loved, or bear to them his dying wish, as his last breath vanishes upon the atmosphere of a foreign land, and sinking into the arms of death, not even to be mentioned or remembered for the service he had rendered, or known to the world as one who had fought in the defence of his country's cause. These thoughts naturally arose in our mind as we saw, in our presence, a poor fellow carried out to be buried, who had fought bravely at the late battles, and was now to be entombed without a tear, or hardly a regret, to follow him to his grave, save that which the volley of muskets echoed as the fresh green earth was piled over his corpse.

It was on the afternoon of the 24th of July, when the sun was slowly sinking to its "nightly bourne," and shedding upon the camp-scene of snow-white tents its soft mellow rays, which breathe a "transient farewell," that we had awaked from a quiet slumber, and became attracted by the colloquy of two of the sick men, who were evidently speaking of the young man who had but lately died.

"Well, Barney was the pride of his company—a jewel of a boy; Heaven rest his soul," said one, as he drew himself up on his elbow. "Pass the pipe, Larry, darlint," said he, drawing a long sigh and stretching out his hand to his companion, who lay on the next pallet, and then, taking a few whiffs, continued: "Sure that was the boy that had the heart in 'im. It was the night after the battle of the—what's this ye call it?—'Riscar de Palmy,' that we were carrying the wounded Mexicans to the hospital in the rear, when a dhrop of wather was worth a pair of Mexicans, that self-same time—bad luck to 'em—and a poor divil that had the leg off him, was howlin murther for a dhrink, when up steps poor Barney—may the Holy Virgin kape him—and taking the canteen from his neck, held it to the poor divil's mouth till he got the fill of it; and could yees 'av seen the rollin' of his eyes, as he looked poor Barney in the face to thank him, saying, 'Mi Tampico,' it would 'av made ye blink yer weepers."

"Wasn't it Barney that helped to find Gen. Arista's chest of money?" said Larry.

"Sure it wasn't anybody else," replied his companion; "and iv it had a been me, be gor, I niver would a turned it in at all."

"Tut, man," said Larry, "its only talking ye are now; for wasn't the order out to turn in every thing down to a brass button? and didn't I have to give up me illegant pistols and silver spurs? Truth, then, how could yees kape from it?"

"How could I kape from it?" said his companion. "Sure, then, it's givin' the box a dacent burial I would, and divil a bit would I iver gone near it 'til I got me discharge, and would'nt that be keeping from it?" The convalescent here joined in the laugh at Paddy's wit.

"'Tare an ouns," said Larry, "it was mighty mean of 'em any how to take away from us the little plunder we'd picked up after such hard fightin'. Wouldn't it 'av been more dacent to have divided it betwixt uz?"

"Thru for you, Larry," said Pat, "and sorry I am I didn't enlist for the seas, instead of the land sarvice; for there, I am tould, they divides the plunder betwixt 'em all, whiniver they takes a prize, and, be gor, it's no more than fair any how. But I hear say it's the reconciliation policy of the government. 'Thunder



an' turf,' who iver heard of reconciliation, except with a purty girl ye had fallen out with?"

Saturday, 25th. Very hot; improving slowly, but very weak; amused all the morning listening to an Irish soldier, who was relating anecdotes of the last battle, which we give literally to the reader.

"The violent shot of the enemy," as Pat expressed it, "when the 5th came up to support the charge of the dragoons, made the presperation come on us all; but wasn't it a howl of *madre de dios* the divils set up at the '*God-damn-me's*,' as they called us when we scared them out of the chaparral! Be Heavens, the British never beat that. Just then it was that our colonel (McIntosh) got the bayonet in him, when a ball tickled the ear of Capt. Scott, and the 'old coon' turns round, and sez he, 'That bullet never was made for Martin Scott,' and divil a bit was he hurt at all."

"Do you mind the day, Larry," continued Pat, "that we went out in the morning to bring in the wounded, iv they wasn't all dead?"

"Troth I do," said Larry.

"Sure it was a sorry looking place," continued Pat, "and 'Holy Mother,' I kept saying me prayers all the while, for fear some on 'em would come to life and shoot me unawares. Och, blazes! but that was the worst rancho I iver saw."

"Who was that?" said one.

"Why, when Larry and I was about the middle of the dead divils, I picks up a canteen full of some liquor; it wasn't whisky, and the divil knows what it was; but it had the *spirit* in it, and barrin the smell, was mighty good tasted."

"Muscal," said some one.

"Ay, perhaps that was it. Well, after tipping the muzzle to me lips, I hands it over to Larry, when I sees one of the dead divils open his eyes at me! 'Och, blood and murther, sure, Larry,' sez I, 'here's one of the dead Mex'ans looking straight at us with his two eyes!' And with that 'Larry' drops the canteen, and pints his bayonet right at him, when the rancho gets up with one iv our dragoon jackets on him, and all around him was a heap of plunder, that the villain had stolen from the dead. So with the plunder we takes him to camp, and turns him and the plunder over to the 'officer of the day;' and may I never forgive meself for not blowin' his brains out for the scare he gave me; for I took the ager at the time, and, by me sowl, I haven't got over it yit, and I believe it's the cause I'm here now."

Sunday, 26th. Very pleasant. Thanks to the kind-hearted and gentlemanly surgeon of the 5th infantry, Dr. James R. Con-

rad, we were now convalescent, though still feeble. The doctor would frequently sit hours by our pallet, keeping us amused with his dry stories, and we must be permitted here to return him our grateful acknowledgments. In the afternoon, we dressed ourself and left the hospital for the more agreeable quarters of our friend Lieut. D., where we spent a very pleasant evening with a select party, and, retiring to our friend's cot while the band was playing a soft melting air, we gradually sunk into a sweet repose. The next day was very hot; but we found ourself improving very fast, and reading the "Three Guardsmen" to occupy our time, we felt again all the wild excitement of the "hero," and were anxious once more to be like him in the saddle, engaged in active service. On the 30th, we joined our company and returned to camp duties.

On the first of August, to our great joy, we received secret orders to march. All now was great excitement. Many of our horses were to be shod, and it was not without great difficulty that we could obtain iron enough for the purpose. The different messes were busily occupied cleaning their arms, moulding bullets, and parching coffee for the scout.

On the morning of the third, at 8, A. M., the command was ready and departed, leaving a rear-guard of some ten or twelve to follow after, among whom were Mr. Kendall and ourself. At 10, A. M., we started, having been detained for special purposes; one of which was to throw the spies off the scent; and taking a W. S. W. course we stopped at the Sugar Rancho, where we found Duncan's artillery encamped. After spending a few moments here with our friends, we rode on. The sky looked threatening, and soon after a tremendous shower of rain came up—in the midst of which a horseman was seen pursuing us, at full speed, and coming up, he asked us as he rode by, if our name was "Reid." Upon replying to him in the affirmative, he dashed on, much to our surprise, telling us to wait a moment at the next rancho. On our arrival at the hut, we saw him changing his clothes, and then taking a fresh horse, rode up with us, and putting a note into our hand from Capt. Duncan, said he would show us the camp of Capt. McCulloch, as he knew that he had encamped some place in the hills. His manner was much hurried and excited, and seemed so strange that we first looked suspiciously on him. He took the lead, and after winding around some deep gullies and hills for about three miles, he changed his course to a high ridge, and bade us follow. We approached cautiously in double file until we gained its top, where we found the camp of our boys. It was raining so hard at the time that we could not learn clearly the purport of the note. It now appeared that the man, whose name

was Baker, was sent by Capt. Duncan, to act as guide for us, or serve us in any way, with instructions to return in two or three days. Capt. McCulloch then held a conference with him, and concluded to dispense with his services. Baker was from Tennessee, and had lived many years in Mexico, and knew the country well, having been engaged in trading with the Mexicans.

It soon after cleared up, though we got drenched to the skin. The boys had *nooned* it here, and we were too late for coffee, but the delicious fumes of broiled bacon added to our appetite, and with a piece of it on a hard biscuit we made a hearty meal. That day we travelled twenty-five miles, and encamped for the night in a thick wood, about one hundred yards from the banks of the river San Juan. As the order was given to halt and dismount, the boys made a rush for the best trees to camp under. The guard was set, fires were kindled, water was brought, and the jolly and hardy Rangers were sitting around talking over the object of the expedition and spinning yarns, while the supper was cooking on the fire. We may as well here state that the object of the expedition was two-fold; first to ascertain the condition of the China road, and its practicability for artillery, it being the most direct route to Monterey, and secondly to capture Col. Seguin and his men, whom we learned were stationed there, numbering about one hundred and forty. Our saddles served that night for *heading*, as the Texians call a pillow, and our blankets for our bed. After supper, the first watch was relieved, and the second posted, save which, all the camp was soon wrapped in sleep.

The morning of the fourth was cloudy. Sleeping in wet clothes and then having to stand guard from 2, A. M., till daylight, is not very pleasant; but still, being tinged with adventure, the unpleasant duty was in a degree relieved by its excitement, and the caution necessary to be observed at this particular period of the watch, as it is the time always selected by the Indians, and generally by the Mexicans for an attack. Day broke, however, without the occurrence of any incident, and we had barely time to swallow our little breakfast, before the order "Saddle up, men," rang through the encampment. We rode on all day, travelling in a very fast walk; and there was much fun and merry glee, throughout the long line of double file as we journeyed on. At 5, P. M., we encamped near the road side, to rest and graze our horses, as well as to partake ourselves of such refreshment as our wallets afforded. It was intensely hot, and the camp-ground, composed of but a few chaparral bushes, affording us but little or no shade, we spread our saddle blankets over their tops to keep us sheltered from the sun. Under one of these bushes might have been seen



our captain, poring over a map, as he lay on the ground resting on his elbow, and, tracing with his finger the lines there laid down, seemed to be intent upon some scheme, which he was revolving in his own brain. Notwithstanding the familiarity of the men with our commander, for they most usually called him "Ben," yet on such occasions there were but few who dared to approach him. Rising from the ground, and slowly folding up the map, which he placed in his hat, for the most of us were in our shirt sleeves, he approached his favourite horse, and patting him on the neck, as he slipped the bridle into his mouth, gave the order, "Saddle up." We doubt whether there is any cavalry corps in the world that can saddle and bridle a horse quicker than the "Texas Rangers." The order was hardly given, when the majority of the men were in the saddle, and the few that were detained behind, were kept by some unruly pack mule.

Our road now lay along a beautiful skirt of country, and the air became cool by the departure of the fiery rays of the sun. Far in the distance could be seen the dim outline of the bluish mountains, like some fleecy cloud. The sun was setting with unusual grandeur behind the distant mountains, which seemed to rest upon the western horizon, gilding the encircling view with all the magnificence and splendour of its golden rays. Just then we were attracted by a most extraordinary vision in the heavens, and so perfect was its every outline as to fix general attention. The scene presented a battlement in the clouds, over which there was a large arch, and beneath, was a soldier with his musket at a charge, standing on a draw-bridge. The picture was as perfect as if it had been drawn by the pencil of an artist, and caused among the superstitious many ominous forebodings of what was to come. As the last lingering roseate hue faded from the sky, orders came from the advance to form into single file, and to observe complete silence; and for those leading mules to fall back to the rear. Our movements, thus far, had been made with the greatest caution and secrecy, and a fight was now thought to be certain. The merry joke and wild laugh of our companions were no longer heard, and faces which before looked without care, then became grave and thoughtful. Not a murmur was heard throughout the long rank of single file of fifty-six men. It was a most lovely night; the silver goddess of the heavens was smiling sweetly in all her transcendent beauty; the bright arms glistened in the moonlight, and the costume of our men was as wild as their appearance was ferocious.

At 11, P. M., we passed a large rancho, about two miles long, called "Rancho el Toro," in the midst of which, a little off from the road, there stood an unroofed chapel, in the shape of a large

arm chair—with a high oval arch for its back, while the walls on each side represented the arms. A seat was placed in the rear for the priest, which was approached by a flight of steps, and around the walls forming the arms, were little shelves, on which stood sundry ornaments; the front of the church, if it may be called one, being entirely open. Behind the arch stood a scaffold on which was erected two or three small bells. As well as we could see, by moonlight, the chapel had the appearance of having been very lately occupied. As we passed the rancho, all was as still as death, and not a soul was to be seen except an occasional head or two, peeping forth for a moment from some half-closed window. Turning round the pass of a high hill, we shortly after descended a deep ravine, and crossing a boggy stream permitted our horses to drink, when we gained the opposite bank.

At about midnight, when within less than a quarter of a mile from the town of China, a halt was called, and a detachment of twenty men, under the command of our second-lieutenant, Allen, was ordered to proceed with the pack mules, off to the right of the road, some fifty yards, and station a guard, with instructions to stop all persons entering or going towards the town, allowing those going from it to pass on,—and at the dawn of day to ride into the town and join the main force, when it was thought the attack would commence. The main body then proceeded on, taking a circuit off to the left, so as to get round to the rear of the town, on the Monterey road. It happened to fall to our lot to be detailed with the rear-guard. We had hardly dismounted in the chaparral bushes, and tied our mules, before we took a prisoner, who said that he was out, looking for some horses. While interrogating the prisoner, and before the guard was posted, one of our men, hearing the clang of sabres, ran towards the road-side, and seeing two Mexican soldiers, challenged them to halt, which refusing to do, and putting spurs to their horses to escape, they were fired upon, and one, it was thought, was badly wounded. The report of the gun created quite a sensation among us, as we were not aware, at the time, whence it came, and during the flurry the prisoner made his escape. The guard was then posted in the bushes, near the road, and the balance of our squad drawn up in battle array, to prevent surprise; each man holding his horse by the bridle, prepared to fight or fly. After some consultation, it was thought advisable to send one of the men to Capt. McCulloch, to inform him of the cause of the report of the gun, and "Arch Gibson" volunteering, was sent to perform that duty. During his absence, we made two more Mexican prisoners, who informed us that the main body of Col. Seguin's men had left China about nine o'clock that night, an express having arrived from Comargo, in-

forming them of our approach. The express must have left that point at day-break, and going by Passa Sacaté, the nearest route, by obtaining relays, accomplished the defeat of our object.

On the return of Gibson, he told us that he had found the company encamped on a road, in the rear of the town, and that they were proceeding to the river bank, when the report of the gun arrested their movements, and they were waiting the return of the spies sent out to ascertain the cause of the alarm; but upon his arrival, had concluded to remain in their position until daylight, when it was thought the attack would be made.

"How did you find the camp, Arch?" asked one of the men.

"Why, I was right smartly bothered at first," said he, "but, getting down from my horse, I found the *shod-tracks* of our horses, and letting my critter smell their trail, he carried me right to it."

The men were under arms all night, and not a wink of sleep was allowed us. Our prisoners lay on the ground, perfectly unconcerned; one, untying a corner of his handkerchief which held his tobacco, and taking a corn-shuck from his hat, made a cigar which he lighted by means of a prepared rag, with a flint and steel; and then puffing the smoke through his nose, said "he did not mind remaining with us till daylight, but that his young wife would become alarmed at his absence:" at the same time the fellow was uncertain whether we intended cutting his throat or not. At the gray of the dawn, we left the mules tied to the chaparral bushes, and mounting our horses, rode fearlessly into the town of China, until we arrived at the plaza, where we formed. As we rode through the streets, the people commenced barricading the doors and windows, in evident alarm, and, save one or two men standing on the corners, there was no one to be seen. Our surprise was somewhat great, as we could see nothing of our company! Presently, however, we discovered a few heads peeping around a corner, and then drawn quickly back; this was repeated several times, showing that the persons were evidently trying to make us out; when the rest of our company was seen riding up towards the plaza, having taken us at first for Mexican troops. As Captain "Ben" rode in, the rim of his hat was turned up—a way he had when any thing crossed him, and a sign for all not to be familiar. It was evident the game had escaped us; so, without saying a word, he merely ordered us to go back for the mules, and then follow him as fast as possible.

After we had followed the enemy's trail for some six miles, we arrived at the river bank, and discovered the place where they had crossed. But there we found they had scattered out, so as to prevent pursuit, and our orders did not permit us to follow them farther. On our return to town, we passed the place where their



rear-guard had been, and saw several of their camp-women still there, who had been left behind in their hurried retreat. A dense smoke was raised by these women, soon after we passed, as a signal for their spies, who were supposed to be secreted in the hills. This is one of the means of the Mexicans for making signals to each other in time of war, as the smoke can be seen many miles. There was much plunder and other property in the camp of the women, but we passed without molesting them, and proceeded to the town of China.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Camp at China—The School-house—Our return March—A Family up a Tree—We proceed to Passa Sacaté—Trinidad Alderet—Encampment in the Prairie—McCulloch's Story of his father's Compass—Camp on the San Juan—How to keep dry—Rancho Grande—The old Texian's true Story—Our return to Comargo.

ON again entering the town of China, on the morning of the 5th, we encamped in a large yard of one of the main buildings, having a good wall around it, near the plaza. Here we unsaddled our horses, and sent some Mexicans after corn and fodder; and being worn-out, sleepy, and hungry, we concluded to stay until the next day. We had already loitered away the morning in the fruitless pursuit, and in attending to our horses, so that it was twelve o'clock before we got any thing to eat. But that day afforded us the treat of a good dinner, for we had plenty of mutton, chickens, and *tortillas*. In the building adjoining, were two quite pretty women, who were very kind to us, and told us that Col. Seguin, who had once commanded a company of Texians at the "battle of San Jacinto," had only left the town after the report of the gun, and had taken some men and gone out to ascertain its cause, not expecting us until the next day. Had our company, then, not been arrested in their course by the alarm, they would have reached the bank of the river, and thus cut off the retreat of his rear-guard. The country which we have passed through is very fine; the hills are very high, and in the distance there are several mountains visible, which give to the whole a splendid appearance.

The town of China is quite small, not containing over 1500 inhabitants. It has a neat little church, and the alcalde's house is a fine building; but his honour took good care not to show himself to us. Near the plaza is also a school-house, the first we ever saw in Mexico. Out of curiosity, we paid the school-master a visit. The school contained about twenty or thirty little ragged

boys and girls, and the principal branches taught were reading and writing.

The boys had no slates, and used instead sand boards, drawing their letters with a stick, which served for a pencil. The schoolmaster was a thin, spare man, with a hatchet face, and seemed to think himself of more importance than any other person in the place, which we had good reason to believe. At night, after supper, the guard was paraded, with instructions, in case of a surprise, to fire a gun as the signal for a rally, when we were all to assemble at our captain's quarters.

Just before day, the next morning, an alarm was given, which proved to be false, but which had assembled all our men to quarters, and as it was intended that we should have an early start, the men were ordered to get breakfast. Notwithstanding that the night had passed off quietly, yet it was not without an attempt to take us prisoners; for the *alcalde* had ridden off to Rancho El Toro, and tried all his powers of persuasion to make the *rancheros* rise against us, but their fears of "los *Texanos*" could not be overcome, or else we might have enjoyed some sport. As we rode down to the river bank to water our horses, we met the young girls carrying jars, who were also going after water. One or two were rather pretty, and very smilingly bid us "buenos dias" as we reached the bank; when a young Ranger, celebrated for his gallantry, taking a jar from one of the girls, filled it for her, and placed it on her head; thanking him for his kindness with a look of modesty, she took his hand and kissed it.

At 5, A. M., we were in the saddle again, and passing by Rancho El Toro, we soon after turned off and took the road to Passa Sacaté, where it was supposed we would find some of Seguin's men, the place being fortified. As we passed along, we saw a man and woman up a tree off from the road, lying at their ease looking at us, while some little ones lay nestled round about them! By placing poles across the branches, and in the forks of the tree, and spreading layers of grass, &c., they had made quite a comfortable nest of it. The man was a shepherd, and having a large flock to tend, had made his home in the tree. We were told that it was frequently the case with this class of people, who were often some miles from a rancho, tending sheep, and that they take this means to preserve themselves from the wild animals and reptiles of the country. At 9, A. M., we arrived at Passa Sacaté, a miserable-looking place, with a fortification built upon a hill, which we went up to examine. We saw several suspicious fellows about, but met with no force. As we passed through the rancho, our first-lieutenant, McMullen, recognised a Mexican, who proved to be "Trinidad Alderet," a late lieutenant at the battle of Mier, and who took

down the names of the Texian prisoners. He was very much alarmed, having also recognised McMullen, and would not let the men pay for any thing that they desired to purchase. Continuing our march, we crossed a deep ravine, through a dense chaparral thicket, until 2, P. M., when we encamped to graze our horses, and get our dinners. After resting an hour or so, we continued on through a wild, waste, prairie country, following a little path until about 9, P. M., when we encamped for the night. We had met with but one stream of water during this day's travel, and we had no supper, as fires were not allowed, for fear of discovering our position to the enemy. Our horses were staked behind a little thicket, and after posting the line of sentinels, we lay down on our blankets. While speaking about the course we had travelled, and referring to our compass, Capt. McCulloch related the following anecdote:

"An old woodman," said he, "seldom wants a compass so long as he can see the sun, and even when it is cloudy you can always tell where the sun is, by a slight shadow from objects, be it ever so obscured. I recollect once I went a hunting with a gentleman and my father, and crossing the river in a boat, we hauled it up on the shore, and put out into the woods. Well, we did not meet with much luck, and so we put back for the boat. It was a cloudy day, and the gentleman carried a pocket compass with him, and pointed out our course back. We followed the direction for some time, but could see no river. That we were lost was now beyond a doubt. And father becoming tired of following the course of the gentleman's compass, determined to be guided by it no longer.

"'Well, it is strange,' said the gentleman, 'the compass *can't* be wrong!'

"'D—n the compass,' said father, 'my boy Ben is worth all the compasses I ever saw;' and turning to me, said, 'if you don't take us right straight to that boat, Ben, you shall never go on another hunt.'

"So I took a straight shoot, just by guessing the way the woods ran, and brought them to the boat, sure enough! As we were stepping in the boat, the gentleman said, with a laugh—

"'Well, that boy Ben of yours, Mr. McCulloch, is a perfect magnetic needle. He will make as great a geographer as his celebrated namesake.'"

That night we made two prisoners, and at daylight on the morning of the 7th, started without breakfast, and rode on, passing several ranchos, until 10, A. M., when we encamped on the banks of the San Juan, twenty miles from Comargo. On the road we met an old man carrying eggs and chickens to market at Comargo, whom we immediately bought out, and saved him the trouble of his journey. We had a most capital dinner of eggs, chickens, and



coffee, and fine peaches for dessert, which were brought to us from the neighbouring ranchos. The river here was very rapid and obstructed by rocks, with steep, rugged banks. Several of the boys went in bathing here, but the water was too turbid to be pleasant. In the afternoon a heavy rain was seen coming up, and hurried preparations were made to preserve our arms from the wet. A young Ranger was seen taking off his clothes, which he carefully rolled up in his blanket, and placing them at the foot of a tree, covered the whole with his saddle, when the rain commenced falling in torrents. He stood out in its midst, with perfect indifference, while the rest of his comrades were wrapped in their blankets, and had sought the shelter of the trees from the storm.

"What are you doing out there, Harry?" said one of his messmates.

"Taking a shower-bath," said Harry.

"Why, your clothes will get all wet, you fool."

"No they won't, either," said Harry, "for they are wrapped up in my blanket.

"And where is your blanket?"

"Why, under my saddle, snug enough!" said Harry, with a knowing look.

"Well, that *beats* me," said his messmate, bursting into a loud laugh, in which all heartily joined; "who ever would have thought of that way to keep dry!"

The sun shortly after came out, but before we succeeded in drying our blankets and clothes, the order was given to "saddle up," and Harry was the only one in the company that rejoiced in having a dry suit to his back. We rode on till 8, P. M., when we arrived at Rancho Grande, where we encamped for the night. Here we made fires and cooked supper, and bought corn from the Mexicans for our horses, which were put into a *corral*, or cattle pen. There were a great many women here, who did a good business, selling us tortillas and goat's milk. They were very sulky, and only wanted our money, showing that they took no pleasure to serve us. We now felt secure from surprise, and after the guard had been detailed, we spread our blankets around the pen, and lay down for a good sleep, our saddles as usual serving for a pillow. It was a fine moonlight night, and although we were very tired, yet the merry laughter which rang on the still air, proved that fatigue had no power to depress our spirits. While thus lying on our blankets, smoking our pipes and cigars, a story was called for by one of our mess, and the oldest Texian of our party was urged by all to spin us a yarn. Clearing his throat, and replenishing his pipe, the old fellow thus commenced:

"I don't know much about story-telling, boys, but I can tell you





The Abduction.—p. 87.



of a thing that once happened in my settlement, which, if it is not altogether new to most of you, at least has the plain truth to recommend it. Some of you recollect old Andrew Lockhart, who used to live down in the big bend of the Warloupe, (Guadaloupe) just below the Quero settlement. At the time I speak of, he had a daughter just seventeen, and as beautiful and as delicate as a prairie flower. Many a youngster's head was turned by her beauty, and many a brave lad's heart burned to win and wear the 'Rose of the Warloupe.' Old Andrew was mighty proud of his gal, and loved her as deeply as any father could love a child. One summer evening she strolled out in the prairie to gather flowers, when suddenly a war party of the Comanches dashed out of the timber bottom, and rushed upon her. She shrieked and turned to fly, but it was no use; a delicate gal could hardly escape such fleet pursuers as were on her trail, and before she had run twenty yards, the chief dashed by, and stooping from the saddle as he passed, seized her around the waist, and raised her by his strong arm to a seat before him. Without halting his horse for a moment, was this feat accomplished, and before the poor gal could scarcely cry aloud for aid, she was borne rapidly away towards the mountains.

"Her old father was frantic with grief and rage. Hastily collecting his neighbours and friends, he pursued the savages who had thus forcibly stolen his child, and with the sagacity and skill of an old frontiersman, tracked them to their mountain haunts. Late one evening, we came in sight of the Comanche encampment, and finding that we had not been discovered by the Indians, concluded to defer the attack until daybreak on the next morning. Secreting ourselves as well as we could, we waited with impatience for the hour of the coming fight. As soon as the first streak of light was seen in the sky, the Texian war-shout was raised, and we rushed down upon the village.

"The Comanches turned out in numbers, and a fierce battle began. I cannot describe to you the perils we went through that day. There were only about forty of us, while the Comanches were 200 strong. Notwithstanding the great odds against us, we fought them desperately from daylight until dark, and many of their greatest warriors fell before our steady fire. But it wouldn't do—it wouldn't do—the odds were too great; they overpowered us, and we were compelled to fall back.

"Old Andrew fought like a devil that day. On every part of the field his voice was heard cheering his friends on, and you could see his white hairs waving in the wind as he headed a charge, or sometimes fought single-handed with some big warrior of the tribe. Several times he was within a few feet of the tent

where his daughter was confined, and could hear her voice calling on him for aid. But it wouldn't do—he was driven back with the rest of us, and we dragged him away when we retreated. He was the last man to quit the fight, and seemed to have been the mark for every bullet and arrow that was shot at us, yet, strange to say, he escaped unhurt. We were not strong enough to whip them, said the old Texian, as his voice grew husky with emotion, and we were compelled to leave the poor gal in the hands of her savage enemies."

"Well; what became of her," said a young Ranger, drawing his hand across his eyes.

"She was delivered up sometime afterwards, when we made a treaty with the Comanches at San Antonio. She returned to her father's house, but she never recovered from the hardships and cruelties she endured at the hands of the Indians. She was always melancholy and downcast. Her health was injured, her spirits gone, and her heart broken. She lived only a few months, then drooped and died. Curses on them Comanche dogs!" said the old Texian, grinding his teeth in the excitement of his feelings, "I have never sent a bullet through one of their infernal hearts from that day to this, without remembering as I pulled the trigger, the fate of that poor gal."

The next morning, at 6, A. M., we left Rancho Grande, and *nooned* it at the Sugar Rancho; where, after grazing our horses, we left at 2, P. M.—and at 6, P. M., arrived safe back at our old camp at Comargo. The result of our reconnoissance of the road was, that it was impracticable for the movement of artillery, on account of the narrow passages and deep ravines. During our absence, Gen. Taylor, with the whole of the First Division, had arrived, consisting of the 3d and 4th infantry, composing the Third Brigade, under Col. Garland; and the 1st and 2d infantry, under Col. Riley, composing the Fourth Brigade, with Capt. Ridgely's battery of flying artillery, the whole under the command of Gen. Twiggs. We found our friends all well, and being invited to spend the evening with Lieut. D——, a group of anxious listeners was formed around us, while we were made to detail the adventures of the China Scout.

## CHAPTER X.

Camp at Comargo—Scout to Punta Aguda—Lake Guardado—The Chase and the Death—Encampment near Mier—Captain Duncan in command—“Jack Everitt”—The Fandango at Punta Aguda—The Search for Canales and Col. Raméres—The attempted Escape of a Mexican Officer—Corporal Bawk and the Mexican Ladies—The Dance—The midnight March.

COMARGO had now become the most important point of military operations on the whole line. Many of the houses had been rebuilt, and the town presented the most busy scenes of activity. The quartermaster's and commissary's departments were crowded to overflowing, with people on all sorts of business, making contracts and reports, receiving orders, &c., &c. Hundreds of Mexicans were daily employed as labourers—and large contracts had been made for the hire of pack-mules, at fifty cents per day. The camp of the Regulars had been removed farther down the river San Juan, on its banks—a fair level spot having been cleared up for the purpose. The long lines of tents of the different regiments of the divisions presented a beautiful scene. The regiments had commenced drilling, and the battalion drills at evening parade, when the different bands beat off, made a grand military display. The Mexicans were continually hovering around the camp of the Regulars—selling fruit, &c., and *offering* horses for sale. It was often suspected that many who came into camp on a pretext to sell their horses, were Mexican officers in disguise—and such the fact afterwards proved to be—for they had been detected taking notes of the force of the different regiments, &c. But they never were molested.

Such was the state of things, that it was difficult to tell a *mocho* from a *greaser*, or in other words, a soldier from a friendly Mexican. It may here be necessary to explain, as the terms are frequently made use of, that *mocho* is a low Spanish word for a foot-soldier, and the term *greaser* we suppose is a corruption of the word *grazier*, the class of *péons* or labourers of the country. As the Mexican officers and soldiers never dressed in uniform, only when with their companies or regiments, we could not, of course, distinguish them from citizens, which gave them a double advantage over us. They would come into our camps, spy out all our movements, and keep their forces continually advised of all our operations. Thus, it was impossible to go on any expedition, or to



undertake any secret service, without their knowing it and taking methods to defeat us. By these means was the noble and daring Capt. Thornton ambuscaded. He received his orders at 6, P. M., to ascertain where the enemy had crossed the Rio Grande, and at 1, A. M., the same night, an express arrived, informing the Mexicans of his coming. Thus, too, have many other expeditions failed, from the facilities afforded them of knowing all our intended operations.

To give a general idea of the people of Mexico, we must go back to the old feudal times of Europe; for the same system, with modifications due to the peculiarities of the country, now exists in Mexico. As in the olden days of chivalry, when the vassals and retainers held from the liege lord or baron, by military or other service, and the serfs or bondsmen, originally slaves, or becoming so by indebtedness to the lord, were bought and sold with the land; so too with Mexico. The rancheros who reside on the large estates or haciendas of the Mexican Dons, answer to vassals and retainers, and are subject at times to do military service, although not so severely enjoined upon them as in former days. The *peóns*, who are the lowest order of Mexicans, are the serfs or slaves, whose labour belongs to the owner of the estate, to whom they have become indebted, and who are generally kept by their poverty in this state of base servitude. The third, or medium class, is composed of those who own small property or farms, or hold from the Don by socage tenure, paying a certain rent, and who also hold *peóns*, or serfs, under them. The fourth class consists of the *alcaldes* or mayors of the towns, (who as magistrates hold courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction,) and the Dons, or large landholders, who are subject to the tyranny and authority of the military chieftains or despots. Thus, as in feudal times, when the barons called upon the lesser lords and their vassals to support them in some feud, so now in Mexico: when her military chieftains are arrayed against each other, they call upon the Dons, (not, it is true, with the same authority which the barons exercised, but which they usurp,) who in turn call upon their rancheros, or retainers, to support the cause which they willingly or unwillingly sustain.

The higher classes of Mexicans are the creoles of the country, and descendants of Europeans and some few Americans. The lower class are a mingled race of the whites and Indians, called mestizoes, of the Indian and negro, of quadroons and mulattoes. When Mexico was a colony of Spain, so numerous were the degrees and shades of colour of the populace, that the king had the power of conferring the honour of *whiteness* upon an individual

of any colour, by a decree of the Audencia,\* which for ever after gave him all the rank and privileges of being white. Guerréro, the second president of Mexico, was a *griff*, one darker than a quadroon, while others who took part in the government were of the pure Indian blood. These grades exist to this day.

As we have seen in the last chapter, the road to China having been deemed inadvisable as a line of march for our army, orders were soon after issued for us to make a reconnoissance of the road by Mier, as far as Serralvo, as the army was now ready for its march to Monterey, and only awaited our report.

On the 12th of August, then, three days after our arrival from China, a portion of our company, with a detachment of Capt. Gillespie's Rangers, accompanied by Capt. James Duncan, of the 3d artillery, and Lieut. Wood of the engineer corps, with a body-guard of four men, and a guide named Baker, were in the saddle for another scout. At 8 o'clock, A. M., we left Comargo, crossed the San Juan, and took the road to Mier. The day was *powerful* hot, the thermometer being by *sensation* about 110°. Our horses suffered much, and we had to travel very slowly. After four miles, we passed Rancho Risa, and encamped two miles beyond, on the road-side, and stripped our horses to graze, while we sought the shade of the chaparral bushes. Here we stopped till about 5, P. M., when we proceeded on about three miles, and encamped beside a beautiful lake of fresh water, called Guardado, one of the most lovely spots we ever saw; the fine large trees on its banks afforded a grateful shade for man and horse. There is quite a large rancho there, by the same name, and little Mexican boys came down to our camp, bringing us tortillas, eggs and fruit. The lake is about two miles long, nearly half a mile wide, and very deep. Its limpid waters were too tempting to be resisted, and many of us bathed in its refreshing coolness. The opposite shore was lined with a deep verdure, while here and there might be seen a flower of richest fragrance, whose perfumes scented the evening air, as the melting rays of the setting sun cast a flood of light over the dimpled surface of the waters, and the wild lay of the woodland bird echoed sweetly over the lake, from the entangled thicket.

After a hearty supper, we saddled up, and at 7½ P. M., left the lake, taking a W. S. W. course through a wild rugged country. About nine o'clock at night, we crossed a deep ravine, on the other side of which was a thick chaparral wood. As the head of the command turned an angle in the road, a horseman came riding towards us.

"Buena noche," said our guide to him.

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\* Vide Encyc. Amer.

"Buena noche," replied the Mexican, without stopping his horse.

"Stop," said our guide.

"No time for stopping now," said the Mexican, and pricking his horse with his spurs, dashed on.

"Stop him," cried McCulloch, "stop him, boys!" and giving chase, off he galloped in pursuit, followed by several others.

The Mexican was prevented by the rear of the company from crossing the ravine, and turning his horse, broke into the thick chaparral wood. There was no moon, and the man's escape was favoured by the darkness of the wood. It was rough riding, and the low hanging branches gave them many a scratch as they rushed on in the chase. Suddenly the report of several pistols were heard—and then all was still. Our captain and the men soon after came back, the former without his hat, and reported that they had shot the man, as he was attempting to cross a bayou, in making a circuit round to gain the road, and on rising the other side, he fell from his horse, which was seen to gain the bank without its rider. It was afterwards ascertained that the Mexican was a notorious horse-thief, and was actually riding one of our own horses, stolen from us a few weeks ago, which accounted for the *hurry* of the rider, who well said, "it was no time for stopping." The horse was thus restored to its owner. Proceeding on, our road leading over barren hills, we left Mier to the right three miles distant, and dismounted, being about twenty-six miles from Comargo. Here our Captain was taken very ill, and determined to go to Mier, leaving the expedition in command of Captain Duncan. It was some time after midnight, and Capt. Duncan ordered the command to camp until day. We merely loosened the girths of our saddles, and lay down on the bare ground, holding the *cabestros* or halters of our horses in our hands or tied to our arms, and thus snatched a few hours' sleep.

On the morning of the 13th, before day had yet dawned, we were again on the road. The men were much jaded from the hot and fatiguing march of the preceding day, and having had but a few hours' rest, they had not yet recovered from their drowsiness. Our horses were quite fresh, however. We rode silently along, many of the men dozing in the saddles, until 8 o'clock, when we encamped off from the road by the side of a pleasant little creek, where we staked out our horses to graze, posted sentinels on the road, and got breakfast. Here we remained until 4 o'clock, P. M., the weather being too hot to travel in the middle of the day. As we were ordered to saddle up, a horseman was seen coming down the road, who being hailed, rode into our camp. It proved to be "Jack Everitt," son of Judge Everitt, of Alabama,



a young man who had been living some years in Mexico, trading. He was dressed like a Mexican, and spoke the language very well, and was now employed in the quarter-master's department as interpreter and contractor. He was so well known throughout that part of the country, that he was generally allowed to travel unmolested. He afterwards joined our company, as the army moved on, and fought with the Texians at the storming of Monterey. After several questions, Everitt told us that he had left Punta Aguda that morning, and the night previous he was at a large fandango there, and another was to be given that night to Gen. Canales, and Col. Christoval Raméres, who were expected to attend it. It was immediately determined to visit the scene of festivity, as it lay on our route; Capt. Duncan giving us a *carte blanche* to attend the dance, and the boys brightened up at the prospect of the *frolic*. We pushed on then, for that place, thinking to make two distinguished prisoners. At about 6, P. M., we met two Mexicans going towards Mier, one of whom was Canales's brother. He carried in his hand a common straw hat, besides the one he had on, and as we had nothing but a cloth cap to shelter ourself from the sun, we asked him what he would take for it? He replied he did not wish to sell it, and as it was no time for making bargains, we took the hat from him, and giving him a dollar, bade him *Adios*. At dark, the command was formed into single file, and Capt. Duncan had his charger saddled, giving the mule he had ridden to one of his men to lead. We now proceeded on at a rapid rate until about 10, P. M., when we arrived within a short distance of Punta Aguda, and a halt was called, for the purpose of reconnoitering before going into the place. We were delayed some twenty minutes, when all the arrangements having been made, and a guard stationed at a bridge, which we crossed to get into the place, we marched on, sure of our game. As we neared the town, we could hear the music, among which was a bass drum, which seemed to drown all other sounds. On we galloped in order to take them by surprise, and to prevent escape. We had now gained the avenues, where sentinels were again posted with orders to shoot any man trying to escape, when the dogs set up such a barking as almost deafened our ears; still we were not discovered, and we kept on until we reached the large square, which was most brilliantly lighted up, and which contained some two hundred men and women, engaged in dancing. We immediately surrounded the square, while their music kept up such a din that they had not even heard our approach, notwithstanding the barking of the dogs. And not until we had completely surrounded them, and our interpreter cried out several times at the top of his voice, *Silencio!* did we succeed in attract-

ing their attention. As the music ceased, on looking up, they were struck with terror and astonishment, at beholding themselves surrounded on all sides, by fierce and savage-looking men with rifles in their hands, pointing from every direction towards them. The women shrieked aloud, and ran towards the houses which lined one side of the square. We told them that the first man who attempted to move would be shot, but that the women might go where they pleased. Canales and Raméres were then demanded. But they protested most solemnly that they were not there, declaring that the dignitaries had both left at sundown. They then attempted to put out the lights, which was prevented by threatening them with death. It was known that Raméres had a house there, and they were requested to point it out, which being done, we were ordered by Capt. Duncan to proceed with two men, to search it. As we rode off, we called the attention of our commander to a movement making in one corner of the square. On reaching the house of Raméres, our entrance was strenuously opposed at first by an old woman, who, at last was forced to give way, while one of us entered, the other two guarding the door; a strict search was made throughout the house, but no one was discovered. On returning, we heard the report of two rifles in quick succession, and thought that the *dance* had now indeed opened in earnest. As we galloped up, we found that two men had attempted to make their escape, and were shot at; killing one, who proved to be a captain of Mexican infantry, and wounding another in the arm, who was supposed to be a soldier. The latter was caught and brought back, and, while our surgeon was occupied in setting the man's arm, which had been broken, the music was ordered to strike up, and the young girls again joined in the dance, having assured them of our friendship. As soon as the dance had recommenced, Corporal Bawk, one of Duncan's men, a tall, good-looking young fellow, jumped the enclosure, and the music playing to our astonishment an old Virginia reel, the corporal led off a very pretty girl, to the great amusement of the lookers on, surprising the girls with his activity in the dance. This was too much for us, and as the reel ended, they next struck up a waltz, and we followed suit by jumping the enclosure, and approaching a girl of pretty figure and feature, who was hanging languishingly on the arm of a well-dressed greaser, we bid them *buenas noches*, and asked the Mexican in our best Spanish, if we might dance with his fair partner. The young girl gave her assent, but the Mexican replied he did not understand us, at the same time shaking his fore-finger significantly. We then asked him if he understood *Spanish*, giving him an unmistakeable look, and carelessly placing our hand on a

pistol in our belt. "Si Caballero," he replied, relinquishing the fair one, who taking our arm, we were soon whirling in the mazy dance. A few others now joined us, selecting the fairest for their partners, thus letting them see that we were just as ready to frolic as to fight. After the dance, refreshments were served round, consisting of sweet cakes, *muscal*,\* and *agua ardiente*.

It had been ascertained that Canales and Raméres had both been there, but had left suddenly about dark, without giving any notice of their departure, and were supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood. They most certainly had gained secret information of our coming; and it was thought the brother of Canales must have turned back by some near route, and conveyed to them the news, when they quietly slipped off without informing the people at the rancho, to conceal their cowardice. It was now midnight, and the surgeon having finished setting the wounded man's arm, we were ordered to horse; so, bidding the fair *senoritas buenas noches*, much against our will, we took the road towards Serralvo. The men were evidently disappointed on being ordered to march, as it was confidently expected that we would have camped for the night at Punta Aguda. Not so, however, with our captain; he well knew the danger of our position, and that we were liable to be cut off or surrounded, should we tarry long enough at one place for the enemy to concentrate, or for information to be carried in advance of us. Thus we kept on riding through the dark woods, while the low hanging branches of the trees frequently gave us many a scratch, and would occasionally knock off our hats, much to our vexation, and which forced us to keep our eyes open—for the excitement had worn off, and the men nearly all felt that heavy drowsiness which succeeds it, to say nothing of the fatigue of the march.

At 3, A. M., we encamped on the roadside, near a rapid little stream of water, where the grass was very fine. Unsaddling our horses, we took them to water, and then tied them by their *cabestros* to graze. Sentinels were posted, and the order was given for the men to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency. We threw ourselves upon the dewy grass, with our arms lying beside us, and although hungry, we thought only of gaining an hour of sleep.

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\* A strong liquor made from the aloe tree.



## CHAPTER XI.

Scout to Serralvo—Description of the Serralvo Mountains, and the Town—Our Reception—Encampment on the Rio Alamo—Our departure for Agua Lejos—Encampment—Return—Description of the place—The Alcalde—Paso Isla—The crossing—The Story of “Strabismus Bill”—Arrival at Mier—Return to Comargo—The Grand Review.

AT the dawn of day on the 14th, we were aroused from our slumbers, and ordered into the saddle. We were always ready, as our toilet was soon made, it merely consisting of washing our faces when the opportunity offered itself. The soft balmy clime of Italy could not have surpassed the ray of light which first broke in upon the morn, as it met, and was kissed by the sweet breeze that welcomed one of the most delightful days that ever broke over a southern land. The Serralvo mountains, which we had long seen at a great distance, now appeared quite close to us; and as they loomed up in the heavens, presenting a dim bluish colour, they filled us with wonder and delight. As the sun gradually rose, tinging their summits with its golden hues, the dark grayish mist lifted and disclosed a deep rich green, most grateful to the eye. Silvery streams, murmuring sweetly, meandered along the road; on either side of which were seen cattle quietly grazing; and here and there flowers of richest hue and fragrance so tempting, that we could not help dismounting to pluck them. There was that impressive stillness prevailing through the woods, which one is never made to feel in any other place, and which was uninterrupted, save by the occasional carols of some bright plumed bird as it sang its morning lay.

At 7, A. M., we crossed a little stream, and ascended the hill, of rock or limestone, on which is situated the town of Serralvo, seventy-five miles from Comargo. Posting sentinels at the avenues, the main body entered the town, and rode into the plaza. Here we formed into line, sitting on our horses, while Capt. Duncan, with the interpreter, rode up to the alcalde's house, and demanded the surrender of the place, for the purpose of establishing a military depôt; which was readily acceded to, on assuring them that individual rights would be respected. Serralvo is certainly a most beautiful place, and, indeed, its site is a most romantic spot. The town is well built of stone, and contains about 3000 souls. It has a neat pretty church, finely situated near the river Alamo, which runs through the town. It also contains a well-built arsenal, with battlements, and the gardens were most delightful, and filled with fruit-trees. It lies about eight miles from the base of the Serralvo mountains, the highest peaks of which are about 1200 feet high.

We then rode through the town, and encamped about a quarter of a mile from its outskirts, on the Rio Alamo, a very rapid and bold current, cool and as clear as crystal, running over occasional rocks, and forming little falls. Here we obtained plenty of corn and fodder for our horses. The inhabitants treated us very kindly *for our money*, and came into our camp, selling us melons, peaches, delicious grapes, pomegranates, *abocatés*, (a species of egg plant,) cakes, milk, viands, &c. After a most delightful bath in the river, we had a sumptuous feast; the alcalde having sent a basket to our captain whose mess we happened to be in, filled with nice viands, tomatoes, roast kid, with *sauce piquant*, pies, &c. We then took a sound nap, under the fine shade of a large tree, and at 4½, P. M., saddled up for Agua Lijos, or the town of distant waters, which lay to the westward of our course on our way back. Crossing the Rio Alamo, we rode along through a bottom surrounded by very high hills. Off to the left, we passed a rancho situated at the top of one of these hills, and as we neared it we saw two men riding close to the brow of the hill, spying out. There was an evident excitement among them, and we halted, while the advance guard went on ahead with the guide. We now had to ascend a high ridge of hills. It was very hot, and the hills were steep and stony. Having gained the top of one, we saw along the ridge to the right, quite a body of armed men, whom we first took for the enemy; but it was soon ascertained that it was our advance guard, and that we had taken the road up the wrong hill. So we had to descend and climb another. When we reached the bottom again, we saw a man holding a horse at the foot of the hill of the rancho, as if ready for some one to make his escape. Some supposed that Canales might be secreted there. It was a most villanous looking place, and for its means of defence, it would have made a good bandit's haunt, which it looked more like than any thing else. Our time was too precious, however, to be wasted on surmises, so we rode on, and joined the advance. About sundown, we came to a large rancho, where we saw a two-story brick house! the only one of the kind we saw in Mexico.

At half-past 9, P. M., we crossed the river Agua Lijos, on which is situated the town, and where stands an old mill of the style of the sixteenth century. We were told that there was a force here of 200 troops. On riding through the place, however, which is very beautiful, no one impeded our way—and pressing an old Mexican into our service, we told him to carry us to a corn-field, which he said was about half a mile off. Taking the lead, on he rode, winding around fences and lanes for about two miles, still without coming to any corn-field. The men were tired and getting impatient, and thought the old fellow might be leading us into

an ambuscade, or had some motive for taking us such a round ; so he was threatened to be shot if he did not immediately show us a corn-field, which he soon afterwards found, with a fine chaparral fence around it, and plenty of good pasturage. Here we encamped for the night.

