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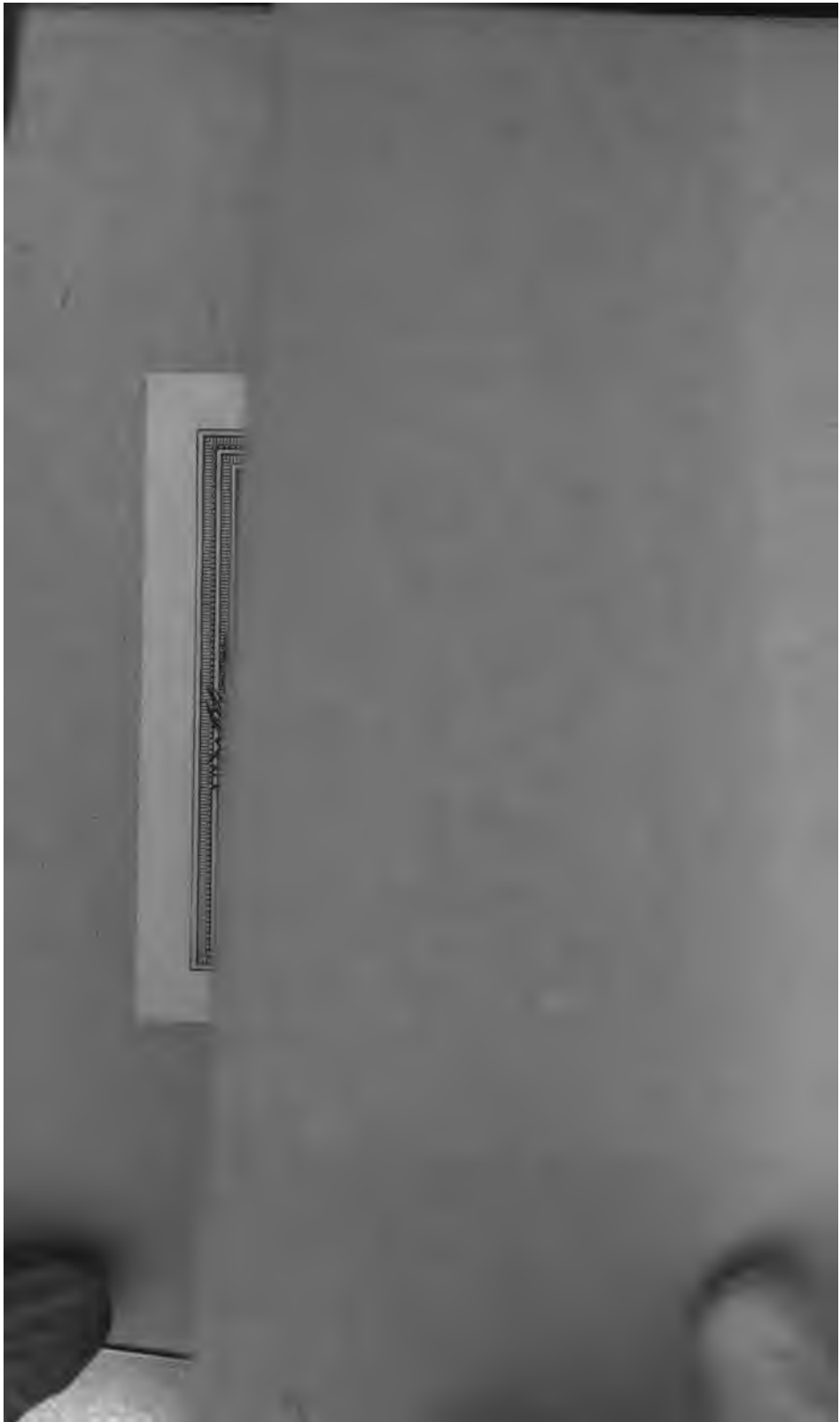
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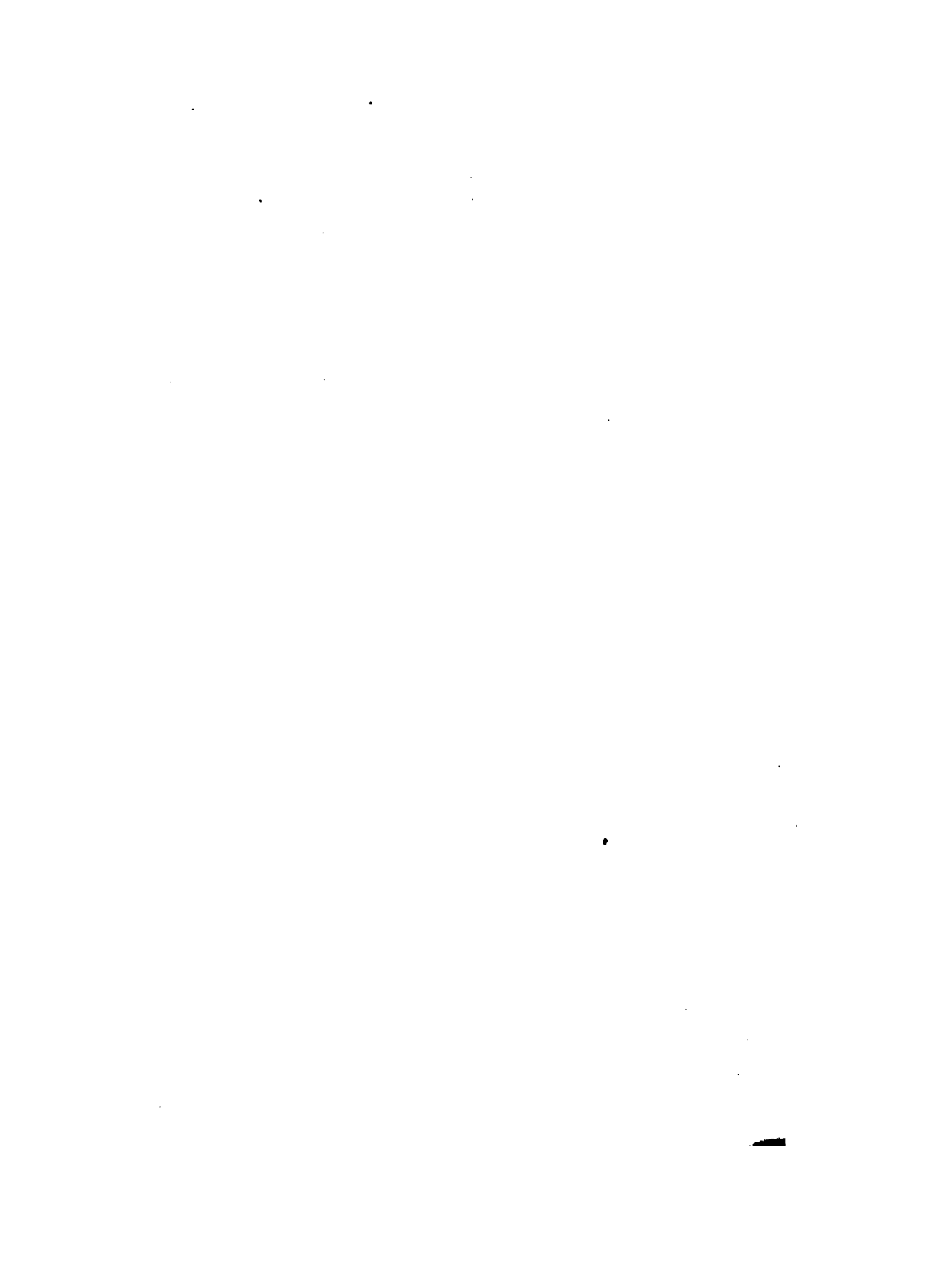
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NOTES
OF THE
MEXICAN WAR.

1846-47-48.

COMPRISING INCIDENTS, ADVENTURES AND EVERYDAY PROCEEDINGS
AND LETTERS WHILE WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN THE
MEXICAN WAR; ALSO EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT HISTORIES
OF MEXICO, GIVING AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE
FIRST AND ORIGINAL SETTLERS OF MEXICO, ETC.;
ALSO THE NAMES AND NUMBERS OF THE
DIFFERENT RULERS OF MEXICO; ALSO
INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH.

BY

J. JACOB OSWANDEL,

LATE OF CO. C, FIRST REGT. PENNA. VOIS.

REVISED 1885.

ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA:

1885.

INTRODUCTION.

When the United States Government first declared war against the republic of Mexico, Pennsylvania was called upon to furnish two regiments of soldiers.

Francis R. Shunk, then Governor of Pennsylvania, issued his proclamation calling upon the militia and citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to rally to the support of our national honor and to sustain the flag of our beloved country, which was then trailed and trampled in the dust on our frontier.

The time when this proclamation was issued, the author of this book was then living above Lewistown, Mifflin county, Pa., following boating in the capacity of bowsman on the canal boat "Mary," of McVeytown, of the same county, carrying freight and running between Hollidaysburg and Philadelphia.

We were on our last trip, it being in the early part of the cold month of December, 1846, the boats having hard work to contend with in breaking the ice.

We arrived at Harrisburg about the 9th of December; here we were met by Mr. Daniel M. Dull, the proprietor of our boat, who informed us that Adjutant-General George W. Bowman had chartered the boat to take a company of soldiers to Hollidaysburg, Pa.; the company of soldiers who happened to come on our boat were the Monroe Guards, of Philadelphia, Capt. William F. Small, commanding.

Having always had the inclination of either going into the United States Navy, or joining the United States Army, and particularly since the war and struggle with Mexico, the desired opportunities were now before me.

Having passed the age of twenty-one, I had already started out into life for myself, being thus young and healthy, and naturally ambitious for new enterprises and excitement, and had nothing to confine myself to any particular locality.

The world was before me, nothing to leave behind me, except parents, brothers, sisters and friends. I concluded to follow that inclination by enlisting in Capt. William F. Small's Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to serve during the war with Mexico unless sooner discharged.

Our regiment was, fortunately, attached to Gen. Scott's army, who dared to invade the soil of the Montezumas and teach an arrogant foe the bloody lessons of war, and dictate to over six millions of people the terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

After the close of that war we returned home with impaired health—many without friends and relatives; shattered with a disease, contracted in a strange country and a hot climate, which, in a few years after the war, had taken from their homes more than one-half of those who returned.

Some of our comrades have been fitly rewarded, by a grateful people, to the highest position in the gift of our people.

Gens. Zachariah Taylor, Frank Pierce and Ulysess S. Grant have been elected to the Presidency of the United States. Others, who, probably, were less ambitious, have found in the pursuit of private life a congenial occupation, and content with the reputation of their past deeds, desire to be known as citizens of good report and as veterans of the Mexican War.

The soldiers who fought through fire and blood from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico—a distance of nearly three hundred miles, which had to be fought foot by foot until the towers of the halls of Montezumas were stormed and taken, without a single retreat or defeat—have a just cause to be proud of their participation in that eventful struggle; and by their valor they subdued an insolent foe and greatly widened the area of nearly three hundred and sixty-four million acres of land to the government which called them to its assistance.

During this triumphant and memorable campaign, the author of this book kept a journal, and noted down every day's proceedings, from the first day of his enlistment until

his honorable discharge in the city of Philadelphia, July 29, 1848.

Many a thing may have been written in this book, which young men will eventually do, which at this advanced age of sixty looks foolish, but it is, as far as my observation, all true.

It also gives me pleasure to mention (and my friends will so testify) that I never failed to answer to my name at roll-call (except ten days while lying sick at Pueblo City with diarrhoea and cold, &c.).

NOTE.—The long delay in presenting to the public this work was for the want of finances, and I thank God that he has spared my life to have raised sufficient funds to publish this book. Yours,

THE AUTHOR.

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J JACOB OSWANDEL.

NOTES OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

CHAPTER I.

INTENTION AND ENLISTMENT—MUSTERED INTO THE UNITED STATES SERVICE—ELECTION OF FIELD OFFICERS—DEPARTURE FROM PITTSBURGH ON STEAMBOAT—ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS—ARRIVED AT ALGIERS OPPOSITE NEW ORLEANS—ENCAMPED ON THE OLD BATTLE-FIELD OF GEN. JACKSON'S ACHIEVEMENT—EMBARKED ON BOARD OF SHIPS FOR THE SEAT OF WAR—ARRIVED AT BRAZOS SANTIAGO—LEFT AND ARRIVED AT ISLAND OF LOBOS—LEFT LOBOS FOR ANTON LIZARDO—ARRIVED AT ANTON LIZARDO—PREPARING TO LAND.

Friday, December 11, 1846.—To-day, after we arrived at Lewistown, Pa., Louis Bymaster and myself, also of that town, came to the conclusion to enlist in a soldier company to serve in the United States Army during the Mexican war. Mr. Bymaster wanted to join some dragoon company but I preferred the volunteer infantry. He then said that he, Bymaster, would follow me, and concluded to join the company now on our boat and go and stick together, if we lived, during the Mexican war.

Saturday, December 12, 1846.—This morning after we arrived at Huntingdon, Bymaster and myself had fully made up our minds to enlist in Capt. William F. Small's Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to serve during the war with Mexico, unless sooner discharged.

We mentioned our intention of enlistment to Mr. Bently (a member of the company), who took us into the cabin

and introduced us to the Captain as new recruits. The Captain shook hands, and expressed himself highly pleased that we had made up our minds to join his company, and he hoped that we would never have occasion to regret it. The roll-book was then laid upon the table, after which we signed it. The Captain then again shook hands, congratulated us in a neat and well appropriate speech stating of our destination and prospect of triumphant victories in Mexico. Lieut. Aquilla Haines, who also was present, shook hands and said that he knew from our motive and activity on board of the boat that we would make good soldiers, and as long as we obey orders, as soldiers should do, we will find no better officer in the regiment. We then left the cabin of the boat and followed our usual occupation on the boat until we arrived at Hollidaysburg. During the day I informed my brother Frederick, who was also employed on the same boat, of what I had done and of my future destination. He seemed to be much surprised, and all he said was, well, I suppose you know your own business best, and all I can wish you is that you may keep your health, good luck, and a safe and triumphant return home again. The company of soldiers we have thus joined are entirely strangers to us, and we to them, they (with the exception of a delegation of eight men from Little York, who enrolled themselves at Harrisburg,) hailing from the city of Philadelphia. Mr. Louis Bymaster and myself are both from Lewistown, Pa., and will no doubt feel a little *shyness* for a while, but I hope before long, and particularly when we get into camp, we may be well acquainted and pleased with our choice.

Sunday, December 13, 1846.—This morning about 7 o'clock we arrived at Hollidaysburg, Pa., and for the first time took breakfast with the soldier company at Mr. Reynold's hotel. After breakfast I went back to the boat "Mary" to take a final good-bye of my brother and friends, and addressed them in these words, " Friends, I have enlisted and signed the United States muster roll to serve during the war with Mexico, and

that I will not flinch or desert from it. Nay; I will go forward with the company, let the consequences be what they may, and fight for the good old State of Pennsylvania as long as my two arms swing." (Cheers.) "Again, I will state that you can all rest assured that I will not dishonor the old Keystone State. Nay, I will ever stand by its colors as long as there is breath of life within me." (Cheers.) After this I shook hands with all my friends, and instructed my brother Frederick about my private affairs. I then joined our company, took the cars and ascended the Allegheny mountains, up five plains and five down. When we arrived at the top of the first plain, I looked back on the magnificent scene. The valley dotted with farm houses, the foaming and rapid Little Juniata river below us, presented a glorious view to the delighted eye. After the cars were attached to the engine and started, I, with the wave of my hand, bade good-bye to the "Mary," early scenes and exploits on and along the Juniata river. We arrived at Johnstown, Pa., about 4 o'clock, P. M., and by the invitation of the citizens we partook of a good supper.

History tells us that Johnstown was called after Joseph Johns, a pushing, enterprising and liberal German citizen, who was also one of the first settlers in this section of the country. It is a lively little town, and I find that there is a great trade and business transacted here in trans-shipment of goods. After supper we left Johnstown on a canal boat, chartered to take the company to Pittsburgh. We have plenty of good straw to lay upon, and are passing our time first rate; some are singing our national songs, some are playing cards, and others are trying to sleep.

Monday, December 14, 1846.—This morning, about 8 o'clock, we arrived at the beautiful little town called Blairsville. The citizens met us with drums and fifes, and escorted the company to the main square. Here we were divided into squads, and then taken to different hotels and private houses to breakfast. After doing justice to the free gift, we then

strolled about town, finding it well laid out, and a fine bridge across the river named Conemaugh. The people are very clever and intelligent. The town was named after John Blair, one of the early pioneers of this section of the country.

The drums beat, we were ordered on board, and left Blairsville with three hearty cheers from the citizens on shore. On our way we passed Liverpool, Saltsburg, Lockport, and Leechburg. Saltsburg is an old village; it got its name from the salt works, which are plenty, and seemed to be in full operation. Leechburg is named after David Leech, one of the most enterprising citizens in Pennsylvania. He is the head man of the forwarding and commission line of David Leech & Sons. They have a line of canal boats and cars running between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. I had the pleasure of seeing the old gentleman, and he looks like a jolly, good-hearted man. During the day we mingled and conversed with the different members of the company, and we found them to be a social and jolly set of men, and expressed themselves well pleased with our coming into their company. We also called upon the Little York delegation, so called on account of their hailing from Little York, Pa. They are a fine set of young men, jocular and mirthful in manner, full of talk and wit. They wanted Bymaster and I to join their mess after we arrived at the camp-ground, New Orleans, but we made no promise. To-day being fine most of the company were walking on the tow-path, going into the beer and ginger-bread. Our journey to-day has been a weary one; nothing could be seen but rocks and hills surrounding us on every side. This evening the weather is growing colder, and I find our boat has a hard time in fighting its way through the ice. To-night our soldiers are wrapping themselves tightly up in their blankets and straw beds, and snoring.

Tuesday, December 15, 1846.—This morning after a cold night's journey we arrived at Freeport, here we got off the boat and formed into line on the tow-path, and then divided into squads, and were then taken to different private

houses to breakfast, which was a good one, being one of the old fashion—buckwheat cakes, sausages and rye coffee.

After breakfast I viewed the village and found it to be a lively little place situated on the right bank of the Allegheny river; below it is a splendid aqueduct across a small stream called Buffalo creek. I also noticed different salt works in full force, and the people, like all along the route, are remarkably clever.

At 8 o'clock we were again ordered on board and left Freeport and passed the towns of Warren and Sharpsburg. Sharpsburg seems to be a flourishing town, and from what I can see there seems to be a great deal of business done. The people look like hard working, enterprising and thrifty people. The scenery from here to Pittsburgh is beautiful. About noon we arrived in the city of Pittsburgh, and some of our men who never had been in Pittsburgh before were perfectly disgusted at the idea of staying in such a smoky city. After we got on shore and formed into line we marched to the wharf where we quartered in one of the large warehouses. This has dissatisfied and discouraged many of the soldiers; having no stoves or any place to make a fire. The weather being very cold makes it still more unpleasant for the boys. In the evening some of our members left the quarters and went to the hotels and boarding houses to get something to eat and a comfortable night's lodging. Myself having never been raised with a silver spoon in my mouth, and for the last six years having been used to lying on hard bunks and rough living, don't mind this kind of rough usage, and all these growlers will have to get over their fancy idea of living and get used to the hardships of soldier-life and living. To-night I had a chat with the Yorkers and they are laughing their fist full about these city fellows finding fault about our quarters and rations; they will all get used to it before the war with Mexico is over. I bet they will.

The following are the names of the Little York delegation: Peter Ahl, Henry Albrtus Welsh, Jacob Danner, William

Eurick, Thomas Zeigle, Samuel Stair, Robert Patterson, William Patterson.

Wednesday, December 16, 1846.—This morning after we had something to eat, Bymaster, Welsh, Newman and myself promenaded through the principal streets of Pittsburgh, also to the packet boat landing, here we find that nearly all the soldiers belonging to the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers had arrived, which makes the streets full of soldiers. The ladies, and particularly the factory girls, seemed to be very sociable and talkative. They swelled around the soldiers as if they were in love with them; they talk in a pitiful tone of the dangerous risk in time of war, and particularly in a foreign land to fight. About noon we returned to our quarters, when we were told to form into line, after which we marched to the American Hotel, where we partook of a splendid dinner served up at the company's expense, and after doing justice to the good eatables on the table we departed in broken ranks highly pleased with the food and also delighted with the proceedings. In the afternoon we walked along the wharves on the Ohio river side and found it to be one of the greatest business marts that I ever saw, it beats Philadelphia. Steamboats and canal boats were all busy in loading and reloading merchandise for the Western and Eastern markets.

In the evening a party of us soldiers visited the theatre, which was well attended by citizens and soldiers; when the play was about half over in rushes a party of rowdies and half drunken soldiers, going by the name of "*Killers*," of the district of Moyamensing, Philadelphia, belonging to Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, rushing in past the door-keeper, entered the theatre, whooping and yelling like so many wild Indians. The police attempted to put them out when they cried out "Go in, Killers!" "Go in, Killers!" which caused a regular row, fighting and knocking one another down; finally quiet was again restored and the play went on without any more disturbance. In this row one of our members, named William

Mullon, (not McMullin,) accidentally had his head badly cut in several places, and after the theatre was over we returned to our quarters and turned into our bunks.

Thursday, December 17, 1846.—This morning we received orders for all the soldiers to be in their quarters at 8 o'clock, sharp, which orders were obeyed. After we were all in, the Officer of the Day placed a guard at the front door with strict orders not to let any one of the soldiers out. At 10 o'clock, A. M., we were formed into line and then marched to some kind of a barrack; here we were ordered to halt until our names were called, when we were mustered into the United States service by Dr. King, a jolly old fellow, who made some mirthful and joking remarks to nearly every one he mustered.

After we were all mustered we were again ordered into line and marched back to our quarters, here we were addressed by Capt. Small, in a good and well appropriate speech, which was much admired and applauded by the company. Capt. Small I find is a ready off-hand speaker, full of wit, intellect and talent, as well as very active in his motions. We were then again dismissed and at liberty for the day. In the afternoon eight of us soldiers went over to Allegheny City and visited the large manufactories, and I assure you we had a good deal of fun and sport with the factory girls, and I would judge by their movements that some of the girls were in love with some of our soldiers; I said to one of the girls, that I thought it was a bad time to fall in love with the soldiers now, for remember Johnny is enlisted for the war with Mexico, and God knows whether he will live to return to his love. Many of these girls gave us their address, and we promised them that if we lived to return from the war to call upon them as they will be much pleased to see us and listen to the tales of the Mexican War. After shaking hands and k— we left and visited several other large manufactories; at dusk we returned to our quarters, where we found our company busy in preparing tickets for to-morrow's election. Our company is, of course, solid for Capt. Small for Colonel of the

First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; Samuel W. Black, of Pittsburgh, for Lieut.-Colonel, and Francis L. Bowman, of Wilkesbarre, for Major. To-night a party of rowdy soldiers holloed and hurraed for Wynkoop, of Pottsville, for Colonel. To-morrow will tell who is who. Good-night.

Friday, December 18, 1846.—This morning the soldiers were nearly all up by daylight getting themselves ready for the election for field officers of our regiment.

Our company, (C) will try their utmost efforts to elect Capt. William F. Small to the rank of Colonel of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and if not elected, that Captain and his friends are willing to submit to the majority.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the election polls were opened, and generally, like at all other elections, fighting and knocking one another down was the order of the day. Some of our company fought like bull dogs if anyone said aught against Capt. Small. The row was kept up by the different parties concerned nearly the whole day.

In the evening at 6 o'clock the polls were closed, and there was a good deal of excitement going on while the votes were counted off, and everything appeared to look favorable for the election of Capt. Wm. F. Small to the Colonelship. This was the opinion of the majority of the officers, as well as the soldiers, who seemed to know something, but to our sad disappointment, when the official returns were read off it resulted in the choice of Francis M. Wynkoop, of Pottsville, for Colonel; Samuel W. Black, of Pittsburgh, for Lieut.-Colonel; Francis L. Bowman, of Wilkesbarre, Major; and Alexander Brown, of Philadelphia, appointed Adjutant of the regiment. The election of Wynkoop and Bowman causes great rejoicing among the country soldiers. About 10 o'clock this evening the officers elected were serenaded and made speeches suitable for the times, and Capt. Small was also called upon and said that he was not disheartened on account of his defeat, that he felt proud of the complimentary votes he received, and that he was going with his company and help to fight the battles in



CAPT. WM. F. SMALL,
Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Mexico; and he urged every soldier who voted for him to rally and to stick to the officers elected. (Great applause.)

The night was mostly spent in drinking, fighting, and walking and yelling around the streets of Pittsburgh, in fact, there was no use for anyone to go to sleep.

Saturday, December 19, 1846.—This morning I noticed several of our company and others having black eyes and cut heads, all from the election yesterday.

After we had our breakfast a party of us soldiers devoted our time to visiting several steamboats to ascertain which ones are chartered to take the soldiers to New Orleans, but failed to find anything out. So we left and visited the Pittsburgh Penitentiary and several other public buildings, such as the Western University, Court House, and the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny City; from here is some of the most picturesque scenery in and around the immediate country.

At noon we returned to our quarters, and at 2 o'clock, P. M., we received orders to march to the American House to be paid off. Each soldier received twenty-one dollars, with a deduction of five dollars and fifty cents from each man for expenses incurred on our way to Pittsburgh, while ten cents would have paid for all that we got, for everything along the canal was given to the soldiers gratis by the citizens.

This caused a considerable fuss, as there seemed to be no account given of the appropriation made by the State of Pennsylvania for this express purpose. In the evening our company received an invitation to attend divine services to-morrow at 10 o'clock, A. M., which was accepted.

Late this evening I noticed several boxes of musketry in our quarters, and it was not long before they were opened and each soldier picked out and helped himself to a musket. They are all old flint muskets, marked Harper's Ferry, U. S.

Later, every soldier who had helped himself to a musket was ordered to put the musket back into the boxes, as they are not to be opened or used until we arrive at New Orleans;

so there was another growling. To-night it commenced to snow and was very cold, which made the boys quiet, and they wrapped themselves up snugly in their blankets and straw beds.

Sunday December 20, 1846.—This morning, about 9 o'clock, we were formed into line, and after going through a little drill, Capt. Small stepped to the front and made a few complimentary remarks, hoping that every soldier will behave themselves as soldiers, after which we marched to the Presbyterian Church, which was well filled, no doubt from curiosity, and to have a good look at the soldiers. We were taken up to the front, where seats were provided for us, and seated, and listened to an excellent sermon, suitable for the occasion. Greatest decorum prevailed among the soldiers; in fact, the soldiers I noticed seemed to take a deep interest and listened silently to every word the minister spoke; and I also noticed that the fair and bright eyes of the ladies rested heavy upon most of our men during the ceremony. An orderly sergeant came into the church with a note from the Adjutant of our regiment to Capt. Small, calling him out. Here he received orders from the Adjutant to prepare his company for to leave Pittsburgh in the morning for New Orleans. The church looks like a well built one, and inside has a good imitation of marble blocks. The organ is a splendid piece of workmanship, very fine toned. The singing was exceedingly good; their anthem was "Gird on your Armor," which was sung by the whole choir, as well as by some of our soldiers. After church let out many of the people shook hands with nearly all of the soldiers, wishing us all good health, and God to be with us on our journey. In the afternoon the soldiers mostly took to carousing around the city and bidding good-bye to the citizens, telling them that we will be off for Mexico to-morrow. This evening a good many citizens came to our quarters, talking about Mexico and the many battles that will have to be fought before peace will be made. To-night most every man is busy in packing up and preparing to leave this smoky city for the seat of war. Some I notice are writing letters.

Monday, December 21, 1846.—This morning the soldiers were all up early, and busy in packing up their knapsacks. At 10 o'clock, A. M., we were formed into line, and after listening to a little speech from our Captain, we were ordered to march to the wharf and embark on board of one of the finest steamboats that runs on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, known by the name of "Messenger." Capt. Jas. Nagle's Co. B, also of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, came on board with us. There are two companies of soldiers allowed on each steamboat. There being ten companies in our regiment, it will, therefore, take five steamboats to take our regiment to New Orleans. After all the soldiers got on board of their respective steamers, we pushed off the shore amid the deafening cheers of the citizens on shore, and in return some of our men got a little cannon, placed it on the bow of the boat, and sent forth peals that shook the boats. The steamboats that had steam up blew their whistles as we passed them. We are now passing down the river, and are losing sight of Pittsburgh, but its black, smoking clouds could be seen for a long distance. On our way we passed the towns of Economy, Freedom, Rochester and Beaver.

Tuesday, December 22, 1846.—This morning after breakfast I went on the hurricane deck to take a view of the beautiful Ohio river. The river is full of wild ducks and other wild game. The weather is cold, it is now snowing, but this don't seem to drive the soldiers off the hurricane deck. All are too anxious to see the steamboats running up and down the river. To-day we passed Newport, Marietta, Ohio; Parksburg and Belleville, Va. All quiet to-night.

Wednesday, December 23, 1846.—This morning while we were eating breakfast, one of our men came running into the cabin and reported to us that there were several deer on the opposite side of the river bank. We, of course, hurried on deck for the purpose of seeing them, and sure enough, they were just leaving, running through the thicket woods. The Ohio river is full of floating ice and wild ducks, The weather

to-day is fair, and the scenery is most delightful and very interesting, it not being so hilly or mountainous.

To-day we passed numerous little towns. Their names I failed to get. They are mostly all situated along the river shore, and some are well laid out and promise to tell well in the future. Many of the citizens along the river had the American flag flying over their house-tops and on poles in honor of us soldiers, and at many places we perceived the ladies waving their lily white hands and handkerchiefs from the doors, windows and house-tops of their humble cottages on shore, and no doubt from some of the fair damsels who has or had a near and dear friend in the American army.

The soldiers, I am glad to say, are all passing their time first-rate. There seems to be no quarreling or any ill feeling between them, in fact, they act more like so many brothers in place of strangers, for it will be remembered that Co. B, is from Pottsville, and our Co. C, from Philadelphia.

To-night I notice that most of our soldiers are passing their time in playing cards and singing.

Thursday, December 24, 1846.—This morning after breakfast our company made up a penny purse for the purpose of getting up a supper; each man paid in fifty cents. A committee was appointed to wait on the captain of the steamboat, who, by-the-by, is a good hearted old fellow, to ask permission for the use of the cabin room for a Christmas eve ball to-night; the permission was granted with pleasure. To-day we passed the towns of Rome, Manchester, Ohio; and Maysville, Dover, Kentucky; Mechanicsburg, Palestine, Ohio; all seemed to be flourishing villages. This evening after supper was over, everything was got in readiness for the grand eve ball, which I must confess was a fine affair and well conducted, our Little York friends enjoyed themselves first-rate. The captain of the steamboat "Messenger" and all the other officers mingled themselves with the soldiers, and you can rest assured that we had some of the tallest kind of sport that I ever saw, and we did not stop until the clock struck twelve,

night. So in honor of our Saviour's birthday broke up the frolic, all highly delighted and pleased with the first Christmas eve ball spent on the Ohio river.

Friday, December 25, 1846.—This morning is Christmas, and the first one that I ever spent so far from home ; it seems odd to me to be so far from home on Christmas day, although there is plenty of amusements and frolic going on around me to entice me from my weary thoughts, but for all this I cannot help to think of the many Christmases I spent at home. Our cooks who were detailed yesterday to cook our Christmas dinner are busy in preparing the turkeys, chickens and many other good things. About 1 o'clock, P. M., the much looked for good things began to make their appearance on the table, extending the full length of the cabin. About an half hour later the door-way was crowded, all anxious to get in and be first to the table. The gong rung, then you should seen the rush and tumble for the best seats, and I am sorry to say the soldiers did not eat like men should have done, but like so many starved *hogs*. They of course all went and reached for the turkeys, chickens, &c., dug right into the good things, and the roughest and best men got the most, while such quiet and moral men like me had to pick the bones. I thought to myself this has been the first penny purse I ever joined and I think it will be the last one.

In the afternoon we arrived and stopped at Newport, Ky., opposite Cincinnati, here we remained all afternoon and evening with strict orders to let no soldier go on shore, but as a matter of course all our officers were allowed to go on shore and promenade through the streets of Newport.

To-night our steamboat was moved over to Cincinnati, and orders again given to the guard to let none of the soldiers on shore. More growling. So ended Christmas Day on the Ohio river.

Saturday, December 26, 1846.—This morning we left Cincinnati with cheers from the crowd on shore. We passed to-day a number of small towns, such as Covington, Claysville, Ky.;

and Lawrenceburg, Madison, Jeffersonville, Ind. Whenever our boat arrived at any town the little cannon would be fired off, which caused the people to rush to the river line, and when they saw that the boat was loaded down with Uncle Sam's soldiers, would give cheers.

In the afternoon we arrived at Louisville, Ky., and owing to the break in the dam the boat could not run over it or through the slot with its living freight on board. On account of the river being too low both companies were obliged to land and march through some of the principal streets of Louisville. After which we came to a halt in the main square and there dismissed for one-half hour. This pleased the boys, and you should seen them rush towards the taverns and cake shops, the men were mostly hungry, being tired of eating government rations.

I noticed the people here are not so sociable, liberal and open-hearted as those we met in other towns, they have not much to say, and give nothing until it is first paid for.

After the expiration of our time we again formed into line and marched (without receiving a cheer from the citizens) for about three miles around to another boat-landing place where we got on board of the old "Messenger" and left for New Orleans. Two of the members of Co. C were left behind, their names are John Perfect and Morris Stemler. This evening we passed a thriving little town called New Albany, Ind., we stopped few minutes, and when we left the citizens gave us three hearty cheers, which was more than we received in that fancy and aristocratic town called Louisville, Ky. The weather is getting considerably warmer, and as the saying is, the further down South we go the warmer the climate will be, and I find it so.

Sunday, December 27, 1846.—This morning we had a hard chase with the steamboat called the "Allegheny," who caught up to us during the night and was trying hard to pass the "Messenger." Some of our men who were interested in the race volunteered and assisted the fireman in keeping up steam,

and I have seen no less than three barrels of fat salt pork thrown into the fire-place, which naturally burnt like so much bitumstone and which made plenty of steam. This was the first steamboat race that I have ever seen on these rivers, and I must say it was magnificently contested. The race kept up until our boat had run out of coal and wood which gave the "Allegheny" a chance to pass us, which caused a cheer from the crew of the "Allegheny."

In the afternoon our steamboat was compelled to halt at a plantation to repair some of the machinery which became out of order during the race with the "Allegheny." Here we had some gay old sport with the darkies or slaves, cutting up all kind of monkey-shines, dancing, singing songs, &c. Some I noticed were fishing, while others were trying to make *love* to some of the yellow gals, in fact, I noticed some were as white as we are, even whiter. During all the time we laid here there was an overseer of the slaves to watch and see what was going on, and I heard him tell several of our men that he didn't care what we done with the slaves, so long as we don't entice them away; which orders were obeyed.


Louis Bynaster and myself took a walk through some of the orange groves which are truly magnificent, the tall palm leaves waved gracefully, and the air is sweetened with its perfume, it is really the prettiest place that I have yet seen. I also noticed that the negroes, or slaves, are far better clad and more lively spirited than one-half of our free negroes in the North. It is true, our negroes are free, but what is freedom when there is no protection for the negroes in the North. Of course, we in the North would like to see every man in the whole United States free, provided they are protected. Myself and all that belongs to me are opposed to slavery, but since I have seen some of its workings, I am satisfied and free to say, that the slaves in the Sunny South have it far better, and more care taken of them and are better protected than most of our free negroes in the North.

At sunset, the bell of the steamboat commenced to

ring, which indicated that the machinery of the boat was finished; all should get on board. After which we pushed off the beach; the slaves gave us three cheers which was responded to from the Yankee soldiers on board, and even the overseer of the slaves was cheering and waving his hat and throwing it up in the air. In the evening we passed the towns of Napoleon and Vicksburg. To-night, the usual merriment in playing cards, dancing and singing, while some are trying to go through some theatrical performance.

Monday, December 28, 1846.—This morning we could see Natchez at a distance off. There is a wonderful change in the climate; it is pleasant, and as warm here as it is in May or June at home. The scenery along the noble Mississippi river is indescribable; the prairie fields of cotton, the splendid mansions of the owners, and the out-houses and cabins of the slaves, all combined, was rare and strange sights to us northern *mud sills*. We also saw any quantity of wild turkeys, geese and ducks by the square miles. Swans and cranes are swimming on this great Father of Waters, while the air is darkened with wild pigeons. In fact, I have seen more wild game this day than I ever have in all the days of my past life. We passed Port Hudson, Baton Rouge, and arrived at New Orleans about 10 o'clock this evening, but none are allowed to go on shore.

Tuesday, December 29, 1846.—This morning Capt. Wm. F. Small was appointed Officer of the Day. He soon gave orders to the captain of the boat to run her over to the other side of the river to a small town named Algiers, which was done. This order raised considerable fuss among the soldiers on account of some of our men wanting to get off and go to New Orleans. One party headed by Wm. Ford of our company did break the guard, and about eight or ten jumped on shore just before we pushed off the wharf and went to the city. At this instant Capt. Small posted himself with the guard and warned all the soldiers to obey his orders like men and not act like a band of pardoned or escaped felons, and



that the first man who attempted to break the guard again will be followed and captured and will be severely punished.

These remarks had the effect of cooling these rowdies down, but not without cursing and swearing, and many threats against Capt. Small, but they cannot frighten nor scare Capt. Small, he is Small by name and small by nature, and he is just as spunky and plucky as he is small, so the boys behaved themselves during the day.

Algiers, above mentioned, will be remembered, as famous for the destruction of life and property by the two largest elephants in this country, Hannibal and Columbus, then attached to Messrs. Raymond & Co.'s Menageries and Circus Company.

If my memory is correct, it was seven years ago to-day that Raymond's Show was then quartered in this immediate neighborhood making great preparation for a grand procession into the city of New Orleans about New Year's day. When everything was accomplished that was necessary to make a grand display, a little before the time of forming the procession, Hannibal got stubborn and wanted to fight Columbus, the keeper, Mr. William Crum, had him finally quieted down for awhile, but soon afterwards Columbus got his back up and he showed a disposition of wanting to fight, or do mischief, and before the keeper, Mr. Crum, could do anything with him he struck Mr. Crum's horse to the ground and run his long tusks through the horse's body, his keeper, of course, fell with the horse, and Columbus instantly snatched him, Crum, up with his trunk and dashed him to the ground with such a fearful crash that it broke nearly every bone in his body, from which he soon died. Columbus then went for two mules attached to a wagon driven by a negro. He upset the wagon first, and then killed both mules. The driver ran and made good his escape while the elephant was killing the mules, after which he went for a negro who was sitting on the fence, and looking on to see the fun, and before the negro could get off the fence he raised him up on his trunk and dashed him against

the fence with a tremendous shock that instantly killed him. During all this fearful rage the elephant had three or four bullets shot into him, one went into his right eye which had the effect of bringing him too, and he was finally captured and fastened to a tree.

Messrs. Raymond & Co. had to pay the owner of the negro (slave) one thousand eight hundred dollars, beside one thousand dollars for other damages done at the *carnage*. Think of it, one thousand eight hundred dollars for a negro, when thousands of poor whites and blacks in the North are not worth eighteen cents. No wonder our Southern friends don't want their negroes to run away from them to the North, for in the North they are really worth nothing.

This evening I hear a rumor that we will go down below New Orleans to-morrow morning to encamp and drill; so we will all be on shore again.

Wednesday, December 30, 1846.—This morning after breakfast the United States Quartermaster came on board the "Messenger" and gave orders to Capt. James Nagle of Co. B, who was Officer of the Day, to get under way and proceed to the old battle-ground known as the place where Andrew Jackson gained the glorious victory over the British Army commanded by Edward Pakenham. At 11 o'clock, A. M., we arrived at the battle-ground, our place for encampment. All the soldiers were anxious to jump on shore with their knapsacks strapped on their backs and muskets upon their shoulders. We marched about four hundred yards from the river bank; here we were ordered to unslung knapsacks and select suitable ground on which to pitch our tents. Others could be seen gathering wood and building fire-places, while some of the rest were carrying water from the noble Mississippi, which is as muddy as our Juniata River after a hard day's rain. At noon other companies commenced to arrive in camp, and towards evening the battle-ground was full of tents and lively with soldiers. Different messes were formed, six in a mess. We soon had something cooked and eat it in

a homely way in our tent. To-night is the first night that I ever slept under a tent, and I was going to say I wish it was the last night, but this I can't see, it may be far distant yet.

Some of our soldiers slipped the guard to-night and went to New Orleans, this will have the effect of doubling the guard hereafter to keep order.

Thursday, December 31, 1846.—This morning after a very uncomfortable night's rest, one of our mess called me up who had already a good pot of coffee boiled and some meat fried.

After breakfast we were formed into line, and orders from Col. Francis M. Wynkoop's quarters read to us not to leave any soldiers go to the city of New Orleans without a written pass from our respective captains, and countersigned by our Adjutant Brown. The guards also had strict orders not to let anyone of the soldiers pass, if they did they would be bucked and gagged and put into the guard-house and bound down with iron chains during the time of our encampment at this place.

This afternoon some soldiers were detailed to get wood and some to get water, while others dug sinks, and some were completing and fixing up their quarters, and some got very drunk, and this makes Colonel F. M. Wynkoop issue such strict orders, and particularly on the men that act with unsoldierlike conduct. Serves them right, why not behave themselves like your humble servant. Nothing new but pork and beans for dinner, and beans and pork for supper (good-bye, 1846).

Friday, January 1, 1847.—This is the first morning in the New Year, and what can I wish myself at the commencement of this year? nothing but health and strength. This is all I can ask for the present; this morning reveille beat before breakfast, and companies' roll calls and all absentees noted.

At noon some of Capt. Hill's company (D) broke the guard and went to New Orleans City, where they cut up high, breaking and smashing everything that came before them. Some soon were arrested by the city police and put

into the "calaboose," and Col. Wynkoop is going to leave them locked up for a few days for their unsoldierlike conduct.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., we had a parade and drill for the first time, our Colonel was dressed in his full uniform with cocked hat and big feather thereon.

At 8 o'clock, P. M., tattoo, when all the lights must be put out in camp, and no noise after 9 o'clock at night; we are now eating our homely supper all in good spirits, that is of the kind, and there is a good deal of drunkenness amongst some of our soldiers, but at the same time there is no fighting amongst them.

Saturday, January 2, 1847.—This morning, after breakfast, orders were read for each captain of their respective companies, to give each company ten passes to go to New Orleans. Louis Bymaster and myself got passes and soon afterwards started for the city. We walked it all the way, which is about five miles from our camp-ground; we, of course, first struck for the St. Charles Hotel, here we met some of our own company and some belonging to the Louisiana regiment; after we had several drinks and good lunch, we left the hotel and walked around the city, and we find it to be a beautiful and well planned city.

It is the largest, greatest commercial metropolis city in the South, and from the appearance of the rush along the levees, there is more business done here in one day than there is in Baltimore in one month, and nearly as much as there is in New York. Their regulation and rules about the wharves or levees are the best in the world.

Along its levees you can see moored to the shore hundreds of steamboats, at one section of the city arriving and departing for Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, besides hundreds of flat boats and barges. Also hundreds of sea-going ships at another section of the city, arriving and sailing for London, Liverpool, and German ports; besides, steamships to Havana, Galveston, Panama, St. Domingo, New York, Boston, bringing the merchandise of the whole world to the warehouses of the merchants of New Orleans.

The steamboats and sailing crafts are all separate from one another, which gives them better chances to unload and reload without any confusion.

There are not many white people working on the levees, they are mostly all slaves; yet they don't seem to work harder than our poor whites in the North.

The poor old darkies, or those who have miserly owners, are a fair specimen of our old poor in the North. Their clothing is mostly tattered and torn, and is so patched that the original cloth is lost in the variety of colors used in keeping their garments together. Their jaws are fringed with an iron gray fuzz, and all over their black faces years have traced hard lines of struggle; hats on their heads are mostly without a crown and one-half of the brim, in the corner of their mouth rest the clay pipes; yet they seemed to be the happiest people I ever met with. They are good singers and dancers, and at dinner hour they gather around a ring, talk, tell stories, laugh, and sing until the bell rings, when everyone jumps upon his feet and goes direct to his place of work.

New Orleans is the great slave market of the South, where men, women and children are bought and sold to the highest bidder. Thousands of black men and women are smuggled into this city from Cuba and Africa, and sold by an auctioneer the same as they sell horses and cows in the North. After we had seen all we desired to see, we left New Orleans at 4 o'clock P. M. for our camp-ground, at which *Paradise* we arrived about 6 o'clock P. M., all safe except a little tired, but of course we were able to eat a hearty supper, after which we soon retired under our tent.

Sunday, January 3, 1847.—This morning after breakfast we were called out and formed into line, after which our muskets were inspected, and for the first time I was detailed to go on guard. I had a good post, it being the Quartermaster's department. I had no occasion to go to our quarters to get something to eat, there was plenty of good things

there, but strange the private soldiers don't get any of these things (all for officers).

To-day there are not many soldiers allowed to go to the city, for the reason that Col. Wynkoop received a note from the city authorities of the bad conduct of some of our men, but it turned out to be the Louisiana Volunteers. At noon the sun was unusually warm, and I thought to myself if this is winter in New Orleans I have no desire of spending the Fourth of July here.

This afternoon the steamship "Alabama" came in from Brazos, Santiago, bringing a large mail and about two hundred and fifty sick, wounded and discharged soldiers from Matamoros Hospital, but no news from Gen. Z. Taylor's army in Mexico.

To-night I heard a shot fired off, no doubt some ruffian soldier attempted to pass the guard to go and rob the citizens.

Monday, January 4, 1847.—This morning after I was relieved from guard I was free from all duty, such as drilling, parading and camp duty.

To-day several of our men got permission from our Captain to go to New Orleans, but with strict orders not to get drunk nor be found in disorderly conduct towards the citizens. Some of the other companies' men went to the city without permission from their Captains, and when they returned to camp in the evening they were all put into the guard-house by orders from Col. Wynkoop.

This evening some of Co. D's men had what I call a little fight with a Spaniard, who keeps a grocery and liquor store on the levee, and came near killing him. They would no doubt have killed him had it not been for some of the officers who were just passing the place at the time of the fight. The officers brought the men to camp, but said nothing to Col. Wynkoop about the affair. Had it been any other company's men they would have been put in the guard-house, but being the "Killers" nothing was said or done.

To-night as usual tattoo, put out the lights.

Tuesday, January 5, 1847.—This morning there seems to be a great deal of dissatisfaction among the soldiers of our regiment on account of the conduct of our officers toward the men. Nearly all our officers generally go to New Orleans, stop at the St. Charles Hotel, and there drink and eat and be merry, thus neglecting to do their duty toward the soldiers who are lying here without half enough to eat. At noon, in spite of the strictest orders from our officers to the guards, most of the soldiers passed between the guards and went to New Orleans to get something to eat. So this afternoon when the dress parade came off, Col. Wynkoop noticed that there was one-half of the regiment absent. After dress parade he immediately ordered five men from each company as guards to go to New Orleans and bring back all soldiers that could be found in the city.

At about 6 o'clock, P. M., the guards returned from the city having but nine men belonging to our regiment in charge. Of course, they were instantly put into the guard-house for safe keeping for a day or so. This evening, as usual, tattoo, put our lights out and make no noise, so that our faithful officers, who have just returned from the city, can sleep.

Wednesday, January 6, 1847.—This morning, as usual, the soldiers are cursing the officers and Quartermaster for not furnishing us with something to eat. It is, in fact, a perfect shame how the soldiers are treated in regard to provisions, and if it was not for the little money that the soldiers mostly have, God only knows how we would stand it. This afternoon a guard of fifty men were detailed from our regiment (I was one of the detail), and were sent to the city under command of Capt. Hill. We proceeded to New Orleans, and the first place we entered was a ball room, where there was a masquerade ball going on. At first Capt. Hill was stopped at the door, but with force we proceeded on our way in the ball room, and immediately arrested all the soldiers that were in the room. There were any quantity of city police in the ball room, and they insisted in favor of the soldiers staying in the

room, and were going to arrest Capt. Hill, but instead of the police arresting Capt. Hill, Capt. Hill ordered us to arrest every police officer that interfered, which we did, and marched them with the arrested soldiers to our camp, but on our arrival at camp, Col. Wynkoop released the police.

Thursday, January 7, 1847.—This morning there was nothing of much importance occurred, but talking and asking many questions about the arresting of policemen by the soldiers yesterday in New Orleans.

At noon the steamboat "Fashion," Capt. Morgan, came in from Brazos, Santiago, bringing the dead bodies of Lieut.-Col. William Watson, Capt. R. A. Gillespie, of the First Texan, Lieut. Randolph Ridgly, of the Third Light Artillery, and several other officers, besides a good many sick, wounded and discharged soldiers.

Lieut. R. Ridgly was with Maj. Samuel Ringgold at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma on the 8th and 9th of May, 1846; after Maj. Ringgold received his death wound, he took command of the battery and covered himself and his light artillery with glory. He retained the command of his battery until the time of his death, and for his bravery and skill, was promoted Brevet-Captain, and was Assistant Adjutant-General in Gen. Zachariah Taylor's army. He died October 27, 1846, from injuries received from the falling of his horse; the horse having fallen heavily on the whole body of Capt. Ridgly. He graduated at West Point in 1837, and was a brave, daring and skilful officer, a gay chevalier, a good jolly fellow and full of life, a great favorite in his regiment; he was looked upon and known as one of the best horsemen in the United States Army.

Col. Watson and Capt. Gillespie were both killed at the storming at Monterey on the 22d of September, 1846. The former in front of Fort Teneria and the latter at Fort Soldæla. One of the committee, a Baltimorean, who was sent to bring home the dead bodies of Watson and Ridgly, both being Marylanders, was hearty and in good spirits last evening

when he went to bed and was found dead this morning in his berth, an inquest was held, and the verdict was, death from heart disease.

This evening Capt. Small informed the company that we would have fresh beef to-morrow, and that we would more regularly draw our rations hereafter, which caused a hearty laugh and clapping of hands. So on the strength of this beef and regular ration news we eat our homely supper all in good spirits.

Friday, January 8, 1847.—This day is the thirty-second anniversary of the famous battle of New Orleans; the battle took place about five miles below New Orleans. Yes, upon the very field of our encampment. Gen. Edward Pakenham with over fifteen thousand well-drilled soldiers attacked Gen. Andrew Jackson's seven thousand raw militia with the full expectation of defeating Gen. Jackson's green militia, and driving them out of the field. Here on this camp-ground a most desperate struggle for liberty ensued, the conflict and its history is before the world, and it is not worth while for me to comment much on it, for we all know that it was one of the most brilliant victories of the whole war of 1812 and 1815. In fact the enemy were so badly defeated at this battle that they never up to this day ever attempted to attack us or even show any sign of an attack. Gens. Pakenham and Gibbs were both killed. The very tree under which Gens. Pakenham and Gibbs were temporarily buried still stands and shows marks of seeing services, too; over two thousand of the flower of the army of Great Britain were killed upon this camp-ground. All over these fields were strewed the dead soldiers of the British army, while the American army's loss was but seven killed and six wounded.

On the same night of the British defeat Gen. Lambert, the only general left of the British army, embarked with the remaining forces and left for England, and sent word to Gen. Jackson that he, Gen. Lambert, would bother him no more. This glorious victory causes great joy throughout the

whole United States on every 8th of January. At 10 o'clock, A. M., myself and several of our company got permission from Capt. Small to go to the city of New Orleans and see the sights on the 8th of January. After we arrived in the city and walked around a little, we came to the St. Charles Hotel and of course took a drink and lunch which is as good (as John Newman says, and he ought to know for he boarded,) as many a dinner set out in Philadelphia boarding houses; all for ten cents, drink included.

The military paraded, and I must confess turned out strong and marched and looked well, they were accompanied by several bands of music and a large number of citizens. The procession passed the St. Charles Hotel, marching through several principal streets, flags were flying and banners waving over almost every house-top, the cannons sent forth their deafening peals of thunder which made the very earth shake beneath our feet.

On most every public, as well as private dwelling, the flags of our country and the portraits of Gen. Andrew Jackson were hung out or stretched across the street. The procession finally came to a halt in one of the public squares, where the citizens listened to an oration delivered to them by an old patriotic gentleman who spoke for one hour with great force and eloquence.

In the afternoon we went to the circus performance under a large tent and stayed there until the show was over, after which we started for camp, at which place we arrived about 8 o'clock, P. M., well pleased with the 8th of January, 1847.

Saturday, January 9, 1847.—This morning strict orders were given to our sergeants and corporals to drill every man thoroughly in the way of loading and firing; also company drills twice a day which will be good exercise for the men.

At noon Co. D, or "Killers" as they call themselves, went out skylarking as they call it, they came to a Frenchman who had a whole lot of poultry, they broke into the poultry-yard and carried off about a dozen chickens, besides geese, turkeys

and a small deer. The Frenchman pleaded for his fowl and particularly his pet deer, but it was no use, they brought the plunder to camp and it wasn't long afterwards before they had their stolen game killed and on the fire cooking.

In the evening the Frenchman came to camp and asked for his pet deer, and when he was told it was killed and some of it on the fire, he shed tears and went to Capt. Hill and he told the Captain that he would go to the city to-morrow and get out a warrant for the whole of Co. D, for stealing and killing his poultry.

Sunday, January 10, 1847.—This morning there is a great change in the weather; instead of a scorching sun, it sprung up with a northern wind, and commenced to snow and rain all the morning, forming a pond of water and ice around our encampment, and running into our tents, the ground being so low that nearly all our quarters were overflowed with water. So we private soldiers were now in a bad fix. Some I noticed were taking their blankets and knapsacks to hunt more comfortable quarters; they mostly all hunted up the slave's huts, and slept there among the slaves, and were cursing the day that they went soldiering. Our mess succeeded after we arrived here to get some boards, and made a floor about six inches from the ground, so we were all right as far as the wet ground was concerned, but our roof, I must say, leaked at several places.

The Frenchman's warrant for the arrest of the whole of Co. D has not yet arrived, and I have been informed that the officers and our Quartermaster will pay the Frenchman a reasonable price for his lost fowl and pet deer; and gave him (the Frenchman) notice that in case any soldiers came around his place again to defend his flock, even though he would have to shoot several men for it.

Midnight. It is still raining and snowing, it is awful cold, can't sleep at all. Oh! we wish it was in the morning so we could get around our camp-fire.

To-day it was given out that the First and Second Pennsylvania Volunteers will be attached to Gen. Scott's army. [Cheers.]

Monday, January 11, 1847.—Last night was one of the most unpleasant and disagreeable nights that I ever experienced in all the days of my life, and, like the rest of my comrades, I shall never forget it, the longest day of my life, being half frozen to death. Our blankets and clothing on our backs were all frozen stiff and hard. Every fire-place was thronged with soldiers standing around to dry their blankets and clothing, and talking sorrowfully about the bad treatment and hardships of soldier-life in time of war.

In the afternoon two deers were seen running past, close by our camp, a party of our men soon followed them with guns, axes, knives and clubs, and succeeded in capturing one of them, the other one swam the river. Mr. Alburtus Welsh of our company (C), who (by-the-by) is a butcher, dressed the deer and gave me for our mess a piece of the deer-meat for supper, which actually was the first fresh meat we have had since we have been in Camp Jackson.

This evening it is not so cold. It is clearing off and getting more pleasant again, which has the effect of bringing and cheering up our men in good humor again. Some are trying to sing songs. Some of them of the most contemptuous character I ever heard. Some sang "Alice Gray," and "Oft in the Stilly Night," with much merriment and loud laughter. It lasted until tattoo beat, when all lights must be put out.

Tuesday, January 12, 1847.—This morning a party of some thirty men belonging to Capt. E. L. Danna's company (I), of Wilkesbarre, Pa., forced the outer guard and went to a tavern kept by a Spaniard. After eating and drinking everything they wanted they (which is always the case) commenced to break up the household goods and bottles. The Spaniard in defending his property and his own life, took up his gun, which was lying under his counter, and emptied its contents into the face of one who styled himself a bully, disfiguring his

face horribly. The news of this outrage was brought to camp by a darkey, who saw the whole affair, and reported the facts. Capt. Scott, of Co. H, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was sent in pursuit of the rioters, and succeeded in arresting the whole party, and they of course were all put in the guard-house, there to be kept until the injury of the Spaniard is fully ascertained, and the cause of the riot known, which will be investigated by Col. Wynkoop and Capt. Danna. All quiet to-night.

Wednesday, January 13, 1847.—This morning Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black, of our regiment, went to New Orleans to release some of our men who were locked up in the "calaboose" for several days.

At noon several companies belonging to the Second Mississippi Regiment arrived and encamped about five hundred yards above us, nearer the river. This regiment comes under the same call and requisition as ours, and I am sorry to say that they are the hardest and most delicate looking set of men, for new arrivals, that I ever saw.

This evening Lieut.-Col. Black returned to camp, bringing with him nearly all the straggling soldiers belonging to our regiment. Some looked pretty hard, and were glad that they were released again.

Thursday, January 14, 1847.—This is a delightful morning. The weather being beautiful and warm, which makes everything look pleasant.

At noon Col. Wynkoop sent orders to the Chief of Police of New Orleans, to arrest every soldier found in uniform (our regiment now being uniformed) that was in the city, and return them to our camp.

In the afternoon three companies of the Second Regiment of Pennsylvania came to our camp and pitched their tents close by ours. Louis Bymaster, Daniel Cruthers and myself, besides many others, went over to see them, and to see whether we knew any of them, but found none, as they hailed from the northwestern part of our State,



MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT,
Commander-in-Chief U. S. Army.

It is now rumored all over camp, and it seems to come from good authority, that most of the troops will soon embark for Vera Cruz, Mexico. This had the effect of three or four of our company deserting. I will record their names for future reference, they are as follows: William Barnes, William Ford, William Rolett and John Gill, all four from Philadelphia, Pa.

This evening the man belonging to Co. I, who was shot in the face by a Spaniard, whom he tried to rob and kill, died in the hospital of his wounds. That's what he got for trying to rob and kill his fellow-man. Later the United States Quartermaster came to the camp from New Orleans, and stated to Col. Wynkoop that the vessels would be down here to-night or in the morning, and that we should be ready to embark at a minute's notice. So all the soldiers are in high glee, singing and cheering, at the same time making preparations for the seat of war; writing letters is the order of the evening.

Friday, January 15, 1847.—This morning our regiment was divided into three divisions. The first and second divisions received orders to strike their tents and pack up and be ready to embark on ships.

The first division is composed of Co's A, G and K. They embarked at noon on the sailing-ship "Oxnard," under the command of Col. Francis M. Wynkoop. The second division soon followed. It is composed of Co's E, F, I and H. They embarked at 3 o'clock, P. M., on the sailing-ship "Russell Glover," under the command of Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black. The third division, to which our company belongs, is to embark to-morrow morning.

As soon as the soldiers got on board the lines were cast off and away they went with cheers for Mexico, etc.

This evening some five or six hundred soldiers, belonging to the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, arrived in camp, others belonging to Col. ——— Second Mississippi Regiment, and some belonging to the Louisiana Regiment arrived. All quiet to-night.

Saturday, January 16, 1847.—This morning, after breakfast, we received orders to strike our tents, pack up, and hold ourselves ready to embark, which took place at about 10 o'clock, A. M. Our division is composed of Co.'s C and D. We embarked on the bully sailing ship "Statesman," under the command of Major Francis L. Bowman. After we were all on board we gave three hearty cheers for the old battleground, and cheers for Mexico. Previously, before we left camp, Capt. Hill and Lieut. George Moore, both belonging to Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, resigned their commissions, and left Lieut. J. C. Kretschmar or Kretschmar, to take command of the company. Lieut. Kretschmar is the only commissioned officer left in Co. D, Lieut. Alexander Brown being appointed Adjutant of our regiment. There was about a dozen of the "Killer" Co. D, deserted; our company missed one more deserter, named Oliver Amy, of Philadelphia. All the country soldiers belonging to our company stood by their company and their flag.

Just before we embarked, some of the Louisiana men told me that they also received orders to embark to-morrow in the sailing-ships "Orchelans," "Ondrika" and "Sharon," and that they are making preparations to leave.

This evening we weighed anchor and slowly passed down the river, but did not go far on account of a heavy fog setting in early, so the ship dropped anchor.

Sunday, January 17, 1847.—This morning, at 8 o'clock, we again weighed anchor and left the tow-steamer, named "Phœnix," and passed down on the bosom of the great Mississippi river, and on our way down we saw some of the largest sugar plantations and rice fields in the State of Louisiana. They were full of slaves or plantation negroes, male and female, old and young. They cheered us and sang their plantation songs and hymns.

This section of country is full of that dreaded enemy, the yellow-legged mosquito. This unruly bird is so terrible on account of its size and voracity, and it seems they prefer northern hide to rich, blue blood.

About 3 o'clock, P. M., we were again obliged to come to anchor owing to the heavy fog.

The sailors told us to-night that if nothing happens and the fog clears away, we will be at the mouth of the Mississippi to-morrow evening.

Monday, January 18, 1847.—This morning we could not start until 10 o'clock, owing to the fog, which is common here, and particularly at this season of the year. We weighed anchor and was towed by the steamboat "Phoenix" down to nearly the mouth of the Mississippi river, to a place called Blaizen, here the tow-boat left us. We shook out sails and passed on down the bay, which is wide here. We saw any quantity of wild game, such as ducks, geese, swans and pelicans, flying around the small islands.

In the evening we anchored opposite Fort Jackson.

Tuesday, January 15, 1847.—This morning after breakfast the sailors weighed anchor and we sailed down the river, and crossed the bar about 1 o'clock, P. M. The ship now commenced to rock a little, increasing its rocking as we went on. We had just partaken of a hearty dinner of fat pork and bean soup. The ship now commenced to rock heavily, and is rolling from one side to the other like a cradle (not the cradle of liberty).

The soldiers are beginning to look sickly, and no doubt feel very uncomfortable, and are getting sea-sick. Some could be seen to hunt places less motionless, or trying to keep the ship from rocking, but all no go. King Neptune was too stubborn, and finally revolutions came into their throats, making them look pale about the "gills." Some could be seen hunting positions, or their bunks, to lay down. The ship still keeps rocking up and down, and it seems that every time the ship goes up, up goes the stomachs of some of our soldiers, struggling and rushing to the side of the ship, and heaving up the fat pork and bean soup. Some made a firm determination not to get sea-sick, and laughed at those who were taken first, but old Neptune was too much for us, for we all

had to be relieved of our pork and bean soup, and so before night I was relieved of most everything that was within me, and I am now feeling very sick on the strength of it.

To-night everything is very quiet, the soldiers are quietly lying in their bunks, not saying anything to anybody, nor don't want anybody to say anything to them. The ship is still rocking.

Wednesday, January 20, 1847.—This morning I did not rise until 10 o'clock on account of being sea-sick. There was no dress parade, owing to the men as well as the officers being all sea-sick.

Our journey to-day is a monotonous one, nothing to be seen but the water and the blue sky above us.

There was very little amusement occurred on account of the sea being so heavy.

In the evening the wind began to blow very hard, and the sailors could be seen busy in lashing everything fast, and by their general conversation we could learn that it was expected that we would have a storm soon.

To-night every soldier is lying quietly in his bunk covered up in his blanket, sad and sorrowful, saying that they wished they had never went soldiering.

Twelve o'clock to night the wind blows very hard and the ship tosses to and fro. Oh! how we all wish ourselves on shore again, and would then make promises that we would sin no more. Some of our men I notice are very much frightened about getting ship-wrecked.

Thursday, January 21, 1847.—This morning the ships "Oxnard" and "Russell Glover," which has the other two divisions on board, were seen at a distance. This caused much joy and merriment among the soldiers.

The wind still keeps up, which prevents the soldiers from coming on deck for fear of again getting sea-sick.

This evening the wind began to die away and was getting calm, which caused much encouragement among the soldiers, and particularly the sick. The men are coming on deck, and

everybody seems to be in good cheer and good nature, which is the best feature in the face.

Wit may raise admiration, judgment command respect, knowledge attention, beauty inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect, it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

Friday, January 22, 1847.—This morning we find that the demon had been conquered, and the storm and wind ceased.

At noon the sky became bright and clear, which had the effect of bringing nearly all the soldiers, well and sick, on the deck. John Newman and I went up into the rigging of the ship, where we stayed for several hours, looking over the broad water. Now and then we could see sails afar off, no doubt loaded with munitions of war, or with soldiers. Below us we could see the sick, who were enjoying the pure air and glowing sky with relish. A light breeze waves us along slowly. The gulf looks magnificent, and I was surprised to see the color of the water, which was as blue as if colored with indigo. Some of our fellows could be seen catching a sort of a shell-fish, called Portugueres (man-of-war), which swims the Gulf of Mexico. This evening one of our mess caught one of these fishes by throwing a bucket down the side of the ship and scooping it into the bucket. It was really a curiosity for me to see this kind of fish.

To-night is a beautiful night, all the soldiers are on deck and the long hours are whiled away by singing, dancing, telling stories and other pastimes.

Saturday, January 23, 1847.—This morning we find the wind dead against us, and could not make any headway, much to the dissatisfaction of all the soldiers, and most of them again got sea-sick, and were anxious to get on dry land again. At dinner-time I was amused at seeing several of our men (sick) emptying their stomachs of the fat pork and bean soup, just relished, over the side of the ship.

One of our fellows teased the sick by having a piece of fat

pork stuck on the end of a stick, holding it up in front of the sick men's faces so that they could see it, which sight, of course, made them a great deal worse.

This evening some of our company and Co. D found out the locality of the ship's stores, and were determined on having something else than fat pork and beans, and at night they succeeded in capturing five or six hams, a few tongues, and several bushels of potatoes. So look out for somebody being arrested.

Sunday, January 24, 1847.—This morning we find the wind still unfavorable, and our ship making slow headway. The swells are very heavy, and it keeps the ship rolling over and over, which is very unpleasant for our sick. At noon some of our officers were going around and examining our pork and bean pots to see whether they could find out who had the hams, tongues and potatoes, but our fellows were too sharp, they put a layer of sourkrout over the top of each kettle that had a ham or tongue in, and this is the way our officers were blindfolded, and could not find out who stole the hams, tongues and potatoes.

This evening the weather is getting warmer, which is encouraging the sick.

To-night we fared well on our mysterious hams, tongues and potatoes.

Monday, January 25, 1847.—This morning all of the soldiers, except the sick, jumped on deck, brought up by the cry of land ahead. The captain of the ship took his spy-glass and went aloft, and when he came down reported to the soldiers and officers that it was Brazos, Santiago. This cheered the soldiers, and they all appeared lively and in good spirits again.

This afternoon some of the soldiers caught a dolphin and several other sort of black fishes, which came alongside the ship in shoals.

To-night it is splendid. For supper we had fish, ham and potatoes; who wouldn't be a soldier?

Tuesday, January 26, 1847.—This morning the soldiers were gathered in different groups and were talking and wondering how soon the long-looked-for land would be seen. Some even went to the captain of the ship and asked him how long or how many days it would be before they could get to land again. The captain answered them that we will have a storm before night, and that we will likely be driven further from land than what we now are.

Sure enough this evening the sky clouded up and the sea ran mountain high, and the captain for fear of being driven on shore concluded to run out to sea again, which he did to the great disappointment of all the soldiers.

To-night the sailors lashed everything fast. The sea is raging wild, and the sailors tell us that we will have a heavy sea to-night.

Wednesday January 27, 1847.—Early this morning the wind ceased, and soon afterwards a heavy fog set in which kept the ship from getting nearer to the land.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., the fog cleared away, which gave the ship an opportunity to sail on a little further, but the fog soon set in again and the captain was obliged to anchor, for fear of running into some sailing craft or get on a reef.

To-night the storm came up again and blew a perfect hurricane, the sailors had to give the ship forty fathoms of cable to make her stand, and sometimes she would drag the anchor. The sea is high and rough, everything fastened, the hatchway shut down. It lasted until midnight, when it slackened off. This storm had the effect of again making some of our men sea-sick.

Thursday, January 28, 1847.—This morning the fog cleared off, and we could plainly see the much talked of and looked for Brazos, Santiago, and a miserable looking place it is; two or three shanties and a few tents along the beach, and the harbor full of vessels of all descriptions anchored around the beach. Some loaded with troops, stores and ordnances to carry on the war with Mexico.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., a United States Government steamboat came alongside of our ship and wanted our report to be handed to Gen. Winfield Scott, whose headquarters are now at Brazos, awaiting the arrival of all his troops to operate against Vera Cruz. The captain of the steamboat informed us that the ships "Oxnard" and "Russell Glover," containing the balance of our regiment, had left the day before for the Island Lobos, and the soldiers were all well with exception of a few being sea-sick. The captain of the steamboat then asked our men whether we wanted any beef or provisions. This question was no sooner out of his mouth, when nearly all the men cried in a loud voice, "We want beef, we want beef! For we have had none since we left Pittsburgh, Pa." [Laughter.] The answer was that we shall all have beef. [Laughter.]

Friday, January 29, 1847.—This morning our doctor, Dr. Bunting, and commissary stepped into a small boat and rowed toward the Brazos to see if there was any mail for our regiment, also to get some medicine for the sick soldiers.

So, during the absence of our distinguished commissary, one of Company D, took the advantage of him, and rolled a barrel of ham away and hid it under a tent, with blankets thrown over it carelessly, but in a couple of hours afterward some of the officers discovered that a barrel of ham was stolen, and were determined to find out who took the barrel of ham. They placed a guard over the fire-place to keep a watch and see who had the hams. But they fooled the soft, green guard, as well as the officers on a former occasion, by doing as they done before, cutting the ham in two or three pieces, and then put it into the camp kettles of water with a heavy layer of sourkroot on the top of it, and that was the way they cooked it unknown to either the guard or officers.

To-night neither Dr. Bunting nor our commissary have arrived on our ship. I guess they are having a nice time on shore.

Saturday, January 30, 1847.—This morning, after breakfast, we were mustered on deck for the first time since we were on board this ship, and had orders read to us from Gen. Scott. The orders were that we should immediately proceed on our way to the Island of Lobos, some sixty miles south of Tampico, there to await until further orders from his generalship. This looks like business.

To-day is very calm, not a breath of air stirring. In the evening we still find ourselves at anchor on account of our doctor and commissary being at Brazos, Santiago. We are nearly all wishing that they would either return or stay away altogether, as we have plenty of ham.

To-night in the absence of our commissary, some of the stolen hams were distributed among the soldiers, that are favorites.