At daylight on the morning of the 15th, the men were ordered to eat what they had for breakfast ; after which, twenty men were detailed by Capt. Duncan to go back with him to town ; while Lieut. Wood was ordered to proceed on with the command to Paso el Coyoté, and wait for us. We then rode back to town, and stopped at the alcalde's house in the plaza. A long parley took place, which resulted in his honour acquiescing to all we wished. He was extremely polite, and sent us out some *agua-pie*, a kind of wine, and furnished us with some *cigarritos* and *puros*. While thus formed in the plaza, we met the ladies coming from mass, dressed with their *rebosas* and *mantellinas* ; they looked very neat, and dressed with more taste than any we had yet seen. They greeted us very kindly as they passed, and then stood off, on one side of the square, till we left the place. We here obtained the information, that we would not be able to cross a river at the Pass without great difficulty ; so, two men were hired to accompany us with axes to cut a way through the thickets, and to fell a tree across the river. We proceeded on to Paso el Coyoté, but found that Lieut. Wood had gone to Paso Isla, so we kept their trail until we arrived at that place, where we found the command waiting for us. Here it was determined to cross, though it was a very ugly place, for the current ran about six miles an hour. A large tree was felled across the river, on which we crossed with our saddles, blankets and clothes ; and then being stripped, we took our horses down the bank and swam them over, landing about a quarter of a mile below. The sun was very hot, and coming out on the other side, we had to ride bareback through a chaparral thicket, back to the place where we had deposited our *rigging*. Of course, we did not escape without many a scratch from the entangled thorny brush. It is strange what scenes one will go through ; what obstacles and difficulties overcome, when forced by the necessity of circumstances, and which, when passed, seem only as trifles. And yet, to those who never led a life of adventure, these trials seem as difficulties insurmountable.

The command being ordered to encamp—fires were kindled, and the different messes went to work preparing dinner, which consisted of a biscuit, a piece of broiled bacon, and a cup of coffee. About 5, P. M., we saddled up, and taking the road to Mier, continued on for twenty-five miles, when we encamped nine miles



from that town, on a beautiful level green, near a thick copse of chaparral. Captain Duncan here left the command in charge of Lieut. Wood, and after supper, proceeded on with the guide and his body-guard to Mier, and Comargo, in order to report the result of the reconnoissance, as no time was to be lost. We were now *out of the woods*—that is, we felt secure from any surprise or attack, being close to Mier, which was garrisoned by Capt. J. R. Vinton's company of the artillery battalion. It was a fine starlight night, and the men were reclining on their blankets around in groups, talking over the incidents of our late scouts.

"Well, give me the girls of Punta Aguda, yet," said one of a group, "they are prettier, and better dressed than any I've seen."

"I don't know," said a young fellow named Clark, "the alcalde's daughter at Serralvo is hard to beat."

"Not half as pretty as *Matildé*," replied another, who had an obliquity of sight.

"Who is *Matildé*, Tom," asked two or three.

"Why, the girl we saw at Agua Lijos, with the pink *rebosa*," said Tom.

"Well, she was as pretty, and better dressed than any I've seen," said Clark.

"How did you find out her name, Tom?" said the first speaker.

"Why, I asked her, to be sure; she was coming from mass, with a crowd of other girls, and as they passed us, they all curtsied, and said, 'bué nas días;' well, this girl looked so neat and pleasant, that I couldn't help stopping her, and asking her name; and when she told it to me, I think she showed the prettiest set of teeth I ever saw."

"Ha, ha, ha—Tom is in love with a Mexican girl," said Clark.

"Take my advice, Tom," said one of Gillespie's Rangers, "and never marry a Mexican girl, for it would be dangerous for *you*," giving the pronoun a mysterious emphasis.

"How so," said Tom, with an inquiring look.

"Oh, it's a long story," said the Ranger, "and then I don't like to tell these love tales."

"Oh, yes, let's have it," said several; and Tom's curiosity being excited, his entreaties grew the more earnest.

"Well," said the Ranger, as he resettled himself on his blanket, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, carefully put it away. "Well, I once knew a fellow who, for many years, was engaged in the smuggling trade with the Mexicans on the Pacific coast. He was said to have been born in the States. But it was hard to tell. He had black eyes and hair, and, if he had ever been white,

the sun had shaded his complexion to a dark brown. He spoke the lingo perfectly well, and, if he *was* born in the States, his English some how had a sort of a twist in it. There were many strange stories told about him; and it was said he once lived in Italy. No one ever knew his real name. The Mexicans called him *Capitan Bill*. He was about five feet six inches in stature, and rather delicate than robust; his features were regular, and nothing about him very striking, except that one of his eyes had a notion never to leave the corner nearest his nose." Here the group smiled and turned a look on Tom.

"It was about fifteen years ago, at the time of the colonization of Texas, when I was that many years old," continued the Ranger, "that Capitan Bill first came down to our settlement, and there some how he got the name of *Strabismus Bill*."

"Got the name of what?" said Tom.

"Strabismus Bill," repeated the Ranger.

"What did they call him that for?" said Tom.

"Why, I believe the way it came about," said the Ranger, "was that Bill fell in love with a lovely girl, who, at the same time, was being courted by the doctor of our settlement. Kate Young was counted the most beautiful girl for miles around, and, as Bill played on the guitar and sang Italian songs, he *sorter took her* first. But the doctor told her one day that Bill had the *strabismus*, which so alarmed her that she would never see Bill again. It was known all about that Kate had *kicked* Bill on account of the *strabismus*, and so long as he remained about them parts they called him *Strabismus Bill*."

"Shortly after, Strabismus Bill disappeared from the settlement, and was not heard of for some years. It was after the Texian war had closed that I met a friend who told me the sad end of poor Bill. It appeared, after he left us, he went back to his old trade. Well, it was while on his way from Mazatlan, where he had been with some Mexican smugglers, and were returning with a *cavallada* of some 500 mules, laden with teas and silks, which had been clandestinely landed on the coast from the East Indies, that he met with an incident that controlled his after-life. They had so far eluded the vigilance of the excise officers as to gain the interior. So well did they know the geography of the country, and every path and trail, that, in case of an alarm, they would all scatter out in every direction, so as to avoid pursuit, then strike for the trail on the course of their route, and thus all meet again after one or two days of separation. In those days the smugglers and the bandits made common cause of it, and afforded each other protection.

"One night as they were travelling along, they passed a ran-

cho, which had been attacked by the Indians, and all the people massacred. On entering one of the huts, Bill thought he heard a sigh, and, looking up into a little loft, he discovered a young girl, who, upon perceiving him, jumped down, and, clasping him around the neck, to his surprise and amazement, and amid a shower of kisses, greeted him as her brother! Notwithstanding Bill's protestations to the contrary, still clinging to his neck, she heeded him not, and, with sobs of grief, told him how their parents had been murdered. Bill continued to disclaim the relationship; but all he could do would not convince her of the mistake; so he took her up on his horse and carried her to his home.

"A few days after their arrival, her true brother made his appearance, he having accidentally stopped at Bill's house on his way home. And, indeed, the resemblance between the two was so striking and remarkable, that it was not strange that even a sister should have been deceived."

"Why, was he cross-eyed too?" said Clark.

"Of course he was," answered the Ranger, "or how could he *look* like Bill?"

"Well," continued he, "as the girl was very beautiful, Bill fell in love with her. Some months afterwards, it was ascertained that she was the niece of a wealthy Mexican Don, who, having heard of her misfortune, had written to her to come and live with his family at his *hacienda*. Bill accompanied her, and asked her uncle's permission to marry her. He consented; but it was plain the girl married more out of gratitude than from love. She never seemed happy after the marriage. With others she appeared gay enough; but in the presence of Bill she was always sad. One day it was discovered that she had poisoned him."

"Poisoned him!" said Tom, with surprise; "poisoned him! what for?"

"Why, some said it was because she was in love with another; but it was generally attributed to the reason that he was so infernal ugly, and always *looked cross* at her." A loud laugh burst from the crowd, while Tom rolled himself up in his blanket, and was not heard of any more until next morning.

Early on the day of the 16th we were on the road to Mier, where we arrived at 7, A. M. We were warmly greeted by Capt. McCulloch, who had nearly recovered from his illness, as well as by the officers in command of the town. The company encamped under some large trees, near a beautiful little stream called the Alcantro, a branch of the Rio Grande, which rippled by the town. Here the men got breakfast, and we were plentifully supplied with fruit by the inhabitants. After breakfast, we visited the churches, plaza, prison, and other public buildings; also, the house of Don



Domingo Moricio, celebrated for being one of the houses in which the Texians made such a gallant defence. The house bore evident signs of the attack from the many balls and bullet holes. One of our men, who was in this very house during the battle, showed us an oven in the yard, the iron door of which was riddled with bullet holes—the Mexicans having thought at the time that the Texians had sought shelter therein. We were also shown the walls which the Mexicans attempted to scale, but who were driven back with rocks and stones. Don Domingo, who is an Italian, keeps a very good tavern here, and has three very pretty daughters, the eldest of whom, *Juanita*, spoke tolerably good English. Don Domingo had lived for many years in the country, and had married a Mexican woman; but there was something in his children far above the common Mexican girls—a something which showed blood. Mier is quite a manufacturing town, and in almost every house, you see its inmates occupied with the loom or spinning wheel. They make a great number of fine blankets and other articles. There were also several large stores there. Capt. Vinton kindly sent us an invitation to dine, and we were introduced to the officers of his mess, with whom we spent a very pleasant evening.

At daylight, on the 17th, we left for Comargo. At 10, A. M., we reached Lake Guardado, where we had a fine bath, and made breakfast; at 3, P. M., left our encampment, and continued on the road to Comargo, where we arrived at 6, P. M. On the road we took two prisoners, who had secreted their arms in the chaparral; but, as the poor devils swore they were only péons, or shepherds, we let them go, although it looked suspicious. We arrived just in time to witness a grand dress-parade and review of the regular troops by Gen. Taylor. It was a fine evening; the departing sun had lost its fiery rays, a pleasant breeze was floating through the air, and on the beautiful parade ground, about a mile below the town, there stood nearly 4000 men in solid column, with bright arms and glistening bayonets extending throughout the long lines. The scene was most beautiful indeed, and the execution of the different evolutions which they performed excited the admiration of all.

“'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life  
One glance at their array!”

There were six regiments of infantry, the artillery battalion, acting as light infantry, and Duncan's and Bragg's batteries of horse artillery. It was a grand and imposing sight. Gen. Taylor was saluted by the batteries of artillery, and after the review, preparatory to the dismissal of the parade, the officers and non-

commissioned officers marched to the front, where stood the commanding officers of the regiments, mounted on their steeds; while still farther off, was seen Gen. Taylor and his staff, mounted on their war-horses. As the officers saluted, the music beat off in soul-stirring airs, and banners waved gracefully upon the breeze; when, being dismissed, the different regiments repaired to their respective camps. This was the largest parade that had ever taken place since the last war.

The night was spent with our friends, who rejoiced at our return, and after we had finished our tale of the events of the scout, many a song and story went the rounds, and it was long after midnight before we betook ourselves to rest.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Camp at Comargo—Movement of the Army—Guerréro—A Mexican Funeral—San Fernando—Col. Jack Hays—His Character—The Battles of Piedrales and the Enchanted Rock—Anecdote—Departure for Serralvo—Camp at Mier—The Lipan Chief, “Flacco”—Camp at Punta Aguda—Arrival at Serralvo—Reconnoissance to Carrisito—Scout to Papagayo—Incidents—Our Return to Serralvo.

IMMEDIATELY on the arrival of Capt. Duncan, who reported favourably of the military route by Serralvo, for the movement of the army to Monterey, orders were issued for General Worth to proceed with the First Brigade of his division, consisting of the 8th Infantry and artillery battalion, to that place; acting at the same time as an escort to some five hundred pack-mules, laden with subsistence stores. Comargo was now the most busy town in all Mexico; all was hurry, bustle, and confusion. In fact, the place was in a perfect whirl of activity. Preparations were making for the whole army to move onward. The streets were crowded with teams and soldiers. Steamboats were daily arriving and departing, the ferry-boats were kept constantly crossing the San Juan, as well as mules and horses swimming the same; and officers and soldiers were packing up, as all unnecessary baggage was to be left behind; in short, every preparation was making for a long march.

On the 19th of August, the First Brigade of the Second Division crossed the river, and took up its line of march. They had not proceeded far, however, before a *stampede* took place among the mules; an account of which we take from a letter of Mr. Haile, the well-known correspondent of the “Picayune.”

“There were some fifteen hundred pack-mules on the other side, ready to carry up provisions to Serralvo. About five hun-

dred of these were making a start with the artillery battalion, which went ahead, when the camp-kettles, which were not properly packed, began to rattle, and the mules commenced kicking up. The soldiers laughed: mules do not like to be laughed at, so they kicked the harder, and tried to run away. The scene was so ludicrous that the soldiers could not restrain their mirth, and they burst forth in something like a shout. This was more than the mules would bear, and so they bolted in a regular *stampede* style, bounding over the musquit shrubs, in every direction, throwing their burdens of flour and pork high into the air, and kicking them as they came down. The next morning, the thin chaparral in which the stampede came off was loaded with a strange variety of fruit. Camp-kettles hung from the limbs, looking as if they were of natural growth; bags of flour lay in the forks, resembling large birds' nests, and the ground was strewn with 'plunder' of all kinds, looking as if a thousand Yankee pedlars had been chased through the bushes by an army of Mexican robbers, and had thrown away their goods to facilitate their escape. The Mexican muleteers, assisted by the soldiers, soon put things to rights, and the train went on, the nose of each mule being tied to the tail of his predecessor. They cut a most ludicrous spectacle, a long train of mules, thus tied, but it effectually put a stop to their kicking and running away."

During our absence on the last scout, a deputation of Mexican citizens came in from Guerréro, and tendered to Gen. Taylor a surrender of the town, which is situated on the Rio Grande, about forty miles from Comargo, and desired him to garrison the place, but the general declined so doing. They represented that in the vicinity there were fine mines of coal, and as it was an article much wanted at that time, Cols. Kinney and Peyton went up to examine its quality, and found it very excellent, but there were no means for working the mines or for transportation.

On our return, we found that the old tent, our former quarters, had been taken from us. It was no great loss, however, as it was a miserable concern, and our mess took up quarters under the roof of a ruined hut, situated on one side of a lane, opposite to which there resided a Mexican family. In the rear of our hut were the ruins of a once beautiful garden. It still contained a fine grove of orange trees, under the green foliage of which we spread our blankets, to shelter us from the heavy dews of the night. Although the Texas Rangers performed harder service, and, from the nature of their duty as scouts, were subjected to greater hardships and privations than any other corps of the army, yet they were always ready and willing, and never murmured at their fare. Our horses were frequently put upon half rations of



corn, and the men were obliged to buy grass from the Mexicans, at ten cents a bundle, which came out of our own pockets, as we were not permitted to graze our horses in their enclosures, and the grass on the road-side was nearly consumed.

One morning, just as we had finished our breakfast, our attention was attracted by the loud shrieks of our neighbours, and on looking around, we perceived several women running out from the *jacal* opposite, wringing their hands, pulling their hair, and screaming and wailing with the most heart-rending bursts of grief. We soon learned that their mother, a very old woman, had just died, which was the cause of their lament. This shrieking and howling was kept up all day, until the afternoon, when the funeral took place. There was no coffin; the corpse was merely wrapped in a shroud, and placed on a bier, with a cloth thrown over it. The priest, dressed in his robes, with his shorn head exposed to the sun, attended by a little boy on each side, followed the bier. Then came two Mexicans, wrapped in large Spanish cloaks, with black, broad-brimmed *sombreros*, who acted as mourners, followed by the friends of the deceased. The procession moved to the church, where the priest said mass over the corpse, when they proceeded to the place of burial. At night, another wail of lament burst forth, which exceeded the first,—and this was kept up, night and morning, for some two or three days. They sometimes would break out in the middle of the night, and awaken the whole camp around, with their piercing screams. It certainly exceeded all the outward “shows of grief” that we ever saw.

On the 21st, Gen. Twiggs arrived with the 2d Dragoons, and Capts. Ridgely and Taylor’s batteries of light artillery; also, Major Gen. Butler, and Brig. Gens. Quitman and Hamer, and other officers of the volunteers. Our time for which we had been mustered into the service, three months, had now expired, and the men were paid off accordingly. Many of the company, believing that there was to be no more fighting, were anxious to return to their homes and families, who, living on the frontier of Texas, were left in a manner unprotected; besides others who had become dissatisfied, left the company and refused to re-enlist.

On the 25th, the Second Brigade of the Second Division, the 5th and 7th Infantry, crossed the San Juan, on their way to Serralvo. On the 26th, Col. Jack Hays, with an escort of twenty men, arrived from China, where he had left his regiment encamped. The regiment had been out on a long scout, ever since it left Matamoras, and passed through San Fernando, on its way to China.

For a description of the town of San Fernando, and the following incidents, we are indebted to Mr. Lumsden, of the “Pica-yune,” whose letter we copy entire:

San Fernando, Mexico, Aug. 15, 1846.

“*Dear Friends*,—As you perceive, I am in San Fernando, a pretty little town of some three thousand inhabitants, situated in a hilly, if not mountainous, district, upon the banks of a deep and swift running river, bearing the name by which the town is called. It is distant from Matamoras ninety miles, in a south-westerly direction.

“Col. Hays’s regiment reached this place at an early hour on the morning of the 13th, and found every thing quiet. A small number of Mexican troops who were quartered here, left the day before we arrived, knowing the approach of the regiment. When Col. Hays was within two leagues of San Fernando he was met by three messengers, bearing a communication from the authorities of the place, informing him that there would be no opposition to his entrance into the town, and begging that the property of the citizens might not be molested, &c. The colonel passed quietly through the western skirts of the town, and made his encampment about one-fourth of a mile off. After arranging the camp, he went into the town and had an interview with the *alcalde*, delivering a proclamation from Gen. Taylor, and telling the official that his intention was not to allow the citizens or their property to be disturbed in any manner; that he came not to make war against the citizen, but only against the soldier. The ‘talk’ of the colonel, through an interpreter, seemed to give infinite satisfaction to a crowd of persons who looked on and listened, apparently as much interested as if it were a case of life and death to them, and no doubt their fears had pictured it as being one. All business was suspended when the regiment arrived, the doors were nearly all closed, and one could only get an occasional glimpse at the inhabitants through the bars of their windows.

“On the night previous to our entrance into San Fernando, the regiment encamped one league from the town, and the picket-guard was thrown as far forward as the borders of the place. Just before day, a man, armed and on horseback, rode into the line of the guard, moving cautiously towards the camp of Col. Hays. He was hailed repeatedly, but made no answer. An attempt was made by two of the guard to arrest him, but he put spurs to his horse and dashed away. The guard fired one shot at the horse and another at the rider; the horse fell dead, being shot through the neck, and it is believed the rider fared no better. A sword, and saddle and bridle, were the trophies of the exploit. There seems to be no doubt that the man was one of the troops who left San Fernando the day before our arrival. When the two shots were fired, the guard heard the sound of horses’ feet, and it is probable that a detachment had been sent back from the

Mexicans to take a peep at the Rangers, and to report proceedings. But they didn't catch Hays's men napping, nor will they be apt to, let them try it when they may.

"The regiment will take up the line of march again to-morrow, and move for a town called China, about one hundred and fifty miles from this place. The chances for a fight do not seem so favourable now as were thought. Col. Hays cannot hear of any force that he can meet, and it is the impression in the regiment that the Mexicans will not make a stand this side of Monterey. This, however, is not certain, and something may yet turn up a skirmish, and give the colonel and his 'boys' a chance. China lies between Comargo and Monterey, and at China, or the latter place, the regiment will probably join the main body of the army. This, however, will depend upon the communications between Col. Hays and Gen. Taylor. Further than this I cannot furnish you with any army news. What they are doing on the Rio Grande, or in other quarters, I know nothing of.

"I have been fortunate enough to be placed in a mess with four gentlemen from your city—Messrs. Foucher and Musson, former aids to Gen. Smith, Mr. Trudeau, quartermaster of the Louisiana brigade before its disbandment, and Mr. Theodore Lewis, brother of your popular sheriff. While here, Col. Hays has kindly permitted us to make our quarters in the town. The transition from the camp life to our present situation is most agreeable, and seems more like a dream than reality. We are staying with the family of Señor Don Ramon de la Gerza Flores,\* occupying a splendid mansion, where we are most politely attended to by our host and his lady. 'Situated as I am,' it is indeed difficult to imagine that we are in an enemy's country. Señor Don Ramon, &c., &c., is immensely rich, and lives in the finest style. And here your humble servant and his messmates are comfortably stored away, each of us with a separate bed, servants to attend us, and 'living in clover,' as if there were no war between the country of our host and our own government. At night we are treated to sweet music, struck from the trembling chords of the guitar and harp by the delicate and tapering fingers of a fair *señorita*, while we sit quietly and puff our *cigaritos* in the cooling breeze. Is it not enough to make one feel at home? But this state of things is not to last long—to-morrow 'the jig's up,' and '*sic transit gloria.*'

"The banks of the river at this place are of immense height—probably one hundred feet—and the view afforded from their

\* It is not a little singular that afterwards we picked up the visiting card of Señor Don Ramon in the streets of Monterey, which we kept for its novelty. See page 221, where this is referred to.



bluffs is truly picturesque. Look in whatever direction you may, and you see the distant hills all covered with the green chaparral and various coloured shrubbery, the winding mountain road, and the dashing, rushing waters of the Rio San Fernando. Beneath you, sporting in the limpid element, you behold men and boys, and women with their *chiquitos*—as the babies are called—all splashing and swimming about like so many tritons, mermaids and little minnows. This last sight is one which Americans are not accustomed to at home, but here it appears to be as common a matter of fact as going to church.

“By-the-by, talking of going to church, reminds me—if the noise does not—that the bells are ringing a merry peel. There is something very interesting to take place, and I’ll just step in and see the ceremony. So adieu.”

We had heard so much of Col. Hays, that we were anxious to be introduced to the commander of our regiment. The quarters of Lieut. Forbes Britton, commissary of subsistence, was at that time the general rendezvous of all the officers. And go when you would to his quarters, from his generous and hospitable feelings, all were sure to meet with a kind reception. On this occasion, as we entered Lieut. Britton’s quarters, we saw a group of gentlemen sitting around, among whom were Gen. Lamar, Gov. Henderson, Gen. Cazenov, and Gen. McCloud, all distinguished men of Texas, whose names are enrolled on the page of its history. As we cast our eye around the group, we tried to single out the celebrated partisan chief, and we were much surprised when we were presented to a delicate looking young man, of about five feet eight inches in stature, and told that he was our colonel. He was dressed very plainly, and wore a thin jacket, with the usual Texian hat, broad brimmed with a round top, and loose open collar, with a black handkerchief tied negligently around his neck. He has dark brown hair, and a large and brilliant hazel eye, which is restless in conversation, and speaks a language of its own not to be mistaken, with very prominent and heavy arched eyebrows. His broad, deep forehead is well developed; he has a Roman nose, with a finely curved nostril; a large mouth, with the corners tending downwards; a short upper lip, while the under one projects slightly, indicative of great firmness and determination. He is naturally of a fair complexion, but from long exposure on the frontier, has become dark and weather-beaten. He has rather a thoughtful and care-worn expression, from the constant exercise of his faculties; and his long acquaintance with dangers and difficulties, and the responsibilities of a commander, have given him an habitual frown when his features are in repose. He wears no whiskers, which gives him a still more youthful ap-



Colonel Jack Hayes, from a Daguerreotype by Noeselle,  
New Orleans.—p. 108.





pearance, and his manners are bland and very prepossessing, from his extreme modesty. Col. John Coffee Hays was born in Wilson county, Tennessee, and was named after the gallant Gen. Coffee who commanded a brigade at the battle of New Orleans. He is now about twenty-nine years of age. In 1837, when only nineteen, he emigrated to San Antonio, Texas, as a surveyor, and was employed on the frontier in surveying lands. His long life on the frontier has given him a hardy and iron constitution, and there are few men more able to stand hardships and privation than Col. Hays. His extraordinary talent as a commander early developed itself, and he was chosen captain of a company on several expeditions against the Indians, in which he was very successful. His reputation as a warrior rose so rapidly, that the Texian Congress made him captain of a spy company; and in 1840, or thereabout, he was made commander of the frontier, with the rank of major.

Were an account of the Indian fights, skirmishes, and adventures of Col. Hays to be given to the world, it would fill a volume, and the work would be looked upon rather as the effusion of a fertile imagination, consisting of legendary tales, and the adventures of some fictitious knight-errant, than to be the faithful account of the achievements of a man, living and moving among us, and that, too, comparatively unknown. But that "truth is stranger than fiction," is exemplified daily; and we are almost inclined to believe, that there are but few things which exist in the imagination of man, that could not, with the proper spirit, perseverance, and determination, be reduced to living reality. In order to give to our readers some idea of the character and bold daring of this border chief, and the estimation in which he was held by both friend and foe, we must beg leave here to relate a few of his exploits.

It was some time in the month of July, 1844, that he was engaged in one of the most remarkable Indian fights perhaps on record. Remarkable, not for the numbers engaged, nor the duration of the conflict, but from the fearful odds against the Rangers. At the time we speak of, Hays was surrounded by as gallant a little band of noble and brave men, numbering only fourteen, as ever fought for the liberty of any land. Among this Spartan band were the names of a Gillespie, a Walker, and a Chevalier, whose noble deeds have since made them known to the world. On this occasion, Hays had gone out with his men some eighty miles from San Antonio, towards the river Pierdenales, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the Indians, and to watch their movements. On arriving near the river, they discovered some ten or fifteen Comanche warriors, well mounted, who immediately made demonstrations of fight. As the Rangers advanced upon them,

however, they would retreat, and thus endeavoured to lead the Texians towards a ridge of thick undergrowth. But Hays was too well acquainted with the Indian character to be caught by their snares; and he immediately judged by their manœuvring, that an ambuscade had been laid for him, and with difficulty restrained the impetuosity of his "boys" from advancing to the attack. He then marched around the copse, where he supposed the Indians to be concealed, and drew up on another ridge, separated from their position by a deep ravine. He had occupied this situation but a short time, when the Indians discovered who he was, and knowing their man, gave up the hope of catching him by stratagem. The Indians then showed themselves to the number of seventy-five, and challenged him to the contest. Hays accepted the challenge, and signified to them that he would meet them, and immediately started down the hill with his men, towards the Indians, moving at the same time in the slowest possible pace, until reaching the bottom of the ravine, where he was hid from the view of the Indians, by the brow of the hill upon which they were formed. Then turning at full speed down the ravine, followed by his little troop, he turned the point of the ridge, came up in the rear of the enemy, and charged their column, when every eye of the Indian phalanx was looking in momentary expectation of seeing him rise the hill in their front! His first fire upon them, with short rifles, which being deadly, threw them into utter confusion. The yells, imprecations, and war-whoops that filled the air after the report of the rifles, would have blanched many a cheek as it echoed wildly over the plain. But there stood Hays and his gallant men as firm and undaunted as the rock. The Indians seeing their great superiority in numbers, soon rallied, when the Ranger ordered his men to throw down their rifles, and prepare with their five-shooters to receive the charge of the enemy. In order to resist attack on all sides, as the Indians were surrounding them, Hays formed his men in a circle, fronting outwards, being still mounted on their horses, and for fifteen or twenty minutes maintained that position, never firing a shot until the Indians came within the length of their lances of them. Their aim was sure, and every fire brought down a warrior. Some twenty-one of the red men were killed on that spot, before they desisted, and then the Rangers, changing their ground, charged them in turn. The fight lasted for nearly an hour, the two parties alternately charging each other. By this time the Texians had exhausted the loads in their five-shooting pistols, and the chief was again rallying his warriors for one more desperate struggle.

Hays's numbers were now reduced, and the crisis was an awful one. He saw that their only salvation was to kill the Indian chief,

and demanded of his men, if any one had a charge left. The lamented Capt. Gillespie replied that he had reserved his rifle.

"Dismount, then," said Hays, "and make sure work of that chief."

Although speared through the body, the gallant Gillespie dismounted, and at the crack of his rifle, the chief fell headlong from his horse. Panic struck, the Indians fled in dismay, pursued by the Texians, who gained a complete victory. On the battle-field of Pierdenales lay some thirty odd of their dead; how many were wounded, was not known. On the part of the Rangers, two were killed, and some four or five wounded, among whom were Gillespie and Walker, since celebrated in American history, who were both speared through the body.

At another time, Hays went out with a party of some fifteen or twenty men, upon the frontier of Texas, then many miles west of the white settlements, for the purpose of surveying and locating lands in the vicinity of a place well known as the "Enchanted Rock." We are unable to give to the reader the traditionary cause why this place was so named, but nevertheless, the Indians had a great awe, amounting almost to reverence for it, and would tell many legendary tales connected with it and the fate of a few brave warriors, the last of a tribe now extinct, who defended themselves there for many years as in a strong castle, against the attacks of their hostile brethren. But they were finally overcome and totally annihilated, and ever since, the "Enchanted Rock" has been looked upon as the exclusive property of these phantom warriors. This is one of the many tales which the Indians tell concerning it. The rock forms the apex of a high, round hill, very rugged and difficult of ascent. In the centre there is a hollow, in the shape of a bowl, and sufficiently large to allow a small party of men to lie in it, thus forming a small fort, the projecting and elevated sides serving as a protection.

Not far from the base of this hill, Hays and his men, at the time of the expedition spoken of, which occurred in the year 1841, or '42, were attacked by a large force of Indians. When the fight commenced, Hays being some distance from his party, was cut off from them, and being closely pressed by the Indians, made good his retreat to the top of the hill. Reaching the "Enchanted Rock," he there intrenched himself, and determined to sell his life dearly, for he had scarcely a gleam of hope left to escape. The Indians who were in pursuit, upon arriving near the summit, set up a most hideous howl, and after surrounding the spot, prepared for the charge; being bent upon taking this "Devil Jack," as they called him, at all hazards, for they knew who was the commander. As they would approach, Hays would rise, and



level his rifle; knowing his unerring aim, they would drop back. In this way he kept them at bay for nearly an hour; the Indians howling around him all the while, like so many wolves. But finally becoming emboldened, as he had not yet fired his rifle, they approached so near that it became necessary for him to go to work in earnest. So, as they continued to advance, he discharged his rifle, and then seizing his five-shooter, he felled them on all sides; thus keeping them off, until he could reload. In this manner he defended himself for three long hours, when the Indians becoming furiously exasperated, rushed in mass, and gained the top, on one side of the hill; his men, who had heard the crack of his rifle, and had been fighting most desperately to reach their leader, now succeeded in breaking through the file of Indians on the other side, and arrived just in time to save him.

"This," said the Texian, who told us the story, "was one of 'Jack's' most narrow escapes, and he considers it one of the *tightest little places* that he ever was in. The Indians who had believed for a long time that he bore a charmed life, were then more than ever convinced of the fact."

So many were the stories that went the rounds in camp of his perilous expeditions, his wild and daring adventures, and his cool and determined bravery, that when we saw the man who held such sway over his fellow-beings, we were first inclined to believe that we had been deceived. But when we saw him afterwards in the field, we then knew him to be the "intrepid Hays." So great is his reputation among the Mexicans, that he is everywhere known as "*Capitan Jack*." Notwithstanding his rigid discipline, for his word is law among his men, yet off duty he is a bland and pleasant companion, and the men familiarly call him Jack, though there is that about the man, which prevents one from taking the slightest liberty with him.

On one occasion, some Indians came into San Antonio, to make a treaty. Several chiefs were standing together, and had singled out Hays from several others, and were conversing about him. At last two of them approached, and asked him why it was that he would go out alone, which was frequently the case, and run such risks without the chance of aid?

"'Blue Wing' and I," said the chief, pointing to his companion, "no fraid go to *hell* together—'Capitan Jack,' great brave—no fraid go to *hell* by himself." By which the chief meant, that Hays was not afraid to go anywhere alone, which was certainly a great compliment.

The First Division was now making active preparations for its departure. Large wagon trains were leaving daily for Serralvo, escorted by the dragoons. A thousand rumours were afloat in

regard to the Mexican forces. First, we could hear that they were fortifying Monterey—then, that Monterey was not defended, and that they were going to make a stand of it at Saltillo—while again it was the opinion of others, that we would not meet the enemy at all. The excitement, however, was general with the Mexicans, as well as ourselves. Large parties of the latter were out pressing the rancheros and péons into service, and every thing indicated that a grand movement was making by both parties. The Volunteers, composing the Third Division, under Maj. Gen. Butler, consisting of the Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi regiments, were daily arriving. On the 30th, our company was again re-organized, and on the 31st, we were mustered into the service for three months more. Orders had been issued during the week for our departure, and we had been occupied getting our horses shod, our saddles fixed, and, in short, making every final arrangement for the most active service. This time there was to be no return, until some decisive blow was struck.

On the first of September, our company was ready, as well as that of Capt. Gillespie's, and at 9, A. M., we crossed the Rio San Juan, and proceeded on together, until we arrived at Lake Guardado, where we encamped. Here we found Capt. May's dragoons, detachments of which had been escorting the trains from Comargo to Serralvo and back. After dinner, we were again in the saddle, and proceeded on to our old camp ground, twelve miles from Mier, where we encamped for the night. At daybreak on the 2d, we continued our way, arrived at Mier at 8, A. M., and encamped under the shade-trees. We found the place looking very lonely and deserted—most of the Mexican men had left. No troops occupied the place, Capt. Vinton's company having left for Serralvo. The principal stores, too, were closed, and there was to be seen scarcely any signs of life or activity. Here we stayed till 4, P. M., when we saddled up, and took the road to Punta Aguda. We continued on till 8, P. M., when we encamped by the side of a creek, fifteen miles from Mier. The day had been excessively warm, and our road lay over a succession of high barren ridges, which made the travelling very tiresome. After the guard was posted, camp-fires were lighted, and the different messes went to work preparing supper, and grooming and feeding their horses. Having finished their meal, the men betook themselves to rest, and gradually the hum of the camp was lost in quiet slumber. Two of our mess, however, not feeling inclined to sleep, lay awake, talking low to each other, while a third was sitting up mending his chaparral-torn unmentionables. It was a most charming moonlight night, and the scene that presented itself was wild and novel in the extreme. The bank of the creek, by which we had en-

camped, lay some distance off from the road; it was a beautiful level green, surrounded on all sides, except that of the creek, which presented a fine view, by thick chaparral which concealed us entirely from persons passing on the road. The men lay in groups around on their blankets, wrapped in sleep, with their horses tied near them, and save the low undertone of the wakeful few, and the firm tread of the sentinels, all was as calm and still as the silvery light which shed its soft rays upon the scene. We had felt restless ourself, and were reclining on our elbow, contemplating the beauty of the landscape, when our attention was attracted by our two messmates, who were engaged discussing the relative merits of the individuals of different nations, in regard to their capacity to excel in the service in which we were then enlisted—that was, as scouts or spies.

“The Americans make very good spies,” said Jack McM——; “but the Mexicans excel them, and I think the Indians are superior to either. The keen perception, the circumspection, untiring patience and self-denial, and indomitable perseverance so absolutely essential to success, the Indians possess to such an extraordinary degree, that they seem fitted by nature to the task. Now, to illustrate my meaning,” continued Jack, “let me tell you an incident that fell under my own observation, which will prove to you that as a *spy*, the Indian is without a rival.”

“Some years ago, I was a private in Jack Hays’s company of Rangers. Our command was stationed at San Antonio, and as the Mexican robbing parties had been exceedingly troublesome along the frontier, our captain determined, as a means of retaliation for the injury they had committed, to strike a blow at some of the towns on the Rio Grande. Lorédo was the point decided upon as the most suitable for our attack. All our preparations were quickly made, and we procured for our guide a man intimately acquainted with the whole country lying between the river San Antonio and the Rio Grande. Just as we were about starting, the Lipan chief, ‘Flacco,’ volunteered to accompany us, and he was most willingly received into our party. Several times during our journey, we found our guide sorely puzzled in regard to our route, and on one cloudy day, when it was impossible to take a course by the sun, we were completely lost as to the direction to be pursued. On these occasions, ‘Flacco’ was called upon to give his opinion as to the route we ought to travel, and without the slightest hesitation, he would point out the proper course, and we never in any instance found him at fault.

“As we expected to see hard service on the Rio Grande, Capt. Hays wished to save our horses as much as possible on the way out, and therefore made each day’s ride as easy as the nature of



the case would permit. 'Flacco' could not understand the reason of our slow progress; and one day, when we had stopped earlier than usual, in a pleasant grove, to graze our horses and prepare our dinners, I noticed him leaning against a tree, with his arms folded across his breast, looking around him with a smile of contempt. I asked him if he would eat something with our mess.

"'No,' said he, drawing himself up proudly. 'No—warriors never eat much on war-path. Too much eat—too much eat,' said he, shaking his head thoughtfully. 'Capitan Hays great chief, but American eat too much on war-path.'

"On one occasion, as we were about to cross a river, our keensighted captain discovered horse-tracks upon the opposite bank, and calling 'Flacco' to him, desired him to swim the river, and find out if the tracks were those of wild horses, or made by steeds with riders on their backs.

"The chief plunged into the stream with his horse, and soon reached the opposite bank, and then observing the trail attentively for a few moments, he struck off into the chaparral in a slow trot. In about half an hour he returned and reported that he had seen no one, but that the horses, whose track he had followed, had been ridden; that one of them was a bay horse, and the other a gray, and that their riders were Indians.

"Capt. Hays seemed to place great reliance upon the statement; but I turned round with an incredulous air, and asked a companion how the d—l the chief could learn all these facts if he had seen nothing but the trail.

"'Oh, it is easy enough,' said he, 'for them Ingins to tell any thing, when once they set their eagle eyes upon "*fresh signs*."'

"'But how was it done?' I inquired, for I was then *green* in the woods.

"'How? why, I'll tell you, youngster. You see when "Flacco" first went over, he looked at the tracks on the bank. Now, a loose horse, after he is done drinking, always stops on the top of the bank to look around and nip a few mouthfuls of grass. Well, as soon as the Ingin found that the horses had gone straight on, he knew that they must have had riders on them. Then he followed the trail until he came to some place where they stopped; there he found the place where the horses had rolled after they were unsaddled, or rubbed themselves against a tree. In this way he found out their colour by the hair they had rubbed off; and then, if he did not find out by the camp itself, he knew by the tufts of buffalo hair sticking to the bushes, that the riders must be Ingins, for no one else rides in the chaparral wrapped in buffalo robes, except *Ingins*. Ain't it all clar now?'

"'Ever since that,' said Jack, "I have been perfectly satisfied

that the Indians were the best spies in the world; and, of all the prairie tribes, I consider the Comanches the most superior race."

Jack having here ended his story, and he of our mess having finished repairing his nether garment "by the light of the moon," we all dropped off to sleep.

At day-light, on the morning of the 3d, we were in the saddle, and continued our way towards Punta Aguda, where we arrived at 10, A. M.—distance thirty-five miles from Mier, and fifteen miles from Serralvo. Here we found the 5th and 7th Infantry encamped. We had had a very fatiguing ride, and our horses had suffered very much with the heat. We encamped on the banks of a beautiful little stream, on the other side of which was a fine field of grass, which was a grateful refreshment to our horses. The Mexicans came into our camp, bringing us melons, dried figs, and other fruit, which served for dessert after our dinner. Here we saw several of our old acquaintances, whom we met at the *fandango*, when we were last at this place. Although they appeared friendly, yet they did not seem to relish our return very much. Our horse had become very lame, and it was feared we could not proceed with the company. At 5, P. M., however, we were ordered to "saddle up," and not liking the idea of being left behind, we concluded to go on, thinking our horse would get over it. We rode on, then, with the rear-guard; but after travelling a mile or two, it was found impossible to keep up; so, one of our messmates joining us, we were left behind. We know of no situation so unpleasant, so trying or vexatious, as to be travelling in an enemy's country, and have your horse become suddenly lame. A man with a lame horse is no better than a wounded man, for he is of no account. We travelled on alone, then, at a slow pace; night had already set in, and it appeared as if we would never reach our destination. Our companion was sure we were lost; but, having travelled the road before, we kept on, feeling confident that we were right, there being no ranchos on the road to inquire at. At last we crossed a well-known stream, and ascended the hill on which stood Serralvo, where we arrived at about 10 o'clock, P. M. Here we found our company encamped on the other side of the town; and, being much fatigued, we staked out our horses, and lay down on the rocky ground, which was covered with little grass burs, and soon fell asleep.

On the morning of the 4th, we were awakened by drums and fifes beating the reveille. Gen. Worth's Division was all here, except the 5th and 7th Infantry, which was expected daily from Punta Aguda, as soon as they should be relieved by other troops on their way up. Our company marched down to a most lovely spot, and encamped on the banks of the beautiful Rio Alamo.

Orders soon after came from head-quarters for a detachment of twenty of our men, to proceed as far as Carrisito, about seven miles distant, to make a reconnoissance. Three armed Mexicans were captured the night before, and it was supposed a considerable force were somewhere in the vicinity. At 10, A. M., the detachment returned, having obtained important information concerning the enemy. Orders were immediately issued for the two companies—McCulloch's and Gillespie's—to get ready for a scout.

Our horse being too lame to travel, we procured another from a friend, and at about 4, P. M., both companies, composed, in all, of eighty well-mounted men, were in the saddle. The pack-mules, and every description of baggage, were left behind, the men merely carrying in their wallets two days' provision. Lieut. Meade, of the Topographical Engineers, accompanied us to examine the road. We also took with us a Mexican, for a guide, whom we mounted on one of our horses. In order to throw the Mexican spies off the scent, we struck off to the right of the Serralvo mountains, towards Salinas, about two miles; then crossed through the chaparral, and took the road to the left, leading to Marin. Just before sundown, a Mexican was seen ahead, who, on discovering us, took after some cattle, and pretended to be driving them; but the *ruse* would not do. He then attempted to run, but finding so many fast horses and sharp rifles after him, he made a halt, and came up, pretending that he was a *vacara*, or cow-driver. After threatening the fellow with death, we ascertained that Canales, with about five hundred rancheros, and Col. Carrasco, with between two and three hundred regular cavalry, were at Papagáyo, about thirty-five miles distant. This agreed with the information obtained early in the morning. Soon after this we passed Rancho Carrisito, and wound our way around the Serralvo mountains about six miles further, when we encamped near a bold creek. Here we prepared supper, and fed our horses. Our guide was then sent back afoot, with a note to Gen. Worth, informing him of the situation and force of the enemy.

After resting an hour, we took up our march over the mountains through a wild and lonely district of country, with occasional deep ravines and ledges of rock. Ridge after ridge was crossed, and the mountains loomed up in the darkness on every side, (for there was no moon,) presenting a scene of grandeur which was heightened by the intense interest of the expedition. At midnight, after a hard ride over one of the most rocky and hilly roads that we had yet encountered, we arrived within two miles of the enemy's camp, and stopped at a rancho called Papagáyo, (the Spanish name of a flower like a tulip,) which, being surrounded by mountains, forms a cup, from which we suppose it takes its name. The Mexi-

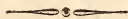


cans at the rancho were aroused from their slumbers, and surprised to find so large a body of men at their doors. After a great deal of cross-examination we obtained some farther information from an old man here, and the advance guard was sent on ahead to try to ascertain the position of the enemy. We learned that two Mexican couriers had passed at full speed during the night, carrying the information of our advance. A fight was certainly expected, and throughout our whole line all was as still as night. Here we remained about an hour, when the advance guard came in and reported that they had met the picket-guard of the enemy, and, after a hard chase, had run them nearly to their own camp, where they made good their safety. The trophies of the night consisted of a lance, which one of the Mexican cavalry dropped in the race. After a consultation, it was thought most prudent to make a retrograde movement, as the position as well as the force of the enemy was found to be very strong. We fell back, then, about three miles, where we found a strong natural position. It was determined to remain here until daylight and await the attack of the enemy, which was now confidently expected. A strong picket-guard was posted, and the men ordered to be in readiness at a moment's warning. Our horses stood saddled, and the men lay down on the hard rocky ground, holding their horses by their bridles, or *cabéstros*.

Of all the mental agony of which the soul is capable of feeling, there is, perhaps, none so intense, painful, or exciting, as the feeling of suspense; for, unlike any other, it has no vent, no relief, but by the actual transpiring of events, to be decided only by the fate of time. We do not mean, however, that the anguish is as great on all occasions, for it is the *cause* which governs in all cases the extent of our feelings. Here we lay, then, for three hours, anxiously awaiting the attack of the enemy. The men were much fatigued from the hard ride, and could not help dozing, until gradually becoming tired of watching, many fell asleep. As the day broke on the morning of the 5th, the picket-guard came in and reported that the enemy had made no demonstration of attack. The men were then aroused, and ordered to mount. Springing to our feet, with our guns in our hands, we were in the saddle again on the homeward track. At 8, A. M., we encamped at the creek, where we had stopped the night before, and prepared breakfast. On the road we made two more prisoners. About noon, when near the rancho Carrisito, we discovered a large force ahead, which we took to be Mexicans, but which proved to be a detachment of the artillery battalion, numbering about 300 men, under Col. Childs, which had been despatched by Gen. Worth to our relief; who, on receiving from the guide the information of the superiority

of the enemy's forces, and fearing we might be cut off, sent this force to cover our retreat. There was no occasion, however, for their assistance. Had they but proceeded with us at first, we might have routed the enemy and made some important captures. We all returned together, and the soldiers were evidently disappointed, as they expected to have had a *frolic* with us. The prisoner that was taken on the first night of our march proved to be one of Canales' spies, who had been sent to ascertain our force at Serralvo; he was a cunning, shrewd fellow, by the name of *Heronimo*, and acted many parts during the campaign, which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter.

On our return to camp, we found many old friends who had arrived since we left. It was a fine moonlight night, and, after taking a walk in the plaza, where the band was playing some sweet melting airs, we retired to our quarters.



### CHAPTER XIII.

Camp at Serralvo—Gen. Ampudia's Proclamation—Its Effect—The Mexican Feeling—The Alcalde's Fandango—Scenes and Incidents at Punta Aguda—The Third Brigade on the *qui vive*—Arrival of Gen. Taylor and First and Third Divisions—Orders for the March of the Army—Departure of the Advance—Arrival at Papagayo—Discovery of the Enemy—The expected Attack—Scout to Ramos—Skirmish with the Mexican Cavalry—The Chase and Retreat—Our Return to Camp—Arrival of Gen. Taylor and the First Division—Camp Scene—Movements of the Second Division, &c.

On Sunday, the 6th, Gen. Smith's brigade, composed of the 5th and 7th Infantry, of the Second Division, to which was attached Capt. Blanchard's company of Louisiana volunteers, came up from Punta Aguda, having been relieved by the Third Brigade of the First Division. Rumors were now rife throughout the country concerning the two armies. Gen. Ampudia had arrived at Monterey, and issued a proclamation threatening all with death who should in any way assist the American army. We here give a copy of the *pronunciamento* :

#### AMPUDIA'S PROCLAMATION.

Considering that the hour has arrived, when energetic measures and precautionary dispositions should be taken, to liberate the departments of the east from the rapacity of the Anglo-Americans, and for attending to the rights of the people and the usages of war, every person who may prove a traitor to his country, or a spy of the enemy, shall suffer death without any remission of sentence; and, taking into consideration that it is my bounden duty, to put an end to the evils which have been caused by the contraband trade

that has been indiscriminately carried on by the usurpers of our sacred territory, and using the faculties which the laws have empowered me with, I decree as follows :

1. Every native, or foreigner, who shall, either directly or indirectly, voluntarily aid or assist the enemy in any manner whatsoever, shall suffer death by being shot.

2. All those who, after the publication of this proclamation, shall continue to traffic in contraband articles with the enemy, shall suffer the same penalty named in the preceding article.

3. The authorities of every branch of the public service will take especial care, under the strictest responsibility, that this article shall be rigorously complied with.

4. This proclamation should produce popular action among our citizens, who are under the obligation to make known any infraction of it, and all citizens are empowered to apprehend criminals and deliver them over to the judicial authorities ; and that all persons may be duly notified, and that none may plead ignorance, I order the publication of this proclamation, and that due circulation shall be given it.

Done at the head-quarters of the army, in Monterey, August 31, 1846.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

This had its effect upon the Mexicans, and an evident change was to be seen. Indeed, they had been growing more surly and hostile ever since our advance from Comargo, and all their smiles and apparent friendship had been only bought with gold. Many of the families had left the place. Notwithstanding that, there is a neat church here, yet no service was held to-day. A requisition had been made upon the alcalde for all the corn in the vicinity ; and, at the risk of his head, for the sake of gain, he agreed to supply the quartermaster's department at the rate of \$1 25 per bushel. Wood was supplied also at \$2 50 per cord, and a miserable jacal was rented for a blacksmith shop at \$1 50 per day. For the most ordinary things of no value, but still requisite, they extorted the most outrageous prices. As far as we marched through the country, we bettered the condition of the people in every way, from the lowest to the highest class, not only by filling their pockets, but by introducing civilized arts and customs among them, and luxuries which they never knew of before. Whether it was from extreme poverty or ignorance, we cannot say ; but certain it is, that the most of them never knew the use of a looking-glass, or a brush and comb, until we came among them.

There were several Mexican stores open, besides our sutler's, and also a billiard-room, which contributed greatly to the amuse-



ment of the officers. The town was very lively, and the men were better pleased with their quarters than any place we had yet visited. The mornings and evenings were delightful, and the men bathed daily in the refreshing waters of the Rio Alamo. On the 8th, the alcalde gave a complimentary fandango to the officers, or rather a jubilee to celebrate his good luck in having made a fortune out of his enemies. The ball was given in the large room of the alcalde's house, and some thirty young girls were assembled, dressed very neatly. Some had on white dresses, with short sleeves, and were decorated with jewelry. In fact, it was the most *distingué* affair that we had yet seen. Gen. Worth, as well as the officers generally, attended. The alcalde's niece was the belle of the evening, and she was really quite a pretty girl, with a fine form, regular features, and large lustrous black eyes. The mammas accompanied their *niñas*, as they called their daughters, and seemed delighted with the attention paid them by the officers. Cake and wine were handed around during the evening; and to have seen the coquetry and flirtations of the Mexican señoritas and the gay cavaliers, would have produced many a hearty laugh from our city belles. The frolic was kept up till late, and, long after the ladies were *seen* home, the song and laugh of revelry continued in the banquet hall. To many a brave and noble soul, who participated in the wild glee and merriment of that occasion, was it destined to be the last night of innocent mirth.

In order to give to the reader all the incidents of the campaign, as far as it lies in our power, and the movements and occurrences of the main body of the army, for we were always in the extreme advance, we shall occasionally give the letters of Mr. Haile, or make extracts from them, relating to the army where we were not in person. It will be seen by the following graphic letter, that in anticipation of an action between our advance force, and that of the enemy, under Carrasco, that prudent and energetic officer, Gen. Worth, immediately on receiving the information from McCulloch, of the force of the enemy, not only sent a detachment of the artillery battalion to our relief, but also despatched a courier to Col. Garland, at Punta Aguda, with orders for him to march immediately to Serralvo, in case he should hear firing in that direction, for the purpose of concentrating his forces, should a general engagement ensue.

“Punta Aguda, Mexico, Sept. 7, 1846.

“We arrived here, with Col. Wilson's command, yesterday, at ten o'clock, A. M. We marched about fifteen miles, through a country more interesting than any we had before passed. Indeed, every day's approach to the mountains brings us into a finer

country ; the land becoming less arid, and vegetation more abundant and fresh. The country abounds with clear running streams that spring from the mountains. From Comargo to this place, the road passes over innumerable beds of lime-rock, and a miserable soil, covered with scattering shrubbery, and a hundred varieties of the cactus plant. Here the scene is suddenly changed from a barren waste to a garden. The camp is situated a few yards from a little ravine, down which the Agua del Alamo rushes, over lime rocks, with great velocity. The Mexicans have here erected a neat dam of lime rock and cement, at which the creek is divided off into several canals, which irrigate the farms around. Below this dam, over which the water falls almost perpendicularly, in an unbroken sheet, is a basin of foaming water, affording one of the most delicious bathing-places in the world. I need not say that this basin is always occupied by the soldiers. About half a mile from camp is a large rancho, or Mexican village, where the farmers of this delightful region are huddled together for security. The buildings are made of stone, with straw roofs.

“I went last night, in company with several officers, to attend a fandango at this rancho. The dance was held in front of one of the largest houses, in the open air, the moon affording abundance of light. Benches were set around, forming a circle. Tables were placed around the ring, upon which a number of cake merchants offered small loaves of brown sugar, cigarritos, and other little dainties, for sale. Every thing was conducted with the utmost decorum, and with much taste. The señoritas, many of whom were, by moonlight, very pretty, were dressed, with a few exceptions, in calico, made up after the American style, or rather in bad imitation of it. They were ranged around upon the benches, where they sat very quietly, behaving very like our country-girls in Louisiana, on similar occasions. In truth, the party resembled a country ball at home, the girls manifesting the same modest timidity, so captivating in our sweet Creole girls, and the young men, who were neatly clad in white linen pants, snow-white shirts, and red silk sashes, conducting themselves with perfect politeness and regularity. A little hump-backed Mexican—a dwarf withal—was seated in a chair, with a violin as large as himself, his keen black eyes twinkling in the moonbeams, *sawing* out waltzes and break-downs with wonderful ease. Just as the waltzing commenced, an orderly rode up from Col. Garland—Col. G. commands this camp—with an order for Col. Watson, who was a spectator, to appear at his head-quarters forthwith. A moment after, we learned that an express had arrived from Gen. Worth, bringing orders for the troops here to be ready for an attack ; and in case firing was heard in the direction of Serralvo,

to set out immediately for that place. A subdued buzz pervaded the camp, after orders in conformity with the above had been promulgated; new instructions were given to the sentinels, cartridge-boxes were carefully examined, muskets inspected, and the men lay beside their arms. As no talking was allowed, and every man felt inclined to listen, the whole camp was soon wrapped in silence, excepting here and there where a tired soldier could be heard blowing off his fatigues and cares through his nasal organ. It was said that Canales was in the vicinity, with a considerable body of men. Everybody awoke this morning, however, with a whole skin. Gen. Worth seems to feel confident that the Mexicans are determined to fight. So little faith have I in the tale that there are Mexicans between here and Serralvo, that I shall start for that place this evening, in company with two other persons only. Should we come off missing, you may therefore know that there *are* Mexicans about. I go on to-night, because it is uncertain whether Gen. Taylor will reach this place for two or three days, and I am anxious to reach Serralvo before him, so as to be prepared to travel on towards Monterey, as soon as he arrives; for I know that he will not stop at Serralvo longer than twenty-four hours. He is determined to take six thousand troops that he has selected for the purpose, and push ahead without resting. The army for Monterey is, ere now, on this side of the San Juan, and on their march."

The morning of the 9th was delightfully cool and pleasant, and nothing occurred to break the peaceful quiet of the little town which lay at the foot of the Serralvo mountains, whose summits received the golden lustre of the rising sun, as it mounted its course in the heavens. The green herbage of the fields—the groups of forest trees scattered here and there, with silvery fairy streams, vieing one with another in their rapid course over a ledge of rock, each fretting and foaming at the obstructions of its way; then sweetly murmuring over some pebbled bed, and again emptying itself into some deeper basin, where it settled into a stilly quiet, without a ripple to mar its mirrored surface—all presented a most lovely scene for the eye to dwell upon, and filled one with emotion, while drinking in the beauties of the landscape.

In the afternoon, Gen. Taylor arrived with the 2d Dragoons and the First Division, under Gen. Twiggs, to which was attached Capt. Shiver's company of Texas volunteers, and the Washington and Baltimore battalion; also, two twenty-four pound howitzers and one mortar.

On the morning of the 10th, Gen. Butler came up with the First Brigade, under Gen. Hamer, composed of the 1st Ohio and 1st Kentucky regiments; and at night, Gen. Quitman arrived with



the Second Brigade, composed of the 1st Mississippi and 1st Tennessee regiments of volunteers. The whole force now assembled at Serralvo amounted to about 6000 troops, besides Gen. Henderson's Texas Rangers, composed of Hays's and Wood's regiments, which had not yet come up.

On the morning of the 11th of September, the whole camp was one scene of activity. Never did the little town wear such an aspect of military display. Drums were beating in all directions, throughout the day, and all was hurry and bustle. The forges of the different batteries were busy, shoeing horses, &c., and every preparation was making for our march to Monterey. In the afternoon, the men assembled for evening parade; after drill, the music of the different regiments beat off, while the officers saluted. The adjutants then read the following orders from head-quarters:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
*Serralvo, Sept. 11, 1846.*

[Orders, No. 115.]

1. As the army may expect to meet resistance in the farther advance towards Monterey, it is necessary that the march should be conducted with all proper precaution to meet an attack and secure the baggage and supplies.

From this point the following will be the order of march until otherwise directed:

2. All the pioneers of the army, consolidated into one party, will march early to-morrow on the route to Marin, for the purpose of repairing the roads and rendering it practicable for artillery and wagons. The pioneers of each division will be under a subaltern, to be specially detailed for the duty, and the whole will be under the command of Capt. Craig, 3d Infantry, who will report to head-quarters for instructions. This pioneer party will be covered by a squadron of dragoons, and Capt. McCulloch's company of Rangers. Two officers of topographical engineers, to be detailed by Capt. Williams, will accompany the party, for the purpose of examining the route. Two wagons will be provided by the quartermaster's department for the transportation of the tools, provisions, and knapsacks of the pioneer party.

3. The First Division will march on the 13th instant, to be followed on successive days by the Second Division and field division of volunteers. The head-quarters will march with the First Division. Capt. Gillespie, with half of his company, will report to Maj. Gen. Butler; the other half, under the first-lieutenant, to Brig. Gen. Worth. These detachments will be employed for outposts and videttes, and as expresses between the column and head-quarters.

4. The subsistence supplies will be divided between the three

columns, the senior commissary of each division receipting for the stores, and being charged with their care and management. The senior commissaries of divisions will report to Capt. Waggoner for this duty.

5. Each division will be followed immediately by its baggage train, and supply train, with a strong rear-guard. The ordnance train under Capt. Ramsay will march with the Second Division, between its baggage and supply train, and will come under the protection of the guard of that division. The medical supplies will, in like manner, march with the First Division.

6. The troops will take eight days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition. All surplus arms and accoutrements, resulting from casualties on the road, will be deposited with Lieut. Stewart, left in charge of the depôt at this place, who will give certificates of deposit to the company commanders.

7. The wagons appropriated for transportation of water will not be required, and will be turned over to the quartermaster's department for general purposes.

8. Two companies of the Mississippi regiment will be designated for the garrison of this place. All sick and disabled men, unfit for the march, will be left behind, under charge of a medical officer to be selected for this duty by the medical director.

By order of Maj. Gen. Taylor,

W. W. S. BLISS, *Ass't Adj't General*.

Although the object and destination of our march had been well understood by all, yet this was the first plain intimation, published by the general, in which there was no mistaking the nature and character of the service before us. As the orders were read, a murmur of approbation ran through the long lines of infantry, which presented a pageantry of arms seldom witnessed. After the parade was dismissed, a buzz of gaiety and liveliness prevailed. In the camp of the Rangers, the men were occupied parching coffee, arranging their wallets and pack-saddles, and cleaning their arms. That eight days' provisions were to be carried with us, was a sufficient guarantee that we were not to make a speedy return. Orders were received that day from Washington, announcing the promotions and brevets for the battles of the 8th and 9th; and among the young officers there was much joy and merry-making in honour of the occasion.

After our usual bath in the beautiful river, we strolled down to the plaza, where many of the officers were walking for pleasure. It was a lovely night, and the Mexican maidens were looking out from the doors and windows upon the moonlight scene, while the music of the band of the "eighth" lent additional charms to the beauty of the scene.

On the morning of the 12th of September, according to orders, the advance took up the line of march for Marin, where it was expected we would meet with a large Mexican force. The advance was composed as follows: McCulloch's Rangers, Capt. Pike Graham's squadron of dragoons, and a company of pioneers, numbering about eighty men, followed by two wagons, the whole under the command of Capt. Craig, of the 3d Infantry. Capt. Williams, accompanied by Lieuts. Meade and Wood, of the engineers, also joined us. At 12, m., we arrived at Rancho Carrisito, where we *nooned* it. We then proceeded on to our old camp ground near the creek, thirteen miles from Serralvo, where we encamped for the night. This is a beautiful spot, which, in our haste, on our former visits we had no opportunity to describe. It is the first large stream you come to after leaving Carrisito. Being a rocky branch winding among the hills, the south end of the stream runs through a deep ravine, on the west side of which is a perpendicular rock of limestone about sixty feet high. From the base of this rock, a hundred streams gush out from the crevices, forming cool crystal springs. On the east side is a high ledge of rock, projecting so as to form a half cave, where there is a deep basin of water, making a delightful bathing-place, and in which many of our men luxuriated.

At sundown, a strong picket-guard was posted in the advance, about one mile and a half from camp, and we were detailed as one of the guard. We concealed ourselves by the side of the road in the chaparral, where, on our horses, we kept a look-out all night, dismounting occasionally to rest them. Nothing of interest occurred, however, all having remained quiet throughout the night. At daylight on the 13th, our company came up to us, when we pushed on with them, without breakfast, and tired and sleepy as we were. It was a fine clear cool morning, and as we had to stop occasionally for the pioneers to prepare and cut out the road for the artillery, we did not reach Papagáyo until about 1, p. m., when we halted for them to come up. In the mean time, Capt. McCulloch proceeded on with a detachment of fifteen men to reconnoitre. After proceeding about four miles along a ridge, over which the road lay, the enemy was discovered at the base of an opposite hill. On perceiving our party, they retreated to the top of the hill to the number of about eighty, where they stood awaiting our movements, at the same time prancing about on their horses, and waving their swords in defiance. The challenge was answered in return, but they, fearing a concealed force, did not dare to approach; while on our part, our numbers were too few to risk a skirmish, as the enemy in sight was supposed to be the picket-guard of a large force. Under these circumstances, the detach-



ment returned, and reported to Capt. Craig. An express was immediately despatched to Gen. Taylor, for the First Division to hasten up by a forced march, as an attack was apprehended. The Rangers took possession of the houses at the rancho, the women having left, and there being but two or three Mexicans about the place. We killed all the chickens about, but not without paying twenty-five cents a piece for them, and at sundown the men prepared supper. The infantry, composed of the pioneers, were then posted on the other side of the road on a high eminence, where stood a little jacal, for defence, while the dragoons encamped below them. Great excitement prevailed in camp, and it was thought that an engagement with the enemy would certainly take place on the morrow. Accordingly, the arrival of the First Division was looked for with much anxiety. It was ascertained that one of the Mexicans at the rancho was a spy, and after selling out all the chickens, he had slipped off to give information to the enemy. An advance and rear-guard were now posted, and the men lay by their arms all night to prevent a surprise.

The day of the 14th dawned, without an incident having occurred, the Mexicans not having had the temerity to attack us. After breakfast, we were ordered into the saddle on a scout towards Ramos, a little town about eight miles distant, west course. One mile from camp, we dismounted, and left the pack-mules in charge of some five or six men, and then proceeded on. The men were in high spirits, and felt sure that this time they would have a brush with the enemy. After advancing three miles farther, in rising a little hill, we discovered the tracks of the enemy's cavalry, where they had shown themselves the day before. Here we divided our force, and fifteen men were detailed to go in the advance with Capt. McCulloch, while the main body was left in charge of Lieut. Kelly, who received orders to remain behind for a certain time, when they were to come up and halt at a turn in the road, and there wait for a signal. The advance continued on, and after proceeding about a mile, came in sight of the enemy, within long rifle-shot. Several fires were exchanged on both sides, when McCulloch waving his sword, as if motioning to an army in the rear, galloped after them, and drove the enemy from their position to another hill. In the mean time, the main body had come up, and were now ordered to deploy around a hill to the right, so as to keep out of sight of the enemy, and come in at another point in the road, and again wait for a signal. In order to do this, they had to cross a deep ravine, the sides of which were lined with thick chaparral and entangled vines, making the task by no means an easy one, but notwithstanding it was accomplished. The road now ran along the base of a ridge of hills on our right,

with occasional ones on our left, forming passes. Our advance had proceeded this far, and drove the enemy's scouts back to their main force. While reconnoitering here, Capt. McCulloch, who was on a high hill to the right, discovered some twenty of the enemy lying in ambush in the bottom below; at the same time, the gallant young Thomas, of Baltimore, who was in pursuit of a Mexican officer, having shot at him once, was rushing on at a break-neck pace, into the very arms of the ambuscade. A moment more, and he was lost. Capt. McCulloch, with that presence of mind which never forsakes him, seeing his danger, raised his sword as if beckoning to a large force to come up, at the same time dashing towards them himself. The Mexicans seeing the movement, thought they would not have time to make Thomas a prisoner, before being surrounded themselves, so giving him their fire, they fled; strange to say, however, it did not take effect. And by this *ruse* poor young Thomas was saved, only however to participate in a more glorious action, and to meet in the most gallant manner a soldier's death. A horseman was then despatched to order up the main body, who, having heard the firing, were waiting with the most restless anxiety and excitement for orders from the advance. No sooner did the courier come in sight, than he beckoned them to follow him. On they dashed in fine style, with a shout that echoed over the hills, and raising a dust which might have been taken for the advent of a regiment of dragoons, while the Mexicans hastily retreated before us.

Capt. McCulloch now pushed on with the advance, until within a quarter of a mile of Ramos, where he again came up with the enemy, at about some hundred yards distant. Here they opened a heavy fire upon us with their *escopetas*, or carbines, which was returned by our boys in the most spirited manner, killing one and wounding two of the enemy; while on our part not a man was touched, a horse only being slightly wounded in the neck. The Mexicans staggered at our fire, and retreated to the town in the greatest confusion. A shout of triumph from the Rangers rose wildly on the air, and, filled with excitement, and an impetuosity that was impossible to restrain, they rushed on, pursuing the enemy into the very town of Ramos, charging through and driving them out of it to a high hill. Nor did the Mexicans stop until they reached the top of it, when they stood for a moment in evident terror and dismay, expecting that they were pursued by a thousand cavalry at least. To show how hot was the chase, they had barely time to leave their wounded in the town; and as it was, we made a prisoner, and captured a scopet which one of the enemy dropped in his flight. We could distinctly see about two hundred men, a detachment of Torrejon's cavalry, commanded

by Carrasco; and fearing the rash act might yet cost us dearly, Capt. McCulloch slowly retired from the town with his men, to the mountain pass, in order to prevent our being cut off, as the enemy was making some demonstration of winding around the hills in that direction. We however met with no opposition, and proceeded back towards camp; about four miles from which we discovered a large force on the top of a hill, which proved to be Capt. Graham's dragoons. Thus with our little force of only forty men, and with only *fifteen* in the advance, we chased and routed, for six miles, two hundred of the enemy!

This was our first regular skirmish, and it was considered the opening of the fall campaign. The command here came to a halt, while a detachment of men were sent back after our pack-mules. We proceeded on with the prisoner in our charge, and on our arrival, found that Gen. Taylor had come up with the artillery, cavalry, and infantry of the First Division, having arrived soon after our departure by a forced march. We delivered the prisoner over to the General, and on interrogating the Mexican, it was ascertained from him that at Marin, nine miles from Ramos, there were about 1500 cavalry under Gen. Torrejon. The news of our scout created quite an excitement in camp, and all were in a feverish state of anxiety to learn the particulars. To one unconnected with the army, or who never marched against an enemy, no idea can be formed of the almost painful excitement that is created with the centre and rear ranks to learn what is going on in the advance. Thus they are continually kept in suspense and anxiety to learn the cause whenever a halt is called, a movement made, or any event occurring which they do not understand; and on this account all reports and rumors from the advance are received with the greatest interest and eagerness.

It was now about two o'clock, P. M. The officers of the First Division were sitting about in squads, taking a lunch. The General was sitting on a camp-stool under the shade of a tree, with his staff and other officers around him, who were laughing and joking over the adventures of our scout. All seemed so pleasant, and in such high spirits, that the scene bore more the resemblance of a "pic-nic" party than that of a hostile invading army. After partaking of a lunch with the officers, the detachment returned with the pack-mules to where we met the dragoons, and encamped for the night about one hundred yards from the road, near a beautiful stream of water, where the men prepared supper. A strong guard was posted around the camp, and a picket sent out a mile in the advance. The men were much fatigued with the morning's amusement, and although quite a heavy rain had fallen in the early part of the night, yet they slept



as soundly on the ground as if they had been enjoying the comforts of their own happy homes.

The army had moved on, in accordance with the published orders, two companies of the Mississippi regiment having been left behind to garrison the town of Serralvo. Having brought the First Division up with the advance, we must go back after the Second, and we here give to the reader Mr. Haile's account of its movements.

*“ Second Division of the select six thousand—march from Serralvo to Monterey.*

“ *Sept. 14.*—The Second Division, under Gen. Worth, which was ordered to march to-day—the First Division, under Gen. Twiggs, having marched yesterday—had just placed their personal clothing and accoutrements in convenient conditions for packing yesterday evening, when they were called out for inspection, orderlies, servants, and all, leaving their tents unattended. Just as Gen. Worth appeared on the field, a heavy rain, accompanied with wind, commenced, and, prostrating many of the tents, soaked every thing in camp. At two o'clock this morning the reveille beat, and the poor fellows, with all their *duds* still wet, commenced their preparations for the march. The tents were at once struck and packed—wagons were brought up to receive the tent poles, camp kettles, &c., private mules and pack-horses were harnessed—camp women, with children at the breast, and of all sizes, packed themselves and little ones upon Mexican mules and ponies, and, by daylight, the column was in motion. The rear-guard did not get off until eleven o'clock. The day has been exceedingly warm. We have marched twelve miles, over a country different in every respect from any I have ever before seen. The shrubbery and plants are entirely new to me, with the exception of the eternal cactus, which grows all over Mexico, in a hundred varieties. The wild olive, and a white, round-leaved shrub with pink-coloured blossoms, cover the mountains and tablelands. We have crossed five or six clear, cool streams to-day, and are now encamped upon the brow of a ravine, down which runs a spring brook.”

“ *15.*—We are now about fourteen miles from Marin. We passed a few moments since a rancho which had just been deserted in great haste—the cows, goats and chickens having been left behind. We left camp this morning at four o'clock. Our way has led along the foot of a mountain which rises on our right to a height of 2500 to 3000 feet. We likewise have a mountain on our left, of nearly the same height. These two mountains converge before us, and descend at the same time, to about the level of

the table-lands upon which we now are. But far in the distance before us rises the Sierra Madrès, higher and more majestic than any we have before seen. Our march has been over a very bad road to-day. Up hill and down—all rocks and pebbles, ravines and mines. The whole country over which we have to-day travelled is covered with aged ‘Spanish bayonet’ trees—a species of palm, each leaf of which is pointed with a sharp thorn. Some of these trees are two and a half to three feet in diameter, and must be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years old. As we reached this camping place, an express came in from Gen. Taylor, directing this division to join him at Marin by a forced march. We are therefore bivouacked, ready to march at a moment’s warning. It seems that the Mexicans are assembled in force, between here and Monterey, and it is rumored that Santa Anna himself is in the field. There is no doubt about there being a strong force at Monterey, and Gen. Taylor therefore directs that the First and Second Divisions shall join to-morrow, and march before the town. Capt. Graham, of the dragoons, had a skirmish last night, near Marin, with some Mexican videttes, and killed one or two, and took two or three more prisoners. As I have said before, it is the opinion of most of the officers that a harder fight is in store than has before taken place. Gen. Worth keeps his division always in readiness, so that he could hardly be surprised, by night or day. Last night a sort of *stampede* was got up in camp, and we shall have another to-night, of course. I cannot help thinking that if an alarm were to come off to-night, a most singular scene would follow. We are bivouacked in a thicket of trees, or large shrubs, all of which have thorns. To walk through them without stooping and dodging about to avoid the thorns is impossible. Horses and mules are tied by long lassos, in every direction. The whole thicket, as well as the road for half a mile, is filled with men stretched out on blankets, chatting about the probabilities of a fight—some predicting that no such happiness is in reserve for them, whilst others of more experience think differently. Gen. Taylor enters Marin to-night, and will there consolidate his little army. We march to-morrow morning at half-past three.”

It will be seen by the above letter, that resistance was expected to be met with at Marin, and in consequence of which the Second Division was ordered to come up by a forced march. The reader will perceive also that it was McCulloch’s men, who had the *skirmish*, instead of Graham’s dragoons. But this only shows how rumors and reports change by the repetition of a thousand tongues.

## CHAPTER XIV.

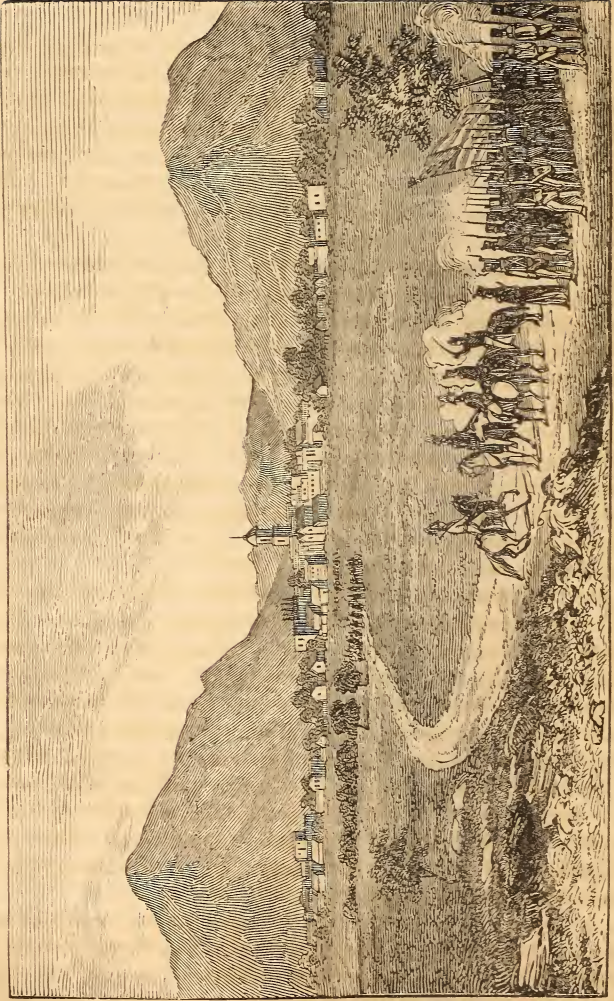
Description of Ramos—The wounded Mexican—The Charity and Benevolence of the Texas Rangers—Arrival at Marin—Evacuation of the Town by the Mexican Troops—Description of the Country, and Marin—A Mexican Dinner—The Great Western—Scenes and Incidents—An Express from the Spanish Consul—Camp at Marin—Capture of a Spy—Ampudia's Letter and Circular—Scout to Pescaria Chica—Incident—Zacatecas—Agua Frio—Arrival at San Francisco—The whole Army Encamped—Arrival of Gen. Henderson with the Texas Rangers—Scenes and Preparations—March of the Army towards Monterey—Arrival before the Fortifications of the City—View of the Valley of Monterey—Demonstration by the Mexican Cavalry—The opening of the Enemy's Batteries—The Reconnoissance—Camp at Walnut Springs—The Night Expedition—Prisoners—Scene at the Guard Fires.

ON the 15th day of September, we resumed our march at sunrise, the whole of the First Division having come up to our camp. In consequence of having to wait occasionally for the pioneers to come up, who were working the road, we travelled very slowly. At 8, A. M., we arrived at Ramos, where we purchased some corn for our horses from an old man. The town was nearly desolate—all but a few of the inhabitants having deserted it. The place contains about some forty houses, principally built of stone, with nothing particularly attractive about it. In one of the houses we found a wounded Mexican, who had been shot in the skirmish of yesterday. Several of our men went in to see him, and feeling very sorry for the poor fellow, gave him money as they took his hand to bid him good-bye. An old woman and a young girl attended his bedside, and on seeing the feeling exhibited by the Rangers towards one of their enemies, took the hands of their benefactors and bathed them with the tears of gratitude. It was indeed a most touching scene. And we never shall forget the long, wistful gaze the girl gave us, as we parted from her at the door, while her soul seemed to offer up a prayer for our kindness.

We continued on towards Marin, keeping some five miles in the advance, passing through a most beautiful rolling country, with the mountains rising far in the distance. The road now became more level and even than any we had passed over, and consequently the pioneers were enabled to travel faster. When within about a mile of Marin, the scenery that presented itself was magnificent in the extreme. On our right rose the tall peaks of the Sierra Alvo, about some three thousand feet high, running nearly east and west, while before us were the majestic and towering peaks of the Sierra Madre, ranging north and south, of every shape, forming battlements, leaning towers, obelisks, and steeple.







View of Marin. Advance of the American army.—p. 133.

which seemed almost to pierce the heavens. Again, on our left, another chain of mountains reared their lofty summits towards the blue sky, the whole composing, as it were, a semicircle, and presenting a scene of grandeur and surpassing beauty which filled one with involuntary awe and admiration, while the soul became enraptured and lost, as it were, in contemplating the masterly works of nature.

About 10, A. M., we arrived in sight of Marin, which, in the distance, resembled a country seat, with beautiful gardens and parks. "On reaching the hill," says Mr. Kendall, "overlooking the town, eight hundred or a thousand yards distant, we came in plain sight of a large body of the enemy's cavalry, ranged in their principal street, and evidently much flurried by our appearance. They were armed with new escopetas and lances, and among the uniforms were many of bright scarlet.

"With a force entirely too small to approach nearer—having only twenty-five men with him—McCulloch ordered a halt. The plaza was concealed from sight by the church and the adjoining buildings, making it impossible to tell whether there were any infantry or artillery in the town or not. The place offered every opportunity for concealing an enemy of thousands; and as our commander was not so particularly certain that the Mexicans might not send an eighteen-pound shot, or some missile of the kind, up our way on a flying visit, we were ordered to scatter a little along the brow of the hill. Scouts, in the mean time, were sent out to prevent a party from getting in our rear, as the advance of Gen. Taylor was still several miles off.

"For an hour we sat watching the hurried movements of the cavalry in the town, unable to make out their intentions. Horsemen were plainly seen dashing and cavorting about, while men on foot were jumping to get out of their way. Several *greasers*—Mexicans of the lower order, dressed in greasy buckskin—were taken in the chaparral close by us, or voluntarily came up, who stated that the party below us was commanded by Gen. Torrejon, who had driven them out of the place and had threatened to destroy their houses by fire before *los Americanos* should gain possession. They pointed out their *jacales* and *casas* to us, and implored our assistance in saving them! Singular war this, and more singular the people!

"In about an hour the cavalry began to move off in order, taking the route towards Monterey, now indistinctly seen lying at the foot of a large mountain ten or eleven leagues off. Their rear had not yet left the place before McCulloch, accompanied only by Col. Peyton, was dogging after them, intent on watching their movements. In half an hour's time our captain appeared



near the main street and beckoned us down, and in five minutes more we were all in the plaza. Nearly every house was closed, and the few men we met—for the women had all been taken off—greeted us as *amigos*, or friends, with their hats in their hands. One old fellow, living in a large house next door to the church, said he had been beaten—severely beaten—after we appeared in the night, by some of Torrejon's officers, to induce him to leave; but, regardless of blows, he had determined to stick by his premises and property. All the inhabitants had been shamefully abused, their property taken from them, and they were then driven into the chaparral; and we were told that in an hour's time more, had our company not appeared in sight, they would have set fire to the place.

“Such is the policy which has been adopted, and such the course pursued by Torrejon at every rancho and town since the army left Serralvo. To drive off the inhabitants and destroy all the supplies on the road is the game they are now playing, certainly determining to harass Gen. Taylor if they do not intend to fight him. The Mexicans all along on the road spoke confidently that Gen. Taylor would meet with stout resistance at this place; but the force we met only amounted to some eight hundred or a thousand cavalry, and they started off without firing a gun.”

The town is most sublimely situated on a beautiful piece of table-land, surrounded by the mountains; it is a lovely little place, and contains several very handsome buildings; also, a church, which is well built of white free-stone, the handsomest one we had yet seen. Its beautiful white steeple contrasted finely with its cornices and turrets, which were tipped with red, and we almost imagined that we were in some little New England village. The houses were neatly built, and no doubt, from the tapestry of the walls, they had been furnished accordingly. On the south side of the town there is a clever stream of water, but not very good, being discoloured by limestone, which gives it an unpleasant taste. They, however, have most excellent well water here. The wells are very deep, and, instead of having a crank to draw the water, the Mexicans use a pulley, and walk off with the end of the rope, instead of hauling the bucket up by the hand. The water was clear, and as cool as ice, which was perfect nectar to the men after our hot ride. The few stores that were in the place were all deserted, presenting only empty shelves.

It was now about noon, and Gen. Taylor having come up with the First Division, the town was soon filled with our troops. All felt hungry, but with very little prospect of satisfying our appetites, as it was not yet known from head-quarters what was to be our next movement. On entering a house on the corner of the

plaza, we found an old lady who seemed perfectly delighted at the arrival of our troops, and, to our surprise, we saw a table set out, which, from its looks, had been spread with a fine dinner; and so it turned out; for the old lady told us that she had been ordered to prepare dinner for some of the Mexican officers, and that, on our appearance, they took what they could from the table and left, being in too great a hurry to stay and finish their meal. She appeared well pleased at their discomfiture, and poured forth a volume of vituperation against them generally, and Gen. Torrejon especially, who, she said, had ordered fifteen beeves to be killed the night previous, and had up as many more for slaughter. "They carried off every thing they could," said she, "and never paid me a cent." She then brought in the balance of the dinner, consisting of roast beef, *tortillas*, pepper sauce, and onions, and *frijolas*, or red beans. We sat down to the table with several officers, and had a most glorious repast, for which we amply paid the old lady.

In the afternoon Gen. Taylor moved with the First Division, and encamped about two miles westward from town, near a little stream, the head-waters of the San Juan. The dragoons occupied the plaza, while the Rangers encamped near them in a large lot or yard. That night the men were "*in for a good sleep*," as they expressed it, and spreading their blankets on the *clean* ground, lay smoking their pipes and talking over the rumors and news of the day, until the camp gradually became wrapped in slumber.

On the morning of the 16th, we moved to the banks of the San Juan, near the camp of the First Division. Gen. Worth, with the Second Division, came up this morning and joined us. To give the reader an idea of some of the scenes of a marching army, we give the following graphic sketch by our friend Haile. Mrs. Bourdett, the "Heroine of Fort Brown," here spoken of, but better known in the army as the "Great Western," catered for the officers of the 5th Infantry.

"The heroine of Fort Brown, or 'Great Western,' is in the crowd. She drives two Mexican ponies in a light wagon, and carries the apparatus and necessaries for her mess, which now numbers about a dozen young officers. There are a number of women along, with young children. One soldier is leading a pony, with two little children, two and three years old, strapped fast to the saddle, one on each side, like panniers. The poor little things are sadly sunburnt, and look thin and half starved, but they are as gay as larks, and even *their* little faces are turned in childish astonishment towards the lofty mountains that rise like great clouds before us."

A great many of the Mexicans had come into town from the chaparral, where they had hid themselves, and were now supplying the camp with *tortillas*, sweet cakes, and melons, besides fodder, corn, and grass, for our horses. The picket-guard of the Rangers, stationed about a mile in the advance, captured a pack-mule this morning, laden with baggage, which proved the source of much merriment to our men. We give Mr. Kendall's account of the affair.

"We had a funny scene in our company, this afternoon. Two or three of the men, while out on picket, found a mule load of baggage belonging to a Mexican officer. The animal had probably *stampeded* during the retreat of the day before, and Torrejon's men were in too great a hurry to hunt up runaway mules. The letters found would show that the owner was Don Ignacio something or other, captain of the third company of Guanajuato cavalry, and to set forth that Don Ignacio was a man of some consequence, he had a scarlet coat of the finest broadcloth, covered with pure silver buttons, ornamented with rich silver embroidery, and upon the breast of which was an order. His cap was of blue velvet, richly ornamented with silver band and tassels, while his cavalry pantaloons, of blue broadcloth foxed with morocco, had a wide stripe of red down their outer seams. Among the baggage was also a mattress, several pillows, the cases of which were elaborately worked, and other fine bed-furniture; in addition to all this, as if this were not enough, there were some half a dozen red, green, and figured petticoats, a dozen pair of beautiful little pink, blue, and white satin slippers, to say nothing of a dozen neatly wrought linen camisas—all the wardrobe of some pretty *Poblana* girl, who had doubtless followed Don Ignacio to the wars.

"After all this 'large and elegant assortment' had been opened, our orderly sergeant—the son of a member of Congress from Tennessee—rigged himself out in the showy uniform of the Mexican officer, and strutted forth to detail a picket-guard, decidedly the best dressed man in the invading army, from Gen. Taylor down. In the mean time, there were others who girt the Poblano's petticoats about them, and then executed divers cracoviennes and cachucas, to the great amusement of the bystanders, and to the great danger of stampeding all our horses. Altogether, the scene was extremely diverting, and I put it down as a little episode in the life we have led of late.

"The letters found were principally from the family of the officer, but there was one from Gen. Cortazar, dated at Celaya, about the latter part of August, in which that general warmly hopes that Don Ignacio may be successful in assisting to drive the perfidious invaders of Texas from the country. So far, to say the



least of it, Don Ignacio has not realized Gen. Cortazar's hopes to any considerable extent, although there is no telling what he may do yet. All joking aside, the Guanajuato officers are among the most intelligent and gentlemanly in the Mexican army. A detachment of them had charge of the Texian Santa Fé prisoners, in the city of Mexico, four or five years since, and from them they always received the best treatment, to my certain knowledge. It has been said by the Mexicans here, that the officer who lost his baggage was the last to leave Marín, and that he did all in his power to protect the inhabitants from abuse. I have spoken of the Poblanas above; if you wish to read a graphic account of them, get hold of Madame Calderon's work on Mexico."

The next day, Gen. Butler's division arrived, and the whole army was now concentrated at this place. We went up to town in the morning, but found all looking lonely and desolate. The plain on which our army was encamped is about two hundred feet below the town, and but for the smoke of the camp-fires, no one would have supposed that there was any armed force in the vicinity, so completely were the tents hidden from the view by the dense chaparral which lined each side of the road. Many were occupied to-day, writing their *last* letter home. Some were seen sitting in the shade, under the trees, with their nether legs for a table, inditing their epistles, and looking quite rural. Several prisoners were taken, among whom was one who said he had been employed upon the ditches and fortifications of Monterey, and that he had made his escape two days ago. He described the different works and fortifications with great accuracy, and said that Ampudia had sent off all the women, and that his force consisted of 8000 regulars and 3000 rancheros, with whom he determined to hold the city. In the afternoon, an express arrived from the Spanish consul at Monterey, giving to Gen. Taylor the points of the city, and requesting the observance of the flag of "her most Catholic majesty," and protection to all foreigners. A fellow who was selling cakes about camp, in disguise, as a spy, was suspected of having distributed treasonable documents about camp. He proved to be an old acquaintance, no less than the said *Heronimo*, the spy we captured on the scout to Papagáyo. He professed utter ignorance, however, on the subject, and denied having been in our camp before. The documents consisted of a letter, in *English*, from Ampudia, promising a reward to our soldiers to desert, and a *circular*, intended for the *alcaldes* and others, to *take care* of the deserters. It will be perceived that the *letter* is a fair sample of Ampudia's English literature,—while at the same time the *circular* is evidence of the wily sagacity of the Mexican commander.

ARMY OF THE NORTH,  
*General in Chief. Head-Quarters, Monterey,*  
 September 15th, 1846.

It is well-known that the war carried on to the republic of Mexico by the government of the United States of America is unjust, illegal, and anti-christian, for which reason no one ought to contribute to it.

The Federal Government having been happily re-established, a large number of the battalions of the National Guard, in the States of Coahuila, St. Louis Potosi, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Queretaro, and others, are ready to be on the field, and fight for our independence. Acting according with the dictates of honour, and in compliance with what my country requires from me, in the name of my government, I offer to all individuals that will lay down their arms, and separate themselves from the American army, seeking protection, they will be well received and treated in all the plantations, farms or towns, where they will first arrive, and assisted for their march to the interior of the republic, by all the authorities on the road, as has been done with all those that have passed over to us.

To all those that wish to serve in the Mexican army, their offices will be conserved and guaranteed.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

[Translation of the "Circular."  
 "HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE NORTH,  
 "September 15, 1846.

"The object of the circular which is annexed, in English, is to make known to individuals among the troops of the United States—who, I am informed, desire to abandon that flag—the kind dispositions with which they will be welcomed and protected under the flag of Mexico, whose only device is to resist the unjust aggression of the neighbouring republic, and to open wide the arms of the republic to those who seek the shelter of her flag with friendly purpose. Therefore, I now direct you that such soldiers as may present themselves from the enemy's ranks, with friendly purposes, unequivocally evinced, be assisted and conducted to the interior of the republic by the most convenient points and roads. But those who present themselves in a hostile attitude, or who, under friendly appearances, conceal sinister designs against the sacred rights of the republic—against *these* you are directed to make war in every mode. And in case the conduct of those who present themselves should be doubtful, and it be difficult to determine whether their purposes be friendly or hostile, you will send them, under a secure guard, to head-quarters; and if this be not possible, from circumstances which may occur during the war,

you will have them marched to some point in the interior, beyond the reach of the enemy's advanced parties. I make this communication to you for your punctual and exact compliance therewith, holding you reponsible for the slightest omission in regard to any point contained in this order, the high importance of which is well known. God and Liberty."

At sundown, the men got supper. Orders were issued for the march of the army on the morrow. At night we again had the *honour* of being detailed on picket-guard. The detachment crossed the river and proceeded about a mile and a half on the road, where we halted and concealed ourselves in the chaparral. We stopped several Mexicans during the night; among the rest, the courier of the Spanish consul, who said he had got lost. Nothing occurred of interest, and at gray-dawn, on the morning of the 18th, we returned to camp, where we found most of our men in the saddle. We had barely time to eat our breakfast, before we were ordered to march.

Gen. Taylor had ascertained that Gen. Torrejon's cavalry were encamped in the vicinity of Pescaria Chica, a small town to the southward, and on the left of the main route to Monterey, and Col. May, with his squadron of dragoons, was ordered to proceed with Capt. Gillespie's and our company of Rangers to cut them off, as it was thought their object was to attack our baggage-train and pack-mules in the rear. Consequently, we took down the right bank of the stream, while the rest of the army moved on the direct road, the Second Division being in the advance. After proceeding a quarter of a mile down the stream, we met an old man, mounted on a mustang pony, whom we pressed into service as a guide, and forced him to show us the road which the Mexicans had taken, only the night before. He at first led us astray, and protested that he did not know the route the enemy had pursued; and it was only on threatening him with death, that he put us on the right trail. The little path we followed, led us through a beautiful level valley, lined on each side with hills and mountains. We soon found the tracks, or "*signs*" of the enemy, and discovered the look-outs, or spies of the Mexicans on the distant hills. We dashed on at a merry gait, until 8, A. M., when we arrived at Pescaria Chica, a pretty little village, about nine miles from Marin camp.

At our unexpected appearance, the women, terrified and frightened out of their senses, ran into the houses, and clasping their children close to them, thought they were all to be murdered. The men also hid themselves, or stood doggedly by the doors of their houses. The command halted at the entrance of the town, while the officers proceeded, with a few dragoons, to call on the *alcalde* for information. Some of the houses were built half of logs, and the other half of white lime-stone, dividing at the door-



way, which looked very singular. On approaching a very neat house, where we saw a man standing, we asked him if he had any wine. The fellow looked as black as night, and shaking his finger, replied in a surly tone that he had none; when quite a pretty girl, who was standing in the house, near the door, with her cheeks still wet with tears, spoke up and said they had wine, and at her solicitation, the man was made to bring us a bottle, for which he demanded half a dollar. Waving the man aside with a significant motion, we beckoned to the girl, to whom, as she timidly approached, we gave a dollar, the only piece of money we had; she looked up, and smiling through her tears, thanked us, and offered to bring us more.

Here we dismissed our old guide, having ascertained that the enemy had pushed on towards the mountains, and taking another, a middle-aged man, who was a-foot, and had but one shoe on, we struck up the Agua Frio river, towards the Monterey road. The guide seemed very willing to show us the route, and walked on with the greatest alacrity, notwithstanding he was so illy shod. We could not help but feel sorry for the poor creature, who seemed to think nothing of keeping up with us, though we travelled in a very fast walk. We pushed on three miles farther, and having passed through a rancho, called Zacatecas, soon after crossed the Agua Frio, when we discovered a Mexican, galloping off at a rapid rate. A command to halt, backed by the aim of a dozen rifles, soon brought the fugitive to, whom we compelled to show the command into the main road, discharging, in the mean time, our second guide. We proceeded on two miles farther, and arrived at rancho Agua Frio, where we dismounted, and rested our horses for half an hour. Here we learned from a woman who sold us cake and wine, that Torrejon, with five hundred men, had passed through this place last night. The instructions, however, did not permit us to follow him. Mounting our horses, we pushed on for San Francisco, six miles distant, where we arrived at 1, P. M., making twenty miles that we had travelled, though only fourteen from Marin, on the direct road. The army had already arrived at this place, and were making preparations to encamp for the night.

Our company encamped near a fine corn-field, and we had plenty of green fodder for our horses. A thousand rumors were afloat in camp, respecting the enemy at Monterey. The general opinion that now prevailed, was that a bloody battle would be fought. Sometime after our arrival, it was discovered that the Mexicans had shut off the water-courses, by damming them up, above us; in catching two fellows in the act, they pretended they were working the road. We soon opened them again, however, and a plentiful supply of the pure liquid was had for all purposes. In the

afternoon, Gen. Henderson arrived, with the two regiments of Texas Rangers, under Cols. Hays and Wood.

A general stir and activity now prevailed in camp; all seized the present opportunity to do that which had been left undone. Muskets, rifles, and pistols were cleaned, reloaded, and primed. Officers of the different batteries were drilling the artillery men, and every arrangement was being made throughout the camp, while the clear ringing of the anvils of the forges of the different batteries, as the armourer's hammer descended with sturdy stroke, gave token of the preparation for the coming contest. All were in fine spirits, young hearts beat high with the assurance of victory, and longed for the hour to come which should crown them with distinction, or sacrifice them to their country's sacred cause. The watch-fires of the camps lit up the surrounding scene, and presented to the view the long lines of the encampment of the army. It was a fine star-light night, and a cool and pleasant breeze was stirring, while ever and anon, from the door of a tent, or a group sitting around a fire, would be heard a loud peal of merry laughter; and were it not for the occasional clang of arms, and the sonorous challenging of the posted sentinels, the scene might have been taken for some gay festival, instead of the stern camp of American warriors. Gradually all became still and hushed in repose; and thus slumbered the army, to awaken only to more novel and exciting scenes.

At daylight on the 19th of September, the troops again moved forward in the following order of battle, on the road to Monterey: Capt. Gillespie's company in the advance, followed by McCulloch's, and the remainder of our regiment, Col. Hays', which we had now joined for the first time, our company having been heretofore detached; then came Col. Woods's Eastern Texas Rangers, the brigade under the command of Maj. Gen. Henderson; the First Division followed, under Gen. Twiggs, and the Second Division, under Gen. Worth, while the Third Division of volunteers, under Gen. Butler, brought up the rear. Advancing in solid battalions, and moving as it were like the ocean's swell, with the sun's rays glittering upon the arms of the dark and serried ranks, and the bright artillery flashing in the midst, they formed a noble and imposing pageantry. As the army moved on, Gen. Taylor and staff were seen advancing to the head of the column. A low murmur of admiration rose in the ranks as the general passed, bowing to both men and officers, who saluted him as he rode by, when a voice was heard saying, "Boys, the general himself is going to lead us forth to battle!"