Sunday, January 31, 1847.—This morning the captain of our ship lowered a life-boat for the purpose of going after our two officers now on shore. When about half-way over they were met by a United States Government steamboat coming toward our ship with the fresh beef promised us the other day, saying that they thought that was what was keeping us here waiting for the beef.

The captain of our ship returned with the Government steamboat and brought the promised beef on board of our ship, and it was the hardest looking beef I ever saw, it was nothing but skin and bones, and not as much fat on it as would make a penny candle. It was as black as the ace of spades. We said to ourselves we prefer the commissary ham.

To-night our two officers are still absent, and keeping us here.

Monday, February 1, 1847.—This morning we are still at anchor, awaiting those two *bummers* of ours. At noon, to our great delight, the two missing officers came on board. They both looked as if they got different kind of rations while they lived on shore. We are now weighing the anchor, after which we set sail for the Island of Lobos. The wind being

contrary, we did not make five miles from the Brazos. It was gloomy all day. In the evening there were shoals of fishes swimming around our ship. I tried to catch one of the porpoises, but failed. At dusk a small schooner came alongside; or, in fact, passing our ship, when the following conversation took place: "Ship ahoy!" "Aye, aye, sir." "Where do you hail from?" "New Orleans, sir. Where are you from?" "Galveston, Texas, sir." "Where are you bound for?" "The Island of Lobos, sir." "Here, too." "What is your latitude?" "Good." "Good luck to you, sir." "Same to you, sir." This is the general conversation the sea captains have when they meet one another out at sea. The soldiers paid a close attention, and listened with their ears and eyes open while the conversation was going on, and were well pleased with the ceremony. At 10 o'clock to-night the wind changed in our favor, and we are now gliding along pretty fast, and the captain says that if it keeps on this way, and we have good luck, we will make the Island of Lobos to-morrow evening. We have nearly all got pretty well used to the sea; our men who have been sea sick have nearly all recovered, and they seemed to care little whether the ship lies still or rolls over until her keel is above the water.

Tuesday, February 2, 1847.—This morning our Commissary first discovered that another barrel of his hams was missing. He is swearing vengeance against the man or men that stole it, threatening to shoot the man or men who stole it. He will have a happy time to find out who got it. And, again, the hams are by this time nearly all eaten up. At noon orders were issued that every soldier would be put on an allowance of water, one quart to a man for a day to cook, drink, etc. This is coming to a pretty pinch. To-day is beautiful, the wind being in our favor all day, and the prospects of the end of our sea journey is near at hand. This evening the sky was darkened by the heavy clouds, and a heavy norther blew up. The poor sailors went aloft, took in their sails, and on deck lashed everything fast; lashed the spars and foretops; tightened

everything fast; the sailors also tell us that the sea by tomorrow morning would run mountain high. To-night the sea is as red as fire, wild and rough looking.

Wednesday, February 3, 1847.—This morning, sure enough, the storm raged with the utmost fury, but died away about 10 o'clock, A. M. The sea is now a magnificent sight, sparkling like a sea of diamonds on the massive sheet of foam, playing, plunging and burying themselves in the deep blue bosom of the Gulf of Mexico. To-night the wind rose again, and almost every soldier was seen to jump into his bunk to take a good night's sleep on the rocking of the ship, for we are now getting well used to the rocking and rough sea. Good night.

Thursday, February 4, 1847.—This morning the storm ceased and the sea became quite calm. At 10 o'clock, A. M., we were startled by the cry of a shark. All the soldiers rushed upon deck to witness the sight, when some thirty shots were fired at him, but he seemed not to mind it at all, but was soon captured by a sailor who had a large hook tied to the harpoon. He was hauled on deck and skinned by Albutus Welsh, of our company. He measured six feet in length. Mr. Welsh wasn't long before he had the shark cut up and put on the fire to cook. After which Mr. Welsh gave me a piece. It was the first shark meat I ever eat, and I must confess it was the best fish meat I most ever eat. This evening we noticed several small fishes swimming alongside of our ship. We lowered a basket and scooped several of them up. They are called the pilot boy. This fish is something on the leech order, it having a broad, flat head. They die as soon as they are out of water.

Friday, February 5, 1847.—This morning our ship's captain discovered that we were not far from land, the wind being still against us, and of course making very little headway. At noon we saw several swallows flying about the ship. This indicated that we were not far from land. This evening is calm, not a ripple can be seen on the ocean.

Saturday, February 6, 1847.—This morning we find the current running at the rate of six miles per hour to the north. Our course should be to the south. We did not make five miles all day. This evening after dusk we spoke the ship "St. Louis," of Philadelphia, loaded down with ammunition of war and surf or transport boats. The same conversation took place that was held with the schooner the other day, except the "St. Louis" was bound for Anton Lizardo, near Vera Cruz. The soldiers all seemed to be much pleased in meeting the ship.

Sunday, February 7, 1847.—This morning our water, which we were told of the other day, was issued to us by the mess. Each mess drawing a quart of water for each man to drink, cook and wash in. The water is miserable. The smell is enough to make the soldiers sick or to put us entirely against using it, but we will have to put up with it until we can get better. At noon the wind is still ahead and is likely to be so for several days; yet there is no telling how the wind may blow in an hour from now, for it is so contrary in these regions, and particularly at this time of the year. In the evening several of our men caught fishes, some weighing from five to six pounds and are a very pretty fish. We are now several days out from the sight of land and our men are wondering how long it will be before we will see land again. Nothing extraordinary happened to-day or night.

Monday, February 8, 1847.—This morning as usual we still find the wind against us, but the weather is fine and pleasant. At noon most of the soldiers went on deck and passed their time in playing cards, a game the soldiers are more or less addicted to, and thus frequently gamble all their money in a few days after they are paid off. Some of our men were amused by Mr. Kennedy, of Company D, who favored them with some beautiful airs on the accordeon. He is a good player as well as a singer. We did not make six miles all day—poor way of getting along, but we will have to let old Neptune take his own time and way, for he is very contrary sometimes. To-night it looks as if none of our men want to go to sleep.

Everybody seems to be cheerful. Some are trying to dance, while others again are singing sentimental songs tuned with the accordeon and with comic voices and accents in such a doleful and lugubrious style as to cause the soldiers to look like a funeral party. It was so comic that it made every one laugh and be in good humor.

Tuesday, February 9, 1847.—This morning I noticed some of our men did not get out of their bunks until after 10 o'clock, and their whole talk and laughing was about the comic proceedings of last night.

The wind is still ahead and is blowing hard. The sailors seemed to be very much alarmed. They are telling our men that we are now on one of the worst coasts on the gulf for storms.

This evening at a distance we saw a large fire on the Mexican shore, supposed to be put there by the Mexicans to get vessels on the breakers or beach.

To-night, in place of our men singing comic songs, they formed themselves into a debating society, and their whole discussion of subjects was on the Mexican War. The discussion was very interesting and exciting. Some of the soldiers were well posted in argument, in talent and gift of speech-making. Some prophesied that the war, after we landed, would only last one month, while others, again, argued that it would last over a year, and that a desperate and bloody struggle will have to take place before the city of Mexico is taken.

The debating was heartily applauded, and adjourned at 11 o'clock at night.

Wednesday, February 10, 1847.—This morning the sky had every appearance of a storm. At noon the prophecy became too true, the wind whistling through the rigging and making great mischief. In the evening the sea became very rough. Waves were dashing up in front of our ship as high as mountains. It blew a perfect hurricane. The tempest is raging high. Could not carry one foot of sail. It began to look gloomy, The sailors were obliged to take the main-top

mast off to lighten her above. To-night the soldiers were obliged to fasten themselves in their bunks with ropes to keep themselves from falling out. The storm was fearful, and some of our men began to get alarmed, fearing the ship "Statesman" would go down to rise no more. I noticed our messmate, Simon Schaffer, was praying. Yet, for all this fearful rage, it was truly laughable to see how some of our men were falling out of their bunks, and trying to creep back into them again; to see the pans and camp kettles rolling and tumbling about on the floor of the ship. We heard the billows swelling, the breakers roaring on the ocean all night.

Thursday, February 11, 1847.—This morning the storm is still raging with unabated fury. One of our main fore-sails was carried away by the storm, which blew it high in the air. At noon it commenced to rain powerfully, accompanied by thunder and lightning which made the sea howl. Everything is kept fastened. To-night I heard the sailors talking about the awful storm we had last night, and how some tumbled out of their bunks and struggled to get in again, laughing over the scene and excitement amongst our men.

Friday, February 12, 1847.—This morning the wind is blowing a regular gale, and kept at it nearly all day. So nothing strange took place. To-night one of our sentinels, stationed on the fore-castle, cried "Ship ahead! ship ahead!" We came within several feet of running into one another, which caused great excitement amongst the officers, as well as all the soldiers and sailors on board. Had there been a collision, the ships would have undoubtedly both went down, with all the living and half-dêad freight on board. Some of our men say that it was the same ship we met the other night ("St. Louis"), but the captain of the ship said that it was the "Sharon," with Louisiana soldiers on board. It was a lucky escape. The wind is now dying away. It is time.

Saturday, February 13, 1847.—This morning the general talk and conversation among the soldiers was about the narrow escape we met with last night. At noon it began to

get very cloudy, and the ship's captain seemed to be very uneasy, not knowing his *latitude* and *longitude*. He could not find out where he was, owing to the state of the weather; so not knowing his whereabouts, he again put out to sea. This afternoon there was a little excitement among the soldiers, owing to a hat and a pair of pants floating near our ship. It was supposed to belong to some of the ships we saw at a distance off.

Sunday, February 14, 1847.—This morning the sun came out, and our ship's captain soon found out his latitude and longitude, and discovered that we were not far from Vera Cruz, and it wasn't long before we could with spy-glasses see the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and Orazaba Mountain. The captain put about ship and proceeded to the Island of Lobos, and if the wind keeps as it is we will make the Island in the morning.

Monday, February 15, 1847.—This morning about 10 o'clock we spoke to the bark "May Flower," of New York. Some say with New York soldiers, others have it the Second Mississippi Regiment, the latter I think is correct; also the bark "Isabella" with a detachment of the New York Volunteers, under the command of Capt. Shaw, on board. We hailed them both, and they answered as their destination the Island of Lobos.

At noon the sentinel at the fore-castle spied land ahead, and it proved to be the long-looked-for Island of Lobos. To-night the soldiers are all in high glee, with the beautiful sights in view.

Tuesday, February 16, 1847.—This morning as we were approaching the Island Lobos a pilot-boat came alongside of our ship and wanted five dollars per foot to pilot us in to anchorage. The captain of our ship did not like the appearance of the man for he asked too much; we, however, beat in slowly and anchored about 3 o'clock, P. M., after which there was a detail of ten men from each company to go ashore and clear away the bushes and rubbish, so we could pitch our tents.

At 5 o'clock, A. M., we all landed, and it seemed that everyone wanted to be first to land, so anxious were we to get on shore again. Here we were received by the rest of our regiment, who arrived a few days ago. We were much rejoiced in seeing one another again.

To-night, for the first time, we are sleeping on foreign soil. All quiet to-night.

Wednesday, February 17, 1847.—This morning after breakfast, and after having our tents all fixed right, Louis Bymaster and myself took a walk around the island, and we find it a much prettier and larger place than we expected. We also visited the Palmetto Regiment and Louisiana Regiment drilling on dress parade, and they are the hardest looking (new) soldiers that I ever saw, and if you call these men *chivalry* of the Sunny South, I would like to see some of the poor.

This evening one of the Louisiana Regiment died, and was buried with all the honors of war.

Thursday, February 18, 1847.—This morning Capt. Small reported himself to Col. Wynkoop for duty, after which he gave orders to our company for each and every soldier to clean up his brasses, his belts and make a fine appearance, for the first time, on foreign soil.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the drums beat. We formed into line, and mustered eighty muskets. After a little speech from our Captain, we marched to the parade-ground, and I must say that our company looked as well, if not better, than any company in the regiment.

After going through the usual parade drill, we marched back to our quarters, where we met Col. Wynkoop, who complimented us very highly by saying that we drilled better, looked healthier and cleaner than any other company in the regiment, and he hoped that we may continue in our drilling, cleanliness and good behavior in camp, as well as on dress parades, after which Capt. Small thanked the Colonel for the compliment, and the Colonel then left with cheers.

This evening two more of the Louisiana Volunteers died, and were buried with all the honors of war. The band belonging to the regiment played the funeral march.

It seems to me that these Southern soldiers can't stand the hot climate as well as us Northern dirty dogs. Talk about dirt! That's what kills these Southern soldiers. They are the filthiest and laziest set of men I have ever seen; there is no life or ambition about them.

Friday, February 19, 1847.—This morning there is a stiff breeze from the north, which has the effect to make it more pleasant—not so hot.

At noon I noticed several more ships had arrived, and I counted no less than twenty vessels in sight.

This afternoon the schooner "Catharine H. Bacon" arrived. She is loaded with wagons, mules and army ordnances. Also, the ship "Charlotta Reid" arrived, loaded down with Capt. Rockett's Howitzer Battery, and ordnance stores for Gen. Scott's army. They had a full brass band on board, and played the national airs as she sailed in; also, played in the evening.

To-night is calm and beautiful. The sea looks lovely.

Saturday, February 20, 1847—This morning, after breakfast, Albutus Welsh, Simon Schaffer, myself and others went in search, along the beach, for rare shells, which are numerous here. We found some beautiful ones, and we were wishing that we only could send some of these rare shells home to some of our friends. It would be a great curiosity to them, and particularly from this section of the country.

From here we visited the other regiments. We find encamped on this island the First and Second Regiments Pennsylvania Volunteers, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi and part of the New York Regiments. Some have not got their uniforms yet.

This evening, after the usual dress parade and drill, nearly all our soldiers went into the sea to bathe. It is calm.

Sunday, February 21, 1847.—This morning a steamship hove in sight, and in a short time she came near enough for us to learn that it was the flagship "Massachusetts," and by her signs we found our Commander-in-Chief, Major-Gen. Winfield Scott, was on board of her. The sloop-of-war "St. Mary," Capt. Sanders commander, and which has been lying here ever since we arrived, opened her *bull dogs* in honor of his (Scott's) arrival.

The General did not land on account of the sea and weather being too rough. To-night the sea looks like fire.

Monday February 22, 1847.—This morning the minute guns of the "St. Mary," as well as those on shore, fired salutes in honor of the 22d of February. The day was celebrated by several companies in a becoming manner. Our company had a splendid supper on the occasion, served up by Mr. Schultz. After supper was over the bottles were handed around and toast after toast was drank. Little patriotic speeches were made by several of our officers and men. So passed the 22d of February on the Island of Lobos.

Tuesday, February 23, 1847.—This morning we were visited by the officers of the Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. They spoke very highly and complimentary. At noon the man-of-war-brig "Perry" arrived from the blockading squadron off Vera Cruz. As soon as she dropped her anchor the "St. Mary" weighed her anchor and set sail for Vera Cruz. In the evening some of Co. D and some of our men had a little fight about the right of the fire-place; but it was soon quashed by our officers. This was the first quarrel we have had since we were mustered into the United States Army. To-night it is rumored in our camp that Lieut. Richey and a party of his men were all captured and murdered by the Mexican guerillas, near Villa Grand.

I learn to-night that a regular United States officer died on shipboard and was brought on the island.

The wind to-night is again rising and the ships are seen to rock to and fro like a baby's cradle.

Wednesday, February 24, 1847.—This morning the regular United States officer that died on ship last evening was buried with all the honors of war. He was accompanied to his grave by nearly all the regular officers on the island, besides a full brass band playing the funeral march.

The report of the capture of Second Lieut. J. A. Richey, of the Fifth United States Infantry, and his gallant little band is confirmed. They were lassoed and afterwards brutally massacred in cold blood near the town of Villa Grand, on or about the 12th or 13th of January last. Lieut. Richey was the bearer of dispatches to Gen. Zach. Taylor. Thus all the dispatches and plans of Gen. Scott's campaign in Mexico were captured with poor Lieut. Richey, and the Mexican government by this time are as fully posted as to his movements as Gen. Scott himself. This evening there was an election in Company D, of our regiment, for captaincy. Adjt. Alexander Brown and Lieut. J. C. Kretschmar were the candidates. After the polls were closed and the votes counted it resulted in favor of Lieut. Kretschmar for captain almost by a unanimous vote, which caused much rejoicing and hand-shaking among the boys. Lieut. Kretschmar made a little speech thanking the members for electing him to the captaincy of the company and promising them that he would stand by them as long as he lived. Capt. Kretschmar is quite a young man, in fact, he looks in the face like a lady—smooth face and good looking. To-night we can hear most all the soldiers talking about the capturing and murdering of Lieut. Richey, saying that his blood shall and will be yet avenged.

Thursday, February 25, 1847.—This morning after breakfast we went out on parade and drilled for over one hour, after which orders were read to us to pack up and strike our tents.

At 10 o'clock we again got into the streets which were as hot as hell. The soldiers were singing the National song, "Hail to the Chief."

This evening orders came from Gen. Scott stating that we should not leave until further orders from him. He expected long before this that his ships containing the transport surf-boats would have arrived.

To-night the soldiers were all wishing that the ship having those surf-boats on board would arrive.

Friday, February 26, 1847.—This morning we were all ordered on deck to be inspected and mustered. Also orders were read stating that the red pennant flying from the main topmast of Gen. Scott's flag ship "Massachusetts," would be the signal for all ships to depart. Cheers for Mexico.

In the afternoon I heard considerable growling, and there seems to be much dissatisfaction among the boys, all being anxious to get away from this island. All eyes are watching for the red pennant on Gen. Scott's flag ship "Massachusetts," but all in vain.

Saturday, February 27, 1847.—This morning the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers and all the rest of the troops on Lobos Island were ordered to strike tents and to embark, and be ready to sail.

I heard to-day the reason of our delay here is on account of Gen. T. S. Jessup, United States Quartermaster at New Orleans, failing to provide transportation for the soldiers, ordnance stores, artillery and dragoons. According to Gen. Scott's plan of operation all the transports and soldiers should have been here long before this time. Gen. Scott seemed to be much embarrassed and troubled about the capturing of his plan of operations in Mexico, and the insufficiency of transports to transport his army.

This evening a number of ships loaded with troops, ammunition and ordnance stores arrived. There must now be nearly one hundred vessels of all sizes anchored around this island, in fact it looks like a wilderness of spars and rigging.

Later this evening three companies of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers on board the ship "General Vesay" were ordered to land again on Lobos Island on account of

their having the *small-pox*, and were ordered not to join their regiment until they were fully restored to health, this news caused a little grumbling among those who were not sick with that disease.

Ten o'clock to-night I heard that several of our sentinels were asleep on their post when the guard went around to release them; they were ordered to be put under guard to await a court-martial.

Sunday, February 28, 1847.—This morning we were ordered on deck, and orders were read from Gen. Scott stating that the Second Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama Regiments were to leave instantly for Tampico to form part of the garrison of that place so as to relieve some of the regulars. They weighed anchor and set sail, and are now nearly out of sight.

In the evening all the carpenters and laborers on the island were ordered to get on ships.

Monday, March 1, 1847.—This morning the steamship "Eudora" arrived from New Orleans and Brazos Santiago, bringing important dispatches from our Government to Gen. Winfield Scott. By this arrival the soldiers all expected letters from home, but were sadly disappointed, there being no mail, and brought but enough money to pay off our commissioned officers, but nothing was said in regard to paying the privates. Oh, no; they will have to serve a little longer. This evening some of our soldiers held a meeting and made patriotic speeches, after which they adopted strong resolutions requesting our Government to either send us on to the seat of war or send us back from whence we came, as we were getting tired of this *tomfoolery*.

Tuesday, March 2, 1847.—This morning some of our soldiers traded away a barrel of *Uncle Sam's fat pork* and a box of candles for some ham and butter of a trading schooner. At 10 o'clock, A. M., we were formed on deck and inspected by Col. Wynkoop, after which he addressed us in a good little speech, saying that the next time he will meet us would be on the enemy's soil, where he will cheerfully meet and lead his

regiment into the field of action ; also warning all soldiers to keep their muskets and ammunition dry and in prime order ; also saying that from authority the enemy's force at Vera Cruz is from six to seven thousand strong, and he expected to meet with strong opposition in landing at Vera Cruz. To-night I noticed our Capt. Small and Lieut. Berry making a flag out of blue bunting. The pole is of a ship's boat oar, the spear out of a prong hook, the State of Pennsylvania being too poor to give us a flag.

Wednesday, March 3, 1847.—This morning the appointed signal was seen floating from the ship "Massachusetts." Then there was great excitement and bustle among the different ships, all preparing to start. The rattling and clinking of the heavy cables as they weighed the anchors. While the sailors were winding up the cables the soldiers mingled with them in singing their favorite and merry songs, such as: "With a Stout Vessel and a Bully Crew, we'll carry the Ship Statesman through the Storm, hi oh, hi, oh." "We are now Bound for the Shores of Mexico, and there Uncle Sam's Soldiers we will Land, hi oh, &c."

Everything is as merry as a marriage bell and inspired the soldiers with confidence of our success in Mexico. The whole fleet of ships was soon under way with their flags flying from almost every mast head.

Gen. Scott, on board of his flagship "Massachusetts," could be seen passing from one end of the ship to the other giving orders and watching the movement of every sail, and as the vessels were passing one another cheers after cheers were given. The "Russell Glover," with Col. Francis M. Wynkoop on board, led our regiment, followed by the "Oxnard," Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black, and then the "Statesman," Maj. Francis L. Bowman, bringing up the rear. The sight was grand, and it will be remembered as a day of jubilee and rejoicing among the soldiers.

Thursday, March 4, 1847.—This morning the wind changed in our favor, which caused a smiling and a pleasing countenance

in almost every soldier's face. The noble ship "Statesman" is now gliding along like a thing of life. The fleet is nearly all out of sight. The weather is pleasant and fair and most all the soldiers are on deck and in the rigging talking about the gala day of yesterday, and are also straining their eyes to get an early view of the city of Vera Cruz, the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, &c. Quiet to-night.

Friday, March 5, 1847.—This morning nearly all the vessels that started on the 3d were out of sight which again made everything look lonesome and tiresome. At 11 o'clock, A. M., our ship "Statesman" ran on a coral reef. The ship's captain and his crew tried all they could to keep the ship off, but all in vain, as the wind was against him. The captain then ran the flag up with the Union down as a signal of distress, but the vessels passing near by paid no attention to it, and every time the ship struck up came large pieces split off her keel. The sailors took out the chain anchors and by adding a cable around the windlass we succeeded in getting her off after hard work. The captain of the ship ordered up a barrel of whiskey to be distributed among the soldiers who assisted in getting the ship off, &c. During this little accident some of the soldiers got frightened, and one of Co. C, named Simon Schaffer, was seen in the hold of the ship with his knees upon his knapsack praying aloud for God's sake to save the ship and all the souls on board. To-night some of the soldiers looked as if they felt the whiskey.

Saturday, March 6, 1847.—This morning we were in full view of *Anton Lizardo*, and it was not long till we got right in the midst, and anchored in the midst of over two hundred sails; in fact, it looks more like a wilderness of dead pine trees than so many spars and rigging of ships. Nearly all the men-of-war ships now in the employ of our Government are stationed here to protect the unarmed vessels, as well as the soldiers and ordnances on board. This afternoon several more ships arrived. General Scott, with Commodore Connor, on board the steamboat "Spitfire," were seen reconnoitering

along the shore for the purpose of selecting a suitable place for the landing of troops. When they nearly approached the city of Vera Cruz the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa commenced firing several round shot and shell towards the "Spitfire." One shot we saw fall in front of the "Spitfire's" bow, which caused the "Spitfire" to return, having accomplished and learned nearly all they wanted to know. Castle of San Juan de Ulloa was named after a prominent Spaniard in Spain. This evening we could plainly hear music all around us, bands playing the national airs.

Sunday, March 7, 1847.—This morning Col. F. M. Wynkoop came on board of our ship and stated that Gen. Scott had selected a spot near the Island of Sacrificios for the landing of our soldiers, and that we would land to-night at 1 o'clock, and that we were to take three days' rations in our haversacks and our canteens filled with water, and not to take anything in our knapsacks but one blanket, two shirts and a pair of socks. He also said that he had lost his horse on the voyage, and would be obliged to foot it with us. This evening Gen. Scott and Commodore Connor, on board of the "Spitfire," were cruising around the ships, and were cheered as they passed, the bands playing all the national airs. To-night some of our men had a ball in the hold of the ship.

Monday, March 8, 1847.—This morning we still found ourselves on board of the ship. The talk of landing, which was to take place yesterday afternoon, did not come off. At noon the mate of our ship went to the ship "Russell Glover" for the purpose of getting orders from Col. Wynkoop. After an absence of one hour he returned with orders stating that everything was now ready, and that we would positively land tomorrow noon. Also that Lieut. Landstree of Capt. Bennett's Company (F), First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, died of brain fever, and was buried on Anton Lizardo with the honors of war. This is the first commissioned officer that died belonging to our regiment in a foreign soil. In the evening there was a good deal of excitement and activity going on

among the soldiers and sailors in preparing for the landing, which I am told will surely take place to-morrow at the Island of Sacrificios. This island was once famous in ancient times of bloody altars with sacrificed people with opened breasts, chopped off arms, legs, etc.; also for numerous wrecks of many vessels. It was once occupied by the English as relic-hunters, such as earthenware, until 1568, when Gen. Almarze arrived from Spain and drove "Johnny Bull" from the island. To-night another ball on ship, having a jolly time.

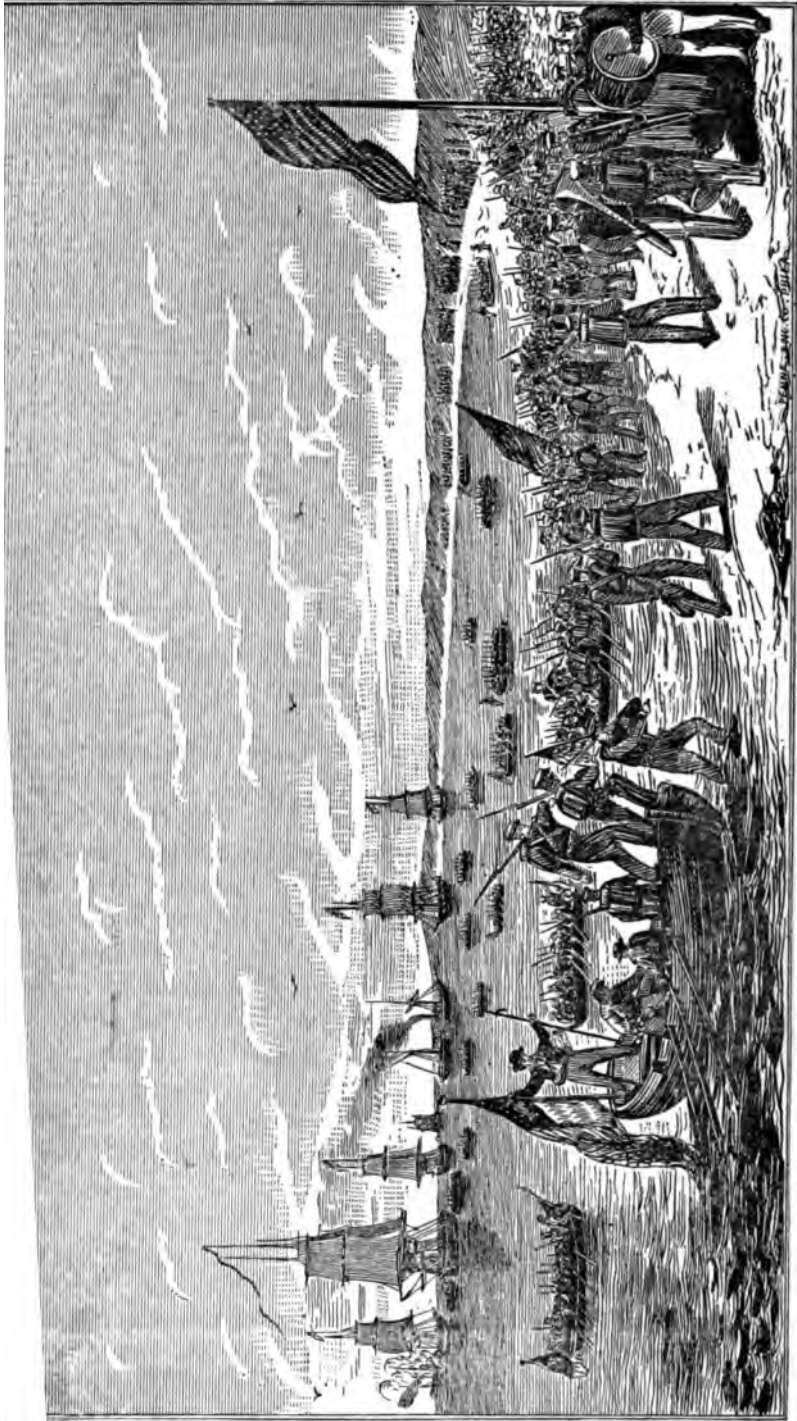
CHAPTER II.

LANDING BELOW VERA CRUZ—STORMING THE SAND HILLS—SURROUNDING THE CITY—COL. HARNEY'S DRAGOON FIGHT—BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY—ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT TO SURRENDER THE CITY OF VERA CRUZ—MEXICAN ARMY MARCHING OUT AND STACKING THEIR ARMS—MY FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY—INSPECTION OF ITS FORTS—OUR ARMY OF 10,000 MEN LEFT FOR THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO—AFTER TOILSOME MARCHING ARRIVED AT PLAN DEL RIO—GEN. TWIGGS MEETS THE ENEMY—PREPARING TO STORM THE HEIGHTS—HE IS ORDERED TO TAKE POSSESSION OF A HILL—GEN. SCOTT'S ORDER NO. 111 FOR THE ATTACK ON CERRO GORDO.

Tuesday, March 9, 1847.—This morning we had orders to pack up and prepare to land. There was great excitement among the soldiers and sailors on board the ships, and much confusion in the fleet, while making preparation for landing, in fact the whole scene was full of wild excitement. The passing of small boats to and fro, the dashing of the oars, the clangor of the officers' sabres and the clinking of the cables, the sharp clarion voices of order by the officers, and the quick response by the officers and men. The soldiers mingling with the sailors in singing their favorite songs will ever be remembered by those who saw it the longest day of their lives. We were taken off our ship "Statesman" and put on so-called surf-boats, after which we were taken and put on board of the United States frigate "Potomac." In fact nearly the whole army was taken from the transport ship to the man-of-war. Some say it is on account of the channel being too narrow for all the ships to anchor, others have it it is to protect the troops when they land in case of an attack.

After we were all safely on board we weighed anchor, with bands of music playing the national airs, after which we started for the Island of Sacrificios and passed on until we arrived opposite the island, when the anchor was again let go to the bottom. Here are numerous vessels from all parts of the globe. The tops of masts and other rigging were filled with officers and sailors watching the movements of the ships, as well as the soldiers on board, all anxiously looking with strained eyes to see the landing and the attack upon our soldiers as we land. In fact, it put me in mind of seeing so many robins or black birds on a wild cherry tree, or crows on trees watching the dead carcass lying beneath.

Gen. William J. Worth's division, which is mostly composed of regular soldiers, was ordered to land first, about half past 3 o'clock, P. M. We saw from seventy to eighty surf boats holding from seventy to one hundred men each, with five or six sailors as oarsmen, coming alongside of the ships containing Gen. Worth's division, for the purpose of embarking in these surf boats, after which they were drawn into line. Everything was now ready. The signal gun on board the flagship "Massachusetts" was fired. Off they started for the Aztec's shore, with great excitement and cheers from all the soldiers still on board as well as from the foreign spectators on the rigging of their respective vessels. It was truly a magnificent sight to see them gliding towards the shore and the bright muskets and bayonets flashing in the sun. As soon as the surf boats struck the beach the soldiers instantly jumped on shore, some in the water. We are now looking for the Mexicans to attack our men, but on they rushed in double-quick time until they came to a sand hill. Here they planted the flag of our country with three hearty cheers, responded to with great enthusiasm by every soldier on board of the ships, as well as from all the vessels in this port. During all this bustle and excitement the bands were playing the national airs, "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner," and "Hail Columbia." They effected the landing southwest of Vera



LANDING OF UNITED STATES ARMY, NEAR VERA CRUZ, MARCH 9, 1847.

Cruz. The whole of Worth's first division was now safely landed without the firing of a single gun, and without any opposition from the enemy. This was without expectation from us soldiers as well as a great disappointment to the spectators and foreigners who came many miles to see the attack upon our troops.

Gen. Robert Patterson, who commands the second division, was ordered to land next. This division is called the Volunteer Division, it being composed of all volunteers, and our regiment is in this division. Surf-boats came alongside of our ship and we embarked in these surf-boats loaded down with as brave and gallant men as there is in the United States Army. The sailors rowed us to shore, when the boats struck the beach we leaped on shore, everyone wanted to be first. Some had to jump in the water and hurried on, and, like Gen. Worth's Division, landed without any opposition. Cheered our flag now waving triumphantly in the land of the Montezumas.

Gen. David E. Twiggs, who commands the third division, landed after our division, they of course all landed safely. Thus it will be seen that the orders and plans of Gen. Winfield Scott in landing the United States troops was well carried out, and by 9 o'clock, P. M., the whole army, numbering about 12,000 men, were all safely landed without the least accident and without the loss of a single man. After the whole army were formed into position we were ordered to stack our muskets and unslung our knapsacks, after which we took our supper from the following bill of fare: A piece of fat pork and biscuit and washed it down with some of the ship "Statesman's" dirty water, after which we received orders to lay down on the wet beach close by our muskets with our feet towards the gulf and our heads towards the sand hills to rest and sleep, if we could, for we are all much fatigued.

About midnight our whole camp was aroused by the firing of several volleys of musketry from the enemy who were stationed on top or back of the sand hills (which are numerous

here) right in the rear of our encampment, but doing no damage except to one of our men belonging to Co. I, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was wounded. Thus the first soldier wounded and first blood spilt in Gen. Scott's army was of Pennsylvania Volunteers. This little excitement raised the whole army on their feet in a minute; expecting an attack by the enemy. Officers were dashing along the line urging the men to be quiet, for they wanted to make a charge on the sand hills. All was soon quieted, and all, except the guards, laid down again with their muskets close by their sides and finished our first nap on the Aztec shore.

Capt. A. Cady and Lieut. Fitzgerald, of Co. H, Sixth United States Infantry, were the first to land and form their company on the beach below Vera Cruz.

Wednesday, March 10, 1847.—This morning the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa commenced firing some of her heavy shots toward our encampment, but all fell short. We finished our breakfast on some of Mr. Mason's mouldy crackers and old fat pork, having no cooking utensils on shore to cook anything. Some made their coffee in their tin-cups, others were compelled to wash fat pork down with bad water. After breakfast we were formed into line of march to surround the city of Vera Cruz, and it was one of the marches the volunteers will never forget. All along the road-side men could be seen, who had dropped down with blistered feet, exhausted and thirsty for want of water. In fact we could hardly walk ten steps without seeing some poor soldier, whose tongue was thirsty for water, laying on the wayside and begging for a drop of water.

Lieut. Casper M. Berry, of our company, was sunstruck. It looked as if you could almost see his brain gushing out of his forehead. He is not expected to live. We marched on until we arrived at a chaparral tangled with the thickest of cactus. Here we struck what we called an Indian pathway, filed through the chaparral, headed by Brig.-Gen. Gideon J. Pillow. When we were almost half way through, the Mexicans, who were lying back in ambush, fired volley after volley

upon us. We, without orders, instantly returned the fire, and all was soon quiet again. In this little skirmish several of our men got wounded, but not dangerously. After a little rest we again marched on until we came to an old stone building which looked as if it had been in ruins for a number of years. Here we lay in ambush, awaiting and expecting that the Mexican cavalry, who had been cut off, would make an attempt to get into the city of Vera Cruz. After lying and waiting for several hours, and finding that the cavalry would not come, we again marched on until we came to a large sand hill, which was partly occupied by the Mexican Lancers and cavalry. This is a prominent point and a good position, it being back of Vera Cruz. Here we halted for a short time and could plainly see the manœuvring of the Mexican Lancers, mounted on spirited horses. Orders now came from Gen. Patterson stating that the sand hill must be taken before night. So we again started and went direct for the sand hill. The First Tennessee Regiment, Col. W. B. Campbell commanding, was this time in the advance during the ascent on the hill. The Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and all the forts around the city of Vera Cruz kept up a constant firing with round shot and thirteen-inch shell, whistling, cracking and snapping through the chaparrals like lightning, but so far have done no damage to our men. The road we had to go on was very narrow, being like all the by roads, a mere Indian pathway. Only two and in some places only one could pass at a time; besides this it was very difficult to ascend the hill on account of numerous thorns. When we got near the top of the hill we were ordered to charge on the Mexicans, which we did with a yell, driving and dispersing the enemy in all confusion. We are now in full possession of the sand hill, and the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. F. M. Wynkoop commanding, were the first ones to plant the flag of our Keystone State on the sand hill, overlooking the city of Vera Cruz. From here can be seen a fine view of the city, and from appearances it looks like a fair city, with plenty of domes. The scenery

from here is very rough, and in place of seeing splendid country seats, mansions, gardens, lawns, flowers, shrubbery, trees, cultivated fields, &c., like it is in other cities, where we came from, it is a barren wilderness, mostly covered with wild, ragged, small knotty trees, gnarled and twisted, with wild chaparral, with thorns from one to five inches long, making it difficult to pass through without first cutting the way. Indeed, we Yankees wonder how the people live here, as we could not get a mouthful to eat since we landed. Nothing grows here but sand hills and wild chaparral. Snakes would even starve to death. Even drinking water is not to be found in this miserable section of country.

In our march up to the sand hills we were ordered to leave our knapsacks at the old stone ruins; so to-night we had to sleep without blankets. The sand hill was our bed tick and the blue sky our covering. I thought to myself where is the richness in this country.

Thursday, March 11, 1847.—This morning we were all anxious to see what had become of the Mexicans. We soon discovered them in large numbers on the adjoining hill near the city.

We instantly went to work, digging trenches with our hands and bayonets. Before we had finished the work the Mexicans opened on us with their musketry; but seeing that their shots all fell short, fell back, and then the castle of San Juan de Ulloa and all the forts stationed on the top of the stone wall surrounding the city, commenced to fire upon us. Our position being a very exposed one, we were ordered to fall back of the hill, more under cover. By this temporary retreat we expected the Mexicans would pick up courage and make a rally upon us, but they could not be bamboozled or drawn out in that way. We were in possession of a position to play havoc to a charging enemy.

Seeing that the Mexicans would not likely charge upon us, we were ordered to hold ourselves ready to charge upon the Mexicans at any moment.

By this time Gen. Twiggs' division was passing us on their way to Vergara, the other end of the city, where they are to camp at the National road, leading to the city of Mexico. At this time the Mexicans commenced to fire upon Gen. Twiggs' division, when the order charge was given, which was done with a yell and hurrah, driving the Mexicans in every direction. Some never stopped until they got to the gates of the city. This was the last time we saw the Mexicans. In this little engagement Capt. Alburtus, of Company G, Third Artillery, was instantly killed, having his head carried off by a cannon ball. Lieut.-Col. Dickerson, of the Palmetto (South Carolina Regiment), was wounded in the left breast by an escopet ball, and a little drummer boy named Rome, belonging to Company B, First Artillery, had his arm shot off. The boy cried.

When Gen. Twiggs heard of this, he remarked that it was only lent and he will make up for it before long.

Several other officers and private men were slightly wounded. Gen. Twiggs then marched on through the sand hills and chaparral to his camp-ground, Vergara, northwest of our camp, without any more trouble.

I now learn that Gen. Scott and his staff landed last evening, and were highly pleased when they heard of the action the troops took since we landed, and complimented our officers and soldiers for their gallantry and good conduct.

At noon Gen. Robert Patterson came up on the sand hill on crutches, addressing the men in a neat and well appropriate speech, saying that it makes his very heart feel good to see the Pennsylvania troops and other boys hold such a good position. At the same time bombs and round shots were flying and bursting over our heads and all around us, fired from Fort Santiago and from the city wall. The General ordered the men to lay down and not expose themselves. "So, at this, one of Tennesseean boys cried out:—" Lay down yourself, General, or the Mexicans will presently knock you over." "No, sir," said the General, "my duty requires me to be where

I am. The President of the United States can make generals every day, but he cannot make soldiers." [Laughter and cheers].

Early in the evening we were released, not having much of anything to eat for over twenty-four hours. We marched back to the old ruins, or monastery, so called, and on our way down we saw two lancers riding as fast as their horses were able to go, back to the city. One of the Tennesseans who, by-the-by, had his own hunting rifle with him, was seen to watch for the lancers for some time and fired from behind some thick bushes and brought the noble lancer to the ground, which caused a great shout among the Yankees. His gray horse fled into the city of Vera Cruz.

When we arrived at the old ruins and after we had something to eat, we went to work and built a small breastwork across one of the railroads so as to stop all communication with the Mexicans at Vera Cruz. After our work was finished we went to our old quarters and beheld our knapsacks, which we were ordered to leave here last evening to lighten us for the charge on the sand hills, were either all stolen or plundered. Mine I could not find until late at night with nothing in it except my government blanket.

There were no Mexicans within three miles of this place so it must have been some of our own gallant fellows, who make it their business to linger back on the excuse of being exhausted, worn and tired out, for the purpose of robbing their comrades of rare articles.

Some lost many valuable things given to them by their friends and sweethearts at home. They are swearing vengeance should they ever catch the thieves who plundered and robbed them while they were charging and driving the enemy helter skelter.

Late in the evening, and for the first time since we have been on shore, we had good crackers, pork and coffee, of which we all ate a hearty meal.

To-night strong picket guards were thrown out and posted on all the important points, for it is rumored that there is a strong force of Mexicans behind the sand hills who are trying to make their way into the city of Vera Cruz.

Laid down to sleep with no shelter except the sky above us.

Friday, March 12, 1847.—This morning our company was detailed to dig an entrenchment across a road below the railroad. We were kept at it all day without being relieved, which was anything but pleasant, working under the rays of the hot sun with bad water to drink.

At noon we saw Gen. Patterson move his quarters to the old ruins, but the Mexicans must have noticed him moving, for the General was not long in his new quarters when they commenced to bombard it so hard the General was obliged to leave it in double-quick time and hunt other quarters.

In the evening, while we were lying down under the bushes resting ourselves, a "northern," (so-called,) wind of the Gulf blew up fearful, and it wasn't long before we were buried in the floating drifts of sand, the sand being so light that during the least wind it drifts and makes hills, and when the wind changes drifts and make hills elsewhere. We had to leave and seek shelter in the chaparrals.

Saturday, March 13, 1847.—This morning the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and the forts of the city opened some of their big guns on our men, but done very little damage. We were only sorry that we could not return the compliment.

There is not much firing from our side, owing to heavy northern winds, which still continues to blow, which prevents our men from landing our cannons and munitions of war.

This evening it is reported that Gen. Scott, with his spy-glass, discovered the Mexicans hoisting a cannon on one of the church steeples. He immediately sent orders to Com. Oliver H. Perry, who is now commander of the fleet in Vera Cruz Harbor, to fire a few round shots towards such a steeple, which he did, and soon made them leave the steeple.

No news to-night, except the castle and forts around the city are constantly firing bomb shells, which keeps our men from sleeping.

Sunday, March 14, 1847.—This morning we noticed that the Mexicans had taken down their cannon from the steeple. Old Perry's shots were too hot for them.

The wind still prevails, which keeps everything back ; for as long as this northern wind continues we can't land our horses and ammunition.

To-day I have been informed that several schooners were blown on the beach last night, damaging their whole cargoes.

At noon the infantry were ordered to advance nearer to the city. When our men commenced to move the Mexicans seemed to get very much excited. They opened a tremendous firing from all their forts on Gen. Twiggs' division, camped at Vergara and our camp. They no doubt, when they saw us move, expected our men to charge upon the city, for such ringing of bells and people crying, mingled with the shrill trumpets, made it an exciting time among the frightened Mexicans and foreign residents.

In the afternoon our scouts captured a Mexican courier, who had several letters in his possession stating that the city of Mexico was now in a state of revolution ; also instructions from Gen. Santa Anna to Gov. Morales and Gen. Landero, now guarding the city of Vera Cruz, not to yield or give up to the infernal Yankees (as he calls us). That they would soon be reinforced with about five thousand men from Alverado. He also had a newspaper giving an account of Gen. Taylor's great victory over Gen. Santa Anna at the battle of Buena Vista, which took place on the 22d and 23d of February. This has caused great rejoicing among our men.

In the evening several sailors went beyond our camp and had a fight with some of the Mexican lancers. One of our sailors, named Mr. Welsh, had his throat cut from ear to ear. This outrage caused great deal of excitement among the tars, and they expressed a determination to have revenge at some future time.

To-night pickets are posted on all the roads leading into the city. Some are doubled, and defended by several pieces of artillery. Our men are also cautioned to be careful with their muskets.

Monday, March 15, 1847.—This morning all seems quiet in and around camp, with the exception of the booming of cannons from the castle and forts.

The wind still continues to blow, in consequence of which it keeps everything back.

In the afternoon Gen. Scott and his staff of engineers passed our camp, visiting and inspecting the important points. When the old hero of Chippewa, Niagara and Lundy's Lane passed we all stood in line and tipped our caps, which compliment he returned in the same manner, after which three cheers were given him. To this salute he took off his hat, bowed and passed on to Gen. Twiggs' division camp at Vergara.

Tuesday, March 16, 1847.—This morning we find the northern wind still prevailing, which renders it impossible to land our heavy ordnances and other war-like material for the destruction of life and property.

At noon it was reported that the revolution in the city of Mexico has ceased, and that Gen. Anton Lobes de Santa Anna is now President, and Senor Gomes Farrias Vice President, and that the whole Mexican Government is united on the war question, and their cry will be "death to all traitors and invaders."

On the top of this rumor comes in a squadron of Col. William S. Harney's dragoons, who have been out scouting, reporting to Gen. Scott that there was a large body of Mexican soldiers, with four or five pieces of light artillery, with some cattle, camped at Medallin River, about five miles from our quarters, trying to make their way into Vera Cruz. On the receipt of this report, Gen. Scott immediately dispatched his friend Col. Harney with one hundred and fifty picked dragoons, several pieces of light artillery under the command of Capt. Taylor and Lieut. Judd, and about five hundred and fifty of

the Second Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, under the command of Col. William T. Haskell, all under Gen. Robert Patterson. Off they started with cheers and waving of their caps, promising to bring good news.

After they arrived at Medallin (once a town), Col. Harney opened fire upon the Mexicans to draw their attention, so as to find out their position, and at the same time gave Lieut. Judd a chance to plant his artillery. After this was accomplished, Lieut. Judd opened on the Mexicans and their small breast-works. At this Col. Harney made one of the most gallant charges on the Mexicans that has ever been heard of, it put Col. May's charge at Palo Alto entirely in the dark, charging with full speed of their horses, running their horses over the Mexican infantry, following and cutting the lancers down right and left, and killing twenty or thirty of the enemy. Col. Harney's loss was one Tennessean killed, and four of the dragoons wounded. The victory was complete. They captured two pieces of artillery each, six brass pieces and several small arms. Col. Harney thinks that the Mexican forces were commanded by Gen. Harrah in person, yet he was lucky enough to make good his escape.

The Medallin river, above mentioned, was so named by Conqueror Cortez, who also built a town of the same name, in memory of his Cortez birth-place in Spain, but the town was soon destroyed by some of his Cortez men. Some of the ruins are still standing, and the whole place looks like a God-forsaken place.

Towards evening the northern wind ceased to blow. Mr. Welsh and myself took a walk down the sea shore to see the sights. The sun was just setting in waves of gold and purple, the long stretch of glittering sand with misty splendor, the tide rolling in with a low musical murmur, here we sat down on the beach, and saw our sailors and laborers busy in landing artillery, ammunition, ordnance stores and provisions. Further down the bay we saw no less than five schooners and one brig lying high and dry on the shore, all driven ashore by the late northern gale.

Towards dusk returned to our camp; passed Col. Haskell's Second Tennessee Regiment, who have just returned from the fight at Medallin creek. They were all in high glee and seemed much rejoiced over their grand victory. Even the Mexicans in the city must have heard the result, as they commenced firing upon us rapidly.

It was given out this evening that the city of Vera Cruz was thoroughly surrounded from beach to beach and all the roads leading into the city are double guarded. Gen. Twiggs' division is encamped on the northwest side of the city, Gen. Worth's division southeast end and Gen. Patterson's division in the centre of the line. To-night different details were made for to-morrow to land ammunition.

Wednesday, March 17, 1847.—This morning the whole beach presents a lively appearance. The different details were busy in getting the artillery, ammunition, provisions, horses, &c., on shore.

The Alabama and Georgia regiments have just arrived from Tampico. They are now landing.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., our regiment was detailed to drag the cannon up to the sand hill to make a battery. We succeeded in getting up six pieces of heavy artillery two of them being sixty-four pounders and four twenty-four pounders; also built breastwork and stationed a battery. The breastwork was built with bags filled with sand. We were kept busy at this work until dark, when we were relieved, and I must confess that this was the hardest day's work I have ever experienced. Being exhausted from exposure to the hot sun and bad water several of our men were sun-struck and gave out before noon. Beside the artillery we planted to-day there were ten mortars and some howitzers landed to-day, and if old Neptune will keep quiet for several days more we will have all our artillery and ammunition landed.

Returned to our camp and after supper we laid down to rest and sleep, providing the Castle and other forts, the ant-eaters, lizards and other creeping things which are numerous

among the chaparrals will let us alone ; but I fear the way the old Castle has been howling and grumbling at us all day it will not be so kind as to let up on us to-night, she being very angry at us for giving them such a dreadful flogging the other day at Medallin river.

To-night a French bark ran the blockade at Vera Cruz loaded with artillery and ammunition for the Mexican Government. This raised considerable excitement among the officers who are stationed here to watch the blockade. The bombs are flying all over our heads.

Thursday, March 18, 1847.—This morning the dragoons captured a splendid horse fully equiped with saber and escopet on the saddle, and at noon news came from somewhere fully confirming the news of General Santa Anna's defeat at the battle of *Buena Vista*, which caused much rejoicing among the soldiers and sailors; and the saying now is, that it will be our turn next.

This afternoon one of Co. B's men, of Pottsville, dropped down dead while standing under the door-way of the hospital; to-night there were eight companies of our regiment detailed to go out scouting. We marched down the road for several miles, and were there let stand in all the rain; never did I see it rain harder. Seeing that there was no likelihood of ceasing to rain, we marched back to our camp soaked through and through with rain. Lieut. C. M. Berry, who was sunstruck on our first day's march, has reported himself to our Captain, fit for duty; at 12 o'clock to-night, we were ordered to close gradually nearer the city, the trenches are nearly all done and our big guns will soon open on the city. Fort Conception was trying the range of their guns on Gen. Twiggs' division.

Friday, March 19, 1847.—This morning the Castle and forts around the city are still blazing away at us, but not with much damage, while we are quietly preparing and planting our heavy artillery, mortars, and landing horses, wagons, provisions, and other ammunitions of war. At noon, news came to our

camp that Lieuts. E. C. Lewis, of Co. G, C. M. Berry, of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, with a few soldiers, had fallen in with a large body of Lancers, and after some hard fighting our men had to retreat to a ranch where they are now penned in. Four companies of our regiment were instantly ordered out, and on our way, we were joined by the New York regiment; we had not marched more than four miles when we came upon our penned-in men and released them before the Mexicans discovered them, after which, we marched on until we saw the Lancers drawn up into line on an open common showing fight. The New York regiment filed to the left into the chaparral, and our regiment took to the right also into the chaparral, here we crawled on our hands and knees for about fifty yards trying to surround them, but they saw us and kept backing out; here we laid and watched their movements until near dark, when we came out in the open field, at this, the Lancers put spurs to their horses and fled in all directions; after which we left for our camp, and on our way in we found Mr. Miller's body, of Co. G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, stripped and stabbed in the most horrible manner; we took it along and arrived in our camp at 10 o'clock in the evening, much fatigued and tired of marching.

Last night John G. Craig of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was put on picket guard, and about 2 o'clock this morning he heard something approaching towards him through the chaparral. The sentinel holloaed out: "Who comes there?" No answer was given. Holloaed out again. At this time it stopped. In about ten minutes afterwards it again began to approach towards the sentinel. "Who comes there?" No answer. Up with his musket and fired away. He heard it fall, and was satisfied that he hit the object before him. The night being very dark, he could not see what it was until daybreak this morning, and behold, what do you gentlemen think it was? It was a *jackass*, which caused a great laughter among the men, and the by-word was: "Who shot the *jackass*? John G. Craig of Co. C."

On our guerilla hunt to-day I was handed the following piece of poetry. Its title is the "Landing at Vera Cruz, March 9, 1847," by Major G. W. Patton of the Second United States Infantry, who was one of the first officers that landed on the shores of the Aztec. It's true as a die.

LANDING AT VERA CRUZ, MARCH 9, 1847.

The signal flag is in the sky,
Twelve thousand hearts are beating high ;
Ye of the foremost line draw nigh ;
Prepare to land ; take heed ; stand by.

Hurrah, hurrah.

The surf boats touch the ship's tall side ;
Along the lea they smoothly ride.
Cling to the ropes your step to guide,
Down, down descend with rapid stride.

Hurrah, hurrah.

Now watch the war words once again ;
All eyes upon Gen. Scott's flag-ship main.
Land, land, now reads the signal plain ;
Cast off, give way, with stalwart strain.

Hurrah, hurrah.

Trim, trim the boat ; play, play the oar ;
The waters foam, the war dogs roar ;
The death shall burst behind, before ;
Bend to the stroke, strain for the shore.

Hurrah, hurrah.

The sea walls shake with thunder riven,
Around ye war's red bolts are driven,
Above ye floats the bird of heaven,
Strive, comrades, as ye never have striven.

Hurrah, hurrah.

The foremost surf boat nears the land ;
It grounds. Out dash the dauntless band.
Follow, my brave boys, with flag in hand,
We will breast the surf—we gain the land.

Hurrah, hurrah.

Now raise the starry banner high ;
Rally, close up, crowd around and stand by ;
Our eagle rules the Aztec sky ;
Comrades, one cheer for victory on the Mexican soil.

Hurrah, hurrah.

Saturday, March 20, 1847.—This morning we are constantly annoyed with the brisk firing from the Castle and forts of the city, which we are yet too busy to return. At noon a bomb-shell from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa fell within fifty feet of Gen. Worth's tent, but fortunately it did not explode. I took a walk to the beach and saw one fellow still busy in landing cannons, mortars, while others are mounting cannons and mortars. Some are hauling cannon balls while others are hauling ordnance stores and provisions for the army and to different batteries. This afternoon our spies came into camp and reported to Gen. Scott that there is a large body of Lancers with cattle in our rear trying to cut their way into the city of Vera Cruz. Gen. Scott sent his old friend Col. Harney with his dragoons in pursuit of them. He sent them scampering in all directions, a great many were unsaddled and driven helter-skelter in every direction, killing several and some wounded. Col. Harney had one man slightly wounded in the conflict. The French bark that ran the blockade several days ago came out and tried to escape but she was soon hailed by the steamer "Spitfire," but would not stop, so the United States gun-boat "Spitfire" fired into her, sinking her up to the deck; the crew were, however, taken off and made prisoners and put on the flag-ship "Massachusetts" until further orders. I see our engineers are out and trying to select a new position nearer to the city to plant a battery to be styled and called the Volunteer and Naval battery, it is to be built and worked altogether by the volunteers and sailors. The place selected is in the rear of a thicket chaparral not far from our quarters. So there will be more dragging of cannons through the sand, and more sand bags to be filled with sand and carried to construct breastworks. It is rumored this evening that Gen. Scott has sent a flag of truce to the city to different consuls; and together with Mexican women and children a printed passport for them to come out of the city before we commence bombardment, but they refused to take any passes and preferred to stay in the city and take chances. This evening our long-looked-for sutler opened his stores; so of course those who have

any money left can get something outside of government rations to eat, but those who have none have to take what comes, good or not good. We are getting our rations more regular and more of them, but our water is bad and it can only be got by digging holes in the drifted sand. It can hardly be drunk until it is boiled and coffee made of it. Our fleet is ordered to fire on the city to-morrow.

Sunday, March 21, 1847.—This morning sure enough our United States fleet weighed anchor and ran up under cover, and opened a tremendous firing on the city of Vera Cruz (True Cross). This I understand is done for the purpose of drawing the enemy's fire from our men, now building breastworks and planting batteries.

The guns of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa were turned toward our fleet, and replied with real madness. The enemy firing off nearly two hundred shots in less than one hour and a half, and all the damage that they have done is the killing of one marine. This surely was a great loss to the poor man. He was a good soldier, and was stationed on the United States frigate "Potomac."

To-day has been a hot one, both in climate and among our gallant *tars* on board of our man-of-war. Several of our men, while working at battery No. 4, died from the effects of the heat, and drinking too much of this bad water.

I regret to mention that my friend, Lieut. C. M. Berry, was again affected from the hot sun and exposure, and reported unfit for any duty.

In the evening it clouded up and got very dark, and looked as if it was going to rain hard. It being dark it made it a beautiful sight to see the shells from our navy flying through the air into the city and Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and shells and round shot are flying toward our fleet and elsewhere. It looked like so many rockets in the air.

The battery of Gen. Worth's division is nearly finished, and it is reported that Gen. Worth will open on the city to-morrow. The Mexicans have not yet discovered Gen. Worth's

battery, although they have fired several shots in that direction.

Monday March 22, 1847.—This morning it is reported that Gen. Worth's battery is finished, and is ready to open on the city at any moment. This battery is composed of seven ten inch mortars and is in command of the regular officers and artillerists. As stated before, the Mexicans don't know the whereabouts or anything about the location of this battery. It is built behind a thicket of chaparrals. Also another battery of two eight-inch Howitzers, four twenty-four pounders and four mortars are stationed near the cemetery, still a little closer to the city.

At noon Gen. Scott sent a flag of truce into the city of Vera Cruz with a summons for the surrender of the city and Castle of San Juan de Ulloa with the understanding that if this summons is rejected an attack on the city would immediately follow, and no quarters or safeguards would be given or granted to the citizens until it surrenders. The flag of truce soon returned with a message from Gov. Morales, of the city, and Gen. Landora commanding the forces of the city and Castle. The summons and proposition was most emphatically rejected; asking for no quarters, safeguards or any favor from the Yankee. That they are ready to contest the fight at any moment.

About 4 o'clock, P. M., Gen. Scott ordered Gen. Worth to open his batteries on the doomed city as fast as his mortars would permit. The chaparrals in front of these batteries were soon cut away, when, for the first time, the enemy was much surprised when they saw several batteries within about eight hundred yards from the walls of the city. The moment the Mexicans espied our batteries they instantly changed the position of their big guns, and opened a heavy fire on Gen. Worth's batteries, the balls striking the sand bags, and clouds of dust were flying in the air.

Gen. Worth has now got the range of his guns on the enemy, and has commenced firing in earnest, and I tell you the way



BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ, BY UNITED STATES FLEET, MARCH 21, 1847.

he is sending those *nasty balls* into the city is not slow. The thundering and roaring of the heavy cannons now tells us that the war has fairly commenced.

The Mexicans have now opened three batteries from the city on Gen. Worth's breastworks. The Castle is assisting the city forts besides, and does everything in her power to protect the city from being destroyed by the Yankee. Oh! I tell you the bomb-shells and round shot are flying like hail-stones into the city of the True Cross. Think of it eighty-five bomb-shells were thrown into the city the first two hours, and over one hundred bomb-shells the next two hours. Everything is darkened from the clouds of smoke, and the city looks like Pittsburgh on a rainy day, all black with gunpowder smoke.

During the afternoon our navy opened on the Castle to draw the enemy's fire from our batteries.

This evening I was informed that Capt. John R. Vinton, of the Third United States Artillery, was killed behind his battery. He was a brave, gallant and skilful officer, as well as a Christian soldier. He has a brother a quartermaster in Gen. Taylor's army. This will be sad news to the brother.

Our division is still busy in building our volunteer battery, and when we have it finished ready to open, the enemy will be still more surprised; for it is nearer to the centre of the city.

To-night we can plainly see the bombardment of the city, and it is one of the most magnificent and striking displays that I have ever seen, and, as a soldier said, I shall ever remember the bombardment of Vera Cruz.

At 10 o'clock to-night I was informed that Capt. John R. Vinton was buried as he fell, with all of his clothes on, and with all the honors of war. He was a good and kind officer to his men, which is something rare among the regular officers.

Tuesday, March 23, 1847.—Last night after 12 o'clock the Plaza de Toros bull pit was set on fire from our shells, which illuminated the whole city, and caused great excitement among the citizens.

After a short pause this morning the Mexicans again opened their batteries on Gen. Worth's division and his battery, and of course Gen. Worth answered them bravely with his mortars.

To-day we were detailed to assist the sailors in pulling cannons and mortars to battery No. 5, and I assure you it was a hard day's work, but we are all anxious to have the battery thoroughly completed, so that we may be ready to open on the Mexicans to-morrow.

At noon while we were dragging up the cannons a sailor and one of the Tennessee Volunteers had a falling out, and it resulted in the sailor getting killed. He was shot dead by the Tennessean; rum was the whole cause of this sad affair, but it raised a great deal of ill-feeling between the *tars* and the Tennesseans. There was also one man killed to-day by the bursting of one of the Mexican shells.

To-night there were bomb-shells thrown right into our camp and near the volunteer battery, but fortunately no harm was done, and we will return the compliment to-morrow.

Wednesday, March 24, 1847.—This morning Capt. Breese, of the United States Navy, with a party of sailors and volunteers brought with them three sixty-eight and three twenty-three pounders and some Paixhan shells over to our Naval and Volunteer battery, No. 5. The captain is a jolly-looking officer, and says that this is the best position of any of our batteries. It commands the whole city of Vera Cruz. This battery the Mexicans have not yet seen. It being in the rear of a thicket of chaparrals, and sand hills all around.

About noon our battery No. 5 was completed and ready for destruction of life and property.

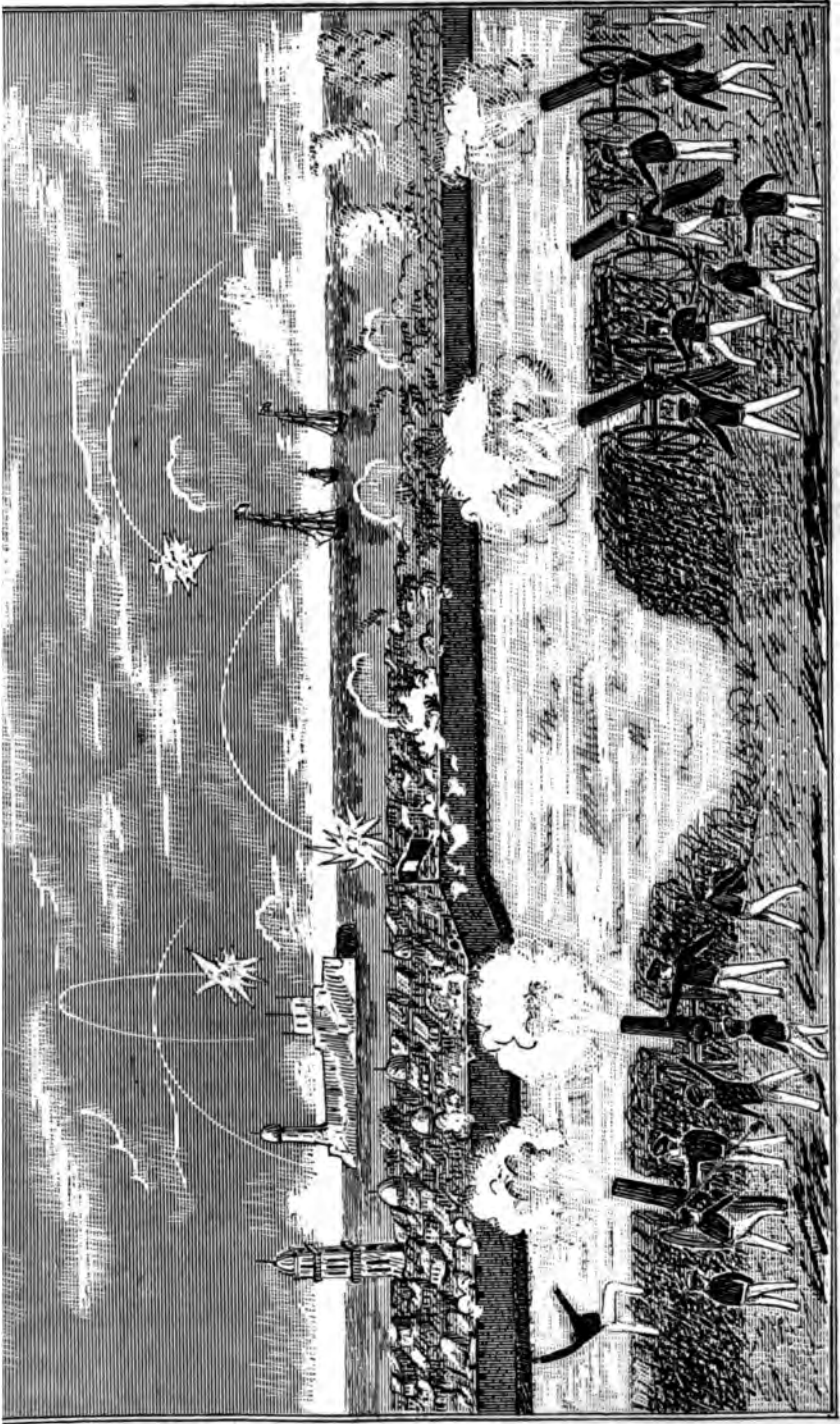
Gen. Scott was notified of its completion, and he ordered the battery to open for the first on the city of Vera Cruz. So after the chaparrals in front of our battery was cleared away, and, in fact, before it was all cut away, the Mexicans discovered us, and was astonished to see another battery still closer, as it is reasonable to suppose, for they instantly changed their

fire from Gen. Worth's batteries to us. The Mexicans opened on us with determined bravery, and fired in quick succession. The sailors, with the assistance of the volunteers, now opened with a daring and tremendous fire upon Fort Santiago. Every discharge the battery made the earth fairly trembled. The Mexicans took better aim at our battery than they did at Gen. Worth's batteries. Their big guns did a great deal of damage to our battery in bursting open the sand bags, of which it was composed. In our battery, No. 5, four sailors were killed outright, and also Midshipman Shubrick, a young, brave and daring officer. He was killed while mounting upon the breastworks to see what effect his last shot had on the Mexican Fort Santiago. At this moment an eighteen pounder from Fort Santiago took his head off close to his shoulders, and he almost fell upon the very gun that he had just fired off. He was soon picked up and carried to our rear and laid under a tree for the present. We of course did not cease firing, but kept blazing away with more vigor and determination, and made every ball fired tell, until a big breach was made in their forts, and we could plainly see some of their guns dismounted. This has been the hottest day in the art of firing of the present war, and as the boys say, "By golly it was closely contested by both parties." The Mexicans, we must confess, did handle their pieces well, for almost every shot they fired took effect on our sand-bag battery.

This evening the sailors and the officer, who were killed, were buried close by our battery.

To-night the Mexicans ceased firing, and we were not sorry for it. We all feel much fatigued and worn out from constant duty in building batteries and carrying cannon balls to the battery.

Thursday, March 25, 1847.—This morning all of our batteries were in full operation, they opened with terrible effect upon the city, and in fact we could sometimes hear our shells fall in the city and make a tremendous crash. Some of the fine buildings as well as the domes and steeples of churches



were on fire, and falling to the ground. The way things look now the city must either soon surrender or be burnt to the earth.

At noon we noticed that our battery had more effect on the forts and city from to-day's firing than any previous time. At noon one of Capt. William Frederick Binder's Company (E), First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, named Rupe, was killed by the explosion of a bomb-shell fired from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa. He was the first soldier killed belonging to our regiment.

This afternoon our foraging party, who had started out after beef, had a skirmish with a band of guerillas, and in the fight our men had one man killed, and the Mexicans left seven killed on the field and fifteen wounded.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon the Mexicans again ceased firing, shortly afterwards a flag of truce came from the city asking for two hours' armistice to bury their dead bodies, and also a memorial from consuls of European people to allow the women and children in the city of Vera Cruz to come out and seek the shelter of more safety.

Gen. Scott granted the first request, which is the customary rule in all wars, but the latter he could not grant; stating that he could only grant passes to pass them out on the application of Gen. Morales, Governor of Vera Cruz, with the view to surrender. After the expiration of two hours both the Mexicans and all our batteries opened in earnest, and most every shot or shell were thrown directly into the heart of the city. A big breach is now made in the wall, and it is rumored this evening that we will storm the city at the point of our bayonets tomorrow at noon. So we may look out for breakers ahead.

Our bosom we will bare on the glorious strife,
And our oath is recorded on high;
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crushed in its ruins to die.

—*Campbell.*

To-night I was put on picket-guard, stationed near the walls

of the doomed city, and I could plainly hear the people cry out for to *rendiren tregar de ciudad* (surrender the city) before they were all killed off. That these Yankees won't give up firing. Also could hear the bells ringing and trumpets sounding to arms, to arms. It was really laughable to hear the Mexicans talk, and I heard enough to convince me that the city cannot hold out much longer, that something must be done soon or else the citizens would rebel against the government of Vera Cruz.

Our batteries to-night are throwing rocket after rocket into the city, which illuminated the sky as well as the whole city, and made it a most beautiful scene.

About 12 o'clock to-night Lieut. Tower, of the United States Corps of Engineers, came to my post with a squad of soldiers on a reconnoissance. I was ordered to fall in the rear and follow them. The lieutenant seems to be well acquainted with the whole exterior of Vera Cruz. We kept on marching until we come within two hundred yards of the outside of the city walls. Here I was told to stay until a little before daylight, then I was to return to our line of defence. This I thought to myself is a very dangerous position for an humble soldier like me to be placed in, but such is the fortune of war. I have been informed by one of the sergeants that the illumination was done to give Lieut. Tower a chance to see what damage our batteries have done to the walls, and also to find out the most suitable place to charge upon when the order for the assault is given. From this position I could hear the Mexicans talk more plainly, and it sounded to me that they were quarreling and fighting among themselves. I could even hear the dogs moan, and other strange voices.

Lieut. Tower has finished his mission. He has returned to camp and left me here all alone. The firing of the rockets had also ceased. Oh! this is a dreary night, dark as pitch and standing in the midst of chaparrals and thorns with strict orders not to make any noise, for fear the Mexicans might discover me.