The road we now passed over was lined on each side with cultivated fields and occasional *jacals*, or huts. When about three

miles from Monterey, we passed a beautiful walnut grove on our left, the largest timber we had yet seen in Mexico. As we advanced towards the city, a heavy fog rested on the surface and the surrounding heights, concealing nearly every thing from our view, but which became gradually dissipated by the sun. At 8, A. M., we arrived within about 1500 yards of the city, when we were ordered to halt. The scene before us was magnificent and sublime. There lay the rich and lovely valley of Monterey, a beautiful undulating plain, while in its centre, between the Saddle mountain and another chain of the Sierra del Madre, lay concealed the capital of Nueva Leon; the towering steeple of the Cathedral alone being visible to mark its situation. Off to the right was the Citadel, from whose battlements a flag occasionally flaunted listlessly to the breeze, and then hung in folds again, struggling as it were to maintain its proud display. To the left could be seen the avenues leading to the city, which were fortified by the batteries, and other works of the enemy. Still farther to the right, in the rear of the city, stood, on a high hill overlooking the whole, the Bishop's Palace, displaying from its turrets the black cross of the Holy Church, and the green, white, and red banner of Mexico; while the tops of the adjacent heights were crowned with snow-white tents. Beautiful green fields met the eye on either side, and cattle were quietly grazing about, while mountains on every hand rose with their high peaks to heaven, tipped with white fleecy clouds, which contrasted beautifully with the bright green of the base of those nearer by. Not a soul was to be seen, and the mountains, the vale, and the city seemed alike undisturbed, and wrapped in the calm repose of nature: all was still, save the wild whistle of the forest bird.

Soon, however, a blast from the Mexican trumpets came echoing over the plain, and along the outskirts of the walls was seen the Mexican cavalry in proud array, with lances bright, and pennons of red and green waving in the breeze, steadily advancing as it were to meet us. Our regiment, (Col. Hays'), was now ordered to dismount and look to their arms. Mounting again, we formed in sections of five, and our bugle sounded a charge. We advanced in a brisk trot towards the foe, and were in the act of charging at a full gallop, when the enemy was seen to wheel, and retreat towards the city. We were immediately halted, when we were saluted from the Citadel, (see Map, letter N,) by its guns opening upon us with 12-pound shot, which was returned by a shout of defiance that rang wildly over the plain. The Mexicans had thought by this movement to entice us close in under the guns of their forts; but the keen-sighted Hays saw the *ruse*, and having ordered a countermarch, we proceeded back to our former po-



sition without sustaining any injury. In the mean time, Gen. Taylor and staff, with Major Mansfield, and a party of engineers, had proceeded to the right, in order to make an examination of the enemy's works, when a ball struck within twenty feet of Gen. Taylor, and came bounding up towards the group, showing that the enemy had got the range with their guns, the other balls having fallen short. The Rangers were now ordered to march back to a corn-field, through which ran a streamlet, where we watered and rested our horses for half an hour, when we again marched out on the plain. The enemy re-opened their fire, and the balls frequently, after tearing up the ground, would roll up to where we stood. We were kept marching and counter-marching before the enemy's batteries for some two hours, when we received orders to withdraw to the beautiful grove of San Domingo, which was christened "Walnut Springs," where Gen. Taylor pitched his camp. It was indeed a lovely spot. The tall forest trees afforded us both shade and shelter, while the silvery streams, and cool bubbling springs, served to slake our thirst. The whole army which had lined the road for miles, had now come up. On hearing the firing of the guns from the Citadel, and our cheers, which were carried back from front to rear, and re-echoed through that long line, every man became electrified and filled with enthusiasm, and rushed forward, thinking that the battle had begun; it was with difficulty, indeed, that they could be restrained from a run.

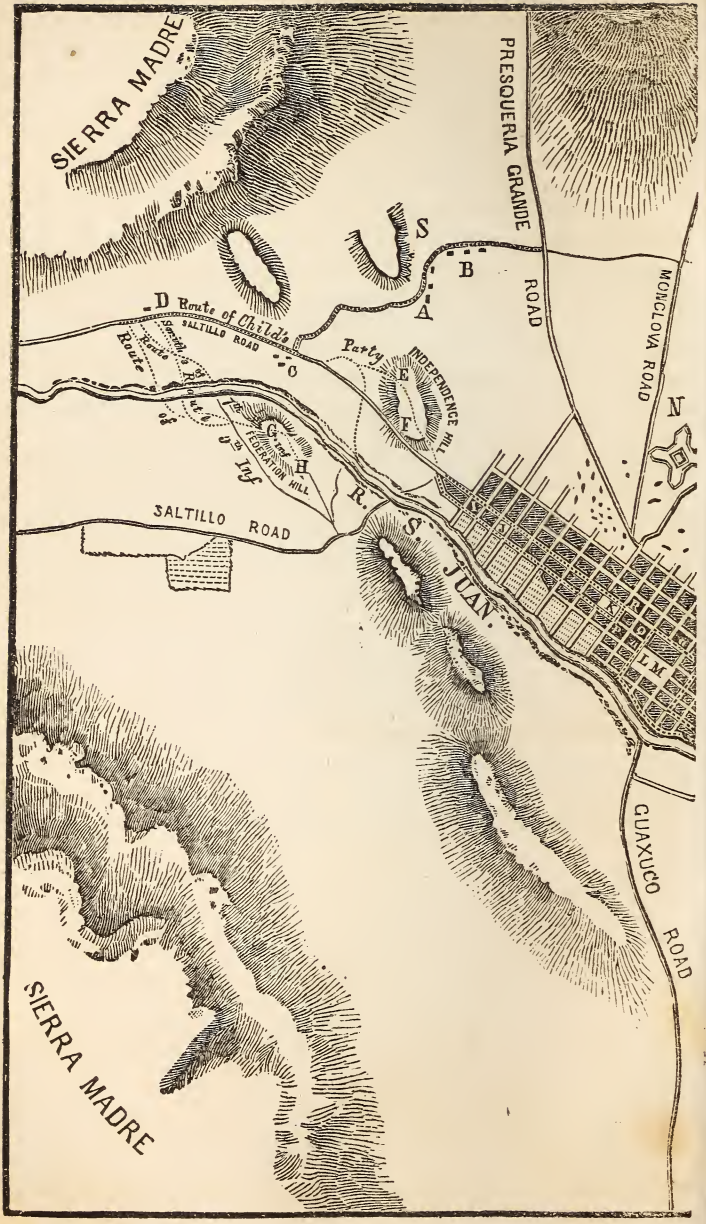
The encampments were soon laid off, tents were pitched, and the soldiers prepared dinner. In the afternoon, Major Mansfield, Capt. John Sanders and Lieut. Scarritt, of the engineer department, and Lieut. Meade of the topographical engineers, supported by Capt. Pike, Graham's squadron of dragoons, and Capt. Gillespie's Texas Rangers, went out to make a reconnoissance towards the Saltillo road, while Capt. Williams, of the topographical engineers, with Capt. Ridgely, of the artillery, and others, proceeded at the same time to make a reconnoissance of the eastern approaches. The batteries of the enemy kept playing during the afternoon, as the different parties would approach their works. Large foraging parties of the Rangers also went out, and brought in several prisoners, among whom was the spy "*Heronimo*." He was again brought up for examination before Gen. Taylor, but evaded or refused to answer all important questions. In order to gain the information, he was threatened to be hung; and, as we were informed, it was only when the fellow felt the rope tighten around his neck, that he promised to tell the truth, after which he was sent off to the guard-house. At dark, the reconnoitering parties came in. The day closed without any farther incident, and the sun sank behind the mountains, leaving its gorgeous hues veiled

by a murky mist, which at last became wrapt in the dark folds of night. Nothing more then occurred to disturb the sweet repose of the peaceful valley of Monterey, though in its dark forests was planning an attack that was soon to awaken it to scenes of carnage and bloodshed, and shake its very centre with the dread roar of musketry and artillery. Arrangements were now made to make a further reconnoissance in the direction of the works overlooking the Bishop's Palace, (see letter E,) towards the Saltillo road, to ascertain the practicability of making a circuitous route in the rear of the town, for the purpose of turning the position of the enemy, and cutting off their line of communication; as it was currently reported that Santa Anna was advancing with a powerful force to the relief of the beleaguered city. Although all appeared perfectly quiet, yet great preparations were being made, and the heavy sound of wagon teams, with the clang of dragoon sabres, and the tread of horses, were now and then distinctly heard. The expedition, under Col. Duncan, was greatly favoured by the darkness of the night, and about 11, P. M., the party came in safe, having made a detour of some five miles, in which they were perfectly successful, and proved the practicability of the scheme.

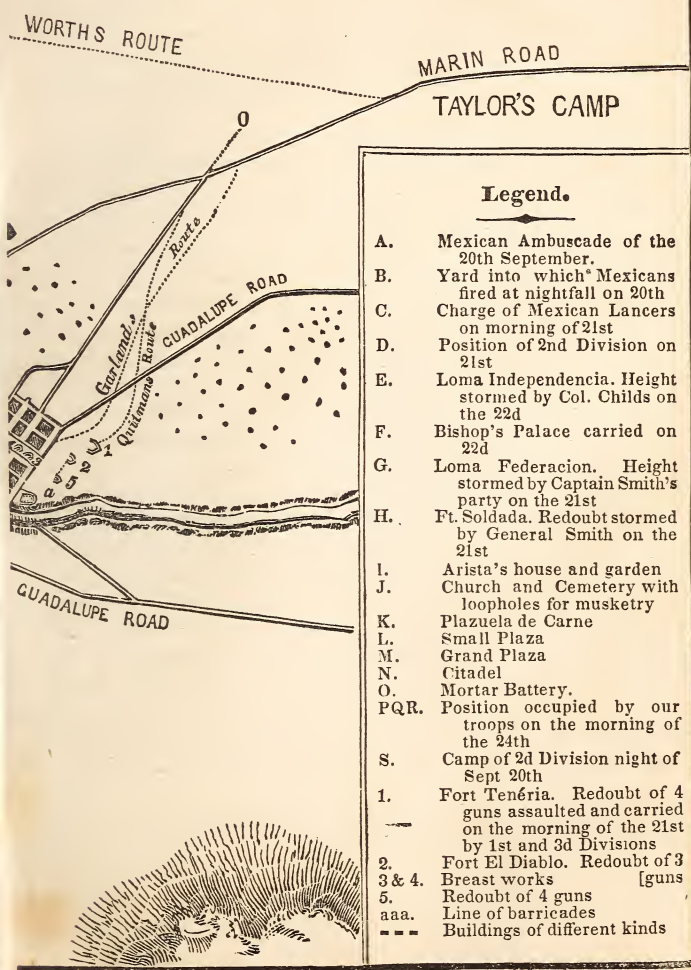
During the night we made some thirty prisoners. Towards morning, a drizzling rain fell, and around the guard-fires were seen groups of men, wrapped in their blankets, guarding the prisoners, and amusing each other by recounting tales, and speculating on the events of the coming day. Thus passed the night, and many a scene might be described, affording food for mirth, and presenting subjects for the artist's pencil. Towards morning it became raw and unpleasant, and for those who had no tents, very disagreeable, as the rain still continued to fall. Thus ended our first night of encampment at "Walnut Springs," near the city of Monterey.







Drawn by Lieut. Geo. Meade, U. S. Topographical Engineers.



**Legend.**

- A. Mexican Ambuscade of the 20th September.
- B. Yard into which\* Mexicans fired at nightfall on 20th
- C. Charge of Mexican Lancers on morning of 21st
- D. Position of 2nd Division on 21st
- E. Loma Independencia. Height stormed by Col. Childs on the 22d
- F. Bishop's Palace carried on 22d
- G. Loma Federacion. Height stormed by Captain Smith's party on the 21st
- H. Ft. Soldada. Redoubt stormed by General Smith on the 21st
- I. Arista's house and garden
- J. Church and Cemetery with loopholes for musketry
- K. Plazuela de Carne
- L. Small Plaza
- M. Grand Plaza
- N. Citadel
- O. Mortar Battery.
- PQR. Position occupied by our troops on the morning of the 24th
- S. Camp of 2d Division night of Sept 20th
- 1. Fort Tenéria. Redoubt of 4 guns assaulted and carried on the morning of the 21st by 1st and 3d Divisions
- 2. Fort El Diablo. Redoubt of 3 guns
- 3 & 4. Breast works [guns]
- 5. Redoubt of 4 guns
- aaa. Line of barricades
- Buildings of different kinds





## CHAPTER XV.

Description of the Fortifications at Monterey—General Taylor's military Talent—His Character—Gen. Worth—Enumeration of his Division—Anecdote of Gen. Taylor—The March and Detour of the Second Division—The Movement discovered by the Enemy—Diversion made by the First and Third Divisions—Arrival of the Second Division at the Pescaria Grande Road—The Reconnoissance—The Ambuscade—Heroic Act of Lieut. McMullen—Camp at the Jacales—The Attack on Pigs and Poultry—The Surprise and Attack by the Mexican Cavalry—Their Repulse with Loss—Incidents of the Night—Our dreary Situation—The superiority of the Enemy's Forces and Defences.

As daylight dawned on Sunday morning, the 20th of September, the heavy clouds and drizzling rain, that still prevailed, shut out the sunlight, and made the scene around as gloomy as it before had been bright. Before we proceed farther to relate the operations of our army, it will be necessary to give to the reader the situation of the enemy's defences and fortifications, in order that the movements and positions of the different divisions of our troops, in storming the city of Monterey, may be fully understood. We shall commence by describing the works and fortifications of the enemy, which were stormed by the First and Third Divisions on Gen. Taylor's side. On reference to the Map, the reader will see the situation of the works as described.

No. 1. A strong redoubt of masonry of four faces, with an open gorge of ten feet, prepared for four guns, overlooked and commanded by a large stone house in the rear, prepared with sand-bags and loop-holes for infantry.

No. 2. Strong redoubt of four faces, open gorge of twenty feet, prepared for three guns.

No. 3. Fleches of masonry for infantry, and breast-works.

No. 4. Strong redoubt for one gun, not occupied by the enemy.

No. 5. Tête-de-pont in front of the bridge of the Purisina, a strong work of masonry for three guns.

No. 6. A strong redoubt of masonry for four guns, overlooking the approaches from Cadareyta, and commanding the gorge of No. 2.

No. 7. A strong redoubt of masonry for three guns, overlooked and commanded by a large stone house, prepared for infantry with loop-holes and sand-bags.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, were connected by breastworks of earth and brush for infantry, thus forming a complete line of defence from 4 to 7. Barricades of masonry, twelve feet thick, with embrasures for guns, were met with in every direction.

The house-tops and garden walls were loopholed throughout the city, and prepared with sand-bags for infantry defence.

These strong works defended the eastern and southern approaches; while the Citadel, (see letter N,) a large rectangular stone building, the walls only standing, surrounded by an enclosed work of solid masonry, of four bastioned fronts, and prepared for thirty-one guns, commanded and protected the northern approaches. The following works defended the western approaches, which were stormed by the Second (Gen. Worth's) Division.

F. The Bishop's Castle, containing four guns.

E. A strong redoubt on the height called "*Independencia*," leading down to the Bishop's Palace, or castle, which had in position two guns.

G. A battery of two guns on Federation Hill, leading to Fort Soldada.

H. Fort Soldada, containing in position one gun.

Gen. Taylor, after having made a reconnoissance of the position and principal works of the enemy, as well as circumstances would permit, with that sagacity, military combination, and concentration, which so few were then willing to give him credit for, saw with the quick observation and discernment of a skilful and scientific chess-player, the assailable points of the enemy, and determined at once upon the plan of attack. The city was so thoroughly fortified on the east side, that it became necessary to gain the enemy's rear, and attack and carry the almost impregnable positions on the west side in the reverse, in order to break the concentrated force of the Mexicans, and thus give to the American army two chances of success; whereas by making an attack in the front, or eastern side, we had scarcely any at all. Noble, magnanimous, and generous in heart; calm and collected on the field of battle; though his iron determination, and the rapid revolution of military movements in his mind made him the stern warrior, and which, when thwarted, caused his impetuous blood to rise at inaction, delay, or failure; yet the commander-in-chief ever held in view the comfort of his soldiers, and no one ever appealed to him in vain for the redress of grievances or wrongs.

Preparations were accordingly made to gain the Saltillo road, and for this important object Gen. Taylor generously confided the expedition to the command of Gen. Worth, who had been prevented by circumstances from participating in the late battles of "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma." With all the impetuosity and eagerness of a war-steed chafing under the curb which held his progress in check, he had longed for the hour to come when he should once more take the field against the foe. That hour had arrived, and to a brave and gallant spirit had the trust been

reposed. Orders were accordingly given to Gen. Worth to proceed with his division, by a circuitous route, around the hill of the Bishop's Palace and carry the heights, or detached works, in the enemy's rear. For the sake of accuracy, we will again enumerate the force of this division. The First Brigade, commanded by Lieut. Col. Staniford, consisted of Lieut. Col. Duncan's battery of horse-artillery, Lieut. Col. Child's artillery battalion, composed of the following companies: Company K, of the 2d regiment, companies A and B, of the 3d regiment, and companies G, H, and I, of the 4th regiment, acting as infantry; and the 8th regiment of the infantry, under Capt. Scriven. The Second Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. P. F. Smith, (colonel of rifles,) was composed of Lieut. Mackall's battery of horse-artillery, the 5th Infantry, to which was attached Capt. Blanchard's company of Louisiana volunteers, under Maj. Martin Scott; and the 7th Infantry, under Capt. Miles. Col. Hays' regiment of mounted Texas Rangers also accompanied the division, numbering in all about 2000 effective men.

It was now about 9 o'clock, A. M., when the sun showed his bright face over the mountain tops, and the day became clear and serene. Orders were issued to our regiment, Col. Hays', to get ready for a march. A thousand rumors were afloat as to where we were going and what was to be done. The general impression prevailed that we were to escort Col. Duncan to plant his artillery. From the delay which ensued, however, it was soon apparent that a more important movement was to take place. The whole camp was astir, and *orderlies* were seen running to and fro carrying messages. We took this opportunity to make a few calls on some friends, whom we had not seen since we joined the army, on account of our position in the advance. Passing the headquarters of Gen. Taylor, our attention was attracted to a line of some fifteen or twenty delinquents, regulars and volunteers, who were brought up before the general for reprimand. We were surprised to see with what patience the general listened to each man's excuse or complaint. On the extreme left of the line stood a volunteer over six feet in height, and stout in proportion, who, on being asked what he had to say, replied:

"Why, we haven't had any bread for two days, and mighty little to eat, any how; and you see, general, a man can't fight well without he gets somethin' to eat."

"Very well," said the general, turning to the officer, "see that every man has as much as he can eat, and I'll see that they have plenty of fighting."

The squad was dismissed well pleased—one fellow observing that "the general was on their side, any how," and, as soon as



they got at a *respectful distance*, they seconded the motion of one of the party to give "*Old Zack*" a cheer, which was forthwith put into execution.

About noon our regiment was ordered to move, and we took up the line of march towards the plaza, when we struck off to the right, through the chaparral towards some corn-fields. A company of pioneers was sent in the advance with Lieut. McCown, under Capt. Sanders, to cut a passage through the chaparral fences, so as to make the road practicable for artillery, which had now come up with the rest of the command of the Second Division. Our progress was very slow, as we had many difficulties to overcome. By the time we reached the Monclova road, it was discovered that the enemy had perceived our movement, and large bodies of infantry could be seen advancing at a run from the Bishop's Palace towards the height above it. In order to divert the attention of the enemy, Gen. Taylor, who also perceived their movements, ordered out the First and Third Divisions before the city, thus making a manifestation in our favour. We pushed on without interruption until we reached the Pescaria Grande road, when we could plainly see the tents of the enemy on *Loma Independencia*, or Independence Hill—their cannon being concealed from our view. Here we found a neighbourhood-road leading around the base of some high hills on our right towards the great Saltillo road, where the head of the column halted for the remainder of the command to come up. In the mean time, Gen. Burleson, of Texas, with about twenty men, proceeded along the base of the hill, while Col. Hays and Lieut. Cols. Duncan and Walker, with Captain McCulloch and Col. Peyton, late of the Louisiana volunteers, ascended the hill to reconnoitre. While these officers were riding on the brow of the hill, Gen. Worth came up with Lieut. Wood of his staff, and also ascended the hill. Soon after, Gen. Burleson rode up, and, inquiring for Gen. Worth, reported that he had met the enemy's pickets, and that a large force, consisting of cavalry and infantry, was approaching from the turn or point of the hill beyond, with the evident intention of disputing our further progress. Our position at once became very critical, and the presence of Gen. Worth was immediately required. Mr. Kendall here volunteered his services, and proceeded after Gen. Worth, who by this time had disappeared far to the right, on the brow of the hill. A little after, all the officers, except McCulloch, were seen coming down. Gen. Worth, on his arrival, ordered a detachment of McCulloch's company, under Lieut. Kelly, to proceed and join the detachment of Capt. Gillespie's company—Gens. Worth and Smith, Col. Hays, and Lieut. Cols. Duncan and Walker, with Gen. Burleson, taking the advance, while they were supported

by the rest of the Texians and a body of infantry. Turning a bend in the road, at a mountain gorge on our right, where the enemy's scouts were discovered, we halted at some *jacales* on our left; here the men filled their canteens with water from the wells, while Gens. Worth and Smith again ascended another of a chain of hills on our right, to examine more closely the defences of *Loma Independencia*, and the assailable points of the enemy's works. As we had not yet met with any opposition from the enemy, it was determined to reconnoitre as far as the Saltillo road. Col. Hays ordered some four or five men to stay on the top of the hill to keep a look-out, and make a signal should the enemy show himself in numbers, while the advance proceeded on. We had not moved more than a thousand yards farther before it was discovered that a body of Mexican infantry and dismounted cavalry (who had descended from the other side of *Loma Independencia*, and wound around its base to conceal themselves from us) had sought cover about seventy yards from the road in some corn-fields on our left, while another body lay concealed in the fence corners. We were now immediately opposite and in point-blank range of the gun battery of Independence Hill, (see A on the map,) when the enemy in ambush saluted us with a shower of musket and scopot balls—the guns from the battery of Fort Independence at the same time opening a fire of shell and shot. A retrograde movement was immediately ordered, as it was the evident intention of the enemy to cut us off before we could join our main force. So heavy was the fire that the balls struck all around us, cutting the chaparral on every side. A shell fell on the field between us and the Mexicans, and bursted with a loud report, tearing up the ground and corn, but doing us no injury. The advance consisted of not over thirty men, and a race now took place, which we never *entered* for, to see who should gain our main force first, the Mexicans or ourselves. Many of our horses, alarmed at the bursting of the shells, became unmanageable, and started off with their riders at a break-neck pace, running over every thing in their way. We were knocked out of our saddle on this occasion, and hung with one foot in the stirrup, with our right hand clinging to the mane—our horse running with us in this position for nearly a hundred yards before we recovered ourself. Behind us still was one of our comrades completely unhorsed, while the enemy's cavalry were within fifty yards of him. The heroic and gallant Lieut. John McMullen saw his danger, and, checking his steed, wheeled, and, without dismounting, seized his comrade, and as quick as lightning threw him on his horse, in the face, and almost very grasp of the enemy, and bore him safe to camp! Our rear in the meantime, however, had returned the

enemy's fire in the most spirited manner, doing good execution, and beautifully covering our retreat—thus preserving the advance from being cut off. Miraculous to say, not a man was hurt.

Our regiment hearing the firing had come up at a gallop, but it was now nearly sundown, and we were ordered to encamp in the yard of some *jacales* on the road side, (see B on the Map,) for the night. The men were tired and hungry, as we had eaten nothing since breakfast. The yard was filled with pigs and goats; and the chickens had sought the trees to roost. An immediate attack was now commenced upon the former with stones and swords, and many a laugh was had at the unsuccessful racing that was going on. While at the same time others ascended the trees, and commenced an assault upon the chickens. In the very height of our fun, and before we had time to unsaddle our horses, which stood hitched around the houses, we received a rattling fire of scopets from about five hundred of the enemy's cavalry, who had suddenly come upon us, and had taken position on the point of a hill near by, overlooking our place of encampment. The tables were now turned, to the evident delight of the pigs and chickens, and such a getting down out of trees and scampering generally as then took place, afforded us many a hearty laugh afterwards.

Col. Hays, with his noted presence of mind, immediately formed the men under cover of the chaparral fence, to repulse a charge, while Acklen's and Ballowe's companies (dismounted) formed out in the road. The Texians gave a yell, and repulsed the enemy with considerable loss, while only one or two of our men were slightly wounded. This skirmish took place between sundown and dark, and immediately after a heavy shower of rain came up, while we were yet under arms, and which put a stop to farther proceedings. We were kept in our positions more than an hour, while the rain fell in torrents, drenching us to the skin. The two companies in the meanwhile had come in and reported that the enemy had retreated to the Saltillo road. The picket-guard was then detailed, and the men ordered to look to their horses. In examining the little houses, or *jacales*, in the yard we found the doors all locked and barricaded. The heavy pole at the well, which had been used for drawing water, was now made use of as a battering ram, which soon opened the doors for us. In the largest house, we found any quantity of dry corn, belonging to the Mexican government, which was joyfully seized, and plentifully fed to our poor horses.

The yard being within range of the battery on Independence Hill, we were not permitted to light fires to cook, for fear of disclosing our position. About nine o'clock, Gen. Worth came into



the corn-house, and by a dim light of corn shucks wrote with a pencil a hurried note to Gen. Taylor, informing him of the events of the afternoon, and suggesting that a diversion should be made in his favour, on the next day, as it was evident his farther advance would be strenuously opposed. The command had all come up, and encamped near us on the road-side. The pack-mules and provisions of the Rangers had been left behind at camp, so that we had not even a piece of bread with us, and many of us were in our shirt-sleeves, having left our jackets and blankets behind, under the impression that we were to return that night to camp. The regulars, also, were nearly as bad off as ourselves, for the wagon train contained scanty rations for four days only, with little or no chance to cook. In the field of active service, there is but little difference in regard to comforts, and all formalities of rank, farther than obeying orders, are thrown aside; for there is something on the battle-field that tells us we are but men, the lines of distinction become effaced, and the soldier and the officer share alike. The Mexicans had shut off the water from above, which irrigated the fields where we had encamped, and we remember the grateful draught that we scooped up in a tin cup from the draining run, as it became nearly exhausted, as one of the most refreshing that ever passed our lips. What few could, occupied the houses, while the rest lay down on the cold wet ground. But few horses were unsaddled, the girths being merely loosened to give them rest. The night was passed in hourly expectation of an attack, or surprise. Cold, cheerless, and hungry, the men lay sleeping on their arms, while all around prevailed a gloomy quiet: our slumber was uneasy and broken, for at the slightest noise, the men would awake and grasp their arms, and then hearing no alarm, would as quickly again fall off to sleep.

During the night, on Gen. Taylor's side of the city, two twenty-four pound howitzers and a ten-inch mortar were placed in battery, so as to play upon the town and citadel on the next morning. At dark, all the troops were withdrawn from before the town, except the 4th Infantry, which was left to protect this battery during the night. Such then was the position of Gen. Taylor's army on the night of the 20th. Every thing was yet to be done, the enemy having every advantage over us. It was known that their forces were far superior to ours, and the defences of the city such, that to insure success, fortified as they were by the strongest works on every side, to say nothing of the natural defences of the mountains, gorges, and hills—it would be necessary to carry their strong positions by storm. And this it was felt would be attended with the greatest sacrifice before we should be able to take the city

Having brought up the incidents and movements of the army until its occupation of the position before Monterey, we here take leave of the kind reader, and devote to the picturing of more stirring events, a new chapter.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

The First Day of the Battle—Discovery of the Enemy—The Cavalry Charge—Death of Lieut. Col. Nájera—The enemy's Defeat—Incidents of the Charge—Anecdote of a Ranger—An Irish Teamster—Military skill of Gen. Taylor—The First and Third Divisions—Gen. Worth gains the Saltillo road—Maj. Brown occupies the Mill at St. Catarina—The critical position of Gen. Worth—His military bearing—The Storming of Federation Hill and Fort Soldada—The Retreat of the Enemy—Lieut. Pitcher's Chalk Marks—Noble act of Lieut. Geo. Deas—A wild Scene—A touching Sight—Generalship of Worth—The close of the Day—Suffering of the Troops—A storm at Night—Mexican Hospitality—Description of a Mexican Woman—Preparations for the Morrow.

As the day gradually dawned on the 21st of September, the soft gleams of light presented to our view the surrounding mountains, vales and hills clothed in samite green. The hallowed stillness of the hour seemed to proclaim eternal peace, and as we cast our eye towards Independence Hill, we half-doubted that only on the evening of the day before, we had heard from its summit the booming roar of its battery. The men were awakened from their slumbers, and without breakfast were ordered to renew the line of march. All wet as we were, we mounted into the saddle, McCulloch's company taking the advance, followed by the whole regiment of Rangers, while the remainder of the division came up in close order of battle. We had proceeded about a mile and a half, when at a turn in the road, near a hacienda, called San Jeronimo, we came in full view of the enemy's forces, cavalry and infantry, numbering about 1500, drawn up in battle array. The Saltillo road, and the corn-fields near it, seemed filled with infantry. The head of our column was immediately halted, and Col. Hays' regiment ordered to deploy by company to the right, and dismount; which we did, forming into a small gulley. The light companies of the First Brigade, under Capt. C. F. Smith and J. B. Scott, supported us with Duncan's light artillery, followed by the battalions and heads of columns. Thus drawn up in order of battle, the two forces stood eyeing each other, at the distance of two hundred yards, when they approached slowly and opened a fire from their scopes, the battery on Independence Hill at the same time opening on the column. The Rangers were now ordered to mount, advance upon the enemy, and take position by the fence, on



Cavalry charge on the morning of the 21st.—p. 156.





the road-side, when they returned the enemy's fire with their rifles, and then dismounted under cover of the fence. McCulloch being on the extreme right did not get this order in time, and, seeing the lancers preparing for a charge, gallantly led up his men to meet them. On they came, at a full gallop, led by their brave Lieut. Col. Juan N. Nájera, in dashing style, with pennons of green and red fluttering in the wind. McCulloch received them with a leaden rain of rifles, pistols, and shot guns; while the Texians at the fence poured in upon them a deadly fire. The clash was great, and at the shock, the host moved to and fro, as the forest bends beneath the storm; but our horses were too powerful to be overcome, and many were made the empty saddles that had borne the enemy's bravest men. We saw their lieutenant colonel fall, while in the thickest of the fight, and exhorting his men to rally and stand firm. He was a tall, splendid-looking fellow, with a fierce moustache, and beautiful teeth, which were set hard, as he lay on the ground with his face partly turned up, his eyes yet glassy in the struggle of death, and his features depicting the most marked determination. McCulloch's men were now engaged hand to hand with the enemy's lancers, using their five-shooters, while some few beat back the enemy with their swords. We were at this time within three hundred yards of the Saltillo road, with a corn-field on our left, and a high hill on our right, [see Map, letter C.] The light companies, in the mean time, and Duncan's artillery, had opened their fire, and the enemy was borne back with great slaughter, carrying with them a portion of McCulloch's men, who had fought their way nearly to the enemy's centre, and seeing their peril, were fighting their way back. Then it was that the hardest struggle took place. Armstrong, one of our company, was unhorsed by a lancer, having received two wounds; yet on foot, with sword in hand, he defended himself against two of the enemy. He killed one, when an Irishman from the artillery battalion discovered his situation, and saying that he did not know whether he had *buck or ball in*, as he drew up his musket, but that he had better kill them both than to miss the Mexican, fired and saved the Ranger! Fielding Alston, and J. F. Minter, also of our company, while fighting gallantly, received two lance wounds. Young Musson of New Orleans, who had joined our corps, was engaged at the same time, with a captain of cavalry, hand to hand in a sword fight, and at one time became very nearly overpowered; when asked why he did not shoot his foe, replied, with true southern chivalry, that "the Mexican had no pistol, and it would have been taking an *advantage* over him!" As another of our men was being overcome by a Mexican, the gallant Capt. Cheshire, a private in the

Rangers, dashed up to his rescue, and having no fire, seized a holster pistol, and with the butt end of it, felled the Mexican to the ground.

McCulloch had been twice borne back with the Mexicans, and making a desperate struggle to gain his company, he put his horse to his speed, running every thing down in his way, and regained his command without a scratch! The Mexicans had taken to the hills, and the regular skirmishers, or light companies under Capts. Smith and Scott, continued their fire over our heads, killing by accident one of the Rangers. About this time, Capt. Gutierrez, of the enemy's cavalry, who had received three wounds, was also killed; he died fighting to the last, one of the most courageous of his race. As the Mexicans gave way, the light companies rushed up the hills, firing over the ridge at the retreating enemy, who were routed and flying in every direction. Parties of our infantry, who had gained the corn-fields, were also picking off the Mexican infantry, who were rapidly retreating in the road leading to the city. While the Mexicans were flying over the hill, the Texians also, with their unerring rifles, poured on them a most destructive fire, and in several instances, both horse and rider were seen to bound some feet into the air, and then fall dead, tumbling down the hill. This most brilliant action lasted about fifteen minutes, during which time 150 of the enemy were killed and wounded; while on our part the loss was trifling. Several of McCulloch's men were severely wounded by the enemy's lancers, and our regiment lost only one killed. The squadron that had so bravely charged McCulloch, were nearly all cut to pieces. Lieut. Col. Walker, as well as many others, had their horses severely wounded. Amid the scene of carnage, lay stretched out some of their bravest men in gaudy uniforms, and many a broken lance lay here and there, while the road and hill-side were lined with their dead horses, beautifully caparisoned, the saddles ornamented with silver mountings, presenting a wild and ghastly scene. Thirty-two of their dead were buried in one pit.

We had now gained that part of the Saltillo road which led directly to the city, along the base of Independence Hill. Duncan's horse artillery, (one of the six-pounders being served by Lieut. Hays,) and Mackall's battery, were drawn up, and placed in position on the slope of the ridge, near a few *jacales* at the junction of the roads, and opened a fire upon the breastwork of sand-bags on the hill of the Bishop's Palace. The artillery battalion, 5th, 7th and 8th Infantry, were formed on each side of the road, while the Texians, dismounted, having hitched their horses at the fence near the *jacales*, were ordered to deploy to the right, through the corn-fields, which extended towards the Rio San Juan de Monterey, to act in the advance as skirmishers; an attack being expected from



a large body of infantry, which had retreated from the support of the cavalry, and cowardly left it to its fate, and now formed at the foot of the hill of the Bishop's Palace. We advanced through the corn-fields by single file, for about 300 yards, and formed along the fence on the road-side. At this time, a battery of two heavy guns from *Loma de Federacion*, or Federation Hill, (see Map, letter G.,) which we had not before discovered, opened upon us a galling fire of round-shot, the balls striking into the very midst of our troops; the nine-pounder from Independence Hill continuing to throw its shot at the same time, with great precision, at our batteries. With such skill did the Mexican gunners serve their pieces, that several shot fell directly in the midst of our artillery, but fortunately did no injury. It was at this time, while the shot of the enemy flew so thick, that one of our number was ordered by Col. Hays to ascend a large tree, in the corn-field, and reconnoitre the Mexican infantry. The Ranger reported, that the enemy kept their position, without any seeming intention of advancing; and receiving no order to descend, being within direct range of the enemy's battery, and the shot flying high, he asked the colonel if he should come down.

"No, sir," said Hays, "wait for orders."

Soon after, the Texians were directed to return, when they moved rapidly off, leaving the Ranger up the tree; and Hays' attention being called to the fact, he ran back, and cried out,

"Holloa, there—where are the Mexicans?"

"Going back up the hill," replied the Ranger, without knowing who it was that addressed him.

"Well, hadn't you better come down from there," said Hays.

"I don't know," said the Ranger, "I am waiting for orders!"

"Well, then, I *order* you down," said Hays.

The Ranger, discovering it to be his colonel, without waiting for a second call, like Martin Scott's coon, forthwith descended from the tree.

The batteries of Duncan and Mackall, doing but little execution, and being so entirely exposed, as well as our troops, General Worth ordered the command to take position about 800 yards farther on the Saltillo road, near a sugar rancho, out of the range of the enemy's batteries: (see Map, letter D.) As the division was moving up, Capt. McKavett, of the 8th Infantry, received a round-shot in the hip, from Fort Independence, and was instantly killed, and a serjeant of the same regiment wounded. A horse in Capt. Duncan's light artillery was also killed. The rear of the division, as it passed in range, received a shower of shot and shell from the Mexican batteries. The wagon train, particularly, as it came rattling along at rapid speed, received *marked*

attention ; the Mexicans supposing that they were filled with our troops, judging us by their own low cunning tricks. As a team turned an angle in the road, a shot passed under one of the leader mules, the windage of which made the animal crouch to the earth ; when the Irish teamster cracking his whip, was heard to exclaim, "Up out of that, ye divil ye, no time for squatting now, sure !"

Gen. Worth's note, written, as we have seen, the night previous, reached Gen. Taylor early the next morning. The general having already contemplated, before its reception, to make a strong diversion against the centre and left of the town, in order to cover the designs of Gen. Worth in gaining the Saltillo road, and in taking the heights, had planted a battery accordingly, the same night. The military skill of General Taylor is here evident, and shows his talent of perception ; at the same time the calculation which he had made will appear more striking, as the sequel of events will show.

As soon, then, as he judged that Gen. Worth had become engaged with the enemy, the fire of his mortar and howitzer battery was opened on the city and citadel, and the loud roar of American artillery was heard to respond to the Mexican batteries on the heights, and re-echo through the valley and hills. The First Division of regulars under Brig. Gen. Twiggs, and the Third, as we have designated the volunteers under Maj. Gen. Butler, were marched before the town, leaving only one company of each regiment to guard the camp. The 2d Dragoons under Lieut. Col. May, and Col. Wood's Texian Rangers, under Gen. Henderson, were ordered towards the northern approaches to make a demonstration upon the upper part of the city, as well as to support Gen. Worth, should it become necessary. We shall presently see, as Gen. Taylor expected, that the Mexicans misconstrued the feint or object of the movement made, and thought that Worth had been sent around to favour the operations of Taylor, and, therefore, when we had gained the Saltillo road, and engaged the enemy, not imagining that we would venture to assault the heights, they drew back the large forces which they had sent over on the night of the 20th, upon perceiving the strong manifestations of attack made by Gen. Taylor on the following morning.

The Second Division having taken up its position on the Saltillo road, along the base of a chain of hills, we now commanded a full view of the enemy's works and fortifications on the western and south-western sides ; at the same time holding the avenues of retreat and supplies, and preventing a reinforcement in the direction of Saltillo. Having thus secured the gorges of that road, it became evident, before we could effect a lodgment in the city, or carry on any available operations against it, that it would be ne-

cessary to take by storm the batteries on the adjacent heights. It was now about 10, A. M., when a party of Rangers, who had been chasing some straggling lancers about three miles up the Saltillo road, near a stone mill at the narrow gorge of Santa Catarina, reported the advance of a body of the enemy's cavalry, from the south-east side of the town. Major Brown of the artillery battalion was immediately despatched with several of the light companies, a detachment of Mackall's battery, under Lieut. Irons, and a company of Texas Rangers, to take position and occupy the mill, on whose approach the enemy retired. At this time, the main body of the Texas Rangers was posted at the junction of the roads, near the sugar rancho, with the 5th and 7th Infantry.

The position Gen. Worth then occupied might have been considered as critical as it was dangerous. Separated from the main body of the army—his communication cut off, and no possible route less than eight miles to regain it—with but scanty supplies of provisions for only four days—surrounded by gorges and passes of the mountains, from whose summits belched forth the destructive shot, shell, and grape; he was liable at any moment to be attacked by an overwhelming force in the direction of Saltillo, which had been reported to be daily expected, and which would have placed his command in the very jaws of the enemy. For, although holding the passes and gorges of the Saltillo road, yet a superior force from the advance would certainly have forced him back to, and have turned upon him the very passes which he then held. It was feared, too, from his impetuous nature, that he would rush his command into unnecessary danger by some rash and desperate attempt. But it was not so. He was collected, calm, and cool, and bore himself with that proud, resolute, and commanding mien, giving his orders with promptness and decision, which inspired men and officers alike with confidence. He never appeared better than on that day; and all felt that with Worth they were sure of victory. He knew that Gen. Taylor had staked the issue of the battle on him, and he felt the great and weighty responsibility that rested on the course he should pursue. As he surveyed with his glass the enemy's works before him, he seemed to feel that not a moment was to be lost. He saw at once that it would be necessary to carry by storm the battery on Federation Hill, situated on the right bank of the San Juan de Monterey, as well as the fort on the ridge of the same height, called *Soldada*, about six hundred yards from the battery, on the crest of the hill, (see Map, G and H,) as these two batteries commanded the approaches from the Saltillo road, as well as the egress from the city. For this purpose, Capt. C. F. Smith, of the 2d Artillery, was ordered to proceed with his own, and three companies of the artillery battalion, com-



manded by Lieuts. Shackelford, Van Vliet, and Phelps—accompanied by Lieut. Edward Deas, of the quartermaster's staff, and Lieut. Gibson, together with six companies of the Texas Rangers, (dismounted,) under our brave and gallant Major Chevalier, commanded by Capts. Gillespie, Ballowe, McCulloch, Chandler, Green, and McGowan. The whole command numbering in all about three hundred men, more than half of whom were Rangers.

It was now about twelve o'clock, and the meridian sun poured down its hottest rays. Before us stood the steep and rugged hill, about three hundred and eighty feet high, whose slopes were covered with thick and thorny chaparral. With a glass could be seen the swarm of Mexicans that crowned the height, while its cannon, which looked down in defiance at us, seemed to threaten with annihilation all who dared to approach. The daring of the expedition was thought to be one of the last hope; and men looked forward to meet death calmly in the face, as they felt that it was only by great sacrifice that they could gain a victory. Gen. Worth rode up, as the command moved off, and pointing to the height, said: "*Men, you are to take that hill—and I know you will do it.*" With one response they replied, "We will." And those who before had felt a doubt as to its practicability, now became reanimated, and felt themselves invincible. The words of Worth had nerved every arm, and hearts swelled with that proud feeling of enthusiasm which make men indomitable before the foe. The command took up its line of march along the Saltillo road, and then struck off to the right, through fields of corn and sugar, in single file, in order to conceal, as far as possible, the movement from the enemy. On we hurried, in double-quick time, brustling through the rows of cane and corn, towards the river bank. It was soon evident that we were discovered, and while yet in the fields, the batteries opened upon us a fierce and plunging fire, enveloping the crown of the hill with smoke, through which could be seen the blazing of the cannon which seemed to vie with the sunbeam's glare. On we pressed, towards their murderous artillery, until we gained the bank of the rapid stream which we had to cross. Unprotected and exposed to the very face of the enemy, a terrific storm of shot and grape was now poured into our ranks. Nothing daunted, the men rushed into the sweeping current, waist deep, while the enemy's shot, as it struck the water, sent forth a hissing sound, and made the river boil and foam with the whistling windage of their venomous copper balls. Bravely did our men stem the current, amid the shower of galling grape, and soon we reached the opposite bank, and clambered up the rocky steep, *without the loss of a man!*

We had now gained the cover of the thick chaparral, and the



Storming of Federation Hill and Fort Soldada.—p. 162.





command was halted for the men to take breath, as well as to let the water drain from their shoes and clothes. Large reinforcements of the enemy were arriving, and their sharpshooters were seen descending the slopes of the hill in masses, and occupying favorable positions in order to make the most determined resistance. This was at once perceived by Gen. Worth, who was anxiously watching the movements of the enemy, and immediately ordered the 7th Infantry, under Capt. D. S. Miles, which was composed of only seven companies, commanded by Capt. T. H. Holmes, R. C. Gatlin, R. H. Ross, G. R. Paul, D. P. Whiting, and Lieut. Humber, and the adjutant of the regiment, Lieut. Page, to our support. It was no longer necessary to attempt the concealment of our object, and therefore Capt. Miles marched directly for the foot of the height, and arrived under the fire of the enemy, before Capt. Smith's command had come up. Roar after roar of the enemy's musketry now rattled over the plain below. But Capt. Miles firmly kept his position, while Lieuts. Gantt, Gardner, and Little, of the 7th, were sent back with a small party to engage the attention of the enemy, until our force should arrive; and while thus engaged, several of their men fell wounded. Hearing the roar of musketry, Capt. Smith ordered his men forward, anticipating that the enemy was engaging our reinforcement. On we rushed for the base of the hill, while shower after shower of grape and musket balls rained down in torrents upon us. As we reached the hill-side, we became protected from the enemy's artillery, which they could not depress so as to bring us within range. Here we met the 7th Infantry; and as the men reached the base of the hill, a fire was immediately opened by the Texians, who commenced ascending the steep and rocky cliffs, pouring into the enemy the fire of their deadly rifles, which made them stagger and retreat towards the crest. The command steadily advanced, the regulars vieing with the Texians in gaining the height, and volley after volley was followed up by the wild cheers and shouts of the men, which, as we drove back the retreating foe, seemed to strike their hearts with terror. It was one incessant flash and peal of light arms. Inch by inch they disputed our ascent, until at last they gave way under our terrible fire. Bearing back the stricken foe, we carried the height with shouts of victory, which, echoing again and again through the mountain glens, until they reached the valley below, met the response of our companions, as they saw the flag of the victors proudly waving on the crest, and, swelling upon the air, re-echoed back their loud huzzas in approbation of our brilliant success. Here we captured a nine-pounder, the gun-carriage being overturned, with the evident purpose of throwing it down the hill. But so hotly were

they pressed, that they had not the time to carry out their intention. In less than five minutes after the taking of this height, the cannon was remounted, under the direction of Lieut. Edward Deas, and turned upon the retreating enemy.

In the mean time, Gen. Worth had ordered Brig. Gen. Smith to proceed and reinforce us with the 5th regiment, under Major Martin Scott, consisting of six companies, commanded by Capt. M. E. Merrill, Wm. Chapman, Lieuts. D. H. McPhail, N. B. Rossell, J. A. Whitall, and Mortimer Rosecrants, with Lieut. George Deas, adjutant of the regiment, and Capt. Blanchard's company of Louisiana Volunteers. Col. Hays accompanied the detachment with a party of the Texas Rangers, which had been ordered up as a further support. This command had now joined the 7th Infantry, and was seen advancing at a hurried pace along the southern side of the hill towards Fort Soldada, about a quarter of a mile from the battery on the crest of the same hill, a regular fortification, to which the enemy had retreated, and made a stand. As Gen. Smith rode up, he shouted to Capt. Smith to take the other fort, but the command was hardly necessary, for already were the Texians in hot pursuit of the enemy, while the 5th and 7th were seen advancing in extended order up the hill. On rushed Chevalier, with his brave Texians, facing a storm of murderous grape, while the enemy's round-shot and musketry rattled like hail along the ridge of the hill. Without wavering, the command of Gen. Smith advanced to the onslaught. From the hillside, shout after shout went up, which told how close the 5th and 7th, under Gen. Smith, were approaching the top of the height, while the cheers from the Texians, and Capt. Smith's command, as we drove in the advance of the Mexicans to the fort, showed the eagerness of the well-contested race among the commands, to be the first to arrive at the fort. The brave Capt. R. A. Gillespie, of the Rangers, was the first to gain and mount the enemy's works; then followed the 5th Infantry, with Serjeant Updegrass, who bore the colours of that regiment into the fort, at the very heels of the enemy, and planted the standard on its breastworks. Almost at the same time, arose the colours of the gallant 7th, and the flag of our foe was hauled down mid the triumphant shouts and cheers of the victors, which vibrated through the very heart of the city. Lieut. Thos. G. Pitcher, of the 5th Infantry, was one of the gallant spirits who was first in at the fort, and turning around to some Texians as they approached a nine-pounder, which had been captured, said, "Well, boys, we liked to have beaten you," and pulling out a piece of chalk, wrote on the gun, "*Texas Rangers, and 5th Infantry.*" This piece, which the enemy in their flight had left loaded and primed, with the gun captured at *Fort Federacion*,

was immediately turned upon the Bishop's Palace, situated on the southern slope of *Loma Independencia*, a valley of only 600 yards intervening. Several tents, mules, and a large quantity of ammunition were also captured. The storming of this height lasted about one hour and thirty minutes, and the force of the enemy was computed about 1500. Their loss was very severe; while on our part, but some eighteen were wounded, two of which proved mortal. When the advantageous positions which the enemy occupied, and the difficulties which had to be surmounted on our part, are taken into consideration, this small loss seems almost incredible.

While storming Fort Soldada, Serjeant-major Brand, of the 5th Infantry, received a severe wound in the jaw, by a canister-shot, and fell by the side of Adjutant Deas, who was also knocked down by the concussion; under a galling fire of grape and canister, he carried the wounded soldier to a place of security, and then, with the proud feelings of his noble daring, rushed on to the taking of the battery. The gallant little band of Louisianians, under Capt. A. G. Blanchard, fought side by side with the Texans, and were among the first that reached the forts. Lieuts. Tenbrinck, and the two Nicholls, brothers, of this company, greatly distinguished themselves in the affair. Among the wounded were Lieut. Rossell, of the 5th, and Lieut. Potter, of the 7th Infantry; John P. Waters, C. E. De Witt, Oliver Jenkins, and Thomas Law, privates of McCulloch's company, were also wounded, while bravely rushing on to the attack, the two former badly. On the commands all meeting, there was a general congratulation and shaking of hands among friends, while the safety of others were eagerly inquired after. It was indeed a most animated scene. Men flushed with victory, and begrimed with powder, stood holding with a firm grasp the hands of their companions in arms, while relating some little incident or adventure of the fight, and then a loud peal of laughter would burst forth from the different groups, at some ludicrous description of the runaway Mexicans. During this scene, the guns from the Palace belched forth its fire of grape, which was but little heeded; and as the shot whizzed over our heads, it seemed only to add to our merriment, while the captured guns were made to answer, in return, the compliment.

It was indeed a wild scene, and to add to its wildness and novelty, the surrounding mountains loomed up on either side, with their rugged peaks piercing the very clouds—to the left were seen the battlements of the Bishop's Palace, with the banner of Mexico, half concealed by the smoke of its cannon; below coursed the murmuring and rapid San Juan, with green fields on either side; far to the east lay the city of Monterey, enveloped in smoke,



with its towering steeples overlooking that once peaceful valley, but which was now made to quake with the thunder of artillery, which told of the bloody conflict that was progressing on that side of the town.

It was now about half-past 3 o'clock, P. M., and different parties were looking after the wounded which lay along the brow of the hill, and on the slopes. Many of the poor fellows were suffering greatly, and asking for water. It was a touching sight to see friends bending over the wounded, while they applied their canteens to parched and fevered lips. They were all brought down and safely conveyed to the hospitals in camp, where they received every attention from the surgeons of the army. Capt. Smith's command, with the 5th and 7th Infantry, was left to keep possession of the height, while the Texians were ordered down to attend to their horses. As we recrossed the river, and passed through the fields of sugar and corn, the ground was strewn here and there with blankets, muskets, pistols, &c., which the men had thrown away in their pursuit, finding them too great an incumbrance in crossing the river.

As soon as the height was carried, Gen. Worth sent off a courier with the news to Gen. Taylor, having previously despatched a messenger with the result of the engagement with the enemy, which took place in the morning. The generalship exhibited by Worth in the plan of attack upon the height, is deserving of the highest praise. It was felt by all to have been a most daring and perilous assault, and on it depended, in a measure, the future success of the division; for had we been repulsed with loss, without carrying the height, it would not only have damped the ardour of the men, but greatly periled our position. As the general stood watching with his glass the enemy, with all the excitement and intense feeling of anxiety for the command of Captain Smith, his cool judgment dictated the course to pursue; and he sent forward reinforcement after reinforcement to support the storming party, and to save their retreat, should they have been forced to fall back, while at the same time this prudent course enabled the whole force not only to sustain a decisive action, but to save the loss of life, as well as to gain the victory.

The day was fast fading, and dark clouds lowered threateningly upon the mountains and over the valley. As night spread her dark veil over the besieged city and the invading army, the storm burst with all its violence, and the rain fell in torrents. The din of battle between the two armies ceased, and the valley of Monterey sank once more to repose; and, save the occasional lightning's flash, and the roaring of the thunder of heaven, which, as it were, re-enacted the scene of the deadly conflict of the day, all becam

hushed. The division had now been thirty-six hours without food, and although they had undergone the severest fatigue, the troops passed the night exposed to the storm, without shelter or cover. Those who were not on duty, lay down with their arms in their hands, and soon fell asleep, forgetting both fatigue and hunger. The troops on Federation Hill fared the same, only, if possible, their situation was more dreary. The Texians encamped in the yard of some *jacales*, on the Saltillo road leading to the city, near where the morning conflict took place. We had to walk some two or three hundred yards to a field, to procure corn for our horses, after grooming and feeding which, the men lay down as best they could, to catch an hour of sleep. In one of the *jacales* lived a Mexican, with his wife and two children. During the heavy rain some of the men sought shelter under the eaves of the house, when the Mexican woman came out and asked them in, at the same time offering to share with them the frugal supper which had been prepared for her little family. The invitation was readily accepted; and although it was but a mouthful of meat and bread that was offered them, yet it was received with the warmest gratitude and most sincere thanks. The Mexican woman gazed with feelings of emotion at the men as they swallowed the morsel, and then, in one of the most sweet and silvery tones we ever listened to—such as *only* a woman can utter—expressed her sorrow that she had not more to give. She was about twenty years of age, a little above the medium height, with a slender form, yet beautifully rounded, which her low, short-sleeve dress set off very prettily, and was the most intelligent woman that we had yet met with in Mexico. Her features were Grecian, with a clear olive complexion and transparent skin, through which mantled the crimson blood, giving her cheeks a rich and beautiful colour. She had soft, lustrous black eyes, which danced with animation when she spoke, lighting up her beautiful face, while her glossy black hair fell in ringlets down her neck; and when she smiled, she displayed a set of teeth unrivalled for whiteness and beauty. Her voice, too, as we have said, soft and lisping, made the language she spoke more captivating than we had ever heard it. There was a *douceur* of manner about her that gained the esteem of all the Texians; and whether it was that her generosity made us think her an angel, or not, one thing is certain, we shall never forget her kindness.

Although, with the closing of the day, two victories had crowned our arms, and we had gained a foothold in the enemy's rear, yet the main work was yet to be done, as the battery on Independence Hill and the Bishop's Palace commanded the main avenue to the city, the possession of which became of primary im-

portance to our future success. Ere night had closed the scene, Gen. Worth had planned the attack, and orders were issued for the Texians to be in readiness to march by 3 o'clock the next morning. As the men lay down, they were conscious of the short time that was given for repose, and knew that yet another bloody fight and more difficult and hazardous enterprise awaited them on the early morrow.

Before we wake the slumbering soldiers of the Second Division, or before we relate the occurrences of the following day, we must ask those who have so kindly followed us thus far in our narrative, to accompany us back to the camp of Gen. Taylor, in order to give to our readers the proceedings of the First and Third Divisions on the memorable day of the 21st of September.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

Operations of the 21st of September on the Eastern side of Monterey—Advance of the First and Third Divisions from Camp—The Reconnoissance of Major Mansfield—Col. Garland moves towards the City with 1st and 3d Infantry—The Attack—Desperate Conflict—The Repulse—Fall of Lear, Barbour, Field, Williams, and Irwin—Advance of Quitman's and Hamer's Brigades—The Baltimore Battalion—Death of Watson, R. H. Graham, Hoskins, and Woods—Lieut. Col. McClung's Charge—The Taking of Fort Tenéria—Col. Davis advances to charge Fort El Diablo—The Ohio Regiment enters the Streets—Gallantry of the Troops—Gen. Butler wounded—Col. Garland advances to the Tête-de-Pont—His Position gallantly maintained—Fall of Morris and Hazlitt—Repulse of the Enemy's Cavalry by Bragg and Ridgely—Gen. Butler's Division returns to Camp—Gen. Twiggs' Division occupies the Captured Forts—Gen. Taylor—The Night—Scene of the Battle-field.

In describing the operations on the eastern side of Monterey, we cannot be expected to give to our readers as particular an account of the details of the fight as those given on the western side, where we were an eye-witness. Having, however, ridden over the ground after the battle, we had the position of the First and Third Divisions, commanded by Gens. Twiggs and Butler, described to us, as well as the localities pointed out by officers who participated in the terrible three-days' battle of the storming of Monterey. Being then somewhat familiar with the ground, and aided by the different reports obtained from our friends, we shall try to give to the reader as full an account as possible.

As we have seen in the last chapter, Gen. Taylor had anticipated Gen. Worth's note which had been written on the night of the 20th, and on the same night had planted a howitzer and mortar battery, (see Map, letter O,) to play upon the town and citadel.



On the morning of the 21st, the First and Third Divisions were again ordered out to sustain the diversion in favour of Gen. Worth, according to the plan of attack. At 7 o'clock, A. M., the camp at Walnut Grove was under arms, and preparations made for every emergency; a camp-guard, consisting of one company from each regiment, being detailed to protect the rear, should the enemy show himself in that direction. The force that marched out consisted of about three thousand five hundred men. In battle array the martial columns moved forward; the Texian Rangers of Col. Wood, and the dragoons, leading the van, followed by the batteries of artillery and the regiments of infantry. No music of a martial lay timed the marching of the men; no bugle blast rang over the vale to proclaim the advance of the troops; and, save the clang of arms, the columns moved forward like the deep low swell of the mountain wave. It was a splendid sight! The banners of the different regiments waved proudly on the breeze, while thousands of glistening bayonets played in the sunbeams, and reflected back their dazzling rays. Officers and men marched proudly forth in high spirits, and with swelling bosoms; and many a noble soul who had marked out for himself the part of chivalric bravery, was destined to leave behind the fame of his gallant deeds so dearly won on the battle-field, as his only monument.

The column halted at the mortar-battery, situated on an eminence in front of the city, about three-quarters of a mile distant; while, as we have seen, the dragoons, under Brevet Lieut. Col. May, and Col. Wood's regiment of Texas Rangers, under Gen. Henderson, took position on the right to make an impression on the upper part of the city, as well as to support Worth, in case of necessity. Col. Garland was then ordered to proceed with the 3d Infantry, commanded by Maj. Lear, numbering about 240 men, and the 1st Infantry, commanded by Maj. Abercrombie, with the battalion of Washington and Baltimore, commanded by Lieut. Col. Watson, the former numbering 180, and the latter 229 men, composing the brigade under Lieut. Col. Wilson—making in all a force of 649 men, accompanied by Capt. Bragg's battery of light artillery, towards the eastern or lower part of the town, with orders to make a strong demonstration, and, if practicable, to carry some one of the enemy's advanced works at the point of the bayonet, if it could be done without too heavy loss. Major Mansfield, of the engineers, accompanied this command to make a reconnoissance, and was charged with its direction, and to designate the points of attack; assisted also by Capt. Williams and Lieut. Pope, of the topographical engineers, and Col. Kinney of Texas.

To account for the small numbers of the regiments of regulars,

we will state, that, after the battle of the Resaca, the regiments were reduced to six companies, which generally contained not over fifty men. We will also remark, that, from the low and concealed position of the forts and redoubts at the lower end of the city, they could not well be seen, and it was impossible to approach close enough to make a reconnoissance without drawing forth a murderous fire from the Citadel fort. The object of General Taylor, by the manœuvre ordered to be executed by Col. Garland, was to draw the attention of the enemy from Gen. Worth—at the same time to carry any of the outer works, if it could be done without too great a sacrifice, and without bringing on a general engagement with the enemy.

The mortar, which was served by Capt. Ramsay of the ordnance, and the howitzer battery, under Capt. Webster of the 1st Artillery, had now opened their fire upon the Citadel, and drew forth a steady response from that work. The command of Col. Garland moved off to a safe position towards the lower end of the city, (see route on the Map,) when Maj. Mansfield despatched Lieutenant Pope for two companies to support him in making a reconnoissance. Col. Garland ordered the advance company, commanded by Lieutenant Hazlitt, and the company of Capt. Field, both of the 3d Infantry, to be detached for that purpose. The detachment had proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when the enemy opened their fire from the battery of four guns, in the redoubt No. 1, (see Map.) At the same time, a large body of Mexican lancers showed themselves, and a fire of musketry was immediately opened on both sides. Col. Garland was now ordered to advance with his whole command in line of battle, to support the detachment. On rushed the men in double-quick time, encountering a deadly fire of artillery from the redoubt, as well as an enfilading fire from the Citadel. Lieut. R. Dilworth, of the 1st Infantry, here fell mortally wounded by a 12-pounder. Passing the redoubt by a flank movement 200 yards to the right, they soon came within range of the enemy's musketry, and entered the narrow lanes of the suburbs, in the rear of the first redoubt, about 200 yards distant. Capt. Bragg's battery having been sent for, the gallant captain came down at a full gallop, exposed for nearly half a mile to the fire of the heavy guns of the Citadel, and soon brought his battery into action in one of the narrow lanes on the outskirts of the city, directing his fire towards the barricades, but with little effect. The command now sustained a most terrible and appalling fire. Winged messengers of death flew in all directions, and our ranks thinned on every side. Peel after peel of the enemy's artillery from the Citadel and from the batteries Nos. 1, 2, 3, sent forth their deadly missiles of round-

shot, grape, and canister, while a heavy fire of musketry from the houses and covers was kept up without cessation. Capt. Bragg's battery, doing but little execution, was ordered to move to a place of greater security. The infantry, however, pressed forward amid this storm of destruction, and, although officers and men were falling beside them, they fought on with the most determined perseverance, when, being repulsed on all sides, they were ordered by Maj. Mansfield, who was wounded, to retire to another position, which they did in good order. In this desperate conflict, the 3d regiment lost nearly all its officers. Its commander, Maj. W. W. Lear, fell mortally wounded at the head of his regiment, and the brave and gallant Maj. Barbour, with Capt. G. P. Field, and Lieut. D. S. Irwin, the adjutant, were killed. Lieut. J. C. Terrett, of the 1st Infantry, and the accomplished Capt. Williams of the topographical engineers, were also mortally wounded.

We cannot pass on without stopping a moment to add our tribute to the memories of the lamented Barbour and Williams, who were our personal friends.

“Philip Nourbone Barbour was born in Henderson, in the state of Kentucky, on the 14th of April, 1813. His grandfather, Gen. Samuel Hopkins, was a regular officer in the revolutionary war; and his father, Col. Philip Barbour, commanded a regiment of volunteers, under Gov. Shelby, at the battle of the Thames. He graduated at West Point in June, 1834, and, from the autumn of that year until the day of his death, was engaged in constant and dangerous service. He was brevetted a captain for very gallant services in Florida, on the 15th of April, 1842; and a major from the 9th of May last, for gallant conduct in the battle of Resaca de la Palma. In the latter battle, while in the command of only a few men, he repulsed two successive charges of a considerable body of Mexican lancers, who were attempting to recover a piece of artillery which had been captured by a portion of the 4th Infantry. The daring and heroic gallantry displayed by him at that critical moment, the signal rout of the Mexicans at that point, and his hot pursuit of them, in the opinion of his fellow-officers, largely contributed to the brilliant success of our arms.” He fell in the streets of Monterey while leading his company on to battle, in the very thickest of the fight, fearlessly breasting the terrible fire of the masked batteries, which lost to his regiment its commander and adjutant, and four out of six of the officers commanding companies! When the army was encamped near Marin, he kindly lent us his portfolio to write our then last letter home; having finished it as he came into the tent, we gave him our letter to seal for us, and at the same time offered



him some muscal from our canteen. Procuring a couple of tin cups, he said, with a sad smile, "Well, Reid, as it may be our last drink, I won't refuse you." We never saw him afterwards.

Capt. William G. Williams was born in South Carolina, and was a graduate of the Military Academy. He entered the service in July, 1824, and was a second lieutenant in the 7th Infantry, and afterwards entered the topographical engineers; he was brevetted in January, 1834, and was made a captain in that corps in July, 1838. Capt. Williams was one of the most talented and scientific officers in the army. He had travelled for some years in Europe, where he made researches in his profession, and served his country with all the zeal and fervour of his patriotic soul. He accompanied us on several scouting expeditions, and was with us in the skirmish at Ramos, where he was foremost with our men, fearlessly exposing himself on all occasions, and seemingly courting death. Capt. Williams fell mortally wounded in the streets of Monterey, and was dragged into the doorway of a house, by Lieut. John Pope, amid a shower of balls that covered him with dust. This gallant act of Lieut. Pope is worthy of the highest admiration. Capt. W. died the next day, and, having fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, was buried by them with the honours of war.

Capt. Bragg, in withdrawing his battery from the narrow position he occupied in the lane, was obliged to unlimber the gun-carriages and reverse them. Four of his horses were killed, and seven wounded. These had to be replaced; and, in retiring, he was again exposed to the same deadly cross-fire. In this movement, he lost two men killed and four wounded. Maj. J. J. Abercrombie, commanding the 1st Infantry, having passed two of the enemy's advanced works, succeeded in gaining possession of some houses on the left, when he was wounded, and fell from his horse by the side of Col. Garland. Capt. J. H. Lamotte, also of the 1st, received two wounds while gallantly leading his company, and was obliged to retire. Capt. A. S. Miller, who had been warmly engaged driving the enemy from the hedges and stone fences, near the advanced work, now took command of the remnants of companies C, E, G, and K, of the 1st Infantry, in conjunction with Lieut. S. Hamilton, acting adjutant of that regiment, in place of Lieut. J. C. Terrett, who was wounded.

No sooner was it discovered, by the deafening discharge of the enemy's artillery and musketry, that Garland's command had engaged in bloody conflict, than Gen. Taylor immediately ordered three regiments of Gen. Butler's division, (which had taken up its position in the rear of the mortar battery,) consisting of the Ohio, under Col. Mitchell, a part of Gen. Hamer's brigade, the Tennes-

see, Col. Campbell, and the Mississippi, under Col. Davis; the two latter, composing Brig. Gen. J. A. Quitman's brigade, with the 4th Infantry, commanded by Brevet Major G. W. Allen, (two companies of which, not receiving the order, did not join the advance until sometime afterwards,) to march by a flank movement to the left, in the direction of Battery, No. 1. The 1st Kentucky regiment, under Col. Ormsby, was left to cover the mortar and howitzer battery, as well as to keep in check the enemy's cavalry—in which service it was employed throughout the day.

We have endeavoured, by a critical research, to give the order of the several movements made by the divisions of Gens. Twiggs and Butler, in the storming of the lower part of the city, but find the task beyond our power, in consequence of the commands being separated, and many corps acting, at times, separately and conjointly. We have also been deprived of Gen. Quitman's report of the battle of the 21st, which, for some reason, was not published, as well as many others—thus rendering the thing impossible. Whole companies were cut to pieces, while others were left without officers, and joined other commands.

We must go back for a moment, when the gallant and wounded Mansfield ordered Col. Garland's command to retire, in order to connect the chain of incidents; for which purpose, we give the reader the following account of proceedings prior to that time, by an officer of the Washington and Baltimore battalion, from which we make the following extracts:—

“Our battalion was immediately formed in line of battle under this fire, and we were ordered to charge. \* \* \* \* Judge of my astonishment, when I beheld the four companies of regulars marching by a flank to the right. I saw Col. Watson shouting, but as to hearing a command, that was an impossibility, owing to the deafening roar of the cannon and musketry. I saw the head of our line changing its direction, and I knew at once that the point of attack was changed, and ran to the head of my company to intercept the head of the column. I reached it just as Col. Watson was dismounting from his horse, which the next moment fell from a shot. The colonel cried out to the men, ‘Shelter yourselves, men, the best way you can.’ At this time, the battalion was scattered over a space of about an acre, and the men were lying down, the shot in most instances flying over our heads; but the guns were soon depressed, and the shot began to take effect.”

“I was lying close to Col. Watson, alongside of a hedge, when he jumped up and cried out, ‘Now's the time, boys, follow me.’ We were now in a street or lane, with a few houses on either side, and within a hundred yards of three batteries which completely

raked it, in addition to which, two twelve-pound guns were planted in the castle on the right, and completely enfiladed the whole distance we had to make. Add to this, the thousand musketeers on the house-tops, and in the barricades at the head of the street up which we advanced, and at every cross street, and you may form some idea of the deluge of balls poured upon us. (Bear in mind that the four companies of regulars were now with us, the one intermingled with the other.) Onward we went, men and horses falling at every step. Cheers, shrieks, groans and words of command added to the din, whilst the roar of the guns was absolutely deafening.

"We had advanced up the street under this awful and fatal fire, nearly two hundred yards, when we reached a cross street, at the corner of which all who had succeeded in getting this far alive, halted, as if by mutual consent. I was shaking Col. Watson by the hand, while he was complimenting me, when a shower of grape, round and canister shot came from the corner above, and *five* officers fell, and I do not know how many privates. Each man sought some place of apparent shelter.

"I sat down on the ground, with my back to the wall of a house. On my left were two men torn nearly to pieces. One of them was lying flat on his back, with his legs extending farther in the street than mine. Crash came another shower of grape, which tore one of his wounded legs off. He reared up, shrieked, and fell back a corpse. I never moved, for I was satisfied that one place was as safe as another. Directly opposite to me was my Brevet 2d Lieut. Aisquith; on the right hand corner was Lieut. Bowie, also of my company; and close to me sat Col. Watson, and Adjt. Schæler. In a few minutes, I saw our colour-serjeant, old Hart, come past with his right arm shattered, (it has since been amputated,) and in a few minutes, there came our battalion flag, borne by one of the colour-guards, our glorious stars and stripes; and, note this, that it was the first American flag in the city of Monterey—an honour which we know belongs to our battalion." \* \* \* \*

"No man there ever thought for a moment that he would get out alive, and most of them did not. The firing still continued without the slightest intermission, whilst we remained at this memorable corner, which was perhaps for fifteen minutes. When we were ordered to charge up the street, a slight hesitation was manifested by both regulars and volunteers, but the officers sprang to the front in double file."

"We advanced, I suppose, about fifty yards, when Col. Garland, of the army, ordered us to retire. We still advanced, and he again ordered us to retire, adding this time, in good order. I now became separated from Col. Watson, and never saw him



again. He took the left-hand side of the street, and I the right hand, and when I reached the open field where he had first ordered us to lie down, I was joined by Lieut. Aisquith, who, to my inquiry, answered that he had just left the colonel, and supposed that he would soon be with us. Seeing no other officer around me, I rallied the battalion, and led them down to make another attack upon the fort. \* \* \* \*

“As well as I can learn, the colonel, in retiring from the city, inclined a good deal to the left, and became separated from the main body of the battalion; that, in company with Lieut. Bowie, who remained with him, he met another column advancing to the attack, joined them with the few men he had with him, and fell a few moments afterwards. He met with a gallant soldier's death, his face to the foe. His loss is deplored by all who knew his generosity of heart, and chivalry of character.”

The lamented Col. Watson was shot through the neck, while gallantly leading on his men, about seventy yards from the Redoubt, No. 1.

It was during this critical moment, when the command of the intrepid Garland was being swept by the enemy's artillery, and fighting on without hope, that the brigade of the brave Lieut. Col. Wilson suffered most. Twice had the order been given them to retire, but on they pressed, now wrapped in smoke, and concealed from view; and again as it would lift, would be seen the fell havoc that was made in their ranks. During this time, Capt. E. Backus, of the 1st Infantry, with his company, had pushed ahead and gained a stone building, (a tannery,) the top of which looked directly into the gorge of battery, No. 1, at a distance of about 200 yards. He immediately ordered his men to take position, and poured a most destructive fire into the redoubt, and the strongly fortified building (a sugar-house) in its rear, which contributed greatly to the surrender of the fort.

In the mean time, the three regiments of volunteers, commanded by Maj. Gen. Butler, were advancing to Garland's support. The Mississippi and Tennessee regiments, under Brig. Gen. Quitman, marched to the left in direction of battery, No. 1, called Fort Teneria, while Gen. Butler, with the 1st Ohio regiment, a part of Gen. Hamer's brigade, of Ridgely's battery, accompanied by three companies of the 4th Infantry, and a section, entered the town to the right.

The battle now became furious—the incessant roar of cannon, and the rattling of musketry, told how desperate was the conflict. The cross-fire was indeed *terrible*. On marched Quitman's brigade, led by four companies of the 4th Infantry, about 400 yards in the advance, breasting the dreadful storm, which made them

stagger, and at once struck down one-third of the officers and men, rendering it necessary for the remainder to retire, and effect a junction with the two other companies then advancing. Lieut. Hoskins, the adjutant, and Lieut. J. S. Woods, of the 2d, but serving with the 4th, were killed; and Lieut. R. H. Graham fell mortally wounded. Thus the 3d and 4th both lost their adjutants, who were two of the most noble and accomplished officers in the army. The Mississippians and Tennesseans steadily advanced, braving the galling fire of copper grape, which swept through their ranks, until the centre of the Mississippi rifle regiment rested about 300 yards in front of the fort, with the Tennessee regiment formed on the left. It was the crisis, and the storm of battle was now at its height. The order was given to "*advance and fire.*" For thirty minutes their fire was kept up, while the men continued to push forward. The long lines moved until within about 100 yards of the fort, when they became lost in the volume of smoke that enveloped them. The Mexicans had run up a new flag in exultation, and in defiance of the assault, which was now being made in front and rear, while the deafening fire of their artillery, and the rattling of musketry, seemed more deadly than ever. The brave and chivalric Lieut. Col. McClung then ordered a charge; and calling on the "Tombigbee volunteers," a company he formerly commanded, and the "Vicksburg Southrons," of Capt. Willis, to follow him, he rushed forward to the attack. Col. Davis also gave the order to charge nearly at the same time, or shortly after, anticipating Gen. Quitman, who was just on the point himself of issuing the same order. With desperation the lines came down upon the fort, and the escalade was made with the fury of a tempest. Burning for revenge, the men faced the terrific fire, and marched up to the very mouths of the enemy's cannon, while their daring recklessness made the Mexicans quail, and fall back terror-stricken from their guns. Forward sprang the gallant McClung and leaped the ditch; with sword in hand, and brandishing it over his head, he mounted the ramparts and entered the fort, while the regiment rushed after him, cheered on by the gallant Col. Davis, and followed by the brave Tennesseans of the noble Campbell. Lieut. W. H. Patterson, of Capt. Rogers's "Tombigbee volunteers," was the second man in the fort, to whom a Mexican officer surrendered and gave up his sword, and but an instant passed before the undaunted Capt. D. H. Cooper with his high-souled corps of "Wilkinson county volunteers," and the whole brigade, had entered, when a yell and shout of triumph rose above the din of battle, and a wild hurra rang over the scene of strife, which sent forth the "harbinger of victory."

Storming of Fort Teneria, by the Mississippians and Tennesseans.—p. 176.







The Mexicans fled in dismay, and ran to the strong fortified building, called the distillery, about seventy-five yards in the rear, whence they opened a heavy fire of musketry. Without pausing, the heroic McClung, followed by the brigade, rushed on in pursuit, charged and entered the work, which immediately surrendered. While a Mexican officer was praying for quarters, and calling out to McClung that he had surrendered, the gallant colonel received two severe wounds, being shot through the hand and body, and was caught by Lieut. W. P. Townsend, of the Mississippi regiment, who supported him from falling. As the men rushed in, they beheld McClung and the Mexican officer, and thinking that the latter had shot him, the Mexican was immediately slain.\* On the arrival of Col. Davis, who reached the distillery at the same time with McClung, by another entrance, he received the sword of another Mexican officer, who surrendered his command to him. Five pieces of artillery, a considerable quantity of ammunition, and thirty prisoners, including three officers, here fell into our hands; the prisoners were placed in charge of Lieut. Armstrong. The brigade did not halt here, but moving on with rapidity, led by Col. Davis, they prepared to charge the second fort, called El Diablo, about 300 yards in the rear of the last work, when Gen. Quitman ordered them to fall back, and they retired.

Thus, after a most desperate and bloody conflict, of more than two hours, was one of the enemy's strong works carried by storm, notwithstanding the obstinate resistance they maintained. Considering that it was the first time that the troops of Gen. Butler's division were ever brought into action—sustaining, as they did, a desperate struggle against a sheltered and inaccessible foe—unprotected and bared to the storm of the murderous artillery of the enemy, which, although it swept one-fifth of their number from the ranks, caused them not to shrink for an instant from a steady advance, proves to the world the undaunted gallantry of our citizen soldiers, who have won for themselves the reputation of veteran troops—the charge led by the Mississippi rifle regiment upon Fort Teneria, without bayonets, has gained for the state a triumph which stands unparalleled.

It was now about 10 o'clock, A. M., and the most brilliant achievement of the day being over, the battalion, under shelter of the fort

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\* Colonel McClung was not in the act of receiving the sword from the Mexican officer, when he was shot, as has been stated, nor was it certainly known who shot him at the time. His wounds at first were feared to be mortal; he remained in the hospital at Monterey, until after the battle of Buena Vista, a period of over five months, when he was enabled to leave for his home, and has since fully recovered, to the great gratification of his many friends.

and distillery, kept a continued fire until evening. The victory had been dearly won, and many a brave soul fled on high, amid the scene of bloody conflict. Besides Col. McClung, Capt. N. R. Downing, of the Raymond Fencibles, and Lieuts. H. F. Cook, R. K. Arthur, and the gallant L. T. Howard, were wounded. The whole number killed was fourteen, and forty-seven wounded. The brave Tennesseans suffered more than any other regiment, and fought with all the reputed chivalry of that gallant state. Among their killed were Capt. W. B. Allen and Lieut. S. M. Putnam. Maj. R. B. Alexander, and Lieuts. G. H. Nixon, J. L. Scudder, and J. C. Allen, were wounded. The loss of the regiment was 26 killed, and 75 wounded.

Maj. Gen. Butler, with the Ohio Regiment under Col. Mitchell, had, in the mean while, entered the border of the town, but finding a sweeping fire opposed his farther progress, reported the fact to Gen. Taylor, who was but a short distance in the rear, when a retrograde movement was directed. Hardly, however, had the order been given, before it was known that the intrepid and heroic volunteers of Gen. Quitman's brigade had carried Fort Teneria, when the order was immediately countermanded, and the Ohio troops of Gen. Hamer's brigade ordered to enter the town at a point farther to the left, for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of carrying the second fort, called El Diablo. The regiment advanced under a most destructive fire, and after half an hour's march arrived within about one hundred yards of the second fort. The converging fires from the different batteries now swept through their ranks, with a heavy fire of musketry flanking the approach, which poured forth a storm of leaden rain, covering the intervening space through which it was necessary to pass. Gen. Butler here received a severe wound in the leg, but notwithstanding, with the most determined bravery, he resolved to carry this strong work by storm, and was in the act of directing the advance, when, becoming faint with the loss of blood, he was obliged to leave the field in command of Brig. Gen. Hamer. Col. A. M. Mitchell, Capt. James George, Lieut. A. W. Armstrong, Adjt., and Lieuts. N. H. Niles, H. McCarty, and Lewis Morter, were also wounded, and Lieut. M. Hett, killed. The men were falling fast, yet still they kept up an unflinching and steady fire upon the enemy, when, finding the work to be much stronger than was at first supposed, and that it could not be carried without immense loss, Gen. Hamer, by advice of Gen. Butler, withdrew his troops to a less exposed position. The command of the regiment now devolved upon Lieut. Col. J. B. Weller.

Soon after the taking of Fort Teneria, the gallant Ridgely came up with his battery and took position near it. The artillery



captured from the enemy was immediately placed in battery, under the supervision of Gen. Twiggs, and served by Capt. Ridgely against Fort El Diablo, until the arrival of Capt. Webster's howitzer battery, which took its place. Capt. Bragg's battery, having been refitted, had also taken position near the captured fort. An incessant fire was kept up on this position from Fort El Diablo and other works on its right, and from the large guns in the Citadel on all our approaches.

During the attack upon Fort El Diablo, Col. Garland's command, which had been joined by the remnant of the 4th Infantry under Maj. W. M. Graham, was ordered again to advance and enter the town to the right, for the purpose of gaining the rear and carrying the fort in the reverse. Passing several barricaded streets, raked by the artillery and infantry of the enemy, the command halted, while Capt. L. N. Morris, who had succeeded to the command of the 3d Infantry, followed by Maj. Graham with the 4th Infantry, entered the back of a garden to the left and pressed forward, when, instead of gaining the rear of the fort, they came upon a *tête-de-pont*, one of the strongest defences of the city, and from the opposite side of the bridge two pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon them at a distance of a little over one hundred yards. Here fell the brave Capt. Morris, who was carried into a house by his noble friend, Lieut. R. Hazlitt, and who but a few moments after was also cut down. The command of the 3d then fell to Capt. Bainbridge, who was shortly after wounded, and succeeded by Capt. Henry. After maintaining their position in the most gallant manner, against fearful odds, this Spartan band was forced to retire, which they did in good order. Capt. Geo. Mason Graham, of the Louisiana Volunteers, acted upon this occasion as aid-de-camp to Col. Garland, and served with great gallantry.

While this column was absent, a body of about five hundred of the enemy's cavalry moved out under cover of the heavy guns of the citadel, with the intention of attacking the rear of our army, where many small parties were engaged in carrying off our killed and wounded. Before they had advanced far, they came upon the Ohio Volunteers, under Lieut. Col. Weller, and a part of the Mississippi regiment, whom they charged, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Shortly after they again showed themselves, having been reinforced by an additional squadron, and were preparing for a second charge, when Gen. Taylor, observing the movement, ordered Capt. Bragg to repel them. Proceeding with his battery to a favourable position, supported by a mixed command under Capt. Miller of the 1st Infantry, without being discovered by the enemy, Capt. Bragg poured into them a fire as

unexpected as it was destructive, and which made them retreat rapidly towards the city. A demonstration of the enemy's cavalry on the opposite side of the river, was also dispersed in the course of the afternoon by Capt. Ridgely's battery. Capt. George Shivers' company of Mississippi and Texas foot volunteers served with Bragg's battery the greater part of the day, and performed most admirable and distinguished service.

Our repulse in the last attacks terminated the regular fighting for the day. The main object had been effected. A terrible and powerful diversion had been made to favour the operations of Gen. Worth's division, in order to carry out the masterly conception of taking the city in the reverse. The day was fast drawing to a close, and the volleys of musketry had ceased, but the enemy's cannon from the forts and Citadel still continued to keep up an incessant roar. The troops of Gen. Butler's division were now ordered back to camp, when they again became exposed to the enemy's artillery as it swept over the plain. The regular infantry of the First Division, and Capt. Ridgely's battery, with a battalion of the Kentucky regiment, commanded by Major Sheppard, and the company of Capt. Shivers, were detailed as a guard for the works during the night. Intrenching tools were procured, and additional strength was given to the works, and protection to the men, by working parties during the night, under the direction of Lieut. Scarritt, of the engineers.

Throughout the day, Gen. Taylor had moved through that fearful and terrific storm as if he held a charmed life. Here and there his person was seen as he sat upon his war-steed giving orders, or watching with intense and painful interest the fate of the storming parties. Heavy clouds lowered upon the mountain tops, and as night cast her veil over the besieged city and valley, the rain fell in torrents, as if weeping for the loss of the many brave spirits, while the winds whistling over the plain bemoaned the sad fate of the dying and the dead.

"It was a horrible sight to one not accustomed 'to blood and carnage.' The dead lay in almost every possible position. Some of the wounded were screaming, in agony, as they were hauled off in wagons; others lay on the ground, begging for water and assistance; some hobbled along assisted by comrades; and a few, as we passed, turned a mute but imploring glance, as if they desired help, and knew it would not be given. At the moment, it seemed to me feeling was dead—the regiment was marching rapidly to the fort, the enemy was blazing at it with their cannon, and in a few minutes all expected to be in the midst of a new conflict. Men's nerves were strung to a high pitch, and no one knew but in an hour he might be laid out also. About five or six o'clock,

a chilling rain commenced, and poured down in torrents; during a part of the night, our encampment was almost covered with water; no tents had been prepared for the wounded, (some of whom were not found that night;) they were crowded in with their comrades; surgical operations and treatment were in progress nearly, or quite all night, and altogether we had a fair specimen of the 'horrors of war.'”

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Second Day—Description of Independence Hill—The Storming of the Height—The Fall of Gillespie and Thomas—The 7th Infantry—Capt. Miles' diversion—Sortie by the Enemy from the Bishop's Palace—The 5th Infantry—Lieut. Roland's Howitzer—Capt. Vinton's Ruse—The Charge of the Enemy from the Bishop's Palace—Their Defeat—The Charge of our Troops—The Taking of the Palace—Duncan's Battery—Gen. Worth's Bulletins—The Close of the Day—Capt. Walker—Incidents of his Life.

AT three o'clock, on the morning of the 22d of September, the troops that had been detailed to storm the fort on Independence Hill were aroused from their slumbers. It was dark and cloudy, with a heavy, thick mist. The command consisted of three companies of the artillery battalion, under Capt. J. R. Vinton, acting major, Lieut. Benjamin, adjutant, commanded by Capt. J. B. Scott, Lieuts. Bradford and G. W. Ayres; three companies of the 8th Infantry, under Capt. R. B. Screven, commanded by Lieuts. James Longstreet, T. J. Montgomery, and E. B. Holloway; and seven companies of the Texas Rangers, under Col. Hays and Lieut. Col. Walker, commanded by Capts. R. A. Gillespie, Benj. McCulloch, Thos. Green, C. B. Acklen, Jas. Gillespie, C. C. Herbert, and Ballowe, the whole under the command of Lieut. Col. Thos. Childs, who had been assigned to lead this storming party, numbering in all 465 men, besides the officers.

Independence Hill, between seven and eight hundred feet high, is not only the most inaccessible height from its almost perpendicular ascent—covered as it is with ledges of rock, some four or five feet high, and low, thick, thorny bushes—but also the most important, as commanding all the western approaches, and by a gradual descent from the crest of the hill, of about some three hundred and fifty or four hundred yards, south-east course, along the ridge, leading to the Bishop's Palace, which it also commands and overlooks; thus forming a key to the entrance of Monterey on the western side. The height was defended by a piece of artillery, and during the night a large reinforcement had been



thrown forward from the Bishop's Palace. Here they remained, as they supposed, in perfect security, considering their position impregnable, and that any attempt to storm it would prove unsuccessful. The expedition was looked upon as a forlorn hope, but not a word was spoken, save by the officers in a low tone, as they marshalled their men in the darkness of the night. The solemn stillness that prevailed indicated the firm purpose and resolves that were passing in the minds of the men. At this moment, the short, quick word of command "*forward*" was given, and the column, conducted by Capt. John Sanders, military, and Lieut. Geo. Meade, topographical engineers, with a Mexican guide, wound its way by a right flank along the dark and devious road, passing through a corn-field, until it arrived at the base of the hill. Here the command was divided. Capt. J. R. Vinton, with one company of the 3d Artillery, and one company of the 8th Infantry, and three companies of Rangers, under Lieut. Col. Walker, was detached, to move as a left column up the north-west slope of the hill, while Col. Childs, with the residue of the command, should ascend on the south-west. Now commenced the ascent, which at a distance had appeared sufficiently difficult, steep, and rugged, and when actually grappled with, required all the vigour and strength of the most hardy. Forward pressed the men, invigorated by the fresh morning air, until they arrived within a hundred yards of the crest of the hill, when a crash of musketry from the enemy's skirmishers announced that they were discovered. An incessant random fire was poured down upon the stormers, the day having yet hardly dawned, but not a shot was returned—not a word uttered. The two columns steadily advanced, climbing over projecting crags by means of the fissures in the rocks, or clinging to the stunted, thorny bushes which had imbedded themselves among them, until they were within about twenty yards of the top, when a shout and yell rose on the stilly air, amid the rattling of a volley of musketry from the regulars, and the whistling of the rifle balls of the Texians, which appalled the enemy, and drove them back from the brow of the slope. Then came the deadly struggle. Panting and breathless, men and officers strove to gain the height, contending with the rocky steep as well as with the enemy—peal after peal, and shout and cry, rang wildly forth for victory—onward they rushed, braving the storm of hail until they gained the brow, and with a loud huzza bore back the foe, while the mist now left the mountain's top for the sunbeam's warmer glow, to shine upon the triumphant colours of our victorious troops.

The Mexicans fled in confusion; some towards the Palace, while others ran headlong down the hill. They, however, succeeded in

carrying off a piece of cannon, our men being too much exhausted to pursue them farther. The loss of the enemy was considerable, while on our part it was but few in numbers, though some of our noblest spirits fell. Among them was the brave and gallant Capt. R. A. Gillespie, an officer well known in Texas and to the army, for his kind and unassuming deportment in social life, and his sagacity, activity, and undaunted courage in the field. He fell, mortally wounded, at the head of his company, while in the act of mounting the enemy's works. As his men came up, they offered to assist him, but he refused them, and cheered them on to the combat. Here, too, the daring and chivalric Herman S. Thomas, of Baltimore, belonging to McCulloch's company, who was among the first to scale the height, received a mortal wound. Lieut. W. E. Reese, of Capt. Ballowe's company, was also wounded, with many others; and Daniel McCarty, of the same company, was killed.

During the preceding night, the 7th Infantry, which had been left to garrison Fort Soldada, on Federation Hill, where the eight pounder which we had captured was served by Lieut. Dana, in throwing round-shot into the Bishop's Palace, had received orders to make a demonstration at daylight, in favour of the storming party. For this purpose, Capt. Miles detached the right wing of the regiment, consisting of three companies, and at dawn of day was descending the hill towards the Palace; when about half-way down, hearing the shout of attack from our troops on the height, he ordered his men to give three cheers, which first drew the attention of the enemy from the Palace on his column, and soon received in return a shower of grape from a howitzer. Sheltering his men under a fence, without receiving any injury, Capt. Miles moved close enough to the Palace to attack in flank any reinforcement that should be sent to support their forces on the height. The enemy was thus held in check, and no effort was made to sustain their troops, flying before our victorious soldiers. The height having been carried, Capt. Miles returned with his command to the fort.

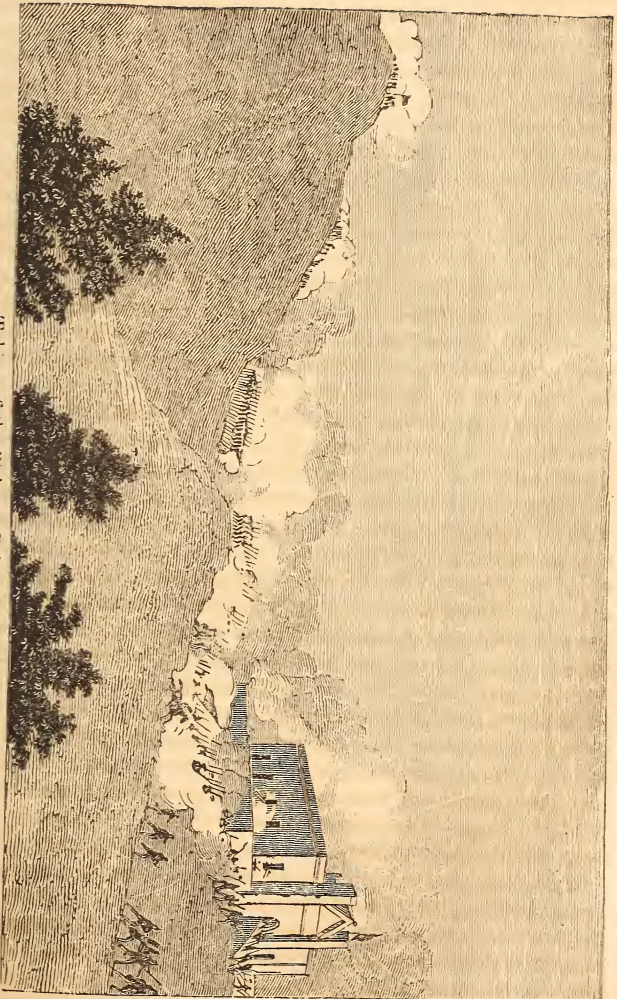
As soon as the height was stormed, three companies of the 8th Infantry, which had remained in camp, commanded by Capt. J. V. Bomford, Lieuts. A. L. Sheppard, and Joseph Selden, were sent forward under Col. Staniford, to reinforce the command. About the same time, Capt. J. B. Scott's company of the artillery battalion, and company A, of the 8th, under Lieut. Longstreet, with a detachment of the Texas Rangers, were thrown forward, within musket range of the castle, to pick off such of the enemy as should give them a chance. Thirty minutes after this position was taken, their success caused the enemy to make a sortie with a

large force, with a view to retake the crest of the hill. This attempt was opposed by our advanced party with great spirit,—the effort being made on the part of the Mexicans with some determination, but after a considerable loss, they were compelled to retire to the Palace. On our side, Lieut. Wainwright, of the 8th, was wounded, and one man of the same regiment killed. The command now sustained a severe fire from the artillery, and a continued fire of musketry from the loop-holed walls, and parapets of the Palace. Col. Childs, wishing to save the farther effusion of blood, and to afford the garrison an opportunity to capitulate, displayed a white flag for this purpose; but it being disregarded, other measures were resorted to.

It was now about ten o'clock, A. M., when the 5th Infantry, under Major Martin Scott, and Blanchard's Louisiana Volunteers, were ordered to descend from their position on Federation Hill, where they had remained since the afternoon of the 21st, and cross to that of Independence. While crossing the river San Juan de Monterey, or the *Arroya Topa*, the regiment was opened upon with shot and shell from the Palace, doing no more injury, however, than causing Major Scott's horse to stumble, and *spilling* the major in the rapid stream.

At the same time, Lieut. J. F. Roland, of Lieut. Col. Duncan's battery, was ordered from the main camp with a twelve-pound howitzer, assisted by the brave and energetic Capt. Sanders, of the engineers, (to select the route most practicable,) with fifty men of the line, under Lieut. D. H. McPhail, of the 5th Infantry—that gallant and enterprising officer succeeded, in less than two hours, in placing his gun in position, having ascended a steep and rugged acclivity of nearly seven hundred feet! Lieut. Edward Deas, of the artillery, also assisted in this enterprise. A fire was immediately opened from the howitzer, upon the Palace and the outer works, about four hundred yards distant, with terrible effect. Half-way down the ridge, between the summit and the castle, was a position partially covered by rocks and bushes from the enemy's fire, at which point the advance had been posted. The advance was now increased to six companies, and Capt. Vinton was ordered to take charge of this position. For four or five hours, a fire was kept up by the skirmishers, without any material effect. Capt. Vinton now, by a ruse, sought to draw forth the enemy to sally upon our line, when we might hope not only to repulse his charge, but to carry the Palace by a *coup-de-main*. Orders preparatory to such a movement, were then given by him to the troops. Capt. Blanchard's company of Louisiana volunteers was then ordered to take position on the left declivity of the hill, near Walker's Texians, with orders to fall back upon it whenever the signal





Taking of the Bishop's Palace.—p. 185.



should be given. On the same left declivity, was stationed a company of 8th Infantry, under Captain Bomford, and one of the 3d Artillery, under Lieut. Ayres. On the right-hand slope were two companies of the 5th Infantry, under Capts. Merrill and Chapman, and one of the 4th Artillery, under Lieut. Bradford,—all deployed as skirmishers. Capt. Vinton again issued his orders, that in the event of a sortie by the garrison, a signal would be given, when the companies on the right and left would close in at the top of the ridge, unite their flanks on this centre, and thus facing to the front, present to the enemy a strong firm line of bayonets, which it would not be easy for him to force.

The critical moment was at hand. Large reinforcements of cavalry and infantry were seen ascending the road from the city to the Bishop's Palace, and every thing indicated that some strong movement was about to take place. Don Francisco Berra, general commanding, finding no other resource left, determined to save the Palace by making a desperate effort to drive us from the summit. Orders were given for Blanchard's company to fall back on the alignment, while the Texas Rangers kept their covered position on each side of the slope of the mountain. This movement, apparently retrograde, was soon after followed by one from the enemy, which realized the very hopes that Capt. Vinton had so warmly cherished. Battalions of infantry formed in front of the Palace, their crowded ranks and glistening bayonets presenting a bold and fearless front, while squadrons of light-horsemen, with lances bright and fluttering flags, and heavy cavalry, with scopets\* and broadswords gleaming in the sun, richly contrasting with the gaudy Mexican uniforms, made a most imposing sight. Their bugle notes now echoed forth the charge. Onward they came, in proud array, prepared for desperate strife—nearer and nearer they approached, their troopers dashing up the slope with fierce and savage air, until the clang of their arms rang wildly on the ear—then, when within twenty yards of our position, the appointed signal being given, out rushed our gallant troops and formed a serried line of bayonets which suddenly rose before the enemy, like an apparition, to oppose their progress. Most bravely were they met; one volley from that long line, with a deadly fire from the Texians, made them reel and stagger back aghast, while above the battle-cry was heard the hoarse command to "charge." On, on, rushed our men, with shouts of triumph, driving the retreating enemy, horse and foot, who fled in confusion down the ridge, past the Palace, and even to the bottom of the hill, into the streets of the city. The victory was won—the Palace ours; and

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\* *Escopéta*, Spanish for carbine.



long, long did the cheers of the victors swell on the air, which made the valley below ring with the triumph of our arms.