Friday, March 26, 1847.—This morning I was released from guard-duty before daylight, so that the Mexicans could not see a Yankee soldier so close to their walls.

The forts and Castle are still constantly firing on our line of operation with awful activity. We have partly ceased firing, and all the necessary arrangements to carry the city by assault is now completed. Gen. Worth's division is to attack the city from the beach on the right of our division. Gen. Patterson's (our) division is to attack right in the centre, where the breach in the wall is made. Orderlies are now being despatched to different quarters to see that everything is ready to make the assault. The Mexicans have now partly ceased firing, which gave me and others a chance to write letters before the assault is made. After I had written my letter and delivered it in the United States mail-bag, I noticed a flag of truce accompanied by several officers coming out of the city toward Gen. Scott's headquarters. Our batteries immediately ceased firing until further notice from the commanding officer. Soon afterwards I learned their errand (fortunately for themselves as well as ourselves) was to make a final arrangement to surrender the city of Vera Cruz, but not the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa. This proposition Gen. Scott most emphatically rejected, saying that he must have both or nothing. So, after consulting over it a little while, Gov. Morales and Gen. Landora yielded to all of Gen. Scott's demands and returned to the city to make the final arrangements for surrender.

Everything is now quiet. All the soldiers and sailors are in a high glee; and all of the officers, soldiers and sailors are making preparations for the surrender of the Mexican Army.

To-night a heavy northern wind sprang up, and blew a perfect hurricane, blowing a number of small vessels on shore. To-night, for the first time since we are on shore, we can sleep without being annoyed by the roaring of cannon balls, &c.

LETTER TO MY PARENTS.

CAMP NEAR VERA CRUZ, }
March 26, 1847. }

Dear Parents:—This morning, after I was relieved from picket guard, I thought that I would write you a letter and let you all know of my whereabouts and destination. I have no doubt you have been apprized long before this first letter reaches you of my occupation and position, which I am now in, and, if not, you will no doubt be sadly surprised to hear the undersigned, your son, in such dangerous and perilous position. Yes, while I am writing this very letter the balls, shells and fragments of shells are flying around my head like so many hail-stones, and do not know what moment I may be killed or victimized by a Mexican cannon ball or the fragments of shells. Well, as a fellow soldier said, if it is my lot to be killed, it shall be gloriously in defence of our country and our glorious old flag. Landed on the 9th without any opposition. During all this time we were busy working in building breast-works and batteries and making preparation for the bombardment of the city. During all this labor and operation we were, and are to this writing, constantly annoyed with daring and ceaseless fire from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and the batteries on the walls of the surrounding city of Vera Cruz.

We commenced firing on the city on the 22d inst., and kept busy at it until the present time. We have made several large holes, or breaches so-called, in the walls, and it is now rumored this morning that Gen. Scott has finally concluded to take the city by assault, which, of course, means by the point of the bayonet. So if this rumor is true, and the assault takes place, there will be a great many killed before the city can be taken; but let the result be what it may, I for one shall do my duty as a true soldier. Again, I often think (and, in fact, sometimes dream) of the romantic hills, valleys and dales in which I passed my boyhood, and contrast it with the many dangerous struggles, places and positions I am placed in now at war in this hot tropical climate; but there is now no use of thinking and fretting, but march and push onward, and never mind or think of them, and let us all put our trust in God, and all will assuredly be well. The assault on the city is to take place this afternoon at 2 o'clock, unless otherwise ordered, and our division is to make the assault on breached walls. So let the result be what it may, you will hear of me either dead or alive;

if dead, from my commanding officer ; if alive, from me. No more, but one word that I am well and hardy, and have been so ever since I am in the army. Write soon.

3 locks above Lewistown, Pa.

Your son, J. J. O.

Saturday, March 27, 1847.—This morning Gens. Worth, Pillow and Col. Joseph G. Totten, of the Engineer Corps, were appointed by Gen. Scott commissioners on the part of our army, and Senors Vellanner, Robles and Gen. Herrear appointed by the Governor of Vera Cruz, on the part of the Mexican Army. This evening the commissioners of both parties came to terms and the articles of surrender were signed and approved by the two commissioners and commanding officers. The terms are as follows:—

Article 1. The whole garrison to be surrendered to the Army of the United States as prisoners of war, and to lay down their arms to such officers as may be appointed by the General-in-Chief of the United States Army and at a point to be agreed upon by the commissioners. The surrender is to take place on the 29th instant.

Article 2. Mexican officers shall preserve their arms and private effects, including horse and horse fixtures, and to be allowed regular and irregular officers, as also the rank and file five days to return to their respective homes, on parole, as hereinafter prescribed.

Article 3. Coincident with the surrender, as stipulated in article 1, the Mexican flags of the various forts and stations shall be struck, saluted by their own batteries and immediately thereafter forts Santiago and Conception and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa occupied by the forces of the United States.

Article 4. The rank and file of the regular portion of the prisoners to be disposed of after surrender and parole as their General-in-Chief may desire, and the irregular be permitted to return to their homes, the officers in respect to all arms and description of force giving the usual parole that the said rank and file, as well as themselves, shall not serve again until duly exchanged.

Article 5. All material of war and all public property of every description found in the city and Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and their dependencies, to belong to the United

States, but the arms of the same not injured or destroyed in the further prosecution of the actual war may be considered as liable to be restored to Mexico by a definite treaty of peace.

Article 6. The sick and wounded Mexicans to be allowed to remain in the city and no property is to be taken or used by the forces of the United States without previous arrangement with the owners and for a fair equivalent.

Article 7. Absolute protection is solemnly guaranteed to all persons in the city.

Article 8. Absolute freedom of religious worship and ceremonies is solemnly guaranteed, and the sick to be attended by such medical officers of the army as may be necessary to their cure and treatment.

All quiet to-night and can sleep without being annoyed by the roar of artillery and the explosion of bombshells over our heads.

Sunday March 28, 1847.—This morning we had orders read to us to clean our belts, brasses, and brighten up our muskets. Also to wash and *clean* ourselves and clothing, so as to look like soldiers and not like so many sand diggers and battery builders, which profession we have been following for the last five and six days, and *were dirty enough*.

At noon, our regiment was ordered from our old quarters, No. 5 Battery, to a place in front of the city of Vera Cruz, and here encamped until our advance on the capital in the afternoon. Some of our men started out after beef. They were not gone long before they fell in with some of the guerillas, and after a hot skirmish, our men were obliged to return to camp without the beef. They were fortunate enough to make their escape to camp in safety. They say that there is plenty of the finest cattle in the country about ten miles from Vera Cruz. They are guarded by a strong body of guerillas; no doubt, belonging to some of the cattle dealers in Mexico.

Monday, March 29, 1847.—This is a lovely morning, and everybody is in high spirits making preparation for the grand surrender. About 8 o'clock, A. M., the drums began to beat to fall in line; after a few complimentaries from our officers, we marched down towards the city and formed in front of the

city. The regulars and sailors were formed opposite to us, and Col. W. S. Harney's dragoons and several pieces of artillery on the right, leaving an aisle for the Mexican soldiers and their followers to march out in the circle to surrender.

After the arrangements were all completed, a signal was given, requesting the Mexicans to march out. At 10 o'clock, A. M., the Mexicans blew their trumpets announcing their coming, and all eyes were then cast towards the Mexicans. It was a beautiful sight to see the Mexican army with their drums, fifes and bands of music playing and their flags flying in the air, marching out of their doomed city, which they have so bravely and gallantly defended to the last hour.

As they marched, we could see them now and then look back to Vera Cruz, kiss and wave their hands and bidding it good-bye, when they came to a halt opposite the flag-staff. The Mexican officers then came to Gen. Scott's head-quarters, who was surrounded in full uniform, by his staff Commissioners, and Commodores Oliver H. Perry and Tatnall, and their staff officers. After greeting one another, some conversation took place in regard to the stipulation and agreement. After this the signal was given for the Mexican soldiers to stack their arms, or muskets, cartridge boxes, belts, and other munitions and implements of war, after which they were let go to their homes.

Some showed signs that they were glad to get rid of their arms, and seemed to lay them down cheerfully, while others slammed their muskets and accoutrements down on the ground with an oath and anger. One fellow could be seen taking the flag off the pole and hiding it away in his bosom, no doubt presented to him by some fair lady of Vera Cruz, and he swore by the great God of the Universe, that he would for ever protect it, stand by and defend it from falling into the hands of the enemy. He was let keep it. He was so rejoiced over it that he cried like a child.

The whole number of prisoners were nearly six thousand soldiers. They were all well uniformed and drilled, but they

were nearly all what we called black men. Some were real negroes, while others were Mexican Indians, who are composed of all mixtures and of all grades of color, which is naturally very dark and coarse. I must now again speak of the surrender. It was one of the grandest sights and spectacles that I have ever seen. Yet I tell you it was hard to see the poor women with their small children strapped upon their mother's back, and with what little clothing they could carry, toddling along with the Mexican soldiers.

Everything passed off quietly; no insulting remarks or fun was made towards the Mexicans as they passed out, we looked upon them as a conquered foe, who have fought for their fire-sides and property, the same as we would have done if attacked by a foreign foe.

After they had all marched out that wanted to go, Gen. Worth, with his division, triumphantly marched into the beautiful city of the True Cross, with the bands playing "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia." The Mexican flags were hauled down and the Stars and Stripes put in their place, waving in the breeze and saluted by our artillery, which caused great shouts and cheering among all the soldiers and sailors. The sailors were not long afterwards until they pulled down the Mexican flag from the flag-pole on the strong and impregnable Castle of San Juan de Ulloa and ran up the victorious American flag in its place. We could plainly hear the sailors shouting and cheering in our camp. We were all sorry that we were not allowed to march into the city and see some of the fun. Gen. Worth was made Governor and commanding officer of Vera Cruz until our army marches on to the capital. After all the excitement had died away, we were ordered to march back to our encampment, well pleased with the sublime sight—the surrender of Vera Cruz. Our loss during the siege of Vera Cruz from March 9th until to-day, was seventeen killed and twenty-eight wounded; the Mexican loss by their own report, was over eleven hundred killed and wounded, mostly all killed by the explosion of our shells and shots.

Tuesday, March 30, 1847.—This morning we received our tents, which we have not seen since we left Lobos Island, and went to work and pitched them in line. So we are again under cover, and protected from the hot sun.

At noon Alburto Welsh and myself got permission from our Captain to go to the city. We passed through a large gateway, and in walking through some of the principal streets we noticed that our naval battery did some heavy damage to the public and private buildings. The Mexicans informed us that the loss among the women and children was far greater than among the soldiers. There is one place where there are more than two hundred soldiers buried, all killed at the battery. According to our promise, we both soon returned to camp, where we learned, I don't know how true it is, that an expedition was to start this evening to Alvarado on the coast, a town containing about twelve hundred or thirteen hundred inhabitants. It is to consist of the South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia Volunteers and two hundred dragoons, under the command of Maj. Beale, and a section of Capt. Steptoe's battery, commanded by Lieut. Judd, and the whole under the command of Gen. John A. Quitman. The United States Navy, under Com. Tatnall, is to co-operate with Gen. Quitman's force. The object is to communicate with the town and clear our rear.

This afternoon I noticed a good many of our soldiers, as well as sailors, going out to the outskirts of Vera Cruz; in fact so many that the guards received strict orders to stop all men from going outside of the picket-line, as the chaparral is full of rancheros and ladrones. Sure enough, this evening, some of them returned, and stated that they had been several times chased, and the only thing that saved them was that they had their muskets and six-shooters with them.

They think that the rancheros or lanceros have captured several of our "tars;" and if this is true, I would not give much for their lives. It seems the Mexicans are very bitter against Uncle Sam's sailors. The latter had better obey orders and stay in camp.

Wednesday, March, 31, 1847.—This morning the soldiers had the privilege of visiting the city in squads of ten men from each company, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, and with strict orders not to insult or molest any of the citizens. I was one of the lucky ten from our company. We started, and soon got to the outskirts of the city. We walked on until we were stopped by sentinel, who was stationed at a stone bridge; this bridge is just outside of the gate of the city entrance. It is built like some of our country-road bridges, arched and parapet on each side, and a few old benches, which looked as if they had been used for lounges. There are several shady trees around this bridge, but their appearance proves that they suffered considerably from our shots and shells. After showing our passes to the officer at the gate we walked on, and came to the fountain called "Central," which seems to be the favorite place of resort of the poorer class, and for the watering of beasts. We noticed several water-carriers, and an *aquador*, with his donkey with kegs or earthen jars, halt and fill them up with water; after which he drives around the city and distributes it to families, who pay a few pennies daily.

Walking around, I took more pains in examining the city to-day than I did yesterday, for I was then in a hurry.

We find Vera Cruz well and strongly built with stones; the houses are mostly two stories high; the streets, except the main street, are mostly narrow, that is they are not so wide as the streets of Philadelphia. They also have a fine cathedral, which is the main one in this city. The floor is paved with small marble blocks. This church has suffered considerable during the bombardment, because it was more conspicuous than any other building in the city.

We also visited the forts and half-moon batteries, which has a full sweep over the plains; and by taking it by assault, which was intended, had the Mexicans not surrendered, it would have cost at least over one thousand men.

It is true, a great many of the batteries were disabled and guns dismantled, but every main street was strongly barricaded with breastworks and artillery. The wall which surrounds the city is about fifteen feet high, with half-moon batteries thereon, and a deep ditch about twenty feet wide, and five or six feet deep, filled with water.

In fact, there seems to be no end to the artillery. There must have been from one to two hundred in the city, besides the ammunition. The walls were at several places crushed pretty badly. The little Catholic Church near the gate suffered very much.

The Mexicans seemed to be very shy; they are afraid to even show themselves, particularly the women, who, whenever they see us Yankee soldiers coming, would instantly run into their *casas* and shut the door until we had passed, after which they would peep out and look where we were going. They, no doubt, say to themselves, "There go those barbarous and murderous Yankees."

We also saw several flocks of large black fowls, looking somewhat like our crows or buzzards. I noticed they mostly roost and rest upon the towers and crosses of churches, cupalos and house-tops. They fly about singly and in pairs; they descend upon the streets and pick up all the offal and refuse; in fact, they seem to be the only offal gatherers in the city. They mostly gather at the fish market, and steal fish from the sellers. There is a penalty for shooting or harming these *zapilates*, as they are called in the Spanish language.

After we had seen all we cared to see, we returned to our camp well pleased with our visit to the first city in Mexico.

Vera Cruz was built by Cortez and his men as soon as they landed. After it was built, Fernando Cortez and his officers held a council of war and resolved to destroy and burn all their ships, and either conquer or die in the country, which resulted in conquering and plundering the whole of Mexico, with the loss of a great many men on both sides.



Thursday, April 1, 1847.—This morning being the 1st of April, it being All Fools' Day, I saw several of our men fooled, and some were made to believe that peace is declared, and that we will soon be on our way toward home.

To-day several of our men went to the city, and some visited the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.* After they returned to camp they reported that the castle was an immensely strong fortress, mounting some of the largest guns in the world, and having any quantity of ammunition.

Friday, April 2, 1847.—This morning there was a small paper published in the city by some of our enterprising Yankces, called the *American Eagle*, a very appropriate name. It sells for twelve and a half cents a copy. Gen. Scott is now preparing his army for an advance on the city of Mexico, but is still lacking in horses, mules, wagons, ammunition, field-pieces, or light artillery; also, provisions, which have not yet arrived from the United States. This is what keeps us here in this hot and sickly place.

At noon Col. Harney, with a detachment of his dragoons, under the command of Capt. George A. H. Blake, and several pieces of Capt. Taylor's artillery, and about five hundred infantry, started on an expedition toward a notorious town called Antiquo (Old Town). The object is to break up a gang of guerillas, rancheros and murderers, who constantly kill our soldiers and sailors if they happen to catch any alone, or who may unfortunately go beyond our encampment.

Saturday, April 3, 1847.—This morning orders were issued from Col. Wynkoop not to permit any soldiers to leave the camp, owing to a murder committed yesterday morning near the city, on a French gardener. They robbed him first, then murdered him. I believe they have caught the murderer, who is, I am glad to say, not a soldier or a sailor, but a follower of the army, and no doubt justice will be done to him.

*Cortez commenced to build the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa in 1582.

This evening Gen. Worth's division appeared on dress parade with an excellent band of music. Col. Harney's expedition arrived in camp this evening and reported that they had broken up the guerillas' quarters, and brought in some eight or ten prisoners and about thirty horses.

To-night there is a gentle breeze wafting in from the Gulf of Mexico, which makes everything look happy and agreeable among the boys.

Sunday, April 4, 1847.—This morning our squad had the privilege of going to the city. After arriving we concluded to go to church, which we found nearly full of soldiers, who, like us, went for curiosity to see what could be seen. Among the audience was Maj.-Gen. Winfield Scott. The priest gave him a lighted candle, which he held while the ceremony was going on. After church we strolled around the streets and visited the wharves, where a number of vessels were laying to unload ammunition, ordnance, provisions, etc. Returned to camp.

It is rumored this evening that the man that killed the French gardener will be hung to-morrow; it is also rumored that the vice-president, of Mexico, Faris, has resigned or has been expelled from his seat, etc.

Monday, April 5, 1847.—This morning the man that murdered and robbed the Frenchman will be hung.

At noon a man named Isaac Kirk, a colored man, and, I believe, a free citizen of the United States, yet who has lived here for a number of years, was arrested for committing, or attempting to commit a rape on the person of Mrs. Maria Antonia Gallegas, a Mexican woman, yesterday on the road between the ruins of Malilran and Vera Cruz; also for stealing ten dollars and a silver comb. He should have been shot on the spot. He will be tried by court-martial, which is now sitting in Vera Cruz, and no doubt will be speedily convicted and hung as high as Haman.

Tuesday, April 6, 1847.—This morning Mr. Beasley, of Co. D, First Pennsylvania Volunteers, died of brain fever. There are several of our company laid up with the same complaint.

At noon Gen. Quitman's expedition arrived in camp from Alvarado. The expedition was what was expected—a full success.

The Mexican soldiers, having previously heard of the surrender of Vera Cruz and the castle, abandoned the town of Alvarado before our troops arrived. They bring with them some four or five hundred high-spirited horses—something much needed at this time for our dismounted dragoons. They say that the country from Vera Cruz to Alvarado is very fertile, with luxuriant tropical vegetation, such as grain, oranges, figs, dates, bananas and coconuts.

This evening Mr. Beasley was buried in the Catholic cemetery close by our present quarters. His corpse was followed and accompanied by Brig.-Gen. Pillow and his staff. While the funeral ceremony was going on in the cemetery a cart brought out of Vera Cruz two dead bodies (Mexicans), dug out from the ruins in the city. They were in a deplorable condition, turned all black, as coal itself.

This evening is unusually hot and close, making everything very unpleasant for the soldiers, and particularly the weary and sick. But, thank God! the arrangements for our start on the march for the interior of Mexico are nearly completed, when we will leave this miserable and sickly section of country for a healthier climate.

Wednesday, April 7, 1847.—This morning another member of Co. D, First Pennsylvania Volunteers, died. His name is George Gun. He died with the same disease as Mr. Beasley did. He was only sick two days.

At noon I again visited the city, probably for the last time, that is, for some time to come. I was pleased to see it look so lively; it begins to show a different appearance. What a wonderful change! When we first entered this city we could get nothing to drink or eat, and found nobody to talk to. Now the streets are lined with eatables and drinkables; they are thronged with Mexicans and Americans alike. Streets that were then filled up with fragments of stone and mortar are

now cleared of the rubbish, and nothing is now left to tell of the destruction the city sustained during the bombardment. The harbor is crowded with American vessels, filled with American goods, busy unloading stores, ammunition of war, etc. The citizens, with a sprinkling of Americans, are opening their stores with the products of American commerce and industry, and in a few weeks this city of Vera Cruz will be a place, and its inhabitants, who have suffered so much of late, will be in the enjoyment of all the comforts of life. The Mexicans themselves seem to have undergone a change, for being free from the presence of their own army, which daily levied contributions from them, they have a protection in our army, and a General who suffers no wrong to be committed without awarding severe punishment to the offender. This city is like every other town or city—it is full of rumors, chiefly about the Mexican Government at the capital. Some tell you that Gen. Santa Anna has been defeated in all his plans of operation, and that he is a prisoner; another that opposition against Gen. Santa Anna has all been put down, and that quiet reigns in the capital. No doubt Gen. Santa Anna will establish himself in power. Then we shall look for results of great moment, and the sooner that event comes the better will we, the Yankees, be satisfied.

In the afternoon I returned to camp with as much alacrity as if I had been enjoying a long *siesta* after the heat of the day.

To-day nine members of our Co. C, First Pennsylvania Volunteers, including Lieut. Casper M. Berry, were discharged, and will sail on the 10th inst. on the steamship "Virginia" for home, sweet home, promising to never return to Mexico again *as soldiers*. This evening Mr. George Gun was buried in the cemetery with all the honors of war.

Thursday, April 8, 1847.—This morning on parade orders were read for us to pack up and leave camp at 10 o'clock, A. M. Every soldier was busy in packing his knapsack and striking tents, and all were soon ready for a long march. All seemed to be much rejoiced in getting away from this awful sickly

climate. When 10 o'clock came around the orders for marching were countermanded, that is, our division, but that of Gen. Twiggs, Second Division, left. He goes by the National Road leading toward the city of Jalapa, where he is to halt, provided he is not stopped by the enemy before he gets that far. Our division is to follow to-morrow. To-day I learn that Lieut. George Moore of Co. D, First Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was reported as having resigned his position in the army at New Orleans, reported himself to his company last evening for duty, and promises to stay with his company during the war with Mexico. He says that he never resigned his position in the company; that he got leave of absence from Col. Wynkoop to go home to attend to some very important business.

This evening we again had orders read, stating that we will positively leave to-morrow morning; also, that Brevet-Col. Henry Wilson, of the First Infantry United States Army, is assigned to the governorship of Vera Cruz, and that Gen. Worth is to take command of his division and follow us. Also, that the court-martial has found Isaac Kirk guilty of theft and attempting to commit a rape upon Mrs. Maria A. Gallegas, and sentenced him to be hanged April 10, at 5 o'clock, P. M.; also, Joseph Grussenmyer and Francis Crystol, both of Co. D, First Pennsylvania Volunteers, were found guilty of theft, and sentenced to a fine of one month's pay and one month's imprisonment in the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa.

The sentence of Isaac Kirk for rape committed on a native woman, will no doubt convince the Mexican people that we are not a set of barbarians, murdering fiends, pillagers and ravishers. The sentence passed to be hung to death, on a citizen of the United States for an offense committed against an enemy. What a lesson it ought to be, too, to those to whom we have been painted as savages, outlaws, respecting neither religion nor law, and committing all over the country we have occupied, the crimes for which the poor wretch is about to suffer death. We hope the sagacity of our able commander will succeed in giving the lie, and the establishment of a military commission is the first step toward it.

Friday, April 9, 1847.—This morning at 6 o'clock we took up our line of march for the interior of Mexico. We passed the city on the western side, passed Brig.-Gen. Twigg's old camp, Vergara. Nothing was left but a few old camp-kettles, pots, clothing, etc. We kept along the sea beach for several miles, after which we passed over a very sandy road, called the National Road to the city of Mexico. Talk about the sandy roads in New Jersey! Why they are no comparison to this one. We came to a halt at a small place called Santa Fé. Here we were allowed one-half hour to refresh ourselves, after which we again fell in and marched on until we came to a stream called San Juan, about eighteen miles from Vera Cruz. Here we halted and encamped for the night, and, as a fellow said, we were devilish glad of it, for we had to carry our own baggage and grub. Our officers were compelled to leave their baggage at Vera Cruz, there being no wagons to transport it.

We noticed the road, all along, was strewn with knapsacks, clothing, and other articles belonging to Gen. Twigg's division, which is in our advance.

There was not much variety in the scenery on our march to-day—no luxuriant tropical vegetation, orange-groves and picturesque scenery, which, it was said, we would meet at every step we took toward the capital. Perhaps we have not come to them yet. The country we passed over to-day is rough and barren, wild with forest trees and numerous chaparrals.

On our march many of our soldiers kept lagging back, could not keep up with the army, and no doubt some will fall into the hands of the guerillas, who are numerous in this section of the country, and who are mostly "laying" for our straggling soldiers to murder them whenever they can get a chance.

To-day was extremely hot, and, as I stated before, the road very sandy, dusty and hot, and with no good water on the whole route. The ranches and huts along the National Road are all deserted, and not a Mexican could be seen all day.

Saturday, April 10th, 1847.—This morning at daylight we started, and did not march fast, partly on account of not having far to go, and also, on account of some of our men having the diarrhœa, sore and blistered feet and being much fatigued. I noticed to-day, the further we are advancing, the more beautiful and picturesque the country is getting. The road is well shaded with fine palm and cocoanut trees. At 2 o'clock, P. M., we arrived at a bridge called Puente de Las Vegas; here we bivouacked for the balance of the day and night. A party was detailed to go after some *carne*, (beef), and it was not long before they brought in fresh beef. On our march to-day, we saw several Mexicans who seemed friendly and wanted to talk with us, but not knowing their language, we did not know what they wanted; I did not want to trust myself alone with them five minutes for I think they are treacherous. To-night nearly all the men went into the river bathing, after which they all felt more comfortable.

Sunday, April 11th, 1847.—This morning we again took up our line of march, and passed through a wild, barren, tract of country; water was scarcely to be had. It looked as if nobody had ever lived here, for no houses or shanties could be seen. We saw plenty of fine large cattle along the road, and our men would shoot and kill a fine ox just for his tongue, heart or liver. Some of our men say that they must be wild cattle, as no one seems to make any claim for them.

About 3 o'clock, P. M., we came in sight of the Puente Nacional. This is, in fact, the first splendid scenery we have seen since we landed on the shores of Mexico. The Puente Nacional, or National Bridge, is a fine, substantial, well-constructed bridge, built with solid stone arches, through which rushes a beautiful stream of water, called Rio Antiqua, or Old River. It puts me in mind of the arched stone bridge over the Conestoga Creek east of Lancaster City, Pa., except that this is considerably higher than the Conestoga bridge. At the end of this bridge, and on a hill, is a fort, built of stone, in 1804; it is to protect the National Road. It is the

work of ancient days, built by the Spaniards in Cortez's time. It commands the bridge and the winding road, and is considered by the Mexicans to be one of the strongest positions between this and the city of Puebla. It is 35 miles from Vera Cruz and 230 miles from the city of Mexico.

Brig.-Gen. Pillow, took quarters in the summer residence of Maj.-Gen. Lopez de Santa Anna. It is a splendid, neat, low building, with a fine fountain. Our regiment encamped on this side of the bridge, on a large open field, without tents.

On to-day's march many of our men were compelled to throw off everything except their blankets, for they could not carry them any longer and keep up with the main army. They were so much exhausted and fatigued from unaccustomed toilsome and hard marching that they were hardly able to carry themselves.

In the evening our mess had chicken soup for supper. The *pollo* (chicken) we got on the way, and promised to pay the Mexican when we come again this road on our way home. The Mexican agreed to *trust that long*. At dark I noticed nearly all the soldiers were taking a bath in the rapid stream of Old River, washing off the dust and sweat.

Our soldiers who have been lagging in the rear are now coming in slowly, with bitter complaints of the cruel and inhuman treatment they received from the rear guard, through the orders from Gen. Pillow. Many of our men are weak and exhausted from the effects of bad water and diarrhoea, which makes them unable to keep up with the army. They drop off on the side of the road under some tree, and there rest themselves, and some probably may go to sleep without much coaxing. It is reported that Gen. Pillow has instructed the rear guard to pick up every soldier lagging on the wayside; that they must keep up with the main army; and if not, to put the bayonet in their rear, or tie them to the tail end of the wagons and drag them along. Oh, chivalrous Brig.-Gen. Gideon Johnson Pillow—for such is your name in full—how can you be so hard-hearted, so harassing, so cruel, on these

poor unfortunate sick, delicate and much-exhausted soldiers? Remember, these men are not your slaves on your plantation. Nay, they are your equals and your peers in all and every society in the whole United States of America. I at this moment hear determined threats and warnings from these unfortunate soldiers to Gen. Pillow to beware of his bad and tyrannic treatment towards them, and I even hear some of the Pennsylvania and Tennessee volunteers threatening to shoot Gen. Pillow the first opportunity offered.

We marched hard all this weary day,
And camped at night by this little stream,
Where all night long on our arms we lay,
To watch and rest, to sleep and dream.

Monday, April 12, 1847.—This morning after breakfast, myself and a small party started ahead of our division for the purpose of taking our time, and marching along slowly until our regiment comes up; but we were soon overtaken by the advance-guard, headed by Brig.-Gen. Pillow, who rode up to us with his strong body-guard, and commanded us to go to the rear and join our regiment.

Lieut. Wm. H. Gray, of Co. F, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who, at the time, happened to be with us, was asked by Gen. Pillow what regiment he belonged to. "To the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, sir," was the reply. "Go back immediately, join your regiment, and consider yourself under arrest." "Aye! Aye! sir," was the answer.

We went back a little piece, sat and lay on the soft grass under a big tree, cursing and swearing vengeance against Gen. Pillow. As soon as the regiment came up we fell into line, and marched on until we came to a few deserted huts, or ranches, as we call them. Here we halted and refreshed ourselves with a good fresh supply of water, which, I am glad to mention, is the best we had since we left the United States.

After a little rest we again started, and passed over a partly hilly and partly fine level country, with shade trees and mixed chaparrals on both sides of the National Road. After we had

marched about five miles we heard the report of artillery, in our advance, which raised the cry throughout the whole division, "A fight ahead! A fight ahead! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!" In fact, we were so much aroused with admiration and confidence of soon having another fight with the enemy, that we had almost forgotten our fatigue and our tiresome marching.

Being thus encouraged, we hurried along a little faster, when we met with a courier, or express-rider, who stated that Brig.-Gen. Twiggs, who is in our advance, had fallen in with the enemy, and had a little brush with him, after which he (Twiggs) fell back to the watering-place, and was now awaiting re-enforcements, and for the arrival of Gen. Scott.

We arrived in camp about 4 o'clock, P. M., and encamped at the lively stream called Plan del Rio (River of the Plain), over which is a splendid stone bridge, built in 1804, of cement, and very substantial.

This evening it is rumored that Gen. Twiggs is making a reconnoissance, and that he is determined to attack the Mexicans as soon as possible, and before the arrival of the general-in-chief, if convenient.

There is a village here composed of miserable shanties and huts, and, like most of those we passed along the National Road, were nearly all deserted by their owners and tenants.

At dark Maj.-Gen. Robert Patterson and his staff arrived and took up quarters in an old church or convent.

Late this evening nearly the whole regiment took a bath in the noble River of the Plain, after which we lay down on the bare ground to take a good rest and much-wanted sleep.

" When our earthly cares are over,
And we enter into our rest,
May we join that seraphic choir
That dwells in the land of the blest !"

I have heard and read a good deal about the richness and sunny skies of Mexico, but if this is a sample of the country and balmy breeze, I don't care about going much further.

Tuesday April 13, 1847.—This morning at reveille we were all up and down at the stream, some bathing, others washing their only shirts, the rest having all been thrown away on our march.

All day the stragglers kept coming in to camp, those that could not keep up with the division. They say that they shut the rear-guard's and Gen. Pillow's eyes up by going in off the main road, so that they could not be seen or found.

At noon to-day Gen. Twiggs issued orders to prepare to storm the pass of Cerro Gordo at midnight, but, fortunately, Maj.-Gen. Patterson arrived last evening, and reported himself for duty this morning, and delayed the attack until the arrival of Gen. Scott. Several scouting parties started out to-day, and brought in a few prisoners, who reported that Gen. Antonio Lopez De Santa Anna is at the Cerro Gordo Pass with thirteen or fourteen thousand soldiers, strongly entrenched, with batteries well planted and fortified.

This evening some of the dragoons came into camp and reported having found three of our soldiers dead on the road. Two of them belonged to the New York regiment, and the other to the Second Dragoons.

Late this evening a train of some eighty wagons started back to Vera Cruz for provisions and ammunition for the attack on Cerro Gordo. Capt. Wall's field battery, attached to our division, is encamped close by our regiment; they are brightening up their pieces and getting them ready for action.

This is a lovely night, making it very pleasant to sleep in the *tierras calientes* (warm country), and particularly without tents. All quiet yet.

Wednesday, April 14, 1847.—This morning, after reveille, some soldiers enjoyed themselves in fishing and swimming, while others went out after beef. In the afternoon our Commander-in Chief, Maj.-Gen. Winfield Scott, arrived at our camp and took up his quarters in an old ranch beside the National Road. As the General came riding by, our soldiers took off their caps and hats, and those that had nothing on their heads

tapped their heads with their right hand and saluted him. The General responded to the salute by raising his old straw hat.

This evening Col. Wynkoop ordered a dress parade, and it *was* a dress parade. Some with straw hats, some with caps, and others with Mexican hats; some with one boot or shoe on, and others with no hats or boots or shoes; some had Mexican coats on, and some had hardly anything on except shirt and pants; in fact, it looked more like a *fantastic parade* than a military one. After this we went into the River of the Plains and took a good bath, and then laid down for the night.

Thursday, April 15, 1847.—This morning the reveille aroused us from our good night's slumber, and about 10 o'clock Gen. Scott started out with his engineer corps to make a new reconnoissance, and found that an attack in front on the National Road batteries would cause the sacrifice of thousands of men, and in all probability defeat to our army. He disapproved of General Twiggs' plan of attack, and ordered a new road to be cut back of the hills of Cerro Gordo.

At noon we were detailed to accompany Gen. Pillow and his engineers to make a reconnoissance up to the left of Cerro Gordo hill or pass. We marched about three miles on the main road, when we took in through the chaparral, and marched about a mile more to the left. We went quietly and cautiously along, when we were ordered to halt and rest. We were then ordered to lie down, which we were very glad to do, being much fatigued and tired. During this time Gen. Pillow and his engineer corps were reconnoitering to find out the real position of the Mexican batteries. They went on until they were discovered by the Mexican pickets. The shrill trumpet sounded the alarm, and never was a set of men sooner on their feet than us. It put me in mind of the first night after we landed below Vera Cruz, when we were aroused by the firing of pickets. Gen. Pillow and his engineers soon returned, saying that he had found out all he wanted to know, and ordered us to march back to our camp. Much fatigued and parched with thirst, we arrived in camp about supper time, which was being prepared for us.

While others were preparing their muskets and ammunition to be ready for action, to-night we went into the River of the Plains and washed the dust and dirt off us, after which we went quietly to sleep.

Friday, April 16, 1847.—This morning there is a gentle breeze which seems to waft across the hills from the blue Gulf of Mexico.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., Gen. Scott ordered Gen. Twiggs' division to take possession of a level hill opposite Cerro Gordo, and station his twenty-four pounder and several howitzers on it.

To-day almost every soldier seems to be in good humor, and making great preparations for the approaching battle. Some are fixing their fire arms, others are writing letters, and probably their wills, others are thinking of nothing but walking through camp whistling, singing songs; and some can be seen playing a game of cards.

This afternoon, Gen. William J. Worth and his division arrived in camp, and reported having a skirmish with some of the guerrillas, who attacked his rear guard and also his beef party who went after some cattle off the road; none of our men were killed or wounded. This evening the provision and siege trains arrived from Vera Cruz, the teamsters report the road in a bad condition. It is rumored that the attack upon the heights of Cerro Gordo will soon be made. The ammunition, provisions and siege guns are all that kept us waiting here.

It seems the Mexicans have not discovered Gen. Twiggs' pioneers cutting the new road around the foot of the hill, at least we have heard no firing from that direction. To-night is a beautiful night; the stars are shining brightly over the heads of the United States Army encamped on the plain near Plan del Rio, Mexico.

Ten o'clock, P. M., no news from Gen. Twiggs or his operations on the heights of Cerro Gordo, nor can we hear anything, on account of all around here being thicket, with large forest trees.

Saturday, April 17, 1847.—This morning the balance of Gen. Twiggs' division left for the field of action. This division is composed mostly of riflemen, regulars and dragoons. They are to take a position for the purpose of planting Gen. Twiggs' artillery. About 10 o'clock, A. M., we heard the roaring of artillery, and in between we could hear the rattling and the sharp crack of the rifles. Our advance at first was partly repulsed. At this Gen. Twiggs instantly formed his men in different position, placing them under the command of Col. William S. Harney, and charged on the heights, which was done with a yell, driving the enemy from their position and holding it. The Mexicans rallied and made a desperate attempt to retake their lost position. They charged upon our men with great bravery, but were just as bravely repulsed, with heavy loss. Our riflemen made every ball tell. Not satisfied with this, they (the enemy) made several attempts to retake their much-regretted lost position, but with still less success and with heavy losses. The ground all around the hill was strewn with dead and wounded Mexicans.

In the evening Gen. Twiggs sent word that he had carried his intended position, and is now safely on the hill, throwing up breastworks and planting his battery, and that he (Gen. Twiggs) will be ready for action to-morrow morning. Maj. Sumner and ten others were reported killed, and twenty wounded in to-day's fight. Late this evening some of Gen. Twiggs' wounded soldiers arrived in camp with sorrowful and painful looks. They are part of Gen. Twiggs' division, and were wounded while driving the Mexicans from a hill.

The heights of Cerro Gordo—and, in fact, all around here—are covered with large forest trees, and in some places with stunted mesquit and thickets of prickly chaparral, cactus plants, etc., which makes it difficult for soldiers to pass through or gain positions.

This evening, on dress parade, orders from Gen. Scott were read to us by Col. Wynkoop, stating that we should be ready to storm the batteries assigned to Gen. Pillow at 6 o'clock

to-morrow morning, and to have two days' provisions with us. The orders which have just been read to us are as follows:—

GEN. SCOTT'S ORDERS FOR THE ATTACK ON THE HEIGHTS
AND DIFFERENT POSITIONS OF CERRO GORDO.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 111.

The enemy's whole line of entrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front, and at the same time, early in the day, to-morrow probably, before 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Second (Gen. Twiggs') Division of Regulars is already advanced within easy turning distance towards the enemy's left. That division has orders to move forward before daylight to-morrow and take up a position across the Main or National Road to the enemy's rear, so as to cut off a retreat towards Jalapa City.

It may be re-enforced to-day, if unexpectedly attacked in force, by regiments one or two taken from Brig.-Gen. James Shields' brigade of volunteers. If not, the two volunteer regiments will march for that purpose at daylight to-morrow morning, under Brig.-Gen. Shields, who will report to Brig.-Gen. David E. Twiggs on getting up with him, or the General-in-Chief, if he be in advance.

“The remaining regiments of that volunteer brigade will receive instructions in the course of this day.

“The first division of regulars (Worth's) will follow the movement against the enemy's left at sunrise to-morrow morning.

“As already arranged, Brig.-Gen. Pillow's brigade will march at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning along the route he has carefully reconnoitered, and stand ready as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right—sooner, if circumstances should favor him to pierce the enemy's line of battle at such point—the nearer the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the right or left, and attack the batteries in reserve, or if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor until further orders.

Wall's field battery and the cavalry will be held in reserve on the National Road a little out of way or view and range of the enemy's batteries. They will take up that position at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The enemy's batteries being carried or abandoned, all our divisions and corps will pursue with vigor. This pursuit may be continued many miles, until stopped by darkness or fortified position toward Jalapa City; consequently, the body of the army will not return to their encampment, but be followed to-morrow afternoon, or early the next morning by the baggage-trains for the several corps. For this purpose the feebler officers and men of each corps will be left to guard its camp and effects, and to load up the latter in the wagons of the corps.

As soon as it shall be known that the enemy's works have been carried, or that the general pursuit has been commenced, one wagon for each regiment and one for the cavalry will follow the movements to receive, under the directions of medical officers, the wounded, who will be brought back to this place for treatment in the general hospital.

The surgeon-general will organize this important service, and designate that hospital, as well as the medical officers, to be left at that place.

Every man who marches out to attack or pursue the enemy, will take the usual allowance of ammunition and subsistence for, at least, two days.

Thus reads Gen. Scott's General Orders, No. 111, which shows and points out every General's position, and the duty which they are expected to perform, and which it is expected they will carry out to the fullest extent.

To-night most of our soldiers went into the river swimming and washing. Some were fixing up their firearms and their accoutrements; some were, like myself, writing letters home to their parents, wives and friends.

LETTER TO MY BROTHER FREDERICK.

CAMP PLAN DEL RIO, MEXICO, April 17, 1847.

When I last saw you at Hollidaysburg, Pa., I promised you faithfully that I would write to you whenever an opportunity offered, but I am sorry to say that I have neglected it until the present time. I hope you will excuse me this time, and I will try to do better hereafter.

Our regiment embarked at New Orleans in three different sailing ships, being divided into three divisions, after which we set sail, and arrived at Brazos Santiago, January 28, 1847. After four days' delay we again weighed anchor and sailed for the Island of Lobos, about one hundred and twenty miles from Vera Cruz. Here we arrived February 16, 1847. We here disembarked, and encamped on the island until nearly the whole army of Gen. Scott's arrived; after which we again embarked, March 3, 1847, and the whole army, on shipboard set sail for Vera Cruz, and arrived at a little island called Anton Lizardo, March 6th. Here the whole fleet, say about two hundred vessels, including the men-of-war, was anchored. After several days of preparation and reconnoitering to select a suitable place for landing our troops, we landed on the 9th of the same month, without any opposition, after surrounding the city of Vera Cruz. The siege commenced on the second day after our landing, and lasted till the day when the agreement to surrender the city was signed, the 29th, making the siege last for seventeen days, in which tremendous and vigorous firing was carried on, both day and night.

According to Gen. Scott's report, our army and navy had fired over three thousand ten-inch shells, two hundred howitzer shells, over one thousand Paixhan shot, and twenty-five hundred round shot, weighing in all about half a million of pounds. Nearly every house in the city was more or less damaged from our cannon. Some houses were totally ruined; a part of the Mexican batteries were dismounted; and several heavy breaches made in the walls surrounding the city. This was the result of seventeen days of war.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., March 29th, the Mexicans surrendered the city of Vera Cruz and the strong Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with all their stores, artillery, ammunition, and other munitions of war, and left for their respective homes on parole of honor. After which the flag of the United States was soon hoisted over the walls of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, and is now waving triumphantly in the breeze. We captured over four hundred cannons, over three thousand round shot and shells, and six thousand muskets.

After the surrender, Gen. Scott made immediate preparations to march his main army farther into the interior of Mexico, on account of the unhealthiness of Vera Cruz and its vicinity, there being already a great number of our soldiers sick in the hospital, unfit for any duty. On the 8th of April Gen. David E. Twiggs' division, composed of about three thousand regular soldiers, with a light field battery and part of Col. Harney's dragoons, started on their march towards the halls or capital of Mexico. Our division (Gen. Robert Patterson's) followed the next day, and for four days marched over a sandy and clayey but well-shaded road, but through a poor, miserable, desolated and deserted country, producing nothing but prickly pear, long stretches of plate cactus, which grows from eight to twelve feet high, and chaparral in abundance. In fact, it looks as if the country was too poor to raise any kind of grain or vegetables.

The Mexican rancheros and padrones, fellows who live in miserable *jacals* or mud-plastered hovels, by their appearance live in a condition of filth and poverty. Many have no *abrigam* (sheltering place). They are mostly the descendants of the old Mexicans or Chichimeca. Their houses, or mud-plastered *jacals* (as we call them) were mostly deserted, in fear of us Yankees.

We arrived at our present encampment, Plan del Rio (or River of the Plain), on the 12th inst., much exhausted and fatigued from marching and heat from the hot sun. Here we find our distinguished and bosom friend, Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, with about 15,000 troops, strongly fortified and entrenched, with heavy batteries, contesting and disputing our march toward the capital of Mexico.

During our encampment here our men have been busy at work in making and cutting new roads and planting batteries in different positions, and making other preparations for the attack on the heights of Cerro Gordo. These preparations are now finished, and orders were read to us this evening that we would storm Cerro Gordo to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock. Most of my comrades are now making preparation for the final result. Some are drawing and cooking their rations, others are, like myself, writing letters to their parents, friends and sweethearts, stating the positions and dangerous duties assigned to them for to-morrow's work. I for my part have no fear in going into this battle. In fact, it gives me pleasure to be able to go into it, and makes me feel proud to serve in the United States Army during this time of troubles and dangers. And you and my friends can rest assured that no deeds or actions of mine will tarnish our fair name. I shall go into this battle with a firm heart and contented mind, and should it be my lot to fall, or death itself be my fate, I say "Let it go!" with a will, and then my name and those of other gallant patriots will be recorded on the bright pages of history of the glorious war with Mexico.

The orders which have been read to us this evening state that we should not only defeat the Mexican Army, but follow them up, and stop not until the spires of Jalapa City appear in sight. So you see by these orders that Gen. Scott is confident of our gallant little army being successful and victorious in this battle. Thus I need cast no fretting or lingering looks behind, but march onward and fight until the battle is fought and victory is won.

I believe I have given you all the details that I know of.

One word more, then I will be done. Read this letter to my parents and friends, and tell them that my health and strength have been remarkably good ever since I joined the army; also, that there is another day of danger before us, and that the whole army is inspired with confidence of a grand and glorious victory. So good-bye.

Your brother,

J. J. O.

Three Locks above Lewistown, Pa.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO—VICTORY COMPLETE—ROUTING OF THE ENEMY IN ALL DIRECTIONS—CAPTURED FIVE THOUSAND PRISONERS—FORTY-THREE PIECES OF ARTILLERY—OVER FIVE THOUSAND STAND OF ARMS, WITH NO END OF AMMUNITION AND PROVISIONS—OVER SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SPECIE—GEN. SANTA ANNA'S PRIVATE CARRIAGE, CORK LEGS AND SADDLE—FOLLOWING THE FLYING ENEMY—CAPTURED JALAPA CITY, PEROTE CASTLE AND PUEBLA CITY—ARRIVED AND CAMPED NEAR JALAPA—ARRIVAL OF GEN. SCOTT AT PEROTE CASTLE—PEROTE CASTLE A POLITICAL PRISON—BATTLE OF LAS VEGAS.

Sunday, April 18, 1847.—This morning all soldiers were up bright and early, and in fact it looked more like preparing to go on a Fourth of July spree than going into the field of battle.

Some were still writing letters, while others were eating and drinking, and some whistling, and some boasting and talking loud of what they intended to do.

About 6 o'clock, A. M., the drums began to beat their merry old tunes. Company after company marched into line to their respective places.

Our Adjutant, Alexander Brown, with a clear and distinct voice gave the words, "Attention! Shoulder arms!" After addressing the regiment, he saluted the Colonel, and informed him that the regiment was formed. Col. Francis M. Wynkoop then drew his sword and stepped to the front, looking with his keen eyes from one end of the regiment to the other. He gave the command, "By the left flank, left face, forward! March!" (The left being in the front.) Then started for the field where bloody work is to be done. After marching about four miles up the National Road, we came to a halt at a cluster of deserted huts or ranches.

Here, by looking back, we had a fine view of our camp at Plan del Rio, and could plainly see some of our camp-fires still burning, also a splendid view of the snow-tops of Orazaba Mountain. Here we halted about one hour and a half, awaiting the arrival of Gen. Robert Patterson. Finally Gen. Patterson came riding up in front of our regiment, and made the following remarks :—

“ Good morning, men ! I am glad to see you all. You are now about to take your line of position, and to charge and storm the enemy’s batteries and heights, and the honor of Pennsylvania, the good old Keystone State, is now in your hands, and I know, and can safely say, it could not be in better hands.

“ And, again, I am sure that you all will do your duty, not only as Pennsylvanians, but as soldiers of the United States Army.” At this our soldiers bursted forth with tremendous cheering. “ Again, follow your commander, Col. Francis M. Wynkoop, who is willing, able and capable of leading you on in the midst of battle.”

Six cheers were then given for Maj.-Gen. Robert Patterson, which made the hills of Cerro Gordo echo. He then put on his hat and said “ Good-bye, my brave men. I expect to hear good news from you.”

Col. Wynkoop answered, “ You shall, and should I, Gen. Patterson, be wanted, you will find me with you in the midst of the battle.” Cheers were then given which rent the air and made the hills all around echo.

Gen. Patterson then rode off to the Tennessee regiments, and also made appropriate remarks suitable for the occasion, and to stir up their patriotism.

Just as we were about to start for our position, four or five wounded soldiers, riflemen, belonging to Gen. Twiggs’ division, accompanied by their comrades in arms, came walking slowly down the new road, and as they passed us, remarked, “ Oh, fellows ! The Mexicans are on the hill strongly fortified, and are awaiting for you ; look out ! ”

Never shall I forget the looks of these gallant men. Some had their arms shot off, others shattered by shot and bullets, hung powerless, while a stream of their precious blood poured from their severed arteries, flooding their sides. Never, never, shall I forget this horrid sight, and I assure you it was not very encouraging to those soldiers who were just going into the field of battle; but such is war.

I understand these soldiers were wounded early last evening in storming a hill opposite Cerro Gordo.

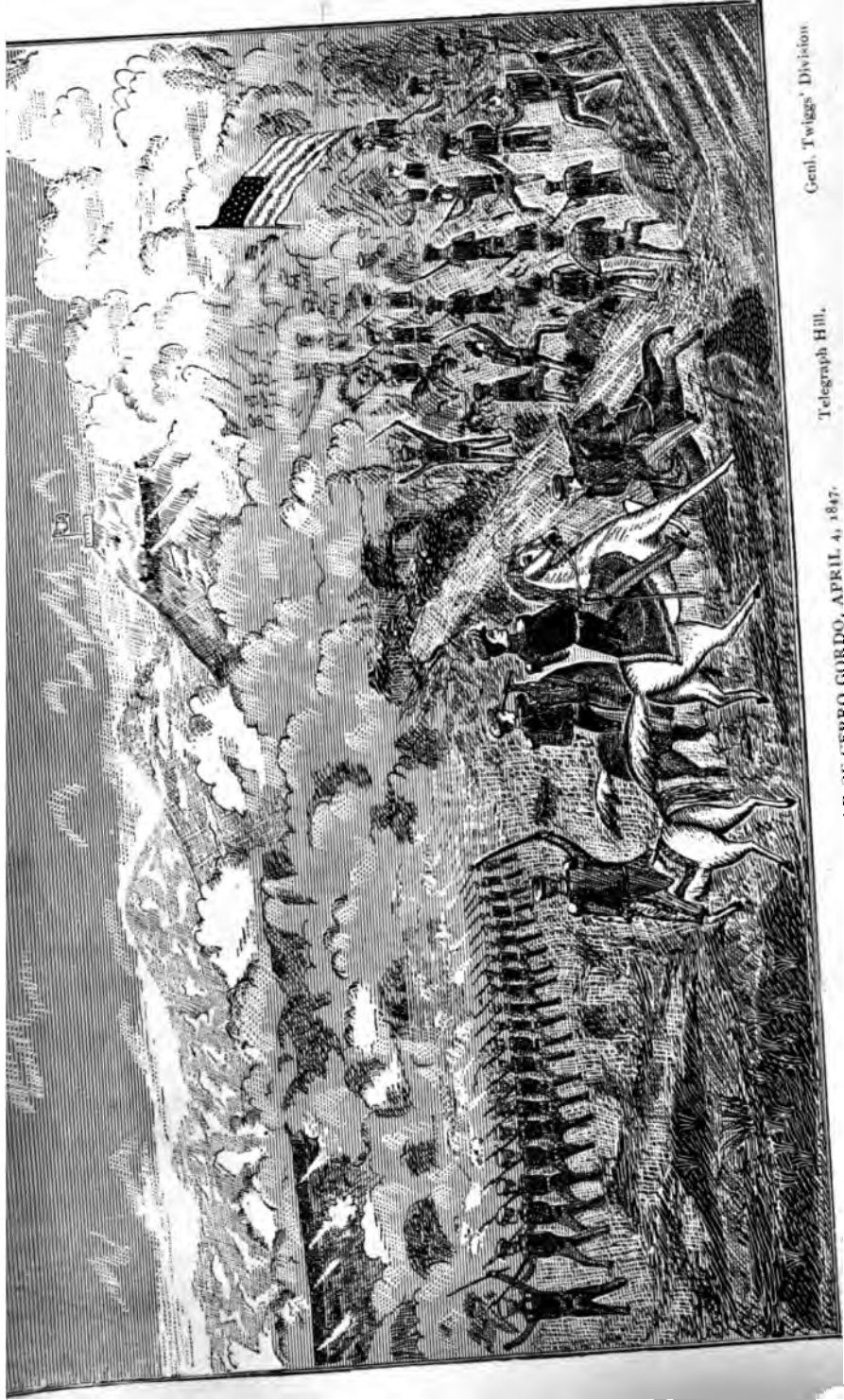
Orders now came from Gen. Winfield Scott that the heights of Cerro Gordo must be stormed all at once and taken without further delay.

We moved and passed through the chaparral, moving with the left division in front. The First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Wynkoop commanding, in front, supported by the First Tennessee Volunteers, Col. W. B. Campbell commanding; the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. John W. Geary commanding; supported by the Second Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, commanded by Col. W. T. Haskell. In this way we moved on with the utmost caution, climbing up the hill which is both steep and rough and rocky, covered in some places with miles of trees, shrub and chaparral, which bears clusters of thorns sharp as a needle.

As already stated, we filed to the left, to assault the enemy's line of batteries and entrenchment to the right, in the rear of the National Road, with nothing to protect our men except the steepness of the hill and trees.

After we had reached the position assigned to us, Gen. Pillow ordered our division to halt, with positive orders not to move or fire until further orders were given from either him or Gen. Patterson.

From here is a fine view of the valley below, which was literally covered with wild flowers, and in some places, lilies were forcing their way up between rocks where one would think nothing could grow.



Genl. Twiggs' Division.

Telegraph Hill.

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO, APRIL 4, 1862.

Gen. Patterson's Division.

Shortly afterward, a blundering mistake was made on the part of Col. Haskell; before any firing was heard from Gen. Twiggs' division on our right, Col. Haskell orders a charge on the enemy's batteries, followed by the Tennessee regiment and one company (Capt. Charles Naylor), Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. They charged up the hill with a yell, but before reaching the batteries were repulsed with considerable loss. Col. W. J. Haskell in the retreat lost his old hat, which caused a good deal of merriment among the soldiers.

The Mexicans by this blunder were aroused, and were not long in discovering our position. Their reveille was plainly heard summoning their soldiers to arms. They sent out skirmishing parties, and of course, they were not long before they discovered some of our soldiers; after which, they returned, and the Mexicans soon opened a tremendous firing of heavy artillery with round shot, hurling a terrible storm of grape, canister and rockets through the trees, cutting the twigs and young limbs as a hail storm cuts the ripened grain. It caused for a short time, confusion and tumult. It was enough to try the staunchest nerves; sometimes a volley of musketry would be fired, but being out of range, the bullets fell short, and of course did no harm.

By this time, Brig.-Gen. Gideon Johnston Pillow, (I am giving you his title and name in full), was seen going down the hill in our rear, and was no more seen or heard from until the engagement was all over.

Here we were left standing in front of the enemy's thundering artillery, with the rattling of grape, canister, rockets and the bursting of shells, cutting the limbs of trees down over our heads, and almost rooting up the ground beneath our feet; men shot down right and left, awaiting with patience for orders from our commanding generals to charge upon these breastworks, but none comes.

The Mexicans could be heard yelling and shouting "Bravo! Bravo! De la Mexicano!" No doubt supposing that they

had checked us from charging on them; but we were anxiously waiting for orders from Gen. Patterson to charge on the enemy. During this perilous and dangerous position, we could hear Gen. Twiggs' division on our right shouting and cheering, and the firing of heavy artillery and musketry, firing volley after volley, and the sharp cracks of the rifles.

Our regiment, and in fact, the whole division, began to get impatient and excited in not getting orders from our generals to charge. Col. Wynkoop, a braver and more gallant officer never drew a sword, sent a messenger after Gens. Patterson and Pillow, to receive orders to charge on the batteries in our front, but the messengers soon returned without finding either Patterson or Pillow.

He again sent another, he returned with the same result. He then sent another, who made inquiry of the whereabouts of either Gens. Patterson or Pillow, but none could tell; he returned and reported the same to Col. Wynkoop.

Fortunately the Mexicans were either bad gunners or they could not depress their cannons enough to have effect on our men. Had they been good gunners, or depressed their pieces enough, there would have been few left to tell the tale of the battle of Cerro Gordo.

Col. Wynkoop began to get tired waiting for orders. Was about to order a charge on the batteries, when some soldier hallooed out that a white flag was waving from the Mexican batteries, the batteries we were about to storm. We all thought it was a joke, that it could not be possible that they have surrendered up their strong batteries and entrenchments, but the ceasing of firing all around put some truth in the report, and finally an aide came to Col. Wynkoop, confirmed the report, and ordered Col. Wynkoop to countermarch his regiment to the National Road. There was much dissatisfaction among both the officers and soldiers for not getting orders to charge, left standing to receive a plunging fire in our front. All the fault of our Generals in failing to give us orders, and failing to carry out the pledges they made to us previous to starting for the battle-field.

The question now is asked, where was Gens. Patterson and Pillow during this heavy firing? They were not where they promised to be, nor could the three messengers sent by Col. Wynkoop find them. So where was Gens. Patterson and Pillow? Echo answers, Where?

On our way to the National Road I saw some horrible sights—the wounded dying, and some dead, but I learn that there was only one belonging to our regiment, D. K. Morrison, that was killed, but many wounded. Among them was John Sheldon, belonging to our company (C). Alburus Welsh, myself, and others, made a bearer out of poles to carry him to the National Road. Here we put him carefully into a hospital wagon, where some were already in a dying state.

Mr. Sheldon received a grape-shot wound through the ankle-bone. On his way down he complained pitifully of his wound, and fears that he will have to lose his foot or leg.

After we had all arrived from the battle-field we formed into line along the National Road and waited until Gen. Twigg's division arrived from the field with the Mexican prisoners. Here we witnessed another sorrowful scene. The wounded brought down from Gen. Twigg's division—some with arms and legs off, others with part of their faces shot off, and otherwise badly mangled. While these poor unfortunate crippled soldiers were passing by I overheard some of our men making remarks, "It was sweet to die for our country's cause, and an honor to those who sacrificed their limbs and gave their blood in defending our glorious country's flag, and that it is an honor to them and friends to rejoice in their sacrifices." I admit there is honor in the way these gallant young men have lost their limbs, their bodies disfigured and their blood spilt; and our country should well reward them for their sacrifices and suffering, but I don't think that there can be much rejoicing of anyone in losing their limbs, or having their bodies disfigured, like I saw some to-day.

I, if God's will, prefer my body and limbs as God made them, and do without the honor and rejoicing of lost limbs

and blood. When Gen. Twiggs, with the head of his division, arrived, was heartily cheered by our regiment. They brought with them, as already stated, the 3,000 (some have it 5,000) Mexican prisoners, and some officers high in rank. Amongst them was Gen. La Vega, who commanded the division and batteries that we were to charge upon. They reported that Gen. Vasquezza, a gallant Mexican officer, was killed behind his battery, and that our *gallant* old friend, Gen. Santa Anna, and Gens. Camaliza and Almonta, with about 10,000 troops, had retreated and fled in all directions just before Gen. Twiggs stormed the telegraph hill. Gen. Twiggs' division also captured Gen. Santa Anna's field carriage, containing drawers under the seats, filled with papers, plans and maps and his field service, a splendid mounted saddle and several wooden or cork legs, and, the best of all, over \$60,000 in specie, portion of which Gen. Santa Anna made a levy and had assessed on the citizens of Jalapa on his way to Cerro Gordo; and to the carriage was harnessed three splendid black mules. The fourth mule and Gen. Santa Anna were so hotly pursued by Col. Harney's dragoons that he (Gen. Santa Anna) was compelled to cut him loose and make his escape from the field by taking what they call a blind road. The capturing of the specie caused much rejoicing amongst our victorious soldiers, and the prospect of soon getting paid off by the captured cash.

The prisoners were marched down to our Camp Plan del Rio, there formed into line, stacked their muskets and cartridge boxes, after which they were dismissed on parole of honor, and not to take up arms again, unless exchanged, as long as the two nations are at war with each other. After the defeat of the Mexicans, Gen. Scott sent Col. William S. Harney in hot pursuit of Gen. Santa Anna and his scattered and flying army, but I doubt whether Col. Harney will overtake Gen. Santa Anna, as I have been informed that he had over a half-hour start on him, and he, of course, being well acquainted with the country and all the by-roads, has all the chances of not getting caught even on a mule. Col. Harney has orders not to stop until the spires of Jalapa City appear in sight.

I also learn that Col. Harney is followed with some infantry and artillery under the command of Gen. Robert Patterson. This is the first we heard of him since he left us on the National Road, making his patriotic war speeches. Following a confused and retreating army is better than to be in the midst of battle and promising the men to lead them into the conflict.

I learn the result of our grand victory to-day was the capturing of forty-three heavy and light bronze artillery, and over six thousand stand of arms, and any quantity of ammunition and provisions. Some of the musket boxes have never been opened. These muskets, as well as most of the heavy artillery, are ordered to be destroyed as we have not the means and force enough to take them with us.

This evening it is reported that Brig.-Gen. James Shields was shot through the lungs while carrying an order to Gen. Scott. It is feared he will not get over it. He is a brave, gallant and very kind officer; is well liked and admired by all his men.

A little before dark Gen. Santa Anna's carriage (which I was informed was captured by Capt. Justus McKinstry of Scott's staff, and the Second United States Infantry) was hauled up in front of Gen. Scott's headquarters to be unloaded of the specie, it being in little bags marked \$100. The soldiers were standing around the carriage (which is after the model of Napoleon's field carriage) anxiously awaiting for an opportunity to steal a bag of specie. While one of the men (detailed) was carrying in a bag on his shoulder a man sneakingly slips up behind him with an open knife and gives it a rip, and, of course, away went the specie on the ground. Then you should have seen the scrambling and rushing. It was really laughable to see the scene. The largest, strongest and the roughest men were the most fortunate in getting some of Gen. Santa Anna's specie.

The noise and wrangling brought Adj.-Gen. H. L. Scott to the door. Seeing the disorder, and soldiers charging on the



... ANNA'S PRIVATE CARRIAGE AT BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO, APRIL 18, 1847.

wrong battery, ordered the guard to charge upon the men and drive them from the carriage. This naturally caused a murmur, much growling and loud talk. When presently Gen. Scott himself came to the door, and inquired what was the matter? Some answered the cause; he laughed, saying, "Well, let the boys have what is on the ground; for they fought and worked hard all day, and they deserve all they can get." This caused laughter, and a cheer for Gen. Scott, but from this time there was no more specie bags cut open. Some of our men got from twenty to thirty dollars, while others got nothing but sore hands, shins, and other bruises.

In our engagement to-day some of our men made some very narrow escapes. Some had the butt of their muskets shot off, out of their hands. Myself had the top of my bayonet shot off, while others had their canteens carried from their sides, one had his cartridge box carried clean from the belt, while Sergt. Joseph Faust, of our company, had his sword scabbard shot from his side.

On our way down from the battle-field it was reported that our Brig.-Gen. Pillow was wounded, but I put no faith in that report; knowing that he left us when the firing first opened, and, like some others, could not be seen or found anywhere near us. But I hear now that the report is true that the General was wounded with a musket bullet. The bullet fell short of us where we were standing. Gen. Pillow when the fire first began was in our rear, in fact so far that Col. Wynkoop's orderly could not find him. Now, I ask where was Gen. Pillow, and where did he run to when the fire first opened from the enemy's batteries? Echo answers, Where?

After *cena* (supper) several of us went over to the Tennesseans' camp. They were just burying their dead comrades, namely:—Second Tennesseans, Lieuts., F. B. Allen, C. G. Gill and B. F. Nelson; Sergts., H. L. Byrnirn, F. Willis and W. F. Brown; Corporals, W. O. Shebling and Franklin Elkin; Privates, Samuel Floyd, W. England, G. W. Keeny and C. A. Sampson. R. L. Bohanan, J. N. Gunter,

T. Griffin, R. Keirman, E. Price, M. M. Durham, A. Hatton and S. W. Landerdal of the First Tennesseans. These men were unfortunately killed in the blundering charge on the batteries at Cerro Gordo. Those who have escaped that dreadful carnage are cursing and condemning every bone in Brig.-Gen. Pillow's body, and some even boast and seemed to know how Gen. Pillow was wounded, and that it was a pity that the ball didn't kill him for his cowardly and inhuman act on our poor and much exhausted soldiers on our march from Vera Cruz to Plan del Rio. The Tennesseans don't seem to think much of Gen. Robert Patterson. They think, like a good many others, that he is braver before going into the battle than in the midst of the battle. That he made the same war speech to them as he did to us Pennsylvanians before the battle began. They, like ourselves, have not seen him since he left us on the National Road.

To-night everything seems to be very quiet. Silence reigned throughout the whole camp, broken only by the step of the sentinel. The soldiers, as well as the officers, are all tired, and will soundly sleep over the glorious victory of the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 18, 1847. Thus on Cerro Gordo Heights, a short, but fierce, day's work was done. And thus our brave old Gen. Scott another battle won, and our glorious banner still triumphantly waves over everlasting glory unto Cerro Gordo's dead.

Since the above has been written a great deal has been said, as well as written, about Gen. Robert Patterson's action and cowardice at the battle of Cerro Gordo. The author of this book has no animosity, or is no partisan of Gen. Patterson, nor do I wish to harm a hair on his veteran grey head, now in his eighty-second year, and all I have to say is that I have nothing to add to or detract from the above. They were taken down on the spot. But I will say this for the General, and I will say it boldly without fear or favor from either side, that there is not a better man living to-day to take charge or command a set of men than Gen. Robert Patterson.

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He not only goes to the Quartermaster and makes inquiry whether such or such regiment or division, or whatever they may be, have received or drawn their rations, but goes himself to their camps and makes inquiry among the soldiers themselves whether they have been properly provided for, and if not he would immediately send for his Quartermasters, reprimanding and telling them that they must get rations for his soldiers, let it come from where it may and cost what it will. The soldiers must and shall be fed. Also examine their quarters, and see for himself whether they are comfortable and clean. And paid particular attention to the sick and wounded soldiers, to see that they were well and properly provided with comfortable quarters, and supplied with skilful doctors, and with a medicine chest.

But in time of an engagement with the enemy he either is afraid of taking his command into battle, for fear of getting some of his men killed, or his ambition for fame and courage fails him.

These are my own humble, private opinions of Gen. Patterson.* The notes taken are the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And I call upon all my readers to read it thoughtfully, and weigh it carefully; after which they can judge for themselves whether my notes are true or not.

Again it is officially reported that the Volunteer Brigade, commanded by Gen. Pillow, was repulsed at the battle of Cerro Gordo. I deny this report most emphatically, first there were no orders given for a charge upon the enemy's battery. Therefore, there could not have been a repulse. I now appeal (and I will prove it by statements from other sources), and call upon all the soldiers who served in that gallant volunteer division and brigade whether I am not correct in my statement, when I say that we were not repulsed. The only charge that was made upon the enemy's batteries (and it was done in a big and blundering mistake) was by Col. Haskell, of the Second

* Since died, August 9, 1881, aged 90.

Tennessean, and Capt. Charles Naylor, of the Second Pennsylvania Volunteers. They charged upon the enemy's works without receiving any orders, either from Gens. Patterson or Pillow. Charged upon the batteries with about two hundred men with a yell, and no doubt, in full confidence in capturing these batteries, guarded and protected by over three thousand Mexicans, well drilled, equipped and disciplined. Charged on through chaparrals until they came to an open field, and within about seventy yards of the enemy's batteries, when a crashing fire of cannons, pouring grape, canister and musketry upon our men, killing eighteen or twenty of Col. Haskell's men, besides twice that many wounded. Hearing no signal or bugle charge, Col. Haskell was compelled to fall back to his old position. These were the only parties of volunteers that charged, and were defeated with the above losses. It was Col. Haskell's own fault; he having charged upon the enemy's batteries without orders, either from Gens. Patterson or Pillow, and Col. Haskell should be court-martialed for disobeying orders. He is responsible for the loss of the gallant young men who fell in front of the battery.

The following is a statement by an eye-witness, published in the *American Star*, at Jalapa, Mexico, April 29, 1847.

MR. PEOPLES:—In your published account of the late battle of Cerro Gordo, you have inadvertently fallen into an error, which, as it conveys a false impression, I desire to correct. Gen. Pillow's brigade consisted of four regiments; the First and Second Tennessee, and the First and Second Pennsylvania. The plan of attack was that the Second Tennessee, under Col. Haskell, and First Pennsylvania, under Col. Wynkoop, should form the storming force; to be supported by the other two regiments, Second Pennsylvania and First Tennessee. The First Pennsylvania moved in advance towards the point of attack. They were halted by Gen. Pillow (in person) about a half a mile from their position, and Col. Wynkoop was ordered to make a detour through the chaparrals, in order to reach the ground without observation. At that time Col. Haskell was almost in position, and, although, our regiment, the First Pennsylvania, was hurried on at a trot, they did not and could not attain their position until after the fire opened on Col. Haskell. Col. Wynkoop, before leading off his regiment, desired to

know from Gen. Pillow when he should make the charge, and was ordered distinctly to take his ground and remain there until he received the signal, or an order from Gen. Pillow through an officer. The signal was to be a single bugle note. He took the position designated. Our right extending into the low brushwood, skirting the chaparrals, was not distant from the enemy's batteries more than seventy-five yards, when a crashing fire of musketry, canister and grape was opened upon us whilst filing into place; and the only reason by which I explain the fact that our loss was only twelve men wounded, and of these but two mortal, was the elevation of the enemy's cannons, the grape almost entirely passed over our heads. The men had received orders not to fire, and not a trigger was pulled. In this position we remained two hours; our men glaring upon the faces of the enemy, and not permitted to move. We received neither the signal nor the orders to charge, and were compelled to stand there like stones, cursing and impatient. I know that Col. Wynkoop sent several officers to ask whether he might not charge, and every man in the regiment knows that all the officers, from the Colonel down, were chafing at the delay. The first intimation we received was an order to retire, and when we reached the ranch at the main road we there learned, for the first time, that Col. Haskell had charged and been repulsed. Our regiment obeyed orders to the letter. The Generals will, I am sure, testify to that fact. It was the last to leave its position, remained firm under the fire, and did not (as some might suppose from the statement in your paper) retreat; perhaps had we charged we might also have been repulsed, but, as that privilege was denied us, we think it unjust to imagine for us such an event.

BY AN OFFICER WHO WAS THERE.


Also a statement from the Second Tennesseans stating that they thought that the word of charge was given when Col. Haskell's command dashed with loud cheers into the space in front of the entrenchments, but, unfortunately, the entire surface of the ground for three hundred yards being covered with chaparral, which was suffered to remain where it was cut down, formed an insurmountable obstacle to a rapid advance. By this time six or seven guns, with eighteen hundred muskets, opened on them with grape and canister, when they had to retreat.

Monday, April 19, 1847.—This morning there was a detail of ten men from each company of our regiment, to take down the cannons from the heights of Cerro Gordo; the

same battery Gen. Twiggs planted on the night of the 17th inst. It, of course, was my lot to be one of the detailed. We started, and after arriving at Gen. Twiggs' field of operation, we were struck with astonishment how our men ever got this heavy artillery up this steep hill, in fact so steep that we were several times obliged to take hold of the branches of trees and bushes to pull ourselves up.

After arriving on the battle-field, we had the pleasure of witnessing an unsightly scene. The Mexican wounded were strewn all over the field; some with their arms and legs off, some shot almost in two and still gasping, some with their entrails hanging out, screaming with pain and agony, begging for *a gota de aguas* (a drop of water); we gave them water out of our canteens, and eased them of their misery all we could. Some of the dead had their heads shot off and whole sides ripped open, and others were mutilated in the most ghastly manner. It would puzzle the best artist in the world to paint the picture in its true light, or as we saw it. We saw the paroled Mexicans hunting up their dead and wounded comrades; to some of the dead they gave a decent burial, and the wounded they took proper care of; others of the dead they gathered in heaps and burned. The wounded were taken up and put in the ambulance wagon and taken to the hospital. In one place we saw no less than fifteen dead Mexicans laying all in one pile. Thus it is plainly to be seen that the twenty-four pounder played havoc among the enemy.

We also saw the body of the gallant Mexican Gen. Vasquez. He was shot through the head. He was lying exposed to the hot sun, and was bloated up in an awful state; and, I regret to state, that some of our *moral* soldiers, who, after the battle of yesterday were sent out to bring in our dead and wounded soldiers, not only rifled his pockets, but took off his boots and all his mountings. In fact nearly all the dead Mexicans had their pockets turned inside out, to see whether they had anything in them. This thieving operation on the dead seems to be the custom among all victorious



parties. It's singular that all the dead Mexicans are bloated up and turn black as soon as they are dead, this is on account of the Mexicans eating so much pepper.

After a couple of hours of hard work, we succeeded in getting the artillery down to the Second battery where we left it. The day being extremely hot and sultry, and having given our water and something to the wounded Mexicans, we of course were much exhausted from thirst, wanting something to eat and rest.

On our way back to camp, we visited the Mexican batteries that the Volunteer division, under the command of Gens. Patterson and Pillow, were to charge upon yesterday, we found them well constructed and mounted batteries; they commanded the whole sway of the surrounding hill, and no doubt had the Volunteer divisions charged upon these batteries there would not have been so many left to tell the tale of the battle of Cerro Gordo. These batteries were guarded and commanded by one of the best, bravest and most skilful officers in the Mexican army, Gen. La Vega.

There was also well constructed batteries in the rear of the front battery, called the reserve battery; that is, after the first one is captured or abandoned, they could fall back to the rear one. After examining both of these batteries, we all came to the conclusion that they were well planned. After we had seen and done all that could be done, we returned to camp, where we were informed that our actual strength, or number of soldiers engaged in the battle of Cerro Gordo, was about 8,500 men; and our loss in the two days' fight is 34 officers and 400 men, in all, 434 killed and wounded. There being 65 killed out-right in accomplishing this second grand victory of our army in Mexico.

The Mexican loss was about 300 killed and about 200 wounded. Thus counting the number of forces against us, the obstacles of art and nature that opposed our forces all over, the American army with skill and valor triumphed over a confident enemy with superior numbers and extraordinary

difficulties, in which action was an assault on a carefully fortified position, and which, contrary to the expectation of the confident enemy, was a complete and decisive victory.

In the evening, most of our sick and wounded were sent with a train back to Vera Cruz, there to be discharged and sent to their homes.

On dress parade, orders were read to us, stating that we would march to-morrow toward Jalapa City.

To-night most all our men took a good washing in the Plan del Rio, after which we laid down to take a sleep.

Tuesday, April 20, 1847.— This morning the advance started about 4 o'clock, and when they got to where we left the artillery stand, they stopped to drag them out on the National Road, and there left them for the horses to be attached to, and to be taken with our division.

Our division left camp at 5 o'clock, A. M., leaving the balance—sick and wounded soldiers—in the charge of the Second Tennessee Regiment, much to their entire dissatisfaction. They, of course, wanted to march with the main army, and not to be left behind.

We are now marching a little further into Gen. Santa Anna's country, and when we passed the regular Mexican camp, we saw enough cannons, ammunition, provisions, clothing and other material of war, to equip our whole army ; yet Old Santa Anna is always complaining to his government of being scant in clothing, provisions, etc.

All along the National Road, as far as we went, was strewed with dead Mexicans and horses. They, refusing to surrender, were cut down by Col. Wm. S. Harney's dragoons while in hot pursuit of Gen. Santa Anna and his flying cavalry on the 18th instant.

Our march to-day being a short one, only fourteen miles, we arrived in camp sooner than usual. This encampment is called El Encero, the summer *hacienda* of Gen. Santa Anna, but I am afraid he will not have the opportunity of spending his summer here this season, or as long as these infernal

Yankees keep following him up. It is a splendid place ; excellent water, and plenty of good beef. The sceneries and views around here are beautiful.

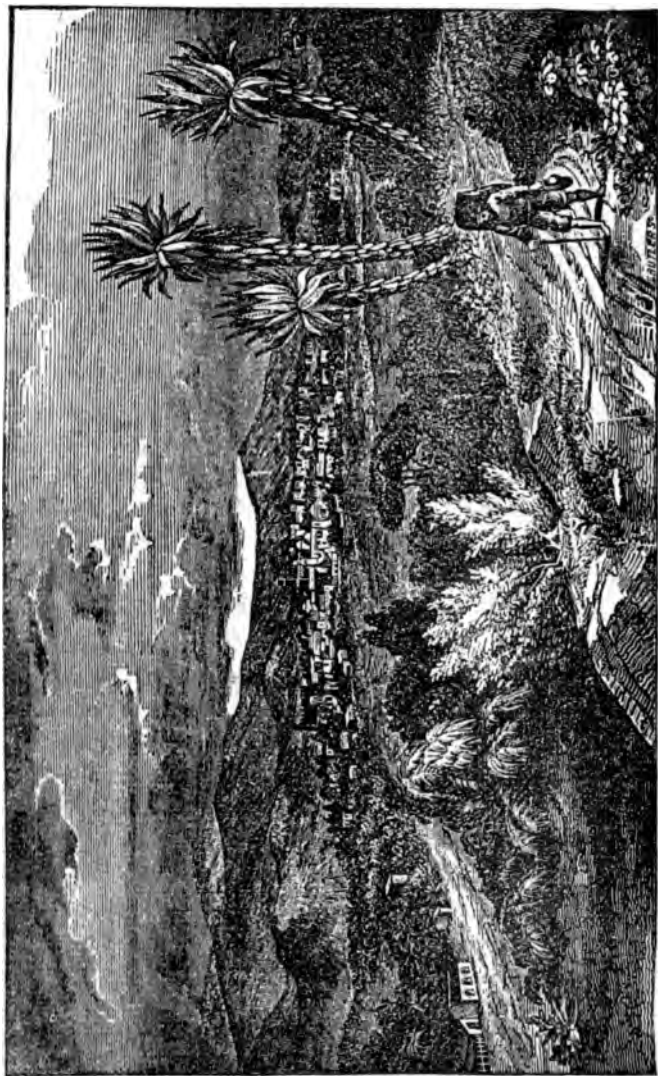
Wednesday, April 21, 1847.—This morning we left El Encero for Jalapa City. I see the further we march into the interior the more beautiful the country gets ; in fact, we passed some of the finest plantations or farms that I have ever seen. Their dwellings, or *haciendas*, are mostly two-story high, with court yards and fountains in the centre, and surrounded with many varieties of views, such as orange-groves and other fruit trees.

Before we entered Jalapa the air was filled with sweet fragrance of orange trees, making the entry of Jalapa more like the Garden of Eden—according to scriptures—than anything I can compare it with.

We arrived at the outskirts of the city about 11 o'clock, A. M., halting for a short time while our officers, or Quartermaster, went to the city to find out our quartering place. They soon returned, and we then marched through the city of Jalapa, and passing out to the northern end of the city, we went into camp on the open field without any tents. It is about three miles from Jalapa, along the National Road. This National Road runs from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico, and nearly all its bridges were constructed by Don Jose Iturrigaray, Lieutenant-General of the Spanish army, in 1803 and 1804. It passed through many historical and romantic scenes, tales in song or story, in weal or woe, as indeed the history of the entire route in works have often been written. Gen. Iturrigaray, after the completion of his work, was imprisoned and heavily fined for forgery and other treasonable acts, and died a miserable wretch.

The historic mountain, Orazaba, or Citlatepetle, which means the Mountain of the Star, is, or looks, close by. It is 17,907 feet high, ninety-eight feet higher than Popocatepetl.

In passing through Jalapa to-day, I was astonished to see how neat and clean everything looked, in and around the city,



JALAPA CITY.

not only the streets and houses, but the citizens, themselves, looked to me quite different from those we have seen at Vera Cruz and on our way here.

The population of Jalapa is about eight or nine thousand. Our quarters are as comfortable as we can expect without our tents. Most of our men can be seen making and putting up shanties. Here we have plenty of good water, and the promise from our Quartermaster of beef every day.

In passing through Jalapa, some of our men hid themselves in the city, and returned to camp this evening, telling high yarns and jokes they had with the *senoritas*.

To-day is the three hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of the landing of Conqueror Cortez's forces in Mexico. He landed near where Vera Cruz now stands, and a more miserable and poorer spot is not to be found in all Mexico; it being Good Friday, April 21, 1519. The second conquerors of Mexico are now on their way to the city of Mexico.

Thursday, April 22, 1847.—This morning is kind of cold, raining and drizzly, which had the effect of some of our men trying to make their way to the city, and hunt better quarters. Having no tents we are exposed to all kinds of weather. A strong guard was ordered to be placed around our camp to keep the soldiers from going out.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., ten men were taken in alphabetical style, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, with the privilege to go to the city of Jalapa with strict instructions to take nothing except what was paid for.

At noon orders were issued for every soldier to brighten his belt and musket, and clean his clothing; but the men say, What is the use of cleaning our clothing as long as we are compelled to lay out in the rain and mud. "We want our tents, oh, Israel!"

The peak of Orazaba, the snow-capped mountain, an eminence above Jalapa, looks as though one was within a stone's throw of it, when it is reckoned to be about forty miles from this place.

This evening the weather is getting extremely cold, which makes everything uncomfortable for the soldiers, who have to sleep out in the open air all night.

Friday, April 23, 1847.—This morning the reveille beat at 6 o'clock, when the soldiers jumped and sprang on their feet and formed in company line to answer the roll-call. After breakfast we had company drills, marching around, and musket exercises.

In the afternoon we had dress-parade, when every soldier is expected to look the best and behave the best.

To-day there were only two soldiers from each company allowed to go to the city on account of the parade.

This afternoon Gen. Quitman's brigade arrived in camp. It consisted of the two Tennessee regiments, Georgia regiment, South Carolina regiment, and about two hundred and fifty mounted Tennessee riflemen, commanded by Col. J. E. Thomas; also three companies belonging to the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who were, you remember, left back at the island of Lobos with the small-pox, they having fully recovered, except some bear marks of that disease. There was much rejoicing and hand-shaking going on among the rest of the regiments here.

This evening my friend and mess-mate, Mr. Simon Schaffer, who has been lingering in delicate health for some time, was taken to the city, and there put in the hospital, from which institution I fear he will never come out alive. He seems to be in very low spirits. I bid him good-bye for the present, promising him that I would call to see him soon.

Late this evening I learned that Col. W. B. Roberts, of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, is very ill, and if we don't soon get our tents or better quarters, one-half our division will be laid up sick.

Saturday, April 24, 1847.—This morning, for the first, we received news from Gen. Worth's division, which is now in our advance. It was brought down last evening from Perote by the Mexican stage. It states that the town and Castle of

Perote were taken without any opposition. The enemy's force had abandoned it before Gen. Worth's division arrived. Gen. Worth is now in full possession of the town and castle, with its armament in good order. Col. Velasquez, the general superintendent, had been left behind to surrender all things in the name of the Mexican government—fifty cannons, five howitzers, three mortars, four stone mortars, together with a large number of round-shot, shells and small arms.

Gens. Morales and Landaro, who had been imprisoned by Gen. Santa Anna for surrendering and capitulating Vera Cruz, were released on the appearance of our troops. The two South Carolina volunteers and an American sailor, taken near Vera Cruz, were prisoners in the castle, and, of course, were released by our troops. They were almost starved to death. Midshipman Robert C. Rogers, of the United States brig Somers, was not found in the castle. Reports have it that the Mexicans removed him from Perote to Puebla the same day that the battle commenced at Cerro Gordo. Also, a rumor from the city of Mexico, saying that Gen. Santa Anna, with five other generals are putting the capital in a state of defence, building strong fortifications around the city and passes on the road.

Rain, rain, nothing but rain, making everything feel disagreeable. When will we have sunshine? Yet, for all this, the men feel jubilant (*goso*) at the capture of the famous Castle of Perote, where, for many years, many of our best citizens and soldiers have been imprisoned, and now has the honor of holding to the breeze the American flag. We all feel *placentero* (jolly).

Sunday, April 25, 1847.—This morning, or in fact all last night, was very cold and rainy, and those who had no shelter got soaking wet, and could be seen hugging up around the camp fires drying their blankets and clothing, and talking about the hard weather, exposure, suffering, &c.

At noon John Newman, Louis Bymaster and myself carried shingles and boards from a deserted ranch, and built ourselves a small shanty.

To-day, Sunday, is the best day for marketing in Mexico, the market people are mostly all old women. We had a good little market outside of our encampment, and everything was reasonable, considering the number of people that was in it. Also a good little reading paper made its appearance in our camp, it is published in Jalapa, and is called the *American Star*, by the same enterprising citizens that published the *American Eagle* at Vera Cruz. So you can see that those enterprising Yankees, Messrs. Jewell, Peoples and Branard, are determined to follow up the army, and publish the news, as we go along, in English. It gives Gen. Scott's report of the battle of Cerro Gordo, and a list of the killed and wounded. Speaking in the highest terms of the heroic conduct of the soldiers at the battle of Cerro Gordo. Also states that Col. Thomas Childs, of the Third Artillery, who at the battle of Cerro Gordo drove the enemy, after a severe conflict, from their position, is appointed Military Governor of Jalapa. In the hands of Col. Childs the interests of the citizens of Jalapa, as well as that of the United States, will be looked to, and justice impartially administered.

To-night we have a roof over our heads.

Monday, April 26, 1847.—This morning after drill a squad of us got permission to visit Jalapa. We passed the Second Pennsylvania Volunteers' headquarters, where we saw Col. W. B. Roberts at his post. So he could not have been so sick as reported. In fact he looks more like being disheartened than sick. We weren't long when we arrived in the city, and we were much pleased and delighted to meet with such a clever and intelligent class of people. We really did not think that there were such people in Mexico, judging from those we have seen before. There does not seem to be much business done here, but what is done is carried on in a fair Yankee style, and whilst passing through the principal business streets we imagine ourselves in some thriving Yankee town. The *senoritas* are what may be called here beautiful. Their features can't be beat for pleasantness.

They are decidedly pretty, and there's not a man who will say aught to the contrary; also in their habits, we mean, of course, the *upper ten*; their skin is, of course, darker than our fair damsels, but their pleasing features and pleasant countenances puts that all out of our minds. They approximate nearer to American refinement. It may well be said Jalapa (which derives its name from a plant which grows numerously and beautifully in this section of the country) is noted for the beauty of its females, nothing can be said of them but what is to their advantage.

The poorer class keep themselves cleaner than those whom we have seen at Vera Cruz, or on our way here. Their young *muchachos* (boys) are equal to our poor in the United States, but they generally are not so well dressed, and don't seem to have much to do; there being no manufactories here. The *American Star* says Jalapa is the prettiest town, it has the handsomest buildings, loveliest gardens and most delicious fruits of all others taken together; in fact it seems that it is peopled with a race distinct from those we have encountered elsewhere. Taking Jalapa all in all, we were highly pleased with what we have seen, and its people, and cannot conceive that there is any difference of opinion on that subject among the American soldiers. I also stopped at the hospital to see Mr. Simon Schaffer. He was much pleased at seeing me. He looks, and says that he feels bad, and has no hopes of ever recovering. I stayed and talked with him for nearly one hour; telling him to keep up his courage, and all would be well. He was much affected, and tears were rolling down his thin cheeks, when I bid him good-bye.

In the evening we started for our camp.

Mexico, April 27, 1847.—This morning, after a cold night's rest, our soldiers were busy in tearing down deserted ranches, and building themselves shanties to sleep under. Some could be seen bringing in shingles, others poles and boards; some were digging holes to plant the posts; some with saws, hammers and hatchets. All for to keep out of the cold rain and damp night air, which is very unhealthy at this time.

In the afternoon a large train from Vera Cruz arrived in our camp, bringing a large mail for our army, but, as usual, none for Jake. This train is loaded with provisions and ammunition for our division; it also brings the wounded soldiers who were left at Plan del Rio after the battle of Cerro Gordo, and it gives me pleasure to say that all of our gallant soldiers are doing as well as could be expected. They report that a good many of our wounded died at Plan del Rio. The boys who got letters from home speak in the highest terms of our army in capturing Vera Cruz. What will they say or write when they hear of the great victory over Gen. Santa Anna, at the battle of Cerro Gordo.

Wednesday, April 28, 1847.—This morning I don't see much of any importance going on, except that several New Yorkers were put in the guard-house for robbing a ranch and breaking and destroying all the things in it, also for disorderly and un-soldier-like conduct in camp. In fact, nearly all the New Yorkers have acted very badly and disorderly for some time. Fighting among themselves is a common occurrence; they think nothing of forming a ring and trying one another's muscles, and beating one another like so many brutes.

At noon, a report came that two American soldiers were killed a day or two ago, near Puento Nacional, the unfortunate men were unarmed, and the ruffians pounced upon them without fear. Americans on the road in Mexico have no business traveling without arms.

Thursday, April 29, 1847.—This morning several parties started out after *pollitos, carne*, etc., and on the way, they fell in with a party of rancheros or guerillas, who are lurking around the country for the purpose of kidnapping our men who venture beyond the camp. The result was, that our men had a fight with the guerillas and several of our men were killed; after which, they returned to camp, and reported the above facts, which caused a good deal of excitement in their respective companies and regiments.

In the afternoon we were visited by an awful thunder storm, and never did I see it lightning sharper; it blew a perfect gale. It blew down some of the ranches, and nearly unroofed all the houses, blowing the boards and shingles high in the air, and for miles around. We, our mess, had to hold on to our shanty to keep it from blowing down. It stood it nobly against the howling storm, not budging an inch. We have had pelting rain and storm almost every day since our encampment; in fact, such soaking ones too, that I declare we almost forget how it looks when it is fair. No other news except that we are beginning to get tired of this camp, which is now styled, and somebody had a hand-board out "Camp Misery."

To-night the wind blows from the snow-top covered mountain Orazaba. It blows about our faces and ears as keen as a whistle, and you can hear some of the fellows cry out, "shut the door!" "Confound this wind, it's blowing in a fellow's face." "Shut up, there's no use quarrelling about the wind or the weather." Laughter, etc.

Friday, April 30, 1847.—This morning it commenced raining again, and continued all day, making it very disagreeable for our soldiers, and particularly for those whose shanties blew down in yesterday afternoon's storm. In fact, some of our men are almost drowned out, and more particularly those who were in caves, they being dug down about a foot below the surface of the earth. Some were so sound asleep that they could hardly be wakened up, the water almost running into their mouths. Our shanty being high and level the water does us no harm. Our men are now clamoring and awaiting for our Quartermaster to bring our tents from Vera Cruz.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., a company of the Fourth Illinois Regiment (Col. E. D. Baker's) started out after beef, also to hunt up the guerillas, who killed several of their men yesterday. They started off with a cheer, and promised to bring in no prisoners. So, look out guerillas!

At noon several companies of the Ten-Regiment Bill (so called) came into camp. There are some Pennsylvanians

among this bill, but I don't think that they are with this lot of to-day's arrival.

In the evening the Illinois company that went out after *carne* and the guerillas, returned without bringing in any dead guerillas, but brought with them two dead soldiers that were killed yesterday. They were buried, wrapped up in their blankets, with all the honors of war, on a small hill opposite our camp.

To-night there is a rumor in our camp that the Mexican Congress, after the defeat of Gen. Santa Anna at the battle of Cerro Gordo, passed a series of resolutions, threatening vengeance and war to the knife, and to the last extremity. "War without pity and death" will be the motto of our brave Mexican soldiers, determined to die before yielding an inch of Mexican soil to the Yankee invaders.

We have heard of this kind of bragging and boasting of what they intended to do before, and, as a fellow said, we are beginning to get used to their boasting.

We are all anxious to meet Gen. Santa Anna's army in their threatening and determination to push the war on. We are also anxiously awaiting for the word of command to go forward and meet the Mexicans wherever and whenever it suits them to give us battle. The sooner we get orders to march toward their much boasted and admired capital of Mexico, the better we will be satisfied, for our men would sooner fight the enemy than be lying here in this camp of misery.

To-night is chilly, and rain beating down on our shanties.

Saturday, May 1, 1847.—This morning we were mustered into the United States service for the third time, and, of course, it was naturally supposed that we would all get paid off, as we have not yet received one *ciento* (cent) since we are in the United States army.

After our muster we were dismissed, and I am sorry to say that not a word was said about pay, so we were all sadly disappointed.

At noon about one hundred soldiers, belonging to Col. Farris Forman's Third Illinois Regiment, and several of the First New York Regiment started out on a beef hunt.

I see by the papers that General Jose Marion Solas has issued a proclamation calling upon his fellow-citizens, by saying that he has obtained permission from his government to raise a Guerilla Corps, with which to attack and destroy the Yankee's invading army in every manner imaginable. "War without pity" and "death" will be the motto of the guerilla warfare of vengeance. Therefore, I invite all my fellow-citizens, especially my *brave* subordinates, to rally around my (Solas) standard and enroll themselves for immediate action.

(Signed) SOLAS.

This kind of warfare is looked upon by all civilized people as an outrage on humanity. It seems that everytime the regular army of Mexico gets defeated and routed by our forces, one or more of the Mexican leaders will commence this mode of warfare. Ah! it will be the most sorrowful time that Mexico has ever known, and devastation and dismay will overspread the land if this kind of warfare is allowed to go on. It would have been our duty to massacre the five thousand prisoners taken at Vera Cruz, and the three thousand or more taken at the battle of Cerro Gordo; and for the sake of humanity we, for the interest of this unfortunate country and its people, hope that Gen. Jose Marion Solas will meet with little success in his diabolical undertaking.

To day two more soldiers, belonging to the Third Illinois Regiment, and one belonging to the New York Regiment, were killed by the guerillas, while out scouting beyond the line of our camp, had these slam men obeyed orders and stayed in camp they would have been living men yet, they go out in small squads, three or four men, and the first they know they are surrounded by a band of guerillas, who are constantly on the watch for these small bodies in an ambush, pounce upon them and kill them if they can. Strong bodies the guerillas will not attempt to attack. Oh! no, that is not in their line



ATTACKED BY GUERRILLAS.

of business. They must be some of Gen. Solas' recruits practicing the guerilla warfare. They will get enough of this kind of warfare, if not stopped soon. The murdering of these three soldiers has again caused a great deal of excitement among the two Illinois Regiments, and Col. Forman, of the Third Illinois, has even went so far as to ask permission to take his regiment and follow these murdering guerillas until they are captured and hung, but the request was not granted, on account of our forces being too small to venture far from camp.

In the evening I again heard a good deal of grumbling and complaining among our soldiers of our long delay in this unhealthy camp without shelter or comforts of life. Men are seen going from one quarter to another making inquiry about the cause of this long delay, and the officers say it is on account of Gen. Scott awaiting for more re-enforcements and the necessary supplies and transportation for an advancing army, also that there being a number of regiments whose time will soon expire, which will weaken the army considerably, and the general conversation among the expired men is that not one will re-enlist in the United States army. They having got extremely disgusted with the campaign in Mexico (not with the State, but the way our government is carrying on the war with Mexico, they having failed to prosecute the war according to our first instructions. So hurry up, you men who sit at Washington and send on the number of soldiers, without any provisions.

They say that some of the soldiers are so discontented that they have to be kept in the camp at night, and that the name of the camp is now called Mexico.

Another day I heard a conversation between a number of the soldiers, and they were talking about the cause of our long delay in Mexico. They said that they were tired of waiting, and that they wanted to go home. They said that they were tired of waiting, and that they wanted to go home. They said that they were tired of waiting, and that they wanted to go home.

It is now over eight weeks since Gen. Scott landed at Vera Cruz. Since that we have taken about eight thousand prisoners, among them were ten Generals, two cities, two famous castles (San Juan de Ulloa and Perote), over five hundred pieces of cannon and ten thousand stand of arms, besides this we have pursued the enemy with such vigor that Gen. Santa Anna's army is scattered to the winds, and their great General wandering in and around the mountains of Orazaba. Yet the Mexicans still cry "war to the knife and knife to the hilt."

In the afternoon a party of the Illinois Volunteers started out in pursuit of guerillas to avenge the death of their lost comrades. I wish them many successes in their revengeful undertaking, but I am afraid the Illinois boys are not strong enough.

Later in the afternoon they returned to camp, and sorry to say, with a similar fate. Two of their men were lassoed around their necks and dragged on the ground for some distance at full speed. After which the guerillas killed them with their *vanallos* (hunter's spear). It seems from the little that I can learn that the Illinois men were at a spring filling their canteens with water, when suddenly these *lansa* (lancers) sprang from behind an ambush and lassoed two of their men before they saw any danger, and made off with them before they could get to their muskets to fire.

This outrage has caused another great excitement among the Illinois boys, and the Third and Fourth Illinois Regiments were about getting ready to go in pursuit of the guerillas, but Gen. Pillow heard of it, when he instantly stopped them, and issued orders that no soldier or party of soldiers be allowed to leave camp, unless they have a written order from him (Gen. Pillow), that this straggling, carousing out from camp must and shall be stopped, that it has caused us more lives than we lost in battles.

In the evening these men were buried, wrapped up in their blankets, with all the honors of war, on the same plot of ground

where the others are buried. The funeral was attended and followed by most all of our officers and regiments. So much for straggling outside of our pickets. Our men to-night are cursing our Quartermaster for not sending our tents. They were left at Vera Cruz on account of the Quartermaster not having wagons and teams ready in time to bring them along on our march hither to camp.

To-night Lieut.-Col. J. E. Thomas' Tennessee Cavalry are out on a scouting expedition.

Monday, May 3, 1847.—This morning orders were read to us to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice on toward the capital of Mexico. After the men were dismissed, cheers and clapping of hands were given, so much rejoiced at the prospect of leaving this camp of misery.

At noon the Cameron Guards, hailing from Harrisburg, Pa., belonging to the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, marched up in front of Col. Wm. B. Roberts' tent, and told the Colonel that they wanted something to eat. The Colonel answered them by saying that he had nothing to give them. At this moment they made a rush on the Mexican huckster women, who have their stands throughout the camp, selling their things to the officers and soldiers, that is to those who have money left, and took nearly all the poor Mexican women had, and such a scrambling and rushing I never saw before. It beat the scrambling for Santa Anna's silver at Plan del Rio. The Officer of the Day tried to stop them from plundering the women, but all of no use. He might just as well attempt to stop thundering as to stop hungry mouths from being fed when there is something to eat. After they had plundered from the hucksters all they had they went to work and cleared the huckster women out of "Camp Misery." The catables taken were then handed around from one to the other in the fellowship of good will. There was a marvelous wagging of jaws, and a volume of voices that much reminded one of the buzzing in a church fair—fearing of being heard by the commanding officers.

The officers of the company will have to pay the Mexican women for all the damages these soldiers committed.

It is rumored this afternoon that our officer discovered a military store-house in Jalapa, belonging to the enemy, filled with uniforms, over eight hundred coats, over two hundred and fifty woolen overalls, one hundred and twenty jackets, twelve shirts, two hundred and twenty-five pair of boots, ten great coats, one hundred and seventy-five cloth socks, two hundred uniform coats unfinished, and about one thousand five hundred knapsacks, each of which contained some article of clothing, many of which are new. These uniforms must have been calculated for Gen. Solas' guerilla corps.

Tuesday, May 4, 1847.—This morning Gen. Scott sent out the Surgeon-General for the purpose of examining our camp, and the condition of the soldiers. He was accompanied by several other doctors. They examined our quarters thoroughly, and they were not long in finding that our camp was really a camp we styled and named, "Camp Misery."

They reported to Gen. Scott the condition we were in, and the unhealthiness of the camp, and that the sooner the soldiers were removed the better it will be for the troops who are camped here.

To-day John O'Brien (mostly going by the name of Pat), of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was arrested for robbing a Catholic priest of his heavy gold chain attached to a heavy gold cross, and a splendid gold watch. Pat was defended by Lieut.-Col. Black and Capt. W. F. Small. They are both able lawyers, and if anybody can clear Pat, they can.

This afternoon Mr. R. Brown, of our company, was taken to Jalapa hospital. Three more men died to-day, and were buried this evening, which creates a melancholy feeling among the soldiers.

Wednesday, May 5, 1847.—This morning it is reported that Lieut. Raphael Semmes, late commander of the United States brig Somers, had arrived in Jalapa City with despatches and communications to Gen. Scott and to the Mexican Government.

The object of the mission of Lieut. Semmes, is to release his brother officer, passed midshipman Robert C. Rogers, also of the United States brig Somers; the report demands of Gen. Scott, to send a strong escort of cavalry to go to the city of Mexico and there demand the release of Mr. Rogers, but the General told Lieut. Semmes, that it would be impossible for him, Semmes, to attempt to go to the capital of Mexico with such a force, as the roads were lined with rancheros and guerillas, (a band of outlaws who show no respect to flags or to any person belonging to the United States,) also, that at the present time, he, Gen. Scott, could neither spare cavalry, artillery or infantry to guide any commissioner to the capital, until the arrival of re-enforcements from the United States, as there were numbers of regiments whose time now expired, which will still weaken his forces. So Commissioner Semmes did not get to go to the capital of Mexico and see what the Mexicans were doing with midshipman Rogers.

It will be remembered, that Rogers, with a party of seamen were captured during the early blockading of Vera Cruz. He was reconnoitering near the castle of San Juan de Ulloa at night, when he came across a Mexican brig-of-war named the Creole, which he blew up with all on board, and in trying to make his escape was captured. He and his men were of course accused of destroying the Creole, to which Rogers confessed and said that he was one of the party. Being captured in his United States uniform, he called upon the United States Government to protect him in his lawful right as a prisoner. It is now reported, that Rogers, who was at Puebla City, was removed to the city of Mexico.

At noon I heard a great shouting and cheering among the Tennessee, Illinois, Alabama and other regiments, and I went down supposing that they had heard some good news, when they told me that they were ordered to be discharged from the United States service, and would leave for sweet home tomorrow. Oh! didn't I wish myself to be one of them.

This evening two of the mounted Tennesseans died and were buried at the same place with the rest. It is raining to-night.

Thursday, May 6, 1847.—This morning is a glorious one to the discharged volunteers. We went to their camp and gave them a hearty shake of the hand and bid them good luck and safe return to their homes. Telling us that they deeply regretted to leave us almost in the midst of the enemy's country, that they would like to be with us and march on to the capital of Mexico, but the United States Government had fooled and bamboozled them so often, that they have no faith in it; and seeing no sign of the Government prosecuting the war with vigor, and seeing no re-enforcements arriving, they began to think that the Government is in no hurry to crush this war. The contractors have not made enough money, and the quartermasters have not robbed the poor soldiers enough of their rations. That they were told at Tampico, (when ordered to join Gen. Scott's army,) that Gen. Scott's army will be 50,000 strong, and that the enemy was to be crushed to the ground and peace would soon follow. I believe every word these men said; the Government has belied in refusing to strengthen our army. And I hear that Gen. Scott is quite dissatisfied at the way the Government is treating him, in not fulfilling the agreement made previous to his leaving the United States.

No ordnance, no ammunition, no stores, no wagons and teams, and worst of all, scarcely any soldiers fit to march further into the interior of Mexico.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., the reveille was called, when I counted the following regiments who were about leaving us, the First and Second Tennessee, the Third and Fourth Illinois, Georgia and Alabama regiments, Col. William's Fourth Kentucky regiment, and Lieut.-Col. J. E. Thomas' Tennessee Cavalry regiment, in all eight regiments, besides several independent companies. When they started off, they gave us remaining troops three hearty cheers, and bade good-bye to "Camp Misery."

Gen. Robert Patterson goes down with them on his way home to recruit his health and strength, and I hope his courage also.

Some of his friends shook hands, wishing him a safe journey to his family. Brig.-Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, also goes with them home, (providing the Tennesseans do not shoot him,) to explain to his fellow citizens where he was when the enemy first opened fire on our brigade at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and how he became wounded in the arm by a musket bullet away down the hill in our rear.

They take with them a large train of empty wagons to Vera Cruz, there to be loaded with provisions and ammunition for our army. As they passed out of camp, we gave them three hearty cheers, to which they responded with a will. Good-bye! they are fast disappearing out of sight when our men fell back to their quarters.

At noon we were informed that our brigade is now placed under the command of Gen. Quitman, a fighting general, who, if wanted, can be found without sending half a dozen messengers after him.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers left camp for Jalapa, to form the garrison. Col. Wynkoop, of our regiment had the offer, but he declined, as he preferred to be with his regiment and with the main army marching on to the capital of Mexico.

This evening, two of the South Carolinans were buried with all the honors of war. I learn to-night, that our friend (Pat) John O'Brien, was acquitted of the charge of robbing the old priest. Mr. O'Brien had men to swear, that he, O'Brien, was not the man that had robbed him; that when the robbery was committed, he, Pat O'Brien, was quietly lying in his camp sick, (in a pig's eye,) for during the trial, Capt. Small had the stolen watch in his pocket as his fee to defend Pat O'Brien. A good and heavy swearing company, D, First Pennsylvania Volunteers. Pat and his friends are in high glee over his acquittal. He can sin again and ask the priest to forgive his sins.

I hear a rumor to-night, that we will leave for Puebla city soon. We all hope that the rumor may prove true. There

is also a rumor in Jalapa, that there was a bill introduced into Congress, to make the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, a Lieutenant General of the United States Army, over Gen. Winfield Scott; should this bill pass, and become a law, Gen. Scott will immediately resign and return home, and explain to the people the way he has been treated since he landed his little army near Vera Cruz, Mexico.

The much talked of firing in the rear of Gen. Scott's army has commenced. In fact, it has been working and brewing ever since our army left Vera Cruz. This kind of business and quarreling about who should command the army now so victoriously marching on toward the capital, has put a damper on the peace prospects. No wonder Gen. Santa Anna is determined to die sooner than treat with the government of the United States, and to restrict any power to make peace, and if made by any unauthorized person, it shall be null and void.

Friday, May 7, 1847.—This morning, sure enough, the rumors of last evening, that we would leave "Camp Misery," is true. About 9 o'clock, A. M., the drums began to beat. The soldiers all seemed pleased to get away from this camp, and hurried into line to answer roll-call. After a few complimentary remarks from our Captain, W. F. Small, a command came from Col. Wynkoop: "Forward! March!" And off we went with no regret and without weeping eyes. Our march was nearly all up hill, over a rough road and country. We went through the noted pass La Hoya (The Hollow), which is about eight miles in length, and is one mass of rocks and lava stones. Here the Mexicans had the pass fortified to stop our advancing army; but when Col. Harney's dragoons appeared in sight, they deserted it and left the heavy cannons lay and took the small ones with them. Gen. Worth, who was then in our advance, had not the means of transportation to take artillery, and was, therefore, obliged to spike and knock the ends off, and then roll them off the road for the army and wagons to pass.

We examined the position, and in my humble opinion, La Hoya is far the worst pass, and a stronger position than Cerro Gordo. We marched on and went into camp at a small town called Las Vegas. Here our regiment quartered in a church. There is good spring water here, and some fruit trees, such as figs, bananas, oranges, etc.

This is truly a strange country, for not a wagon or carriage (except government wagons) have we met on our march. Even in Vera Cruz, not a four or even a two-wheeled vehicle could be seen. Everything is brought into town on packed donkeys, or jack-asses (as we call them), and on the poor Indian's back, packed and loaded like his brother, the ass, burdened down with charcoal, vegetables, etc. This is sometimes brought many miles to market, and particularly about Vera Cruz, for nothing grows there but bluffs of sand.

Saturday, May, 8, 1847.—This morning at daylight we started on our march over what was at one time a macadamized road, but now very rough. We arrived at the town of Perote about 4 o'clock, P. M. After a half hour's rest, we were ordered to march into the Castle of Perote. Here we are to be stationed as a garrison for the present time. The New York, South Carolina and other regiments marched beyond the town of Perote, where they encamped for the night; but most of the officers remained in town.

In the evening some of the officers visited and examined Castle Perote, and all pronounced it a strong fort.

The snow-top mountains of Orazaba and Cofrado de Perote are in full view from here.

As already stated, the road we passed over to-day was so rough that many of our wagons were broken down and upset, and we were late getting into camp. Every company is selecting and fixing up their quarters, and they are the best we have had since we left the ships.

Gen. Worth captured this castle April 22, last. He, with his whole division, left this morning for Puebla—that is if Gen. Santa Anna don't stop him before he gets there. It was

reported to-night that Gen. Santa Anna had over six thousand men entrenched on this side of Puebla, and is going to dispute our march further.

Sunday, May 9, 1847.—This morning a party of soldiers and myself paid a visit to the town of Perote, and I must say that we were sadly disappointed, for we found it no great place. Very little business is carried on here, and a very slim market for Sunday, probably the *buhonero seniorito* (peddler ladies) are afraid to bring their produce to market, fearing us Yankees would insult or not pay them. We find here (like all other villages) plenty of priests, monks, and some of the most ignorant and miserable creatures that walk under God's sun. Most of them have scarcely enough clothing to hide their nakedness. Many wear what is called sandals, which consist of a piece of leather or skin tied with a string around their heel, instep and big toe. Many wear nothing on their feet. The ladies wear no bonnets, nothing but a scarf or a small shawl over their devoted heads.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., Gen. Quitman's division left Perote for the city of Puebla. I pitied some of Gen. Quitman's men, for they seemed to be much worn out and fatigued. They hardly could keep up on the last day's march, on account of sore feet and diarrhoea, and being unaccustomed to marching. We also went to church, and I was astonished to see it so handsomely decorated; some very fine and costly paintings hung on the walls.

In the afternoon we returned to our quarters, at the Castle of San Carlos.

Monday, May 10, 1847.—This morning orders were issued for dress parade and squad drill every morning and afternoon.

To-day a company of the Second United States Dragoons arrived in the town of Perote. They are to remain here and watch the guerillas until Capt. Walker's mounted Texan Rangers arrive from Vera Cruz.

This afternoon I took a walk around, and visited different companies' quarters. They all speak in the highest praise of their elegant quarters, and are wondering how long Uncle Sam will let them remain here.

Tuesday, May 11, 1847.—This morning, sure enough, commenced reveille; squad drill at 8 o'clock, company drill at 4 o'clock, P. M., dress-parade at 6 o'clock, P. M. We are now acting and drilling under the regular Scott tactics. It is healthy exercise, and gives the men an appetite.

This evening it is again rumored (and it seems to come from good authority) that Gen. Santa Anna, with about six thousand men, is strongly entrenched at a small town called Amozoquco, about ten miles on this side of Puebla. Santa Anna boasts that he is going to give Gen. Scott some trouble before he (Scott) gets much further into his (Santa Anna's) country. I don't think there will be any danger to prevent our side from coming out victorious. As Gen. Worth, who is now in our advance, has got, I think, three batteries, commanded by Col. Duncan, Capt. Steptoos and Bonneville, well supplied with grape, canister, shell and round shots, and about three thousand infantry and six hundred dragoons, under Col. W. S. Harney, who would sooner fight than eat.

Nothing else of importance transpired to-day.

Wednesday, May 12, 1847.—This morning, as usual, nothing but drilling, with no encouragement on my part, having the toothache, which is one of the most painful complaints that a person can have. There are people who would willingly give a large sum of money to anyone who should discover a speedy and certain cure for it.

This evening I had a talk with Don Jose, Assistant Superintendent of the Castle de Perote. He tells me that this castle is now used for the temporary storage of valuable property previous to its shipment from Vera Cruz; and also as a place of safety for military and political prisoners, of which I will write more hereafter.

Don Jose is a full-blooded Mexican, and when Gen. Worth captured the castle, or, in fact, previous to its capture, all the troops, and most of the prisoners fled, but Don Jose remained at his post, and still holds his old position, with strict orders not to leave the castle without orders from the commanding officer of the castle.

In the evening some of our men went to Col. Black's headquarters, making inquiry about Gen. Worth's division, whether there was any news; but Col. Black answered that he had no news yet, but expected some every day. [Cheers.]

Later in the evening it commenced to get cold, bleak, and windy; rain and sleet in the air—just like a fickle November furnishes both to perfection in the Allegheny Mountains in Pennsylvania—making the men wrap themselves up in their blankets and hang around the camp-fire.

Thursday, May 13, 1847.—This morning Capt. Ayres, with a company of artillerymen, arrived and took up quarters in the Perote Castle of San Carlos. They are to be stationed here to command artillery in the castle. They also brought with them some of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who were left in the Jalapa hospital sick.

Capt. Ayres reports that Gen. Scott will arrive at the Castle of Perote about Monday next on his way to the city of Puebla to join the advance of his army. He also states that it was reported in Jalapa previous to his leaving, that Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, Commissioner appointed from the United States Government, is on his way to negotiate with the Mexican government to make peace. How are you peace—peace in a pig's eye.

The weather to-day is beautiful, and it reminds me of our May at home.

At noon there was a detail of two men from each company to guard a way train to Jalapa for provisions.

This evening it is reported that Gen. Santa Anna has resigned the presidency of Mexico. This is not believed by the citizens.

Friday, May 14, 1847.—This morning Capt. Ayres very unexpectedly left the Castle of San Carlos with his command to join Gen. Worth's division. His command is composed of all diarrhoea blues, belonging to the different regiments of Gen. Worth's division. They were left at the Jalapa hospital, and he is now taking them to join their respective commands, Capt. Ayres' company, is now with Gen. Worth's division and he is on his way to take command of it again. It will be remembered that Capt. Ayres was the first one that planted the flag of our country at Monterey.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., an express arrived from Jalapa, with orders from Gen. Scott to detail three companies of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers to garrison Jalapa along with the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. So, at noon, Cos. A, G and I left for that place under the command of Maj. Francis L. Bowman.

In the evening the water commenced running very slowly from the fountains. Col. Wynkoop, now Governor of the castle, sent word to the Alcalde of Perote that if he did not send the water on he would be obliged to send some few bombs from the castle into the city of Perote; and it was not long afterward when we had plenty of water.

Saturday, May 15, 1847.—This morning one of the artillerymen was assaulted by a party of Mexicans, one caught hold of his horse, while the others stoned and stabbed him in the back; he, however, made good his escape to the castle; he reported the same, after which a guard was sent to the town and was there joined and headed by the *Alcalde*, and searched every crack, corner and house until they found the parties, the would-be assassins. They were brought to the castle and put into a dark cell, there to await trial; otherwise everything was quiet.

Sunday, May 16, 1847.—This morning our company was notified to mount guard at 10 o'clock, A. M., but owing to a deficient number we were excused from duty to-day, and Co. F took our place. So a squad of us paid a visit to the

town and to the church, and beheld the wonders, and looked at the old priest performing. After church is over, the market commences; to-day has been the largest market yet.

This afternoon Gov. Wynkoop and staff paid a visit to the town to see how things were going on. After which they returned to the castle. No news from either front or rear.

Monday, May 17, 1847.—This morning at 10 o'clock, we mounted guard for the first time since we were in the castle, and it seems curious to me; also the day seems long while on post, my post being at the flag-staff. While on guard, my old friend, Daniel M. Dull, of McVeytown, Pennsylvania, came to me with a letter from my friend, Samuel Horning, also of the same town; the letter he had just received from the post-office; knowing that it belonged to me, he lifted it for me. This is actually the first letter I received since I've been in the United States army, and it was welcome you may depend; the news being also very good from home. All well. No further news to-day. No news from Gen. Worth.

Tuesday, May 18, 1847.—This morning after we were released from guard duty, a traveler arrived in the castle, stating that Gen. Scott was coming; so the artillerymen were ordered to stand by the cannons to fire a salute in honor of their old chief. Col. Wynkoop and staff went out to meet him, but soon returned, saying it is a humbug.

This afternoon the Mexican prisoners who attempted to assassinate the artilleryman, swept the main plaza of the castle.

This has been the coldest day I have experienced since I have been in Mexico; the Orazaba and other surrounding hills are all covered with snow. The Mexicans are saying *mucho frio hambre*, (very cold man.) No news from Gen. Worth.

Wednesday, May 19, 1847.—This morning it commenced raining and snowing and continued all day. This evening it blew up very cold.

Thursday, May 20, 1847.—This morning at 10 o'clock the court-martial sat, and the trial of those Mexicans who attempted to assassinate the artilleryman, came up first, and

after a short setting, the Court acquitted nine, and the tenth confessed his guilt, and was sentenced to receive sixty lashes on his bare back in the main plaza of Perote, on the 29th of this month. This fellow is young, wild, stout and handsome, and has a fair looking wife with one child. His wife brings his meals to him regularly, and always brings the child along, which is a fine little baby. She takes it very hard, and would like to see him out. She says that when the deed was done he was drunk, and she did not believe that her husband was the guilty man. After he receives his lashes he is to be confined in the castle until the end of the present war with Mexico.

Report to-night that the guerillas captured Gen. Worth's messenger with his despatches. This is the reason we have heard no news.

Friday, May 21, 1847.—This morning the mail coach came in town, stating that they were robbed at the town of Tepegahualco, but, fortunately, it contained no Americans in it at the time, only a Frenchman and his family; they having Gen. Worth's despatches of the capture of Puebla, and for having these despatches the guerillas took from them all they had with them, and barely spared their lives. The town of Tepegahualco is notorious for the guerillas, and seems to be their headquarters. Our next excursion will be in that direction, and God help them if we ever get hold of them.

Saturday, May 22, 1847.—This morning two companies (F and H) of our regiment, accompanied by Col. Wynkoop, went in pursuit of the guerillas, who are said to be near here, at a small town named Cruz Blanco (White Cross). And after a whole day's scouting they returned this evening without finding or seeing anything of them.

It is rumored this evening that Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, an Envoy or a Commissioner of the United States, arrived at Jalapa with despatches to certain persons in the city of Mexico. Thus it seems that our government is anxious to make peace at any price. This is strange; does our government really think that the Mexicans will negotiate and make

peace, when there is only a handful of individuals in their country? All bosh. Our officials at Washington must either be crazy or they don't know what they are doing, and this is only another fire in the rear, and for the purpose of prolonging the war.

Gen. Scott received Mr. Trist very coolly, and informed him that the only way that peace can be accomplished is for the United States Government to send him (Gen. Scott) re-enforcements, that he may then march on to the halls of Montezumas, and not before then will the Mexican Government be ready to make peace. In fact the soldiers don't want peace until the halls of Montezumas are stormed and taken. Let our government send the re-enforcements promised to Gen. Scott, and we will soon march on, and not stop until the capital of Mexico is taken. Then let us say peace, peace! And, mark me, this will have to be done. Gen. Scott is ready and anxious to march on to the capital, but is waiting in Jalapa for re-enforcements. Oh! in behalf of my fellow-soldiers, I ask why don't you send on troops, that we may accomplish what we came for, to conquer the Mexicans, and then seek for peace? Oh! in that name is music.

The weather still keeps cold.

Sunday, May 23, 1847.—This morning our company was detailed to bury one of Co. I's men of our regiment; this is owing to the dead man's company being absent on duty at Jalapa.

This soldier was left here in the hospital sick when his company went to Jalapa. He, however, soon recovered, and attached himself to our company. He was well and hearty a few days ago, and yesterday he died very suddenly of heart disease. We buried him with all the honors of war, which was all that was left for us to do. The flag of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was the pall for his coffin.

There is a good deal of talk among our men about the idea of our government constantly clamoring about peace, when it is a well-known fact that the Mexican Congress passed a

law to listen to no peace propositions, and to carry on the war which the government of the United States is waging against the Mexican government. They, the enemy, having declared to preserve and defend their country with all the energy which the country demands.

This evening there is a report from Gen. Worth's division, that while on his way to Puebla, he had a little fight with some of Gen. Santa Anna's cavalry, about two thousand strong, at a small town called Amozoquco, about ten miles from Puebla on the National Road. After Col. Duncan and Maj. Bonneville, of Capt. Steptoes' battery, got into position they commenced to fire, and the way our fellows poured the grape, canister and shell in and among them was a caution, killing over eighty Mexicans, besides wounding many; our loss was two killed and a few wounded. The victory was complete, and the enemy fled in all directions.

After the enemy's defeat Gen. Worth marched on to the city of Puebla, and entered it without any opposition from the enemy or its citizens, without the firing of a gun. He marched into the main plaza, stationed his artillery in the centre, and the soldiers laid down with their fire-arms as independently and unconcerned and slept as if there was no enemy in the country.

Friends, think of it, an army, a little over four thousand, marching into a city with a population of seventy-five or eighty thousand, without firing a gun! Why it even astonishes the Mexicans here at Perote. The Mexicans say, "*Mucho bueno! Mucho valentons!*" (Very brave and gallant).

This news has caused a little excitement among the Mexicans, and inspired new life into our soldiers, and they are laughing heartily at the idea of our government wanting to make peace, with such glorious victories and prospects of conquering the Mexicans.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by some of the wisest men."

Monday, May 24, 1847.—This morning our company was detailed to go on guard for the second time since we are quartered here. I was stationed in front of the main guard-house, a comfortable station in case of rain or storm.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., I was relieved from guard duty four hours, but had to remain in and about the guard-house all day and night.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., a courier came to the Castle of Perote, stating that Gen. Scott with a large train is coming. When he came in sight the cannons sent forth their peals of thunder, and when he arrived our regiment was out on parade, bearing the flag of our State. He uncovered and acknowledged the corn, remarking that he feels proud to see the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers in such a good state of health, and complimented Col. Wynkoop highly for our neat and cleanly appearance, after which he entered the Castle of Perote, took a walk around and all over the castle, examining the artillery and heavy cannons, remarking that this is truly a very strong fort, and it surprised him that the Mexicans should have surrendered it without a battle. After he had examined and seen all, he returned to the town of Perote, where he took up his quarters for the day and night.

Several of our soldiers who were left back at Jalapa hospital, having so far recovered that they were able to do duty, have joined their respective companies; and from them I learned the sad news of the death of John Sheldon and Simon Schaffer, both belonging to our company. Mr. Sheldon was wounded at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and died of his wounds on May 6th, and my esteemed friend and messmate, Simon Schaffer, died May 13, 1847.

Mr. Schaffer hailed from Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, Pa., and joined our company on our way to Pittsburgh, Pa. Hailing from the same county in which I lived, and spent the majority of my boyhood days, on that account we became more familiar and more intimately attached to each other. We were chums, in camp we slept together, and on our march we

marched together, and slept under one blanket, divided our crackers, and often drank out of one canteen and our coffee out of one cup. How often did we talk about the good people of Lancaster County, of their beautiful farms, their ways, habits, festivals and fairs. But he is now gone, no more on earth will we hear his clarion voice answer roll-call. No more will his well-built form be seen in our ranks. He has passed from us in this *tierras calientes*, far from his garden country home in the northern clime, with no mother's prayers or hand to fan or cool his fevered brow, or to wipe the sweat from his downcast face. No sister's gentle voice to whisper words of encouragement and love. No father to strengthen him in the dying hour. No kind friends were at his bedside to watch over him and attend to his necessary wants. There was something very peculiar about Mr. Schaffer. After we left Vera Cruz, and way out of sight of the ships that brought us from the United States to the shores of Mexico, he became melancholy and very low spirited, and fretted. He would frequently speak of being in this hostile country where every man, woman and child is thirsting for his life's blood, and that it would be almost impossible for him to escape death in this country—Mexico. I told him that I admitted that we were in a strange and hostile land, and that many chances of life are constantly against us, and that many dangerous and threatening clouds may hang around us, but to pass them all and trust in the future, and to cast those delusions and troublesome thoughts from his mind. That I feared nothing except our Maker above us, and that I left nothing behind but what I expect to see again. After talking to him in this way he would then pick up courage, go off and attend to his duties singing, whistling, chatting and laughing, but the vision of the early scenes of his childhood, and the peculiar circumstances and threatening danger before him would soon come back to his mind again.

Previous to our regiment leaving "Camp Misery," for the interior of Mexico, he was put in the Jalapa hospital, he being too ill from diarrhœa to march with us. I called to see

him, to bid him good-bye, he gave me a hearty shake with both of his trembling hands, and with tears in his eyes said, "Good-bye, friend Jacob, you and I have had many a sociable and friendly talk together, and many a happy hour have we passed with pleasant enjoyment, but this I fear will be the last time you will ever see me alive." I told him to have no such fears, but to trust and hope, and all will be well; and to throw such fear from his mind. But all to no use. And whatever it was that troubled him so much about home, I will let the people of Elizabethtown explain.

He was a good and true hearted man, faithful and obedient, and was well liked and esteemed by his comrades-in-arms. He did, or wished, no earthly being any harm, and I am fully convinced, that he died a true Christian, for he was deeply imbued with a religious sense of right. Thus the noble life is put out in the flower of its youth. He was a good companion, and I feel his loss with a sorrow which words cannot express. He fell beneath death's ruthless hand, a victim to that dreadful disease called "diarrhœa."

No Winter there. No shades of night,
Profane those mansions blest,
Here in these foreign fields of light
The weary are at rest.

No tombstone there to point out to the traveler passing by,
Whose ashes in those silent graves do lie.

Tuesday, May 25, 1847.—This morning after *almorzar*, (breakfast,) Gen. Twiggs' division and a large train consisting of over four hundred wagons and over two hundred pack mules, arrived in Perote city. Among them I noticed Col. Harney and his regiment of dragoons, and Capt. Samuel H. Walker, the Texan Ranger, with two companies of mounted riflemen, mounted on fine and spirited horses. They are all fine, strong, healthy and good looking men, nearly every one measured over six feet; they took up their quarters in the Castle Perote, and through their conversation I learn that they are to remain with us to keep the National Road open between

this castle and the city of Jalapa. So guerillas, *robadors*, (robbers,) take warning from this out, for the renowned Capt. Samuel H. Walker, takes no prisoners.

This evening we had *pollito* (chicken) for supper.

Wednesday, May 26, 1847.—This morning, Gen. Winfield Scott and staff, left with Gen. David E. Twiggs' division for the city of Puebla. They take with them the whole wagon train; the pack mules are left here for the present; the heavy siege train accompanies this division. A party of us soldiers went out on the main road to see them off, and cheered Gen. Scott as he passed; and told him not to leave us here long to garrison, as we were all anxious to be with the main army, and in the grand picture of the battles to be fought in the Valley of Mexico. His answer was, "to be of good cheer, there will be enough of fighting for us all before the war is over." (Cheers.)

In the afternoon, Capt. Samuel H. Walker, the celebrated Texan Ranger, with his two companies of mounted riflemen, and Col. William S. Harney's dragoons, left the Castle Perote for the town of Perote, placed there as a garrison to keep an eye on the guerillas, robbers and blanket greasers—a class of people who watch in the day-time who they can kill, and what they can steal at night.

In the evening we were paid off, two and a-half month's pay. Each soldier received \$17.50. Oh! what a big pile to fight these bloody Mexicans. However, having spent all our money before we left New Orleans, we all felt ourselves rich, and it was not long afterward some went on a regular spree, and finally lodged in the guard-house for disorderly conduct.

In the evening our mess had a cherry pudding for supper, which has been the first since we left the States.

Thursday, May 27, 1847.—This morning a train left Perote for Jalapa, and was escorted by Capt. Walker and his company. Mr. Kerns "our sutler" having sold out his stock to Daniel M. Dull, goes down with this train on his way home, having seen enough of Mexico.

To-day one of the regulars and one of Col. Harney's men died, and were buried this evening.

To-night the guard-house is full, and the cry is, "Still they come! All *borracho!*" (Drunk.)

Friday, May 28, 1847.—This morning there was a detail of five men from each company to go to Col. Wynkoop, and there report—for what we did not know, but the Sergeant-Major said it was to go somewhere to sweep up and around the castle. This made the men rave and curse, telling Col. Wynkoop plainly that they would not sweep up the streets, as they did not enlist to sweep, and if the United States could not afford to hire its sweepers, they would pay it themselves out of their scanty means, sooner than to be slaves or scavengers. The Colonel sent them away laughing.

Saturday, May 29, 1847.—This morning two companies were called out to escort the Mexican prisoner, who was convicted for attempting to assassinate one of our artillerymen, to the main *plaza* of Perote. When we arrived at the *plaza* we found it crowded with greasers and some of the most notorious, cruel and remorseless ruffians in the country, and it was rumored that they would make a break through the guard and release their comrade in arms; but their courage failed them. Four muskets were stacked in the middle of the *plaza*, and the prisoner's hands and feet were tied up to them, and the drummer, called Yorkey, of Co. H, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, came forward with a strong rat-tan and gave him thirty lashes on his bare back. At first he did not seem to mind it much, taking it very easy, until he received about fifteen, when he began to get restless and bent double at every stroke, and groaned with the utmost shrieks. His back was literally cut open. He was to have sixty, but Adjutant Brown thought thirty was enough, and Yorkey, also being satisfied, as he was beginning to get tired lashing. He was afterwards relieved from his painful position, escorted back to the castle, and here to remain in confinement until the war is over. The doctor put something on his rare back to keep him from getting cold.

Sunday, May 30, 1847.—This morning a non-commissioned officer was put into the guard-house for passing soldiers on spurious passes.

This afternoon one of the regular soldiers was buried. He was left here in the hospital when the division he belonged to left for Puebla.

There is to be an election for a Lieutenant in our company to-morrow.

Monday, May 31, 1847.—This morning there is a company election for Second Lieutenant. After a close vote it resulted in the choice of Sergeant Joseph M. Hall, over Oscar F. Bentson, our Orderly-Sergeant, and one of the best drilled non-commissioned officers in the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

In the evening the victorious party had a tall spree on egg-nogg at the expense of the successful candidate. They kept it up until midnight—singing and dancing.

Tuesday, June 1, 1847.—This morning at 10 o'clock our company was detailed to go on guard. I was fortunate enough to get a good post.

Wednesday, June 2, 1847.—This morning after I was released from guard duty, I returned to my bunk for the purpose of taking a nap, but I had scarcely laid down when Thomas Bruster, a member of our company, who laid right alongside of me, gave a sudden shriek or groan, after which he died. He was an honorable and upright man, an active member of our company, and his sudden death has cast a gloom over his circle of friends.

Mr. Bruster was beloved in his company with a love surpassing that between brothers. He was a genial gentleman, a brave soldier, faithful to his comrades, obedient to his superior in rank, and a few days before his demise, for his modest and unassuming manners, was appointed Sergeant in place of Sergeant J. M. Hall, who was promoted to Lieutenant.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., our company and Capt. Scott's company (H) escorted his remains to the silent tomb. At the

grave Capt. W. F. Small made a few appropriate remarks, touching upon the deceased's character, that it was perfect, that he was a good husband and an affectionate father; he was a devoted son and brother, and a gallant soldier; he died suddenly, far away from his family and early associates.

Mr. Bruster hails from the city of Philadelphia, Northern Liberty District.

The peaks of Orazaba and Brother de Perote are both covered with snow.

Thursday, June 3, 1847.—This morning Col. Wynkoop and several companies of Col. Harney's dragoons, accompanied by the *alcalde* of Perote, went in pursuit of some guerillas, reported to be between here and Jalapa, they (the guerillas) having again robbed the mail-coach yesterday. Some spies informed the *alcalde* where they were quartered, and if Col. Wynkoop with his dragoons comes across any of them I would not give much for their red jackets.

In the afternoon I went to Perote and had the pleasure of looking on at a *fandango* dance, the most favorite dance among the middle-class of people, and particularly among the Spaniards, by whom it was first introduced into Mexico. No festival, whether religious, political, or civil, would be complete unless they had a *fandango*. It is danced to the music of the violin, tambourine and cymbals.

On the eve of a saint's day, during Christmas week, and on all saint's days, the *fandango* flourishes in and out of doors, in the huts of the poor and in the streets, after which some one goes around to collect a few *clacos* (cents), which is mostly given to the priests for masses for the souls in purgatory.

Friday, June 4, 1847.—This morning, about 3 o'clock, Col. Wynkoop's party returned from the guerilla hunt. When the sentinel first heard the approaching of horses, he, without asking "Who comes there," fired his gun, and that alarmed and raised the whole garrison of the Castle of Perote, and the draw-bridge was instantly hauled up, and the bells ringing, all men were ordered upon the rampart to be ready for any emergency and to welcome our enemy.

It was soon discovered that in place of it being the enemy, it was Col. Wynkoop's party returning from their scouting tour. Col. Wynkoop reports that they chased up several bands of guerillas, but could not catch them on account of their horses being fresh. They fled to the mountains like deers to their hiding-places.

To-day one of Co. K's men, of our regiment, died of brain fever. He was followed to his grave by his company, and buried with the usual honors.

Saturday, June 5, 1847.—This morning Gens. La Vega and Harrea, accompanied by several of our officers, came into the castle, where they will remain on parole of honor until further orders.

In the afternoon they, with Col. Wynkoop and others, went around and visited the different quarters and cells. Gen. Harrea pointed out and showed to our men where the Texas Rangers, including Capt. Samuel H. Walker, were imprisoned and confined, and how and when they made their escape and fled to the mountains.

It seems that the prisoners, at midnight, dug up the stone floor, and then dug through under the stone-wall foundation. In that way they escaped from their cells. They disarmed the guard and made a rush to the outer court, where over one hundred Mexicans were guarding some arms. The escaped prisoners took two pieces each, attacked the guard, defeating them and making them retreat into the castle, the prisoners fled to the mountains for safety.

During the imprisonment of Capt. Walker, the Mexicans planted a large flag-pole, in which the prisoners had to assist. Before raising the pole Capt. Samuel H. Walker put a ten-cent piece on the bottom of the flag-pole, at the same time telling the Mexicans *agua el querer pero sede te Americanos bandera ondo ola per soley estas castillus*, meaning that he will yet see the American banner wave over this castle. To this the Mexicans all took a hearty laugh, saying, "No, no; that it was impossible." At that time there was no sign of war between the two nations.

I have been told that since Capt. Walker has arrived he has dug under the flag-pole and taken from under it the very same ten-cent piece placed there by his own hands, thus proving his heroic words and imprisonment to be true.

Gen. Harrea was governor of the castle when Capt. Walker and his gallant band of Texas Rangers made their escape. Gen. La Vega is a remarkably fine and bold looking officer; but in Gen. Harrea there is something in his countenance that I do not like; there seems to be a good deal of savage Creole blood running through his veins.

Sunday, June 6, 1847.—This morning, unexpectedly, we were ordered to report to Col. Wynkoop's quarters for the purpose of going out skirmishing. So, at 2 o'clock, P. M., we left, led by Col. Wynkoop and a company of Col. Harney's dragoons.

We kept marching until we came to a town called Tepegualco, about ten miles from Perote Castle. This town is the headquarters of those notorious ruffians and guerillas. We surrounded the town, which is built of *lodo* (mud) houses, but the lancers and guerillas got wind of our coming and succeeded in making their escape before we arrived; but we captured a lot of military clothing, arms and ammunition. After an hour's rest we started back for Perote, where we arrived in the evening a little fatigued.

Monday, June 7, 1847—*Este manana* (this morning) a train of some three hundred wagons started for Vera Cruz. It came from Puebla late last night. There were seven men, belonging to our company, who got their discharge yesterday, going down with this train on their way home. Capt. R. K. Scott, of Co. H, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, goes with this train home to recruit for the regiment. This train, I notice, takes a great many sick and wounded soldiers to Vera Cruz, and there to embark for New Orleans and thence to their sweet homes.

This evening it was rumored that orders were received by our officers from Gen. Scott for the six companies of the First

Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who are stationed here, to move, or be prepared to move, on to the city of Puebla by the next coming train from Vera Cruz. We hope the rumor may prove true, for we are all getting tired of hunting and fighting nothing but guerillas.

Many of our men have an attack of diarrhœa, a disease which if not strictly attended to will prove fatal. This is mostly the men's own fault in not taking proper care of themselves ; they eat too much fruit and green vegetables.

Tuesday, June 8, 1847.—*Este manana* we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march for Puebla by the returning train from Vera Cruz.

This order caused a good deal of merriment and joy among the men, and our prayers are that it may speedily come.

In the afternoon one of Capt. Walker's riflemen was buried near the castle. He was followed by his horse and company, besides many of our regiment to his resting-place. At the grave Lieut. Thomas Claiborn, of the same company, read a chapter from the Bible, after which he spoke in the highest praise of the deceased as a gallant soldier, a true Christian, a faithful companion and a true friend to all his comrades.

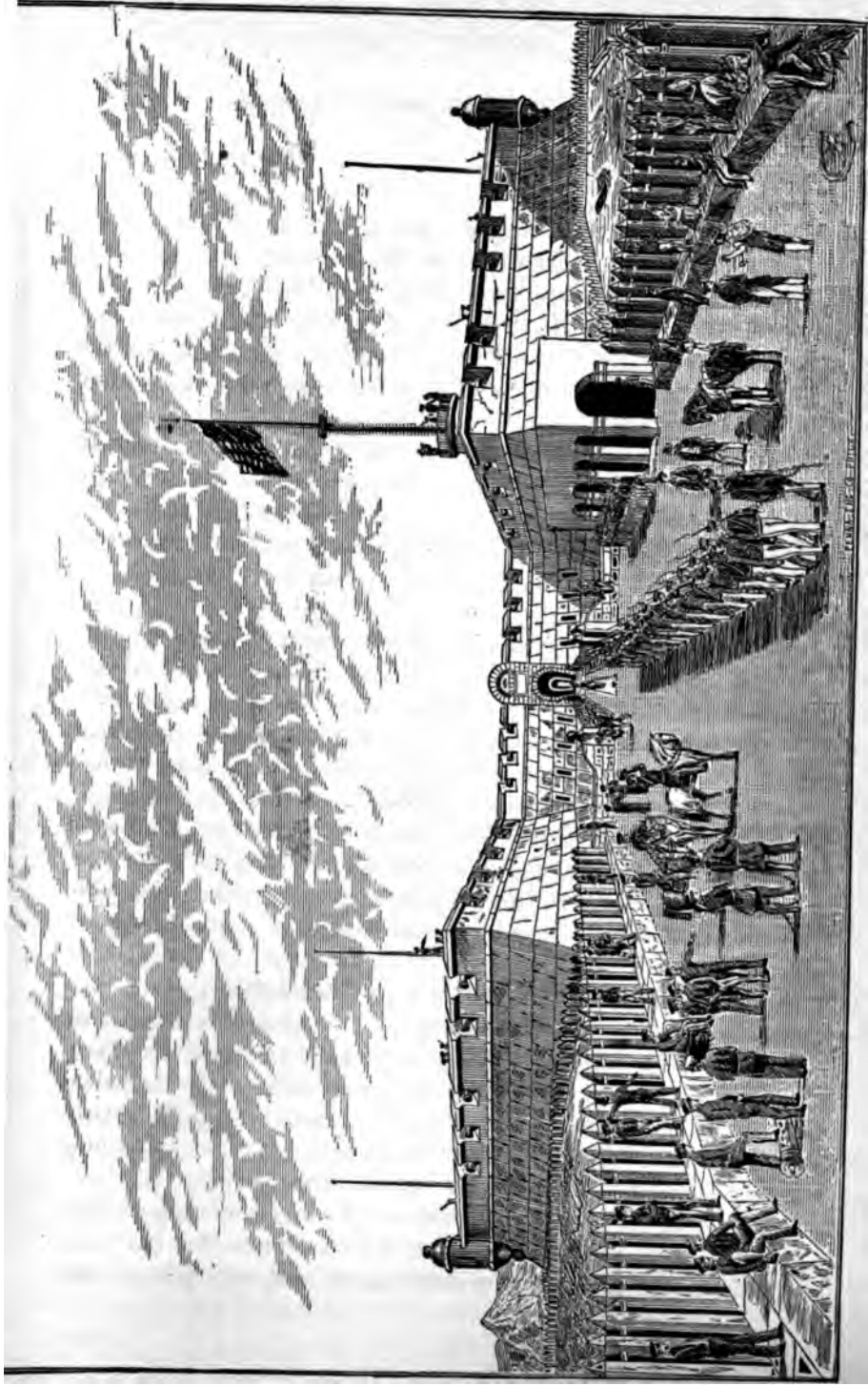
His death was caused by exposure and cold contracted while out skirmishing and in pursuit of guerillas.

His brother, who belongs to the same company, and who, of course, was at his funeral, was grieved at the idea of leaving his brother under the sod of a foreign country. He marked his grave with a nice little head board.

In the evening two men from the hospital were buried near the same grave. These men's companies are with Gen. Worth's division, now at Puebla, and, as the saying is, they died in the hospital among strangers, and strangers buried them without any honors. Oh ! My prayers shall forever be that I may not be left to die in the hospital, or among strangers.

This is enough for this day, so *buenas-noches* (good-night).

Wednesday, June 9, 1847.—This morning, after drill was over, Peter Ahl, Alburto Welch, Don Jose and myself took a



CASTLE DE PEROTE, MEXICO.—MOUNTING GUARD.

walk through and all around the Castle of Perote, and thoroughly examined all the departments, and we must confess that this is a modern and strongly fortified castle. We were told that it is the strongest fort in all Mexico, with the exception of the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, at Vera Cruz.

This "Castle Prison," as it is called by the Mexicans, is more, as already mentioned, for a political rival. A State conspirator, a troublesome prisoner of war and the vilest felon unhung, of every grade of society, from the very highest to the very lowest, from the man of rank to the filthiest vagabond in the country, has, at different times, its representative here in this castle. And could the stones of this gloomy structured castle speak, the dark and cruel deeds and tales of human suffering which they might reveal would make common humanity shrink aghast.