A short struggle ensued with those inside the Palace, but being soon overpowered, they surrendered. We here made some thirty prisoners, and captured four pieces of artillery, which were immediately turned and opened upon the enemy. An officer was also taken, who, it was said, was caught in the act of attempting to fire the magazine. Our loss in this encounter was some six killed and fifteen wounded, while, upon the part of the enemy, upon the hill and in the streets, some one hundred and eighty were killed and wounded. Our force amounted to nearly eight hundred troops; that of the enemy which defended the Palace, and opposed us, was two thousand. Lieut. G. W. Ayres of the 3d Artillery was among the first to enter the castle, and hauled down the enemy's flag from the Palace, while Lieut. Col. Walker of the Texas Rangers, with one of McCulloch's men, cut down the blue and yellow signal flags from the cross in front of the works. Lieut. Roland immediately run his gun down to the Palace, and was soon under fire. Lieut. Col. Duncan's battery, which had been doing good execution below at the gorge, directed by Lieuts. Wm. Hays, and H. F. Clarke, during the operation of the howitzer on the hill, now came up at a gallop to the slope below the Palace, where, in conjunction with Mackall's battery, an effective fire was opened on that part of the town below, driving the enemy from their strong intrenchments as far as their guns would reach, even past Arista's garden, to the Plaza la Capella, where stood the church and cemetery, [see Map, letters I and J,] sweeping down the retiring masses that filled the streets, with fearful slaughter. The whole command of Gen. Worth, with the baggage and ammunition train, now moved up to the Palace for the night, with the exception of the Texas Rangers, who occupied the ranchos, near the junction of the roads, where we quartered the night before, and the 5th Infantry, which re-crossed the river to support the 7th, on Federation Hill. It was now about four o'clock, P. M., and the remainder of the evening was employed in removing the wounded to the Bishop's Palace, that of the enemy as well as our own, to our honour be it said, being equally cared for. While on the contrary, there were many cases on Gen. Taylor's side where our wounded were inhumanly put to death by the Mexican lancers. Poor Gillespie and Thomas were removed to some jacales, near the quarters of the Texians, that they might receive the attention of their comrades. We sat up the greater part of the night with the latter, and left him with hopes of recovery. He had been our messmate, and a more kind, noble, and generous heart was never sacrificed for his country.

They both died the next day, and were buried on Independence Hill, where they fell, with the mountain for their grave, and the Palace for their monument.

“Thus,” says our comrade, Mr. Kendall, in his account of the part taken by Gen. Worth’s division, “thus, by a series of brilliant, well-planned and successful movements, in the very face of obstacles which appeared almost insurmountable, Gen. Worth found himself in full possession of three of the enemy’s batteries, the stronghold known as the Bishop’s Palace, seven pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of ammunition and intrenching tools, two of their standards, and what was of still greater importance, the entire occupation of the Saltillo road, and a complete command of all the western portion of the city of Monterey.” And all this, too, had been accomplished by troops exposed to heavy rains, without shelter, with little or no sleep, and undergoing the most arduous labour, and severe fatigue, and the most of them without food for more than forty-eight hours.

At eight o’clock in the morning, Gen. Worth had sent off a bulletin to Gen. Taylor, informing him of our success in storming Independence Hill. About twelve o’clock at noon a cavalry force was reported advancing from the Pescaria Grande road, when we were sent out by Gen. Worth to reconnoitre the party, which proved to be a detachment of dragoons and Wood’s Texas Rangers bearing an express to Gen. Worth, from Gen. Taylor, informing him of the operations of the 21st, with the sad intelligence of his heavy loss of over three hundred and fifty men, killed and wounded. At eight o’clock, P. M., Gen. Worth despatched another bulletin, announcing the affair of the Bishop’s Palace; and at the same time stating that in case the enemy should attempt to retreat in the night, he would make a signal by burning the jacales a mile in the rear, and by throwing up rockets. The night passed off, however, without the attempt, and save the occasional flight of rockets in different parts of the city by the Mexicans, which were alone understood by them, all remained quiet.

During the evening, the band of the 8th Infantry was heard playing from the Bishop’s Palace, while the men prepared their first supper since we left camp at Walnut Springs. The Texians were still without their camp utensils, and had to shift for themselves; the pretty Mexican woman, whom we have already described, however, made up some flour which we had obtained, into tortillas, but being worn out with fatigue, the men thought more of sleep than supper. The adventures of the day were talked over while eating their mouthful of food, when the men sank to rest. We shared a board, which we lay on to keep us from the wet ground, with our lieutenant-colonel, and having

learned something of his history, we will proceed to give it to the reader.

Samuel H. Walker, now captain of United States mounted rifles, was born in 1817, in Prince George county, Maryland. In 1836, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Washington city volunteers for the Creek war, and after his term of service expired, he went to Florida, and served through the campaign of the war against the Indians. Walker was afterwards employed for some time in the scouting service with the citizens at the town of Iola, on the Appalachicola river. He then removed to Middle Florida, where he was employed for some time as superintendent of the railroad.

In January, 1842, he emigrated to Texas, and went out with General Johnson on the frontier. He there joined an expedition against the Indians, who had murdered a family near Clark Owen's camp, and carried off two children. The Indians were pursued, and a skirmish took place on San Antonio river, in which they were defeated, and the two children re-taken. In the spring of the same year, on Gen. Sam. Houston issuing his war proclamation, he joined Capt. Billingsly's company of Rangers, at Bastrop, and fought under Col. Caldwell, with Hays and Cameron, at the battle of Salado, with two hundred and ten men, who repulsed Gen. Woll, with thirteen hundred, at the time the Mexicans had retaken San Antonio, and captured the judges and lawyers, the court being then in session. It was at this time that Capt. Dorson's company from La Grange had come up in the rear, and had been cut to pieces. Billingsly was also in the rear with the Mexicans between him and Col. Caldwell's command, when it became necessary to send a messenger to camp to inform Col. Caldwell of this fact. It was a hazardous undertaking, and attended with the greatest difficulties. As no one could be found to go, the gallant Walker volunteered, and set out in the darkness of the night and reached the camp in safety. He was then ordered to return and conduct the command in before day, as an attack was expected that morning, which he did, and was also successful. After the retreat of Gen. Woll, he joined Hays' company, and remained with him until the Summerville expedition was organized against the Mexicans, at which time they took the towns of Loredó and Garrera. After Gen. Summerville's return he joined the celebrated expedition of Gens. Fisher and Greene, and was taken prisoner by Gen. Ampudia at the battle of Mier. Walker afterwards made his escape from prison at Tacabayu, Santa Anna's residence, and after suffering unheard of hardships, arrived safe at Tampico. He then took passage for New Orleans, where he remained a month, when he again re-





Captain Walker, from a Daguerreotype by J. McGuire,  
New Orleans.—p. 188.



turned to Texas and joined Hays' command, with whom he served until Gen. Taylor's army moved to the Rio Grande. Walker then went down to see Gen. Taylor, for the purpose of offering the services of the company of the lamented Gillespie, (to which he was attached as a private,) to serve in case a rupture should take place with the Mexicans, then daily expected, but which Gen. Taylor declined. About thirty of the old Rangers had followed the army from Corpus Christi, expecting to see a fight, and meeting with Capt. Walker, requested him to apply to Gen. Taylor for permission to organize a company. Walker frequently requested the general to let him do so, but he deeming it unnecessary at the time, refused. After the murder of Capt. Cross, however, and the death of Lieut. Porter, Gen. Taylor gave his consent, and Walker raised his brave band of Texas Rangers. His gallant and daring feats at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma are too well known to our readers to detail in this imperfect sketch.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

Gen. Taylor's Forces on the East Side—The Morning of the 22d—Gen. Henderson, and Woods' Rangers—Twiggs's Division, relieved by Butler's—Abandonment of Fort El Diablo by the Mexicans—The Third Day—The 5th Infantry—Major Brown's Command—Reconnoissance by Lieut. Meade and Capt. McCulloch—Gen. Worth enters the City with his Division—Arrival of Major Monroe with the Mortar—The Second Division reaches the Plaza de Carne—The Street Fight—The Bomb-shells at Night—Gen. Taylor's Camp—Operations of the First and Third Divisions on the 23d—Gen. Quitman and Woods' Rangers enter the City—Bragg's Battery—A flag with a Letter from the Governor reaches Gen. Taylor—Position of the Army on the 23d.

WE must return for a moment to the eastern side of the city, to bring up the occurrences of Gen. Taylor's forces on the day of the 22d. No active operations took place in the lower part of the city on that day. The morning was principally occupied in burying the dead, and in relieving our wounded. The citadel, and other works of the enemy, continued to fire at parties exposed to their range, and at the fort now occupied by our troops, which was returned by Capt. Ridgely's battery, and the captured guns. At an early hour, a scout came into camp, and reported that a body of Mexican lancers were on the plain, and appeared to be making their way towards the Guadalupe village, on the Caderita road. Gen. Henderson, with the 2d regiment of Texas Rangers, commanded by Col. Woods, immediately set out in pursuit, and after scouring the country around for five or six miles, returned without meeting with any hostile party. A body of Mexican lancers were



seen drawn up under the guns of the Citadel, but could not be induced to come forth.

At noon, the First Division, which had been left to garrison the fort the preceding night, was relieved by Quitman's brigade of volunteers, Ridgely's battery remaining. Capt. Bragg's battery was thrown forward under cover, in front of the town, to repel any demonstration of cavalry in that quarter. These were the only movements made on Gen. Taylor's side that day. The storming of the Bishop's Palace was visible to the troops on this side, and the spectacle is described as having been most brilliant and magnificent. During the night, the enemy abandoned the second fort, El Diablo, and a number of smaller works in the vicinity, retiring to their main defences in and near the Cathedral Plaza. This abandonment is supposed to have been caused by an alarm which occurred in the volunteer's camp, who apprehended an attack from a reported reinforcement of the enemy, and which in turn alarmed the Mexicans by a report reaching them that a large force was arriving to reinforce us. It is, however, most probable, that after the unexpected fall of the Bishop's Palace, the Mexicans, fearful of a combined attack, withdrew their forces in order to concentrate them.

Early on the morning of the 23d, the 5th Infantry, by orders of Gen. Worth, transported the captured nine-pounder from Fort Soldada, to an adjoining hill, where the 5th had previously bivouacked, and which overlooked the town; this difficult task was accomplished by 9, A. M., when shortly after, several hundred lancers were seen foraging in the fields below, who were immediately opened upon with great slaughter, driving them towards the town. This gun was served by Lieut. J. P. Smith, and did great execution, dispersing afterwards a large force at the Plaza de Carne, and keeping up a steady fire on the cathedral.

In the mean time, Major Brown was directed to return to the Mill of Santa Catarina, with a company of the artillery battalion, Blanchard's volunteers, Lieut. Whitall's company of the 5th, and a section of Mackall's battery, with two companies of Rangers, to guard the pass, (which was aptly called by Gen. Worth, the Thermopylæ of Monterey,) and the bridge over the Arroya Topa. As soon as this detachment had fairly got off, the plan of assault on the town was determined on. Lieut. Meade, of the engineer corps, and Capt. McCulloch, with a detachment of his company, gallantly went forth to reconnoitre the city, and ascertained that the enemy had abandoned it as far as the cemetery. At 10 o'clock, Gen. Worth ordered down from the heights, the 7th and 5th Infantry, leaving Capt. Wm. Chapman's company, and Lieut. P. Lugenbeel, of the latter regiment, to protect the nine-pounder.

A heavy and continued roar of artillery was now heard from the eastern side of the town, and it was plainly perceptible from the Bishop's Palace, that the First and Third Divisions had again become engaged in desperate contest. Believing that Gen. Taylor was conducting a main attack, intended to be made in conjunction with the western forces, and that his orders to that effect had miscarried, (the distance from head-quarters being a circuit of some seven miles,) Gen. Worth immediately ordered Col. Hays' regiment of Rangers to hold themselves in readiness to enter the city, on foot, as sharp-shooters. Two columns of attack were then formed, to move along the two principal streets: the right consisting of four companies of the 7th Infantry, under Capt. T. H. Holmes, with a twelve-pound howitzer of Mackall's battery, under Lieut. J. G. Martin; the left, of four companies of the 8th Infantry, under Capt. Screven, with two six-pounders of Mackall's battery; while four companies of the artillery battalion, commanded by Capt. Vinton, followed as a *corps de reserve*, the whole under command of Lieut. Col. Childs. The Texian Rangers were divided, Col. Hays accompanying the right column, and Lieut. Col. Walker, that of the left.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., Col. Childs advanced with the leading column to the left, and passed the Plaza de la Capilla without resistance, but on entering the Plaza de Carne, the command sustained a heavy volley of musketry from the house-tops, until it reached a house on the south-east corner of the square, where it became sheltered. The right column which had advanced up the street, near the river side, had felt its way along until it reached a deserted barricade, about four squares from the Cathedral or Grand Plaza, when a tremendous fire opened upon it from the loop-holed walls, parapets, and cross batteries, rendering its further advance impossible. At this time, Major Monroe, chief of artillery, arrived from Gen. Taylor's camp, with a ten-inch mortar, which was immediately advanced to the Plaza Capilla, with the ammunition train, under escort of a company of the 8th Infantry, and the remaining three companies of the 7th Infantry, under Capt. Miles. The mortar was left in the cemetery of the Plaza, in charge of Lieut. Lovell, of the 4th Artillery, and was soon placed in position. Col. Staniford, with one company of the 8th, and one company of the 5th, was left to guard the castle and the prisoners, while the remainder of the 5th regiment, and Duncan's light artillery, with Gen. Worth and staff, now entered the city.

Arriving at the Plaza de Carne, in the midst of a galling fire, Gen. Worth proceeded to make a further disposition of his troops, the immediate command being given to Brig. Gen. P. F. Smith, who now led the right column, reinforced by two companies of the

5th, under Major Scott, commanded by Lieuts. M. Rosecrants and S. Norvell. Col. Hays was ordered to mask his men, and proceed with his command in the direction of the cathedral. Capt. Miles, with three companies of the 7th, and Capt. Merrill, with two companies of the 5th regiment, were ordered to join Col. Childs, and approach with Walker's men in the same direction to the left—both columns advancing on parallel streets. Capt. Sanders, with Lieut. S. Van Vliet, of the 3d Artillery, accompanied this party with detachments, carrying crow-bars, pick-axes, ladders, &c., and broke into the houses along the streets, for the purpose of advancing and sheltering our troops.

Every street was barricaded with heavy works of masonry, the walls being some three or four feet thick, with embrasures for one or more guns which raked the streets; the walls of gardens and sides of houses were all loop-holed for musketry; the tops of the houses were covered with troops, who were sheltered behind parapets, some four feet high, upon which were piled sand bags for their better protection, and from which they showered down a hurricane of balls.

Between three and four o'clock, from the cessation of the fire in the opposite direction, it was evident that the enemy had become disengaged, which enabled them to draw off men and guns to our side, as their fire had now become almost doubly increased. The street-fight became appalling—both columns were now close engaged with the enemy, and steadily advanced inch by inch—our artillery was heard rumbling over the paved streets, galloping here and there, as the emergency required, and pouring forth a blazing fire of grape and ball—volley after volley of musketry, and the continued peals of artillery became almost deafening—the artillery of both sides raked the streets, the balls striking the houses with a terrible crash, while amid the roar of battle were heard the battering instruments used by the Texians. Doors were forced open, walls were battered down—entrances made through the longitudinal walls, and the enemy driven from room to room, and from house to house, followed by the shrieks of women, and the sharp crack of the Texian rifles. Cheer after cheer was heard in proud and exulting defiance, as the Texians or regulars gained the house-tops by means of ladders, while they poured in a rain of bullets upon the enemy on the opposite houses. It was indeed a most strange and novel scene of warfare.

The column of Col. Childs sustained a dreadful fire in the Plaza, and while forcing its way up the streets. Amid this storm of destruction, the daring and noble Capt. R. C. Gatlin, of the 7th Infantry, was severely wounded in the arm while gallantly leading on his company. This column had now moved forward two





Street Fight, on General Worth's side.—p. 192.



squares, both sides of the Plaza being occupied by our troops; while Walker's Texians were working their way towards the enemy through that line of buildings, by means of pick-axes and their rifles. Capts. Screven, of the 8th, and Merrill, of the 5th, had advanced so far as to gain a line of buildings to the east, and were driving the enemy before them. The two companies of the 5th were commanded by Lieuts. D. H. McPhail and P. A. Farrelly, the latter the youngest officer in the regiment, (Lieut. Rosell, the commanding officer of his company, being wounded,) who maintained this advanced position, keeping up a fire upon the enemy, occupying the houses in the vicinity and in the next street beyond, which was used by the enemy as the principal thoroughfare to the Citadel. This position was gallantly held until dark, when Capt. Merrill retired to occupy the college building for the night.

The column on the next street, under Brig. Gen. Smith, was at the same time heard in desperate conflict with the enemy. Capt. Holmes, with the Texians under Col. Hays, had pushed their way with crow-bars and pick-axes, through houses and garden walls, under a continuous heavy fire of grape, shot, and musketry, until they came within point-blank range of the enemy in the Cathedral Plaza. Capts. R. H. Ross and G. R. Paul, with two companies of the 7th, had taken post in a redoubt on the left bank of the river, which they bravely held under the heavy fire of the enemy. During the engagement, Lieut. F. Gardner led the advance of the 7th, with ladders and pick-axes for the scaling parties. At one time all his men at the ladders were either killed or wounded, himself and Quarter-master Sergeant Henry alone escaping. Lieut. N. J. T. Dana at the same time rendered valuable service. The 7th Infantry lost one killed and eight wounded. The Texians, well used to this mode of warfare, were picking off the Mexicans at every chance, from behind the walls and parapets. The batteries of Duncan and Mackall did great execution, and sustained a considerable loss in horses. Late in the afternoon, Major Brown's command was ordered up from the mill; just previous to which, however, they had fallen in with and driven back the advance guard of a large escort of 700 pack-mules, laden with flour, *biscochos*, or hard biscuit, for the besieged army. Great was the enemy's surprise to meet with the American forces on the Saltillo road, and greater still to see our flag displaying its folds on the captured heights. On entering the city, the command of Major Brown was soon under fire, Lieut. J. F. Irons doing good execution with his piece of artillery. Towards night, Capt. Chapman, of the 5th, with his company, moved down from the height with the captured gun, and crossing the river, brought it over to the Bishop's Palace.



“The flag of the Spanish consul,” says Mr. Kendall, “flying in Morelos street, near the post-office, was pierced in a hundred places; the iron bow windows of the houses, which projected but a few inches into the streets, were torn and rent asunder by round-shot. The city had been partially deserted by the inhabitants: still many women were seen in the door-ways and in the streets, and even where the battle was raging, freely offering our men oranges and other fruits. Frightened out of their senses, they yet seemed impressed with the belief that we were to conquer, and thus attempted to propitiate our protection and good-will. Many ladies, too, of the better class—the wives and daughters of civil functionaries and merchants as well as officers of the army—remained in their houses, determined to abide the issue of the siege. In one room, in particular, into which our men had picked an entrance through a wall of massive thickness, a large number of females were found. They were alarmed to a degree that was painful, filled as their ears had been with lying stories of the brutality of the Americans of the North, as our people are called by the Mexicans, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be assured of their safety.”

We had now gained the possession of the city, on the west side, to within one square of the Cathedral Plaza, where the Mexican forces were concentrated, having also carried a large building in the Plaza de Carne, which overlooked the principal defences in the city, on the roof of which were placed, during the night, two howitzers, for the purpose of raking the house-tops on the morrow.

“It was not until the sun was down,” continues Mr. Kendall, “and darkness had covered the scene, that the battle ceased—not until it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, that the conflict in the least abated. Gen. Smith now sent a communication to Gen. Worth, to the effect that he could hold all his positions during the night, and it was immediately determined upon to withdraw none of the troops save such of the Texians as were with Hays on the river side of the town. Even these would not have been called back had not their horses needed attention, and had not some of them been required for picket-guards and other duty in the rear. But although the active conflict had ceased, the troops in the city did not rest from their labours. A bakery—*El Panaderia del Gallo*—which was located immediately at Gen. Smith’s position, and under fire of the enemy, was set in active operation by Lieut. Hanson, one of his aids, and furnished batch after batch of bread during the night for the half-famished men.”

During the night, soldiers and officers occupied the Plaza and the tops of houses, keeping a strict guard upon the movements of the enemy. The Texians, under Hays, camped at the base of the

Bishop's Palace, and a strong picket-guard was posted in the rear, while those under Walker kept their position near the post-office. At dark, the mortar which had been imbedded in the cemetery, and masked by the church wall, opened its fire upon the Grand Plaza, under the direction of Major Monroe. The first bomb fell a little short, but the projecting charge being increased, produced exact results, which soon caused a return fire with shells from the enemy's howitzers. The night was cloudy, and the winds of a foreboding storm freshened on the sultry air; scattered clouds chased each other through the sky; below lay the city, wrapped in the drapery of darkness, whose folds covered the dreadful scene of the carnage and ruin of its streets, where lay dead horses, demolished masonry, broken arms and cast-off accoutrements of soldiers; batteries of artillery were drawn up in the plazas, in which, and on the tops of the surrounding houses, were sentineled our troops; farther yet towards the Cathedral, confusion and disorder marked the Mexicans' defeat; beautiful gardens and villas lay in ruins; their works of art were demolished, their dead lay on the house-tops and in the streets, while the Grand Plaza swarmed with their concentrated forces, and a desolation and despair prevailed among their army. For a moment all was hushed in "that darkness which entombs the face of earth." Peace seemed to hover over the scene of ruin and strife, and waving her branch of olive, to command the contending parties to cease the wild war of bloodshed and devastation. It was but for a moment, when bombs and shells were seen crossing each other as they rose to the height of their curve in the heavens, gleaming through the air like fiery comets on their course, and bursting with a loud report. The view at this time, from the Bishop's Palace, was magnificent. No further incident occurred during the night. The wounded were removed to Arista's hacienda, which was converted into an hospital, and every preparation was made to renew the attack on the coming morrow with redoubled vigour.

Early in the morning, a detachment of Rangers, under Gen. Burleson, had been ordered to escort a wagon train to Gen. Taylor's camp, and to bring round the camp utensils and pack-mules of the Texians. It was late before the train started, and as the road was heavy and circuitous, it did not reach camp until afternoon. On arriving at Walnut Grove, the scene that presented itself was sad in the extreme. The camp seemed hung with a cloud of gloom; the tents, from which went forth to battle the heroic and the brave, were now deserted and lonely; occasionally were heard the groans of the wounded, while the weary guard only were seen. The trees themselves seemed to have lost their lustrous glow; the lovely green sward was dry and withered,

and the cool, running springs murmured forth a lay of sorrow, while before they merrily rippled along with sparkling gladness. It was indeed a grievous and a melancholy change from the morning of the 19th.

At this time the First and Third Divisions, which, as we have seen, had been engaged all the morning with the enemy, in the city, had just been ordered by Gen. Taylor to withdraw, and we now proceed to give to the reader the particulars of the operations which closed the fight on their side.

As the day dawned on Wednesday morning, (the 23d,) it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated Fort El Diablo, and the adjacent works, when Gen. Quitman ordered Col. Davis, with a portion of his regiment, supported by Lieut. Col. Anderson, with two companies of the Tennessee regiment, to take possession of the works. This was promptly done; but the enemy having withdrawn their artillery during the night, nothing of consequence fell into our hands except a few prisoners and some ammunition. Fort El Diablo commands a view of the cathedral, and a portion of the great plaza of the city. To the right of this fort, in the advance, was another half-moon redoubt, or breastwork, which was connected with the heavy stone buildings and walls adjoining a block of the city, about one hundred and fifty yards distant. From this the enemy commenced a fire on Davis's men, through an opening in the rear of the fort, (see Map, No. 3,) when a sharp fire was returned by the Mississippians to dislodge them. In the mean time, Gen. Taylor was advancing from camp with the First Division and the remainder of the Third, when the above facts were reported to him by Gen. Quitman, who received discretionary orders to enter the city as far as he might deem it prudent. Brig. Gen. Twiggs, with his command, was then ordered up as a reserve. Col. Davis proceeded with eight men to reconnoitre the ground in the advance, and on his return met Lieut. Graves, who, with a party of riflemen and a company of Tennesseans, under Capt. McMurray, had been sent forward by Gen. Quitman towards the fort on the left, and whom he advised to retire, as they might draw the enemy's fire. Col. Davis, with three companies of his regiment and one of Tennesseans, was then ordered to advance on the enemy's works, which they did, the enemy flying before them, until they reached the half-moon work, when a tremendous fire of musketry was opened from the stone buildings and walls in the rear, which made it necessary for them to select another position less exposed. Two companies of infantry were then posted to defend the lodgment that had been effected, until they should be reinforced. Lieut. Wm. A. Nichols, of the 2d Artillery, aid to Gen. Quitman, was despatched to order up the



brigade. Maj. Bradford advanced with the balance of the Mississippi regiment, and the engagement soon became general. The enemy occupied the house-tops and parapets in numbers, and poured in a heavy fire from every position of apparent security. The gallant Davis, leading the advance with detached parties, was rapidly entering the city, penetrating into buildings, and gradually driving the enemy from their positions, when Gen. Henderson, (who had been out in the direction of the Cadereita road, by which it was reported the enemy was retreating,) with the Texians under Woods, dismounted, entered the city, and forcing his way under a heavy fire of musketry and grape, soon came up with the advance. The conflict now became most animated and spirited. The Texians rushed from house to house, followed by the volunteers, breaking through the walls and going from roof to roof, driving back the enemy with their unerring rifles, and slaughtering them on every side. Gen. Lamar, who had been fighting with the Mississippians, now joined the Texians, and was frequently seen waving his sword and directing them where to press forward. When a street had to be crossed which was raked by the enemy's fire, a hole or door-way was at once made on the side of the house where the party wished to cross from, and the door of some opposite house being marked out, a few men, with bars and pick-axes, would make a running dash at it, and soon an entrance being effected, the remainder of the party would follow at full speed, drawing down the enemy's fire upon them from all quarters. In a word, nearly the same scenes were enacted which we have just described, as having occurred on the western side of the city; and it is rather remarkable, that while Taylor and Worth had approached to within nearly a square of the Cathedral Plaza with their forces, each was unconscious of the other's position at the time.

Capt. Bragg's battery, which had been playing on the Cathedral, the top of which was covered with troops, was ordered to advance with a section, and joined the volunteers in the streets, supported by the 3d Infantry. The pieces were served under Lieuts. S. G. French and G. H. Thomas, with distinguished bravery and ability. Lieut. French lost four men killed and wounded at his piece, out of seven. Capt. Ridgely, in the mean time, kept up his fire from the captured works upon the city, sighting the piece himself, and then giving the order to fire, he would, with his glass, watch the effect upon the enemy. Col. Davis, with his command, continued to press forward through the streets until nearly opposite to, and within one square of, the Grand Plaza; here the gallant Capt. J. R. Smith, of the disbanded Louisiana volunteers, who had joined Davis's regiment, broke

open a house to shelter our troops, and acted throughout the street fight with great intrepidity. The gallant Lieut. E. R. Price, also of the Louisiana volunteers, served as a private in the ranks with this command. It was now about half-past 4 o'clock, P. M., when Gen. Taylor determined to withdraw the troops to the captured forts in order to effect, in concert with Gen. Worth, a combined attack upon the town. The troops accordingly fell back in good order to the forts. Our loss this day was very trifling, while that of the enemy on both sides of the town could not have been less than three hundred. Gen. Taylor, on returning to camp, was informed of Gen. Worth's intended attack upon the upper part of the city, induced by the heavy firing in the lower part. It was much to be regretted that this information did not reach him before; but, as it was now late, the General determined to make no further attempt until he could have an interview with Worth on the next morning. Late in the evening, the Ohio and Kentucky troops of Hamer's brigade relieved that of Quitman's in the Forts Teneria and El Diablo. Capt. Webster, with his howitzers, relieved Ridgely in the former work, and during the night opened a fire of shell upon the Cathedral, which was returned by the Citadel.

Every preparation was made for active service on the morrow, when it was thought that the combined attack would carry the town.

"It should be recorded," says Gen. Quitman, "to the credit of the volunteer troops, that the greater portion of them had been without sustenance since the morning of the 22d, and exposed throughout that very inclement and rainy night, to severe duty, without blankets or overcoats, and yet not a murmur was heard among them; their alacrity remained unabated to the last moment. The character of this affair, the troops being necessarily separated into many small parties, gave frequent occasion to the exhibition of individual courage and daring. The instances occurred so frequently, in which both officers and men distinguished themselves, that to recount those which fell under my own observation, or which were brought to my notice by officers, would extend this report to an improper length."

At noon, while our troops were closely engaged in the lower part of the city, Gen. Taylor received, by a flag, the following communication from the Governor of the State of New Leon:

Monterey, Sept. 23—8 o'clock, A. M.

As you are resolved to occupy the place by force of arms, and the Mexican general-in-chief is resolved to defend it at every cost, as his honour and duty require him to do, thousands of victims,

who, from indigence and want of means, find themselves now in the theatre of war, and who would be uselessly sacrificed, claim the right, which in all times and in all countries humanity extends. As Governor of the State, and a legitimate representative of the people, I state their case to you, and hope, from your civilization and refinement, that whatever may be the event of the present contest, you will issue orders that families shall be respected, or will grant a reasonable time for them to leave the capital.

I have the honour to salute you, general-in-chief of the army of occupation of the United States, and to assure you of my highest consideration.

God and liberty.

FRANCO DE MORALES.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF

*of the Army of Occupation of the United States.*

This request Gen. Taylor declined granting. The note was first sent to Gen. Worth, the Mexicans believing that Gen. Taylor was on that side of the town.

Such was the position of the American army in and before the city of Monterey on the day of the 23d. The enemy still held their strongest positions, the Cathedral Plaza and the Citadel, with more than twice the number of our troops to defend them. The former commanded an avenue of retreat through a mountain pass to Saltillo, while the latter, a perfect San Juan de Ulloa to the town, being a work of solid masonry, enclosing a large rectangular building, formerly a monastery, with four bastioned fronts, mounting thirty-one guns, to which the enemy could at any time retreat, commanded the city.

Some years ago a few Texians, with a force under Gen. Canales, (who was then in arms against his government,) held this place, without the new strong work that now surrounds it, against the Mexican forces of the city, and were enabled to make good their retreat.



## CHAPTER XX.

The Morning of the 24th—Continuation of the Battle—Lieut. Farrelly—Lieut. Edw. Deas—Flag from Ampudia, with Letter to Gen. Taylor—Suspension of Hostilities—Surrender of the City—Disappointment of the Texians—The Capitulation—Letter of Col. Davis—Terms of Ceremony of the Surrender—Evacuation of the City—Visit to Gen. Ampudia—His Address and Pronunciamento—Ampudia's Account of the Battle.

AT daylight, on the 24th of September, the Texians under Lieut. Col. Walker, who had occupied the post-office and the governor's house during the preceding night, opened a murderous fire upon the enemy with their rifles. During the latter part of the night, several of them had crossed the street and picked a hole through the solid wall of a house on the opposite corner. This movement was made with great caution and secrecy. As the last stroke of the pick-axe went through the heavy masonry, a company of Mexican infantry, stationed inside, attempted to escape by the front door. One half of the company were shot dead before they crossed the street, so deadly was the fire of the Texians from the post-office, and at the same time a new line of operations was opened by the assailants. The fight was also begun by the regulars, who occupied advanced positions on the house-tops. Lieut. Farrelly, of the 5th, with his company opened a brisk fire on the enemy occupying the building called the sand-bag house, which this intrepid young officer sustained with great gallantry.

It was a most delightful morning; the late rains had cooled the air, and valley and mountain smiled once more in the bright and joyous sunbeams, as if to gladden and cheer on our men to new exertions for victory. All was life, stir, and activity. McCulloch's company, which had been posted in the rear on picket-guard, now dashed into the city on their horses, and were drawn up into a line near some jacales, where they were ordered by Col. Hays to dismount and turn their horses into a corn-field, to march down the street, and form on the tops of the houses. Mexican women were standing in the doors and offering our men oranges and other fruits, as if to conciliate us, telling us that nearly all the Mexican cavalry had left the city last night, that Ampudia was a coward, and that we would certainly carry the city before sundown.

While we were marching through the streets, the men were requested by Lieut. Edward Deas to assist in dragging the artillery over the barricades which crossed the streets. This we did, throwing down the stones and carrying them out of the way, so

as to permit the gun-carriages to pass. The rattling of the artillery over the paved streets, the shouts of our men, the hurried pace of the infantry, and the clang of arms, all added to the excitement. The men having heard of our great loss, and knowing well the position we now occupied, rushed forward to the onset.

While thus preparing for a renewal of the attack, the enemy's bugles were heard sounding a parley, and soon a Mexican officer bearing a white flag, accompanied by others, was seen dashing towards our lines. This officer was Col. Moreno, who bore a letter from Ampudia to Gen. Taylor. We here give the following extract from Gen. Taylor's despatch to our government descriptive of this affair, with Ampudia's letter and Gen. Taylor's reply:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
*Camp before Monterey, Sept. 25, 1846.*

SIR,—Early in the morning of the 24th I received a flag from the town, bearing a communication from Gen. Ampudia, which I enclose, (No. 2,) and to which I returned the answer, (No. 3.) I also arranged with the bearer of the flag a cessation of fire until 12 o'clock, which hour I appointed to receive the final answer of Gen. Ampudia at Gen. Worth's head-quarters. Before the appointed time, however, Gen. Ampudia had signified to Gen. Worth his desire for a personal interview with me, for the purpose of making some definitive arrangement. An interview was accordingly appointed for 1 o'clock, and resulted in the naming of a commission to draw up articles of agreement regulating the withdrawal of the Mexican forces, and a temporary cessation of hostilities. The commissioners named by the Mexican general-in-chief were Gens. Ortega and Requena, and Don Manuel M. Llano, governor of New Leon. Those named on the American side were Gen. Worth, Gen. Henderson, governor of Texas, and Col. Davis, of the Mississippi volunteers. The commission finally settled upon the articles, of which I enclose a copy, (No. 4,) the duplicates of which (in Spanish and English) have been duly signed. Agreeably to the provisions of the 4th article, our troops have this morning occupied the Citadel.

It will be seen that the terms granted the Mexican garrison are less rigorous than those first imposed. The gallant defence of the town, and the fact of a recent change of government in Mexico, believed to be favourable to the interests of peace, induced me to concur with the commission in these terms, which will, I trust, receive the approval of the government. The latter consideration also prompted the convention for a temporary cessation of hostilities. Though scarcely warranted by my instructions, yet the change of affairs since those instructions were issued

seemed to warrant this course. I beg to be advised, as early as practicable, whether I have met the views of the government in these particulars. \* \* \* \* \*

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

*Maj. Gen. U. S. Army, commanding.*

The ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY, *Washington, D. C.*

(No. 2.)

*D. Pedro Ampudia, General-in-chief, to Maj. Gen. Taylor :*

HEAD-QUARTERS AT MONTEREY,

*September 23, 1846, 9 o'clock, P. M.*

SEÑOR GENERAL,—Having made the defence of which I believe this city susceptible, I have fulfilled my duty, and have satisfied that military honour, which, in a certain manner, is common to all armies of the civilized world.

To prosecute the defence, therefore, would only result in distress to the population, who have already suffered enough from the misfortunes consequent on war; and, taking it for granted that the American government has manifested a disposition to negotiate, I propose to you to evacuate the city and its fort, taking with me the *personnel* and *materiel* which have remained, and under the assurance that no harm shall ensue to the inhabitants who have taken a part in the defence.

Be pleased to accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

To SENOR DON Z. TAYLOR, *General-in-chief of the American Army.*

(No. 3.)

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION,

*Camp before Monterey, Sept. 24, 1846, 7 o'clock, A. M.*

SIR,—Your communication, bearing date at 9 o'clock, P. M., on the 23d inst., has just been received by the hands of Col. Moreno.

In answer to your proposition to evacuate the city and fort, with all the *personnel* and *materiel* of war, I have to state that my duty compels me to decline acceding to it. A complete surrender of the town and garrison, the latter as prisoners of war, is now demanded. But such surrender will be upon terms, and the gallant defence of the place, creditable alike to the Mexican troops and nation, will prompt me to make those terms as liberal as possible. The garrison will be allowed, at your option, after laying down its arms, to retire to the interior, on condition of not serving again during the war, or until regularly exchanged. I need hardly say that the rights of non-combatants will be respected.

An answer to this communication is required by 12 o'clock.



If you assent to an accommodation, an officer will be despatched at once, under instructions to arrange the conditions.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR, *Maj. Gen. U. S. A. commanding.*

SEÑOR D. PEDRO DE AMPUDIA, *General-in-chief, Monterey.*

This caused a suspension of hostilities, and it was stated the truce would last an hour and a half. On advancing into the houses and yards, the enemy's pack-mules were discovered saddled up, as if ready for a hasty start, and every thing seemed to indicate that, from some cause the preceding night, they had become terribly alarmed, or, as the Texians said, *taken with a big scare*. On entering one of the houses that the enemy had deserted that morning, a wild scene of confusion presented itself. The room was well, if not richly, furnished; the floor was strewn with cartridges and equipments of officers. Maps, muster-rolls, reports, plans, and orders, lay scattered over the table, while near the pens and ink lay a bunch of *cigarritos*—every thing denoting that the room had been most suddenly abandoned. By means of ladders, the Texians had now mounted the tops of the houses nearest the enemy, and prepared to renew the fight on equal terms with the Mexicans, who were some eighty or a hundred yards opposite from us, and in full view. Our men were at work with pick-axes and bowie knives picking holes through the parapet walls, which line the house-tops and form a breast-work about four feet high and two feet thick, for the muzzle of our guns, so that we could lie down and fire. The enemy, in the mean time, was also busy piling up sand-bags on the parapets for their further protection. In this situation we were kept waiting in the hot sun, watching, with no small interest, the enemy, and expecting every minute that the truce would terminate, when it was confidently expected that the conflict would be resumed. At last 12 o'clock came, when an order was issued that no firing should commence until a signal should be given by a cannon-shot. At the houses we occupied, the Mexican women cooked large dinners, which they sold to the men at a picayune a plate. It was the first regular meal we had eaten for four days, and the men enjoyed it to the full.

In this situation we were kept waiting until hour after hour expired—but still no signal was given. Then came surmises; all thought it a ruse on the part of the enemy to gain time, as it was reported that they were expecting a reinforcement. At the striking of the half hours of the old Cathedral, a commotion would take place among the enemy, by their suddenly disappearing behind their sand-bags, while we, on our part, would lie close to our guns, thinking that the time of the truce had expired. During this suspense, Capt. Cheshire, a private of Capt. McCulloch's com-

pany, a brave and gallant old warrior of Texas, was heard to exclaim, "Look here, boys, do you see those two *Mexes* on the corner of the house opposite me? Well, don't none of you shoot at them, they are my *game*—there's plenty all round for you."

Thus hour after hour passed away, every one having picked out his *man*, until 5, P. M., when we received the news of the surrender and the conditions. At first, a burst of indignation and angry discontent was manifested on every side. No loud huzza rent the air, at our triumph over the enemy. To be sure, an order had been given, at the time of the information, *not to cheer*—but there was no need of it; all was still, grave, and dignified—men felt as if they had been fighting *only* to gain a position from which they *could fight*, and in gaining which the pure blood of Americans had been shed, and they had yearned for the hour to come to wreak their vengeance on the foe. Never was stern determination more deeply marked upon their features—never were their nerves more tightly strung. And when they had at last gained the position for which they had so dearly fought, and held the enemy, as they supposed, within their grasp, only waiting for the order to crush them, they were told that their foe had capitulated, and were to be allowed seven days to leave the city, and to march out with their *arms*. The Texans were maddened with disappointment. There before them was their deadly and hated foe, Ampudia, whose cowardice and dishonesty they knew, and whose horrid cruelties they had suffered; who had deceived them into a surrender at Mier, only to incarcerate them in the dungeons of Mexico—here, too, one of their noblest chiefs had fallen, and they had longed for the hour of revenge, which now seemed at hand, and felt that they could make every sacrifice to obtain it. It was a terrible moment—but their cooler judgment told them it was for the best, and gradually they became more reconciled; the appeal to the magnanimity of their feelings was not without avail, and the storm-cloud of war passed from the horizon, leaving in its stead the mantle of peace.

Thus, after a hard-fought battle of more than three days, Monterey, the capital of Nueva Leon, was stormed and forced to surrender to American arms. The city was defended by forty-two pieces of artillery, seven thousand regular troops, three thousand *rancheros*, or irregulars, with about two thousand citizens. Our force consisted of not over five thousand available troops, with no battering or heavy ordnance, only two howitzers, one mortar, and four batteries of light artillery, of four guns each. With this force we captured a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, so fortified by art and nature as to render it almost impregnable. This victory on our part was attended by a loss of five hundred killed and wounded, while the enemy sustained an acknowledged loss of

over one thousand. It was then, as we have said, a masterly stroke of strategic skill, *to turn the whole position of the enemy*, and take the city in the reverse. From this scientific and bold manœuvre, resulted the extraordinary success which crowned our arms. It was the destructive effects of the mortar that first determined Ampudia to capitulate. The first shell, discharged about 7, P. M., fell close to the entrance of the Cathedral, where the priest was performing mass, and its explosion spread such destruction around, that Ampudia, being entreated by the priest and others, immediately wrote his letter to Gen. Taylor, proposing terms.

The Cathedral, an immense building, was stored full of ammunition of all kinds, being the principal magazine of the enemy, the explosion of which would have been most terrific in its consequences. Ampudia's letter was dated at 9 o'clock, P. M., on the 23d, but Col. Moreno, the bearer, did not reach Gen. Taylor until the next morning, on account of our strong picket-guard, which he could not approach with safety. He soon returned with Gen. Taylor's reply, demanding an unconditional surrender, to which the terrified Ampudia would certainly have assented, had he not been dissuaded by his officers, who besought him not to dishonour them by yielding to such terms, to which they themselves never would have submitted.

In relation to the question raised, whether the enemy could have been made to surrender at discretion or not, we annex the following extract of a letter to the editor of the *Union*, from Col. Davis, as well as the details of the negotiation, and the final terms of the capitulation.

Victoria Tamaulipas, Mexico, January 6, 1847.

DEAR SIR, \* \* \* I did not then, nor do I now, believe we could have made the enemy surrender at discretion. Had I entertained the opinion, it would have been given to the commission and to the commanding general, and would have precluded me from signing an agreement which permitted the garrison to retire with the honours of war. It is demonstrable, from the position and known prowess of the two armies, that we could drive the enemy from the town; but the town was untenable whilst the main fort (called the new citadel) remained in the hands of the enemy. Being without siege artillery or intrenching tools, we could only hope to carry this fort by storm, after a heavy loss from our army, which, isolated in a hostile country, now numbered less than half the forces of the enemy. When all this had been achieved, what more would we have gained than by the capitulation?

Gen. Taylor's force was too small to invest the town; it was, therefore, always in the power of the enemy to retreat, bearing his light arms. Our army—poorly provided with very insufficient



transportation—could not have overtaken, if they had pursued the flying enemy. Hence the conclusion, that, as it was not in our power to capture the main body of the Mexican army, it is unreasonable to suppose their general would have surrendered at discretion. The moral effect of retiring under the capitulation was certainly greater than if the enemy had retreated without our consent. By this course, we secured a large supply of ammunition he had collected in Monterey, which, had the assault been continued, must have been exploded by our shells, as it was principally stored in the Cathedral, which, being supposed to be filled with troops, was the especial aim of our pieces. The destruction which this explosion would have produced, must have involved the advance of both divisions of our troops; and I commend this to the contemplation of those whose arguments have been drawn from facts learned since the commissioners closed their negotiations. With these introductory remarks, I send a copy of a manuscript in my possession, which was prepared to meet such necessity as now exists for an explanation of the views which governed the commissioners in arranging the terms of capitulation—to justify the commanding general, should misrepresentation and calumny attempt to tarnish his well-earned reputation, and, for all time to come, to fix the truth of the transaction.

Please publish this in your paper, and believe me your friend,  
&c. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

*Memoranda of the transactions in connection with the capitulation of Monterey, capital of Nueva Leon, Mexico.*

By invitation of Gen. Ampudia, commanding the Mexican army, Gen. Taylor, accompanied by a number of his officers, proceeded on the 24th of September, 1846, to a house designated as the place at which Gen. Ampudia requested an interview. The parties being convened, Gen. Ampudia announced, as official information, that commissioners from the United States had been received by the government of Mexico; and that the orders under which he had prepared to defend the city of Monterey had lost their force by the subsequent change of his own government. A brief conversation between the commanding generals showed their views to be so opposite as to leave little reason to expect an amicable arrangement between them.

Gen. Taylor said he would not delay to receive such propositions as Gen. Ampudia indicated. One of Gen. Ampudia's party, I think the governor of the city, suggested the appointment of a mixed commission; this was acceded to, and Gen. W. J. Worth, of the United States Army, Gen. J. Pinkney Henderson, of the Texian volunteers, and Col. Jefferson Davis, of the Mississippi Riflemen, on the part of Gen. Taylor; and Gen. J. Ma. Ortega, Gen.

P. Requena, and Señor the Governor, M. Ma. Llano, on the part of Gen Ampudia, were appointed.

Gen. Taylor gave instructions to his commissioners, which, as understood, for they were brief and verbal, will be best shown by a copy of the demand which the United States commissioners prepared in the conference room, and here incorporated.

*Copy of demand by United States Commissioners.*

1. As the legitimate result of the operations before this place, and the present position of the contending armies, we demand the surrender of the town, the arms and munitions of war, and all other public property within the place.

2. That the Mexican armed force retire beyond the Rinconada, Linares, and San Fernando on the coast.

2. The commanding general of the army of the United States agrees that the Mexican officers reserve their side-arms and private baggage; and the troops be allowed to retire under their officers and without parole, a reasonable time being allowed to withdraw the forces.

4. The immediate delivery of the main work, now occupied, to the army of the United States.

5. To avoid collisions, and for mutual convenience, that the troops of the United States shall not occupy the town until the Mexican forces have been withdrawn, except for hospital purposes, storehouses, &c.

6. The commanding general of the United States agrees not to advance beyond the line specified in the second section before the expiration of eight weeks, or until the respective governments can be heard from.

The terms of the demand were refused by the Mexican commissioners, who drew up a counter proposition, of which I only recollect that it contained a permission to the Mexican forces to retire with their arms. This was urged as a matter of soldierly pride, and as an ordinary courtesy. We had reached the limit of our instructions, and the commission rose to report the disagreement.

Upon returning to the reception room, after the fact had been announced that the commissioners could not agree upon terms, Gen. Ampudia entered at length upon the question, treating the point of disagreement as one which involved the honour of his country, spoke of his desire for a settlement without further bloodshed, and said he did not care about the pieces of artillery which he had at the place. Gen. Taylor responded to the wish to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. It was agreed the commission should re-assemble, and we were instructed to concede the small arms, and I supposed there would be no question about the artillery. The

Mexican commissioners now urged that, as all other arms had been recognised, it would be discreditable to the artillery, if required to march out without any thing to represent their arm, and stated, in answer to an inquiry, that they had a battery of light-artillery, manœuvred and equipped as such. The commission again rose, and reported the disagreement on the point of artillery.