This castle is a grand, but gloomy, pile of the best stonemasonry, situated in a beautiful level valley between two mountains, and about one mile from the town of Perote. Through this town runs the National Road, and the stages, carrying passengers and the mail, stop over-night here.

The Castle of Perote was built in 1768. It was first called the Castle of San Carlos de Perote, but now mostly goes by the name of Castle Perote; it was the central depot between Vera Cruz and Puebla to store valuable property when it was in danger of being seized by thieves and other outlaws hanging around Vera Cruz.

It is built of what is called here volcanic *scoria*, which has been so hardened by the fusion as to be almost impervious to steel. The walls are over eight feet thick, and about sixty feet in height from the bottom of the great moat to the ramparts.

This moat, which extends entirely around the great structure, with its angular bastions, is some twenty feet in depth by two hundred feet in width; and though ordinarily kept dry (while we are here), it is so connected with subterranean waterworks, that it can be flooded in a few minutes. On the outer side of the moat is a massive stone wall, and beyond this

again is a formidable *chevaux-de-frise* and a dry ditch; including this ditch the entire works cover about twenty-five acres of land. Upon the ramparts, which are seventy feet in width and extend the entire circumference of the building, are mounted from ninety to one hundred pieces of heavy artillery, some of which I noticed to be the largest in the world, and we wondered how they ever got them from Vera Cruz. All these batteries have full sweep all around this neighborhood.

When this castle was surrendered to Gen. Scott's army it contained fifty-five cannons and seven mortars, both bronze and iron, over twelve thousand cannon balls, fourteen thousand bombs and hand grenades, and over five hundred muskets.

There is also a draw-bridge, leading into the main entrance, over the ditch; so; in case of an unexpected attack on this fort by assault, it can be drawn up in a short time, which, of course, would prevent the assaulting party from getting into the castle.

If the Americans had such a fort and in such a position, no nation in the world would be able to take it from us, unless by starvation. It is considered by engineers to be one of the best constructed castles in the world, and it is surprising that the Mexicans surrendered it up without any opposition. During the occupation by the Mexicans there was, at all times, a sentinel constantly pacing to and fro, day and night, constantly on the watch for robbers.

The flat roof, upon which the cannons rest, is of solid masonry, about fifteen feet in thickness, which is supported by successive arches, seventy feet long by twenty feet wide. The interior of these arches constitute the work-shops, store-rooms and cells for the prisoners. They are entered only from the inside through a massive door, which has a narrow grating over the top. When the door of the cell is closed, the only light and air which can reach it, must either come in through the grating mentioned, or through the loop-hole at the far end, it being some two feet square on the inner side of the wall, and gradually narrowing down to an aperture of some four or five inches by twelve on the outside.

Directly over the great moat, fronting these cells or arches, at a distance of sixty feet, is an interior range of square buildings two stories high, in which the officers and soldiers of the garrison are quartered; also, in many cases their wives and families live in this castle. The inner range is the centre court, or *plaza*, five hundred feet square, well paved, and used for military drills, parades, and executions if there is any. In fact, the castle is almost a town by itself, and originally cost Spain many years of hard labor, and besides many millions of dollars to build it to its perfection.

In this very castle our present gallant Capt. Samuel H. Walker, and many other distinguished Texas Rangers, captured by Gen. Santa Anna, and marched hundreds of miles, receiving treatment which killed several of their comrades on the way, were imprisoned in one of these cold, dark and dismal cells of these dens of a tyrant.

They were not only imprisoned, as prisoners of war should be treated, but loaded down with irons, and degraded to the lowest menial employment, with a chain weighing twenty pounds, and only some three or four feet in length, linked by the ankle to one of their companions in misery.

They were compelled, with others, to remove the filth and offal from the castle every morning in hand-barrows, and after that work was done they had to pack in stones and sand to repave the fortification for a distance of something like a mile, being all the time closely and well guarded by a file of Mexican soldiers on either side of the gang, and treated with indignity and abuse.

At 6 o'clock, P. M., they were all locked up in their dark cells, there to remain until 6 o'clock in the morning, passing the night without beds, only the cold flag-stone floor, with no covering but worn-out, filthy and ragged clothing and a few miserable blankets which they had among themselves when captured.

Thus, they have passed many restless nights of misery; sometimes caused by cold, rheumatism, cramps, colic, and all such-like sufferings of the companions to whom they were chained to.

Thus they passed in misery, days, weeks and months with scarcely a ray of hope.

Capt. Walker also informed us that the only mitigation of their suffering being in the removal of their heavy chains at night, which they had effected in various ways, but principally by bribing the blacksmith to put in leaden rivets blackened with charcoal, so that the prisoners could remove them at their pleasure. Their food during their imprisonment was scant and poor, and this, together with hard work, loss of rest, exposure, anxiety of mind and improper treatment, carried some to the hospital, and some to the grave, without a coffin. But this is nothing, as all our soldiers, including officers, that have been killed or have died in the hospital, have been buried in the same manner.

During all this confinement and misery, they at last adopted some plan to make their escape from the Castle, by cutting a hole through the wall at night, and in this way they made good their escape to the mountains, from thence to the United States, where Capt. Walker again raised a company of rangers and joined the United States forces. He is now with us, stationed at the town of Perote, striking terror to the hearts of the guerillas; he would dearly love to have a dash at his bosom friend Gen. Santa Anna, and pay him his compliments. This is about all I can write about the Castle San Carlos de Perote.

To-day our company was detailed to go on guard, but I got off by a diarrhoea blue volunteering to go on in my place, providing I write him a letter, and some other little business.

To-day two soldiers were buried from the hospital.

Thursday, June 10, 1847.—This morning there was target firing by a company belonging to the Third Artillery regiment, under the command of Capt. Taylor, who is stationed here for the purpose of taking charge of the cannons. It was the first regular artillery drill I ever saw, and I liked their movements and way of drilling first rate. While walking around the ramparts, I heard the clattering of horses' hoofs and the

rattling of scabbards; it was Capt. Walker's company going on drill; they dashed out on the road, back of the Castle, on a level piece of ground, there they drilled for over an hour. They were under the command of Lieut. Thomas Claiborn.

Lieut. Claiborn is a tall, slim and noble looking officer, a splendid horseman, of very good discipline, and takes great pains in drilling his company. Capt. Walker, I am told, is not so much of a drilled officer; but, for leading a charge, or following the retreating enemy, there is no braver or daring officer in the United States Army, than Capt. Samuel H. Walker.

This afternoon there was an election held in Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, for Second-Lieutenants, Sergt. Logan and private Edward Carroll were the two candidates; after much wrangling on both sides, it resulted in favor of Edward Carroll, which caused some surprise among Sergt. Logan's friends, and much rejoicing among Edward Carroll's friends. I am well acquainted with Mr. Carroll, and a better and nobler man is not in the regiment; and I, myself, feel much rejoiced over his triumphant election. He is a soldier, and knows the soldiers' wants. The kind of man the soldiers want for officers.

To-day two members of our regiment died; they were buried this evening with the usual honors. Thus we go, two, three and four every day.

Friday, June 11, 1847.—This morning we were ordered to leave the Castle and go to the town of Perote, as a garrison. Six companies of the regiment went, the rest still remain in the Castle.

In the afternoon a small train arrived from Jalapa, bringing back the three companies belonging to our regiment. They took up quarters with us in town.

In the evening Capt. William F. Binder's company were out target-firing. Made some good hits. We are now under the command of Lieut.-Col. Black, and we are all well pleased with the change, as he is a tip-top fellow. Nothing new.

Saturday, June 12, 1847.—This morning all hands are busy in fixing up our quarters. After which I took a walk around and examined the building that we are now quartered in, and I find it was once a Mexican hospital, which was full (after the battle of Cerro Gordo) of wounded Mexican soldiers.

Our quarters are good, better than I expected when we first entered them.

At noon another one of Capt. Walker's mounted riflemen was buried. The deceased belonging to Harrisburg, Pa.; and, out of respect, our whole company attended his funeral. His (Walker's) men were mounted on their horses fully equipped, and after the usual ceremony we went to our quarters talking about how fast our men were dying.

Sunday, June 13, 1847.—This morning we could not go to the plaza unless we had a pass from our Captains, countersigned by the Adjutant himself, but the soldiers would not stand any such proceedings. So we jumped the walls and managed to get out.

In the evening we had a dress-parade, Col. Black in command, and, as usual, full of jokes and fun. Oh! when will we get orders to march?

Monday, June 14, 1847.—This morning blew up a tremendous storm, and an awful whirlwind, which is common in this section of the country; and at the suburbs of the town it unroofed several ranches, tore up small trees and filled the air with clouds of dust. Shingles and other rubbish, which came under its way, passed through the southern part of the town, and flew among the mountains. Never did I see it blow and hail harder; it made a noise equal to five hundred teams of horses coming on a rough road.

This afternoon I formed an acquaintance with a young man named Fry, belonging to Co. E. He is very much of a gentleman, and is intimately acquainted with Mr. George Stiefel, a baker, an uncle of mine living in Philadelphia. He tells me that he worked for him a short time before he left for Mexico.

Tuesday, June 15, 1847.—This morning there is not much news stirring.

At noon there was an election in Co. I, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, for First Lieutenant, Assistant Acting Adjt. I. Walden and Sergt. Minor were the respective candidates. After the polls were closed the votes were counted, and the result was that Sergt. Minor was elected by a big majority. Lieut. Walden is not much liked in the regiment. He is a kind of stuck-up sort of fellow, which the soldiers don't like; although he has a good knowledge of military affairs. Yet, with all that, he did not receive one-third of his company's votes. Mr. Minor is every inch a gentleman, a soldier and scholar, having graduated and practiced law at the Wilkesbarre, Pa., bar.

This evening Christopher Hill and Joseph Cample were appointed Corporals of our company, with much dissatisfaction to the company, for they never did much duty, and particularly when the hour of danger was at hand; in fact, I never saw Cample doing any duty.

Wednesday, June 16, 1847.—This morning Capt. Walker, with his company, went out scouting. He hastened to the spot where it was reported that the guerillas were quartered, and sure enough this afternoon returned bringing in some forty or fifty mustangs as a prize. Capt. Walker reports that a large force is on the road between here and Vera Cruz or National Bridge, awaiting for the up train, which is on its way from Vera Cruz.

To-night I was put on picket-guard; and took me out over one mile from town; had a strong guard on the ramparts or top of our quarters, in case of an attack. Capt. Walker's men are out on the main road as picket-guards. Our spies say that we are to be attacked for sure to-night at 12 o'clock. If this is the case, I don't know why I had to be put out beyond the town. What chances have I for my life?

Thursday, June 17, 1847.—This morning I was released from guard-duty. The Mexicans did not attack us last night.

At noon we received information that a large party of guerillas and lancers well armed with pistols, carbines, daggers and lassoes, were in our rear, and advancing; also there was a party of guerillas at La Hoya Pass waiting to attack the coming train, which I am told is loaded with specie for the army. I also heard that recruiting was going on in town. Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was detailed to go out scouting. They broke open several houses where recruiting had been carried on, finding arms and other munition of war, also several fine horses saddled and fully equipped, ready to start off. They succeeded in taking three prisoners, and the very men who tried a few days ago to bribe Sergt. J. R. Reynolds, of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, offering him a Captaincy commission at their rendezvous; but he respectfully declined the promotion, and would sooner serve his time out in the cause of his own adopted country.

Rumors of another attack to-night.

Friday, June 18, 1847.—This morning we were positively assured that the Mexicans would attack the town and Castle of Perote. So everything was got in readiness for the attack. The Castle's big cannons were placed to play through the streets of Perote. Capt. Walker had his men ready, as well as his own horse bridled and saddled ready for action, or any emergency that he might be called on to perform. We are all ready, willing and very anxious to receive them and give them a warm reception (*caliente recepicious*).

Col. Wynkoop is getting uneasy in his strong castle. He sent an order to Lieut.-Col. Black to move five companies to the Castle, which order was cheerfully obeyed.

No attack to-night. All our plans and hopes were dashed. No enemy coming near us. All quiet.

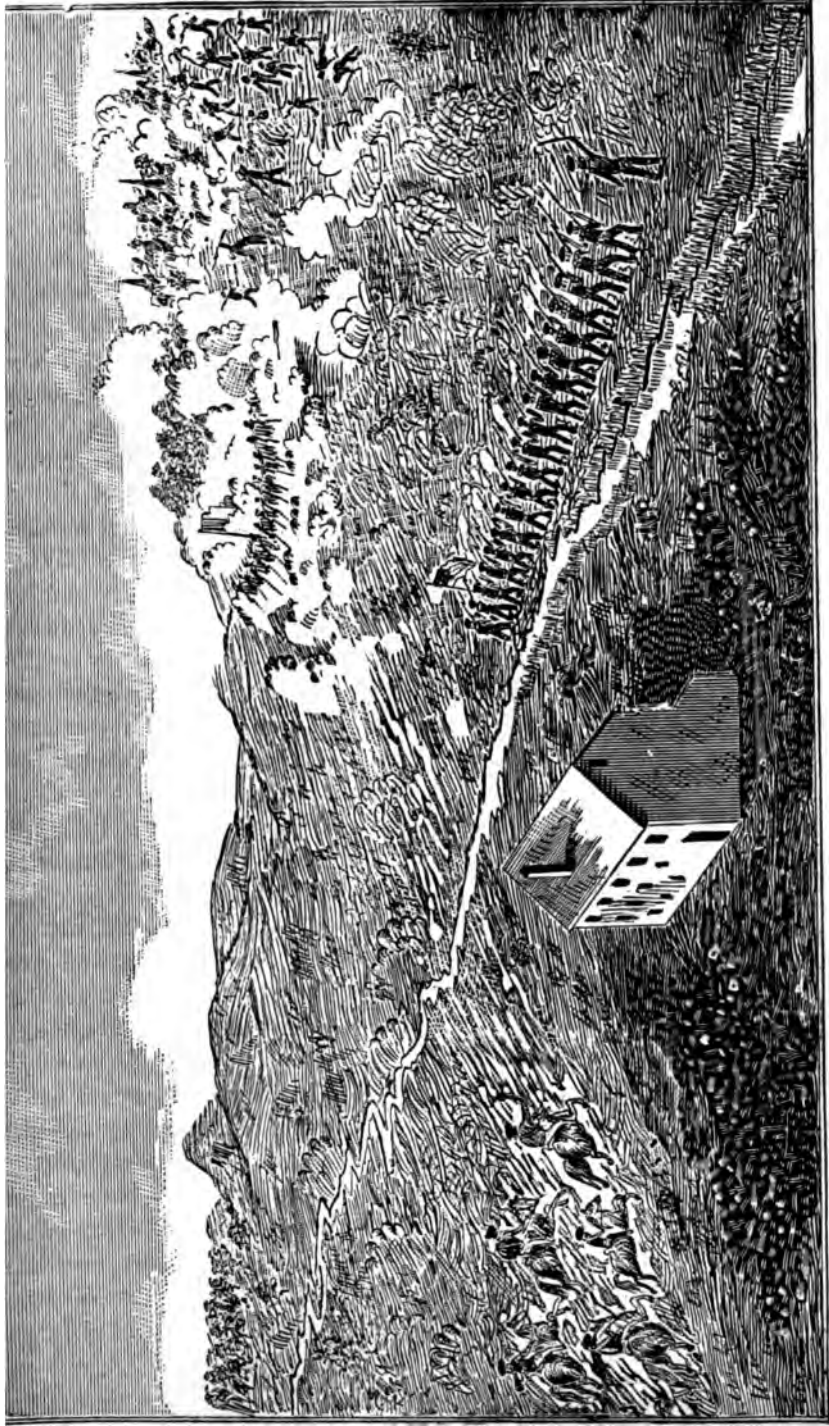
Saturday, June 19, 1847.—This morning Cos. B, C, F and K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, received orders to go out scouting. So at 5 o'clock we started on our way. Capt. Walker's companies went toward the Castle, and took a

by-road passing around the town, and was seen on full trot on the National Road. We moved on very cautiously, looking through some of the chaparrals to see whether we could find some guerillas, but not a yellow-copper did we see.

At noon we arrived at Las Vegas; here we halted, expecting that we would put up for the balance of the day and night; having marched hard, and over a rough road, but Col. Wynkoop said that he would push on until he met the coming train, if he had to go to Jalapa. To this Capt. Walker made answer, "Why, Colonel, your men will kill my horses in marching any further." There was quite a time among the men, and one-half of the soldiers went into a church, and swore by all the Gods on high that they would go no further this day or night; and neither we did.

Sunday, June 20, 1847.—Battle of Las Vegas. This morning at 2 o'clock we left Las Vegas, and had not gone more than one mile before the Mexican picket guards challenged Capt. Walker, who was in the advance at the time. Capt. Walker, being well learned in the Mexican language, some twenty words passed between them. The Mexicans wanted to know if we were *Republicanos de Mexicanos*, etc. They, of course, thought it was a re-enforcement for them, as they were expecting some.

Capt. Walker kept on talking with the Mexicans until we arrived. We took our position on the left side of the road, after which Capt. Walker ordered his men to prepare to charge. Order "Mount!" was given, and while getting into position for action the horses became excited and seemed to know that something was going to be done, for they could hardly be managed, panting and snorting all the time. When the order was given, "Ready! Charge!" off they went with about fifty men with the awfulest rattling and cracking of horses' feet, and jangling of swords and scabbards, and yelling drove the strong sentinels from their breastworks, but not without first receiving several volleys of musketry from the enemy.



BATTLE OF LAS VEGAS AND LA HOYA PASS, JUNE 20, 1847.

When we heard the firing, we hastened and followed Capt. Walker until we arrived at their rendezvous, which consisted of several ranches, breastworks and camp-fires still burning.

On our way we overtook one of Capt. Walker's men, whose horse was shot from under him, and himself slightly wounded. He also said that the Captain's horse stumbled and fell.

Not knowing the strength and position of the Mexicans, we were ordered to halt and lay down upon our arms and await till daylight.

The morning at length dawned, when Capt. Walker and some of his men went out to hunt the Captain's horse, when suddenly they came across about a dozen Mexicans hidden in the brush. They were sent to our headquarters. They stated that the Mexicans have retreated to the other side of Las Vegas, and there entrenched with two pieces of artillery, and about two hundred cavalrymen.

The Captain says that when his horse stumbled and fell he thought that he was wounded, and being anxious to be with his men he left his horse lay and followed, running after his company until the charge was accomplished.

Soon after daylight, the Mexicans could be seen in large numbers on a hill, marching down and joining the National Road, about half a mile from their breastwork above Las Vegas. Col. Wynkoop, not knowing their strength or their position, did not venture to follow them, fearing that the enemy would make a flank movement and cut off his retreat; yet the soldiers were hollaoing out "Let us charge!" "Let us charge on them." "To h—l with the flank movement." "Let us drive them to thunder." Our Colonel ordered us to lay down for a short time, thinking that the enemy would come out from behind their second breastworks, but they could not be coaxed out.

Col. Wynkoop now thought, that the Mexicans have been re-enforced, and thought that it would be advisable to fall back to Las Vegas, on an open field, and in that way draw the enemy on from their breastworks, and then give Capt. Walker who is now occupying a hill behind a cluster of wild pines, a chance to charge.

While we were moving our position, we saw the Mexican cavalry, which was not visible before, occupying a hill to our left, following us all the way, but took good care to keep up on the hill. We were now ordered to halt, and were placed across a large hill some twenty feet apart to skirmish. However, we were not out long skirmishing, before we saw Capt. Walker's men riding as fast as their horses could go, toward Las Vegas. At this time the bugle sounded the signal, which was to get together. Col. Wynkoop now ordered us to fall into line quickly; after which, we hastened back to Las Vegas, (or near,) where we were in the morning, to support Capt. Walker's mounted riflemen.

We marched on till we reached La Hoya Pass. Seeing no enemy, we stopped and rested for a while, for we were much exhausted from the want of something to eat and rest; in fact, we are out-done, being on our feet for twenty-four hours. Hearing no firing, or seeing nothing of the enemy anywhere, we thought that we could rest ourselves and take a little snooze, when all of a sudden, the report of musketry was heard ahead. We instantly jumped to our feet, and formed in double-quick time, and started toward the firing. We had not gone far, when we heard the report of artillery in our advance. The cry was, the battle was now begun, work must now be done. We marched on and soon found Capt. Walker and his men closely engaged with the enemy, in superior numbers. We now fell to the left side of the road, and soon became desperately engaged with the Mexicans, but we crowded on them too strong, and they fell back across the road to the right on a field. Seeing that the enemy were giving away, Capt. Walker with his company charged on the Mexicans. We followed, shouting and cheering loud enough to scare five thousand Mexicans. Volley after volley were fired upon them, and of course the Mexicans returned it. They still kept retreating. Capt. Walker fearing they would work their way off too fast, ordered a charge again on the Mexicans, following them, and did not stop until he had put

them to flight. The enemy are completely routed, leaving over one hundred wounded Mexicans lying on the victorious field near Las Vegas.

After this was accomplished we were ordered to march back to the National Road, where we met the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, under the command of Lieut.-Col. John W. Geary (Col. Roberts having died at Jalapa). They are now attached to Brig.-Gen. George Cadwalader's division. We heartily cheered one another. We joined and followed them to the brow of a steep hill. Here we again saw more Mexicans. The dragoons, who were with Gen. Cadwalader, dismounted, and Col. Thomas Childs, of the United States Army, took command of them, and followed the Mexicans down the hill to the opposite side of the ravine.

The firing was kept up on both sides very briskly for a while, and never did we see the Mexicans act so bravely and stubborn as they did to-day. They stood right up before you and fought like so many tigers. Our riflemen made nearly every ball tell, and laid many out *triso* (stiff). Several of our men were badly wounded. The enemy has now fully retreated; and word was sent for us to fall back to the National Road and proceed on our march.

In this fight we captured several small Mexican flags; one was a guerilla's flag, on which were the words "No Quarters," with a black cross to it, and a skull and cross-bones. This is what we call a highwayman's flag of murder and robbery.

After a little rest we again marched back to Las Vegas with our booty, which consisted of turkeys, chickens, pigeons and many other articles too numerous to mention.

When we arrived in Las Vegas there wasn't a single person to be found in the whole town. No doubt they heard of the defeat of the Mexicans, which frightened them, and for fear of being harmed they fled to other parts less hot. We noticed that the Mexicans had the upper part of the town well fortified for an attack on our army, or on our trains from Vera Cruz; to rob, plunder and murder our rear guards, or those

poor, unfortunate souls who may happen to give out. But they failed in their dastardly design by being driven from their positions and destroyed. This is the only way to break up their gangs of desperadoes, *ladrones*, etc., by destroying their headquarters and burn the town, which was the case of Las Vegas, more than one-half the town being burnt (around the fortification), and would have burnt it all down, had it not been for Gen. Cadwalader, who prevented the men from further destruction of private property.

I regret to mention that Gen. George Cadwalader of Philadelphia, Pa., made use of some very hard names, which was entirely out of place for a man of his standing, rank, or position, to make use of, and none but a drunkard or loafer would be guilty of making use of such language to his fellow-man. The whole was out of place as well as uncalled for. The men have been out for several days and nights, marching and skirmishing in the rain-storms and on the muddy roads and fields to keep open the National Road for Gen. Cadwalader and his division to pass on without opposition to him.

This was all done without a murmur, with patriotism and an empty stomach, scarcely anything to eat, or rest. We now claim that we should be received with a better reception than to be called hard names, cursed and sworn at like running mad-dogs, all because we happened to take a chicken or two from a deserted ranche.

Soldiers who have to fight their enemy in the enemy's country will never go hungry as long as there are any chickens about. And we warn Gen. Cadwalader never to call the Pennsylvania Volunteers s—s of b—s and other vulgar names unfit to hear. A good many of the Philadelphians always thought a great deal of "Cady," but they now say they are done with him.

We marched on and camped at *Res Trio* (Head River). Our mess took possession of an old distillery. It rained hard all evening and night.

CHAPTER IV.

GEN. GEORGE CADWALADER ARRIVES AT PEROTE—LEFT PEROTE AND ARRIVES AT THE ANCIENT TOWN OF TEPEGAHUALCO (OR ZEMPOLLAN)—EL PINOL PASS—ARRIVED AT PUEBLA CITY—THE GREAT CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL—ATTENDED CHURCH—THE POWER OF THE CHURCH, AND ITS SUBJECTS—ANCIENT CITY OF CHULULA—NUMBER OF CHURCHES—"THE LEG I LEFT BEHIND ME"—DRILLING AND PREPARING TO MARCH ON TO THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO.

Monday, June 21, 1847.—This morning we did not rise as early as usual on a march, on account of being tired out, besides wet and stiff with rheumatism and cold. Some of our men could hardly get up; in fact, we had to help one another up.

After breakfast we left camp, and after a short march we arrived at the Castle of Perote about 10 o'clock, A. M. Gen. Cadwalader's division encamped on the right and left of the Castle, while the train and artillery camped in the front, which made everything look lively.

I learned to-day by one of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers that Mr. Robert Brown, of our company, died in the Jalapa hospital, on June 12, of diarrhoea.

In the evening several soldiers who had died during the day were buried.

Tuesday, June 22, 1847.—This morning we were removed from our quarters in the Castle to the town of Perote, the same quarters we formerly occupied.

At noon we received orders from Gen. Cadwalader to hold ourselves in readiness to march to-morrow.

This afternoon is very pleasant, which had the effect of bringing out some of the prettiest *senor dames* and *senoritas* in the country, some riding out on stylish horses, richly mounted. The ladies are splendid riders.

In the evening we buried five men from the hospital. It seems to be our mournful pleasure to witness such scenes, and listen to the requiem which is breathed by the pieces of the comrades of the departed soldiers every day.

Wednesday, June 23, 1847.—This morning an express left this place for Puebla to ascertain from Gen. Scott whether the train which is now encamped here should proceed on, or wait until the next train coming from Vera Cruz, and then both move together on to Puebla. So, of course, the order for marching to-day was countermanded until the express returns from Puebla.

At noon we had a long drill, drilling in the manual of fire arms and field movements; so, in case we should be so fortunate at meeting the enemy on our way up that we will be prepared for them.

In the evening we again buried eight soldiers; one of them, I think, was Lloyd Coldier, son of John Coldier, of Lewistown, Pa. He belonged to the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers; he was a man well liked in his company. All his company, besides many others, followed him to his final resting-place. If they keep dropping off this way (twenty in three days) there will not be many left to get back to see their wives, friends and sweethearts. They all die of that much feared disease, diarrhœa. There are no less than five hundred now in the hospital down with the same complaint, all belonging to the different regiments in our army. Oh! How solemn and imposing is a military funeral; many a poor soldier dies and is put under sod without anyone knowing anything about him, or even what regiment he belonged to. He is thrown into his shallow grave, with his blankets wrapped around him, without any coffin.

Thursday, June 24, 1847.—This morning Col. Wynkoop received information through some of our spies where there was a large quantity of corn, barley, etc., stored away several miles from here, belonging to the Mexican Government. So, at noon, Col. Wynkoop, accompanied by Capt. Walker's

mounted riflemen, started for the place and took possession of it without any opposition, loaded it up into our wagons and returned with the spoils.

This evening there were seven men buried.

Friday, June 25, 1847.—This morning our company was detailed to go on guard. So at 10 o'clock, A. M., we formed guard and went on duty.

At noon our Orderly Sergeant detailed two men (Alburtus Welsh and Henry Rosco) to dig a grave for one of our men named Thomas Williams who died last night, after which the funeral took place, and was followed to his grave by our company and Capt. Scott's company (H). Mr. Williams was one of the tallest and healthiest looking men in our company, but the exposure and laying out in "Camp Misery" fetched him.

This evening five more died in the hospital and were buried.

Saturday, June 26, 1847.—This morning it is rumored that our old friend, Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, had a fight with the citizens of Jalapa, and that Gen. Pillow was mortally wounded. I doubt it, and it is not believed by any of our officers or men, for this reason, the citizens of Jalapa are considered the friendliest people that we have met with in this country.

There is now no garrison at Jalapa or any guarded post between Perote Castle and the city of Vera Cruz. Gen. George Cadwalader brought all with him, both sick and wounded.

In the afternoon it was reported that the train was coming, so a party of our officers on horseback rode out to meet it, but found no train coming, and returned without seeing it.

Five soldiers, one belonging to Co. G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, were buried this evening. Our company attended the funeral of Co. G man, Our men are beginning to get impatient, on account of getting no news from Gen. Scott when we should move on to Puebla. We are all anxiously waiting for the express or messenger to arrive from Puebla.

Sunday, June 27, 1847.—This morning news is afloat that the train is now coming for sure. No doubt of it, but it may be a good ways off; although it is hourly looked for, it being now overdue,

At noon a foraging party, accompanied by Capt. Samuel Walker and his company, started out to a small town, about ten miles from here, where it is reported that there is some corn and barley stored.

In the evening they returned, bringing with them flour, corn, barley and some poultry. They report that there is plenty of provisions in the country.

In the evening there were several more buried from the hospital. They are getting so numerous that I begin to get tired of talley. No train or sign of any train coming. Where is it?

Monday, June 28, 1847.—This morning Col. Thomas Childs, of the United States Artillery, with a small division left their camp for Puebla. The Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers goes with them, they also took ammunition and specie along. We were all wishing the Paymaster had paid us poor soldiers off before we left.

The train consists of about two hundred and fifty wagons, all loaded with ordnance stores. It is now supposed by our officers that the express rider was captured by the guerillas between this place and Puebla. We have a report that there is a large force of guerillas and lancers between Tepegahualco and Amozoquco. These guerillas have no doubt heard of our specie going up to Puebla, and will without a doubt make a desperate effort to capture the train, but Col. Childs left here well prepared to meet any emergency of an attack. Two batteries of Capt. Steptoes accompanies the train with plenty of grape and canister; a kind of *pills* the Mexicans don't like. We were all wishing that we could have went along and be in the fight.

In the evening five soldiers were buried from the hospital. Like the rest, they sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

Tuesday, June 29, 1847.—This morning Capt. Walker, with two hundred and fifty mounted men, left Perote to meet the train, which is already several days behind time. Should Capt. Walker come across the guerillas God help them, for he seldom brings in prisoners. The Captain and most all of his men are very prejudiced and embittered against every guerilla in the country. We hope that he will meet the train and bring it in speedily, for we are all anxious to march on, and also anxiously waiting for letters from home.

This evening, as usual, several soldiers were buried from the hospital.

Wednesday, June 30, 1847.—This morning Capt. Whipple, of the United States army, who died last evening, was buried. He was buried with all the honors of war. Our whole regiment, besides nearly all the officers, now remaining here, followed his remains. The flag of our country served for the pall, and the brass band that came up with the last train played on this solemn occasion. At the grave one of his fellow-officers read a few lines out of the New Testament, after which he spoke very highly of the deceased as a brave and gallant officer. He was attached to Gen. Worth's division, was at the capturing of Vera Cruz and at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and the capturing of Castle of Perote. He took sick when Gen. Worth marched on to Puebla, and he was too unwell to go along, and died in the hospital. It was the largest military funeral that has yet taken place since we are in Mexico. The Mexicans themselves took a deep interest in viewing the procession. Saying *fino bello funarel* (fine, beautiful funeral). It was largely attended.

In the afternoon Gen. Cadwalader, with a party of mounted soldiers and officers, left Perote to meet the train, but they soon returned with Capt. Walker and his men, whom they met on the way. Capt. Walker reports that the long-looked-for train is encamped to-night at Res Frio, and that it will be here in the morning. The reason of its long coming was owing to the (bad) *malo* weather and wagons breaking down on the rough

roads, and the mules and horses giving out. The news of the arrival of this train has put a cheerful look in every soldier's eye, and they are much rejoiced at the prospect of an early march.

In the evening three soldiers from the hospital were buried. They are dropping off faster than they come.

Thursday, July 1, 1847.—This morning about 10 o'clock the train arrived at Perote. In fact the men were so glad that they went several miles to meet it and escort it into town. They bring a large amount of ammunition and other ordnance stores, and some two hundred and fifty wagons and about two thousand infantry. They report having been fired upon several times by the guerillas from behind the chaparral on the way, and on June 6th the enemy made a bold stand at Paso de Las Obejos, near El Encero, attacking the specie train, and the guards pouring volley after volley into their ranks, killing one man and wounding several others. This caused a panic among the new troops, who were about to run when Lieut. Henry Prince, of the Fourth United States Infantry, who had command of the guard, sprang to the front with his drawn sword, and appealed to his men to rally around him, and charged upon the enemy with a yell, driving the guerillas in all directions. The whole train was under the command of Col. McIntosh, and the division under the command of Gen. Pillow, of Cerro Gordo fame.

In the afternoon, on dress-parade, orders were read to us to keep ourselves in readiness to march to-morrow morning for Puebla.

In the evening the orders to march were countermanded by Gen. Pillow, until further orders. So the men are again a little discouraged, and are wondering when we will march. Three soldiers from the hospital were buried.

Friday, July 2, 1847.—This morning there is not much doing, except the soldiers are growling about our long delay at these quarters.

At noon the drum beat for dress-parade, which caused great rejoicing among the men; expecting that we were to get orders to march. Sure enough orders to march to-morrow morning were read to us. This is the fourth time we have received orders to this effect, and I should not be surprised to hear it countermanded before morning.

In the evening several of our men called upon their *senoritas*, bidding them farewell, and telling them that we are going to *marcha manana*. There were several buried from the hospital this evening.

To-night the boys are all in high glee, singing "Santa Anna's leg he left behind him" at the battle of Cerro Gordo.

Saturday, July 3, 1847.—This morning after breakfast we were formed into line, and then marched to the plaza. At 8 o'clock, A. M., we left the town of Peroté and marched about twenty miles, passing several beautiful *haciendas*. We passed around a rough looking mountain called Mt. Pizzarios, and went into camp at a small town named Tepegahualco (or Zempollan), which was, before Conqueror Cortez's time, a large and flourishing Indian city. It was the capital of an Indian tribe called Tepejacano (or Totonacs). They were the offspring of the Aztec (or Mexican). They were part of the tribe that became dissatisfied with the rules and government at the city of Mexico; they left the city and mostly all settled around Orazaba, Jalapa, Perote and other small towns.

Cortez, on his march toward the city of Mexico, conquered the Tepejacanos and afterward killed nearly all its people, simply because they would not submit to his rules.

Nothing is now left of the Tepejacano Indian capital, except a small village consisting mostly of mud-plastered shanties.

It is also noted as the place where the revolutionist, Gen. Jose Maria Morelos was betrayed by one of his own men, Gen. Bustamante, on November 5, 1815. From here he was taken, heavily chained, to the city of Mexico, and there shot in the back as a traitor, December 22, 1815.

On our march to-day we passed over a beautiful level piece of land, known as the Table Land of Mexico. It is nearly all highly cultivated in grain, corn, etc. Nothing of any importance occurred along the National Road.

To-night it commenced to rain very hard, and having no tents or shelter, makes it so much the worse for the soldiers to sleep or rest.

I made up my mind to hunt other quarters and took my knapsack and wet blanket and made a rush to get under a wagon, but the infernal mules kept kicking and squealing so that it was impossible for me to go to sleep. So, I used a flash word, *vamosse de rehocer* (left for the ranche), but to my surprise I found them all occupied and full of our soldiers, and I was obliged to take up my bed again and walk to a little hilly place, so that the water may run off me. Here I took my blanket for a cover and the rainy sky for my shelter and this was my sleeping and resting apartment for the night.

At 12 o'clock to-night we heard an alarm fired, but it proved to be a false one—John G. Craig, of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, while on sentry at the sand hills back of Vera Cruz, shot a jack-ass, thinking that it was an enemy approaching toward him. So, it may be with the sentry to-night, who heard a wolf coming through the chaparral, and no doubt thought that it was a Mexican coming and fired.

Sunday, July 4, 1847.—This morning at 4 o'clock, we were aroused by the sound of drums; we got up, and it being the Fourth of July we thought that we ought to have a little spree. The Mexican women came to our quarters directly after the blowing of the bugle, with their *tortos*, *fritillos*, *fritura*, *pan* and *polque* (cakes, fritters, fried meat, bread, etc.). *Polque* I am told, is a very good and healthy drink, you can get a mug or bowlful for *dos clacos* (three cents,); I drank an earthen jug full, and I thought it made me feel a little tipsy. Those who have the cash can indulge in these extras.

After the line was formed, we started on our march. The sun arose beautifully over the hills on this Sabbath morning;

in fact, I thought sometimes that I was again among the hills along the Juniata. We passed around the mountain Pizzarios, at the top of which we saw a large cross on the top of a high rock; and about half way up the mountain stood a church with a big cross on top, surrounded with a fancy fence made or planted of maguey plants. The question was asked, how do the people get up there to worship? Seeing no road leading to it, some remarked "that possibly they might go up in a balloon."

To-day on our march, we passed several crosses planted in the ground on the side of the National road; in fact, we have noticed these crosses ever since we left Vera Cruz, planted along the road, and all wondered what they meant. I noticed that the Mexican men, but more particularly the women and the poor class in general, when they pass by these crosses, or in fact, some before they come to it, make some kind of Catholic signs, and the women mostly kneel before the cross and say a prayer, and some put flowers and wreaths on the cross.

We were told that these crosses are to indicate that some passenger or traveler had been murdered in cold blood, and that they had been placed there in memory of the bloody deeds of the past.

Our march to-day was a good deal like yesterday, over level plains and table lands which were mostly uncultivated, except now and then we saw a field of barleycorn. The road was very dusty; but within a few miles of our encampment it commenced to rain. We marched along rapidly in the pelting rain until we came to a small town and a stream of water called *Ojo de Agua* (the eye of water).

In the evening the rain increased and continued so all night; and having no tents or shelter but the stormy and clouded heavens, I made a rush to get under some wagons, which kept a little rain off me, and the mules did not annoy me very much, as they were no doubt a little like myself, tired, and mighty glad to get a chance to rest. Oh, how many of

us have thought of some of the Fourths of July we have spent at home, and how we are spending it now.

To-night everything is quiet, don't even hear the mules squeal.

Monday, July 5, 1847.—This morning about 4 o'clock we took up our line of march. This early movement was on account of us going into camp so early yesterday afternoon. Our men who had to lay out in the rain last night were, of course, wet, but the sun rose clear and warm, which soon dried their clothes and blankets.

The road for the first hour's march was wet and muddy. We marched on until we arrived at a lively town called Napaluco, here we halted for over half an hour, and filled our canteens with elegant *aqua*, our haversack with fresh *pan*, and any quantity of fruit, such as bananas, which grow very abundant in this section of *tierras calientes*. After having secured all our necessary wants we left, and continued in passing over the table-lands, and if only some of our Lancaster County, Pa., farmers could see those large fields of corn, wheat, beans, barley, &c., all without any fences around them, it would astonish them. The fields are from four to eight miles long and from ten to twenty miles wide. Nothing to guard those large fields except a shepherd and his faithful dogs. In fact I saw no fences around any of the farms on our whole march. All watched and guarded by the shepherds and their dogs. We went into camp about 1 o'clock, P. M., at a small village or *hacienda*, and quartered under a large shed.

Tuesday, July 6, 1847.—This morning we were aroused from our good night's sleep by the sound of Mr. William Byrely's bugle.

After breakfast we left camp, and had not gone far before we met a *lepero*, who said that Col. Childs, with his brigade, was just a little ahead of us, and that he expects to be attacked at the El Pinal Pass. We are now ordered to march a little faster, so as to catch up to them before they arrive at the pass. We soon overtook them, and encamped at *hacienda, San Bartols*, near a small lake at the edge of Pinal Pass.

In the evening I was put on picket-guard away up on the mountains, stationed at two cross-roads or Indian passways, here I was told to remain until morning, unless driven in by the enemy or something else.

About 11 o'clock it commenced to rain, and darkened so that I could not see my hand before me, much more than see an enemy, which I was told were coming up all around me.

At 12 o'clock the picket on my right sang out for the Sergeant of the guard, the Sergeant hurried to answer the call. He first came to me, and wanted to know what was the matter. I told him I was not the sentinel that called him, but the one on my right was. He started for him, and the sentinel told the Sergeant that he was twice attacked by the wolves, and was afraid to fire, for fear of rousing up the camp. The Sergeant then told him not to fire, unless his life was in danger. The wolves passed me several times.

Wednesday, July 7, 1847.—This morning early I was released from guard duty, wet and *tieso* (stiff) as a poker. After breakfast we left camp, and had not marched far, when a rumor went through our ranks that the prospect is that we will have a little fight. Sure enough, we heard the report of a musket, sounding as if it was in our advance. Our regiment was now ordered in the advance of the whole division. The riflemen were thrown out as skirmishers, and to explore the woods and hills. Three men from our regiment were detailed to climb up the hills and cliffs. I was one of the details appointed, but our Captain said that I should be excused on account of having been on guard all last night.

Off they started, climbed the hills until they came to a place where the Mexicans had large stones set on crow-bars ready to tilt when the train entered the pass, but, strange to say, no Mexican could be seen. Gen. Pillow, who had command of the division, thought that the enemy might be hiding behind the cliffs and chaparrals, and sent word to the skirmishers to stand by these massive pieces of rocks, and keep a sharp look-out down the ravine.

However, the whole train passed on through the pass without the firing of a single gun; but further ahead we did see some three hundred lancers and infantry crossing a plain on our right, going toward a small town far off the National Road.

Gen. Pillow ordered the Third Dragoons to follow them, but seeing that the lancers were retreating pretty fast, countermanded the order, saying that it was hardly worth while to follow them, but should keep an eye on them and watch their movements until the whole train passed out of their sight, after which our skirmishers again joined their respective companies, and marched on until we came to a beautiful and thrifty little town named Amozoquco, the place where Gen. Wm. J. Worth, with his division, had a fight with the renowned Santa Anna, who, as usual, fights and runs away. Our march to-day was over a very rough road, but well shaded and the sceneries are beautiful and enchanting.

As soon as we arrived in camp the Mexican huckster women came around our quarters wanting to sell to us *tortos fritillos*, *fritura*, etc. Of course, those who had the cash bought, and those who had none said, "*no carecer.*"

Thursday, July 8, 1847.—This morning we did not start so early on account of having only ten miles to go, so a party of us took a walk around the town. We noticed some beautiful and well built houses, one and two stories high; it has a neat and clean appearance, and a fine large plaza where its markets are held, as well as political and revolutionary meetings. Also a fine, large (Catholic of course,) church along the plaza, which like all the villages we have passed, is situated in the centre of the town, and I have seen more priests and nuns this morning than I have seen since we left Vera Cruz. How all these priests and nuns make a living is a mystery to me. Strange in all these small towns you can see no burial grounds, and what they do with their dead is a mystery.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., we left Amozoquco and passed several beautiful country seats, or so-called *haciendas*, and some magnificent and well cultivated farms; in fact, they

remind me of some of our Lancaster county farms, except that these are larger and are mostly worked by peasants, who are no more than our slaves in the Sunny South.

Before we arrived at Puebla City, we saw some of the prettiest views that our eyes had ever beheld; the mountains and valley, and the city of Puebla at a distance, it reminded me of Philadelphia more than any city I have seen since I left, with the exception that Puebla has no such large rivers running around it as Philadelphia.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., we entered the city of Puebla, (in the Spanish tongue *Puebla de los Angeles*), we were first taken to the St. Augustine church, stacked arms; and, of course, expecting to make this church our head-quarters, broke ranks and selected our bunks, after which several of us took a walk around the city viewing the fine, large stores and other curiosities.

The *Publicanos de Mexicanos* were all anxious to see the new arrivals, they having been informed that our regiment was a whole division of about eight thousand men, (in a pig's eye.)

In the evening one of our wagon masters died, and was buried near this church. It is surprising when we look over these vast assemblies of people to think how such a small force of two thousand five hundred men and fifteen pieces of artillery, under the command of Gen. Worth, could enter a city of a population of nearly one hundred thousand without the slightest opposition, for when we entered the city we saw enough of *agrazientos* (greasers,) to drive our army into the Gulf of Mexico.

This evening it is rumored that Gen. Scott some time ago demanded to be recalled from the command of the army, he being much dissatisfied with the Government in the way of sending him re-enforcements by dribs and by interfering with his plans of operation in capturing the City of Mexico, but the President refused to comply with his request, saying to withdraw him from his army, would demoralize the army now

under his command, and give encouragement to the enemy. So Gen. Scott will have either to remain with his army or resign his high command in the United States Army, which I think he will not; so he will have to fight his enemies in the rear as well as in the front.

The Mexicans have a *proverbio*, (proverb), of Puebla City. That the large cathedral and other holy buildings were more improved at night than in day-time, and they all say that the angels did it. So this accounts for its being called Los Angeles Puebla. No wonder it is full of Catholic priests.

To-night for the first time since we left the Castle of Perote, we sleep under cover, on a nicely paved floor.

Friday, July 9, 1847.—This morning we were aroused by a great ringing of bells. I thought first that the Mexicans were trying to scare us out of the city by ringing and deafening our ears, but, fortunately, I soon learned that it was a common occurrence among the church-going people of Puebla. Every morning and evening you can see the people going in droves to church, but they all soon come out again.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., we were ordered to pack up and move our quarters to a large amphitheatre at Plaza de Toras, used as a pit in which to have bull fights. We soon arrived in the building. It is a fine building four stories high, and rounded like the National Circus building, corner of Ninth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pa. The whole building is built of wood, capable of holding fifteen thousand spectators, and I am told that when they have popular *toras* to fight it is full to overflowing. The building occupies a half square of ground, and is surrounded by a large well-built and cemented wall ten feet high. These are the best quarters we have had since we have been in this country.

Fresh bread and beef to-night.

Saturday, July 10, 1847.—This morning, as usual, ringing of church bells, and the way they ring it sounds as if one was trying to beat the other. I like to hear them, it puts me

in mind, when I was a little boy, of the ringing of the bells of the Trinity Lutheran Church, of Lancaster, Pa., except not so early, nor so numerous.

After breakfast the soldiers went to work, fixing up their quarters, washing and cleaning their clothing.

At noon Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black issued orders for all of his regiment to whiten their belts and clean their muskets, and brush themselves a little, so as to look like soldiers, and not like *guerillas*. [Laughter.] Look like soldiers from the old Keystone State. He said that he knew that we were all badly off for clothing and shoes. We have our first suits yet, but if there is any to be had he would try to get them for us. [Cheers.]

In the afternoon Joseph C. Taylor, John Newman, Alburus Welsh and myself went strolling around the city, and while looking around to see the curiosities we noticed a mob of *agraziento* gathering down the street. Not knowing what these blanket gentlemen gathered for, we foolishly presented them with a round of musketry over their heads, which caused them to *vamosé* for other parts of the city. This report of musketry started our patrol after us, and I assure you if you ever saw anybody run it was us four. After we got to our quarters, and put our muskets away, nobody knew of any soldiers being out or just came in. The patrol left with a flea in their ear.

Sunday, July 11, 1847.—This morning Alburus Welsh, Bob Eurick and myself, agreed to go to the Catholic Cathedral, which stands in the centre of the city. After we got into the church we looked around, and I was astonished to see the manœuvring of the so-called Christians, not being accustomed to the Catholic rights. The people were constantly going in and out of church, but not without first going through their religious performances.

We walked around and examined the paintings, etc., and found some of the most rare and richest paintings that can be seen in the world. Some are as old as Methuselah. After spending several hours we left and went to the plaza, or square,

as it is called in Philadelphia. Here is where the market is held, which, on Sunday after church hours, is the greatest market day in Mexico; also for all kinds of amusements. While looking around to see some of the numerous kinds of vegetables, etc., my attention was drawn to a crowd near by, and being anxious to know what it meant, I went to see, and rushed right through the crowd until I got into the middle. Here, to my surprise, I saw that the Mexicans had two game cocks held in their hands ready to go at it. My old friend, Bob Eurick, of Little York, Pa., rushed in and said, *aqueste querer no ni debido* (this will not do), that it was no work for Sunday, and he took one chicken, or cock, and flung it out of the surrounding crowd and pit, but did not get a chance at the other one, for the Mexican *umbres* took it and ran in all directions, after which we returned to our quarters, laughing at the idea of us breaking up the Mexican cock-fight.

Most every comrade I meet is speaking in the highest terms of our new quarters for cleanliness and healthfulness.

We are not troubled with that Spanish race called fleas, which has been a constant terror to our rest and sleep.

At almost every place where we were obliged to camp, there often was little or no water to quench the thirst of either man or beast, and scarcely anything to eat, and yellow-fever, diarrhœa and guerillas, constantly reduced our ranks. This is surely a great relief.

Monday, July 12, 1847.—This morning we were aroused by the sweet sound of a full brass band of music. We instantly rushed to the front of our quarters to see them pass, and ascertain the object. We soon learned the cause of the band playing so early the national airs of our country. It was two companies of dragoons, accompanied by Mr. N. P. Trist, our American Minister, on their way to the capital of Mexico, to see whether the Mexican Government will receive him and his negotiation for peace.

We all hope that he may be successful in his mission. It will be remembered that Mr. Nicholas P. Trist arrived at

Jalapa about the 14th of May last with despatches and letters to the head of the Mexican Government at their capital with power to make peace, and demanded an escort to take him to the city of Mexico, which Gen. Winfield Scott refused, saying that an escort at that time would be utterly impossible to make its way through to the capital, and that his forces at that time was too weak to make an escort. Many of our soldiers laughed at the idea of our Government suing for peace, and only a handful of our soldiers in their land; but if we can get peace now, fair and square, in God's name let us have it, and if not, war to the knife. So I say, poor, miserable, degraded Mexicans, including priests, clergymen and nuns, which are all very numerous and more than I have ever seen in all the days of my life, the olive branch is now extended fair and honorably to you, and if you all know what is good for yourselves and your country, you will, no doubt, accept it, and if not, more bloody work will have to be done.

This evening I heard the roll of the muffled drum and the mournful music passing our quarters, taking a jewel out of the ranks of some regiment or company to his final resting-place. "Peace to his ashes." I am glad to see our soldiers, who are buried here, have neat coffins and receive a decent burial, which I regret to say was not the case at the Castle of Perote; not a single coffin did we see there.

We had for supper *frescon carnero* (fresh mutton), issued to us as well as fresh bread. Oh! We are living high now, but don't know how long it will last.

Tuesday, July 13, 1847.—This morning our company was ordered to mount guard. My post was at the fountain in the Alameda Park, with strong instructions not to let any Mexicans fool around it.

The general conversation among our soldiers to-day is all about Mr. Trist, in regard to the negotiation of peace. That our government must be getting tired of the war. Others have it that this is only a get off to prolong the war, and that if our government was so anxious to push for peace, why did


they not send re-enforcements, according to the promise made to Gen. Scott before he sailed for Vera Cruz, and crush the war at once. But, oh! no; they don't want the war ended so soon. Somebody wants to make a little more money before it is ended.

It is a well-known fact that if Gen. Scott had about five thousand more troops at the time the battle of Cerro Gordo was fought we could have marched on to the Halls of Montezumas without the firing of a single gun or the loss of a single man, but jealousy is the cause.

In the evening Gen. Worth's band played in the park near where I was stationed, which had the effect of bringing a large crowd of *senoritas*, *senors* and *umbras* to the park. They seemed delighted with the music, and their whole conversation was *Americanos mucho bueno*.

The weather being very pleasant, had the effect of bringing out the wealthy and foreign nobilities with their splendid coaches, and blooded horses and mules attached. They occupied the road or drive around the park, which is about one mile and a half in circumference, dashing at full speed, followed behind by a *ranchero* or guerilla, and probably a gambler, also on a spirited mustang, no doubt stolen from some of the farmers, his own countryman. Their saddles are nearly all splendidly mounted with silver, and some with gold, and other showy equipments, costing from four to eight hundred dollars a piece, and they are the finest saddles I ever saw. We have none like them in the United States. I am informed that they are easier riding saddles than ours, and I am beginning to think that there must be some truth in it, for I noticed many of our officers having these saddles.

About 8 o'clock this evening the band serenaded Gen. Worth's headquarters, and never did I listen to better music. It raised quite a crowd in the neighborhood, and the *senoritas* were out on their balconies chatting, laughing, talking, and, of course, smoking their *puros* and *cigaritos*.



Being relieved from guard-duty, John Newman and myself went to the theatre where they were playing a piece called "Family Jars." This is the first theatre that I have visited since I have been in Mexico, and I must say that they fully compare with our theatres in Philadelphia; the house was full.

During the day, I am told, there were six of the South Carolina Regiment died, and were all buried this evening. This regiment came out fifteen hundred strong, and now I don't believe they can muster more than half that number. Exposure has done the deed.

Wednesday, July 14, 1847.—This morning about 10 o'clock, Lieut.-Col. Black formed our battalion into line, after which he marched us out to a beautiful green commons, there to be reviewed by Gen. Quitman; here we waited for about two hours, when at last he sent word by his Orderly Sergeant that we will have to postpone the review for to-day, as he did not feel well enough to review us. Then you should have heard the boys swear, for keeping us standing in the hot sun for nothing. We returned to our quarters growling.

In the afternoon one of our officers belonging to the New York regiment, got wild and crazy drunk, and with a drawn sword ran the Mexicans in every direction. He was finally taken by the guard, and then taken to the Officer of the Day, who reprimanded him for his bad conduct. If this should have been a private, there would have been no pity, nor reprimanding, but the cry would have been "put the drunken loafer in the guard-house." And probably, if he made any unusual noise, he would have been bucked and gagged to the floor. Such is the punishment of private soldiers, if they don't behave themselves, but officers go free.

This evening I wrote five letters to different friends of mine in the United States. One—the second—to my brother Frederick, as follows:—

PUEBLA CITY, MEXICO, }
July 14, 1847. }

DEAR BROTHER:—In my last letter to you, on the 17th of April, day before the battle of Cerro Gordo, I mentioned that if I fell at the enemy's hand that you would hear of it. I have no doubt that you have read the full report of the battle of Cerro Gordo; therefore, it is hardly worth while for me to go into any details of that memorable day, but merely tell you the facts. The report of the repulse of Gen. Pillow's volunteer division is utterly false, from the beginning to the end. The volunteer division, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Pillow, were not defeated, nor repulsed, as they have it. Nay! they held the position assigned to them firmly, and were not driven an inch from their perilous position, and stuck to it to the last. When we were first put in our line of battle, in front of the enemy's batteries, our officers had strict orders not to charge on the Mexican's batteries until the word charge came, either from Gens. Patterson or Pillow. These orders were all strictly obeyed, with the exception of Col. Haskell, of the Second Tennesseans, and Capt. Charles Naylor, of the Second Pennsylvania, who, contrary to instructions, with about two hundred men, charged on the enemy's batteries; and, of course, were repulsed. And I, for one, protest against having this *manchar* (stigma) cast upon the whole volunteer division, on account of these *crazy* fools, who disobeyed orders.

The victory of Cerro Gordo was complete. The well-equipped and magnificently uniformed army of Gen. Santa Anna's was routed in all directions, and Col. Harney's dragoons pursued the flying enemy hotly, and cut down their scattered columns until they reached Jalapa.

The munitions of war, taken from the enemy at this battle, were destroyed, the muskets were broken upon the rocks, the iron guns spiked and pretty much all the ammunition destroyed, as we had no wagons to take them with us.

You will perceive by this letter that we have advanced further into the interior of Mexico. We left Camp Plan del Rio, April 20th, and all along the National Road, from the foot of Cerro Gordo to Gen. Santa Anna's *hacienda*, the roadside was strewn with the dead Mexicans, and horses and mules; and at Gen. Santa Anna's headquarters, near the rancheros, where Gen. Twigg's army overtook the flying Mexicans, they lay thick *everywhere*, and the *hedioudes* (stench), and a more horrid scene I don't wish to see again. A great many are still lying wounded and begging for help and *aqua*. They have our sympathy and feeling, which all true soldiers should have for one another, and, especially, when fallen wounded in the defense of their country.

The first day's march we encamped at El Encero, the summer residence of Gen. Santa Anna; and a beautiful place it is, with plenty of good *aqua*, but the buildings are poor. The second day's march was through a delightful country. We entered and marched through the city of Jalapa, the streets were crowded with citizens, and the ladies and gentlemen were standing on the balconies and in doorways, some waving their hands and handkerchiefs, which was not the case at Vera Cruz. We marched through the city, and went into camp about three miles from Jalapa. Here we encamped from the 21st of April until the 7th of May, without any tents or shelter, and being the rainy season made it very disagreeable for our men. Our knapsacks were our *almohado* (pillow), the wet ground was our bedtick, the wet blankets our cover and the blue, cloudy, rainy and threatening skies was our shelter for nearly one month.

Thus you can imagine yourself that our quarters were anything but pleasant, and during our encampment here many of our soldiers took sick, and many soon afterward died for the want of shelter and medical treatment.

We left camp on the 7th of May, and marched over a very dirty and rough road up hill nearly all the time, passing through the dangerous pass of La Florida, and arrived safely at

the strong and well-constructed Castle of Perote, and camped in the Castle, which surrendered on the 22d of April to Gen. Worth's division without any resistance from the enemy, with all its heavy artillery, ammunition and over five hundred muskets, carbines, escopets, etc. Here we remained from May 8th until July 3d, with good quarters, water and fresh beef. It was afterwards made the headquarters for the sick and wounded soldiers of our army, and there were at one time over five hundred men in this hospital with that disease called diarrhœa, which disease takes more to their graves than the enemy's bullets. Many of the poor soldiers who died here were buried without any military escort or any honors of war bestowed upon them. As soon as they died they were wrapped up in their blankets and taken to the dead-house, and from there, soon afterwards, were carried or carted out to the place selected for burial, and were then thrown two, and sometimes three, into one hole dug for that purpose. There were no head-boards to mark the names of these gallant men who died of wounds and diseases contracted in this country.

During our encampment at Perote we were constantly on the National Road, and other roads, hunting and fighting guerillas. We had several hard skirmishes with them, one near La Hoya Pass and Las Vegas, where we put to flight, with considerable loss, over two thousand Mexicans. This was on June 20th. These guerillas are composed of men, mounted on spirited mustangs, well-equipped with rifles, pistols, carbines, daggers, lances and lassoes. They generally have good and brave officers, but the rest of them are the most wretched and desperate ruffians in the country, such as assassins and pardoned felons, pardoned on the terms of joining the guerillas. They are mostly divided into different bands, and each party is accompanied by a Catholic priest, there being no other religion allowed in this country. This priest's duty is to first swear each one upon the cross to watch every chance, if they can see their way clear, to pursue the enemy (us Americans) to their death, their motto is, "No quarters to the Yankees."

They generally put themselves on or by the road-side to attack provision and specie trains and murder the soldiers who may, from fatigue, lag behind our army ; and sometimes they even cut our men's throat, heart and tongue out, hanging them on a limb of a tree right over their bodies ; they also stop and murder our scouts, messengers, etc. They are promised one-half of all the provisions and specie they can plunder from our army.

This is the character of the guerillas, which, no doubt, you have read a good deal of. They carry a flag with cross-bones and skull, with the words, " We give no quarters." They have now succeeded in cutting off our communication between here and Vera Cruz, but it is rumored that Gen. Frank Pierce has left Vera Cruz with fifteen hundred men, who will, if they come across them, strike terror to these national licensed highway robbers. Then our communication will again be open.

During the skirmish with the infernal guerillas, we have suffered more frightfully than at the battle of Cerro Gordo with the regular Mexican army. In fact, we would sooner face ten of the regular Mexican army than one of these outlawed guerillas.

We left the Castle of Perote July 3 and marched over a sandy plain road, which looks to me as though the sea had once rolled its course that way, being nearly all covered with all kinds of shells and pumice stones. Some of our men had an idea that they could make pipes out of these stones, and took some along to try the experiment, and some have since made good pipes.

We marched about twenty miles, passed around Mt. Pizaros, and went into camp at Tepegahualco, a dark dismal town. It has several large inns, or *messons*, which are for the accommodation of the traveling community. They are only one-story high, but well and strongly built. The whole building is enclosed with a high stone fence ; the main entrance, or gateway, is near the dwelling, and at nights, after all the passengers are in, the gates are shut and well fastened, for fear of

robbers, which are very numerous in that section of the country. They have good water and plenty of *polque* to drink. The water is drained from the mountains, which causes it to be fresh and cold. The *polque* is the favorite drink among the Mexicans, and especially among the poor class, and it seems to be their principal product in this immediate neighborhood.

Next day's march was over what is called *Tierra Templada* (Table Land), passing some splendid *granjos* (farms,) and over a road which, at some places, was gradually ascending, and that on looking back sometimes from the head of our division, our train of wagons could be seen for miles in the rear. The scenery was, indeed, beautiful; splendid cultivated *campos* (fields) of wheat, corn, barley, etc. These *granjos* (farms) have no fences; nothing but a shepherd and his dogs watches the farm and stock on the place.

On the next two days' march it rained and hailed mostly all the time, and having no tents or shelter, it was anything but agreeable.

The next day we marched in poor spirits on account of our exposure, but in the afternoon the sun gradually made its appearance, which had the effect to cheer the boys up.

In the evening we overtook Col. Thomas Childs' brigade, encamped at, or near, El Pinal Pass, where, it is rumored, that the enemy intended to attack our division when we would pass through.

The next day our regiment was put in the advance of the whole division. We marched through the pass, which is several miles long, looking and hunting for the *fanfarron* (boasting) Mexicans over hills and dales without seeing any near enough to make an attack, or even to have a shot at them.

The Mexicans had the *monton* (hill) well fortified, such as having large rocks ready to roll down the hill upon the Yankees' heads, who may pass below. We marched on until we came to the town named Amozoquco. Here we had the

first right conception of the character of the Mexican people. I have often thought that our villages were beautiful, but for beauty, neatness and cleanliness, I am afraid the Mexicans will carry off the prize.

The town is about two miles square. It is laid out a good deal like Lancaster, Pa.; the houses are built principally of brick, laid in mortar, in the shape of our pavement in our towns and cities. It contains a population of about ten thousand, and the people seem to be thriving and persevering.

The next day we left Amozoquco, and passed over a beautiful rolling country of great fertility in truck gardens and vegetables, which supplies the inhabitants of Puebla with food. In the rear of Puebla are hills and mountains, some of which are covered with snow nearly the whole year around. Behind which many of the most prosperous and enterprising people in Mexico, fled and hid from being persecuted and massacred by an infuriated mob; also some of the most outrageous wretches in the world for fear of getting their just dues. The city of Puebla should be called the "city of spires and domes," for it is full of both.

We marched to a church (a good place for soldiers to go to quarter); the *haciendas* and houses in this city are like all the rest we have seen that are of any note, (particularly halls and inns), built like a barrack, with high, strong, stone walls, having big gates, doors, bars, hinges and bolts like a prison. The roofs are bomb proof, with battlement walls, all built to protect themselves from being robbed and murdered, not by us Yankees, but by their own people.

In the evening we were taken from the church to the bull ring, which is built in the shape of a theatre or circus; it is called *Plaza de Toros*, (Bull Square). This building is built entirely of wood, four stories high, but without a roof, that is, the ring part; but the boxes are all closed. It is surrounded by a cemented stone wall ten feet high, and is capable of containing fifteen thousand people.

Opposite this *Plaza de Toras*, is the Alameda Park. This is truly one of the most beautiful places I have yet seen. It is well shaded with different kinds of trees, and richly laid out with flowers and shrubs. The walks and drives are all handsomely laid out with beautiful and well adorned fountain jets and statues, throwing out delicious water, something like Franklin Square, in Philadelphia, Pa., only more tastefully ornamented.

Puebla City is like all Catholic cities; a city of idlers, loungers, *leperos* and *ladrones*, because it is a city of numerous churches, priests and bishops. Every believer of the Catholic religion attends church regularly.

The Roman Catholic spirit or religion, was first established in this country by Conqueror Cortez; and its bishops are now under the government of the Pope of Rome. No other religion or institution is tolerated in all Mexico. And the Catholic people (or to use plain words), Catholic bishops, have succeeded in preventing the people from venerating anything else to this day (1847). The benches or chairs are of the ordinary description, and serve the purposes of pews. I have been in some churches where there were no pews or chairs at all, and the worshippers kneel on the cold stone floor (both rich and poor alike); but always found their altars and their ornaments beyond description.

History tells us that this city was built by Sebastian Reamires. It was built in the year 1531, and it was called by the Spaniards the First Heaven. It was the second city built by the Spaniards, Vera Cruz being the first, the rest being all Indian towns.

In the year 1550 the Cholucoans, once an independent and powerful people of the rulers of Mexico, moved from Choluco to Puebla, and the selection and situation does credit to the first builders. It is a splendid and well-planned city; situated in the midst of a large valley.

Its chief edifice is the Cathedral, there are other fine large churches, such as the Franciscos, Augustinos, Capuchinos,

San Jose, and several other large buildings of note, such as the Guadalupe Church, on the heights, Quartel of San Jose, City Hall, Fort Loretto.

It once contained a large free school for poor Indian children, but it has since been converted into a nunnery or convent.

From Vera Cruz to Puebla there are two roads, one the Orazaba Road, which leads through Cordova and Tlasculla. Cordova is where the renowned coffee grows. The other road, which we took, leads through Jalapa, Perote and other small towns.

Jalapa derives its name from a drug plant called jalapa, which grows very abundant in this section of the country. It is also renowned for the splendid view of the snow-covered volcano Orazaba.

Puebla is, I believe, the largest city between Vera Cruz and the capital of Mexico, and is second in political and commercial importance in Mexico. It has a splendid, large Cathedral, the father over all the churches in this city. It is truly a magnificent building, built in 1649 of free stones, and takes up a whole square of ground. It has a high steeple, from it is a splendid view of the historic volcano mountain Orazaba, Popocatepetl and Malinche.

The inside of this great Cathedral I shall not attempt to describe, but just give a little idea. The pillars are covered with crimson and velvet. The floor is of large white and blue marble flag stones. The altar is the greatest piece of work I have ever seen, richly ornamented with gold, silver and precious stones.

The chandelier, weighing several tons, depending from the dome, has five hundred wax lights, and the gold is valued at \$25,000. And I am informed by the Mexicans that this is the greatest and strictest church in all Mexico.

There is a certain time in the day when the church bell of this cathedral rings, most all its people, it matters not where they are, tumble down on their knees and go through religious signs.

Puebla is about half as large as Philadelphia, and contains a population of nearly one hundred thousand. I was really surprised to think that Gen. Worth, with four thousand soldiers and a few pieces of artillery, could enter such a large city without some opposition from its hostile population. But these people have heard that our gallant and bold little army, under Gen. Scott, had safely landed without opposition on their shores and captured the city of Vera Cruz and its strong fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, the great and triumphant victory over their favorite Gen. Santa Anna, at the battle of Cerro Gordo, the capturing of Jalapa and Castle of Perote, all this was constantly before their minds, and, no doubt, thought it was no use to make a stand or show any hostile opposition to the bold invaders.

The houses are mostly two and three stories high, built principally of stone and some rough cast. Some have their fronts neatly ornamented with fine carvings, and painted.

Most all have balconies, which, in the evening, is mostly occupied with *senoritas* and *umbres*, laughing and talking, and of course smoking their *puros* and *cigaritos*; *puros* means a cigar, and *cigaritos* means a little fine cut tobacco, nicely rolled up in a piece of white paper, about the length and thickness of a child's little finger. One cigar has more tobacco in it than ten or fifteen *cigaritos*, and don't cost half as much.

The streets are about the same width as those in Philadelphia, with the exception that the gutters, which run through the middle of the streets, which I think is an improvement. The side-walks are paved with large flag stones. The streets are kept clean and the city is generally healthy.

Outside of the city it is like all large cities, being built up with huts and ranches, where the poor class dwell. The city is filled with *mendicants* (beggars); some with little or no clothing on them, both men and women, all they have is a little dingy old blanket or a piece of rag to cover their nakedness, and some standing on the corners of streets with old hats in their hands, asking for *clacos* (pennies), and at the same time stealing anything they could get their hands on.

The main plaza takes up a whole square of ground. And it is the place where the citizens hold their open meetings, and markets. Their largest market is on Sunday, directly after church hours, and any article that you could think off can be had; it beats the world for confectionery.

You will see that I have been engaged in two battles, both gloriously fought and victoriously won. But where the third one will be is hard for me to say, but I think it will not be until we arrive near the capital of Mexico, where they are now concentrating all their forces and strengthening all the approaching points to the ancient city. They might just as well dispense with the trouble of adding to the fortifications, for it will be something like "love's labor lost," for when the reinforcements arrive and get ready to go on, these obstacles will be trifles. At present our *tuerzas* (forces) are too small to make any further advance into the interior of Mexico, therefore, we will have to await the arrival of troops from the United States, which are coming slowly.

Gen. Scott and his little army of brave men, are all anxious to march on, but it seems that our Government is constantly throwing obstacles in Gen. Scott's plan of capturing the capital, which looks as if our Government was trying to degrade him from his high position.

They have sent Mr. N. P. Trist, a Commissioner to negotiate for peace, which is, in my opinion, all a humbug. To tell you plain facts, our Government don't wish the war over so soon, for our contractors and the thieving Quartermasters have not robbed the Government and the poor soldiers out of their rations enough. This cry of peace, peace, is only to blindfold the people, and is firing in our rear. The Mexicans will not at this time make peace with our Government, the capital will have to be taken first, before the Mexican Government will be ready to talk of peace; and, mark you, this will be the case, for the Mexicans will listen to no peace proposition until the capital of Mexico is taken.

Mr. N. P. Trist, is, I am informed, now on his way to the capital, but I'll bet the price of an orange that he will come back with a flea in *both* of his *ears*, for the Mexican Congress have declared not to make or listen to any peace as long as we have only nine thousand soldiers in their country.

On our last march hither we were subject to the most fatiguing hardships and suffering. We had no tents, besides most of our men were short of clothing. It rained some time, snowed most all the time, in consequence many of our men got sick, and had to crawl towards the hospital, where many of the poor soldiers died, dying faster than new recruits arrive, but such is the life of a soldier.

The agricultural or farming implements in this country are the poorest and most miserable tools I ever saw; for instance, their plows are the same pattern as the Egyptians used over five thousand years ago, it consists of a crooked stick or a fork of a tree, with an iron point nailed or tied to it with a piece of rawhide, and a small handle for the plowman to steer with and a pole to hitch a yoke of oxen to. This so-called plow will scratch a furrow in the soil three or four inches deep and about the same in width. The harrow is a branch of a tree without the leaves, a yoke of oxen hitched to this is all that is done to the ground, the soil being very rich. The furniture used in respectable houses is mostly of the mahogany pattern, and generally somewhere in the *casa* is a family altar containing an image of the Virgin and Christ crucified.

I will now send you the song of our soldiers, made up since the battle of Cerro Gordo, The original song is "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And you, no doubt, know that the air of this popular song is sung and played by the drums, fifes and bands during an embarkation of an English or American army, when about to open on a foreign war. The Mexicans, doubtless thinking that there is some virtue in it, have, since the battle of Cerro Gordo, adopted it into their own army, but we, in compliment to Gen. Santa Anna, call it "The Leg I Left Behind Me," as follows:—

NOTES OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

I am stumpless quite since from the shot
 Of Cerro Gordo peggin',
 I left behind, to pay Gen. Scott,
My grub, and gave my leg in.

I dare not turn to view the place
 Lest Yankee toes should find me,
 And mocking shake before my face
The Leg I Left Behind Me.

At Buena Vista I was sure
 That Yankee troops must surrender,
 And bade my men hurrah, for you're
 All going on a bender.

That all my hopes and plans were dashed,
 My scattered troops remind me,
 But though I there got soundly thrashed,
 I left no leg behind me.

Should Gen. Taylor of my track get scent,
 Or Gen. Scott beat up my quarters,
 I may as well just be content
 To go across the waters.

But should that my fortune be,
 Fate has not quite resigned me,
 For in the museum I will see
The Leg I Left Behind Me.

This tune is played most every time the drums, fifes and bands play, and it seems to be the favorite tune for us boys. I have written a great deal more than I first intended to write, but I will now come to a close by saying, that if I was at home you would not catch me out here to fight old Santa Anna. It also gives me pleasure to state that my health has been, since I have been in this *tierras calientes*, remarkably good. I weigh more now than I ever did, one hundred and fifty-five pounds, which is fifteen pounds more than I ever weighed. It makes no difference how much I suffer, so long as I keep my health and strength I will not complain.

Your brother, J. J. O.

Thursday, July 15, 1847.—This morning my old esteemed friend, Jacob Danner, left for the hospital on account of being very ill with the diarrhœa, and I am afraid that he will never leave that institution alive.

This afternoon the artillerists drilled in the square in front of the Alameda Park, and made some splendid movements in the way of drilling.

This evening some of our fellows went on a spree, and struck a dragoon, the abused dragoon, with the Captain and several privates, came to our quarters in a rage of fury, and wanted to search for the man who struck the dragoon, but our soldiers told the Captain and his men that they would stand no such nonsense, and that they had better leave, or else they might get more. This raised the Captain and his men, they drew their swords and made a big fuss. They went to see our Colonel, who just laughed at them, and said that he was very sorry for it; they then left with a flea in their ears.

Friday, July 16, 1847.—This morning we were again marched out on the parade ground, and joined the brigade, which is composed of our six companies, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, New York Regiment of Volunteers and the South Carolina Regiment of Volunteers. This brigade is commanded by Brig.-Gen. James Shields, who, it will be remembered, was dangerously wounded at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and who may thank the Mexican surgeons for saving his life. They being better and more skilful surgeons in dressing wounds than our surgeons. The division is now under the command of Maj.-Gen. Quitman, both fighting Generals, and who will not leave their men in the lurch, as our's did at the battle of Cerro Gordo.

After drilling for an hour or more we came to a rest. Both Generals complimented us very highly for our skill in drilling; after which we were dismissed to our quarters, where we arrived in the evening much fatigued. Here I heard that one of the New York Regiment's men had his throat cut from ear to ear last night. The Yorkers are swearing vengeance on the *agraziento*,

Saturday, July 17, 1847.—This morning at ten o'clock the whole volunteer division was again on the parade ground drilling and being reviewed, drilling us almost to death. After which all the officers of our division, and accompanied by the Fourth Infantry, paid a visit to the ancient Indian town Chulula, which is seven miles from Puebla; on the top of the pyramid, there once stood the Aztec Temple, but which is now replaced by a Roman Catholic church, some of us wanted to go along, but as Col. Black was going we couldn't smuggle ourselves in, for fear he would see us, and then, of course, would send us back. So we were fooled again.

In the evening they returned, and were much pleased by their visit to one of the oldest towns in all Mexico.

Sunday July 18, 1847.—This morning after breakfast we had a meeting to consult what was to be done to-day, and finally came to the conclusion that my friend, Alburtus Welsh, and myself would go to the great cathedral and see what was going on there. At the entrance there was a Mexican standing with a plate in hand to receive such contribution as you saw fit to give. We gave him a *claco* apiece, and went into church, which was, as usual, full; but were constantly going in and out. Some would come in, kneel before the cross, go through the Catholic signs and get up and go out. I thought to myself how ignorant and degraded these Mexicans are, and think it no wonder, where the Catholic religion rules, that the country does not flourish, because the Catholic church is opposed to all other religions, and wherever they are in power they crush all liberties; and this is the reason that some of the priests say that they would sooner suffer death than lose the power of the Catholic church. After walking around and looking at some of their movements and signs, we left fully convinced that us *paganos* (heathens) would not join the Catholic church yet awhile.

Monday, July 19, 1847.—*Este manana* there is no news. Some were drilling. In the evening I visited the *teatro* (theatre), where they played "Rob Roy" and the "Soldier's

Return from the War." I wished it was me returning home in place of them playing it in the *teatro*; it would then be reality. The performance was good and elicited frequent applause. The scenery was mostly all new, and the mounting appropriate and exceedingly handsome. After it was over we returned to camp.

Tuesday, July, 20, 1847.—This morning after *almerzo* Joseph C. Taylor, Alhurtus Welsh and myself again took a walk around the city and visited the principal churches and public buildings, and wound up in a billiard saloon, kept by an old Spaniard. Here we saw the prettiest and most curious kind of balls and tables that I ever saw before. The tables are made of solid mahogany, and the pockets are lions' heads of brass; the lower jaw, which works on a spring, opens when the ball is pocketed, and shuts up again when the ball is taken out. After playing several games we returned to our quarters, where we again heard the mournful strain of a soldier's funeral passing. With dirges dirę and sad array, slowly through the streets, I saw him borne away.

Wednesday, July 21, 1847.—This morning I followed a Mexican funeral, that of a child, which, no doubt, belonged to a wealthy family. It was carried by four little boys, and it was exposed to full view. The funeral was followed by the priests and their gang with lighted candles. They took it into the church and had the grave dug in the middle of the aisle. They put artificial flowers in the grave. They then laid the child in the coffin and put a shovelful of dirt on the imparts of the face and then closed its coffin and filled up the grave. During all this time the priest was sprinkling the grave and coffin with water and had incense burning. The organ, which is a beautiful one, was playing a tune, similar to "Old Hundred," until the whole ceremony was over; but what beat me, I saw no mourning, or any person crying or in distress.

At noon I went to the Alameda Park, where I had a long talk with one of the South Carolina soldiers. Suddenly he jumped up and said that he had forgot something at his

quarters and left; and when I returned I found that the infernal scoundrel had robbed me of my purse containing two doubloons and a ten-dollar gold piece, in all about fifty dollars. I was mad enough to eat him alive if I ever get hold of him. I assure you I would almost as soon lose my head as to lose, or be robbed of my spare cash, which I brought with me from the United States.

There is a saying that "He who loses money loses much, he who loses a friend loses more, but he who loses his spirit loses all;" and I find that this is a real fact; no money to get some extras to keep the stem of life going, all gone, except a dollar or so which I had loose in my pocket.

To-night I am much disheartened and low spirited, and will say good-night; may the — catch him, or I hope he will be the first one who will get his head shot off close to his shoulders.

Thursday, July 22, 1847.—Last night I could hardly sleep, and this morning I got up much disheartened and in poor spirits, but at last I resolved to throw this feeling from my mind, and trust to better luck.

About noon a company of Mexican lancers came in with a white flag, but I could not learn their object. It was soon rumored that the Mexicans will not receive Mr. N. P. Trist, our American Minister, to negotiate for peace. This brings my remarks true. They will not make peace until the halls of Montezumas are stormed and taken. So now, lookout for breakers!

This afternoon there was considerable excitement at the headquarters of the New York regiment owing to one of the Lieutenants, named, I think, Myen Reid, a gallant officer, killing one of their own men with his sword, running it through his heart, for trying to release himself, he being bucked and gagged at the time. The deceased's brother, who belongs to the same regiment, swears that he will shoot Lieut. Reid, if it should be in the midst of battle, for this cowardly act.

In the evening there was a requisition on our detachment for five soldiers to fill up Capt. Steptoes' field battery for to go on to the city of Mexico. This does not look much like peace—it means work.

Friday, July 23, 1847.—This morning, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Col. Harney's Dragoons had a splendid turnout. The whole regiment under his command, accompanied by the splendid brass band, mounted on fine grey horses; their turnout was highly imposing, and the music could not be beaten.

In the evening Mr. Hart, manager of the theatre, came to our quarters for a file of soldiers to fire in the piece to-night, "Romeo and Juliet." I volunteered my services, and took part in it; then sat and saw the tragedy played through. Whoever would have thought, that I, Jacob Oswandel, of Company C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, would ever become a theatre actor!

Saturday, July 24, 1847.—This morning, at 10 o'clock, A. M., Brig.-Gen. James Shields visited our quarters, and examined them thoroughly; then he ordered the men out by companies, after which he examined our muskets carefully and at the same time taking a good and sharp look at every soldier; after which he took hold of Lieut.-Col. Black's hand and congratulated him, saying that it was highly gratifying to him to say that both quarters and soldiers looked remarkably well, and that he had not the least doubt that they would always keep themselves so. Oh, yes, if Gen. Shields had only come an hour or so sooner he would not have said this; he should have seen the ragamuffins. At noon marched out on the parade ground to drill for several hours, so as to be prepared to meet the flower of the army of Gen. Santa Anna.

Sunday, July 25, 1847.—This morning early, it was ascertained that seven men from Capt. Rush's company had deserted, three non-commissioned officers and four privates. The dragoons were immediately despatched in all directions after them, and if they are caught, God bless their souls, (if they have any). In fact, there are a great many of our

soldiers deserting ; even at Jalapa city, the Mexicans held out inducements of great promise to our men, (and particularly to the Catholic portion), to desert and join their cause ; they would offer them money and a commission as captain in their army, if they can induce a certain number of soldiers to desert, by promising promotion hereafter ; but I am glad to say that they were only successful among the Catholic portion of our army who were persuaded by the priests that it was wrong and sinful to fight against their church and religion. But some had other causes ; cause of bad treatment at the hands of young snot-nose and tyrannical officers. We have but one Irishman in our company, and he is what they call an Orangeman, *heretico Americano*.

In the evening the Fourth Infantry Band played in the Alameda Park, and, as usual, the place was crowded. It wound up in a regular fight between a young *umbra* and an elderly *senorita*, and I assure you there was a little fun for a time.

No positive news yet from the city of Mexico in regard to Mr. N. P. Trist and his peace stock.

Monday, July 26, 1847.—This morning, at 10 o'clock, A. M., we left for the field or parade-ground, where we had a division drill under the command of Gen. Quitman. He drilled us until noon, and then turned us over to Gen. Shields who marched the old volunteer brigade to town, and there dismissed us to our quarters. This has been a hard drill. The sun being very warm.

This evening five of the South Carolina Volunteers were buried. They were all in very poor health. It seems strange that the people of the South cannot stand the hot climate so well as us in the North.

Tuesday, July 27, 1847.—This morning the Second Infantry, accompanied by their officers, paid a visit to the city of Chulula. Myself being well acquainted with one of their Sergeants, smuggled myself in their ranks and followed them. The road to Chulula being pretty good, we were not long going there ; on the way we met several Indians carrying

very big loads of earthenware, strapped on their backs. They having the strap going around their foreheads, in this way they trot along on a dog's trot for miles; carrying with them a strong stick, that in case they want to rest they prop the stick under their load.

The Pyramid of Chulula, which looks more like a natural hill than anything I have ever seen, was erected many years before the arrival of Cortez and his bold band of robbers, still remains, but I am told that most of its beauties has been destroyed by Cortez and the long series of revolutions in Mexico. This pyramid covers many acres of ground, and on the top of it is a church or temple. Its bases looks to me as if it was built of bricks, but hard. The interior is abundant with cavities or vaults, roofed in with beams of cedar, for places for sepulchres, which contains skeletons, idols, etc. There are several small pyramids surrounding this large one. It appears to me to have been formed by cutting a hill into an artificial shape. Its dimensions are immense, being nearly three miles in circumference, and about three hundred and fifty feet high. It is divided into terraces and slopes, covered with platforms, stages and bastions, and are elevated one above the other; and all formed with large stones skilfully cut and joined without any cement. In some respects the style of architecture resembles the Gothic, being massive and durable, and I am informed, in other respects, it resembles the Egyptian.

The general construction, manner and style of architecture is different from anything I have ever seen.

The city of Chulula is built in a large, level and fertile valley, and extends as far as the eye can reach. The rivulets and numerous fields of maguey plants, which produces a drink called *polque*, looks as if it was almost at our feet. Here is a splendid view of the city of Puebla and other small towns. Its shining domes are plainly to be seen from here. The surrounding volcanoes and other historic mountains are also visible, and the most beautiful and romantic scenes that human eyes ever beheld can be seen. No writer or historian can

describe the nature of these scenes ; and I shall ever remember it the longest day of my life.

Before the time Conqueror Cortez came to this country this city of Chulula contained from twenty to twenty-five thousand houses, and as many more banqueting houses. The number of temples and turrets were equal with that of the number of days in a year. It, at one time, contained (according to the number of houses) a population from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Now its population is scarcely six thousand souls. It, no doubt, must have been at one time a most beautiful city.

It still has the appearance of being a neat city, but the ruins, caused by Cortez and his band of robbers, are numerous.

All this numerous destruction of property and thousands of lives, was all done by Conqueror Fernando Cortez to inspire (he said) new religion among the Mexicans and Indians. Yes, inspired for their gold and nothing else.

The people seemed to me to be nearly all poor, and poorly clad, and not very thriving.

They carry on the manufacturing of all kinds of earthenware, which seems to be the principal traffic and production of this section of the country. They take it mostly to Puebla and other markets.

After spending several hours in examining and viewing the curiosities, we returned to our quarters well pleased with our trip to the ancient pyramid of Chulula.

The early history of Mexico tells us that it was in this city (Chulula) where King Montezuma was first foretold of the downfall and destruction of his kingdom by several running signs.

It was in the temple of this city where their god, Quezalcoalti, informed the people that a strange and mighty people were coming to take possession of the Mexican dominion, and all the believers and reporters of this sign, were all committed to prison by King Montezuma's orders, and would, doubtless, have put them all to death had they not escaped from prison ; yet their wives and children were all put to death upon King Montezuma's command. Quezalcoalti fled and sailed from where Vera Cruz now stands.



These signs soon afterwards made their appearance, and came as a mighty comet or a blazing star, and continued for a whole year around.

The great temple Cue, King Montezuma's palace, in the city of Mexico, took fire and burned to the ground. How it took fire no one knew, and no one knows to the present day.

The water which was thrown on the temple Cue to quench it burnt like brim-stone, and at the same time of this fire there appeared in the sky three fiery heads at noon-day, and out of a long tail shot sparks of fire to the earth. These signs from above made the people tremble and rush from one place to another. Even King Montezuma, who did not believe in these signs and reports, began to think that there must be some truth in these reports, and began to get alarmed and prepared for the emergency.

Thus, the great prince, Montezuma, who, by his valor and good success in the wars, had, in a few years of his reign (before Cortez came), subdued the better part of a hundred cities and towns to his dominion, and in the height of his glory he was foretold of his downfall, which proved true.

Chulula (before Cortez's time) was governed by a Mayor, Councilmen and a Chief Priest, for they never went upon the least design before they had first been at their devotion, in which the office of the Priest was only to perform the idols four times in twenty-four hours, viz.:—In the morning, at noon, after sunset, and at midnight; at which times none were allowed to be absent. After this they used their prisoners in a most horrid manner; for instance, in their temples stood a round stage of stone, to the top of which they ascended by a square scaffold supported by pillars, behind which appeared thousands of men and women's heads, and among them the prisoners that were to be offered for sacrifice, who were stark naked and guarded by several armed men. Several feet from the steps which led to the top of the scaffold, stood a pyramidal stone (called by the Indians *Quancicalla*), and behind it stood two round chapels, covered on the top like a mattress. Each had four holes in a large gate, in which sat a horrid representation (*Chackalmua*), worshipped by six priests. One of them was called *Papas*, whose office was to pluck out the hearts of these prisoners. After going through numerous other signs, such as drawing blood out of their tongues, lips, ears, breasts, knees and palms of their hands, which they threw into the

air, supposing thereby to be pardoned by their indulgent gods, the five priests then took hold of their legs, arms and heads, put wooden collars about the sufferers' necks, at the same time the *Papas* showed reverence to the idols, and with a sharp stone, he cut open the breasts of the prisoners, who, in a deplorable condition, lay on the pyramidal stone, and pulling their hearts out of their bodies, threw the same reeking to the sun, and at last threw them toward the idol, and their dead bodies down the stairs, after which the same were carried away, everyone taking his own prisoner and roasting and boiling him, and served him up to his friends as a great trophy.

This kind of murdering the poor ignorant people was not only used among the Mexicans, but also among the other neighboring Indians, and especially in the city of Chulula (which signifies the sanctity of all the gods), for in this town six thousand small children were offered yearly. In fact, in most all the ancient towns were seen hung abundance of men's bones bound up together, and under them was written the names of their enemies, whose flesh had either been sacrificed or eaten.

The last celebration of this kind took place in 1507, twelve years before the landing of Cortez.

Wednesday, July 28, 1847.—I forgot to mention yesterday the death of one of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. He belonged to the Cameron Guards, and was one of the party that came from Lancaster, Pa., with Sergt. Hambright. He was a good soldier and a jolly good fellow, and was buried with all the honors of war.

At noon news was received at the headquarters by our spy company that a large body of Mexican soldiers, about two thousand strong, with four pieces of artillery, had passed around this city, to the right, last night; and were now at a small town named Hattano, near Amozoquco, awaiting for Gen. Frank Peirce's train to arrive, and there to make an attack. On the receipt of this news Gen. Scott immediately sent four regiments to go in pursuit of them, accompanied by several pieces of artillery and two companies of dragoons.

This evening a member of our company died, named Charles Mason. He hails from Philadelphia, Pa., and has been a good soldier. He was buried with all the honors of war.

Thursday, July 29, 1847.—This morning we were again marched out on the parade-ground, and had a glorious old drill. We drilled until noon. When we returned to our quarters we were much fatigued after the performance.

The Mexicans have a report out to-day that Capt. Samuel H. Walker, of the Texan Rangers, was killed by the guerillas, near the Castle of Perote, while out scouting. If this report is true the American army will meet with a severe loss, but the Mexicans are such infernal liars that little confidence is placed in the report.

To-night the theatre and circus company were combined, and played "Timour, the Tartar," to a crowded house, with much success.

This is the first evening for a long time that we did not hear the Dead March played. So our army's health must be improving.

I learn this evening that the mail that started from here to Vera Cruz on the 16th inst. was captured by the guerillas. If this report is correct my letters that I wrote home are in the hands of these guerillas, but they cannot find anything by them of our movements.

Friday, July 30, 1847.—This morning we were again marched to the parade ground to have a brigade-drill, and it was a splendid sight to witness the different batteries of light artillery drilling and firing off blank cartridges. The cavalry mounting and charging in fine style. The infantry went through marching and firing order.

At noon we returned to our quarters well pleased with our drilling, and what we had seen on the field. On our way to our quarters we met five Mexican lancers coming in with a flag of truce. Their design I could not learn, but I suppose it is to exchange some prisoners, which were captured by some of the guerillas a few days ago.

In the evening another one of our company died, named William Dayton Huston, of Philadelphia, Pa. He has been lingering with the diarrhœa for some time. Also Lieut. John

H. Hill, of the Second Dragoons. He hailed from Philadelphia, Pa. He was at the siege of Vera Cruz and the battle of Cerro Gordo.

Saturday, July 31, 1847.—This morning Mr. N. P. Trist and the dragoons, with the white flag of truce, returned; and I believe there is no sign of peace. So more fighting must be done, and the sooner the better.

At noon Gen. Scott and staff paid another visit to the town of Chulula.

This afternoon the funeral of Lieut. Hill, of the Second Regiment of Dragoons, took place. His horse, with the deceased's boots in stirrups of the saddle, followed his corpse. The funeral was largely attended, with mournful music. He was buried in the Bishop Cemetery, which is beautifully laid out. Directly afterward we buried our comrade, William Dayton Huston, near our quarters, a piece of ground used by our regiment for that purpose.

This evening Gen. Scott and his party returned to the city, and no doubt were well pleased with their trip.

In the evening a theatre manager came to our quarters for a few men to volunteer in the play called "Hamlet." George W. Nightlinger and myself offered our services, Mr. Nightlinger took the character of the *Ghost*, "*I am thy father's spirit.*" He being tall and slender, took and played his part well. Myself was one of the supernumeraries, and took different characters in the play. The house was crowded. After my return from the theatre I was detailed to go on picket-guard in the place of one of our men, who took sick. Soon afterwards a tremendous storm, rain and hail, set in; *tronantors* (thundering) increasing intensely and raining in torrents; and the sky was darkened as black as darkness could make it; the wind blew and dashed the large drops of moisture, in the form of spray, directly in your humble sentinel's face. I stood for nearly two hours, half bewildered by the violence of the storming wind, rain, hail, &c., saying to myself, "When will this storming wind cease?"

Sunday, August 1, 1847.—This morning after I got off guard-duty and breakfast I took a good nap until 2 o'clock, P. M.

In the evening there was quite a fuss kicked up between the two Pittsburgh companies, Capt. Denny, Co. A., and Capt. Herron, Co. K, both of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. They kept it up until both parties were put in the guard-house for future good behavior. Of all the black eyes, skinned noses and bruised faces it beat all that I have ever seen. All quiet again.

Monday, August 2, 1847.—This morning the soldiers, who were put in the guard-house last evening for fighting and disorderly conduct, were released with joy to themselves and friends; and some of them looked as if they wouldn't be able to see daylight for sometime. It serves them right, why not behave.

At 10 o'clock we again went to the parade-ground, and had another long drill, for over two hours. I don't know what our officers mean by drilling us so much, for we can shoot and yell, and that is all that is necessary to frighten the Mexicans.

In the evening it commenced raining, and it increased in intensity with heavy strokes of *tronantor que reldmpago* (thundering and lightning). The sky overhead was a black pall. All quiet, except some are telling stories, singing songs and playing cards. Some would read the newspapers sent from the States, while others were writing letters, and so on until the tap of the drum beats, when all laughter, songs and playing of cards must be stopped, and all lights must be put out.

Tuesday, August 3, 1847.—This morning we again marched to the field, and had another long drill, preparing for the bloody contest, which (according to rumor) we will soon have to fight.

This afternoon a squadron of dragoons came in from the Castle of Perote. They bring a very large mail with them. I

received one letter from home. The dragoons report that Gen. Peirce is on his way with two thousand five hundred men, with a train consisting of nearly two hundred wagons loaded with provisions, ammuniton and other ordnance stores.

In the evening one of the Fourth Infantry and one of the South Carolina were buried.


We are all anxiously looking with strained eyes for the paymaster to come around and pay us off before we march on to the city of Mexico. We are now in the service eight months, and all we received was two months' pay, \$17.50. So our government, who are constantly firing in our rear, owes us now six months' pay. This long delay causes much grumbling, grievance and dissatisfaction among the soldiers. Oh! do, paymaster, come, for I have lately been robbed of all my cash, and am now one of the sufferers.

It is rumored to-night that we will march towards the city of Mexico as soon as Gen. Peirce arrives. So hurry up Peirce.

Wednesday, August 4, 1847.—This morning an extra was published from the *American Star* office, stating that Capt. Ruff, with a party of dragoons, had a fight with a large force of lancers and guerillas, at a small town called San Juan Los Lanos, not far from Ojo de Aqua. The Captain in his account says that he killed about thirty and wounded about fifty, and he had only one killed and one wounded in the fight. He says had he known where their quarters were not one would have escaped, but he came upon them unexpected. Also Gen. Peirce with his large train is at Tepegahaulco, and will be here in a few day.

So the news for this evening is prepare for marching orders.

Thursday, August 5, 1847.—This morning nearly the whole army marched out on the parade-ground and had a good drill in field movements, with much satisfaction to all our Generals, and they are fully convinced that we can drive the flower of the army of Gen. Santa Anna. Gen. Scott with his staff in full uniform were on the field to view the drilling.



This afternoon a few of us took a walk around the city to take a good look at it again, for perhaps we never may see it again, as there will be a great many balls, canisters, grape shot, muskets and rockets fired at us before we get back to this place again.

No deaths this evening. The health of our army is improving, there being scarcely any deaths among so many soldiers, now ten thousand, but there are still a great many in the hospital who either have been wounded or are wasting away to skeletons with that awful disease diarrhoea.

Friday, August 6, 1847.—This morning we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march on to-morrow or next day.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., Gen. Peirce's division and large train arrived. His force is about twenty-five hundred strong. Two companies of volunteers from old Pennsylvania are in this division, they are from Lewistown and Huntingdon, Pa. I knew several in the Lewistown company, Capt. Irvin and about fifteen of his men. They report of having no fight on the road, except fired upon several times from the different passes, hills and chaparrals by the guerillas. They also say that the beautifully cemented bridge over the Plan del Rio was blown up by the guerillas to detain the trains as they may come by, but they cut a road through the bank along the river, and in two hours they were again on their way to this city.

The garrison of Jalapa is broken up, and the detachment under the command of Col. Childs came with Gen Peirce's division, and are to form the main garrison of Puebla. So there is no station or garrison between this and Perote Castle. Here at the Castle of Perote are stationed four companies of our First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Col. Wynkoop and Capt. Walker, and two companies of mounted riflemen. The companies at Perote are Co. B, Capt. Nagle; Co. E, Capt. Binder; Co. F, Capt. Bennett; Co. H, Capt. Scott, and Third Artillery, Capt. Taylor. This forms the garrison of the town and Castle of Perote.

There will be left in this city (Puebla) over two thousand sick and wounded soldiers; so, of course, it will take about one thousand soldiers to take care of these invalids, besides the garrison to guard the stores and other ammunitions of war.

I also learn by this train of the death of Andrew Wray, who died on the 15th of July at the Castle of Perote. He was a Corporal in our company, and a well drilled officer. He was every inch a soldier, and took great pains and time in showing his men how to handle their muskets and drill, but somehow he and Capt. Small could never agree, and before we left Perote he asked Capt. Small to be transferred to Capt. Scott's company, which was done, but lost his Corporalcy.

In the evening most of our men are preparing to march, and some are seen writing letters to their folks at home. I myself, have written several letters to my parents and personal friends, and stated in them that we have received orders to march on to the great city of Mexico, and there expect to fight some bloody battles. One letter was to my brother Frederick, as follows:—

PUEBLA CITY, MEXICO, }
August 6, 1847. }

DEAR BROTHER :—I am happy to state that I received your letter to-day, and I need not say that it was welcome, for I have been looking for a letter from you for some time. When we arrived in this city, our army was too small to march on to the city of Mexico, so we were obliged to stay here until our Government had exerted itself to supply the places of the dead, wounded, sick and discharged volunteers, with new regiments. They are now arriving as fast as the soldiers can be sent forward. We have made all necessary preparations to march on to the halls of Montezumas. The whole army has been drilling almost every day, and also recruiting in strength. We now have orders to march on to the city of Mexico to-morrow or next day. We have been informed that the Mexicans have strongly fortified it, and their boast is, "That they

not only intend to give us a warm reception, but to defeat our army and cut it up into fragments."

We have heard them boast before, and the country knows the result, whether they ever come true.

Mark what I am saying, I am confident that our army will be successful in every engagement. Our army has adopted a motto:—"Victory or death." Therefore, you can all rest assured that our army will be victorious in every battle. Yes! Victory is on every soldier's lips; victory is our only password in this campaign.

I expect by the time you receive this letter our flag will wave triumphantly over the halls of Montezumas.

Our whole army is in fighting order, and I, myself, am fully prepared to go into it; and, as I said in my former letters, if it should be my time to fall, it will be on the field of Gen. Scott's fame.

Our whole army is anxious to march on toward the capital of Mexico; yet, at the same time, we do not like to leave this beautiful and well planned city of Puebla.

Oh! How I love to hear the various tones of the church bells strike; they put me in mind (particularly on Sunday when you and I were little boys) of the bell chimes of the Trinity Lutheran and other churches of Lancaster.

The cathedral has its towers full of bells of different sizes. One strikes every half-hour, one every hour, others toll the curfew, and again others call the sinners to church to have their sins forgiven,

The whole of the bells chime out together at 6 o'clock, A. M., 12 o'clock at noon, and 12 o'clock at midnight, when all must be in doors,

Sunday (like in all other towns) is the big day of the week. The stores and markets are opened in the morning; most everybody carries a revolver, bowie knife and dagger. They have no fist-fight, or knocking one another down—they shoot or stab one another. They carry a belt around their waist.

Almost every house you come to here has a portico or open yard in the middle, around which the rooms are built, and their stables are below. These yards are always full of flowers which bloom nearly the whole year around. In the upper class they have a fine fountain in the centre, surrounded with fine trees, principally orange.

The climate is pleasant ; the air has a clear and pure smell ; the sun, particularly in the middle of the day, is very hot and very powerful in its light, dry atmosphere ; but the moment it goes behind the mountains, and more particularly when it is cloudy, a sudden chill pervades the air. At nights we have to sleep under our blankets to keep warm, however much we may perspire during the day. Water left in our canteens, or in other vessels, over night, is nearly as cold as ice-water the next morning.

I see a statement in the *American Star* (a paper published in this city), that after leaving the sick, wounded and a garrison at Puebla, our marching forces to go to the capital of Mexico, will be over ten thousand men. This is a small force to march to a city whose population is over two hundred thousand, besides a standing army of thirty thousand soldiers, to assault a carefully and well fortified position.

Gen. Scott, with the victories already won, and the confidence of his gallant little army, which never retreated an inch, will advance with his present force and give battle to the confident foe. I again bid you farewell, for many of us will have to fall before this bloody conflict is over, and many, I hope, will live to tell the true history of the battles about to be fought in the Valley of Mexico. I am fully prepared to go into this fight ; and, as I said before, if it should be my time to fall it will be on the field of Scott's fame.

I am well and in good spirits.

Your brother,

J. J. O.

P. S.—I have been informed by some of the oldest inhabitants that the city of Puebla was named after a race by that

name, who, tradition tells us, were a powerful and gigantic people. They were the occupants of the whole New Mexico territory, and tradition believes that they even occupied Florida and Mississippi. They are an industrious and enterprising people. They have built many cities, temples and massive pyramids, wove woolen and silk fabrics, were also great agriculturists. All now extinct, nothing left but ruins of stone,

CHAPTER V.

GEN. SCOTT'S ARMY LEFT PUEBLA FOR THE CITY OF MEXICO—
MUCH DISCONTENTMENT—A GALA DAY FOR THE SOLDIERS
WHO WENT—MURDEROUS OUTRAGE ON OUR SOLDIERS—GOOD
NEWS FROM GEN. SCOTT ; SO FAR VICTORIOUS—MULE-FIGHT
—FOURTEEN MEN KILLED—REVOLUTION OF HIDALGO—GEN.
REA ISSUED A PROCLAMATION TO DRIVE THE YANKEES OUT
—COL. CHILDS AND GEN. REA MET TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS
—EXCITING NEWS FROM GUADALOUPA HEIGHTS—REVOLUTION
OF HIDALGO IN 1810.

Sunday, August 7, 1847.—This morning the orders for marching on to the city of Mexico, read to us last evening, were countermanded, and orders read that we are to remain here to form the main garrison of Puebla.

Never did I see the countenance of men change so suddenly, and never did I see a set of men more provoked and put out about anything in all my life. They cursed and swore and called Gen. Scott almost everything for keeping us here, for we were all in high glee, expecting, without fail to go on to the city of Mexico with the main army, and be with it in all the pictured battle scenes which are to be fought at the great empire of Mexico ; but all our hopes of triumphant prospects and victory were dashed.

“ You can't go,” were the words ; discouraged and dismayed again. The cause of our order being countermanded is that Maj. Twiggs, of the United States Marines, who was detailed to form part of the garrison of Puebla, being a near relative of Gen. Twiggs', and was anxious to be with the army marching on to the city of Mexico, his orders were changed from forming the garrison, and was ordered to march in our place. Our men will never forgive Maj. Twiggs for taking the advantage of our orders of marching on to the city, and the general saying is that they don't wish Maj. Twiggs any luck ; they also

blame Gen. Scott for changing our orders, and I regret that the high esteem and admiration held by our men for Gen. Scott is now reversed, they making uncomplimentary remarks about our misfortune.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., the advance of Gen. David E. Twiggs' Second Division began to move for the ancient capital of Montezuma.

This division is composed of the whole cavalry brigade of dragoons and mounted riflemen. The First Dragoons were under Capt. Phil. Kearney; Second Dragoons under Maj. E. V. Sumner; Third Rifle Dragoons under Capt. McReynolds; and the whole brigade under that gallant and heroic dragoon officer, Col. Wm. S. Harney; First Brigade under Gen. Persifer Frazer Smith; First Artillery; the Mounted Rifle Regiment; Third Infantry; Taylor's Battery; Second Brigade under Acting Gen. Bennett Reiley; Fourth Artillery, First and Second Infantry; in all about three thousand men and a train of some two hundred wagons.

When the old silver-haired veteran, Gen. Twiggs, passed our quarters, we gave him three cheers. The mounted band on their splendid white horses, struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle," etc. Oh! didn't I wish I was with that crowd.

This evening I hear a good deal of dissatisfaction and grumbling going on among our men. Some blame Col. Wynkoop, who, with the other four companies of our regiment, are now stationed at Perote Castle. They say, had he been with us, our order for marching would not have been changed.

Later this evening I learn that Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black, of our regiment, tendered his resignation to Gen. Scott, but it was not accepted by that officer.

Maj. Twiggs was afterwards killed at the storming of the Castle of Chapultepec, September 13, 1847.

Thus, through ambition and inspiration for military fame he lost his life with glory to himself and family.

Sunday, August 8, 1847.—This morning I could still hear our men grumbling and swearing on account of our disappointment. Lieut.-Col. Black again insisted on his resignation, and to join the advancing army, and go even as a private, but Gen. Scott still refused to accept it; and at the same time told Col. Black, that he must not be uneasy, and not to think that he will have no fighting to do; that he, Col. Black, will find it out, and that before long; that he will have enough of fighting to do before the war is over, also, that he, Scott, noticed our six companies on parade ground, to be the best drilled and disciplined body of soldiers in the whole volunteer division, they being used to hardship and fatigue, and that we were the kind of troops he wanted to garrison one of the main points on his line of operation. Good-bye, Colonel! and may God protect you and your gallant little band in the discharge of your duties.

About 9 o'clock, A. M., we were ordered to form in front of the Alameda Park, to salute the officers and division as they pass out. This is the Fourth Division under the command of Gen. John A. Quitman, it's called "the Volunteer Division of Gen. Scott's army." Our little band, when the advance were coming, played the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle." Finally, our late Brig.-Gen. James Shields came riding along at the head of his First Brigade, he was received with six cheers and a regular yell which lasted for several minutes, which made his horse rear on his hind feet, in regular Jackson style. The General took off his hat with one hand, and with the other returned the salute, saying in a loud voice, "Good-bye!"

Gen. Shields is one of the most popular Generals in our army. As Gen. Quitman passed, he was also received with three hearty cheers, and directly after him came our great chieftain, Maj.-Gen. Winfield Scott, our men would not cheer him on account of his keeping us here as a garrison, but of course, he received a present arms; this he returned by a wave of his hand. Our band played "Hail to the Chief."

He was accompanied by Capt. Phil. Kearney's First Dragoons, and they expect to overtake Gen. Twiggs' division to-morrow. This division is composed of the South Carolina, New York and Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, and a detachment of four hundred United States Marines, under Maj. Twiggs. After they had passed we returned to our quarters, but still wishing ourselves to be with the main army.

Monday, August 9, 1847.—This morning at 8 o'clock, A. M., we were again formed in front of the Alameda Park, to view Maj.-Gen. William J. Worth's First Division pass out. It commenced to move at the above hour, and it took nearly four hours until the rear guard passed out. It is the largest division that has yet passed. It is composed of two brigades; First Brigade—Second and Third Regiment Artillery, Fourth Infantry and Capt. Duncan's Field-Battery, under Col. Garland. Second Brigade—Fifth, Sixth and Eighth Infantry, under Col. Clark. The whole division is composed of regulars over five thousand strong, and about three hundred wagons. The soldiers all looked remarkably well, and in high spirits, confident of their success in the approaching contest in the valley of Mexico.

After they had passed, we were removed from our comfortable quarters *Plaza de Toras*, to a regular built barracks called *Quartel de San Jose*. Here we are to remain until further orders.

As soon as we entered, our men made a rush (which is generally the case when we come into new quarters), for his place or bunk to *dormir* (sleep), every one was trying to get the best place. Joseph C. Taylor, John Newman and myself, succeeded in getting three bunks together, but sorry to say, they are all laid in with bricks, and from the foot to the head it rises about four inches, at the head is an offset and a rise of about three inches more, which is intended for a *almohado* (pillow); just to think of a brick pillow to rest your weary head on.

Tuesday, August 10, 1847.—This morning, Gen. Gideon J. Pillows' division left. This is the smallest division that has left this city. It is composed of the following regiments: Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth United States Infantry and Voltigeurs Rifles, Col. Andrew commanding. The Mountain Howitzer Battery under the command of Capt. Talcott, Lieuts. Callander and Reno are attached to the Voltigeurs; they have their howitzers strapped on the mules backs. This division does not look so well as the rest, they having just arrived a few days ago from Vera Cruz, and not having had time to clean or shake the dust off their backs.

This division is divided into two brigades, the first brigade is commanded by our fellow townsman, Brig.-Gen. George Cadwalader; the second brigade, by Brig.-Gen. Frank Peirce; Capt. Steptoe's battery is also attached to this division; it takes a train of over three hundred wagons loaded mostly with ammunition of war, this is the rear division of our army. The advance of Gen. Scott's army must, by this time, be close on to the city of Mexico.

We noticed that the Mexicans were already beginning to get very saucy, the result was, we had to go to work and flog a half dozen of them. This caused considerable excitement among the Mexican corner-loungers, we could see them standing around the streets in deep conversation, and no doubt planning how to get the best of these Yankees, but we are watching their movements with keen eyes.

This afternoon Col. (now Governor) Childs had a long interview with the Alcaldia of this city. Their conversation took place in the Palace Hall. The Alcaldia assured and declared that he would do all that laid in his power to maintain order and suppress all outrages that may take place in Puebla. Good for the old Alcaldia.

This evening we have a great deal of criticism in our ranks, in regard to the promotion of Gen. Pillow from Brigadier to Major-Generalship. How he gained this promotion is the question asked by many of the volunteers who were under

his command at the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he (the moment the enemy fired upon us) took to flight down the steep hill, and was not seen, nor could Col. F. M. Wynkoop's messenger find him, until after the battle was fought and over. These are the facts. He is, without a question, the poorest and most unpopular General in the United States army, and how he gained his promotion over that gallant and skilful General, James Shields (who at the battle of Cerro Gordo was dangerously wounded), is a mystery to many of our soldiers. But poor Gen. Shields, unfortunately, is not closely related to Jimmy Polk which is the reason. And if Gen. Pillow will do no better in front of the city of Mexico than he has done, God save our little army! I think if Gen. Scott had his way he would send Gen. Pillow to the Island of Lobos until the war is over, then let him be honorably mustered out of the United States army, and then let Jimmy Polk appoint and send Gen. Pillow as Minister to the city of Mexico, for he would be the most suitable man for the position, for the simple reason he has seldom harmed a hair of any Mexican.

Wednesday, August 11, 1847.—This morning Governor Childs received information through our spy company (which is principally composed of Mexicans) that a large force of guerillas were near this city awaiting an opportunity to steal upon us and cut off all parties that may fall in their way. So on the strength of this we were ordered to prepare ourselves with forty rounds of cartridges for any emergency, and the howitzers were mounted on the parapets, and all spared soldiers got in readiness for an attack. A guard was stationed on the San Jose church steeple, near our quarters, to keep a sharp watch on the *ladrones*.

In the evening mobs were gathered on the street corners, in fact everything began to look very suspicious. The stores even closed early, this shows that something is up.

Now, I begin to think, and so do many others, that Gen. Scott's words to Col. Black will yet come too true. We will have enough fighting before the war in Mexico is over.

I learn this evening that our whole fighting force consists of about one thousand men, including the hospital rangers, besides over five hundred soldiers very sick in the hospital, whom we have to protect as well as ourselves. Good night.

Thursday, August 12, 1847.—This morning it is reported that the lancers or guerillas were in the plaza, and had run our teamsters from their wagons, which were at the time at the butcher's shop loaded with slaughtered beef to be distributed among the different companies. They cut one of our teamsters with their sword and nearly killed him, he barely making his escape. One man was cut in the head and shoulder, and was left laying on the pavement for dead.

This outrage has caused a great deal of excitement among the respectable portion of Mexicans, as well as among ourselves. The Mexicans, on hearing of this cowardly act upon our unprotected men, closed their stores, and everybody seemed to be getting out of the streets as soon as possible. The cloud that now enshrouds us looks bad, I see it gathering thick and fast, but the darker cloud and threatening bloody storm is darker for the butchering of our innocent men. Their blood will and shall be avenged.

In the evening we were again placed on ramparts, looking and awaiting for these cowardly Mexicans to attack our quarters (San Jose), but these *fanfarronado perro* (bragging dogs) had not the courage to charge or show any fight, or show their yellow, beggaring faces. So, of course, we were left laying upon our arms all night to sleep and to watch.

The garrison of Puebla consist of the following companies: A, Capt. Denny; C, Capt. Small; D, Lieut. Moore; G, Capt. Morehead; I, Capt. Dana; K, Capt. Horron; all of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black commanding, also two companies (A and K) of the Fourth United States Artillery, and one company of the cavalry, commanded by Capt. Ford; all under the command of Col. Childs.



COL. THOMAS CHILDS.

Col. Thomas Childs is a native of Massachusetts. He entered the army as Third Lieutenant, March 11, 1814. He worked his way up to full rank of Major in the First Artillery, February 16, 1847, and soon after raised to his present rank. He greatly distinguished himself at Palo Alto and Monterey. At Cerro Gordo he fought side by side with the gallant Col. Harney, and like him received the highest commendation of Gen. Winfield Scott. He was appointed (during the absence of the main army from this city) military and civil Governor of Puebla. His career as a military commander, during the siege of Puebla, speaks for itself.

Friday, August 13, 1847.—This morning Gov. Childs issued orders not to allow any soldier to be from his quarters after 2 o'clock, P. M., without a pass from his commanding officers.

At noon Capt. Ford's Third Cavalry company patrolled the streets, picking up all straggling soldiers found from their quarters.

In the afternoon I noticed some of our wagons were employed to haul sand to fill into the small canvas bags, to build breastworks and station a battery across the streets leading to San Jose Square. This puts us in mind of the building of breastworks at Vera Cruz, only sand was more plentiful there.

To-night we are again placed on the ramparts awaiting for the enemy to make an attack upon our quarters.

Saturday, August 14, 1847.—This morning we went to work, and were kept busy in filling up sand bags for our breastworks across the street. The windows of houses in our immediate neighborhood are all barricaded with these sand bags. The howitzer men are piercing the walls for the musketry, and also for the howitzer pieces. Everything is getting in readiness for *combate* (fighting).

At noon Capt. Wall, of the Third United States Artillery (who died last night), was buried close by our quarters. He was left here in the hospital sick at the time his regiment marched on to the city of Mexico.

This afternoon news came to Gov. Childs, by a Frenchman, who has been living in this city for some time, that the citizens in general expect an attack on our quarters (San Jose) to-night by a large force of lancers and guerillas.

In the evening the Mexicans had a torch-light procession and a band of music to arouse the citizens to arms, but the good citizens could not see it in that light, as they have been humbugged enough. From the movements of Gov. Childs I think he expects an attack shortly. Let them come. We are fully prepared for any emergency. We require no such wild excitement to arouse and to inspire our men on to fight. Let lurid glare of the cannon and the piercing musketry flash. We are always ready to meet the enemy, and can face ten to one.

To-night we are on the ramparts awaiting for the expected and looked-for attack, but looked and waited in vain. They did not come to get a taste or even a smell of our good American powder. Oh! I tell you we were all wishing for the Mexicans to make an attack on our quarters, so that we might have a fair sweep at these *fanfarronado*, guerillas, and let them know that our quarters (San Jose) are not to be trifled with, besides it would have done us good to have an opportunity to lay some of these *fanfarron companero* (boasting fellows) low.

Sunday, August 15, 1847.—This morning there is a rumor afloat that a train with two thousand troops had left Vera Cruz for this city a few days ago. Also a rumor of a fight between our dragoons and a party of lancers at Plan del Rio, or near the old battle-ground of Cerro Gordo, and that our dragoons got whipped, and were driven back. The rumor in regard to a train coming from Vera Cruz is a mere rumor from the enemy, as we have no tidings of any such train being on the way. So we don't place any truth in these rumors.

This afternoon Charles Anderson, of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, died at the hospital. He was what

I call a great gambler, and has mostly followed that profession ever since he has been in the army. I never saw him doing any duty, for, I suppose, he belonged to that class of soldiers that could do just as they pleased, but he has at last been beaten badly.

In the evening there was another torch-light procession marching through different streets. They had on their banners, "Gen. Scott whipped, and had half of his army killed in attempting to storm the El Penon Pass." There seems to be a great deal of *entrusiasmo* (enthusiasm) in their ranks, and a great excitement throughout the city. If this news is true it is surely bad news from our army in front, but I do not believe a word of it. They may have been compelled to fall back, but never met with such disastrous repulse. Old Scott is too sharp a General to be caught in such a trap. That is not the way our Generals are brought up.

To-night I was put on picket-guard on a very dangerous corner. I could plainly hear the Mexicans cheering for Gen. Santa Anna, also loud talking about Gen. Scott's defeat at El Penon Pass.

Monday, August 16, 1847.—This morning after I was relieved from guard duty I viewed the dress-parade. Orders were read and issued to the commanding officers of each company to have all the soldiers (of their respective companies) hair cut short all over. This caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among the volunteers. They are cursing and *juroros* (swearing), saying that they will not suffer or allow their hair to be cut short, and look like a jail bird. It is true we are soldiers, and that it is expected of the soldiers to obey all laws and orders that may be issued, yet, at the same time, we don't care about being treated like slaves or prisoners. Joseph C. Taylor, of our mess, who usually wore his hair long, says he will not have his hair cut short.

This order has caused the high estimation that our boys had for Gov. Childs, who, by-the-by, thought the world of him, to fall a little below par; and instead of Gov. Childs'

name being in every soldiers' mouth in praise, is now, and his hair order, cursed.

This afternoon there is a rumor that the train had arrived at Perote, but it comes from very poor sources. Also a rumor that Gen. Scott was compelled to counter-march, and fall back to a little town called Ayotla to avoid a battle at El Penon. This accounts for the Mexicans last evening having inscribed on their banners, "Gen. Scott whipped and defeated, but say nothing about losing one-half of his army;" which the Mexicans, no doubt, since found out to be false, for they seemed to very quiet about the city all day.

No corner mobs or procession this evening.

To-day is the three hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of Conqueror Cortez, leaving Vera Cruz for the capital of Mexico, it being on August 16, 1519. The second invaders, the grand army of the United States, commanded by Conqueror Winfield Scott, is now battering against the walls of the ancient capital of Montezumas.

Tuesday, August 17, 1847.—This morning we received information through our spy that some of the Mexican officers, who were captured and taken prisoners at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and now on parole of honor, were holding a council of war in this city.

So this evening about 10 o'clock Gov. Childs sent a guard after them, who marched on until they came to a romantic-looking building, situated at the outskirts of the city, a place well calculated for such purposes. The guard took charge of the front door, and, at the same time, surrounded the building; after which they rushed into the building, and succeeded in arresting three of their paroled officers. Also found a large quantity of small arms and ammunition concealed in the building. The prisoners, and other booty, were escorted to Gov. Childs' headquarters, and from there to the *calaboos de crimonel* to await for further hearing. After this arrest Gov. Childs received information from good authority that this city would soon be surrounded by a band of guerillas,

all under the command of Gen. Lorenzo Rea, who will make an attempt to drive us Yankces from the city of Puebla.

To-night (except the above little excitement) all is quiet.

Wednesday, August 18, 1847.—This morning, before daylight, we were ordered up on the parapet or ramparts, as we call it, expecting an attack every minute. Here we remained until 10 o'clock, A. M., and no sign of any attack. All seemed quiet in town.

Mr. William Byrely, of Co. A, of Pittsburgh, and one of the best buglers in the army, came on the parapet and blew several national airs, letting the enemy know that we are still alive and kicking.

In the afternoon one of the Mexicans came to Gov. Childs and told him that he thought the guerillas would try to make an attack on our *cuartel* (San Jose) to-night. He said he got this from one of the guerillas himself. Gov. Childs thought the Mexican spoke the truth. So on the strength of this report we were (in the evening) all ordered up on the parapet; here to remain until morning, unless otherwise disturbed by the assaulting parties. Also orders that if any soldier leaves the ramparts, without orders, he would be court-martialed.

To-night a guerilla came around the corner of Post No. 7. Our sentinel challenged him. At this instant the Mexican fired at our sentinel, and then ran as fast as his legs could carry him, no doubt rejoicing and thinking that he had accomplished his aim in killing the sentinel; but, fortunately, it being very dark missed the sentinel. The would-be murderer did not run far before he was met by one of the city mounted policemen, who ordered him to stop running. The orders were not obeyed, and he kept on running. The policeman then put spurs to his horse and followed him; when near again ordered him to stop and surrender himself, to this he gave an insulting reply, when the policeman up with his sword and cut the guerilla over the head: in fact his head was cut completely in two. He was afterwards searched, and on his person was found a sword, musket and dirk-knife, such as thieves and robbers generally carry.

If ever these guerillas should come to this city and get the controlling power, I wouldn't give much for the policeman who just cut and killed one of their *desperados umbra*.

12 o'clock to-night.—Still no attack. We are wishing that these infernal liars would do something, and not fool so much.

Thursday, August 19, 1847.—This morning a courier left here for Vera Cruz, with orders for Col. (now governor) Wilson of that place to push forward the train now lying at that city without delay, as we are surrounded and expecting to be attacked by a large force of lancers and guerillas. The message was baked in a loaf of bread to avoid detection. It was carried by a Mexican on an old mule, both poorly clad. To-night, as usual, on the rampart waiting for an attack. To-night I was put on picket guard at Post No. 7, and, I assure you, I kept a sharp eye on the guerillas.

Midnight.—No attack.

Friday, August 20, 1847.—This morning, after I was relieved from guard, I noticed that there was a good deal of excitement down in the city among the corner-loungers, who were talking loud and making motions as if to shoot. They must have heard bad news from their side.

In the evening Gov. Childs came to our quarters and ordered all hands under arms, saying that he had information that a large force was moving on this city with six pieces of artillery. The order was cheerfully obeyed with cheers and cries of "Let them come!" The governor went away laughing, when some one back in the corner halloed out, "*Who cut your hair?*" Some one answered, "Col. Childs." This caused a laugh. The Colonel, while walking away, couldn't help but laugh himself, saying, "Oh, never mind the hair order." Another great laugh, and cheers for Governor Childs, after which we all went on the ramparts to watch the enemy, but no guerillas showed themselves to-night.

Saturday, August 21, 1847.—This morning the Mexicans have a report that our train, under Gen. Patterson, was driven back to Plan del Rio, and that Gen. Patterson had to send

back to Vera Cruz for more re-enforcements so as to carry him to the Castle of Perote. All these reports come from the Mexicans. We place very little confidence in all these rumors and in particular this one; for there is not force enough between this and Vera Cruz to drive two thousand American troops to the gulf. Besides this, Capt. Walker, with his Texan Rangers, are constantly on the road from Perote to Plan del Rio to keep the National Road open. Again we have no news of Gen. Robert Patterson being on the way to Perote.

This evening, while my friend William Eurick, familiarly called "Bob" by his comrades, was on guard at the quartermaster's department, he noticed three *agriziento* (greasers) coming up the street. Bob challenged them to halt, telling them to leave, which they did, but soon afterwards came back again. Bob again challenged them, and told them to *vamos*, or he would *tirar* (shoot). They left, but *cursoving que juramento* (cursing and swearing), and they attempted to come the third time; but this time Bob asked no question, but aimed and fired (*disparar*), hitting one of them in the knee, and the others *correr huïres* (ran away). Robert Eurick was no more troubled.

Sunday, August 22, 1847.—This morning the stubborn and unfortunate Mexican who tried to tamper with our guard last evening, and who was shot in the knee by him, was brought to our quarters at San Jose, and had his wound dressed by Dr. Bunting, for which he thanked him, and was taken home, promising that he would never fool or tempt our guard again. also said (which I think was true) that he was *borracho* (drunk). He lives directly in the rear of our quarters. He said, also, that he was promised a commission in their army provided he killed so many *Americanos*.

At noon I was again put on guard. I begin to think my time to go on guard comes too often. I think that I am imposed upon by men who are as brave at the table and in as good health as I am, but when duty calls them, they all at once become suddenly ill with the diarrhoea and can't go on guard for fear of ——— themselves. I shall keep an account

of those who go on guard and those who do not. It rained nearly all day, making it unpleasant for guard duty. In the evening while on post, I had the pleasure to witness a regular *fandango* (fight) between two Mexican *senoritas* fighting for about fifteen minutes, all about a *senor*. They were finally taken by the city police to their homes, and not to the lock-up, as is the case in Philadelphia or New Orleans.

Monday, August 23, 1847.—This morning no *nuevas* of any importance from Gen. Scott of how he is making out on his new route to the city of Mexico.

At noon some twenty odd lancers made their appearance in the plaza, and such another scattering and running of *greasers* to and fro I never saw. The police engaged them, and, after several rounds of firing, the guerillas left, threatening to come back soon with a stronger force. The Alcaldia is doing his best to keep those guerillas out of the city as long as he can. The law-obeying citizens fear these guerilla thieves more than they do us Yankee soldiers.

During this little excitement in town we were again ordered on the ramparts, expecting that they might attempt to disturb us; but they took good care not even to show themselves anywhere near us.

This evening several Pennsylvania volunteers who belong to the Second Regiment, who were left here in the hospital, died, and were consigned to their resting-place near our quarters.

To night all seems quiet again—no firing.

Tuesday, August 24, 1847.—This morning, while we were sitting around our breakfast-table and thinking of nothing except eating and drinking our bread and coffee, Gov. Childs came into our quarters with a piece of paper in his hand, smilingly saying, "Men, I have good news." Our men sprang to their feet and gathered around the Governor as near as they could, with their eyes and ears wide open. He then read the letter, stating that Gen. Scott with his gallant little army had fought three battles near the city of Mexico, on the 19th and

20th insts., and that our army was victorious in all these battles, defeating and routing Gen. Santa Anna's army in all directions. Friends should have seen the joy, enthusiasm, and shaking of hands, throwing their caps up in the air, shouting and lifting high hosannas to freedom's triumphs. The news was soon spread among the rest of the men.

Wednesday, August 25, 1847.—This morning I find the soldiers still much rejoiced over the glorious news from Gen. Scott at the capital. The victory of our army before the capital has saved our little band from being massacred or driven to the Gulf of Mexico.

During the day several squads of our men went from one quarters to another, giving cheers for Gen. Scott and our army; yet, at the same time, we could not forget Gen. Scott for not letting us participate in those glorious victories, but we may (as Gen. Scott said) have enough of fighting to do here in this city before the war is over, and be in as grand a battle-scene as in the city of Mexico or valley. Time will tell. Our communication to Perote Castle and Vera Cruz is now cut off, and, like the first conqueror, Cortez, we will either have to fight our way through or die in this *tierras calientes*.

The Mexicans were thunderstruck when they heard the news from the city of Mexico. They boasted that our army would be defeated before the capital. They don't know what to think of it; it has quieted them down, and they have little to say.

This afternoon news arrived in this city that Gen. Patterson had a fight at our old battle-ground, Cerro Gordo Pass, with the guerillas, defeating them, and marched on to Jalapa City, and there encamped for the present. We all hope the report may be true; but we have poor hopes of it being true—in fact, our officers have no information of any train being under the command of Gen. Robert Patterson. Ever since the battle of Cerro Gordo I thought very little of Gen. Patterson as a general, yet I hope, since he has been home to recruit his health and strength, that he also may have recruited himself

in courage and bravery. Come on, Gen. Patterson, we will all greet you with a hearty welcome!

In the evening news came to Gov. Childs that the guerillas were strengthening their forces by re-enforcements from the city of Mexico. They surely can't be Gen. Santa Anna's men; he wants them to defend the city of Mexico. These guerillas are raving mad since Gen. Santa Anna's defeat, and are cursing the Yankees *all hollow*. Poor fellows, they are dismayed and struck with horror at their defeat!

Thursday, August 26, 1847.—This morning we saw the Mexicans in different *grupa* (groups), talking and seeming to be in deep conversation—no doubt planning some scheme to make an attack upon our quarters. Some of our men could plainly hear them making considerable *estrepito que fanfarron* (noise and boasting) about how they would treat us when they make the attack on us; but all such boasting and bragging do not alarm us, for we are used to them long ago.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., an express came from Guadaloupa Heights, which is guarded by Capt. Turner G. Morehead, of Co. G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, stating that a party of guerillas had succeeded in breaking open the mule-yard, and were driving off the mules (in all about seven hundred head) towards Atlixco—driving them fast.

The wagon-master who had charge of the mules, and was temporarily absent, with some five or six of his teamsters, mounted on horses and went in pursuit of them; but they had not gone far before our men overtook the guerillas and had a sharp skirmish, killing one guerilla and wounding several others. But our men were soon overpowered by a large force, before unseen, and had to fall back to their quarters for more re-enforcements. Capt. Small, on hearing of the result, went to Gov. Childs, and asked permission to mount his company and go in pursuit of the thieving guerillas and recapture the mules; but Gov. Childs refused the permission on account of our force being too limited. Finally a party was made up of wagon-masters, teamsters, army followers and some soldiers,

including several of the quartermaster's department—numbering in all thirty-two men of all grades—all mounted on spirited horses. The soldiers who went with this daring party are Morris Stemler, Alburtus Welsh, of our company (C), Mr. Priest of Co. I, Mr Longstaff of Co. K—all of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Several others and myself wanted to go along, but were unable to procure horses and saddles to be ready in time to go with them.

The party formed in front of our quarters, and after everything was ready, they started off under the command of a wagon-master and Lieutenant Sperry, of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. They passed on through the city in the direction where the guerillas were last seen. The blanket gentlemen were of course all standing on the street corners and the National Road and on tops of houses and church steeples, watching the movement of our men. They hadn't gone far before our men met a large force of well-mounted lancers and guerillas. We could, from our quarters, plainly see our men following the lancers. At last they charged on the lancers, who then fled.

Most all of our men were on the ramparts, and we could see our men going in hot pursuit of our stolen mules. When our men had arrived at a small stream, which crossed the road, they found out that the guerillas had driven the mules up through the water for the purpose of avoiding detection. Our men followed them until they came to the foot of a steep hill, when suddenly five or six guerillas sprang out from behind a cluster of trees and fired upon our men, but doing no damage, except wounding one horse. The guerillas ran into a wild brush of trees, where horses could not follow. Yet we on the ramparts could see the guerillas retreating down on the other side of the hill, towards an old building at the foot.

Here we noticed our men were forming into line of battle, and charged after the guerillas who were in a terrible terror, and being ignorant of the field of our observation, gained on the lancers at every jump the horses made. They kept following them in

full charge, until a large force of lancers were seen coming out from under the cover of a grove of trees or chaparral, numbering over three hundred lancers, who charged by a flank movement upon our little band of thirty-two men, but our men in an instant turned their horses and faced them, and fought like so many lions. But seeing that they were overpowered by re-enforcements, and their (our) ranks getting thinner, had to retreat, but not until nearly the whole band was either killed or wounded, and out of thirty-two that started only ten men returned to tell the tale of the guerilla fight of August 26, 1847. The rest were either killed or taken prisoners. Those who returned say that it was one of the most stubborn fights of the war, and had our men about fifty more men they could have whipped them and recaptured the mules.

In the evening thirteen of the unfortunate young men, who were in this guerilla fight, were brought in on a cart by a Mexican, dead, and mutilated in a most horrible manner. Every one was stripped *astro* (stark) naked of their clothing. Some of them were lanced no less than ten times in their breast and body.

This sad affair has caused great excitement in our quarters, and we are all threatening to avenge the blood of these poor victims.

This evening Gov. Childs issued orders that on and hereafter, no parties or companies would be allowed to go out in pursuit of the enemy, unless they had an order from him.

Friday, August 27, 1847.—This morning another one of the unfortunate victims was brought in by the Mexican on an old cart. He said that he found him laying on the road stripped of everything he had on him, and his body horribly butchered and mutilated. He was washed, and then laid out with the rest of his butchered comrades. The dead bodies were viewed by nearly the whole garrison; after which they were consigned to their last resting place.

This outrage and butchering of these men has cast a deep gloom over our little army of Puebla, and it will be a warning

to me and others not to venture out in so small bodies. But, mark you, retribution and vengeance will yet come upon those thieving guerillas.

I am pleased to see that my friend Alburtus Welsh made good his escape. He was hotly pursued by two guerillas, but their horses gave out, by this time Mr. Welsh ran his horse into a well-stalked, green corn-field, and there hid himself from the view of these guerillas until dark last evening, when he came to our quarters much exhausted. He said it was the narrowest escape from death that he had ever experienced in all his life. He says that he knows nothing of Morris Stemler and John Longstaff, as when they were attacked by the unseen forces everyone looked out for himself; but he thinks that when they saw that it was all up with them they threw down their arms and surrendered themselves as prisoners, but what their fate will be God only knows, because the guerillas seldom take any prisoners; but there is one thing, they were captured in Uncle Sam's uniform, which they are bound to respect. So we hope and trust that the blood-thirsty and angry portion of these guerillas may have cooled down and spared the lives of the prisoners, and exchange them as prisoners.

In the evening Lieut. Sperry, of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (who was with the party yesterday), was brought in dead, and stripped of everything. His body was badly mutilated, and was stabbed five times in the breast and one big stab in the back. Lieut. Sperry's regiment is with the main army, now battling in the Valley of Mexico. The time his regiment left he (Lieut. Sperry) was left here in the hospital with the complaint of diarrhoea, and had so far recovered that he could do duty, and joined the mule party as a volunteer officer, and led the charge, and, unfortunately, lost his life.

The few who returned speak in the highest terms of him, as one of the bravest and most daring officers in the army. I saw him frequently before he was killed, and I must say that I

considered him the best uniformed and finest-looking officer belonging to our whole garrison. He was a well and highly educated young man. He was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. Lieut. Sperry belonged to Capt. Naylor's company, Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and hailed from Philadelphia, Pa.

Saturday, August 28, 1847.—This morning news from Gaudaloupa Heights stating that the train was coming from Amozuquo road. Their belief was from the dust they saw at a distance on the road, but when they came nearer they saw that it was the lancers, and saw them stop and encamp on the same place where our men had the fight with the guerillas the other day. At noon they rode into the city and commenced to open stores and private houses, for the purpose of plundering them. The police and some of the citizens engaged them, and for a half an hour the firing was very brisk, and finally the Third Dragoons came riding in the quarters, and I really thought that the lancers were right on top of us. We hurried up on the ramparts with our muskets, and had our mouths full of dinner. We staid here until 3 o'clock, P. M.

There seems to be a great deal of shooting down in the plaza among the Mexicans themselves, and our spies informs us that the city policemen were obliged to get upon the house tops and fire therefrom on the guerillas.

In the evening all seemed quiet about or near our quarters.

At 11 o'clock, P. M., we were suddenly called up by a great firing in the plaza, but it soon died away, and we again laid ourselves down not to sleep, because these infernal *greasers* will not let us sleep, but to rest and watch.

Sunday, August 29, 1847.—This morning a Frenchman came to our quarters in a great hurry, and very much excited, stating that the guerillas had some of our diarrhœa men shut up in a church, and they were going to kill them, and would have done so had it not been for some of the Mexican women interfering. Gov. Childs sent word to Lieut.-Col. Black, saying that these sick soldiers must be rescued if possible. So Col.

Black formed a company of men and marched to the plaza, right in front of the bishop's palace, and there demanded the release of our sick men, or else we would blow up the Cathedral. The bishop told Col. Black to retreat to quarters, and he would see that our men were safely delivered as soon as the mob had dispersed. So our men marched back to their quarters, and sure enough, it was not long afterwards, news reached us that the guerillas were dashing into the plaza and were again trying to get hold of our sick men, but the citizens and women particularly, prevented the guerillas from taking our men; hearing of this second outrage we were again formed into line and marched to the plaza; the street at this time was full of greasers, and we expected to have a fight with them.

As soon as we arrived at the Cathedral we instantly surrounded it, and Col. Black ordered that the doors be opened, if not, he would burst them open, they were not opened, so orders were given, and we burst open the doors and relieved our men who were prisoners and marched them up to Gov. Childs' headquarters, where they received a severe reprimand.

Our men whom we left in their quarters when we went after our men were quite surprised to see us come back without having a fight with the guerillas, as the streets were full of them.

In the evening, Gov. Childs received a letter from Gen. Rea, stating that he had several American prisoners, including three officers, whom he would willingly exchange for some Mexican prisoners who are in our possession; but Gov. Childs could not agree to Gen. Rea's proposition. It seems that Gen. Rea wanted the Mexican prisoners released first, but Gov. Childs couldn't see it in that light, and of course there was no exchange.

About an hour or so afterward Gen. Rea issued a proclamation to the citizens of Puebla. He states his grievances in failing to exchange prisoners, or to come to any terms with the Yankee Governor; that he was about to make an effort to

drive these uncompromising Yankees out of this city, and he now appeals to the friends of the great Republico of Mexico to rise and aid him in the glorious cause; a cause which is for the Holy Catholic Church and his country's right. Rally! rally! take up arms and assist him, Gen. Rea, in his determination to strike the blow and drive the garrison of Puebla back to the Castle Perote, then he, Gen. Rea, would be able to cut up Gen. Scott's army in the rear, now before the city of Mexico; winding up by saying rally, rally Mexicans, and let us drive these Yankees who neither believe in God, Christ, devil, hell or anything else.

We all laughed at this proclamation, and we are not much afraid that the citizens of Puebla will rally around his standard or his holy cause, for they have been humbugged and bamboozled so often before that they will not be in a hurry again. In fact, even if they did rally, they couldn't drive us from our quarters without a great loss to themselves.

About 11 o'clock, P. M., the Frenchman, who by-the-by is a particular friend to us, came to our quarters and informed Col. Black that the Mexicans would make an attack on Fort Loretto. So, on the strength of this news, Company I and K, both of our regiment, were sent up to the fort to re-enforce the garrison, and the rest of our men were ordered up on the ramparts of San Jose, to be ready to assist in case of an attack.

Also, that the Mexican forces are now over three thousand, all under the command of Gen. Rea, but we don't care how strong the enemy may be, we wouldn't feel any ways uneasy, for we in our different positions are strongly fortified, besides, we have determined and pledged ourselves to hold on to our quarters to the last.

Our Adjutant informed us to-night, that we haven't five hundred soldiers fit for active duty, yet with this small force we have to hold three positions, San Jose, Fort Loretto and Guadaloupa Heights; besides this, we have a hospital of nearly fifteen hundred sick to protect from falling into the hands of the guerillas.

Also, that the diarrhoea blues who had been released from the church this morning, were lodged in the guard-house for disobedience of Gov. Childs' orders.

Twelve o'clock to-night, and no prospect of an attack from the enemy, everything is very quiet. We are beginning to think that the enemy have again postponed the attack until some more suitable time. Some of our men would jokingly remark, "Oh, I wish they would come or else do one thing or the other, either make the often promised attack or leave the city and let us rest in peace."

It seems strange that these gallant lancers in their splendid uniforms, and with their fine equipments, and with their unfolded standards, making everything ready for an assault upon us poor Yankees, and when the approaching hour comes, even to the very last minute, they lack the courage and back out, their boasting and much pretended courage fails them and falls like a withered leaf in the fall of the year.

Monday, August 30, 1847.—This morning all seems quiet again, and the two companies who were sent to Fort Loretto last evening returned without having any *combatis* (battle).

It is now rumored (and it seems to come from pretty good authority) that Gen. Scott and Gen. Santa Anna have agreed upon an armistice to cease all hostilities of both armies now in Mexico for thirty days, for the purpose of giving the two powers a chance to negotiate for peace. This is probably the cause the enemy did not make the attack on Fort Loretto last night. The same reason for everything being so quiet; in fact it was the general remark among our men, saying how quiet everything is this morning.

At noon our company (C) received orders to go to Fort Loretto this evening; not knowing but what the enemy might play opossum on us.

So after supper we started for the fort, and I shall ever remember it. A storm came up and the rain fell in torrents all night; it was dark, and the stormy wind had a large scope in and around the fort, dashing the rain drops into our faces.

One of our sentinels was attacked by several Mexicans who threw stones at him. The sentinel hallooed out to them to *vamosé*, but to this the Mexicans paid no attention. So, of course, the only remedy our sentinel had was to shoot at them, which he did, and the result was, one was shot and the rest fled. After this the sentinel called for the Sergeant of the guard, who promptly obeyed the sentinel; telling the Sergeant what took place, and that he thought from the groans he heard that he must have shot one of the Mexicans. The Sergeant, to satisfy himself, went to the supposed spot, and, sure enough, found the Mexican laying on the ground with part of his entrails shot out, and suffering in great agony. He was picked up and taken into Fort Loretto, but soon died. He looked horrible. The cause of his misfortune was just. He had no right or business in that neighborhood, nor to throw stones at our sentinel or any other soldier at that hour of the night.


Tuesday, August 31, 1847.—This morning the rain and storm ceased, and the sun rose clear, but the wind still blew very hard, and the black clouds overhead scudded along at a rapid rate to the northward.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., we returned to our quarters much soaked from the storm and heavy rain of last night.

After breakfast we dried our blankets and clothing by the fire, and hung them in the dry wind.

At noon Cos. A and I, of our regiment, were notified to go to Fort Loretto to-night. Our men say they can't account for this double duty, and particularly when there is an armistice agreed upon to cease hostilities until some arrangement is made about peace; but I suppose Gov. Childs knows better what is going on than us poor miserable privates or Corporals. There is not much astir, everything seems very quiet.