Gen. Taylor, hearing that more was demanded than the middle-ground upon which, in a spirit of generosity, he had agreed to place the capitulation, announced the conference at an end, and rose in a manner which showed his determination to talk no more. As he crossed the room to leave it, one of the Mexican commissioners addressed him, and some conversation which I did not hear, ensued. Gen. Worth asked permission of Gen. Taylor, and addressed some remarks to Gen. Ampudia, the spirit of which was that which he manifested throughout the negotiation, viz., generosity and leniency, and a desire to spare the further effusion of blood. The commission reassembled, and the points of capitulation were agreed upon. After a short recess, we again repaired to the room in which we had parted from the Mexican commissioners. They were tardy in joining us, and slow in executing the instrument of capitulation. The 7th, 8th, and 9th articles were added during this session. At a late hour, the English original was handed to Gen. Taylor for his examination; the Spanish original having been sent to Gen. Ampudia. Gen. Taylor signed and delivered to me the instrument, as it was submitted to him; and I returned to receive the Spanish copy, with the signature of Gen. Ampudia, and send that having Gen. Taylor's signature, that each general might countersign the original to be retained by the other. Gen. Ampudia did not sign the instrument, as was expected, but came himself to meet the commissioners. He raised many points which had been settled, and evinced a disposition to make the Spanish differ in essential points from the English instrument. Gen. Worth was absent. Finally, he was required to sign the instrument prepared for his own commissioners, and the English original was left with him, that he might have it translated, (which he promised to do that night,) and be ready the next morning with a Spanish duplicate of the English instrument left with him. By this means, the two instruments would be made to correspond, and he be compelled to admit his knowledge of the contents of the English original before he signed it.

The next morning, the commission again met; again the attempt was made, as had often been done before by solicitation, to gain some grant in addition to the compact. Thus we had, at their request, adopted the word *capitulation* in lieu of *surrender*; they now wished to substitute *stipulation* for *capitulation*. It finally became necessary to make a peremptory demand for the



immediate signing of the English instrument by Gen. Ampudia, and the literal translation (now perfected) by the commissioners and their general. The Spanish instrument first signed by Gen. Ampudia, was destroyed in presence of his commissioners; the translation of our own instrument was countersigned by Gen. Taylor and delivered. The agreement was complete, and it only remained to execute the terms.

Much has been said about the construction of Article 2 of the capitulation, a copy of which is hereto appended. Whatever ambiguity there may be in the language used, there was a perfect understanding by the commissioners upon both sides as to the intent of the parties. The distinction we made between light-artillery, equipped and manœuvred as such, designed for and used in the field, and pieces being the armament of a fort, was clearly stated on our side; and that it was comprehended on theirs, appeared in the fact that repeatedly they asserted their possession of light-artillery, and said they had one battery of light pieces. Such conformity of opinion existed among our commissioners upon every measure which was finally adopted, that I consider them, in their sphere, jointly and severally responsible for each and every article of the capitulation. If, as originally viewed by Gen. Worth, our conduct has been in accordance with the peaceful policy of our government, and shall in any degree tend to consummate that policy, we may congratulate ourselves upon the part we have taken. If otherwise, it will remain to me as a deliberate opinion, that the terms of the capitulation gave all which could have followed, of desirable result, from a further assault. It was in the power of the enemy to retreat, and to bear with him his small arms, and such a battery as was contemplated in the capitulation. The other grants were such as it was honourable in a conquering army to bestow, and which it cost magnanimity nothing to give. \* \* \* \*

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

*Colonel Mississippi Riflemen.*

Camp near Monterey, Oct. 7, 1846.

*Terms of the capitulation of the city of Monterey, the capital of Nueva Leon, agreed upon by the undersigned commissioners, to wit: Gen. Worth of the U. S. Army; Gen. Henderson, of the Texian volunteers, and Col. Davis, of the Mississippi Riflemen, on the part of Major Gen. Taylor, commanding in chief the United States forces; and Gen. Requena and Gen. Ortega, of the army of Mexico, and Señor Manuel M. Llano, Governor of Nueva Leon, on the part of Señor Gen. Don Pedro Ampudia, commanding in chief the army of the North of Mexico.*

ART. 1. As the legitimate result of the operations before this

place, and the present position of the contending armies, it is agreed that the city, the fortifications, cannon, the munitions of war, and all other public property, with the undermentioned exceptions, be surrendered to the commanding general of the United States forces now at Monterey.

ART. 2. That the Mexican forces be allowed to retain the following arms, to wit: The commissioned officers, their side arms; the infantry, their arms and accoutrements; the cavalry, their arms and accoutrements; the artillery, one field battery, not to exceed six pieces, with twenty-one rounds of ammunition.

ART. 3. That the Mexican armed forces retire within seven days from this date, beyond the line formed by the pass of the Rinconada, the city of Linares, and San Fernando de Pupos.

ART. 4. That the citadel of Monterey be evacuated by the Mexican, and occupied by the American forces, to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

ART. 5. To avoid collisions, and for mutual convenience, that the troops of the United States will not occupy the city until the Mexican forces have withdrawn, except for hospital and storage purposes.

ART. 6. That the forces of the United States will not advance beyond the line specified in the third article, before the expiration of eight weeks, or until the orders of the respective governments can be received.

ART. 7. That the public property to be delivered, shall be turned over and received by officers appointed by the commanding generals of the two armies.

ART. 8. That all doubts as to the meaning of any of the preceding articles, shall be solved by an equitable construction, and on principles of liberality to the retiring army.

ART. 9. That the Mexican flag, when struck at the citadel, may be saluted by its own battery.

W. J. WORTH,  
*Brigadier General, United States Army.*  
 J. PINKNEY HENDERSON,  
*Major Gen. command'g Texian Volunteers.*  
 JEFFERSON DAVIS,  
*Colonel Mississippi Riflemen.*  
 J. M. ORTEGA,  
 T. REQUENA,  
 MANUEL M. LLANO,

Approved: { PEDRO AMPUDIA,  
 Z. TAYLOR,

*Major Gen. command'g U. S. Army.*

Dated at Monterey, Sept. 24, 1846.

On the next day, the 25th, the ceremony of the surrender took place, and the Mexican flag on the citadel went down, saluted by their cannon, and the stars and stripes rose proudly in its place, saluted in return by the guns of the Mexican fort, while the cheers of our brave men greeted its folds, as it disdainfully fluttered out on the breeze that wafted it from the staff of its conquered foe. Many of the Mexican officers called on Gen. Worth, among whom were Don Francisco Berra, who commanded at the Obis Pado, or Bishop's Palace. Gen. Ortega, Col. Moreno, and others. While drinking with these gentlemen upon this occasion, Gen. Ortega gave the following toast, at whose pronouns, *we* and *our*, we could not help but smile. He said, "I drink to the perpetual peace of the two Republics, and may we hereafter ever be as brothers joined in one cause, and let us show to foreign nations the greatness of our power, while the valour of our arms shall teach all Europe that we can defy them." That day, a great portion of the Mexican cavalry and infantry marched out of the city, and they continued to leave in detachments throughout the week, with a great flourish of drums and trumpets. It was a sight indeed to have seen the Mexican soldiery marching out of the city, dressed up in tawdry uniforms of blue and red, without shoes, having only sandals to their feet.

"That scene alone," says Mr. Kendall, in one of his graphic letters, "would almost have remunerated one for the long journey to Monterey. At the head of the column rode the commander of the division with his staff, accompanied by Major Scott, of the 5th Infantry, with his adjutant, (Lieut. Geo. Deas,) and Lieuts. Hanson, Robinson, and McLaws. Col. Peyton rode by the side of the chief, and received a very affectionate embrace from him as we turned out to let the column march on, when the head had reached Palace Hill. And now was presented a scene that I can never forget. Two regiments of infantry led off, with colours flying, drums beating, and the trumpeters blowing with all their might. The fifers made all the noise they could. The men were all well armed, and the whole division seemed to be well appointed, with the exception of shoes. Three pieces of artillery were in the centre of the column, one six, one nine, and one twelve-pounder. The line, marching four abreast, extended about one mile. The army was accompanied by a great many females; officers' wives on horseback, their faces muffled, and with hats on; soldiers' wives mounted on donkeys or on foot, some of them carrying burdens that I would scarcely think of packing upon mules; young women with short petticoats, and hats, tripping lightly along; young girls trudging along with their little valuables in their arms. I noticed one pretty little creature, about nine years old, with a pet



chicken on one arm, and a parrot perched upon her hand. The ugliest woman I ever heard of, was walking behind a poor little flea-bit donkey, belabouring him with a large stick. The donkey was ridden by a young woman, a second edition of the old one. A precious pair, that mother and daughter. Most of the soldiers looked sullen, and their eyes gleamed with hatred, and a desire for revenge."

While one of their regiments were marching out of the city, in passing by the Texians camp of Rangers, a captain of their infantry saw one of our horses tied to a stake near the road, and seeing no one near, stole the horse and rode off at a rapid rate, but being soon followed by our men, on the discovery, he was overtaken, and the horse brought back. On informing the Mexican colonel of what had occurred, the officer, or horse thief, was immediately arrested, and his sword taken from him.

During the afternoon, we had occasion to call on Gen. Ampudia, with two officers of the 7th Infantry, and Col. Moreno as interpreter, with a message from Gen. Worth. We found his quarters finely furnished, his tables loaded with fruit, wine and cigars; while, in an adjoining apartment, were seen several women gaudily dressed. On our presentation to him he merely bowed, standing with his hands in his breeches, with a white jacket on, and an unlit cigar in his mouth, and asked what we wanted, without even extending to us the courtesy of a seat, much less to partake of the viands on his sumptuous table. He was evidently drunk, and no doubt had been, from appearances, beastly so, the night before. He is a large man of full six feet, inclined to corpulency, with little shrewd, cunning black eyes, indicative of deceit, intrigue and libertinism; he wore an imperial, with a tuft of beard on his chin. There was nothing in his manners prepossessing or pleasing, but, on the contrary, we became disgusted with the man, and felt he was a villain, a tyrant, and a coward.

The evening was spent by the officers and men of the division, in meeting with those friends who had been separated since the commencement of the battle, congratulating each other, inquiring after comrades, and mourning the fate of the wounded and the fallen. In the houses now occupied by our troops, the late quarters of Mexican officers, were found many public documents of Ampudia, which we give to the reader as a part of the history of the times. The following address was made by that officer at Saltillo, on his approach to Monterey, and by which it will be seen, he fondly expected to be reinforced by Santa Anna, before the battle at Monterey should take place; but who only arrived at San Luis Potosi, on the 8th of October, two weeks after the battle was fought.

GENERAL'S QUARTERS, in the City of Saltillo,  
*August 28, 1846.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—For the second time I appear in this interesting part of the Mexican territory, commanding soldiers who anxiously seek the combat, in order to lower the insolence of the foreign invaders of our soil, and to free you from the odious slavery to which they will undoubtedly reduce you, should they succeed in carrying out their nefarious designs. Of this truth, you have before you visible examples, in the unfortunate fate of which your neighbouring brothers of Bejar, Bahia, and lately, those of the north of Tamaulipas, have been the victims. What a contrast does this reprehensible system of conquest present—so unworthy the nineteenth century—to the false promises and base seductions of which, on another side, our enemies avail themselves, in order to cool your patriotic spirit, and to abate your desire to obtain liberty! And this they do, fellow-citizens, because they fear you, and are well aware that this great principle is incontrovertible, that “when a nation wishes to be free, it must be free.”

Recollect, my countrymen, the heroic opposition which the Spanish nation—in its cities and forts—offered to the formidable army of the great Napoleon—an opposition which finally resulted in their success. And no less should you remember that the heroes of the emancipation of our metropolis, unaccustomed to battle—without a knowledge of the science of war—without the necessary elements to attempt it—and without the great reasons to actuate them, by which we should be influenced at present—fought bravely for a term of eleven years, until the chains which joined us to the will of a distant monarch were torn asunder. We ceased to be a colony, and Mexico, since 1821, has brilliantly shone in the galaxy of civilized nations.

My friends, our brother departments are preparing for the battle—they will send to the field thousands of brave volunteers, with all necessary supplies; and lastly, it is very probable that the chief of our independence—the founder of this republic—the worthy benefactor of the nation, and general of division—Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—will return to the seat of war at the head of a large reinforcement of troops, in order to conduct the campaign personally. Thus, then, cheer up, my brave countrymen, and show your indignant hostility to our enemies by every means which your power, right, and position should dictate.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

Soon after Ampudia's arrival at Monterey, having learned from his spies the force of our army, and its approach towards Serralvo, he issued the following pronunciamiento:

*The General-in-chief of the Army of the North to his Companions in Arms.*

SOLDIERS,—The enemy, numbering only 2500 regular troops, the remainder being only a band of adventurers without valour or discipline, are, according to reliable information, about advancing upon Serralvo, to commit the barbarity of attacking this most important place. We count near 3000 regulars and auxiliary cavalry, and these will defeat them again and again, before they can reach this city. Soldiers, we are constructing fortifications, to make our base of operations secure, and hence we will sally forth at a convenient time, and drive back this enemy at the point of the bayonet.

Soldiers! three great virtues make the soldier worthy of his profession: discipline, constancy under fatigue, and valour. He who at this moment would desert his colours, is a coward, and a traitor to his country. Our whole nation, and even foreign countries, are the witnesses of our conduct. The question now is, whether our independence shall be preserved or for ever lost; and its solution is in your hands.

I have assured the supreme government of the triumph of our arms, confiding in your loyalty and enthusiasm, and will prove to the whole world that we are worthy sons of the immortal Hidalgo, Morelo, Allende Iturbide, and so many other heroes who knew how to die combating for the independence of our cherished country.

Soldiers! victory or death must be our only device.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

HEAD-QUARTERS, Monterey, Sept. 14, 1846.

From this, it would seem the defeat of our troops was confidently anticipated. The three thousand "regulars and auxiliary cavalry" he speaks of, are the gallant knights whom we drove from Ramos to Marin, with only forty men! It is said that Ampudia was the first to desert his colours, and shut himself in one of the cloisters of the Cathedral; he therefore must feel himself a coward, and a traitor to his country. England must have been the "foreign countries" to which he alludes, no doubt, as she has supplied Mexico with nearly all her arms and ammunition: much of her artillery was made at Liverpool, and her muskets bear the stamp of William IV. with the word "Tower" marked on the locks.

The boastful assurance given on his part to the supreme government but illy compares with his proclamation, issued after the battle, and which we also subjoin.



*The General Commanding the Army of the North to the People of the three Departments.*

FELLOW CITIZENS—Occupied before all things else in providing for the defence of the rights and integrity of the territory of our beloved Republic against the enemy that has invaded her soil, the Supreme Government thought proper to intrust to me the command of the patriotic troops destined on the northern frontier to this holy purpose. I accepted, with enthusiasm, the post assigned me—for the zeal with which I have ever defended the holy cause of the people is notorious to every one—and in the beginning of the month assumed the direction of such means as were in my power to repel the advance of the enemy. But fearing that the charge would prove too great for my feeble abilities, I solicited the worthy and most excellent Señor Gen. Don Juan Neponuceno Almonte to come and relieve me from the command of the army, presuming that the illustrious conqueror of Panuco would on his return to Mexico resume the reins of our National Government.

On the 19th inst., the enemy having appeared in the vicinity of Monterey and encamped in the San Domingo woods—their camp being one league in length and three leagues in circumference. I ordered their movements to be carefully observed, and hostilities to be commenced forthwith; the generals and other officers, who were under my command, of every branch of the service, being all decided to risk a combat rather than retreat.

The redoubts of the citadel and of the new cathedral opened their fires the same day upon the enemy, who were occupied during that and the succeeding day in reconnoitering and preparing for the attack.

On the 21st, the assault was made by a formidable body of their troops, chiefly of the regular army, upon the bridge of the Purisina and our redoubts of the Teneria and Rincon del Diablo, but they were gloriously driven back by our valiant veterans, with a positive loss to our adversaries of fifteen hundred men.

On the morning of the 22d, Gen. Taylor directed his columns of attack against the Bishop's Hill, an elevation commanding the city, and although in their first advance they were repulsed in a skirmish, a full brigade of regular troops returned to the charge. Unfortunately, two pieces of cannon and a mortar, which defended the position, got out of order and became useless, and, although as soon as advised of it, I sent a reinforcement of infantry, with two pieces of light-artillery, to their aid; it reached the hill too late—the enemy had already succeeded in obtaining possession of the castle.

This accident compelled me to concentrate my force in the Plaza, in order to present to the foe a more vigorous defence, and

to repel on the 23d, as was done, the assaults made by them through the streets and houses of the city. But, as under these circumstances, I suffered great scarcity of ammunition and provisions, and in spite of the ardour with which the entire army, both regulars and auxiliaries, were animated, I proposed to the American general a parley, which resulted in an understanding by which the honour of the nation and the army, the *personnel* of the division under my command, its arms and equipments were preserved.

This is a true statement of the operations of the campaign up to the 24th inst., and if an inadequate supply of means and other circumstances have led to this result, we have yet no cause for a moment's dismay, for the Republic will now put forward all her elements of greatness; and with one single victory, which we may, shall, and must obtain, will solve the problem definitively in favour of our arms.

People of the East, the event which occurred at Monterey is of little moment. The favorite general of the Mexicans, the worthy and most excellent Señor Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, will promptly take charge, in person, of the direction of the campaign; let the sacred fire of patriotism continue to burn in our bosoms, and without fail we will triumph over our enemies.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

HEAD-QUARTERS, Saltillo, 29th Sept. 1846.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

The Morning of the 26th—Description of the City of Monterey—Señor Gaja—The School—Señor Serrano's House—Anecdote—The Cathedral—The Valley of Monterey—Mr. Poinsett's description of the Country from Monterey to Tampico—The Ladies of Monterey—Señora Cuéller and her Daughter—A Romantic Story—The City at Night—Riley, the Deserter—Orders of Taylor and Worth—The Prospect of Peace—Texas Rangers Disbanded—Description of the Bishop's Palace—The wounded Mexicans—View from the Palace—Mass at the Cathedral—Death of Father Rey—Preparations to leave for Comargo.

SATURDAY, the 26th of September, was a beautiful, clear, cool morning, and being off duty, we enjoyed ourself roaming about the city. The principal street is *Calle de Monterey*, which runs from the *Obis Pado*, or Bishop's Palace, through the heart of the city, forming the south-west side of the Plaza. On this street is situated the magnificent *hacienda*, or country seat, of Gen. Arista. The house is a very beautiful white building, adorned with red about the columns and cornices. The halls and rooms are very

large and spacious, with high ceilings. The garden was lined with groves of orange trees, loaded with this delicious fruit, and laid out in flower beds, with beautiful pebbled paths between; while on each side were baths of running crystal water, with various little ornaments placed here and there, making the whole a most delightful spot to spend a summer in. As you proceed, you come next to the first Plaza, on the right of which stands the ruins of an old church and cemetery, where the bomb battery was planted, and which, from having been fortified, and now occupied by our troops, has the appearance of an arsenal. Proceeding on some distance, you arrive at the *Plaza de Carne*, which has a fountain in its centre. Here the business part of the city commences, and on the left, or north-east side of this Plaza is *Calle de Mier*, another very fine street, and on which are some of the handsomest buildings. On this street is the Institution or College of *Señ. Don José M. Gaja y Bayona*, a gentleman from old Spain, who had opened a very extensive school here for the education of the Mexicans. *Señ. Gaja* is a gentleman of the old Castilian race; he is a great philanthropist, and very enthusiastic; and, as he informed us, was once very rich. He had travelled through Europe and the United States. He was laudably employed, devoting his life to educating the descendants of his own once proud race.

We became quite delighted with *Señ. Gaja*, who took great pains to explain the system of his school, and to extend to us the hospitalities of his house. Before the battle, he had some thirty or forty boarding scholars, from different sections of the country, boys and girls. His boys, several of whom still remained with him, were all neatly dressed in uniform—blue cloth caps, light blue jackets, and white pants. He had two professors employed in the sciences, and who also taught the French and English languages.

Here we were introduced to *Señ. Eugenio Serrano*, a very wealthy Spanish merchant, residing on the other side of this street, whose kind invitation to dine at his house we accepted. His house was splendidly furnished, and the walls hung with beautiful tapestry. The service was of silver. We were presented to his two sons on sitting down to table, who were the only members of his family present, his lady and daughter being in the country. We found our host very intelligent, and a gentleman of liberal and enlarged views. He informed me that notwithstanding he was a citizen of Spain, and had a passport from Her Catholic Majesty, *Ampudia* had demanded a large sum of money from him to support the war, to which he objected, and claimed the protection of the Spanish consul, and remonstrated against the unjust demand. "But," said *Ampudia*, "your hat is Mexican, your clothes are Mexican, your shoes are Mexican, and you live in a Mexican



house; and owning your house, *you* must be a Mexican." "And so," said our host, "I was forced to pay the scoundrel the sum he demanded."

To the right of Monterey street, towards the river, and running parallel with it, is *Calle de Morélos*, in which street Gen. Worth had taken up his head-quarters, near the house of the Spanish consul. Turning to the right by a narrow street, you enter the main Plaza of the city, wherein the Cathedral is situated. This Plaza is surrounded by stores of all kinds, with restaurants, billiard rooms, and coffee houses. On entering the Cathedral, we found it filled with ammunition; the pews had all been removed, and boxes of cartridges, barrels of gunpowder, bomb-shells, cannon-balls, canister and grape shot, lay in piles and heaps. The interior of the church is very large and spacious, with a high, arched ceiling, ornamented with fine old oil paintings, carvings representing the Apostles, &c., and many images of the Saints. While looking at a painting of a very fine head of some priest of olden time, one of the reverend fathers approached us, and said that it was executed by one of the old *maestros* of Spain, and that all the paintings had been brought from that country. He then accompanied us through the church, which he said had been built more than two hundred years, and showed us their patron saint, magnificently embroidered on white velvet, ornamented with gold, which had been worked by the nuns of some convent.

Walking out into the court-yard, to visit several small buildings attached to the church, we passed through a massive gateway, when the priest pointed to the side of the wall, which was bespattered with blood and cartilages, and said that one of our shells had bursted there, killing several officers and two sentries. At the same time he showed us the room of a very strong building, in which, he said, Ampudia had taken refuge on the night of the 23d. In the small buildings were the priest's robes, the records of the church, and immense large wooden coffers, which were once well filled, but as the holy man assured us, were now entirely empty.

The valley of Monterey is not only most beautiful in point of scenery, but as rich a country as we ever saw, producing corn and sugar unsurpassed, and oranges, figs, grapes, and other fruits in abundance. The wines expressed from the grape here, are also very fine. The following extract from an article in the *New Orleans Commercial Review*, written by the Hon. Mr. Poinsett, formerly Secretary of War, and Minister to Mexico, is descriptive of the country between Monterey and Tampico:

"Monterey, said to contain 15,000 inhabitants, Linares, which counts about 6,000, and Saltillo, now called Leona Vicario, after

the heroic consort of Quintani Roo, containing 12,000 souls, are towns pleasantly situated in the Sierra Madre, and not far from each other. Here the valleys are fruitful and provisions abundant for the existing population. There is no want of cattle, sheep, and goats, in this part of Mexico, and the country between Monterey and Zacatecas abounds in flocks and herds. The latter is a mining district, and the capital, situated at the foot of an abrupt and porphyritic mountain, boasts of a noble cathedral, a magnificent town hall, and the best mint in Mexico. Its population is computed at 22,000 souls, and three of the most productive mines are situated in its neighbourhood. They are all worked, we believe, by English companies.

“The successful mining operations of Zacatecas, as is the case in all the great mining districts of Mexico, have given a great impulse to the agriculture of the surrounding country. Like other extensive manufactories, they bring together a numerous population, and create a demand for the products of the soil. The character of this population, the miners of Mexico, who, with their families, wander about the country, and settle themselves down to work wherever they can obtain the highest remuneration, is very singular, and would require a separate essay to do justice to the subject. But wherever they congregate together in large numbers, as in Zacatecas and Guanajuato, they create a market for the fruits of the earth. South of Zacatecas is the fertile and well-cultivated district of Aguas Calientes, which is said to produce one-fourth of the Indian corn and one-third of the beans and pepper consumed in the state. The lands north and east of Aguas Calientes are divided into large breeding farms, where the population is thinly scattered over an immense tract of country. The next town of importance is San Luis Potosi, capital of the state of that name. It is surrounded by a well cultivated country, gardens, and villages, which may be considered suburbs of the town, and swell the population to between 50 and 60,000, the town itself containing about 20,000.

“The governor's house is a solid edifice of cut stone, ornamented with Ionic pilasters—the design and execution very creditable. All the principal streets, which are very neat and clean, are built up with stone houses of two stories, but, like the capital, the suburbs consist of low small houses of *adobes*, or unburnt brick. There is in this place a spacious convent of the wealthy order of Carmelites. San Luis is an important commercial city, from its position in relation to the port of Tampico and the interior states and provinces. Zacatecas, Durango, and other northern and western states, receive a large portion of their foreign exports through that channel.

“A sketch of the route from this part of the table land to the sea-coast, will give our readers some idea of the difficulties that attend all communication between this elevated region and the ports of entry on the gulf. The country between San Luis and Tula, which is reached on the fourth day, is, for the most part, an arid tract—at least it appears so in the dry season—strewn with masses of limestone. It is very deficient in wood and water, but a large proportion of it is used for grazing. It was here we saw the shepherds roasting the cactus leaves to feed the cattle; and here we saw two men drawing water from a well in a singular manner. One man was harnessed to a rope as long as the depth of the well, which was suspended by a pulley, and raised the bucket of water by running the length of his tether, while the other guided the rope and emptied the water into a cistern where the cattle drank. This is their daily task from October to June; during the rest of the season there is no want of pasture or water. Near the mountain of Norla, the face of the country assumes a different aspect, and the road passes through deep woods which extend to the summit of this spire of the Sierra. For a considerable distance the road, only practicable for mules in single file, is knee deep in fine dust. From Norla, it descends, by a circuitous route, to the plain, at the extremity of which is Tula, a small and inconsiderable town, remarkable, chiefly, for being situated on the verge of that arid tract of country which extends, with little intermission, to San Luis. On leaving Tula, the face of nature is changed. The road, from being dry and dusty, and running among cactus and yucca plants, winds through a fruitful valley cultivated in corn, beans, and pepper, and dotted over with neat farm-houses. A few hours' ride over this fine country brings the traveller to the mountain of Gallos, the first broad step in the ladder of descent from the table-land to the level of the coast. The path is craggy and steep, and the descent occupies about an hour and a half. A few leagues farther on is the Contadera, which is longer and much more precipitous. This descent terminates in the warm region ‘Tierra Templada.’

“The valleys here are fertile, and cultivated in corn, pumpkins, beans, and pepper, and the Indian villages are seen embossed in orange groves. The third descent is called the Chamal, and the last, the Cucharas, the shortest, but most precipitous, brings the travellers on a level with the coast, the ‘Tierra Caliente.’ Near the Cucharras he fords the river Lemon, a rapid stream, generally reaching to the saddle-girths. From this river it is three days' easy ride to the wretched town of Altamira, though rather an arid country, divided into cattle-farms. A few hours' row down a small stream, and across a deep basin where the shipping lie, lands him at Tampico. The river Panuco, which heads not far



from San Luis, is navigable for a short distance above Tampico, for boats of light draught, and there is another route passing near to it called the valle de Maiz. But the aspect of the country is similar to that described, and the same precipitous mountains have to be overcome on both routes."

The principal trade of Monterey is derived from Tampico and Matamoras, and is mostly carried on by English merchants. The society is very good, the higher orders being refined and educated. What few young ladies we saw appeared quite intelligent, were very pretty, and dressed in good taste, after the European fashion. Music and embroidery are their principal accomplishments, in the latter they particularly excel. They have fine pianos, and the one we saw came from the United States, but their favourite instrument is the guitar. From a beautiful blue enamelled visiting card, which we accidentally found after the battle, we would also infer that they have some pretensions to fashionable life. "*Ramon de la Gerza Floris*" was the name on the card, with "*y su esposa*" written beneath—signifying, *and his lady*—which we think far preferable to our way of *Mr. and Mrs. Jones*. We saw one or two carriages, which looked as if they had been kept as relics of the days of Philip II. of Spain, for more ungainly, heavy, and cumbersome vehicles we never saw. They were drawn by six mules, driven by a postilion.

In the evening, at Señor Gaja's house, we were introduced to Señora Cuéller, who was travelling with her son and daughter to Monclova; the latter she was bringing home from a convent in one of the neighbouring states, on account of the existing war. In passing through the city, Ampudia had stopped them and pressed their horses and pack-mules into the service, when the señora was forced to seek the protection of Señ. Gaja until after the battle.

Several days afterwards, on inquiring after these ladies, we were told the following bit of romance by our Spanish friend.

"The young lady," said Señ. Gaja, "whose name was Isabél, was sitting one afternoon by the window, admiring the beautiful sunset, whose bright hues were gradually fading from the mountain scenery; and as she sat with her head slightly turned towards the scene, leaning on her hand, and her elbow resting on the casement, with one side of her beautifully curved neck turned to the view, while the other was covered with a profusion of jetty ringlets, which fell gracefully on her shoulder, I thought," said he, "I had never beheld so fair a picture. She had not seen over eighteen summers, and was of the medium height, with a beautifully rounded form. Her eyes were full of soul and melting tenderness, of that dark and brilliant hue which is so expressive

among our race, and with a face beaming with beauty and loveliness.

“At this time a young Mexican officer, a captain of cavalry, passed by and recognised the fair *Señorita*, when quite a scene took place, which drew the attention of the mother to the window. On her approach, the cavalier gracefully bowed, but met with a cold and repulsive reception from the *Señora*, which caused our gallant captain immediately to retire.

“The mystery of this affair,” said our friend, “was cleared up on the following morning, when it was discovered that the young lady had been carried off by her lover, and escaped with him in disguise, while the troops were marching out of the city.”

It appeared that, some years ago, the gallant cavalier had demanded the hand of his lady-love in marriage; but being refused by the mother, and the young lady sent to a convent, our hero, in despair, entered the army, where he soon distinguished himself by his valour. After the battle, to his great joy and surprise, he accidentally met the object of his love as we have seen, and meeting with the repulse from the mother, who at once recognised him, he determined to fly with his affianced bride.

The city, at night, presented a most strange appearance; the streets were patrolled by our soldiers—horsemen were dashing to and fro—men and officers were seen standing in groups around the doors of houses, from whom was heard the merry laugh of revelry, which singularly contrasted with the stern camp of the soldier but a few nights before.

The next day, another division of this Mexican army marched out, in which there were several deserters from our ranks, who, as they passed through our lines, received a volley of hoots, shouts, groans, and imprecations that made them wince, and shrink almost to the earth. “One in particular, a worthless scoundrel, named Riley—who had deserted from Capt. Merrill’s company, of the 5th Infantry—received a passing salute from his old comrades, as he went out of the city, which he will not forget in a twelvemonth. He had deserted from near Matamoras early in the spring, had succeeded in reaching the Mexican lines, and was at once taken into the artillery, and made captain of a gun. He was a tall, stalwart fellow, yet utterly worthless—a noisy, quarrelsome, yet cowardly wretch—and his riddance from the company was even matter of rejoicing rather than regret.”

“Seated upon the first gun as its captain,” says Mr. Kendall, “came the renegade Riley. The deserter was ill at ease, notwithstanding his comfortable seat, as the column passed through the thoroughfares which were lined with the Americans; but it was not until his eye caught some of his old comrades, that the

spirit of the wretch died within him. The company knew that he was to pass out, and had stationed themselves near a barricade, opposite the quarters then occupied by Col. Duncan, as the best position from whence to give him a broadside of reproaches. 'Riley, ye desartin' thafe, *ain't* ye ashamed of yerself?' said one of his former messmates, an Irishman, and one of the best soldiers in the company. The colour entirely forsook the face of the runaway. 'Whin ye deserted, why didn't ye go among dacent white people, and not be helpin' these bloody nagers pack off their varmin'?' continued the speaker, his comrades keeping up a running accompaniment of groans and hisses. This was too much. Riley jumped from the gun, every limb trembling with abject fear, and as he passed through the barricade, the wretch supported his tottering knees by placing a hand on the revolving wheels of the carriage. Not until the barricade was passed, and he was out of hearing of his former comrades, did he remount his gun; and even then, so utterly prostrate were all his faculties, he had barely strength to clamber upon the carriage. Such was one of the scenes we witnessed at the evacuation of Monterey by the Mexicans. Other deserters were in the ranks of the enemy—runaway negroes as well—but not one of them was as well known as was the traitor Riley, not one of them received such a blighting shower of contempt, such a withering tornado of scorn."

At evening parade, the following orders from Gen. Taylor were read to the army, and on the 28th, those of Gen. Worth were published to his division.

[Orders, No. 123.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,  
Camp near Monterey, Sept. 27, 1846.

The commanding general has the satisfaction to congratulate the army under his command upon another signal triumph over the Mexican forces. Superior to us in numbers, strongly fortified, and with an immense preponderance of artillery, they have yet been driven from point to point, until forced to sue for terms of capitulation. Such terms have been granted as were considered due to the gallant defence of the town, and to the liberal policy of our own government.

The general begs to return his thanks to his commanders, and to all his officers and men, both of the regular and volunteer forces, for the skill, the courage, and the perseverance with which they have overcome manifold difficulties, and finally achieved a victory shedding lustre upon the American arms.

A great result has been obtained, but not without the loss of many gallant and accomplished officers and brave men. The army and the country will deeply sympathize with the families



and friends of those who have thus sealed their devotion with their lives.

By order of Maj. Gen. Taylor :

(Signed)

W. W. S. BLISS, *Ass't Adj't Gen.*

Official :

GEO. A. McCALL, *Ass't Adj't Gen.*

[Orders, No. 39.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, SECOND DIVISION,  
*Monterey, Sept. 28, 1846.*

The commanding general of division seizes the first instant of leisure, to tender to the officers and soldiers of his command the expression of his thanks and admiration. During the three days' operations, and down to the final capitulation of this important position, until after they have seen nearly twice their numbers defile before them in retreat—whether on the fatiguing march, in combat in the valley, or on the mountains, on the house-tops or in the streets, this noble division has given an exhibition of courage, constancy, and discipline above all praise, and a generous and manly forbearance towards fallen and humiliated foes, which bear comparison with the proudest achievements that grace the annals of their country.

The general feels assured that every individual in the command unites with him in admiration of the distinguished gallantry and conduct of Col. Hays, and his noble band of Texian volunteers—hereafter they and we are brothers, and we can desire no better guarantee of success than by their association.

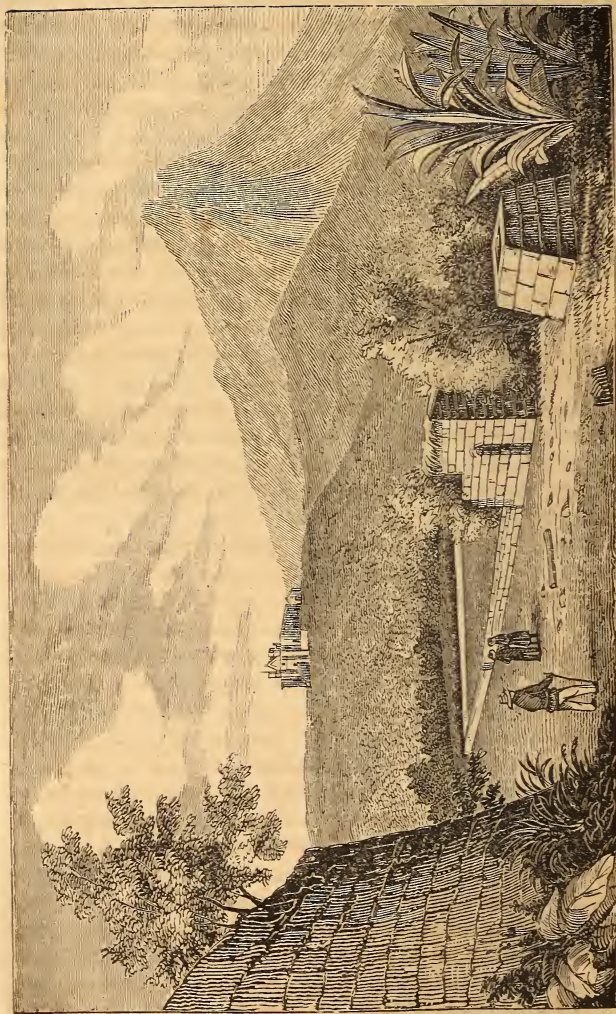
To Brigadier General Smith, commanding Second Brigade; Lieut. Col. Staniford, First Brigade; Lieut. Col. Childs, Artillery battalion; Major Scott, 5th Infantry; Capt. Miles, 7th Infantry; Capt. Smith, 2d Artillery, commanding light troops; Capt. Screven, 8th Infantry; to Capt. Blanchard, Louisiana volunteers; Lieut. Col. Duncan, and Lieut. Mackall, he tenders all his thanks and respect. To the gentlemen of the staff, Major Munroe, chief of artillery; Capt. Sanders, military engineer; Lieut. Deas, division quartermaster; Lieut. Daniels, division commissariat; Lieut. Meade, topographical engineers; Lieuts. Pemberton and Wood, aids-de-camp, his special thanks are due, for the alacrity, zeal, and gallantry with which they have performed every service. To Col. Peyton, Louisiana volunteers, who did him the honour to tender his very acceptable services as aid-de-camp, he feels under especial obligations for his valuable counsel and splendid exhibition of courage.

To the general himself, the highest and proudest gratification is, that such fortunate results have been attained with comparatively so small sacrifice of the precious blood of the soldier.

By order of Brig. Gen. WORTH :

J. C. PEMBERTON, *First-lieutenant and Aid-de-Camp.*





View of the Bishop's Palace, from a drawing by Lieut. J. P. McCown, 4th Artillery.—p. 225.



The storm of war had lulled into a calm, and it was believed that a speedy peace would ensue to perpetuate it. Ampudia had given assurances that official information had been received, that commissioners on the part of the two governments were treating for peace. It was known that a late change had taken place in the Mexican government—that Santa Anna had returned, who was supposed to be in favour of the negotiation, and consequently an armistice of eight weeks was granted to the enemy, to give time to hear from both governments.

On the 30th, the Texians were mustered out of service, and the two regiments disbanded. For this purpose, we rode over to General Taylor's camp. The joyous laugh and merry joke once more rang through our ranks, as we had saddled up for our last scout, and all was buoyancy and exhilaration of spirit, at the prospect of once more returning to our happy homes. The next day, a large quantity of cigars and tobacco, which was among the public property surrendered to us in the capitulation, was distributed to the officers and soldiers.

Being freed from the duties which were necessarily imposed on the life of a Ranger or *Texas Dragoon*, as Gen. Worth had lately christened our corps, we spent the remaining few days in strolling about and visiting our friends, until a party should be made up in sufficient numbers to return to Comargo.

We had been riding over the city one day, visiting the different works and fortifications, and viewing the surrounding scenery, when we found ourself once more at the Bishop's Palace. This building, which we have not yet described, had been built some fifty years ago, as a residence for the bishop of the diocese, who had selected the position on account of its romantic and beautiful site. It is said to have been once very splendid, but by neglect has fallen to decay. The walls of the main building alone were standing, with a parterre in front, and a high flight of stone steps leading to the grand entrance, from which could be seen traces of its former magnificence; the fortifications around, lately made by the Mexicans, gave it the appearance of some old feudal castle. In the adjoining wings, were large and spacious rooms, and in the rear were the remains of a once fine garden, where now stood several of our hospital tents, containing a number of Mexicans who had been wounded at the storming of the palace. We looked in upon the poor creatures who were writhing in agony, and shrieking and groaning with pain. It was a horrid sight, and even in their torture, as we gazed upon them, there seemed to glisten from their eyes a glare of hate which lit up their ghastly features with a terrible expression.

Turning from the dreadful scene, we regained the high steps

of the palace, from which a view of beauty and grandeur lay spread before us. Below, was the city with its lofty steeples, its beautiful white houses and lovely gardens, with the *Monte Sillo*, or saddle mountain on the right, (which takes its name from two peaks of the mountain, forming the shape of a saddle,) at whose base murmured the limpid stream of the rapid San Juan, with its pebbled and rocky shores, while far to the left rose the high peaks of the *Sierra del Madre*, towering to the vault of heaven. To the east, lay the lovely green valley with its fields and woods, before so beautiful, now sad to look upon from the dread carnage of the late battle. Off to the west, were the mountain heights that had been stormed by the soldiers of Worth's division, whose ascent even now, uncovered by the panoply of war, seemed a feat of no slight undertaking. Farther on, the Saltillo road wound itself along a chain of hills, dotted here and there with *jacales* and *ranchos*, as far as the eye could reach, until it lost itself into a broad plain. The summit of these mountains lit up with the golden hues of the retiring sun, with the tall spires of the city, and the green vales softened by the rich crimson light, appeared in beautiful relief, with the dark rocky glens and sombre chaparral. It was a most lovely and tranquil scene—no longer were heard the loud huzzas, the thundering peals of artillery, the rattling musketry, which made the mountains tremble at their base, but all seemed as calm as if nature's repose had never been disturbed by the unhallowed strife of war.

On Sunday, the 4th of October, divine service was performed in the Cathedral, which had been put in order for the occasion, by Father Rey and his companion, the two Catholic chaplains who were attached to our army. The Mexicans attended, and waited until the forms and ceremonies of mass were over, when the most of them left, not caring to listen to the eloquence of a sermon which they did not understand.

Some months afterwards, Father Rey was killed by a party of Mexican Lancers between Comargo and Monterey. In reference to this cold-blooded act, the Matamoras Flag says: "What ignorance, combined with fanaticism, will do, may be judged by the butchering of this faithful old minister of peace. True to his divine calling, he forsook friends and home, to make easy the couch of the dying soldiers. He came with no design of harm to either the Mexicans or Americans; and was arrested in his divine vocation by those who worship in the same mode the same Almighty."

A train was to leave the next day for Comargo, under escort of Capt. Shiver's company, and a small party of Texas Rangers. Col. Belnap had also been ordered down to bring up the long eighteen pounders, likewise several parks of artillery, and to has-

ten up a large quantity of supplies that had lately arrived, and we determined with a party of others to go down under its protection.

In the afternoon we called upon Gen. Taylor to take our leave of the gallant veteran, who received us very cordially, and with his characteristic kindness. The evening was spent with our friends of the 3d Regiment.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

Departure for Comargo—Marin—Arrival at Serralvo—Incidents of Travel—Mexican Customs—A Camp Scene—Arrival at Punta Aguda—Alarming rencounter—Arrival at Mier—Señor Don Domingo and his Daughters—Scene at Mier—Arrival at Guardado—A Mexican Dinner—Arrival at Matamoras—Change in the Place—Arrival at the Brazos—Departure for New Orleans—We put into Galveston—Description of the City—Arrival at New Orleans—McCulloch's return home—Incidents of the Road—The Stampede—Scout to Rancho Encarnacion—Charge on the Enemy's Picket—The Return—The Second Scout—Daring Feat—Discovery of Santa Anna's Army—McCulloch's Escape from the Camp of the Enemy—Arrival at Agua Nueva—The Battle of Buena Vista—The Conclusion.

ON the morning of the 5th, the train was ready, and having bade our friends "good bye," we were soon on the road to Comargo. Passing through San Francisco, we arrived at 3, P. M., at Marin, and called on the old couple who had prepared the dinner for the Mexican officers, at the time our sudden approach deprived them of the dinner in question, and which our readers may recollect our officers eat for them. A great change had taken place since we passed through the town, which now looked desolate, ruined and deserted. The old people received us very kindly, and looked astonished to think we had escaped, as they said they heard that half of the Americans were killed. Here, we and our friend M—— made a hearty meal of beef, tortillas, pepper sauce and eggs. We then rode on for three miles where the train encamped for the night. Each little party formed a mess of its own, and the different groups sitting around their suppers, made up a novel and grotesque scene.

The train started the next morning at sunrise, passed through Ramos, which we also found deserted, with the exception of one or two jacales, in which the women ran to hide themselves. On reaching Papagayo, where we made a retrograde movement on a memorable occasion, we found the miserable place perfectly lonely and abandoned. The day was very warm, and here we rested until the wagon train came up, when we pushed on again until we arrived at our old camp ground, near the beautiful stream that watered its banks, thirteen miles from Serralvo, but which we



found had become completely dry. Farther down the branch, however, we found some cool springs gushing from the rock, and a fine hole of water, which were very grateful to us. It was determined to camp the train here for the night. After resting for a while, we found the prospect for a supper very poor, and ascertaining that a small party had gone on to Serralvo, we pushed on also in company with two or three more, and by hard riding reached the town soon after sundown. We went to the alcalde's house, but found that he had gone to the country, so we called on his brother, where we found the party that we had been trying to overtake, and who had secured quarters there for the night. As they could not give us accommodations, the alcalde's brother offered to show us where we could obtain quarters, and led us to a miserable place where he said we could stay in safety for the night, that was, *to sleep in an open yard on a raw-hide*. We declined this offer, and meeting with a Mexican we had known before, he took us to the house of Don Manuel Maren, who kept a grocery, where we obtained a good supper and bed. There was no gateway to the yard, so they led our horse through the house, as we requested, for safety. The old woman was very cross and ugly, and wanted us to sleep in the yard on a hide, which we understood was the usual accommodation given to strangers, it presenting, we suppose, the most favourable opportunity for robbing them. After a family discussion on the subject, they decided that as we were to pay them well, we should sleep in the house. Giving them to understand that the train would be up in the morning, and that if any harm should happen to us, they would be the sufferers, we retired, placing our arms under our pillow. For an hour we heard much whispering, and then a movement in the next room to us, but fatigue overcoming our fears, we soon fell into a sound slumber.

The morning of the 7th was clear and pleasant, we awoke refreshed, and found all right. Not so, however, with the party at the alcalde's brother, who slept in the yard, and were robbed during the night of all their fire-arms, which were taken from under their heads. The train did not come up until 11, A. M., meanwhile we took a stroll about the town, and met our old friends Juan de Vila and his wife, who embraced us, and seemed overjoyed at our return. This is a custom of the Mexicans, who always embrace their friends after an absence. The Señora pressed us to stay to dinner, which invitation we accepted, as the command was not to move until 2, P. M., on account of the heat of the weather. After a hearty meal we were offered some cigarritos, and a cushion was placed on a mat for us to take a siesta. In the afternoon the train moved on and encamped before dark

near a little creek. A camp guard was posted, and from the different groups a loud laugh would occasionally be heard at some story being told by one of the mess—when at tattoo they retired. The weather continued very warm, and the teams travelled very slowly. We met detachments of troops scattered along the road, on their way up to reinforce Gen. Taylor. At 11, A. M., we arrived at Punta Aguda; this place too had much changed, and as we passed through it, we thought of the scene of the fandango which we described in one of our scouts, but could see no face that we knew. We kept on until about 5, P. M., when we came to another old camping ground, about twelve miles from Mier. Here the command again halted for the night. Provisions had run very low, and being told that a party had just started for Mier, we rode on to overtake them. The road from this to Mier lies over a rolling barren waste, with occasional high hills. Between Marin and Serralvo, we found the skeletons of one or two men who had been murdered by the rancheros, one of which was supposed to have been that of Dr. Alsbury, a sutler. This part of the road towards Mier was also said to be very dangerous. We had continued on for about three miles, without seeing any thing of the party supposed to be ahead of us, when the sun which had set in the western sky, went down very red and angry, and the wind blew almost a gale. We continued on our lonely and dreary road, however, still hoping to overtake our comrades.

Night had now come upon us. There was no moon, and the flying clouds in the heavens betokened a storm. Still, in the west, there hung a broad streak of light which rendered the road visible, though indistinct. On descending a long hill, we thought we discovered on the opposite ridge a party of men on foot, who seemed to creep out of the chaparral on the road-side, and then again conceal themselves. With the wind in our face, and whistling through the low, stumpy bushes that lined the road, we imagined that we could hear them talking in a low under-tone. The case was desperate; so we prepared for the worst. Our horse had been ridden hard, and ourself much fatigued; so there was no turning back, as we might be pursued and overtaken. Our double-barreled shot-gun was loaded with buckshot; the only chance was to make a sure fire, and put our horse to his utmost speed. On ascending the hill, we thought of an old Texian *ruse*; so touching our horse with the spur, and waving our hat behind us, we gave a shout, as if calling on a large party in the rear, and dashed forward to where we supposed the enemy to lie in ambush. On arriving at the spot, to our great surprise and relief, a large flock of turkey buzzards rose up with a loud flapping noise, which at once dispelled our fears, as we burst into a loud

laugh at the result of our expected terrible encounter. We rode on till we came to where some three or four roads, which had been made by the trains since we were last here, intercepted each other, when we became puzzled as to which road to take—knowing, however, that the town lay to the right of the main road, we shaped our course accordingly, judging that we could not be far off from it. We kept on until our horse made a dead halt, and refused to go under the influence of the spur, when we got down to examine what was the matter, and found we had been urging the animal over a deep ravine of about seventy feet deep. Convinced that we were lost, we prepared to camp until daylight; so we spread our blanket and commenced unsaddling our horse, when the sound of the church-bell striking the hour was wafted to our ears by the breeze. Never did the most impassioned strains of music sound so sweetly to us! Mounting our horse again, we followed the sound, and was soon before the walls of the town. Taking a guide, we presently found the house of our old Italian friend Domingo Moricio, whose family received us with the warmest greetings. What was our surprise to find a party of Texians who had arrived here in the early part of the day! We had been misinformed as to the party which was supposed to have gone on ahead. After seeing our horse well fed, we partook of a fine supper, and related the adventures of our journey to our comrades. Many a wild story followed, and, while in the height of our merriment, the soft notes of a guitar accompanied by the sweet voice of one of Don Domingo's daughters, produced a total silence, as the rich notes swelled upon the evening air.

Friday, the 9th, was a beautiful morning, and the cool, balmy air was delicious. At sun-rise, we walked down to the river San Juan to water our horse. It was a lovely scene; women and young girls were filling their water-jars; one or two Mexicans were seen crossing the river on horses; cattle and flocks of sheep and goats were seen grazing near by; birds were singing their morning carols, and the waters rippled along with an enchanting murmur over their rocky bed—the whole making as sweet a landscape as one would wish to look upon.

After a delightful breakfast, we bade our friends farewell, and, without waiting for the train to come up, started off with our comrades for Comargo. At 2, P. M., we arrived at our old camp-ground, Guardado, near the lake, where we stopped to get dinner at the house of a Mexican. Some boiled meat, with pepper-sauce and tortillas, were soon prepared for us by a young girl, and setting the dishes containing the same near the door, and placing some cushions for us to sit on, we were told that our dinner was ready; so using our fingers for knives and forks, we made a



hearty meal. At 6, P. M., we crossed the river and arrived once more at Comargo. Here we met a few friends; but this place had also changed very much since we last camped here, and new faces had taken the place of old ones. All was stir and activity, and great excitement prevailed.

The next morning the train arrived, and at 4, P. M., we took passage on the steamer Whitesville, Capt. Dunn, for the mouth of the Rio Grande. We had a pleasant party on board, and the time passed very agreeably. On Monday, the 12th, we stopped at a wood-pile, where we saw a natural curiosity in the shape of a *white* Mexican boy with *red eyes*! On Tuesday, we arrived at Matamoras. Here, too, was another change; the American mechanic had taken the place of the Mexican; new stores had been opened with large stocks of goods, and in coffee-houses and grog-shops were seen farro banks and all kinds of gambling games going on. Over a dingy-looking shanty, was a sign painted "*Head-quarters of the Volunteers.*" "*Mush and Milk!*" We had barely time to visit our friend, the old French baker, when the steamer's bell rang, and, bidding all good-bye, we reached the boat, and were once more on our way towards the mouth. We arrived the next day at 11, A. M. A boat was ready to leave for the Brazos; but, as it was blowing a gale, and the breakers very heavy, she was detained.

On the morning of the 15th, the wind having abated, we crossed the bar, and arrived at Brazos St. Jago at 10, A. M. Large warehouses had been built since we were here last, and the place looked very lively to what it did when we were encamped on its sand-banks. Mr. and Mrs. Hart were here with a theatrical company, who, we were told, were drawing "crowded houses." The next day we visited Point Isabel, which we found very much improved—a fine hotel having been built, which was kept in good style. On the 19th, we took passage in the steam propeller "Florida," and at 4, P. M., got under way for New Orleans. It was blowing fresh at the time, and our pilot had some misgivings as to there being water enough to take us over the bar. The breakers ran very high, and we had to go through their midst. Our craft stood boldly out, as if determined to meet the danger with a fearless front. On she sped, now rising with a wave which seemingly the next moment would lower her to the very bottom. "Port;" "starboard;" "steady;" were heard in quick succession from the pilot, when our craft struck with a violent shock, startling all on board and producing great excitement among the passengers. Again she rose majestically; again she struck; but not so severely. All sail and steam were now put upon her, and, having gained the middle of the breakers, she rose fearfully on a moun-

tain wave, which fortunately carried her over the bar. We stood off to the north-west, having a head wind, which lasted until we arrived at Galveston, at which port we put in on the 25th, being out of provisions, &c.

Galveston is one of the most delightful places that we ever visited. The chaste beauty of its buildings, with the spires of its churches rising above the city, seemed to diffuse a happy influence about the place, making one feel as if he could wish to call it *home*. Here we met many kind friends, and the next evening attended a most delightful assembly, which was greatly enhanced by the long privations and hardships to which we had been exposed.

On the 27th, we left Galveston for New Orleans, on the steamship *Palmetto*, Capt. Lewis, where we arrived after a most delightful passage of two days, once more rejoiced to find ourselves in the city of our adopted home.

We must now go back to follow Maj. McCulloch, who had left Monterey, with sixteen of his men, for San Antonio, Texas. Having crossed the Nueces with some difficulty about mid-day, the party were reclining upon the grass to rest themselves, when a couple of daring Comanches rushed in among the horses close by, and by their yells and accompanying antics succeeded in *stampeding* the entire *cavallada*, with the exception of Maj. McCulloch's horse and that of the brave Capt. Cheshire. These gentlemen mounted at once, and put off in pursuit. On coming up with them, McCulloch received a flight of arrows, one of which wounded his horse and caused him to dismount. He and one of the Indians then commenced manœuvring for advantages. McCulloch could not bring his five-shooter to bear. Meantime the other Indian, armed with a rifle, was creeping round trying to level it upon McCulloch; but the major was too cunning to be caught even in a double-handed game. By this time Cheshire came up, when McCulloch proposed a charge. Cheshire, however, thinking it more prudent to try his rifle, fired; but it did not tell.

The manœuvering continued—it was a sort of running fight. McCulloch charged up close enough to let loose his repeater; two shots did no execution; at the third it broke, and the Indian escaped. Cheshire now fired and wounded his man; the Indians retreated, leaving the horses. The Texians drove them back in triumph to the camp. In the interim, the *foot company* were in the utmost suspense, watching the prairie to catch a glimpse of their returning comrades; and when they at last hove in sight with the horses safe and sound, the air was rent with huzzas. Never was there a more joyful crowd, for never did a set of gentlemen come nearer *footing it* into *white* settlements.

Major McCulloch left Monterey with the understanding and by the request of Gen. Taylor, that in case hostilities should be commenced, he was to return. No sooner had the terms of the capitulation been signed, than the anchor of hope on which we had leaned for peace was found giving way under doubts, arising from a knowledge of the treacherous and deceitful character of our foe; and we had hardly reached our homes before it was known that our government had ordered the armistice to terminate.

On the 31st of January, Major McCulloch, with twenty-seven of his men, arrived at Monterey, and finding the army on the march to Saltillo, he continued on to that city, where he arrived on the 4th of February, and reported to Gen. Taylor. His company was mustered into service for six months, with orders to remain and recruit his horses until called upon. On the 15th of February, he was ordered to repair to Agua Nueva, eighteen miles distant, where Gen. Taylor had made his head-quarters, and who ordered him to make a reconnoissance as far as Encarnacion, a very large rancho, which was about thirty miles off, for the purpose of obtaining information in regard to the advance of Santa Anna's army.

On the 16th, Major McCulloch, accompanied by sixteen of his picked men, with Capt. Howard, and Mr. T. L. Crittenden and Lieut. Clark, of the Kentucky Infantry, proceeded on this exciting scout. Nothing of interest took place until about 11, P. M., when they arrived within a mile of the town. Here they met with the enemy's picket, who fired a gun at them and retreated to a rancho. Not knowing the country, Major McCulloch was obliged to keep the road. The detachment was now formed so as to repel attack and to prevent surprise. The night was very dark. They continued on cautiously feeling their way, when an obstacle presented itself before them that seemed to prevent their farther advance; this was first taken for a brush fence across the road, but on arriving within thirty paces, they discovered it to be a squad of some twenty of the enemy's cavalry drawn up in battle array. The scouting party was immediately challenged with *quien vive?* and before an answer could be returned, they received the whole of the enemy's fire. Major McCulloch immediately gave the order to charge, which was done in gallant style; the enemy's column wheeled, opening to the right and left, and retreated at a break-neck pace; our men dashed after them, and so hotly did they continue the pursuit, that they were enabled to ascertain the probable strength of the enemy at Encarnacion, which was supposed to be about 1500 cavalry. The charge ordered by Major McCulloch might appear rash, if not reckless, when it is considered that he was entirely ignorant of the force that opposed his squad



of men. But his position was as critical as it was perilous, and in order to save his men, and prevent the enemy from charging him, he was forced to pursue the course he did. It was quick work, and there was no time for thought. The manœuvre succeeded, and they came off without pursuit and without loss. Having obtained the desired information, it was thought most prudent to return to Agua Nuéva, as it was known that Gen. Miñon was in our rear, and the risk was very great of being cut off; accordingly, the detachment fell back, and arrived the next day safe in camp, without further incident.

On the 20th of February, McCulloch again received orders to proceed to Encarnacion, to gain farther intelligence relative to Santa Anna's advance. In scouting to an enemy's camp, though attended with extreme peril, it will readily be perceived that there is greater security with a few men, who can more easily effect an escape, than to go in force. The major, therefore, upon this occasion, took with him only *four men*, and his second-lieutenant, Fielding Alston, accompanied by Lieut. Clark, of the Kentucky Infantry. There was no water to be obtained upon the whole route; consequently, the scouts did not start until 4, P. M., in order to travel in the cool of the day, as well as to cover their approach by the darkness of the night.

About six miles from Agua Nuéva, near our picket-guard, they met with a Mexican deserter, who stated that Santa Anna had arrived at Encarnacion, with 20,000 troops. The Mexicans had circulated so many rumors that little or no confidence was to be put in what they said. McCulloch ordered the guard to take the deserter to Gen. Taylor, and proceeded on his way with the squad. At sundown the party left the main road and turned off into the thick chaparral to conceal themselves, and only touched the road twice during the route, which was for the purpose of crossing it. About midnight they arrived in sight of Encarnacion, and found the Mexicans encamped in force. The moon had just set, and it was quite dark. Continuing on, they stealthily moved along unperceived, passing inside of the enemy's picket, until they arrived close to the camp-guard of the Mexicans. Here a reconnoissance was made to ascertain the length of the encampment; they then fell back about half a mile to feed their horses on some oats, which they had carried with them. Major McCulloch now concluded to send back Lieut. Alston and the rest of his little party, with the exception of one man, William Phillips, to report immediately to Gen. Taylor, the probable strength of the enemy, and to state that he would remain behind until daylight, for the purpose of obtaining a fuller view of the enemy's camp.

The intrepid McCulloch was now left with but one man. De-

terminated to obtain the fullest information, they were again approaching by another fork of the road, when they suddenly came in contact with the enemy's picket, who immediately pursued them. To be caught was certain death; McCulloch and Phillips, therefore, to elude them, and avoid the chase, boldly galloped down towards the enemy's camp, going within less than half a mile of their lines! By this daring feat they escaped, the picket taking them for their own men trying to pass out! Falling back to a hill about a mile distant, they concealed themselves until daylight, when their horses were almost stampeded by the noise of the Mexicans' numerous trumpets and drums, with which they beat their reveille. At sunrise a heavy smoke settled down upon our scouts, caused by the green wood of the Mexican fires, which had now been lit, and there being no breeze to carry it away, McCulloch, although he had a fine glass with him, was prevented from seeing but little more than he had during the night. He then started on his return, and had not gone over one hundred yards when he discovered two picket-guards of twenty men each, in his advance. They were stationed about a quarter of a mile apart on the forks of the road which separated about eight miles, and again met at the rancho. McCulloch and Phillips were between the two roads, and were compelled to pass between the picket-guards on each side of them. Here they again had to run the gauntlet; so holding down their guns by the side of their horses, that they might not be perceived by the pickets, they rode slowly and deliberately along, to induce the enemy to suppose that they were Mexicans. The pickets having been on guard all night without any fire, and it being very cold, had kindled large fires after daylight, and having tied their horses, were warming themselves, when the two scouts passed out between them without being hailed, the enemy no doubt taking them for Mexicans hunting stray horses. Pursuing their course about eight miles, McCulloch ascended a high hill to take a look at a place upon the road called Tanc le Vaca, about four miles distant, where he expected to find another picket of the enemy, and true enough there they were. He remained at this place until about nine o'clock, A. M., watching both the movements of the picket and the main army, which now could be seen quite plainly with his glass, hoping that the picket of the enemy might be called in, and thus make his escape. But finding that they were not relieved, he avoided them by keeping around the foot of the mountains, and thus passed them unobserved, notwithstanding the narrowness of the pass.

Once more beyond the reach of the enemy's pickets, and freed from their late dangerous position, they took a long breath, and galloped on with light hearts towards the camp at Agua Nueva.

They arrived in sight on the afternoon of the 21st. Not a tent was seen standing, but a long column of dust was discovered upon the route to Buena Vista; our army having been immediately ordered to fall back on the reception of the news brought by Lieut. Alston. Having come up to the camp, where a small force still remained, McCulloch found Gen. Taylor anxiously waiting for him, who, on receiving the farther particulars, and the information that Santa Anna was on the march, in full force, merely observed, "Very well, Major, that's all I wanted to know. I am glad they did not catch you;" and mounting his horse, rode off with his staff for Buena Vista.

The 22d of February, once only sacred for the birth of Washington, was this day hallowed by the commencement of the glorious battle of Buena Vista, in which fell the noble Clay, Hardin, Lincoln, McKee, Yell, and the gallant sons of Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana. Again the tempest of war rose at its height; the enemy's battalions were hurled down upon our lines, and our troops were "backward borne." Now rolled the tide of victory in favour of the Mexicans; in turn their columns shook with the frightful havoc made by our artillery and musketry, which swayed their masses to and fro,—then swept them with the whirlwind's furious blast; and the battle-field again lay covered with the dying and the dead. The little army of Gen. Taylor seemed to have been left alone as an offering and a sacrifice to the cause of our country. Nearly five hundred miles in the interior, the regular troops withdrawn, without reinforcements, almost cut off from supplies, and surrounded by the enemy, it was left to meet with a sad fate, by encountering a force overwhelming in numbers. But it withstood the shock of the mighty host; bending to the storm of death, yet rising again and braving its fury, until the gale of combat ceased, and left the Spartan band victors of the field.

With the glorious victories of Monterey and Buena Vista still green in our memory, there comes a trumpet blast from the gallant and hardy sons of Missouri, proclaiming new laurels, won under the chivalrous Doniphan, at the battle of Sacramento, announcing the capture of the city of Chihuahua. Again, echoing from California, comes the triumph of Col. Kearny, announcing the battle of San Pascal. Farther yet, from the shores of the Pacific, is heard the roar of artillery, and our gallant tars under Commodore Stockton, from the ships Cyane, Congress, Savannah, and Portsmouth, unite with our brave troops, and another victory is wrung from the foe at San Gabriel, which resulted in the recapture of Los Angeles, adding another glorious battle to be celebrated with that of the memorable "eighth of January." Again



the foe is made to surrender at the bombardment of Vera Cruz; and again the "Blue Jack" of the navy, under the brave and skilful Commodores Conner and Perry, is mingled with the stars and stripes of the army, under the heroic Scott, and both flags flaunt on the breeze, from the battlements of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. Here fell the gallant Vinton and the daring Shubrick, two of America's noblest sons.

But our victories do not stop here. Advancing into the interior of the enemy's country, our troops are again met by the ill-starred Santa Anna, who had sworn to conquer, or die upon the battlefield. The valleys echo once again with "tumultuous war," and Cerro Gordo adds another laurel to the brow of the victorious Scott. A Mason, a Cowarden, a Davis, were sacrificed; while the blood of a Shields and a Sumner was spilled in the conflict with the enemy. Still onward advance our gallant troops, and from the heart of the enemy's country, from the walls of the city of Mexico, are proclaimed two more brilliant victories, the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. And while we rejoice over these triumphs of our arms, while our hearts bound with the glory of these achievements, we are made to lament and deplore the loss of the brave and noble spirits who were immolated at their country's shrine. The names of Butler and Thornton will ever be held dear, as bright models of American chivalry.

And even while we write, is proclaimed from the halls of the Montezumas, a still more terrible conflict,—a yet more desperate struggle,—and the national flag of the Union, waving triumphantly from the battlements of the proud capital of Mexico, announces its conquest, while the heart is chilled with suspense to learn the fate of the gallant braves who have achieved this last triumph of our arms.

But it is foreign to our intent to record the history of these battles; our task was but to relate the wild exciting incidents of the Texian scouts, and having finished this labour, we must here take a kind farewell of our readers, leaving it for more able pens to record the later exploits of our gallant army.







## LIST OF THE KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING IN GEN. TWIGGS' DIVISION.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Regiment.	Co.	Remarks.
KILLED.					
1	Wm. H. Watson....	Lieut. Col.	Balt. Vol.		Comm'g Bat., killed on 20th.
2	L. N. Norris.....	Captain	3d Infantry		Killed on the 21st.
3	G. P. Field.....	do.	do.		do. do.
4	P. N. Barbour.....	Brevet Major	do.		do. do.
5	C. Hoskins.....	1st Lt. & Adj.	4th Inf'ry		do. do.
6	J. C. Terrett.....	1st Lieutenant	1st Inf'ry		do. do.
7	D. S. Irvin.....	1st Lt. & Adj.	3d Infantry		do. do.
8	R. Hazlett.....	2d Lieutenant	do.		do. do.
9	J. S. Woods.....	Brev. 1st Lieut.	2d Infantry		Serv'g with 4th Inf., killed on 21st.
1	George Waitman....	1st Sergeant	3d Artil'ry	E	Killed on the 23d.
2	John Eagle.....	Private	do.	do.	do. 21st.
3	Lovell Gregory.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
4	Henry Snower.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
5	T. J. Babb.....	Sergeant	3d Infantry	D	do. do.
6	W. Patrick.....	Private	do.	do.	do. do.
7	J. Newman.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
8	C. Torskay.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
9	J. Young.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
10	William Brown....	Sergeant	do.	F	do. do.
11	William Mickle....	Private	do.	do.	do. do.
12	J. Harper.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
13	C. K. Brown.....	do.	do.	H	do. do.
14	J. Stubert.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
15	Edgar Lavalette....	do.	do.	I	Wounded on 21st, died on 27th.
16	Edward Reilly.....	do.	do.	K	Killed on the 21st.
17	Benjamin Bradt....	Corporal	4th Inf'ry	E	do. 22d.
18	Thomas Salisbury...	Private	do.	A	do. 21st.
19	Henry Conline.....	do.	do.	D	do. do.
20	Edward Carey.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
21	Allen J. Vanceal....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
22	Michael McGouth...	do.	do.	E	do. do.
23	John Weeks.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
24	James S. Doble....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
25	Peter Andrews....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
26	Peter Judge.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
27	Jas. C. Pennington..	do.	Texas Vol.		Capt. Shivers's Co., killed on 21st.
28	Martin Enwul.....	do.	1st Inf'ry	E	Killed on the 21st.
29	Thos. W. Gibson...	do.	do.	G	do. do.
30	Thos. Perkins.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
31	Lawson Stewart....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
32	Joseph Wolf.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
33	George Beck.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
34	Richard Bunchan...	do.	do.	C	do. do.
35	H. K. Brown.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
36	J. Carroll.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
37	Marcus French.....	do.	do.	K	do. do.
38	John Savage.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
39	Mica Hatch.....	do.	do.	E	do. do.
40	William Raymond..	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
41	Francis Sheridan....	Corporal	do.	do.	Wounded on 21st since dead.

## List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Twiggs's division—continued.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Regiment.	Co.	Remarks.
KILLED.					
42	John Trescart.....	1st Sergeant	Balt. Bat.	B	Killed on the 21st
43	G. A. Herring.....	Sergeant	do.	F	do. do.
44	Alexander Ramsay..	Private	do.	E	do. do.
45	Joseph Worry.....	do.	do.	do.	do. do.
46	Patrick O'Brien.....	do.	do.	B	do. do.
WOUNDED.					
1	W. W. Lear.....	Major	3d Inf'ry		Comd' rgt., wounded 21st severely.
2	H. Bainbridge.....	Captain	do.	do.	Wounded on 21st slightly.
3	J. J. Abercrombie...	Brevet Major	1st Inf'ry	do.	Do. do.
4	J. H. Lemott.....	Captain	do.	do.	Do. severely.
5	R. H. Graham.....	1st Lieutenant	4th Inf'ry	do.	Do. do.
6	R. Dilworth.....	2d Lieutenant	1st Inf'ry	do.	Do. died on 29th.
1	Philip Swartout.....	Sergeant	3d Artill'ry	do.	Do. slightly.
2	John Edwards.....	Private	2d Drag.	C	Attached to Co. D, 3d Artillery.
3	Wm. P. Holschea...	do.	3d Artill'ry	do.	Wounded on 21st slightly.
4	John Lee.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. 23d slightly.
5	Michael McCarthy..	do.	do.	do.	Do. 21st do.
6	Theodore Fricker...	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
7	Bendt. Nelson.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
8	Barthw. Stokes.....	do.	2d Drag.	B	Do. 23d do.
9	George Wolf.....	Corporal	3d Artill'ry	E	Do. 21st do.
10	S. D. Coal.....	Private	do.	do.	Do. severely.
11	Thos. Heuson.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
12	William Gilmore....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
13	John McCarthy.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
14	M. Reilly.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
15	W. R. Goed.....	Corporal	do.	do.	Do. 23d slightly.
16	Austin Clark.....	Private	do.	do.	Do. mortally.
17	P. E. Holcomb.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
18	Thos. Wajan.....	Musician	3d Inf'ry	do.	Do. 21st severely.
19	G. Brownley.....	Sergeant	do.	A	Do. do.
20	Emit Haddock.....	Private	do.	C	Do. slightly.
21	P. Maloney.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
22	J. Hogan.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
23	P. White.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
24	C. Ichle.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
25	N. Farley.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
26	C. Leslie.....	do.	do.	D	Do. do.
27	D. Presbie.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
28	J. D. Ritters.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
29	W. H. McDonnell...	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
30	Ischa B. Tucker....	do.	do.	do.	Do. 23d severely.
31	M. Tyler.....	do.	do.	F	Do. 21st do.
32	Joseph Morris.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
33	W. Mullen.....	do.	do.	H	Do. do.
34	W. Rooke.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
35	J. Freel.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
36	D. Boyle.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
7	T. Clair.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
8	Wm. H. Bowden....	do.	do.	I	Do. severely.

## List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Twiggs's division—continued.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Regiment.	Co.	Remarks.
	WOUNDED.				
39	J. Mansfield.....	Private	3d Inf'ry	I	Wounded on 21st severely.
40	C. Adams.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
41	Edward Astin.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
42	James Calhoun.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
43	J. Kerns.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
44	M. Keegan.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
45	L. Sours.....	do.	do.	K	Do. do.
46	David Pottsdaner....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
47	G. E. Radwell.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
48	Thos. O'Brien.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
49	Geo. W. Anderson..	Sergeant	4th Inf'ry	A	Do. slightly
50	Robert Sanders.....	do.	do.	B	Do. dangerously.
51	Thos. Mannigan....	do.	do.	E	Do. do.
52	Jas. Ryan.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
53	Thos. Hyam.....	Corporal	do.	A	Do. do.
54	James Wyley.....	do.	do.	B	Do. dangerously.
55	Danl. McDonald.....	do.	do.	C	Do. slightly.
56	Wm. Albison.....	do.	do.	D	Do. severely.
57	Matw. McCormick..	do.	do.	E	Do. do.
58	Wm. Taylor.....	Private	do.	A	Do. do.
59	E. Henderson.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
60	Wm. Holborn.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
61	Wm. Petty.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. dangerously.
62	Wm. Johnson.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
63	John Hill.....	do.	do.	C	Do. severely.
64	E. Barnum.....	do.	do.	D	Do. do.
65	Robt. Halden.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
66	Wm. A. Jones.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
67	James Myers.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
68	Aaron Wriggle.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
69	Andrew Smith.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. mortally.
70	William C. Jones...	do.	do.	E	Do. dangerously.
71	John Maguire.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
72	John McDuffy.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. dangerously.
73	John Banks.....	1st Sergeant	1st Inf'ry	K	Do. slightly.
74	Patk. Myles.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. very severely.
75	E. Bessie.....	do.	do.	E	Do. slightly.
76	T. H. Haller.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
77	John Tigart.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
78	E. Garver.....	do.	do.	C	Do. severely.
79	Denton Conner.....	Corporal	do.	G	Do. do.
80	Robt. Aikens.....	do.	do.	C	Do. very severely.
81	Augustus Lapple....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
82	C. Smith.....	Musician	do.	K	Do. slightly.
83	Wm. McCarty.....	Private	do.	do.	Do. severely.
84	Patrick Neely.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
85	John Saunders.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
86	Wm. Norlin.....	do.	do.	E	Do. do.
87	Robt. E. Wooley....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
88	James Crawley.....	do.	do.	G	Do. slightly.
89	H. Duckart.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
90	Francis Faulkler....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
91	A. Ryan.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.



## List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Twiggs's division—continued.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Regiment.	Co.	Remarks.
WOUNDED.					
92	John Wilson.....	Private	1st Inf'y	G	Wounded on 21st slightly.
93	Jacob Smidt.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. severely.
94	Chas. Ratcliffe.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
95	James Delaney.....	do.	do.	K	Do. severely.
96	H. Shrieder.....	do.	do.	G	Do. do.
97	John Gallagher.....	do.	do.	C	Do. do.
98	Levi Smith.....	do.	do.	G	Do. do.
99	Peter McCabe.....	do.	do.	E	Do. do.
100	W. P. Poulson.....	1st Sergeant	Balt. Bat.	B	Do. slightly.
101	Robt. Caples.....	Private	do.	A	Do. very dang'sly.
102	James Piles.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. very severely.
103	Albert Hart.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
104	William Lee.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
105	Jacob Hemming.....	do.	do.	B	Do. slightly.
106	Geo. Annuld.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. very severely.
107	Chas. Peck.....	do.	do.	D	Do. slightly.
108	Andw. J. Norris....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
109	Geo. Allen.....	do.	do.	E	Do. do.
110	Jas. Henry.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
111	Harry Elting.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
112	Wm. Kelly.....	do.	do.	F	Do. severely.
113	H. Gifford.....	do.	do.	do.	Do. slightly.
114	Melvin J. Stone....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
115	E. W. Stevenson....	do.	do.	do.	Do. do.
116	Wm. P. Alexander..	do.	do.	A	Do. severely.
MISSING.					
1	E. Gormley.....	Private	3d Infantry	I	} Known to have been wounded & presumed dead.
2	Geo. O'Brien.....	do.	do.	do.	

## GEN. BUTLER'S DIVISION.—OHIO REGIMENT.

KILLED.					
1	Mathew Hett.....	1st Lieutenant	.....	.....	Killed on the 21st.
1	W. G. Davis.....	1st Sergeant	.....	B	Do. do.
2	D. F. Smith.....	Private	.....	do.	Do. do.
3	O. B. Coxe.....	do.	.....	do.	Do. do.
4	Elijah Reese.....	do.	.....	do.	Do. do.
5	Thomas McMurray..	do.	.....	do.	Do. do.
6	W. H. Harris.....	Corporal	.....	1Ri.	Do. do.
7	Richard Welch.....	Private	.....	A	Do. do.
8	James McCockey...	do.	.....	C	Do. do.
9	George Phale.....	do.	.....	do.	Do. do.
10	William Weber.....	do.	.....	do.	Do. do.
11	John Havolett.....	do.	.....	D	Do. do.
12	T. D. Egan.....	do.	.....	E	Do. do.
13	Stephen Freeman...	do.	.....	2Ri.	Do. do.
14	Oscar Behnee.....	do.	.....	do.	Do. do.
WOUNDED.					
	W. O. Butler.....	Major General	.....	.....	Wounded on 21st severely.
1	A. M. Mitchell.....	Colonel	.....	.....	Do. do.
2	A. W. Armstrong...	Lieut. & Adj.	.....	.....	Do. do.
3	Lewis Morter.....	1st Lieutenant	.....	.....	Do. slightly.

## List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Butler's division—continued.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
WOUNDED.				
4	N. H. Niles.....	1st Lieutenant		Wounded on 21st severely.
5	H. McCarty.....	2d Lieutenant		do. slightly.
6	James George.....	Captain		do. do.
1	Samuel Myers.....	Private	1st Rifle	do. do.
2	Josiah A. Kellam...	do.	do.	do. do.
3	Edward Wade.....	do.	do.	do. do.
4	William Maloney...	1st Sergeant	A	do. do.
5	John Farrell.....	Private	do.	do. do.
6	John Clarken.....	do.	do.	do. do.
7	William Work.....	do.	do.	do. do.
8	Thos. Vande Venter.	do.	do.	do. do.
9	John Flannigan.....	do.	do.	do. do.
10	Jeremiah Ryan.....	do.	do.	do. do.
11	Michael Gilligan....	do.	do.	do. do.
12	Tobias Went.....	do.	C	do. do.
13	Charles Segar.....	do.	do.	do. do.
14	Griffin Lowerd.....	do.	D	do. do.
15	Alfred Doneghue....	do.	do.	do. do.
16	Joseph Lombeck....	do.	do.	do. do.
17	Silas Burrill.....	do.	do.	do. do.
18	William Miller.....	Sergeant	E	do. do.
19	G. W. Fitzhugh.....	Corporal	do.	do. do.
20	Robert Doney.....	Private	do.	do. do.
21	Adam F. Shane.....	do.	G	do. do.
22	John Fletcher.....	do.	do.	do. do.
23	A. B. McKee.....	do.	do.	do. do.
24	George Myer.....	Corporal	H	do. do.
25	E. J. Spoole.....	Private	do.	do. do.
26	Henry Weber.....	do.	do.	do. do.
27	Henry Myer.....	do.	do.	do. do.
28	George Webster....	Sergeant	2d Rifle	do. do.
29	George Longfellow..	do.	do.	do. do.
30	John F. Longley....	Corporal	do.	do. do.
31	John Pearson.....	Private	do.	do. died since.
32	R. H. Alcott.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
33	Henry Humphries...	do.	do.	do. do.

## TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

KILLED.			Killed on the 21st.	
1	W. B. Allen.....	Captain		do.
2	S. M. Putman.....	2d Lieutenant		do.
1	John B. Porter.....	Private	C	do.
2	William H. Robinson	do.	do.	do.
3	John A. Hill.....	Sergeant	D	do.
4	B. F. Coffee.....	Private	do.	do.
5	E. W. Thomas.....	do.	E	do.
6	Booker H. Dolton...	do.	F	do.
7	Isaac Gurman Elliot	do.	G	do.
8	Peter H. Martin.....	do.	do.	do.
9	Edward Pryor.....	do.	do.	do.
10	Benjamin Soaper....	do.	do.	do.
11	Henry Collins.....	do.	H	do.
12	James H. Allison....	do.	I	do.
13	Jas. H. Johnston....	do.	do.	do.

*List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Butler's division—continued.*

## TENNESSEE REGIMENT—CONTINUED.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
KILLED.				
14	Jas. B. Turner.....	Private	I	Killed on the 21st.
15	R. D. Willis.....	do.	do.	do.
16	Joseph B. Burkitt...	do.	K	do.
17	Jas M. L. Campbell.	do.	do.	do.
18	A. J. Eaton.....	do.	do.	do.
19	A. J. Gibson.....	do.	do.	do.
20	Finlay Glover.....	do.	do.	do.
21	A. J. Pratt.....	do.	do.	do.
22	William Rhodes.....	do.	do.	do.
23	John W. Sanders....	do.	do.	do.
24	G. W. Wilson.....	do.	do.	do.
WOUNDED.				
1	R. B. Alexander.....	Major		Wounded on 21st severely.
2	J. L. Scudder.....	1st Lieutenant		do. do.
3	G. H. Nixon.....	do.		do. slightly.
4	J. C. Allen.....	2d Lieutenant		do. severely.
1	F. F. Winston.....	Corporal	B	do. slightly.
2	J. L. Bryant.....	Private	do.	do. severely.
3	Alexander Bigam...	do.	do.	do. do.
4	D. G. Fleming.....	do.	do.	do. do.
5	Mackey Roney.....	do.	do.	do. do.
6	Samuel Davis.....	do.	do.	do. do.
7	James Thompson...	do.	do.	do. do.
8	David Collins.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
9	A. S. Duval.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
10	T. B. Powell.....	do.	do.	do. do.
11	Wm. B. Davis.....	do.	C	do. do.
12	Joseph Law.....	do.	do.	do. do.
13	James York.....	do.	do.	do. mortally.
14	William Young.....	do.	do.	do. do.
15	Richard Gifford....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
16	A. V. Stanfield.....	do.	do.	do. do.
17	Asa Lamb.....	do.	do.	do. do.
18	J. J. Argo.....	Corporal	D	do. do.
19	James Todd.....	Private	do.	do. severely.
20	Thomas Vickens....	do.	do.	do. do.
21	W. D. Cabler.....	do.	E	do. since dead.
22	James M. Vance....	1st Sergeant	F	do. severely.
23	George W. Gilbert..	Sergeant	do.	do. slightly.
24	Chas. M. Talley....	Private	do.	do. do.
25	Michael Crantze....	do.	do.	do. severely.
26	R. C. Locke.....	do.	do.	do. do.
27	J. F. Raphile.....	do.	do.	do. since dead.
28	Thomas Kelly	do.	do.	do. severely.
29	Albert Tomlinson...	do.	do.	do. do.
30	Julius C. Elliott....	Corporal	C	do. do.
31	R. A. Cole.....	Private	G	do. slightly.
32	Jas. H. Jenkins....	do.	do.	do. severely.
33	A. G. Stewart.....	do.	do.	do. do.
34	Gulinger Holt.....	Sergeant	H	do. do.
35	James Patterson....	Corporal	do.	do. slightly.
36	Charley Arnold.....	Private	do.	do. do.



List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Butler's division—continued.

TENNESSEE REGIMENT—CONTINUED.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
WOUNDED.				
37	J. J. Blackwell.....	Private	H	Wounded on 21st slightly.
38	Joseph Crutchfield..	do.	do.	do. do.
39	J. Freeman.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
40	J. D. Gilmer.....	do.	do.	do. do.
41	P. O. Hale.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
42	Daniel C. King.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
43	C. B. Maguire.....	do.	do.	do. do.
44	S. S. Reaves.....	do.	do.	do. do.
45	A. W. Reaves.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
46	Augustin Stevens...	do.	do.	do. do.
47	Thomas N. Smith...	do.	do.	do. do.
48	C. B. Ward.....	do.	do.	do. do.
49	Charles Davis.....	1st Sergeant	I	do. severely.
50	Robt. W. Green....	Corporal	do.	do. do.
51	Eli Brown.....	Private	do.	do. do.
52	W. F. Bowen.....	do.	do.	do. do.
53	Peter Eugles.....	do.	do.	do. do.
54	Robert Flannigan...	do.	do.	do. do.
55	William Lowery....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
56	S. N. Macey.....	do.	do.	do. do.
57	E. G. Zachary.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
58	W. M. Alferd.....	Corporal	K	do. do.
59	John H. Kay.....	do.	do.	do. do.
60	A. S. Alexander....	Private	do.	do. do.
61	M. C. Abinathy....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
62	Jesse Brashars.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
63	J. M. Bailey.....	do.	do.	do. do.
64	Campbell G. Boyd..	do.	do.	do. do.
65	B. L. Commons.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
66	J. W. Curtis.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
67	H. H. Dadson.....	do.	do.	do. do.
68	John Gavin.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
69	Aaron Parks.....	do.	do.	do. do.
70	F. Richardson.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
71	A. O. Richardson...	do.	do.	do. do.
72	Thomas C. Ramsay..	do.	do.	do. do.
73	John Vining.....	do.	do.	do. do.
74	M. D. Watson.....	do.	do.	do. do.
75	Thomas Thompson..	do.	F	do. on 23d.
MISSING.				
1	Felix Wordzincki...	Private	F	Missing on the 21st, re- turned unhurt to camp.
2	R. R. Morehead.....	do.	I	Certainly killed in the ac- tion of the 21st.

MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.

KILLED.				
1	L. M. Troeur.....	Private	C	Killed on the 21st.
2	Silas Mitcham.....	do.	E	do.
3	Samuel Potts.....	do.	G	do.
4	Joseph H. Tenelle...	Private	H	do.
5	William H. Grisam..	Corporal	I	do.

List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Butler's division—continued.

MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT—CONTINUED.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
KILLED.				
6	Joseph Heaton.....	Private	I	Killed on the 21st.
7	Joseph Downing....	do.	do.	do.
8	Daniel D. Dubois....	do.	H	do. 22d.
9	John M. Tyree.....	do.	K	do. 23d.
WOUNDED.				
1	Alex. K. McClung..	Lieut. Colonel		Wounded on 21st dang'sly.
2	R. N. Downing....	Captain		do. severely.
3	Henry T. Cook.....	1st Lieutenant		do. slightly.
4	Rufus K. Arthur....	2d Lieutenant		do. do.
5	L. T. Howard.....	do.		do. 22d, 23d, seve'ly.
1	Henry H. Miller.....	Private	B	do. 21st, dang'ly.
2	J. H. Jackson.....	do.	do.	do. do.
3	A. Lainhart.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
4	J. L. Anderson.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
5	G. H. Jones.....	do.	do.	do. do.
6	John D. Markham..	Corporal	C	do. severely.
7	H. B. Thompson....	Private	do.	do. slightly.
8	E. W. Hollingsworth.	Sergeant	D	do. do.
9	Dr. G. W. Ramsay... Private	do.	do.	do. mortally.
10	Alphius Cobb.....	do.	do.	do. dang'sly.
11	George Wills.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
12	W. Huffman.....	do.	do.	do. do.
13	O. W. Jones.....	do.	do.	do. do.
14	William Orr.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
15	D. Love.....	do.	do.	do. do.
16	Joseph H. Langford.	Sergeant	E	do. do.
17	A. P. Barnham....	Private	do.	do. mortally.
18	H. W. Pierce.....	do.	do.	do. dang'sly.
19	William Shadt.....	do.	do.	do. do.
20	W. H. Fleming.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
21	Jacob Frederick....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
22	John Coleman.....	do.	do.	do. do.
23	Wm. P. Spencer....	do.	do.	do. do.
24	M. M. Smith.....	do.	do.	do. do.
25	James Kilvey.....	do.	do.	do. do.
26	J. Williamson.....	do.	G	do. dang'sly.
27	A. W. Taig.....	do.	do.	do. do.
28	Warren White.....	do.	do.	do. severely.
29	Robert Bowen.....	do.	do.	do. do.
30	Frederick Mathews.	do.	do.	do. mortally.
31	Benj. F. Roberts....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
32	Avery Noland.....	do.	do.	do. do.
33	Francis A. Wolf....	Sergeant	I	do. dang'sly.
34	C. F. Cotton.....	Private	do.	do. severely.
35	Geo. Williams.....	do.	do.	do. do.
36	Nat. Massie.....	do.	do.	do. slightly.
37	William H. Bell....	Sergeant	K	do. dang'sly.
38	E. B. Lewis.....	Private	do.	do. do.
39	D. B. Lewis.....	do.	do.	do. do.
40	Charles Martin....	do.	do.	do. do.
41	Jas. L. Thompson... do.	do.	do.	do. slightly.
42	John Stewart.....	do.	do.	do. do.

List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Butler's division—continued.

MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT—CONTINUED.

No.	Names.	Rank.	Co.	Remarks.
WOUNDED.				
43	John McNorris.....	Private	K	Wounded on 21st slightly.
44	R. W. Chance.....	do.	B	do. 22d, 23d, mort'ly.
45	P. W. Johnson.....	do.	C	do. severely.
46	Robert Grigg.....	do.	H	do. slightly.
47	Platt Snedcor.....	do.	K	do. mortally.

KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

WOUNDED.				
1	Valentine Deutche..	Private		Wounded on the 21st.
2	Lewis Young.....	do.		do. do.
3	Joseph Bartlett.....	do.	I	do. .22d.
4	Philip Smith.....	do.	do.	do. do.
5	Thomas Alender....	do.	K	do. do.

GEN. WORTH'S DIVISION.

Names.	Rank.	Regim't.	Co.	Remarks.
KILLED.				
H. McKavett.....	Captain	8th Inf't.	E	} At the storming of the Bishop's Palace and the heights overlooking it.
W. Rihl.....	Private	do.	A	
Charles Hamm.....	do.	4th Art.	G	
J. F. Wagner.....	do.	do.	I	
Irwing.....	do.	do.	do.	
Miller.....	do.	do.	do.	
P. Fickicson.....	do.	7th Inf't.	C	
S. G. Alleng.....	do.	La. Vol.	Phoenix.	
John Francis.....	do.	do.	do.	
WOUNDED.				
N. B. Rossell.....	1st Lieut.	5th Inf't.		In the arm and side by a musket ball.
Brand.....	Serg. Maj.	do.	N. C. S.	
McManus.....	Private	do.	E	
Grubb.....	do.	do.	G	
Schriveigman.....	do.	do.	do.	
Bell.....	do.	do.	H	
Ingalls.....	do.	do.	I	Leg shot off—died same day.
Grelan.....	do.	do.	K	
McGuirk.....	do.	do.	do.	
Hendricks.....	do.	do.	do.	
R. C. Gatlin.....	Captain	7th Inf't.	F	
J. H. Potter.....	2d Lieut.	do.	I	
R. S. Cross.....	Sergeant	do.	C	
S. P. Oakley.....	Corporal	do.	K	
M. Fleming.....	Private	do.	D	
C. Gusbenberger....	do.	do.	E	
James Myers.....	do.	do.	do.	
A. Rennebeck.....	do.	do.	do.	Died in hospital, Sept. 27.
N. White.....	do.	do.	K	



## List of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing in Gen. Worth's division—continued.

Names.	Rank.	Regim't.	Co.	Remarks.
WOUNDED.				
Morrison.....	Corporal	1st Art.	K	Died in hospital, Oct. 7. Attached to K Co., 1st Artil'ry—died Sept. 28.
James Harvey.....	Private	4th Art.	H	
Louis Kirk.....	do.	La. Vol.	Phoenix	Badly wounded.
J. W. Miller.....	do.	do.	do.	
W. Burton.....	do.	do.	do.	
M. Morton.....	do.	do.	do.	
Basse.....	do.	2d Art.	A	
Michael Noonan...	do.	4th Art.	H	
Joseph Grey.....	do.	do.	do.	
Stephen Edwards...	do.	do.	G	
Theopolis Bowis...	do.	do.	do.	
James Lynch.....	do.	3d Art.	A	
Mark Collins.....	do.	do.	do.	Died October 9.
Denis Kelly.....	do.	do.	do.	
Amos Collins.....	do.	do.	do.	
John Reinecke.....	do.	do.	do.	
Isaac Dyer.....	do.	do.	do.	
Boyd.....	do.	4th Art.	I	
Ragan.....	Artificer	do.	do.	
Paul Bunzey.....	Private	2d Art.	K	
Geo. Wainwright...	2d Lieut.	8th Inft.	A	
Rock.....	Sergeant	do.	B	
Wills.....	do.	do.	D	
Marshall.....	do.	do.	do.	
R. Riley.....	Private	do.	E	
Lawrence Tacey....	do.	do.	H	
Jas. McKnight.....	do.	do.	do.	

## RECAPITULATION.

Killed .....	9
Mortally wounded.....	6
Wounded .....	40
Total killed and wounded in Gen. Worth's division.....	55

## COL. HAYS'S REGIMENT,

ATTACHED TO 2D DIVISION IN THE TAKING OF MONTEREY.

*List of the Killed and Wounded in the several companies of the 1st Regiment of Texas Mounted Riflemen, commanded by Col. John C. Hays, in the recent operations in and about Monterey.*

Company A, Capt. Ben McCulloch's...			Herman S. Thomas, killed on the 22d of September.
do.	do.	do.	— Armstrong, badly wounded.
do.	do.	do.	Fielding Alston, do. do.
do.	do.	do.	Jno. P. Waters, do. do.
do.	do.	do.	C. E. De Witt, do. do.
do.	do.	do.	Oliver Jenkins, slightly wounded.
do.	do.	do.	J. F. Minter, do. do.
do.	do.	do.	Thomas Law, do. do.
Company B, Capt. C. B. Acklen's.....			None killed or wounded.
Company C, Capt. Tom Green's.....			None killed.
do.	do.	do.	John Rabb, slightly wounded.
Company D, Capt. Ballowe's.....			Lieut. Wm. E. Reese, slightly wounded on the 22d.
do.	do.	do.	Daniel McCarty, killed.
Company E, Capt. C. C. Herbert's....			J. W. D. Austin, killed on the 21st.
do.	do.	do.	Jesse Perkins, slightly wounded.
Company F, Capt. Early's.....			None killed.
do.	do.		N. P. Browning, slightly wounded.
Company G, Capt. James Gillespie's...			Sergt. Roundtree, slightly wounded.
Company H, Capt. J. B. McCown's....			Corp. J. B. Walker, slightly wounded.
do.	do.	do.	Wm. Carley, badly wounded.
do.	do.	do.	J. Buchanan, H. P. Lyon, and C. W. Tufts, were left behind on special duty, and are supposed to be killed.
			None killed in action.
Company I, Capt. R. A. Gillespie's....			Capt. R. A. Gillespie, killed in storming the second height.
do.	do.	do.	Gilbert Brush, slightly wounded.
Company K, Capt. Eli Chandler's....			Corp. John M. Fullerton, killed.
do.	do.	do.	Sergt. J. B. Barry, slightly wounded.
do.	do.	do.	B. F. Keys, do. do.

## COL. WOODS'S REGIMENT OF TEXAS RANGERS,

OPERATING IN THE EASTERN PART OF THE CITY ON THE 23D.

Killed—George Short and Thomas Gregory.....	2
Wounded—Baker Barton, Chas. G. Davenport, Ira Grigsby, and C. Reese..	4
	—
Total killed and wounded.....	6

## RECAPITULATION.

DIVISIONS.	KILLED.				WOUNDED.			
	Officers—Regulars.	Privates—Regulars.	Officers—Volunteers.	Privates—Volunteers.	Officers—Regulars.	Privates—Regulars.	Officers—Volunteers.	Privates—Volunteers.
GEN. TWIGGS'S.								
2d Regiment Dragoons.....	4				9			
1st Infantry.....	2	14			2	27		
2d Infantry.....	1							
3d Infantry.....	5	14			2	31		
4th Infantry.....	2	11				23		
3d Artillery.....		4				9		
Light Artillery.....						7		
Baltimore Battalion.....			1	5				17
Capt. Shiver's Company of Texas Volunteers.....				1				
Total.....	10	47	1	6	4	106		17
GEN. WORTH'S.								
Artillery.....		8				12		
5th Infantry.....					1	9		
7th Infantry.....		2			2	6		
8th Infantry.....	1	1			1	6		
Phœnix Company of Louisiana Volunteers.....				2				4
Col. Hays's Regiment of Texas Volunteers.....			1	7				17
Total.....	1	11	1	9	4	33		21
GEN. BUTLER'S.								
General Commanding.....							1	
Kentucky Regiment.....								5
Ohio Regiment.....			1	15		6		32
Tennessee Regiment.....			2	27		4		75
Mississippi Regiment.....				9		5		47
Col. Wood's Texas Rangers.....				2				4
Total.....			3	53		16		163
Grand Total.....	11	58	5	68	8	189	16	201
Total killed and wounded during the three days.....								506

THE END.





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