This afternoon there is a report that Gov. Childs and Gen. Rea have exchanged several prisoners. I hope it may be true, for we would love to see our boys again to see how they look, and see whether they have improved on the Mexican rations.



It is rumored, and in fact confirmed by the *Alcalda*, that Gen. Paredas, a distinguished officer of the Mexican army and of the Republic of Mexico, was secretly and safely landed at Vera Cruz about the 15th inst., by the British mail steamer "Teviot." This has caused quite a stir among the officers and soldiers of our army, to think that our blockaders at Vera Cruz are not more watchful, and look out for these scamps. They must have either been drunk or asleep.

About 3 o'clock, A. M., Mr. William H. Briggs, of our company, died of diarrhœa. He had the strongest and loudest voice, and could halloo louder than any other soldier in Gen. Scott's army. He could frighten a whole regiment of Mexican soldiers. He was a good, jolly fellow, a good companion, and, the best of all, a good and brave soldier. He hailed from Philadelphia, Pa.

To-day it has been hot and sultry.

Late in the evening Mr. Briggs was buried with the usual honors. Capt. Small spoke eloquently on the life and character of the deceased.

To-night I was put on picket-guard, and about midnight the report of an escopet was heard up in the neighborhood of the hospital. The Sergeant of the guard was promptly on the spot, but nothing could be seen on account of the darkness of the night. So the Sergeant went back to the guard-house quarters. He told me that one of our soldiers (a prisoner) escaped from the guard-house with a musket in hand.

Wednesday, September 1, 1847.—This morning at daylight I saw one of our men laying dead in the street, only a few squares from my picket-post, shot through the forehead. He was one of our sick soldiers from the hospital. What he was doing out at that time of night in this neighborhood is unknown to his friends.

This should be another warning for those who venture out beyond the picket-guard; in fact it is a wonder that the sentinel stationed near the hospital did not shoot the diarrhœa blue himself.

After I was released from guard-duty I was told that the prisoner who made his escape from the guard-house was one of our picket-guards. So much the worse for him if he is ever caught.

At noon an express arrived from Gen. Scott stating that the hostility between the two armies before the city of Mexico had ceased for thirty days, and that the Commissioners were about to meet to negotiate for peace.

Thus the rumor of the other day is fully confirmed by Gen. Scott's orders.

In the afternoon two companies were detailed to go to Fort Loretto, also ten men from each company, to lay on the ramparts.

It is rumored this evening that the Alcalda is going to resign his commission in a few days, on account of the Bishop refusing to uphold the agreement and laws of Puebla.

This would be a sad affair to us, for he is a good Mayor. He tries to enforce the laws to keep peace and order.

To-night it rained intensely, and those who were detailed to go on the ramparts got soaked through, otherwise everything was quiet.

Thursday, September 2, 1847.—This morning early the rain ceased. The men who were on the ramparts all last night came down and dried their blankets; complaining that they were cold, wet and hungry.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., the guerillas brought some of their prisoners to the Alcalda's office for safe keeping, but the Alcalda gave them such poor satisfaction that they thought it was best to take them back again to their own rendezvous.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the guerillas made a bold dash into the plaza, and succeeded in driving off one of our wagon-masters and captured a wagon loaded with fresh bread. So we were compelled to go without fresh bread.

In the afternoon a flag of truce came into our quarters, escorted by five lancers. Its result was, that the Mexicans wanted to meet a delegation of one hundred soldiers from our

side halfway between this city and Chulula, and there make an arrangement to exchange, man for man, under a flag of truce; but Gov. Childs knows very well that there is no honor among thieves in disguise—that this plan was for the purpose of decoying our men into their clutches; but nary a time. Gov. Childs is too well posted in their dirty tricks. He can't be fooled in that way. The Governor said, "Why don't these professed *honorable* lancers bring the American prisoners to the outside of our picket-lines, and there ask for an exchange of prisoners, man for man. This would look more like business in a fair way and honesty." Of course their request was not complied with, and they left with a flea in their ear, no doubt saying to themselves, "You can't fool these Yankees; they are too sharp."

To-day, Sergeant Johnston, of Co. G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, died in the hospital. His company being stationed at Guadaloupa Heights, they could not leave their quarters to attend their dead comrade's funeral, for fear the enemy might take advantage of their absence and make an attack on their quarters. Our company took charge of the dead comrade and buried him. Capt. Small, of our company, spoke and made some touching and feeling remarks about the deceased, and closed by saying that our dead soldier, Sergt. Johnston, had served out his enlistment with the army of our land away from home.

In the evening I understood that an arrangement had been made between Gov. Childs and Gen. Rea to have an interview in order to make some arrangement to exchange prisoners.

This has been the third time that an arrangement of this kind has been made, but always failed. Whether they will succeed this time or not, to-morrow will tell; and I hope that they may come to some terms and exchange our men, for we all know they would feel rejoiced in coming back again.

Friday, September 3, 1847.—This morning, by an agreement between Gov. Childs and Gen. Rea, they were to meet and make some arrangements to exchange prisoners.

Gov. Childs was to proceed to Gaudaloupa Heights, the place selected to meet, and there wait until Gen. Rea made his appearance on the Amozoquco Road, and then to advance and make the final arrangements.

Gov. Childs with his escort of fifty of Capt. Ford's Third Cavalry and Co. A, of the Fourth Artillery, under Capt. Miller, were on the spot at the appointed time. Here they waited for over one hour after the time set, and, finding that the *moral* and gallant Gen. Lorenzo Rea did not make his appearance, our men returned sadly disappointed in not seeing Gen. Rea and to make the exchange.

It was also a disappointment to us who were left behind in not seeing our men exchanged, and particularly our young friend Morris Stemler, (familiarily called Johnny Bull,) who is a jolly young fellow; he used to tell us many stories about the young *gals* who used to come in his tailor store on North Second street, Philadelphia.

In the afternoon hand-bills were posted up on the street corners, calling on the citizens to rise up in arms and assist him, Gen. Rea, in driving these *condenable* (damnable) Yankees out of Puebla City.

In the evening another flag of truce came to Gov. Child's quarters, making an *apologia* (apology), stating the reason why Gen. Rea did not come to meet him yesterday. The reason given we did not hear, yet it must have been satisfactory to Gov. Childs, for he made arrangements again to meet Gen. Rea to-morrow at noon, at the Saint Augustine Church, there to exchange prisoners. We all hope it may be a success, for our men would be rejoiced at their liberation.

Saturday, September 4, 1847.—This morning there was not much of anything going on, except the general talk among our men of the prospect of exchanging prisoners.

At noon, Gov. Childs and his usual escort, (our company being one of the escort,) proceeded toward the Saint Augustine Church by the way of Tivola Garden, and sure enough, there

for the first time, met Gen. Rea and his escort, which consisted of his whole force now stationed in and around Puebla. About five or six hundred Lancers and guerillas, and about fifteen hundred Infantry. The Lancers were dressed in splendid uniforms and were well mounted. The Infantry Gen. Rea had stationed behind the Saint Augustine Church in a large corn-field, partly out of our view, but we could plainly see these yellow *umbras* peeping at us from behind the corn-field.

We watched their movements, and we could see that the Infantry were not so well clad as the Lancers. Finally, Gen. Rea with about fifty Lancers, (leaving his main force in the corn-field,) came riding up to the church; during this movement there seemed to be a little excitement among the enemy, and we could see the Mexicans peeping out from behind the corn-fields. We were all ready and waiting for them if they made any attempt at foul play. We had about three hundred well and sick Yankees (as Gen. Rea calls us,) laying low in the Tivola Garden, (which is a splendid place, well shaded with large trees,) waiting for fear the Mexicans would attempt to make a break on us who were with Gov. Childs. But this fuss was all for nothing; Gen. Rea told Gov. Childs that he, Gen. Rea, had turned all the American prisoners over to his Government, and he had no more to do with them; but he assured Gov. Childs that the prisoners would be well treated. After an hour or so of conversation, they parted, and the parting was like that of two old friends who haven't saw each other for some time; but that's the way in time of war. They also made a proposition to cease further hostilities until they received orders from their Government as they were now negotiating for peace at the capital of Mexico. So ends the fourth attempt of the exchanging business.

Sunday, September 5, 1847.—This morning there is nothing talked about except peace, and, as a fellow says, the voice of peace is whispered all around. If Gen. Scott thinks it is time to make it, let it be soon but honorable; if he thinks that

peace can be accomplished without shedding any more precious blood, let us have it. At noon we saw a few lancers playing about outside the city. In the evening one of the diarrhoea blues was attacked by three Mexicans while on post. One caught hold of his musket, while the other two tried to kill him, and they came very near carrying out their devilish design. They cut his skin clear across his throat, and he only escaped by hallooming for the Sergeant of the guard. The Mexicans succeeded in making their escape.

Monday, September 6, 1847.—This morning we saw several lancers at the suburbs of the city going through their manoeuvres in the way of drilling. This afternoon Gov. Childs came to our quarters and told us that he expects that Gen. Scott will be successful in concluding peace between the two armies. This evening the report is that Gen. Rea has declared war on his own hook, he not being pleased with the reception the good and intelligent people of Puebla gave him when he made his last appeal for them to rise and drive those Yankees out. There is no news of our train from Vera Cruz or from the city of Mexico.

Tuesday, September 7, 1847.—This morning news came from Guadalupe Heights, stating that the train was in sight. This raised a great joy among our soldiers, who were preparing to receive them. The dragoons were ordered out to escort the train into town; but while we were rejoicing, it turned out to be the Mexican army advancing upon Puebla. Gov. Childs ordered the long roll beat, and all soldiers to get under arms and prepare for a bloody battle. Every soldier is now hallooming out, "Hurrah for a fight! We are ready for them; let them come, if they dare!" Gov. Childs, with the Third Dragoons, went out to reconnoitre the Mexican army, and at the same time Cos. A and K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, proceeded to the Tivola Garden, and there laid in ambush to support Gov. Childs and his party, they fearing the Mexican army would attempt to surround Gov. Childs. The Mexicans now halted about two miles from the city on a

plain, and formed into line of battle—so all soldiers on the ramparts. Our officers are seen going from one post to another, saying to the men, "The Mexicans are coming; we will surely have a big fight now."

Twelve o'clock to-night.—No attack yet. Oh, we wish they would not fool us so much!

Wednesday, September 8, 1847.—This morning we all looked for the Mexican army, but could not see them, they having moved from their position of last evening. At noon we learned that Gen. Rea, with his force of three thousand men, passed through this city last night, then countermarched back to, no doubt, Amozoquco, there to wait for the up train, which is now overdue.

In the afternoon three marines were put in the guard-house for being drunk and disorderly. They belong to Major Twigg's command, and were left here sick in the hospital.

This evening it is rumored that hostilities have again commenced in the city of Mexico.

Thursday, September 9, 1847.—This morning there is great excitement in the city—being All Feasts Day. The citizens had a grand parade. They marched through the principal streets, carrying banners, lighted candles and crosses, headed by a Catholic priest in full popery dress. They were accompanied by several fine bands of music—in fact, I saw more Mexicans to-day than I ever saw here at one time. They all behaved themselves well, and everything passed off quietly, and when the parade passed near our quarters, Gov. Childs ordered us all up on the ramparts of Quartel San Jose, to show ourselves in a body, to show these Mexicans that there are still a few Yankees left in and about Puebla City.

In the afternoon several extra papers were published in this city, giving an account of the great feast day and praising the large parade, also about Gen. Santa Anna, accusing him of *cobardio* (cowardice) at or before the city of Mexico—accusing Santa Anna of selling the battles to Gen. Scott. Yes, Yankee blood bought and paid dearly for all the battles fought in the

Valley of Mexico. Their cry in the city of Mexico is, "Death to Gen. Santa Anna and the *danado* (damned) Yankees!" It also has a strong vindication of Gen. Valincie, who, it seems, commanded the El Penon Pass, which pass had to be abandoned by the Mexican forces, on account of Gen. Scott out-generalling Gen. Valincie, by countermarching around it. This plainly shows that there is ill feeling between Gens. Santa Anna and Valincie, and may cause trouble between them.

Friday, September 10, 1847.—To-day is the Mexican thirty-seventh anniversary of the revolution of Hidalgo, it having taken place on the 10th of September, 1810, and independence was declared September 16, 1810. I noticed to-day that there was a great deal of excitement among the citizens, whether it is on account of their anniversary or other unseen *instigacion* (excitement) I am not able to state, but from their cheers and cries its between the friends of Gens. Santa Anna and Valincie, the citizens mostly decide with Gen. Valincie, but the soldiers are with their old friend Gen. Santa Anna. There seems to be a good deal of *entusiasmo* among the poor and middle classes of people, and we can hear them *gritar* (cry) to rally to the *republicana bandero* (banner), and for Gen. Minion as their Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican army; and this shows the temper and feeling among the Mexican people, and it looks as if poor Santa Anna was losing ground and the good will of his people. There is one thing sure—Gen. Santa Anna will have to do something for his country soon, or his people will be after him with a hot stick.

In the afternoon, my friend, Jacob Danner, of our company, who some time ago went to the hospital, died in that institution to-day, after a protracted illness, which, like most of them, was caused by exposure to this *tierras calientes*. He hailed from Little York, Pa., and was one of the party that left that little town and joined our company at Harrisburg, Pa.; he, like his comrades, left with a stout heart and patriotism for the present war with Mexico; he was a good companion and a good soldier; his impulses were generous, and his actions the

plain, and formed into line of battle—so all soldier ramparts. Our officers are seen going from one po other, saying to the men, "The Mexicans are coming surely have a big fight now."

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fruition of noble instincts; his character was perfect; he was exceptionally moral, without a single defective habit; he was a jovial and a good-hearted man. It is true poor Jacob Danner did not meet his death on the bloody battle-field, and victimized by a Mexican bullet, yet he sacrificed his life for his country's cause; his death is much regretted by his friends—in fact, our whole company is much grieved at his loss, for he was obedient, made friends with all who came within the circle of his acquaintances; enemies he had none in our whole regimental ranks, for such gentle natures give offence to no one, and we shall ever hail with the warmest affection his cherished memory; and make him a hidden, quiet room, in the depth of our spirit's gloom, where, while we live, he may abide, shadowy, silent, sanctified.

REVOLUTION OF HIDALGO, 1810.

I will now, on this anniversary, *citar* (quote) extracts from different writers on the cause and variation of the revolution in Mexico against Spanish rule, which made an essential difference as to the time required by Mexico to free herself from the miseries of Spanish rule. Here the civil commotions in Spain had so disturbed the rule of the so-called viceroys, that the old native Indian and mixed race element had easily and essentially observed its importance in solving the problem of future government. It was thus easy to incite them to insurrection. Don Miguel Hidalgo, a *cura* (parson), who is the father of the Mexican independence, moved by public and private wrongs, headed the uprising and organized a force of 110,000 Indians and mixed races. The success of the grand movement depended upon the Creoles—a powerful and fierce tribe—who then formed a large part of the forces of the regular army, and had they sided with the Indians, the revolution would have been successful, and the country freed from the Spanish tyranny. Unfortunately for the Indian cause, the first body of the insurgents fired into the Creole troops and commenced in the towns and villages an indiscriminate massacre

of old Spaniards and Creoles. This outrage united the Creoles for mutual defence, and for a time the most ruthless barbarities were committed on both sides.

Don Miguel defeated the Spaniards and Creoles, and proclaimed the independence September 16, 1810, which independence is celebrated throughout all Mexico every year with great *pomba* and enthusiasm.

The success of the revolution and the declaration of independence caused such an enthusiasm among the insurgents that the most fearful and terrible retribution was taken upon their oppressors, and for a time it appeared that the entire Spaniard and other European blood would be forced from the Mexican dominions.

Had the insurgents been properly commanded, there is no doubt but that they might have swept every European from Mexico.

The Church party (who, by-the-by, are never satisfied) at this time opposed the Don Miguel insurgent party, and the Archbishop of Mexico excommunicated them from the church in a body.

Thus the insurgent cause was considerably weakened, and the lack of the necessary materials of war rendered it comparatively easy for the regular and Creole forces to overthrow the insurgents. But it was not gained so easily. A terrible war of caste was waged with savage ferocity on both sides. General Calleja met the insurgents and defeated them at Guanxuta, where he ordered General Augustine Iturbide to put fourteen thousand men, women and children to the sword; for which barbarity he was created *Mariscalde Campo* for distinguished services, decorated with the cross of the Order of Charles III. and appointed to the vice-royalty of Mexico.

Thus Hidalgo, who was a good man, a popular leader, but a poor soldier, was defeated, and, through the treachery of one of his generals, Bustamento, was captured July 11, 1811, and shot July 27, 1811, at Chihuahua.

After this horrible butchery the different States were divided, and waged war against one another until 1812, when another priest, named Jose Maria Morelos—formerly the Lieutenant-General of Hidalgo's army, assumed command of the independent insurgent army. Gen. Morelos established a Mexican Congress, and proclaimed that despots and bad government, not Hidalgo, were the real cause of the insurrection. The Congress appealed to the Creoles to join them in their struggle against the oppression of the dominant class—to join hands with them, and overthrow their power and marauding party. By this appeal Gen. Morelos was fortunate enough to hold the power of government until November 5, 1815, when he was betrayed by one of his generals at Tepegahualco, and, as already stated, shot at the city of Mexico, December 22, 1815.

After this a guerilla warfare was carried on in almost every State, and it seems the poor Creoles suffered most by it. By this treatment the Creoles gradually began to take sides with the insurgents, and many valuable officers and men, including Gen. Iturbide, were added to the ranks of the insurgents by desertion from the royalist forces.

April, 1817, another priest, named Xavier Meina, espoused the insurgent cause, but he was not only a poor leader but unfortunate soldier. He achieved nothing but defeats, having but few followers. In November of the same year he was captured and executed.

Guerilla warfare, under different leaders, was carried on until 1820, when a considerable movement took place among the Creole forces in aid of the insurgents, or revolutionists, as they were then called, headed by their popular leader, Gen. Iturbide, of whom I will have more to say as I go along.

Thus it is plain to be seen that the great number of revolutions which have taken place in Mexico since the Conqueror Cortez' rule have been as great in the sacrifices of human lives and the destruction of property as it was at any time under the rule and government of the Aztec, when all the people in the civilized world lifted up their hands and prayed for the ceasing

of these numerous sacrifices. All the revolutions since Cortez' rule were caused by the Catholic Church rule, and it will be continued on as long as the *vara* (rod) of this church is held over their heads.

There is no liberty here; the high priest of the Catholic Church crushes the liberties of its people; and I have never heard that a country ever prospered where a religious power rules or governs. Look at Rome, for instance—one time the finest and richest, as well as one of the most wicked cities in the world. The most cruel, perfidious, licentious, and abandoned, and generally speaking, the wickedest men and women the world ever saw, figured in the history of the Eternal City. Literally, there were monsters in those days, and the greatest monsters were the priest and patrician, and not the plebeians or humble citizens. Oh, yes! look at whole Italy, once so grand and noble, once the acknowledged ruler, held sway over nearly all the known world, as she sat in royal grandeur, enthroned on her *seien* hills, now a miserable waste, divided into petty sovereignties, and a by-word for guilt and degradation; all its glory and wealth has forever been banished by the system of the Roman Catholic Church, the sworn foe of religious liberty. Oh, yes! look at this city of Puebla—a fair and a most beautiful and the best planned city I have ever seen, situated in one of the most fertile and richest countries on earth; yet, see the degradation and misery that prevails amongst its people—all under the Catholic rule, composed of the most ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious men in the world.

Saturday, September 11, 1847.—This morning, on dress parade, the sentence was pronounced on those convicts by the court-martial, which broke up last evening. After the parade we entered upon the solemn duty of consigning our lamented comrade, Jacob Danner, to his final and long resting place; from dust thou comest, and to dust thou must go. He was carried to the grave by four members of our company, viz.: Robert Eurick, Peter Ahl, William Patterson, and Thomas O'Neil. The flag of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, surrounded the pall. The funeral was followed to the

grave by nearly all of our company and part of the garrison. He was buried with all the honors of war that is awarded to the departed soldiers; and I am free to say that he died fully prepared to meet his God. A breach is made in our company's ranks, a hero is gone to his long home.

" How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest ;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to bless their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy feet have ever trod ;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And friendship will, awhile, repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

There is nothing more affective, solemn and imposing than a military funeral. To listen to the roll of the muffled *tumbor* (drum), and the mournful music ; after the slow, steady and solemn tread of the escort, their arms and regimental colors hung with crape. All conspires to render it a touching scene as it passes on, and at the grave, when the remains of the departed comrade are laid in their final resting place, there is something thrilling and sad, even in the report of the musketry, as the escort discharges their farewell volley over his lowly couch.

Sunday, September 12, 1847.—This morning Robert Eurick, Alburtus Welsh and myself took a walk to Jacob Danner's grave, and put a neat head-board at its head, with the name of Jacob Danner, Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, cut in the boards. After which Mr. Alburtus Welsh, a bosom friend of the deceased, took a sketch of his grave and surrounding scenery.

The marking and naming of the head-board and sketching of the grave and scenery is done in case the friends of Mr. Danner wishing to take up his body, to take it to his native hills ; so that there can be no mistake in taking up the wrong body.

In the afternoon one of our spies came in out of the city, stating that the Mexican army is now laying out at the paper-mill, which is about four miles out of the city, with four pieces of artillery, and are making every preparation they can to make an attack on us. But he could not tell when the attack is to be made. We, of course, don't care when they make the attack, for we will be ready for them most any time; in fact we would like to have a good little fight to enliven us up a little.

This evening it is rumored among the Mexicans that the armistice between the two armies has terminated in rumpus. Gen. Scott could not agree to the Mexican terms: So the contest of strength is to be decided by the sword, and not by the pen.

The reports have it that Gen. Santa Anna has, during the armistice, and while negotiating for peace, strongly fortified the city of Mexico, and strengthened the Castle of Chapultepec. This shows the treacherous disposition of the Mexican Government, pretending to make peace, and, at same time, making strong preparations for war. Oh! you infernal scoundrel; you ought to be hung on the first tree for your treasonable acts.

Late this evening the enemy commenced to fire on our picket-guard very rapidly, which caused us to double the guards. We could hear them boast that Gen. Scott would have to fight before he could get into the city of Mexico. So the report must be true.

To-night, at 12 o'clock, I was stationed at San Jose Church, others were placed on the ramparts of San Jose, for fear the guerillas might be foolish enough to attempt to make an attack on our quarters. Let them come; we are waiting on our posts; we are waiting on the ramparts; we are all waiting for you to come and try your luck on us boys, but you dare not come.

CHAPTER VI.

SIEGE OF PUEBLA—AMERICAN FORCES, THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR EFFECTIVE MEN—MEXICAN FORCES, FROM TWO THOUSAND TO EIGHT THOUSAND—DESPATCHES FROM GEN. SCOTT—HE IS VICTORIOUS IN ALL HIS ENGAGEMENTS IN THE VALLEY—HE CAPTURES THE CAPITAL, AND TRIUMPHANTLY MARCHES INTO THE PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUTION, MEXICO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1847—GREAT EXCITEMENT AND JOY PREVAILED AMONG OUR TROOPS—GEN. SANTA ANNA ARRIVES AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF PUEBLA CITY—HE DEMANDS THE SURRENDER OF THE AMERICAN FORCES OF PUEBLA—COL. CHILDS MOST EMPHATICALLY REFUSES TO SURRENDER—THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF AUGUSTUS ITURBIDA, OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE—GEN. SANTA ANNA MAKES SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO DRIVE OUR FORCES OUT, BUT, AS USUAL, DEFEATED IN EVERY ATTEMPT—GEN. SANTA ANNA—LEFT PUEBLA TO MEET GEN. JOSEPH LANE—RINGING OF CHURCH BELLS—FIRING OF ROCKETS AND GREAT REJOICING AMONG OUR MEN—ARRIVAL OF GEN. LANE WITH FIFTEEN HUNDRED TROOPS—STREET FIGHTS—DEATH OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL H. WALKER, THE TEXAN RANGER.

Monday, September 13, 1847.—This morning, one of our soldiers whom the lancers had taken prisoner some time ago made good his escape. He tells us some hard yarns about the Mexicans—how they used and threatened and fed him. He says that the Mexicans have six pieces of artillery, six pounders, and about two thousand lancers and one thousand infantry; the lancers are well clothed and drilled, but the infantry are poorly clad, armed, and drilled; and he also says that their whole argument and talk is, that they will not spare the life of a single Yankee when the attack is made; they are recruiting fast, mostly all young men from this city; also, there is an American soldier, with a cut on his cheek, on Gen. Rea's staff; this must be the soldier who, while on guard, sold

his musket to the enemy, making an excuse that the enemy crept up behind him and took it from him; for this he was put in the guard-house, from which, in a few days afterwards, he made good his escape; he also says that the enemy had him employed nearly all the time in carrying corn, barley, etc.; and while the Mexican sentinels were talking to one another he made an excuse in going out for to hunt wood, and while the sentinels were still busy in talking, he watched his chance and made his escape through a corn-field which was close by; and he says that there are about fifteen deserters from our army among them, mostly Irish; God help them if we should ever get hold of them; he says that there are about one thousand lancers and guerillas at El Pinal Pass, waiting for the coming train. Considerable firing upon our picket to-night.

Siege of Puebla City commenced from this day September 14, 1847.

Tuesday, September 14, 1847.—This morning there was considerable of a fuss between Jack Wells and Peter Ahl, both belonging to our company, about some trifling affair, and were about coming to blows when Mr. Jerry Corson, our arbitrator, rushed in between them and stopped it, wanting to know the cause of the fuss; they both stated their grievances, and he told them that they should be ashamed of themselves to quarrel about so trifling affair, that they should both go to their respective bunks and keep quiet. Whatever Jerry says is gospel, for he is our peacemaker and decides all questions or disputes in our company.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., we saw the lancers manœuvring about the field and drilling; the road is full of lancers riding backward and forward in great bustle.

* This afternoon our spies came in and reported that the Mexicans would attack our quarters to-night, or in the morning. Having heard this report so often we place little dependence in it; yet they may make the often attempted attack, for they are constantly drilling and recruiting. Our communication with the plaza and Alcaldia is now entirely cut

off. So the "diarrhœa blues" and "hospital rangers" will have to lookout for themselves in the future.

In the evening Gov. Childs had two of Capt. Pedro Arria's spy company bucked and gagged for stealing a rifle; they were both under the influence of liquor.

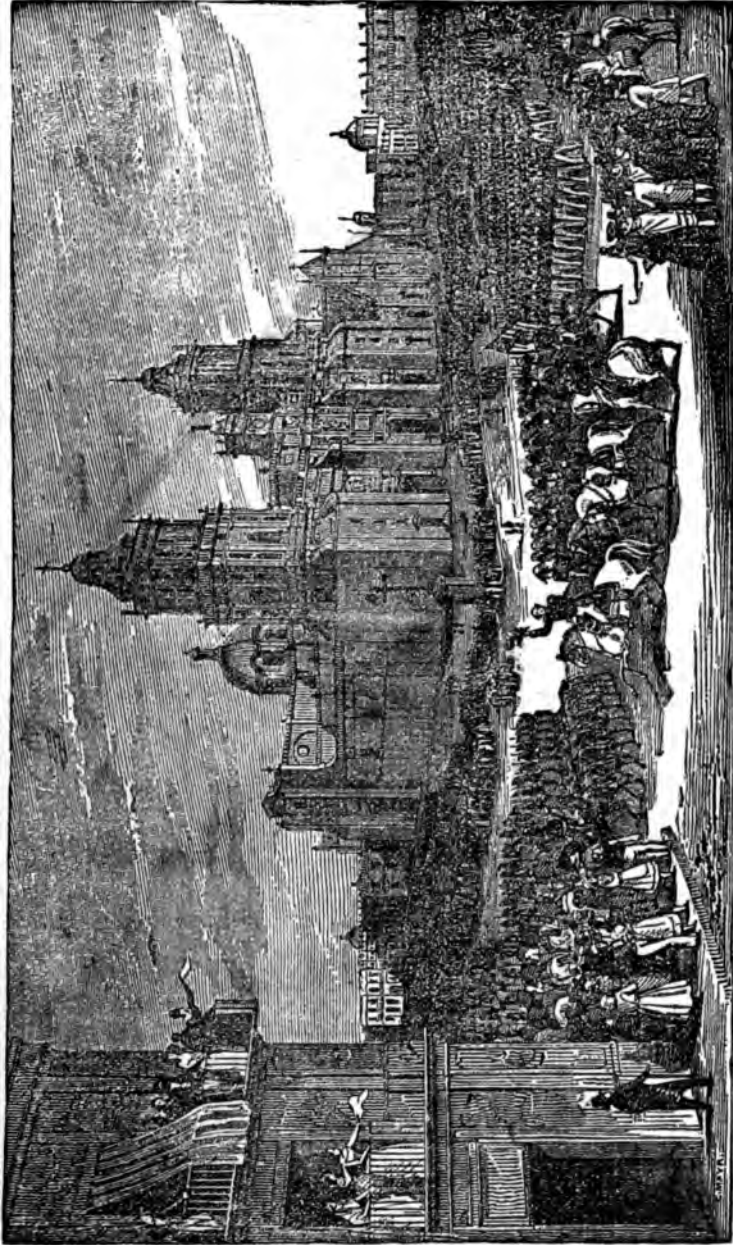
To-night Lieut.-Col. Black ordered us all upon the ramparts to keep a sharp eye on the enemy. The Governor fearing an attack on our quarters, our pickets were doubled on all the posts.

Wednesday, September 15, 1847.—This morning, about two o'clock, we were aroused from our slumber on the ramparts, by a tremendous firing of musketry, volley after volley rent the air. We were on our feet with our guns cocked and primed and in good fighting order, waiting for the enemy to come, but they did not come. The cause of the firing was that several hundred lancers had charged upon our picket-guard, but failed to drive them from their posts.

At daylight we saw the lancers gathering in the Tivola Garden, commencing to shout and fire with vigor, and they seemed to be full of enthusiasm and excitement.

Lieut. Laidley, of the Ordnance Department, placed the howitzer in position; after which he threw a bomb shell right in among them, which caused a little scatter. But they soon blew the trumpet to arms, and again appeared in the Tivola Garden, waving their swords and lances in the air, when suddenly, Lieut. Laidley with his howitzer company, fired two bombs, both exploding in their midst; then you should have seen the excitement, and the would-be gallant lancers vamoose (and cut dirt and dust). But they soon again appeared at the opposite side of the Tivola Garden, blowing the charge at a furious rate.

Word was now sent to Fort Loretto to open her two twelve pounders on the city. The first shot struck our hospital, our gunner mistook our men for Mexican greasers on the roof. After this blunder was found out, our men threw fire-bombs right into the main plaza, which had the effect to silence the Mexicans for the day.



GEN. SCOTT ENTERING MAIN PLAZA, CITY OF MEXICO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1847.
(See September 22, 1847.)

To-night the whole city seems to be in an uproar ; drums were beaten up and down the streets, followed by *pastrge* a wicked, boisterous crowd, with *mucho salado* (good, merry), sky rockets illuminated the dark skies, and it reminded me of a picture I had seen when a boy, of the judgment day. The citizens in general all seemed to be much confused.

To-night every soldier was ordered up on the ramparts.

Thursday, September 16, 1847.—To-day is the thirty-seventh anniversary of Mexican independence, and, no doubt, it will cause great excitement and enthusiasm among the lower class of people. They will mostly all get *borrachw* (drunk), and, perhaps, be foolish enough to attempt a charge on our quarters ; for bad whiskey has been the cause of doing many foolish things and killed many innocent people.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., Gov. Childs received a letter from Gen. Rea, stating that this was the thirty-seventh anniversary of their independence, that his *umbras* were full and wild with *entusiasmo* and fight, and that he (Gen. Rea) has fully determined to make an attack on our forces, and take the garrison of *San Jose* from us, if he had to lose five hundred men ; and, to save life and blood, he (Gov. Childs) had better surrender. To this Gov. Childs promptly replied by telling Gen. Rea to come on with his strong and *entusiasmo* forces, as he (Gov. Childs) had about three hundred effective men for duty, and about two thousand sick soldiers lying in the hospital under his protection ; that Gen. Rea will have to lose over five thousand men before his (Gov. Childs') men will be willing to surrender up the garrison to your excellency.

After Gen. Rea received the answer, the Mexican officers could plainly be heard making military and warlike speeches, singing songs, passing the bottle around and drinking toasts until noon, when a large rocket went up into the air as the signal for the grand charge on the Yankees. It was reasonably supposed that we would have a hard and bloody battle, and, I assure you, we were all ready and well prepared to receive them. We now saw them forming into line ; the lancers

seemed to be well equipped and mounted on spirited horses. About five hundred lancers now made a charge in full gallop up the street leading to our quarters (*Quartel San Jose*), and when they came near enough, we opened fire, with grape and canister, right into their ranks, which checked them, and they were obliged to retreat with great loss, the street laying full of dead and wounded Mexicans and horses. We let the Mexicans gather in their dead and wounded, after which they amused themselves by firing at our pickets—firing volley after volley, which became so hot that our men were obliged to fall back one square towards our quarters. This is what may be called coming to close quarters. Some of our pickets could not be driven away from their posts; they were, however, to save their lives, compelled to stand in the doorways of houses near where they were stationed. This shelter saved them; otherwise, every one of them would have been killed. During this little engagement there were many shots fired.

In the afternoon a party of Mexicans were discovered carrying sand-bags and building a breastwork, also planting a *bateria* (battery). Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black was notified of it, when he immediately ordered the howitzers and Fort Loretto to open on them, and, I tell you, the way the dust flew looked like a whirlwind. The Mexican infantry were lying behind a stone wall, firing continually at our men at *San Jose*, but their bullets mostly fell short. Seeing this, we thought that it was no use for us to fire at them; it would only be a waste of ammunition.

The Mexicans were not leaving the stone wall, and they again attempted to rally their scattered forces by blowing the bugle charge. We now saw a large party of lancers trying to get in our rear. Col. Black instantly sent orders with a messenger to Fort Loretto to point out the spot where the lancers were. The fort then opened and fired right in among them, and it was astonishing to see the large force concealed there. The place was getting too hot for them, and, seeing that the Mexicans were about to change their quarters, we up and let

them have a volley of musketry. This frightened and demoralized them so that they did not know which way to retreat. I saw several drop to rise no more, besides some so badly wounded that they were hardly able to crawl behind some ambush for safety. The Mexicans have now fully retreated outside of the range of our artillery and musketry, and I hope they will trouble us no more to-day. We could plainly hear Gen. Rea *fromante* and *juramento* (thundering and swearing), no doubt on account of his defeat. Thus ends the thirty-seventh anniversary of the Mexican independence.

Friday, September 17, 1847.—This morning after daylight we looked all around to see what had become of those gallant lancers who, yesterday, were so full of enthusiasm that they made one of the most desperate efforts to drive us out of this city, but were handsomely repulsed.

At 8 o'clock this morning Gov. Childs received a letter from the Alcaldia, stating that he has resigned his office of alcaldaship of the city of Puebla, and that Gen. Rea has fully taken possession of it and declared martial law in the city of Puebla.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., I was placed on picket guard at Post No. 9—a very dangerous one it is; but I shall try and take care of the post as well as myself.

At noon the lancers made another rush in the plaza, and charged right up to our bakery, which is owned by a Frenchman, who has been baking for our detachment since we formed the garrison. They succeeded in capturing our bread and a quantity of flour. They chased the baker, who, luckily, made his escape over the back wall of his yard, and made his way up to our quarters and reported the circumstances. The firing has been very brisk all day, and while one of Co. A, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who happened to be on guard, was released from his post, he received a shot from around the corner close by. It seems they are getting bolder. They now have cotton and tobacco bales at the corners of the streets to stand behind and fire at us or whoever attempts to cross the streets. Lieut. F. C. Lewis, of Co. G, First

Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, has been missing for two days. Fears are entertained that the Mexicans have either killed or taken him prisoner.

In the evening several shots were fired at me. One ball hit the strap attached to my canteen. Firing was heard at different times during the night.

Saturday, September 18, 1847.—This morning, after I was released from guard, I fixed the strap of my canteen; during this time, Mr. Kelley, a resident of this city, and who has a large factory here, informed us that the Mexicans will make another attempt to-day to drive us out; so at 11 o'clock, A. M., the bells throughout the city began to ring, and a hundred of rockets filled the air, the trumpet sounding the charge; now we see them forming in the streets, marching towards our quarters; one howitzer is brought down from the parapet or rampart, and run up the street behind our sand-bag breastworks; and after firing several rounds of shell and canister, the lancers dispersed in confusion. Fort Loretto opened a brisk fire on the city, and kept at it all day without intermission.

In the evening there was a detail of two soldiers from each company to go to the Tivola Garden scouting, and my friend, Robert Eurick, of our company, was in that expedition, and they were not gone more than an hour before the Mexicans, several hundred in number, came up, and the lancers got so close to our fellows that they could easy have fired on them before they knew it, but laid still until the Mexicans had passed, and then crawled on hands and knees, and in that way made their escape. It was strange that the lancers did not see them.

Sunday, September 19, 1847.—This morning all is quiet, but at noon a party of lancers attacked our picket guards; but the cowardly dogs stood behind the house corners and fired therefrom.

In the afternoon the guerillas charged upon our butcher and took him prisoner, and two hundred head of cattle; so they stopped off both beef and bread; next will be the water stopped off. Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, went out

behind the Fort Loretto and succeeded in recapturing one hundred and fifty head of cattle, which caused much joy among our soldiers.

In the evening the Mexicans had a great meeting in the Plaza, urging the citizens to rise in arms, but Fort Loretto disturbed them by throwing two bombs right in the Plaza, killing five and wounding a great many; so an Englishman tells us to-day. Our guards killed five and took several Mexican prisoners; as usual, firing all night.

Monday, September 20, 1847.—This morning the different consuls hoisted their respective colors on their dwellings to be protected from the firing of Fort Loretto.

At noon about one hundred rockets rent the air, and we soon learned that the rejoicing was on account of Gen. Santa Anna, with six thousand troops, advancing towards this city, and would be here in a few days to drive the d—— Yankees out. So Gen. Santa Anna must have got badly whipped at his much boasted capital. These are the same people that cried out death to Gen. Santa Anna a few days ago.

In the afternoon a lancer fired at one of our picket-guards, and one of our men followed him as soon as he fired, but the lancer jumped from his horse and ran into a house close by, and shut the door, but our man burst the door in and took the lancer, the would-be murderer. He had a brass pistol, sword and carbine, and on his person was found a Captain's commission, signed by Gen. Rea. He was put in the guard-house by order of Gov. Childs.

This evening everything is very quiet. No firing. So much so that it looks suspicious.

Gov. Childs ordered two companies on the ramparts to-night, and to keep a sharp lookout towards the Tivola Garden, the place where the Mexicans mostly quarter. Oh! how I would like it if they would make another bold attack on our quarters. It would do us good to have another sweep at them.

Tuesday, September 21, 1847.—This morning an extra paper was published in this city by Gen. Rea, stating that he never

intended to storm the garrison of San Jose, for his force was too small, and that the Yankees were too strongly fortified, and that he only wanted to scare us out. Good excuse for Gen. Rea for not driving us out of the city, because he couldn't; having failed in all his daring attempts to take the city from us. He also states that the firing from Fort Loretto, into the city and Tivola Garden, where he (Gen. Rea) had his main forces encamped, was very severe on his troops. So he thought best to withdraw his force from these hot quarters to the city, but there it was worse for the city, for when anything happens in the city away goes a shell into it, which silences them.

In the evening news was afloat again that Gen. Santa Anna was encamped near this city with six or seven thousand soldiers and several pieces of artillery, but that they will not come into the city for several days; they being much fatigued and in want of rest.

Late in the evening it was reported that the Mexican officers held a meeting to determine on whether or not to go on to El Pinal Pass, and there to await for the train coming from Vera Cruz. What conclusion they have come to I, of course, am unable to say, but there is one thing sure, if they can't do anything with our small garrison here they had better not undertake to attack a train which is guarded with about fifteen hundred soldiers, and a well-mounted battery of about six pieces.

Wednesday, September 22, 1847.—This morning, a courier, disguised as a *probre vestido*, (poor clad) lepero, arrived with despatches from Gen. Scott who is at the city of Mexico. It is natural to suppose that we were all very anxious to learn the news, and it soon drew a large crowd at the Governor's headquarters. Finally Gov. Childs came out at the second story balcony window; we all knew that he had good news, for as soon as we saw him he was winking and smiling all over his face, he said: "Men, do you want to hear good news?" Every one cried out "yes, yes, let us have it." [Cheers.] It is this: "That Gen. Winfield Scott and his

gallant little army have fought three hard battles, and the whole three were gallantly fought and victoriously won." [Loud cheering.] "And that our flag, the Stars and Stripes, were now floating gracefully over the halls of Montezumas." [Great cheering.] "Again, that Gen. Santa Anna's army is defeated and scattered in all directions."

Such another cheering and shouting for joy was never seen or heard of before, it lasted fully ten minutes, and if Gen. Santa Anna's scattered forces were encamped anywhere near the city, they must have heard the many cheers going up.

After the noise had subsided the Governor said that there is no doubt now, but that Gen. Santa Anna with his scattered troops, are now near this city, and no doubt making all necessary arrangements to capture Puebla City, and our little band, for the purpose of trying to redeem his high reputation as a great military general. He will make one of his utmost efforts to capture our forces, and then embarrass Gen. Scott at the capital. He warned us, one and all, that when that bold stroke is made, to be ready to scatter the fragments of Gen. Santa Anna's army to the four corners of the earth or somewhere else.

These remarks caused another great cheering, with answer, "we will! we will be ready."

At noon, we heard a report that Gen. Rea with his lancers, were quartered in the Plaza de Toros, where we were quartered previous to the main army leaving Puebla City for the capital.

This afternoon there was a general ringing of all the church bells, and firing of rockets; the citizens looked much excited, which excitement continued on until a number of round shot and shell had found their way into the plaza from Fort Loreto. This put a stop to their nonsense, as it has done on several other occasions before.

Later in the afternoon we found out the cause of all the rejoicing and excitement; it was the arrival of Gen. Santa Anna with about eight thousand troops he had gathered after his defeat at the city of Mexico. His army is encamped at the outskirts of the city, much to the delight of Gen. Rea and his often-defeated forces.

The people, that is, generally the worst portion, are hailing Gen. Santa Anna's coming with joy, and are now boasting that they will soon drive these infernal Yankees out of the city; so I suppose work will soon commence.

In the evening a small party of lancers made their appearance in the Tivola Garden, no doubt reconnoitering. Also a party of the same class of *umbras* appearing behind the pillow, or little hill, near the Tivola Garden, brandishing their swords and lances with great gallantry. This reminds me when I went to school, of a boy making fists in his pockets and saying nothing.

To prove the enemy's gallantry, a howitzer was brought into position, and fired a few shots among them, which soon made them leave the garden, not liking the "imitation" of those cannons, as Gen. Rea told his officers and men in one of his patriotic speeches, before he made that gallant charge on our quarters at San Jose.

Late this evening, Gen. Rea was seen riding up to the Tivola Garden on a beautiful white mustang, when that "imitation" was again opened on him, after which he left in double quick time.

Thursday, September 23, 1847.—This morning it is rumored that Gen. Santa Anna arrived in this city without his army; coming in advance with his staff and picked lancers as his body-guard; his troops are encamped about ten miles out of the city. It is said that they are drilling and recruiting for the purpose of driving us Yankees out of the city of Puebla. They will have a happy time of it when it comes to that; it will be like Gen. Rea's boasted attack, they will leave quicker than they came.

At noon, through the information of a Mexican *muger* (woman), we found out that a large quantity of Mexican tobacco belonging to the Mexican Government, was concealed in a large stone building, just one square (or block as they are called here) from our quarters. Gov. Childs sent for some of the volunteers and told them to charge on the building and

capture the tobacco, which order was obeyed, and it wasn't long before we had about two hundred bales of tobacco up in front of our quarters; after this, nearly all hands went to work to build a breastwork out of the bales of tobacco, across some of the streets leading into the square three deep. "If you want your tobacco you will have to fight for it."

While the soldiers were charging on the tobacco warehouse, three companies of soldiers were stretched across the streets leading to the square, ready to fire on any force that might make a flank movement on our men. But no interference took place. Tobacco is now cheap.

To-night a constant firing upon our picket-guard is going on, but am glad to say, is doing very little harm; also a large meeting, composed of citizens and Mexican soldiers was held in the Plaza, to adopt some plan to drive these stubborn Yankees out of the Quartel San Jose.

Gen. Santa Anna said, "that by uniting his force with that of Gen. Rea, and the assistance of the citizens, that he would then be able to drive the Yankees out of the city without much trouble." This plan was adopted with cheers and firing of rockets.

To-day is the three hundred and twenty-eighth anniversary of Conqueror Cortez entering the ancient capital of Tlasculla, it being the 23d of September, 1519, which anniversary is still celebrated by the old Spaniards and mixed races, as a day of feast and jubilee, particularly in Puebla and Tlasculla cities.

Friday, September 24, 1847.—This morning it is rumored that while we were charging on the tobacco, Gen. Rea sent out to his camp to bring in all his forces, as the American soldiers were storming the city. This accounts for the large force of lancers we saw last evening in the Plaza.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., Gen. Rea and his staff, and accompanied by two hundred lancers, passed around the city to reconnoitre Guadaloupa Heights, but kept off a respectable distance, except some of the brave guerillas rode up and fired off their escopets


and then *vamoosed*. They received one good volley of musketry from our soldiers stationed there, which did no execution, the distance being too great.

In the afternoon a courier came into our quarters with despatches for Gov. Childs, stating that the train was at Jalapa City, under command of Gen. Joseph Lane, with a force of two thousand and five hundred men. We also received New Orleans papers, bearing date the 4th inst.; friends can imagine the joy that we felt on hearing the news. We gave three cheers for it. The papers state that Gen. C. Cushing (who is he; another paper general?) was landing troops at Vera Cruz when the courier left; also stating that Gen. Lane's force was on a forced march to relieve us from our perilous position.

In the evening the firing is somewhat brisker than last evening, but we don't mind musket balls so long as they don't fire cannon balls or shells. It is again rumored that Gen. Rea is going to attack us to-night. They had better not, for we are too full of joy and *enthusiasm*, as he, Gen. Rea, calls it; so they had better stay away, if they know what is good for themselves.

To-night I volunteered my services to go on picket guard, Post No. 6, in place of the guard taken sick; and no wonder he was taken sick; it was the hottest post I have ever been on; I tell you, there was some sharp shooting going on; my bayonet was shot off at the top of my musket; the musket balls flew like hailstones around my head and feet, not knowing what moment I might have to fall; but I was determined to stand my ground and not yield an inch. The night was so dark that we could not see one another, and could only aim at the flashing of muskets. At twelve o'clock one picket was wounded; the Sergeant of the guard relieved him of his post; his post was next to mine (No. 5). There has been more firing to-night at our pickets than any night since the siege commenced; they are determined to drive or kill our pickets off; can't do it.

Saturday, September 25, 1847.—This morning, after I was relieved from my dangerous position, I went to the ordnance



department and got myself a new bayonet, in the place of the one I had shot off last night. This is the second one I have had shot off.

About 10'clock, A. M., we saw a great cloud of dust on the *ruta*, a few miles from the city, and it was not long afterwards when it was announced that Gen. Santa Anna's army, about eight thousand men, were entering this city. This news indicated at once that something of an extraordinary movement was about to take place ; and so, of course, we were all ordered to be prepared for the contest. The artillery men were ordered to stand by their howitzer pieces with the slow match burning, ready the moment when the attack is made.

At noon a flag of truce, accompanied by a priest and several Mexican officers, came riding up the street as far as our picket-line. Here they were stopped, and our Adj. Welder went to receive them. They handed the Adjutant a letter stating that it was from Gen. Santa Anna to Gov. Childs. It was brought to Gov. Childs, and its contents were commanding Gov. Childs, Governor of Puebla, to surrender up all his forces now stationed in Puebla, and to march out with our private arms, such as pistols, and either to join Gen. Scott at the city of Mexico, or fall back to Perote Castle, and that he (Gen. Santa Anna) would give Gov. Childs until to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock to make up his mind what he intended to do about it. And that if Gov. Childs did not submit to his fair and reasonable request, that he (Gen. Santa Anna) has eight thousand troops under his control, full of courage and enthusiasm, to drive us out, and that he would not be responsible for the damages, and the loss of American soldier's lives. This was a bumper.

Gov. Childs immediately called his officers together, and after talking over Gen. Santa Anna's proposition, they came to a unanimous conclusion to reply to Gen. Santa Anna, stating that he (Col. Childs, of the United States Army, and now Governor and Commander of the city of Puebla,) has read his communication, and that it gives him great pleasure

to say that he (Col. Childs) could not comply with his (Gen. Santa Anna's) fair and reasonable request, as his men don't know of any such word as *surrender*; therefore, you will be obliged to come on with your eight thousand enthusiastic troops, and that he would meet him with his three hundred half starved soldiers against his forces, and give him as warm a reception as he received at the capital of Mexico from Gen. Scott.

When this message went to Gen. Santa Anna the streets were cleared of all the citizens; and we, of course, were now certain of having a bloody battle with the eight thousand troops.

Gov. Childs is now busy in going from one post to another, and from quarters to quarters, telling his little band of Gen. Santa Anna's demand, and his reply to Gen. Santa Anna, which was received with much shouting, cheering and hurrahing, and which made the hills around Puebla *ccho*, sounding in the ears of Gen. Santa Anna, and his army, like thunder. "Let them come! Let them come!" was the general cry and cheers all around, that we would rather die than to give up our reputation, character and good name.

Capt. Rowe, of the Ninth United States Infantry, who, by-the-by, was left here in the hospital when Gen. Scott's army marched on to the capital of Mexico, has so far recovered that he was ordered to make up a company of hospital *Rangers*, so called, who were able to do light duty. He succeeded in getting one hundred and fifty men, who, like ourselves, were anxious to be counted in the battle with Gen. Santa Anna; also Lieut. Merrifield, of the Fifteenth United States Infantry, who also was left in the hospital when Gen. Scott left, made up a detachment of rifles from the same hospital; also Lieut. Morgan, of the Fourteenth United States Infantry, also left back, made up a detachment of marines, etc., from the hospital. So everything is now ready to meet Gen. Santa Anna and his boasting legions—to give battle whenever he is ready.

To-night every man that is able to carry a musket or a rifle

is ordered on duty with sixty rounds of cartridges in his box. We, the old regulars, are all up on the ramparts, watching with all our eyes and listening with our ears wide open.

12 o'clock.—No attack yet. •

Sunday, September 26, 1847.—This morning, long before daylight, we expected to be attacked by Gen. Santa Anna, but he did not come.

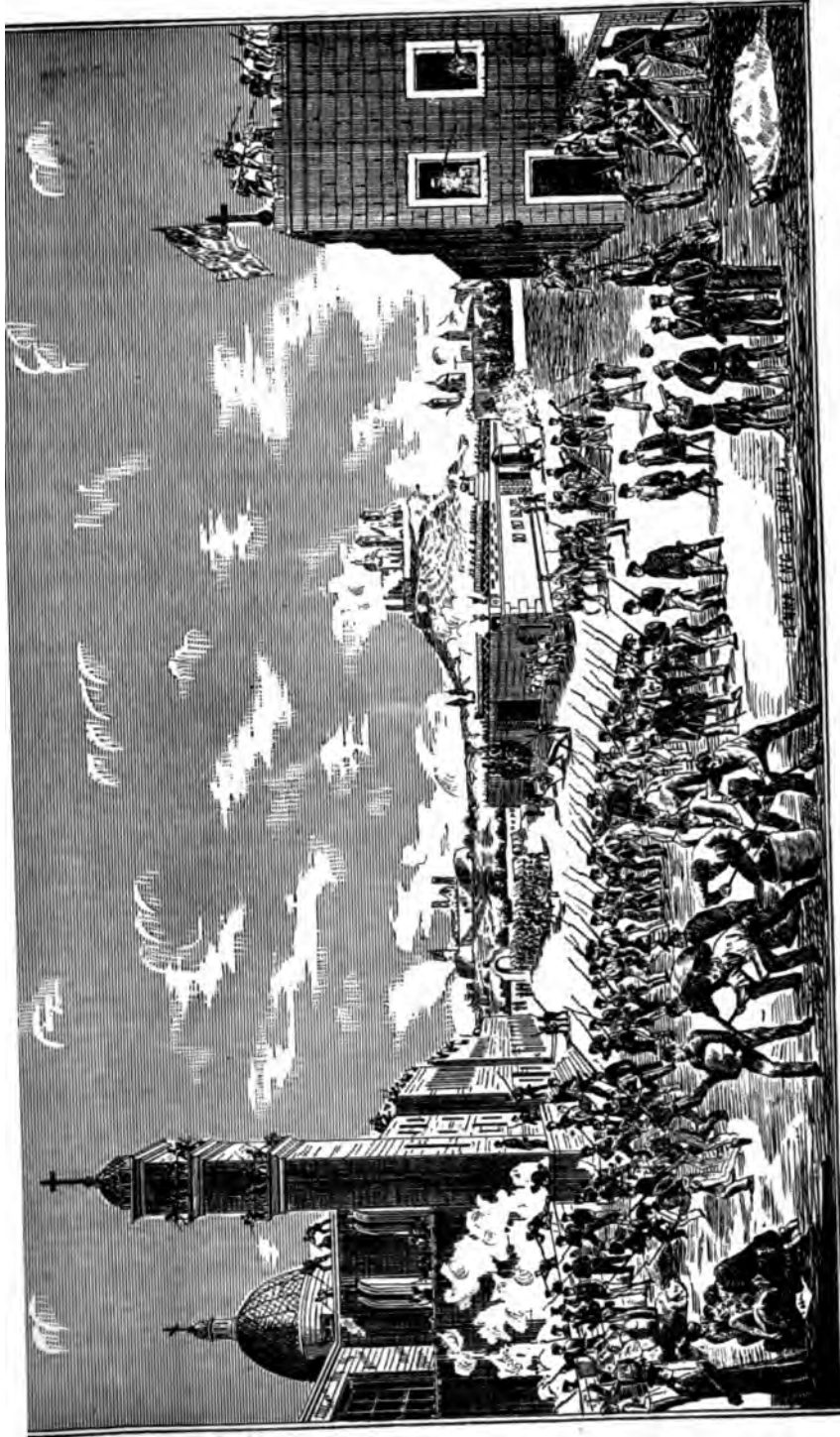
At noon Gen. Rea issued an order for every Mexican citizen to move three squares from the Yankees' quarters, and any citizen refusing to move, or is known to sell or have any trading and dealing with the Americans, would be considered and looked upon as traitors to the Republic of Mexico; and in case the American army should be defeated, they will then suffer the penalty of death, and their property, if they have any, will be *confiscat* (confiscated).

This unexpected order caused a good deal of confusion and excitement among the Mexican people who live in our immediate neighborhood, and you should have seen the people moving. It beat all the first of Mays in the United States. Many of the *pobre* (poor) people refused to move, but preferred to stay under our protection and run the risk. They are mostly *regateros* (hucksters).

Thus the Mexicans are not satisfied with stopping off our beef, bread, etc., but they have the impudence to deprive us of our vegetables and *leche* (milk). Col. Black remarked that this looks as if the Mexicans wanted to starve us out in place of driving us out.

In the afternoon it was discovered that Gen. Santa Anna had the Saint Augustine Church barricaded with sand-bags and cotton or tobacco bales.

Gov. Childs ordered the twelve pounder stationed in the front of our quarters to fire upon it. A tall sergeant of the regular army, named George Orwill, who trained the piece and made some good hits—one shot in particular which struck the clock and knocked it to pieces; so you can see we beat their time.



San Jose Church

Fort Loretto.

Guadalupe Heights.—San Jose Quarrel
SIEGE OF PUEBLA, BEGAN SEPTEMBER 13. ENDED OCTOBER 12, 1847.

Col. Child's Headquarters.

The Mexicans now have picket guards stationed all around our quarters, and are stopping off our wood, coal, and all other necessaries to keep the stream of life up, from coming into our quarters.

Firing is still brisk, and is getting brisker every hour, and a shower of bullets are constantly poured into our quarters from the street, balconies, houses, and church-tops, upon our devoted heads, wounding several of our men.

To-night, we are all again on the ramparts, expecting an attack for sure; if not, we will begin to think that Gen. Santa Anna is as big a coward and fraud as Gen. Rea; in fact, we are beginning to get tired of watching day after day and night after night for these cowardly Mexicans, who are constantly threatening to make an attack upon our quarters.

To-night we can plainly hear the Mexican pickets challenge each other—sentinels *alarida pasa* (cries of pass)—until it goes clear around their pickets; and this seems that the Mexicans are even afraid that Col. Childs, with his three hundred nearly worn-out Yankees, might make an attack on Gen. Santa Anna's eight thousand soldiers and six pieces of artillery.

Twelve o'clock, P. M. Contrary to all our expectations, the Mexicans again have failed to make an attack upon us. They must be making desperate arrangements to make a bold and daring attack upon our garrison, and defeat our little band, but we are not asleep; nay, we are anxiously waiting for the time to come, and quote the language of a poet, which says:

“Freedom calls us—quick, be ready,
Think of what our sires have been;
Onward, onward, strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den.”

GEN. SANTA ANNA'S DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF PUEBLA CITY.

The following is Gen. Santa Anna's demand on Col. Thomas Childs, for the surrender of Puebla City.

HEADQUARTERS, PUEBLA, }
 September 25, 1847. }

Having taken possession of this city, with the forces under my command to operate against the points occupied by you, and for the purpose of restoring to full liberty the citizens who have suffered so much from the troops of the United States, I deem it proper before making any movement, and for the sake of humanity, to intimate to your Excellency, that you should have leave, within a limited time, to abandon the places you now occupy in this city, and march out with the honors of war, either to join Gen. Scott, or to proceed to Perote, as may be most convenient for you; but if this moderate proposition be not accepted by your Excellency, I shall, in that case, with the deepest feeling, proceed to act in a military manner, and assault all your positions, the consequences of which your troops must suffer; inasmuch as there is in the vicinity of your Excellency, an army of eight thousand men determined to cause the rights of this nation to be respected. God and Liberty.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,
General-in-Chief of the Mexican Army.

Senor Col. CHILDS,
Commander of the United States forces in this city.

COL. CHILD'S REPLY TO GEN. SANTA ANNA.

HEADQUARTERS,
 CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO, }
 September 25, 1847. }

I had the honor of receiving (now 2 o'clock, P. M.) your Excellency's note of this date, notifying me that you had taken possession of this city, for the purpose of restoring to full liberty the citizens who have suffered so much from the troops of the United States. And also offering the garrison certain terms in case they would, in a limited time, abandon the points occupied by us.

In regard to the first point, I deem it necessary and just in vindication of the good name of the military forces of the United States—which they have earned by their humanity, good order and discipline which has at all times distinguished their conduct, and more particularly while holding military possession of the city of Puebla—to deny the imputation conveyed in your Excellency's communication, but on the contrary, would assert that the rights of persons and property have been most scrupulously respected and maintained to a degree unparalleled in warfare. And would willingly leave the question for the decision of the intelligent and impartial portion of the population of this city: By whom have they suffered most violence, from their own people or from troops of the army of the United States?

As for the other portion of your Excellency's communication, demanding a surrender within a limited time, of the places held by the troops under my command, I have but this reply to make to your Excellency; that having been honored with the custody and safe keeping of these places, it is my desire and my duty to maintain them to the best, feeling fully confident in the means at my disposal to accomplish that purpose. With consideration of high respect, I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient servant.

THOMAS CHILDS, Colonel U. S. A.

Civil and Military Governor.

To his Excellency, SENOR DON LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA,

Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army before the city.

Monday, September 27, 1847.—This morning at 10 o'clock I was put on picket-guard at Post No. 6. I noticed the people moving from this end of the city with all haste.

An old Mexican man told me that Gen. Santa Anna would make the attack on our forces to-morrow, that he has been awaiting to give his *dear* people a chance to move all their things out of danger's way. Let them come, as we feel confident that the crown of victory will perch upon our banners when the last great effort shall be made.

At noon the Mexicans succeeded in stopping off our water. I wonder what they will stop off next. One thing sure they cannot stop our mouths from hurraing, which bothers them. Some of our officers have it that there is no train on the road from Vera Cruz, that the last courier from that place was a fraud and a cheat.

This bad news has almost put the boys out of good-heart. Expecting all the time to be relieved soon. Yet, at the same time, we are determined to fight as long as there is a mouthful of grub in our quarters.

This afternoon the firing was resumed vigorously. The gallant lancers are riding up, and aback, and across the streets with great bravery, discharging their escopets as they pass. This they think is very brave in trying to shoot a poor, harmless unarmed, probably a sickly, Yankee.

To-day is the Mexican's twenty-sixth anniversary of Gen. Augustine Iturbide entering the city of Mexico. It having taken place on September 27, 1821. And before the *junto* was called different adherents were fighting among themselves who should be their president.

The church party (as stated before) were mostly in favor of Augustine Iturbide, and through their influence he was made president, when nearly the whole country, under the influence of the priests, sent in its allegiance to the new government.

Even the Creoles, the Indians, and the mixed races, had banded their interests, and had reached the first point in the problem of Mexican freedom. But the moment was pregnant with an intense and fresh mental activity, and another step must be taken perforce, and they immediately divided into three parties.

The republicans wanted a central or a federal republic. These opposed the military power, whom they accused of a desire to usurp all authority, which properly belonged to the whole people.

The Ferdinand Bourbons (or Bourbonists, as they called themselves,) adhered to the idea of inviting Ferdinand to the

throne, and being very strongly supported by the priests were really the dominant party. The third party which sprang up was the Iturbidists, who desired to place their favorite upon the throne, which the plan of Iguala had reserved for Ferdinand de Bourbon. A larger part of the military who had followed Augustine Iturbide in his successes were in favor of the latter movements. The adherents of Iturbide did not, however, feel themselves sufficiently strong to attempt this movement, while the priest or clergy favored the Bourbonists. Thus the growing interests of the different parties daily made a wide gap between them, and daily pointed to the necessity for some strong hand to turn the powerful revolutionary elements into a peaceful channel. In this condition of affairs news arrived from Spain that the Cortez had refused to ratify the treaty of Iguala, near Cordova, which the victor O'Donojo had signed with Iturbide. They thus rendered it impossible for any Spanish-Bourbon to ascend the throne of Mexico.

In the uncertain position in which the Bourbonists now found themselves, they were unprepared to oppose the rapid action of the Iturbidists, who now, May 18, 1822, proclaimed Iturbide emperor, under the title of Augustin I, and forced Congress to ratify the usurpation. Immense sums were voted to maintain the royal dignity, a large army drained the resources of the people, and the emperor, waiving all constitution and consideration, made himself virtually Dictator of Mexico. The reign was, however, a very short one; he was dethroned and expelled from the country for extravagance—luxury, carried to excess, led to the fearful moral deterioration and corruption—also for conspiracy. He was compelled, March 8, 1823, to flee to Italy.

During Iturbide's absence, a provisional government was formed, and Senor Bravo was at the head of it from April 1, 1823, to August, 1823, when the people again became dissatisfied and waged war against one another. The leaders had ordered the doors of the prison pen to be opened to the outlaws and criminals, under the pretence of doing their country

services, that they may satisfy their brutal thirst for blood, pillage, and reign of terror, such as unhappy Mexico had known all too often.

Gen. Victor assumed command of the troops; he sought a Federal government; a new constitution was made; and in October, 1824, Gen. Victor was appointed President of the Republic of Mexico.

During the emperor's absence in Italy, the National Congress passed a law, that in case the ex-emperor should ever attempt to land in this country (Mexico), in any capacity whatever, he should be arrested and declared an outlaw, and the authorities should punish him as such. The emperor was not aware of this act when he landed, which was July 14, 1824. Gen. Garza, then Governor of Vera Cruz, professed friendship for Iturbide, offering to assist him; and by his advice he went on towards the capital. When near Cordova, he was arrested as a traitor, tried, convicted, sentence of death passed upon him, and was shot at a small town named Medallin, near Vera Cruz, July 19, 1824. After his death he was taken to Vera Cruz, where a wild horse was hitched to his body, and dragged at a furious rate through some of the streets in Vera Cruz, after which he was buried without a coffin or a shroud. Thus the hero of *Iguala*, the liberator of Mexico, fell by the treachery of Gen. Santa Anna and his pretended friend, Gen. Garza, Governor of Vera Cruz.

The emperor's family soon afterwards removed with the remains to the United States, and settled down in Philadelphia, where they (except the son on Gen. Santa Anna's staff) now reside. The remains of the ex-emperor Iturbide were taken to the St. John's Catholic Church, Thirteenth street below Market street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gen. Victor's new republican constitution did not prosper. The Catholic Church was again in its way and trouble. The elements of republicanism, following rapidly upon the heels of freedom from Spanish rule, had crept into the worn frame of Spanish misrule; and the intellect of the Creoles, expanding

with the new light of education and advancement, forced the Catholic clergy to direct the storm they could not breast.

The new constitution still clung closely to that curse upon its body politic, which has been so fruitful in revolutionary throes. It provided for a *concordat* with the Holy See, which was to throw nearly the whole of Mexican church management into the hands of the Roman Pontiff.

The clergy figured to exempt themselves entirely from any church if government controlled over their property and monopolies; the old shadow of caste crept into it; the secular and parochial clergy were confined to the lower offices, such as parish priests; all the bishoprics, deaneries, and chapters could only be filled by old Spaniards. It will be remembered that the lower order of church offices had been the only ones during colonial rule to which the Creoles and mixed races were eligible. Thus, the old feeling of caste still shook its head above the soil of Mexico, and, united with the clergy, cursed the land it had already desolated and ruined.

It is unnecessary to run through the long list of revolutions which have torn this country of Mexico in her struggles to free herself from her inherited miseries. The number of presidents and dictators who have followed each other in rapid succession, shows what a terrible struggle and fratricidal strife has been going on at the very door of the United States for nearly a half century, from the date of the revolution of Iturbide.

Some of the presidents ruled but a short time; among them was our distinguished friend, Gen. Santa Anna, who ruled for a few months in 1839, and Gen. Bravo (who had command of the castle of Chapultepec in this war), who followed him, ruling, in all, eight days, and so on; in fact, the list is too numerous to mention; and the changes will not cease until the United States spreads its wings of protection over it.

Tuesday, September 28, 1847.—This morning some of our men went into the houses the Mexicans moved out of, and helped themselves to some clothing. They brought in some splendid silks, velvets and other valuable things. At the same time exposed to the firing from the enemy,

At noon the firing commenced very briskly, and kept up all day. Each sentinel shooting his forty rounds. I myself, from the time I was put on picket-guard, until this morning, shot away sixty rounds, and during this I shot and wounded two *umbras* and one priest, who were constantly annoying me, and you ought to have seen the old priest jump, and his long stove-pipe hat flying off the back of his shaved head. I must have hit him on the left leg (or he played opossum), for he immediately limped, and placed his left hand thereon. The Mexicans seemed to fire at me more than any other sentinel, and I made some very narrow hairbreadth escapes. One bullet cut a lock of my hair off, and grazed the skin a little; it burned like fire.

In the evening the Mexicans (cowardly dogs) attacked our hospital, and succeeded in setting fire to the main gate, and while in the act one of our riflemen, who was stationed near the hospital, was shot dead; at the same time falling into the fire, and he burned to a crisp. The firing became so severe that Gov. Childs detailed a party of soldiers, commanded by our Adj. Welder, to charge, and take a point near our hospital; but by some misunderstanding, our men charged on a strong and well-constructed breastwork, which was constructed across the street about two squares from our quarters.

When the word "Charge" was given, we started off with a yell and charged on the breastworks, and captured it from the enemy. The Mexicans being over three hundred strong. They fired off the first shot, and then retreated; while our men were rallying and charging on these works, our old friend William Eurick fell mortally wounded. He being shot through the heart, and while in the act of falling he threw up his right hand, at the same time holding his musket, and with his left hand on his breast, he exclaimed in a clear and loud voice, "Oh! my God, I am shot!" These were the last words poor William Eurick, of Little York, Pa., spoke upon God's earth.

They now discovered that our force was very small (only thirty-three in number), and charged upon us, and recaptured the breastworks. Our men seeing that they were overpowered were compelled to retreat in the midst of showers of bullets to save themselves, and even were obliged to let the body of William Eurick lay where it fell, with feet to the foe and back to the earth, and his smiling countenance toward the *dose!* (canopy) of heaven.

This unfortunate affair has caused a little encouragement among the Mexicans, and they kept up firing very briskly, and double guard were placed on all the important points.

At 12 o'clock to-night Jerry Corson, Alburtus Welsh, myself and others went in search of William Eurick's body. We went in a body until we came to a corner of a street, and there prepared ourselves for what might follow. His body laid so close to the enemy's breastworks, that to get possession of it, without being exposed to a galling fire from the enemy, was considered an entirely hopeless and dangerous undertaking.

After creeping along the wall within a few yards of where we supposed William Eurick had fallen, we stopped. Here Jerry Corson, a bosom friend of William Eurick, advised us to remain, and he would crawl upon his hands and knees along the shady side of the stone wall—it being moonlight at the time. After searching for the body for about ten minutes, he returned, stating that the Mexicans must have taken it away, for it was not lying where he fell. So we returned to our quarters without succeeding in getting his remains.

I have just been informed that Charles Collinson, of our company, was wounded yesterday, and again to-day in the foot. He deserves mention and great praise for his cool and determined courage in remaining on his post. The blood was running into his shoes, and for three hours he refused to be relieved until his time was up.

No attack yet! What does all this mean? Why is the assault on our quarters delayed so long? The Mexicans must

surely have force enough to make an attack on us. Probably they have a little compassion on us poor famished Yankees—wanting us to live a few days longer. When they attack us they will give us no quarter or show for our lives. Come, Santa Anna, with your eight thousand men, for we would sooner fight you than any other general in your country; for when we lick you, we will have the name and honor of licking the greatest Mexican chieftain.

Wednesday, September 29, 1847.—This morning, a little before daylight, the sentinel reported that the body of William Eurick was still lying where he fell. At this announcement his friend and messmate, Jerry Corson, started off with the determination to either bring in the body of Bob Eurick or leave his upon Eurick's. He went creeping alongside of the stone wall, hurried into the middle of the street, caught hold of Eurick's legs, pulled him upon his back, and in this way he brought in the body of William Eurick. Thus for fidelity and courage Mr. Jerry Corson, of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, is one man out of five thousand. He accomplished this all in about ten minutes. Most of our men thought it could not be possible, but it is, fortunately, true.

Mr. William Eurick was a man of about thirty years of age and over six feet in his stockings, weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds, and it is a marvel to know how Jerry Corson succeeded in getting him on his back so quickly and bringing him—a heavy man—without any assistance; for Jerry Corson has been in delicate health for some time.

The firing has been kept up briskly all day, and the enemy have succeeded in wounding several of our soldiers.

This evening, being short of active duty men, I again volunteered my services to go on picket guard; I was stationed at Post No. 9, and while on post the enemy made several daring attempts to charge up the street leading to our quarters, San Jose, but were handsomely repulsed each time by a volley of musketry, shells, rockets, etc., from our howitzer battery, stationed at the street corners and crossings, which are commanded by the howitzer men.

To-night there was some sharp shooting at one another; the Mexicans seemed to have me singled out, no doubt for wounding one of their *gods* the other day. The way the bullets flew was a caution; they flew around my head and bouncing on the pavement like so many hailstones, only a little more noisily; and one bullet went through the top of my cap, cutting away a part of my beautiful and well-adorned *top-knot* hair. Thus, the enemy succeeded in cutting a lock and one-half of my top-knot off; for this compliment I am indebted to the Mexicans, as it will save me the trouble of carrying out the celebrated hair order of Gov. Childs; fortunately I was not wounded.

Thursday, September 30, 1847.—This morning, before daylight, it was rumored that Gen. Santa Anna was busy in building breastworks and planting a battery, for the purpose of playing on our quarters, San Jose. Sure enough, when the day began to break, we could plainly see the Mexicans building a breastwork and battery near the church, right opposite our quarters; their guns are bearing towards our Quartel, San Jose; these guns looking us in the face caused a little excitement among our men, fearing that Gen. Santa Anna, in place of charging upon our quarters, has assumed the plan of Gen. Scott at Vera Cruz—will bombard or shell us out of Puebla.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., the Mexicans opened with a rolling fire in quick succession, with great activity and bravery, throwing grape, canister, and round-shot.

As soon as the enemy commenced firing into our quarters, a battery of several guns were immediately put into a position at the east end of Quartel, San Jose, and with the aid of a brass twelve-pounder, recently brought from Fort Loretto, we replied to their brisk firing. The big sergeant, Orwill, Corp. Francis Casey, and their gunners, leveled and handled their pieces so well that it played havoc among the gallant Mexican battery, making the dust and splinters fly in the air.

The Mexicans had good gunners, for they hit our quarters almost every time they fired, making the boys jump about, the dust and fragments of the falling wall fly in every direction,

but doing little or no damage. Strange, the twelve pounder and howitzers stood in the open square, in front of our quarters, without any breastworks or anything around them to protect our cannoneers; yet the Mexicans fired ten shots at our quarters, San Jose, to one at the battery in the open plaza of San Jose. We well remember the orders given to us by Gen. Robert Patterson, on the sand hills, back of Vera Cruz, when the balls were flying as fiercely as they are now, to lay down and not to expose ourselves so much. This was the same case here at San Jose—laid down flat on the ramparts, close to the battlement wall, and in this way we escaped from being shot down. Some of our men begin to think that it is all up with us; the canisters are flying all over our quarters, and shells are bursting right over our heads, wounding several of our men dangerously; both sides fired briskly until late in the evening, when the Mexican battery was silenced by our twelve pounder; oh, I tell you it was a pleasure—although a dangerous one—to see the balls from the twelve pounder hit their battery; almost every time balls struck the wall and made the dust fly in the air. They now have left their breastwork near the church, and have fallen back to the Tivola Garden; they have succeeded in gaining the brick-kiln; this is surely an important point for the enemy, and they are making desperate efforts to hold the Tivola Garden.

Myself and a party of our men were detailed to go out reconnoitering, and came very near being captured by the lancers, who numbered over two hundred, who were trying to cut off our retreat; but a few good shots from our howitzer (which we had along), saved us from being cut off. We returned and reported to Gov. Childs. We discovered that the Mexicans have breastworks built across all the streets leading to our quarters.

After I had something to eat, I went to a side room and viewed the body of William Eurick; his faithful friend, Jerry Corson, was standing by his body in tears. The body was cleanly washed, and dressed in the same suit he fell in. While

examining the body, I found several bullet holes in his pants, and one bullet hole through the sole of his boot, which must have been fired at him after he had fallen dead in the street.

What good was it to fire through the body of a dead man, or even wounded, if found alive? It would have been looked upon as murder to shoot a man after he was laying on the ground in agony.

After 5 o'clock, P. M., we buried him back of our Quartel San Jose, among the poplar trees. We could not bury him any sooner as the firing from the enemy's breastworks (now vacant), was so great and severe, that the moment a soldier got outside of his quarters he was fired upon and shot down.

His coffin, (which was made of rough boards, as no other could be obtained at this time), was placed on a cannon-carriage and hauled to his grave and he was buried with all the honors of war.

He now sleeps where the soldier should sleep, on the field of his fame, where the poplar and the weeping willow kissing a passing rivulet, forms a gloomy canopy over his remains. Here he will rest beneath the clods of the valley, undisturbed, we hope, by the clamor of battles and the loud roar of the cannons and the rattling of musketry, until the last summons shall have gone forth to the nations of the earth, when the warrior and civilian will appear before the eternal throne.

Corp. William Eurick, hailed from Little York, Pa., he came with that little band, already mentioned, where he, with the rest of his comrades, left that little town of his birth, with enthusiasm and patriotic feeling.

As already stated, he met his fate while gallantly and bravely rushing at the Mexican breastworks, which, before, his death, was constantly annoying us; in doing which, he received his mortal wound through the heart, which almost caused instant death!

He was a genial, a brave soldier, and a beloved companion. Thus another flower is stricken down from our little band. Another one has left our company's ranks, and a hero,

a jewel, stolen from some treasure of love at home, for the dark and silent tomb.

Thus our soldiers are daily passing away, and almost hourly in some grave-yard the soil of a foreign land is flung upon our gallant soldiers, who have either died from the bloody hands of the enemy, or have fell victims to that dreadful disease diarrhœa.

To-night, I learn that my friend, John B. Herron, of our Co. C, was severely wounded, while on picket-guard, Post 9 and 10; also, two of Co. A's and two of Co. D's, and one of Co. I's, all belonging to the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. A marine was wounded while standing guard at the hospital; and one rifleman was killed while on picket-guard at Post 7.

There has been more firing to-day and to-night than at any time since the siege commenced.

Friday, October 1, 1847.—This morning there was little firing, and we noticed that the Mexicans had removed their battery from the position of yesterday. I guess Sergt. Orwill and Corp. Casey, with their twelve-pounders, were too much for Gen. Santa Anna's artillerymen.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., the Mexican army, numbering about five thousand men, were seen coming towards this city. They moved out on the National *Ruta* leading to Amozoquco, and, when opposite to Gaudaloupa Heights, the artillery stopped and turned their pieces towards Gaudaloupa and fired several round shot at our men, who were stationed there as a garrison, but doing no damage. They then fell into line and left for El Pinal Pass, there to await the coming train and try to plunder it of its contents—that is, if they will be successful. Thus, Gen. Santa Anna, after several most desperate efforts to capture this city, has failed, and is compelled to leave without carrying out his much *fanfarron* proclamation to his people in regard to capturing this city and driving us out and showing us no quarter.

Oh, Santa Anna, we have heard your *fanfarronado* before and it was the general opinion among the soldiers that you would be sadly disappointed in your object, and that you would leave this city more quickly than you came, with stinging fleas in your ears, which, from the present retreat of your army, is true!

The train which Gen. Santa Anna is going to meet is under the command of Gen. Joseph Lane, and is about fifteen hundred strong. It is composed of infantry, cavalry and several pieces of artillery, also Captain Walker's Texas Rangers with it. These officers would sooner fight than eat, and they will give Gens. Santa Anna and Torrejon battle in the El Paso Pass, which is a strong position for defence. I have been there and know all about it. We have worked our way through and so will Gen. Lane.

Gen. Rea, with about a thousand men, is to remain here. His force is mostly mounted lancers. They are to harass and annoy us and shoot down a poor soldier whenever an opportunity offers.

In the evening I noticed that the Mexicans had still the picket-guard stationed around the city, and, of course, fired at every picket or other soldier who might happen to be outside his quarters.

To-day one of Co. A, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was badly wounded. He was shot from the house-top behind the battlement wall. By-the-by, most every house in the towns or cities has strong battlement walls from two to four feet high from the roof, through which they have loopholes, mostly for musketry, from which they fire, and all our men who may venture outside their quarters are shot down.

To-day nearly all those men who were not on guard were detailed to put up additional breastworks around our quarters; also large ladders were made and placed around the parapet so that in case of an unexpected attack we could ascend at a moment's notice.

I have just been informed that a courier has arrived with despatches from Gen. Lane, stating that the train left Perote Castle yesterday morning on its way hither, and would push through as fast as possible.

This news was enthusiastically received; and on the receipt of it, Gov. Childs instantly despatched a courier back to tell Gen. Lane to be prepared, as Gen. Santa Anna with about five thousand troops, will make a stand at El Pinol Pass, and to strongly oppose him at that place. The courier told Gov. Childs, that he saw the Mexican army on the other side of the Amozoquco, on their way to El Pinol; when he first saw them, he thought they were our men, but when he saw his mistake, he turned about-face and started across the plains limping with a stick, letting on that he was an old crippled Mexican. Thus no notice was taken of him, and passing to their rear he again reached the National road.

Later in the evening it was discovered that the Mexicans were leaving the Tivola Garden, hauling away all their cotton bales out on the National *ruta*, there, no doubt, to build a breastwork across the road, to fire upon Gen. Lane's train when they should enter the city; that is, if our men are successful at the El Pinol Pass. But we have no fear but that Gen. Lane and Sam Walker will knock helter skelter out of Gens. Santa Anna and Terrejon, at El Pinol Pass.

To-day one of the diarrhœa blues wanted to run across the street, and was instantly and dangerously shot in the side, he was shot from the same port-hole where one of Co. A's men was shot. When Gov. Childs heard of it he remarked, that that house has got to be destroyed in some way or other.

To-night the firing is going on quite briskly, and we can plainly hear the sentinels answer each other's questions about old Santa, and what they intend to do.

Saturday, October 2, 1847.—This morning I was again detailed to go on picket-guard, it seems that my turn comes pretty often.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., our Quartel San Jose commenced to shake. The things that were hanging on the walls were set swinging to and fro, and we all looked at one another with astonishment and much horrified, not knowing what it meant. But we were soon informed that it was a slight shock of an earthquake among the volcanic mountains.

At 10 o'clock, I was put on guard, and while going to my post, I noticed a dragoon who was watering his horse, was shot in his right thigh, fracturing it so badly that it soon afterwards had to be amputated; it is feared that he will die.

At noon two of Co. A's and one of Co. I's, all of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, were wounded while going to their respective posts. Co. A has but eighteen men now fit for duty, the rest being either dead or wounded.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., Gov. Childs issued orders to the men to get themselves ready with sixty rounds of cartridges, as he was going to charge on and destroy some of these port-hole houses and all other barricaded buildings, from which the firing has been so severe on our men for the last few weeks. In fact, the bullets fly right into our fire-place, and men have been wounded while cooking; and I have known on several occasions, bullets to go through our coffee pots, and we have lost all our coffee.

The different detachments formed some time ago, were again ordered to form into their respective companies.

The first detachment, which is composed mostly of riflemen and Voltiguers, under command of Lieut. Morgan, is to charge on the barricade near the picket-post, No. 7 and 8. The second detachment, marines, under command of Lieut. Merrifield, is to charge on and take possession of a certain building from which we have been recently annoyed by receiving a rattling fire most every hour. The third detachment is composed of ten picked men from each company, (that is, from the six companies of Pennsylvania Volunteers), First Sergt. Edwin R. Biles, of Co. A, Fourth United States Artillery, volunteered his services, he was appointed Sergeant over the company,

they were under the command of Capt. William F. Small, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Capt. Small was ordered to cut his way through the walls of a whole row or square of stone houses, so as to get in the rear of the Mexican battery that was erected across the street, one square from San Jose Quartel.

This expedition I missed, on account of being on picket-guard. I tried to be relieved to go with the expedition, but the officer of the day would not let me off, saying that picket-duty was one of the most important stations in the department. I even went to Capt. Small to see whether he couldn't get me off to go with him, but no go; but I assure you friends Jake was not idle, as I was constantly firing at the enemy, and the enemy at me. And I can positively say that I have laid out several that will fire at me no more; in fact I am surprised myself that I haven't been killed or wounded. The picket-posts Nos. 5 and 6, and the post that I am stationed on, are doubled, and are ordered to keep up a constant firing on the enemy, so as to draw the Mexicans on our way. When everything was ready to start, a fire from the twelve pounder was to be the signal for all the parties to charge. Boom! went off the twelve pounder. Lieut. Merrifield charged on the building designated for him with *huzza!* *huzza!* and took it in a gallant manner, without the loss of a single man, either killed or wounded. He drove the enemy from the building, and is now in full possession of it, and we are rejoicing over the result.

Lieut. Morgan made his charge on a well-barricaded house, but he was not so fortunate. He was repulsed by an unexpected large force of the enemy, and was compelled to fall back one square. After Gov. Childs heard of his (Morgan's) repulse, he ordered them to fall back to their quarters, which was done in good order. In their charge they lost one man, named John H. Burgess, a Voltiguer, who was killed out-right, and four or five wounded. Lieut. Morgan seemed to be much mortified on account of his defeat, and

said the reason of their repulse was in not having ladders to climb up, and get into the windows of the barricaded house; and seeing that there was no earthly hope of taking this barricaded house, fell back in good order one square for protection, and to save themselves from being shot down like dogs. He spoke highly of his detachment.

Word now comes from Capt. Small's party of fifty picked men, saying that they are at work piercing their way through the deserted stone houses, so as to get in the rear of the enemy's battery, and then charge upon the enemy by surprise; that is, provided the enemy don't stop them before they get through, but there is no fear on our side of the house, for the Captain is a fighting man, and all his men are fighting soldiers, and have expressed a determination to capture the breastworks, if possible.

At 6 o'clock, P. M., Col. Black went to the headquarters and told the balance of the soldiers off duty, that he wanted them all to build a breastwork across some street. After a little murmuring, they went to work. During all this time the enemy opened a fearful fire on those working on the breastwork; but, as far as I hear, they have done very little damage, except wounding one man.

We now see a large body of lancers near our picket posts, forming, and moving some of their bales of cotton, so as to give them a chance to fire upon our men without injuring themselves; but we on the picket guard opened a volley of musketry, and also the twelve pounder gave them a few solid pills, which had the effect of soon scattering them in all confusion, and fell back out of the reach of our artillery.

Up to this time there is no later news from Capt. Small and his party, but Gov. Childs thinks he is all right.

Fort Loretto and some of our howitzers are keeping up a constant firing on the doomed city, so that the enemy cannot hear our men digging through the walls. The rockets swept through the street, leaving it in one mass of fire. The firing of musketry and cannons, intermingled with the terrific peals

of thunder and lightning, made it an awful night. Firing was kept up until it *lluvia* (rained), which silenced the firing on both sides, and we were not sorry for it, for we have been kept steady at it all day.

Twelve o'clock, P. M. Capt. Small sent in word to Gov. Childs, stating that all is working right with him, and that he expects to be at his journey's end about morning if nothing happens him.

At this time a cowardly Mexican *greaser* came up the street and fired his escopet at me, the ball fortunately passing through my canteen. It seems these greasers are still after me, trying all plans to get me out of the way, and I again made a very narrow escape.

Sunday, October 3, 1847.—This morning, before daylight, our men were again all called under arms, on account of nearly all the bells in the city ringing, and other excitement. The air was again filled with rockets, etc. I was informed by a friendly Mexican that all their excitement was to excite the people and arouse them to arms to protect their homes, firesides, and their country; but, like all bombastic appeals, it proved a failure.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., word came from Capt. Small to Gov. Childs, stating that they have succeeded in reaching the large red house, and that they were now cutting their way through the last wall, and had so far met little opposition from the enemy. About an hour afterwards another messenger came, stating that he had gained a position opposite the barricade by driving the enemy away with a loss of fifteen killed and wounded. The enemy let their dead lie; and all the wounded, except two, who were too badly wounded, escaped. The enemy had taken our men for their friends, and knew no better until our men fired a volley into them; when they saw their error they ran in all confusion. This news pleased Gov. Childs so much that he threw up his cap and hallooed out at the top of his voice, and with a wave of his right hand, "good for Capt. Small and his little band." There was, on the strength of this news, much rejoicing and a general shaking of hands.

It seems that some of the Mexicans, who were in another building or room, when they saw that they were our men, put their muskets through the port-holes of the wall, and then fired upon our men, shooting two fingers off of one of Co. I's men, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. This was about all the damage the Mexicans have done to Capt. Small's party.

The barricade, just captured by Capt. Small, consists of one hundred and fifty bales of cotton; all stolen from the manufacturers in and around this city; which, on the enemy's retreat, was set on fire by the enemy, and nearly all consumed. These cotton bales formed their breastworks, and from these works the firing was very annoying to our men. These breastworks were well built and planned, they were formed two and three bales deep, so that our twelve pounders could not have much effect upon it.

Thus friends you will see that the Mexicans have also adopted Gen. Andrew Jackson's plan for building breastworks of cotton bales; and, no doubt, telling the owners if you want to save your cotton you will have to fight for it.

After the red house (so called on account of it being red) was captured, our soldiers instantly made port-holes through the walls, and occupied it as well as the corner building. During their firing and repairing, a young and gentle-looking Mexican came up the street (not knowing that Capt. Small had taken possession of the barricade). He loaded his escopet, and then putting his head into the window, and was about to fire off his gun, when, at that instant, one of Co. K (John H. Herron, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers,) up with his gun and shot the Mexican. He falling out of the window on the stone pavement, and suffered in great agony. When Capt. Small heard of it he denounced the shooting as a most brutal and cowardly act. The Captain picked him up and brought him into Gov. Child's headquarters, where medical aid was brought in. The poor fellow prayed and cried like a child, saying that he wished to see his father, mother, sister and the priest, as he was surely going to die.

He was not a regular soldier, he merely volunteered during the siege of Puebla. He was well-dressed, and had a brand-new escopet, no doubt fitted out by his parents and friends. He is very intelligent, and says that there has been a great many killed and wounded since the siege commenced. The poor fellow censured our soldier for shooting him in cold blood. He not knowing that our men had captured the building. He only lived three hours, when he died. He was soon buried, near where he fell, without seeing his parents or priest, as there being no way to send for his parents or priest, on account of them living outside of our picket-line.

This evening Col. Childs sent Lieut. Laidly, of the United States Ordnance Corps, to blow up the building, as he could not spare the men to guard it.

So at 6 o'clock, P. M., Lieut. Laidly blew it up, by placing a keg of powder under each corner of the building, and in a short time the whole building was in ruins. The shock and thundering reached the plaza, which caused considerable excitement among the citizens, they not knowing what to make of it. The bells of nearly all the churches rang. They expecting the d— Yankees were going to blow up the whole city of Puebla, as the explosion made a most fearful noise.

After the explosion and the destruction of the building, Capt. Small and his party were withdrawn and returned to their quarters much exhausted and fatigued. They were received with applause and congratulation among their fellow-soldiers. They were declared off duty for the night, and, of course, they all went to bed and had a sleep. They all spoke highly of Capt. Small as a bold and fearless leader who worked as hard to get through the walls as any of the men, and remarked, that if they succeeded in accomplishing their work in breaking through the whole row of houses, it would be recorded as one of the most daring deeds of the whole war.

They all say that the breaking through all these houses was no easy job, not knowing, when they got through one house,

whether the other might not be full of Mexicans, and the moment our men got through the wall they might have been shot down before they knew where they were. It rained hard all night, which made the operation still more disagreeable and dangerous, for the fall of rain was so heavy that they couldn't hear whether there was anything in the next house or not.

During to-day's firing two of Co. D and one of our company (C) were wounded, and one rifleman, named Smith, was killed at Post 7. When his death was announced in our quarters, he was brought in and buried with honors.

Monday, October 4, 1847.—This morning there was another ringing of bells and firing of rockets—blowing the charge around all the Mexican quarters. This alarming and confusing of the citizens is another appeal from Gen. Rea to the people to arouse and take up arms and defend their firesides; but, like all the rest of appeals, was in vain, and the citizens would not rally around his guerilla flag. So the firing was not so brisk as it had been before, except the blanket *agrasients*, who are constantly firing at our pickets from behind the house corners, etc.

About 9 o'clock, A. M., I called on several of Capt. Small's party—so called, and talked about picking their way through a whole row of stone houses. They all praised Capt. Small and Sergt. E. R. Biles as brave and heroic officers. Even Mr. John H. Herron, who shot the Mexican boy or young man at the window, says that Capt. Small is one of the most daring officers he ever heard or read of, but he thinks that the Captain was a little too hasty in expressing his feelings and sympathy for the Mexican boy or young man. He says that he saw the Mexican come up the street with his escopet in his hand, and going into the building the back way, and soon afterwards again saw him going to a window, and it looked to him (Herron) as if the Mexican was getting ready to fire. When he saw this, he up with his musket and fired first, and brought him (the young Mexican) to the pavement. He also says, that he is fully convinced that the Mexicans knew that our

force was in one end of the building, and that this *poor innocent young Mexican* had fully made up his mind to shoot the Yankee, but the Yankee was too quick for him.

At noon I volunteered to go on picket guard for two hours, at Post 7; it seems the sentinel that was to go on this post was shot and dangerously wounded at his mess fire-place, just before going on guard, and there being no one just at hand, I went on duty, and never did I see sharper shooting; it seems that I was a perfect target for the Mexicans; and judging from the balls fired and bouncing around the street and pavement, they must have been from some of our own rifles.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., an express came from Gen. Scott at city of Mexico, saying that everything is quiet at the city of Mexico, and was anxious to know how the garrison is getting along, whether Gen. Santa Anna has taken any position of note from us, and also was very anxious to know whether Gen. Santa Anna had succeeded in raising the citizens of Puebla to arms, to drive the American forces out of Puebla.

Gen. Santa Anna, before he left the city of Mexico, boasted that he would march with the balance of his army to Puebla, storm and take possession of the said city, and drive the Yankees out and into the Gulf of Mexico, or die in the attempt.

It is true, Gen. Santa Anna has made several desperate attempts to capture this city from our little garrison, but has been defeated each time, not even capturing a single soldier. Gen. Santa Anna himself is now en route for that direction, and I think, the way things look, Gen. Santa Anna will himself be driven into the Gulf of Mexico.

The report also states that Gen. Scott hung forty deserters—soldiers that deserted from our army during the war with Mexico; they were called the St. Patrick Guards, a very appropriate name; they were nearly all captured at the bloody battle of Churubusco, and among those captured was the notorious Col. Riley, who was a lieutenant in the Third United States Infantry, and deserted at Fort Brown, Texas, in May, 1846. He was one of our bitterest enemies in all Mexico, and

the only thing that saved his neck was that he had deserted just before the time our government declared war against the republic of Mexico. Capt., or Col. Riley, as he is called, received sixty lashes on his bare back, and branded his cheek with the letter D (deserter), and is now in irons in the castle of Chapultepec, there to remain until the termination of this war now raging in Mexico.

In the evening Gov. Childs went to Fort Loretto to see how things looked there. After he was satisfied that everything was right, he left for Guadaloupa Heights. While on his way up, a party of lancers came out of a corn-field close by, and drove him back to Fort Loretto. A Mexican officer on a splendid white horse, rode up and fired his pistol off at the Colonel, when instantly, a shot from Fort Loretto, (a twelve pounder), struck the gallant officer, which completely cut him in two; the rest left in double-quick time leaving him lay, no doubt they will remove his body to-night.

Late this evening, a Mexican greaser missed the boundary line, and got one square too far up towards our quarters, and on turning around the corner, he saw his dangerous position and gave himself up to our picket-guard as a prisoner of war. He had a musket at the time, loaded and cocked ready for use, it was one of the old Florida muskets belonging to the United States.

To-day five of the picket-guards were wounded, and it is reported that another rifleman was shot dead at his post. The riflemen seem to be very unfortunate as they mostly all are killed outright.

To-night the firing is very lively and continues on. Until we will be relieved by re-enforcements, then, and not until then, will we be able to drive these infernal highway robbers and cut-throats out of the city.

This continual killing and wounding of our men is fast decreasing our garrison, in fact, scarcely can we raise two hundred and fifty men that are able and fit for duty. Some are dying in the hospital, while those on duty are either killed

or wounded. But we are determined, (what is left of us), to hold out to the last man, rather than to yield up to the enemy.

I learned to-night, that the messenger who came from the city of Mexico, was the third one that has been sent from that place to Col. Childs, the rest having either been captured or killed by the guerillas, so you see that to be a messenger in this country is a dangerous position.

Tuesday, October 5, 1847.—This morning, as usual, firing from street corners and house-tops, until about 8 o'clock, A. M., when a company of lancers, accompanied with some infantry make their appearance on the Amozoquco Road making a big dust.

I assure you there was some anxiety to know the cause of their coming in from that direction.

It is now supposed by our men, that Gen. Santa Anna must have encountered Gen. Lanes' forces, and after getting whipped, were now on their retreat to this city to assist Gen. Rea to try to drive us out again.

At noon we discovered the enemy carting sand-bags and fortifying Saint Augustine Church, also building a small breast-work in the Tivola Garden. Gov. Childs ordered his favorite, the twelve-pounder, to be brought into the square in front of our quarters, and placed in a position to play upon the church if they attempt to fire upon our train when it enters the city, for it must come in on the Amozoquco Road. Sergts. Orwill and Biles and Corp. Casey were again ordered to take charge of the twelve-pounder.

In the afternoon Capt. Herron, of Co. K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was ordered with his company to take possession of a brick building—in fact, it is more of a brickyard—enfilading the plaza. Around this brickyard was also a stone wall, from behind which the enemy annoyed us very much. Capt. Herron's orders were, that after he had captured the brickyard and building, to tear or blow it down and hold possession of the ground.

The Captain started, and when near the stone wall, he charged with a yell, and took the brick house and yard in a gallant manner, with only a few slightly wounded. For this brilliant achievement the Captain and his company were highly congratulated by Gov. Childs. The enemy that guarded the brick house retreated to the Saint Augustine Church, and instantly opened a heavy fire on Capt. Herron's company. Gov. Childs, seeing the dangerous position of Capt. Herron, ordered Sergt. Orwill to fire the twelve-pounder on the Saint Augustine Church, and, I tell you, the way the big Sergeant and his little crew handled and aimed their cannon was a caution. He put eight or ten balls right into the arches or belfry of the steeple—doing considerable damage—yet at the same time the Mexicans would not cease firing until a bombshell from Fort Loretto fell right into the churchyard, which made them scatter and the dust fly.

After this the enemy left the church and made several attempts to rally their forces, and charged upon some of our weak points, but were repulsed with great loss.

In the evening a small party of our men left Gaudaloupa Heights to reconnoitre, and when they got down near the Tivola Garden, a body of about two hundred lancers were trying to cut our men off, and were very near accomplishing their aim in capturing our men, but, fortunately, a bomb from Fort Loretto exploded near them. They then saw their danger, and prepared for what might come. Our men brought with them several wagonloads of apples and a large quantity of turkeys, chickens and *puerco* (hogs), which, I assure you, came in very good.

Late this evening Lieut. Montgomery P. Young, of Co. G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, aged thirty-two, died after a very short illness, Lieut. Young is from Philadelphia, Pa., and was by profession a lawyer. He was a talented, brave and good officer, very kind and good to his men. Rumors have it, that a few days ago Lieut. Young, with a small party of soldiers, went out foraging after beef or

anything they could get hold of. They did not go far, before they came to a flock of sheep; which, like all flocks of sheep in this country, were guarded and protected by a shepherd and his faithful dogs. Lieut. Young gave orders to capture the sheep. The shepherd and his dogs resisted from falling into the hands of their capturers. At this instant Lieut. Young pulled out his pistol and shot the poor shepherd (not intentionally) dead, and brought in the sheep to be slaughtered for our garrison. It is said that when the shepherd fell his dogs straddled over his dead body and moaned and licked his face. They say it was a sad scene. A sudden change came over Lieut. Young, and it is naturally presumed that this unfortunate and sad act troubled and worried Lieut. Young to death.

Lieut. Young was buried to-night back of our quarters (San Jose) under several large poplar trees.

The firing to-day and to-night is not so brisk as it has been for several days back.

Wednesday, October 6, 1847.—This morning, as usual, firing from all corners and house-tops.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., a lancer was taken prisoner from behind Fort Loretto. He says that Gen. Lane and his train is just beyond the El Pinal Pass. The prisoner was dressed as a ranchero in *disfraz*, for the purpose of bringing in the news to Gov. Childs. He also says that the lancers ran him so hard that he was obliged to dismount and take to the corn-fields to save his life, and this is the reason he came in the back way, so as to avoid the lancers from seeing him. But his tale is not believed by our officers; and, therefore, he was put in the guard-house for the present time. In fact our men looked upon him as a spy, trying to find out our forces and different positions and strength, for the Mexicans can't believe that our forces are so small, for the enemy says that when we yell or cheer it sounds as if we were about five thousand strong.

At noon, owing to Capt. Herron's party making a raise of apples yesterday, most every mess in our quarters (San Jose) had apple dumplings for dinner, but the infernal *greasers* stopped our *leche*, so were obliged to eat them without *leche*, but we had plenty of sugar, and I can assure you we didn't growl much about the *leche*.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., a Mexican came around the corner with a white flag, and a letter in his hand addressed to Gov. Childs. The Sergeant of the guard took him in charge, and handed him over to the Governor; and in about a half an hour he returned, and the Sergeant escorted the Mexican outside of our picket-line.

The result and contents of the letter I did not learn, but I suppose it was like all the rest, to exchange prisoners in disguise, so as to catch us Yankees in a trap.

We still hold possession of the Tivola Garden, but exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's breastworks, near the Saint Augustine Church, and from other vicinities, which is annoying our men very much.

In the afternoon some of our pickets discovered a fire in a building close to our quarters; several of our men went to the burning building, and to their astonishment they found several drunken teamsters lying on the floor asleep; our men soon extinguished the fire, and they say that had it not been for our picket-guard, they would have been burned up like a *terebintia barrilete* (turpentine barrel), for they were really travelling distilleries when they got up and left.

During the day, three of our pickets were wounded while on duty at their posts; also one of our teamsters while crossing the street, was shot through the foot, fracturing it to such an extent, that it is feared that it will have to be amputated; also one of Co. A, Fourth United States Artillery, wounded through the left knee.

It has rained all the afternoon, which has the effect of slackening the firing considerably, with no regret on our side.

In the evening one of the dragoons (a young man too) died. Previous to his death he looked as pure as an orange-flower that clasped his forehead. He was stricken down as he stood at his post, and from the din and rattling of musketry and rounds of artillery, he was borne to the grave, the garden of the slumberers, never to rise more.

Thursday, October 7, 1847.—This morning while my friend Albutus Welsh was on picket-guard, he heard several shots which sounded about two squares from our quarters, up the street, he watched for he was anxious to know the cause, or to find out who was firing from that section of the city, before he gave the alarm, when to his surprise, he saw five or six of the hospital rangers sitting in the street, shooting at some tame pigeons on the house-tops, as unconcerned as if there weren't any enemy about. Comrade Welsh called to them several times, and told them not to fire as they might draw the fire of the enemy that way, but like all the diarrhœa rangers, would pay no attention to what he said. So the sentinel was compelled to call the Sergeant of the guard, and the Sergeant the Officer of the Day; who sent word to the sentinel, to shoot the first soldier who disobeyed his orders, but by this time the diarrhœa blues had left the street for their hospital, thus sparing Mr. Welsh, the unpleasantness of shooting at one of his own comrades.

At noon one of our riflemen, who has been sick and in the hospital, slipped the hospital guard and went too far down the street. A party of Mexicans, who happened to be concealed in a house close by, fired a volley of musketry through the unfortunate victim's body, mangling him in the most horrid manner. This poor soldier had to lie where he fell in the street, for none of our men dared to go down to get possession of his body; same to the Mexicans, for death would be certain to any one who would attempt to cross on either side.

The firing to-day has been very severe, especially from those who are on large buildings, behind the brick or lattice works. Below Post No. 6 the Mexicans have the range of the steeple

guarded, and whenever any one of our men shows himself he is instantly fired upon by half a dozen sharp-shooters, from our American deserters, with our own United States rifles; but bless them if we ever should be so fortunate as to catch them; there wouldn't be much controversy held over them.

In the evening our wood has run out, and as the Mexicans have forbidden all fuel, produce, etc., from coming into our quarters, we were of course obliged to go to work and pull down gates, doors, windows, door-sills, etc.; in fact, everything in the shape of wood and rubbish was gathered in a few hours, and it wasn't long before we had several cords of wood piled up in the yard; so the enemy didn't make much by that operation.

Friday, October 8, 1847.—This morning, and in fact since 12 o'clock last night, everything in and around the city is very quiet, so much so that our men begin to think that it looks very suspicious, not one shot being fired all morning. Gov. Childs remarked that he don't like this sudden ceasing of firing and quietness; he thinks that the Mexicans are doing this to make us believe that they have left the city, and therefore throw us off our guard, and try to surprise us.

So on the strength of this quietness, Gov. Childs came to our quarters and ordered the reveille to be beaten one hour and a half before daylight; so in case the Mexicans did intend to surprise us, they would be disappointed, and us Yankees wide awake to receive them.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., news came from Guadalupe Heights, stating that the enemy were moving towards this city from the Amozuquo Road, and another division on the so-called Orzaba Road; the latter with about three or four thousand lancers and infantry. This report must surely be a mistake in regard to numbers, for there cannot be more than two thousand lancers outside of the city, unless Gen. Santa Anna is coming back. The approaching of the lancers towards this city means some mischief, and as a matter of course we were immediately put under arms to meet the *crises*.

About noon the whole Mexican force came marching, with their banners flying, their band playing the national airs of the land of the Montezumas, into the city of Puebla. Then you should have heard the ringing of bells, shooting of sky-rockets and shouting. It was enough noise to make the Mexicans all go crazy.

About 3 o'clock, P. M., the enemy made several desperate attempts to drive our men out of Tivola Garden, but we kept firing volley after volley in among them, which kept them at bay. They can now be seen gathering in full force near Tivola Garden, sounding the charge and their bands playing patriotic pieces. Everything looks much confused and excited among the enemy. The housetops, balconies and windows were all filled with anxious spectators to witness these brave and gallant lancers make a charge on the Yankees and drive them out of the city of Puebla.

While the enemy were manœuvring and getting into position to charge, Fort Loretto and Gaudaloupa Heights opened fire upon the gallant lancers. The bombs took the enemy by surprise. I say again, that the shells, bombs, etc., did all the work, and in one hour the Tivola Garden—that is, at one end—was clear again of the Mexicans and our men in possession of the garden.

At this instant Col. Childs ordered all soldiers that were able up on the ramparts of San Jose, and such cheers as we sent up none but American soldiers could send; they made the very hills echo. Lieut.-Col. Black remarked that he did not think that we could halloo so loud and wicked—only getting half rations to live on and scarcely any rest.

This little excitement and hurraing called up our bugler, Mr. William Byrely, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who played Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, and other national airs, which caused another hearty cheering. The enemy are now out of sight and the firing has ceased.

During the enemy's firing a rifleman was shot through the head and instantly killed on his post, No. 9.

Towards evening we left the ramparts, fully convinced that the enemy had changed their programme from a charge to a retreat.

I regret to say that a nice little boy who was waiting on Col. Ramsey, of the Eleventh Regiment, like many others, when his regiment, the First, marched on to the city of Mexico, was left here sick, was shot through the leg while crossing the street. He cried bitterly, and wanted to see his papa and mamma.

To-night Col. Black came to our quarters and ordered about fifty men up on the ramparts to watch the movements of the enemy. He thinks this retreat was only a sham to throw us off our guard. It rained hard at the time, which, of course, made it anything but comfortable for the men to lay on the ramparts without any shelter to protect them from the torrents of rain. Yet the men seemed to take it all cheerfully; not a growl or murmur was heard among them.

Twelve o'clock, night.—The Mexicans commence heavy firing on our pickets and quarters. This shows that they have not left the city. Our men are returning the compliment, and letting them know that we are still about.

Saturday, October 9, 1847.—This morning Lieut.-Col. Black came to our quarters and asked those who were not on active duty to go on guard, as the firing was very heavy, and fearing that the enemy, on account of it raining, might make an attack, and drive in some of our pickets. He said that he was fully aware that we were nearly all done out, and to do this for his sake; which orders were obeyed. It rained fearfully, yet the enemy kept up a constant firing, but doing little or no damage.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., another flag of truce came into Gov. Child's quarters, asking Gov. Childs to cease firing and hostilities for three days, as the Archbishop of Puebla was dead, that they were going to hold high mass, and other religious ceremonies over him, and wishing no firing on either side during that time. We cheerfully accepted the ceasing of

firing, for we wanted a little rest, too; besides showing all due respect to the reverend dead.

The flag of truce was this time accompanied by two Catholic priests. When they first came to our pickets they were, of course, halted, and the Sergeant of the guard called. The Sergeant noticed what was up, took the Officer of the Day, who happened to be Capt. Small, with him. Here Capt. Small took out his pocket handkerchief, and tied it over the priests' eyes; after which he brought them stumbling to Gov. Child's quarters. During the time the priests were in Gov. Child's quarters the streets leading to our quarters were filled with a mass of excited people; no doubt all anxiously waiting for their return, and to hear the result and prospect of the flag of truce.

After their consultation was over the priests were escorted outside of our picket-line, and proceeded on down the street, where they were greeted by a large crowd of their fellow-citizens, who followed them to the Catholic cathedral and heard the report of their commission.

At noon I was put on picket-guard with instructions not to fire on any Mexican, who might happen to be in the street, unless fired upon by the Mexicans first. After these instructions I proceeded to Post 9. So while the Sergeant was going to the other sentinels to give them the same orders he, himself, had four shots fired at him; one shot hit his coat button, and he made a very narrow escape from not being killed. The Sergeant returned and reported the outrage to Gov. Childs, who said that he would hold the armistice sacred, as becomes an American's honor.

It was supposed by our men that the Mexican officers had not yet cautioned their sentinels on their posts. After this there was no more firing until towards evening, when one of Co. K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was shot in the leg from a house-top, near Post No. 6.

This has caused a little indignation among our officers and soldiers, about the Mexicans violating the armistice; and if they don't stop firing we will return the fire.

This evening the last of our beef has just been issued by our Commissary. So we will soon be out of beef and wood, and for some time only on half rations. The cry is, "What will become of us?" If Gen. Lane don't soon arrive to our relief, God only knows what will become of us, for we have resolved never to surrender, and the Mexicans have threatened that if we don't soon surrender they will make this a second *Alamo*. Yet we still live in hopes of our train coming shortly. God speed to it and guide it safely through the fiery and threatening storm.

There is scarcely any firing going on now, so I think the Mexicans will obey the armistice during the time named.

To-night, about 12 o'clock, while my attention was drawn to our quarters, I was suddenly attacked by three Mexicans from behind; one of these villains tried to stab me in my back, but the point of his dagger, hitting my cartridge-box belt, it glanced off, while the other greaser rushed in front of me, trying to take my rifle from me. At this instant I pushed the Mexican in front of me backwards and he fell into the street; at this time I wheeled around and shot the one who was trying to stab me in the back; he fell, but soon got up again, and the other two carried him off in their arms before I had a chance to reload again. This whole transaction of attempting to assassinate me was all done in about ten seconds. I must have shot the Mexican in the groin, because he was putting his hand there and groaning. The sentinel at Post 5 heard the scrambling and shot fired. I sent for the Sergeant of the guard, who soon reported himself, after which I related to him the circumstances: he remarked that I was the luckiest man in the whole garrison for narrow escapes. Oh! I was wishing I only had a double-barreled gun at the time!

Sunday, October 10, 1847.—This morning it gives me pleasure to note that the armistice is fully carried out on both sides, there being no firing.

This is a lovely morning; the sun came up from behind the hills clear and bright, and it reminds me of the many Sabbaths

I have spent at home ; in fact, on account of everything being so very quiet, I feel as though I was once more in a free and Christian land.

Before I was released from guard duty, I noticed two Catholic priests talking to some four or five *greasers*, who were making signs, motions, etc. I took it for granted that they were the very Mexicans who attempted to kill me last night. These old priests, as a general thing, are the bitterest enemies we have in this country ; they principally go around among the poor, ignorant, and half-civilized people, and make them believe that we, the Americans, are heretics ; that we were fighting for the cause of the *diablo* (devil), and against the Catholic Church ; that their, the Mexicans' cause was for God, Christ, and the Holy Catholic Church. In this way they make many people believe that if they fight for their country and the Catholic Church, and fall or be killed in fighting these heretics, their souls would then fly to heaven without any mass ; and this is one reason why so many bold, ignorant Mexicans stand up to be fired at, and blow their ignorant souls to heaven or some other *port*.

Before I was relieved from guard I went and examined the track of the wounded Mexican, and I saw big blood spots as far as I dared to go, and from the loss of blood, showed that I must have wounded him pretty badly—the villain who would have been my *asesino* (assassin), if not for an instant prevented.

Thus, these holy *apostles* not being satisfied with shooting our men down whenever they show their heads outside of their quarters, but must come cowardly, sneakingly, up along the walls of the houses in the darkness of the night, and try to murder a man while his face, for a minute, is turned in another direction ; but I assure this is only lent ; I will, if God spares me, make it all right with them some day.

In the afternoon the Mexicans again gathered in large numbers in the Tivola Garden, and unexpectedly and unlooked for, commenced heavy firing on our pickets, also on our quarters ; but Goy. Childs bade us not to fire, as he was determined to

respect the armistice. So when the enemy saw that we took no notice of their firing they must have got ashamed of themselves, and they soon ceased firing.

In the evening another flag of truce came to our picket line, and was stopped until our Officer of the Day went down to blindfold the bearers, after which they were brought to Gov. Childs' quarters. They looked like Mexican officers in disguise of priests, trying to find out our numbers and positions; but there is no use in coming in disguise; they cannot fool us Yankees in that way, as we are becoming acquainted with their many tricks. The mission of the bearers of the flag was not made known to us, but it was rumored that it was about exchanging prisoners.

This afternoon the Mexicans are seen walking from one square or block to another as unconcerned as if there was no Yankee soldier in the city.

This evening we saw the Mexicans withdrawing their forces from an old church building up by the Post No. 9; so we will no more hear the sounding of the reveille and tattoos grating on our ears from that quarter. Yet there are plenty of Mexicans in the church opposite the Tivola Garden, drilling every day and evening.

Later in the evening, about 10 o'clock, our picket guard who is stationed in the rear of our quarters fired off two successive shots. This alarm aroused the whole garrison, and all rushed upon the ramparts, as to hear a fire from that quarter was something unusual; but we were not up long before a heavy fire opened upon us from the ravine in our rear. We were so anxious to give them a volley that we could not hold from firing any longer; so we let go, and gave them a couple of good volleys, which silenced them for the night. During this firing one of Co. I, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was slightly wounded.

After the firing was over, Gov. Childs sent word for us not to fire again unless the enemy attempts to make an attack; he says he will, for his part, respect the armistice until the time runs out.

Monday, October 11, 1847.—This morning, after finding everything quiet, we left the ramparts, all still hungry with rheumatism from lying on the cold, damp roof all night, watching the enemy.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., the bells throughout the city commenced to ring in honor of the archbishop's funeral; they also tolled at intervals throughout the day. Yet, with all due respect and honor paid to the dead bishop on our side, the blanket *greasers*, who profess to be so religious, and swear by the gods that they will do anything—yes, even sacrifice their lives—for the Holy Church, kept up a continuous fire on us poor *heretics* and worshipers of the *diable*, during all these ceremonies; in fact, most of the Mexicans paid no respect or regard for the dead bishop. No wonder there is no prosperity in this bigoted country.

The gallant lancers would be riding up the Tivola Garden behind the large white pillars, and there, in bold defiance, brandish their swords; and we couldn't help but laugh at their foolish movements. They kept at it for some time, and sometimes fired off their guns; and seeing that we were taking no notice of them in returning the fire, they left in disgust; but no doubt the enemy thought it was *mucho valentios*.

This evening a poorly-clad Mexican woman, who used to, before the siege commenced, bring us *leche* to our quarters, has volunteered to be our spy. She got in past the Mexican sentinel without any suspicion, coming boldly up to our sentinel, who of course stopped her. She stated her errand, after which the Officer of the Day was called for, who quickly responded, took her to Gov. Childs' quarters, where they found a letter sewed in her garments. It was from Gen. Lane to Gov. Childs, stating that he, Gen. Lane, had a fight with Gen. Santa Anna at Huamantla, and whipped the old chieftain, and captured two pieces of artillery and Col. La Vega, son of Gen. La Vega, and Maj. Augustin Iturbide, son of the old revolutionist Emperor of Mexico.

Gov. Childs was urged to hold out, as he was at Amozuquico, and would be in Puebla to-morrow forenoon. By this time a crowd had gathered around Gov. Child's quarters, waiting for the news; when presently he came out on the balcony, smiling all over his face; he was received with cheers, after which, he made a thrilling and interesting speech.

He spoke feelingly as well as eloquently, mentioning several incidents which happened during the siege, he finished by saying "that the day is ours, the enemy with their immense forces who have harrassed us for nearly two months are whipped, and thank God, that by to-morrow noon, we will be delivered from our bondage; the siege is ended, and the suffering and privation you have endured is now over, and I thank you men who have never faltered or murmured, for your heroic conduct, and it shall forever be my proudest recollection, to point with pride to the officers and soldiers under my command, for their brilliant achievement of Puebla City. Again, I thank you, and may God bless you all."

The speech was listened to with deep and earnest attention, and after its conclusion you should have heard the cheering, shouting, whooping, hugging and pulling one another to and fro, for about half an hour, what joy and gladness was on the faces of every soldier. Men were rushing around to hunt up the old Mexican woman, and when they had found her, they asked her about fifty different questions all at the same time, all anxious to hear more; her only answer was *Si, Si, Senor*.

To-night some of our men gave her a coat and a blanket, and she slept in our quarters.

About 10 o'clock, to-night, Gov. Childs came to our quarters, and told some of our men to keep an eye on her, for fear it might be a trick of the enemy's; some of our men did keep an eye on her, but I think she is a friend of ours, and a true woman, and I feel fully satisfied that the letter from Gen. Lane is a genuine one.

In fact, the movements of the people plainly show that there is something rotten on their side of the house. No firing,

thus we are undisturbed by the enemy; thus with the good news of to-day, we can all rest and sleep with contentment.

Tuesday, October 12, 1847.—This morning nearly all the soldiers were up by the dawn of the day. Some were looking and hunting up the old Mexican woman, asking her how she rested, while others were preparing (not for election), but for the reception of the long-looked-for train, which, according to the news, will arrive to-day.

To-day being election, at home, and as we cannot participate in defending the cause of our glorious Government at the ballot-box, our feelings and well-wishes are with those of our friends whom we know will do justice in defending the soldiers who are now upholding the principle of our glorious country's flag in the land of Montezumas.

About 8 o'clock, A. M., the wood and vegetables arrived in our quarters, which at once showed us that the news of yesterday was true, and the Mexican sentinel was no longer to be seen going to his weary and watchful post.

There were a few shots fired from the Saint Augustine Church, but doing little or no damage on our side.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., the advance of Gen. Lane's command began to come in sight of Puebla.

The bells of Guadaloupa Heights rung, which was the first signal of our troops coming. Our old flag (the Stars and Stripes) was run up on the flag-staff, on the ramparts, which caused rousing cheers.

The bells of churches in our neighborhood were rung, and Fort Loretto, from her towering ramparts, made the city of Puebla, and the hills around it, echo with the peals of her artillery.

The mounted howitzers strained themselves in responding to the twelve pounders; and we, the three hundred half starved Yankees (as Gen. Rea used to call us), were wild, and filled to overflowing, with enthusiasm. We sent up huzza after huzza, until the dragoons of Gen. Lane's army had entered the outskirts of the city.

The lancers are now going to the plaza, and they seem to be determined to show fight before they leave this city. Gov. Childs instantly ordered Capt. Herron, of Co. K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to march down to the plaza, or near by, and take position. They started off, with a cheer, for the plaza. They were supported by Lieut. George Moore, of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. When Co. K got near the plaza, a body of about one hundred lancers showed themselves. Capt. Herron, seeing them forming in the plaza, ordered a charge on them, and succeeded in driving them back. But he kept following them up until he (Capt. Herron) was about three squares from the Alameda Park, where they stopped, and again showed fight by forming into line of battle, looking as if they were getting ready to charge on Capt. Herron's company. Capt. Herron now thought that the enemy had got him into a trap. He halted and formed his company to receive the charge, and, at the same time, telling his men not to fire a gun until they were sure that every shot fired would empty a saddle. After waiting for the lancers to charge, and seeing that they didn't intend to charge, on him (Capt. Herron), was about to face and fall back, but the men hallooed out, "No! no!" let us follow them. They followed the lancers until they got within one hundred yards of them, when they fired a volley of musketry into them, killing six or seven, besides wounding as many more.

Before Capt. Herron's men could reload again the lancers had made a bold charge upon his company. The lancers were, in the meantime, re-enforced from another street. Capt. Herron now saw his danger and folly. He ordered his men to stand and charge bayonets, and every man to defend himself the best way he could. They, of course, were soon overpowered, cutting our men right and left; so much so that our men were obliged to retreat the best way they could, leaving thirteen of his gallant little band lying dead on the street. Some were almost cut in two.

As soon as Lieut. Moore heard the report of musketry he



Sentinel, Post 9.

STREET FIGHT, PUEBLA CITY.

hastened to the support of Co. K, and our company (C) was ordered to follow Co. K, to drive the lancers, and save the balance of Co. K. After which they marched back to our quarters, and all but one (Co. K) were ordered out to escort the train into the city of Puebla.

As soon as the advance of Brig.-Gen. Lane entered the city, by the National Road, a volley of musketry, from a large brick building on the left of the street, was fired upon them. Gen. Lane then ordered Col. Charles Brough's Fourth Ohio Regiment to be brought into line to charge on this building, to be supported by Col. Wynkoop's four companies, of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Capt. Simmon's battery. After which they charged with a *hurrah!* When near the building they fired a volley into it, which seemed to be well fortified. The enemy now became so confused that they fled out the back way into the street. Our men then shattered down the doors, and broke the windows all to pieces.

This brick building was only one square from our outer picket post, from which, during the siege, the Mexicans kept constantly firing on our men, and succeeded in killing and wounding many of them. The capturing of this building has caused great rejoicing among our men.

In the charge on the building Mr. John Doyal, of Co. B, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was killed, besides others wounded.

After the capture of this building, the enemy started to street fighting, and our men were fired upon from the houses which had the white flag hanging out of the windows. They, of course, were picked off at every opportunity by our sharpshooters, with a hurrah.

The lancers, who have given us a good deal of trouble, are now on a retreat towards the Alameda Park, firing as they fall back. Our cavalry, consisting of six companies, under command of Major Lally, were ordered into line, and, charging upon the retreating lancers, drove them about a mile beyond

the plaza. Our riflemen would go into different streets, and whenever they saw a lancer, he would most surely be unsaddled and sometimes his horse captured. Now and then we could see them pop down a greaser from the housetops.

After we supposed we had driven the lancers out of the city, we returned to the fortified house just captured; but before we got there, a body of lancers—no doubt hidden in some *senor's* yard—came riding out of a street and fired upon us, wounding several of our men. We instantly came to about face and made a rally on the lancers, and it was not long before we had them scampering off into different streets and alleys.

By this time Col. Brough, of the Fourth Ohio, got full possession of the main entrance of the city, and sent a party of his men up on the steeple of the Saint Augustine Church and took down the Mexican flag and slit it into ribbons, and then let it fly to the winds, after which the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of our country, was placed in its stead—now waving triumphantly in the breeze in the land of the Montezumas.

But there is a good deal of street fighting and firing throughout the city. The foreign inhabitants of this city hung out their respective colors; in fact, almost every Mexican house had a white flag flying from its window, and when we passed them, they would say, "*The Americano mucho valentacho mucho valentias.*"

After the enemy had left the city, some of our men went to work and plundered the houses that the Mexicans had been firing from during the day. Some made out very well, getting from one to two hundred dollars worth of silks, shawls, etc. I could have gotten plenty of the finest silks, but what good would they be to me; so I took nothing but a splendid gentleman's shawl worth about thirty dollars. After I got this shawl, I left and returned to quarters; and its well I did, for the patrol came around and gobbled up every one and took them to the guard-house. I intend to keep this shawl, and if I live will take it home with me, as a great relic.

Every one of our men seem much rejoiced over the enemy

having met with their final defeat in this city. Their ranks are now shattered, and their flags and banners which they used to fling in our faces, are now trailing in the dust in their own *tierra caliente*.

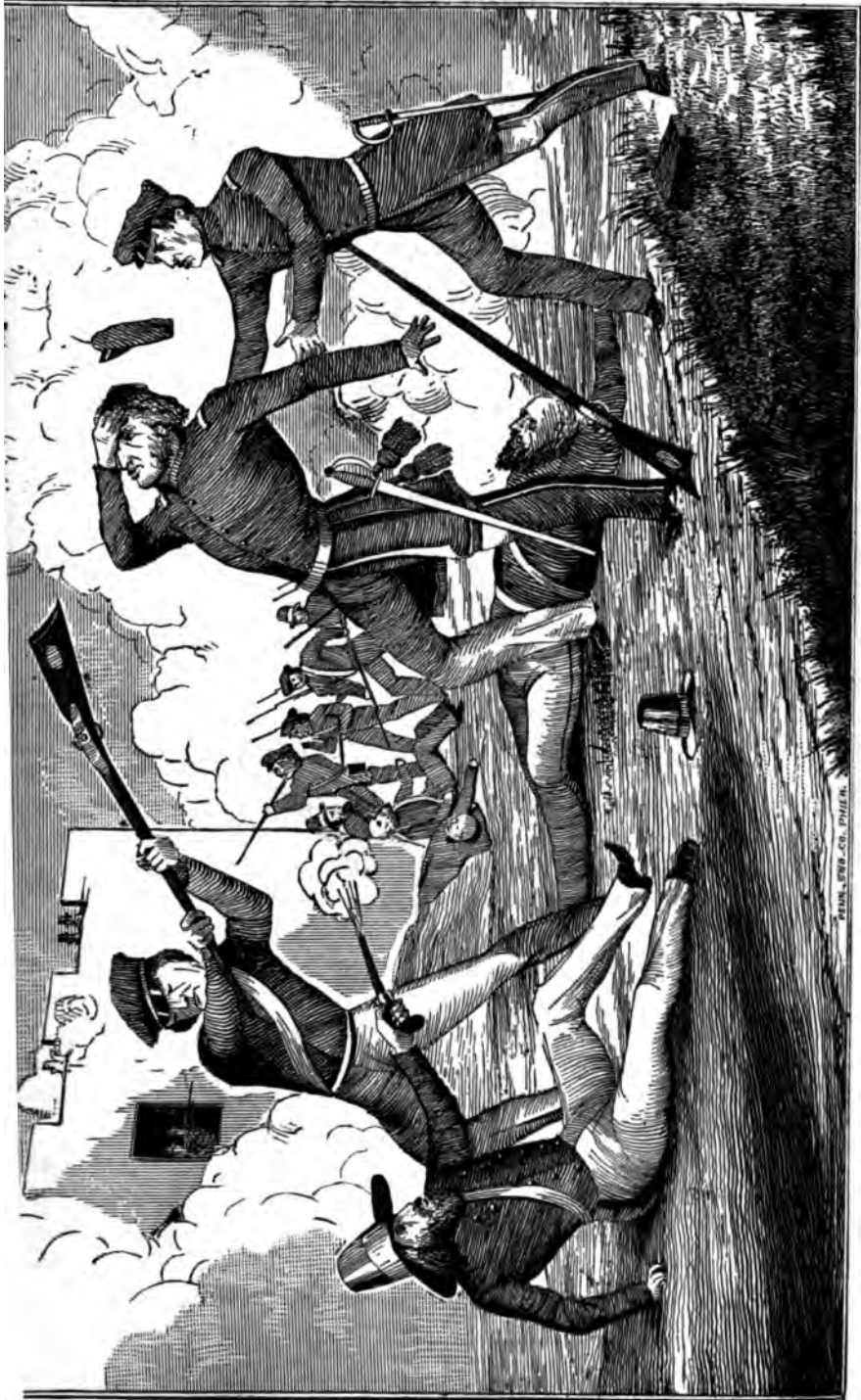
Thus the long *sitio* (siege) of Puebla City is over, and the sufferings and privations, I hope, are now ended. The siege which lasted over one month, will forever stand in the memory of every soldier who participated in it, as one of the most surprising events in the history of the Mexican war.

When its results are compared with the fierce and desperate contests and ever confident predictions of the now overwhelming and defeated enemy, let honor be given and recorded to those to whom it belongs.

I hear to-night that Gov. Childs is very indignant and mad at Capt. Herron, of Co. K, for the blunder he made in following the lancers beyond his orders.

It seems, that Capt. Herron was ordered to take a position near the plaza, and there to remain unless overpowered by the enemy, in which case, he was to fall back on his supporting company or to a place of safety. But instead of carrying out the instructions of his superior officer, he, Capt. Herron, (like most any other brave officer would do when the enemy were beating a retreat), kept following the lancers, until the lancers had Capt. Herron just where they wanted him; then suddenly a company of lancers, who had been leading Capt. Herron's company into the trap, were re-enforced with about two hundred lancers. The enemy now seeing their opportunity, charged on Capt. Herron's brave little band, and killed and wounded nearly one-half of his company. Capt. Herron himself, was wounded by a sabre cut, and made his escape by keeping under the lancer's horse.

For disobeying his orders, Gov. Childs gave Capt. Herron a severe reprimanding, and told him, that he, Gov. Childs, would never report him in his general orders to the commander-in-chief. So this is the reason that Capt. Herron's heroic deeds at Puebla City are not mentioned in Gov. Child's official report to Gen. Scott.



DEATH OF CAPT. SAMUEL H. WALKER, AT BATTLE OF HUAMANTLA, OCTOBER 8, 1874.

Wednesday, October 13, 1847.—This morning most all of our men were busy in killing hogs, turkeys and chickens, which we captured in our charge through the city yesterday; others were still out, plundering the deserted houses, which they continued to do until the dragoons were sent out to stop them.

Many houses have still the white flags hanging out of their windows for protection. Flags are flying out of the very houses from which the enemy used to fire at us only a few days ago; probably they have become reconciled.

I noticed that pieces of artillery have been placed in several streets, so as to rake and scatter the enemy, should they attempt any further hostilities, but there is not much danger of their troubling us much more, as we have them just where we want them, except the guerillas, who will no doubt, take advantage of the soldiers who may be straggling through the city alone.

To-day for the first time, we were informed of the sad intelligence of the death of Capt. Samuel H. Walker.

This distinguished partisan chief, the thunderbolt of the Texan rangers, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Huamantla, on the eighth instant, and expired in a few minutes. His last words to his men are worthy of his fame and heroic career, they were: "My brave comrades, I have at last run my race, my command over you will soon cease, yes, I hear the summons, but never mind me, maintain your ground firmly, don't yield an inch, and do as your commander did, fight until you die." And with a wave of his trembling hand he bade them "good-bye, and may God protect you all in this cause."

His colored servant Sam (so-called), stood by him and fanned his fevered brow, he took it very hard and cried like a child. Sam thought the world of his master, in fact, the whole company thought a great deal of Sam, as he was with Capt. Walker in all his skirmishes and adventures in Mexico.

He fell, but not until the battle of Huamantla was fought and won. The shout of victory was the last sound which saluted the ears of the gallant Capt. Walker.

Capt. Walker was born in Maryland, and at the time of his death was but thirty-two years of age. He had gone through more scenes of battles, adventures, bloody skirmishes, hair-breadth escapes and partisan warfare, than any other person ever encountered at the same age. He has been all through the Florida, Texan and the Mexican wars.

After routing the guerillas on Gen. Zach. Taylor's route, he was ordered to ship his company of mounted riflemen to Vera Cruz, and join Gen. Scott. He soon marched his company to Perote Castle, where he was stationed to keep the guerillas and the other outlawed statesmen at bay.

His bold and daring feats, struck terror to the hearts of these national highway robbers, on the National road. He was with us at the battles of Las Vegas and La Hoya, on the 20th of last June, when he charged and routed the enemy in every direction, and was the general cause of the enemy's defeat. At Huamantla he took a conspicuous part.

Before he arrived at Huamantla, he learned from his spies, that Gen. Santa Anna was moving from the above-named town towards the mountains; he gave a Mexican (so I am told), fifty dollars, to point out to him, Walker, the spot where Gen. Santa Anna was; the place was shown him, and he and his men resolved to hasten forward and try to surprise the enemy. On they dashed until they reached a narrow lane leading to the town, here the Captain ordered his men to close in two's. After getting closer into town, he gave orders to charge.

Onward they galloped, over ditches and ruts, and then up the street, where Capt. Walker noticed the enemy moving their artillery in position so as to play on his men, but he was too quick for them, for he was now on top of them and had captured two pieces of their artillery.

Capt. Walker trotting and galloping his horses, brought him way ahead of the Infantry.

Gen. Santa Anna now seeing that Capt. Walker was alone, called his lancers (some say about three thousand) together and approached toward Huamantla. Capt. Walker seeing the lancers coming, hastened with his men to place the captured cannons in position, and when the brave lancers came charging on his little band, he fired the cannons right into their ranks and drove them back, capturing several prisoners.

By this time, the Infantry under Gen. Lane and Col. Wynkoop, were rapidly approaching to re-enforce Capt. Walker.

The enemy, as stated, fell back. Capt. Walker loaded his guns, and was about changing his position to a churchyard surrounded by a high stone wall, to preserve the two cannons which he had captured, when at the same time a cowardly Mexican *greaser*, from the window or housetop, fired and shot him through his head, while another one shot him through his breast from behind the corner. He then fell in the arms of our Surgeon, Reynolds, of Mifflin Co., Pa., who used to be our family physician, and to whom I am indebted for the above information.

The doctor also states that the ball passed through the right side of his forehead, penetrating to the base of the brain, and the escopet ball passed through his lungs, and that he refused to be removed. His men gathered around him and he addressed them in the words already mentioned.

Just before he died Gen. Lane's forces began to come up. Col. Wynkoop hastened to Capt. Walker. He wanted to speak to him before he died, but it was all up. He died with a cheering look. His men burst into tears. His remains were borne into the convent yard, there wrapped up in linen, after which he was buried without a coffin in a well-secluded spot.

His men resolved from this out that they would take no prisoners, and death to all Mexicans found with firearms in their hands; charged after the retreating army of Gen. Santa Anna, overtook them, and killed several hundred of the enemy. The carnage, they say, was awful—cutting the enemy down right and left, just like a mower cutting grass or grain. All

along the road in which Capt. Walker's men and Maj. Lally's cavalry went was covered with the dead and wounded enemy.

Thus, the death of Capt. Walker has and will cause the life of many a poor innocent Mexican. Our men look upon Capt. Walker's death as murder. All soldiers killed when no armed enemy is near is murder, and the guilty ones are treated as murderers.

Thus this great Captain has suddenly met his death, and full too soon to gather the honors ripe for the more mature years of soldiers of daring and ambition. In our continued and varied experience in the army it has never been our fortune to meet a grander and nobler soldier than Capt. Walker. He was brave, faithful and obedient to his superior in rank and kind to his men. He was, without doubt, one of the bravest officers in our army; in fact, to recklessness in all dangers, and it may well be said that no one could be more sadly missed from our army. Our whole regiment condoles with the company in its irreparable loss; all feel the loss of Capt. Walker with a sorrow which words cannot express. The social ties with him and his company's pride, shared by us all in camp, on the field and in garrison, are past and will be the memories of the past,—the hope for the future all riven by a flash sent by a Providence whose ways seem now, more than ever, past finding out. Thus a noble life has been put out by a cowardly assassin.

This train brought up the other four companies belonging to our regiment, which were left stationed at the Castle of Perote, under command of Col. F. M. Wynkoop and Maj. Bowman. We had a glorious time hand shaking when we got together; for they, having heard so much bad news about us, thought that we were nearly all killed off or starved to death. They also bring us the sad intelligence of the death of three of our company, namely, John Begley, died July 28th; Edward Budy, died August 7th; and Charles Smith, died August 15th. Mr. Begley was an old man, but Smith and Budy were both young men. All hail from Philadelphia. Mr. Budy's health

was good when we left Vera Cruz—his face was the very picture of an orange; but lying out in the wet day and night near Jalapa City, like many more, affected him and caused his death. I believe he was somewhat related to Budy, the baker, on Chestnut Street above Broad.

The time we left Perote for this city (Puebla) these men were left back in the hospital sick with the diarrhœa. True, like a good many more, they did not die at the hands of the enemy's bullets, but died of disease contracted while gallantly defending their country's cause. They now sleep, with their comrades under the wings of Castle Perote.

This evening a strong guard is stationed at the corner to keep the soldiers in their quarters. And the patrols are parading the streets, picking up all the stragglers they can find, to save them from getting their throats cut by the guerillas, as there is a great many guerillas running through the city in disguise, and if they come across any one of our men that cannot defend himself he is sure to be killed, and no mercy shown. One of the Fourth Ohio Regiment had his throat cut from ear to ear last night, and several others got stabbed in their backs, while trying to make their escape. There is now no firing, which seems very strange, being so used to it. We feel lost for want of amusement; but, throwing all jokes aside, we are all mighty glad that the long siege is over.

And the words of Gen. Scott to Col. Black, on his departure for the capital of Mexico, "There will be fighting enough for us all before this war is over," came true, and I think we had more than our share, and ought to have a good rest before we march any further.

I hear to-night that John B. Herron, of our company, who was wounded some time ago on picket-guard, is very ill; the wound has led into inflammation.

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL LANE'S NUMBER OF RE-ENFORCEMENTS—LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED DURING THE SIEGE—GEN. LANE ISSUED HIS PROCLAMATION FOR THE CITIZENS TO OPEN THEIR STORES—GEN. LANE IN HOT PURSUIT OF GEN. SANTA ANNA AND PADRE JARAUTA—EXECUTION OF MR. LEONARD—CHARGING UPON OUR QUARTERMASTER'S WAREHOUSE, STORED WITH TOBACCO—LEFT PUEBLA TO ESCORT A TRAIN TO VERA CRUZ—GREAT NUMBER OF PRIESTS—PEOPLE HELD IN IGNORANCE IN SMALL TOWNS—MY KNAPSACK STOLEN—ARRIVED ON THE OLD BATTLE-FIELD, CERRO GORDO—ARRIVAL OF GEN. PATTERSON'S FORCES—CAMPED AT JALAPA—EXECUTION OF TWO AMERICAN TEAMSTERS AND TWO MEXICAN OFFICERS—CAPT. SMALL LEFT US TO TAKE HIS SEAT IN THE STATE SENATE—ARRIVED BACK TO PUEBLA CITY—REMAINED FOR A WHILE.

Thursday, October 14, 1847.—This morning, after breakfast, several of us soldiers paid a visit to the city to see what was going on, also to go around and see some of the new soldiers, where from, and by whom commanded.

In the city, we found but little or no business going as yet, the stores being mostly closed, with a poor market. No doubt the guerillas under Gen. Rea and the priest Padre Jarauta, have destroyed all the marketing outside of the city, to keep it from us *bad Yankees*.

The city is lined with soldiers, and the different companies are parading the streets, watching the movements of some of our friends, commonly called *greasers*.

We visited the different headquarters of Brig.-Gen. Joseph Lane's command.

The first consisted of Col. Charles H. Brough's Fourth Ohio Regiment; Col. W. A. Gorman's Fourth Indiana Regiment; Maj. Lally's Battalion of mounted riflemen, six hundred

strong; Capt. Heintzelman's Battalion of four hundred regulars; Capt. Lewis' Company of mounted Louisiana Volunteers; Lieut. Christopher Lilley, (the prize fighter), one hundred and fifty mounted men; our gallant and much lamented Capt. Samuel H. Walker's company of mounted Texan Rangers, one hundred and fifty men; Capt. Simmons' two hundred regulars; Capt. George Taylor's Co. A, Third Artillery, one hundred men, with three pieces of artillery, and Lieut. Pratt, with about seventy-five men and two pieces of artillery.

Some of Lieut. Lilley's men informed us that they had had several hard skirmishes with the guerillas between Perote Castle and Vera Cruz, and at the fight of *Paso de Oveja*, Lieut. Cline of their company was killed, and several others wounded.

It will be remembered, that Lieut. Lilley, before he entered the United States army, fought a prize fight. So if Lieut. Lilley should come across any of the bold and dashing lancers, he will surely bring in a big prize.

We had quite a chat with some of Capt. Walker's men, they spoke in the highest terms and praise of their late Captain, and deeply mourn his loss. War was his element, the bivouac his delight, and the battle-field his play-ground, his perfection and inspiration; he could fight and chase the guerillas all day, and dance the highland fling at night; he was a splendid horseman and unsurpassed for firm riding and endurance.

At noon a flag of truce came into the city, accompanied by a squad of Mexican lancers. It was from our old friend, Gen. Santa Anna, and what do you think the great chieftain wanted? he wanted to exchange several of our teamsters for Cols. Iturbide and La Vega, captured by Capt. Walker, at the battle of Huamantla. How they made out in regards to the exchanging, I did not learn, but one thing is sure, and that is Gen. Santa Anna must not think that we are so green as to exchange "teamsters" for high-commissioned officers; yet the teamsters, in our estimation, are just as good to us, and more so, than the commissioned officers are to the Mexicans. But this is not the way to do business, to compare teamsters with

officers of high rank, and Gen. Santa Anna ought to be ashamed of himself to think of such a thing as exchanging unmustered men for high officers.

This afternoon, Col. Brough's Fourth Ohio Regiment and Capt. Walker's company, under Lieut. Claiborne, and Lieut. Lilley's company, went to Chulula, in pursuit of Gen. Rea. Heaven help Gen. Rea or any of his men, for the death of Capt. Walker still rests heavily on the minds of his men, who are swearing vengeance against any Mexican found in arms. Their cry is, "to show no quarters to the enemy from this time out."

In the evening, Alburtus Welsh and myself went to an eating establishment and called for supper. We had good tea, *huevos* (eggs), ham, bread and butter; the butter wasn't very good, but the rest we relished very much. After supper we took a promenade around the city again, which, but a few days ago, we had not dared to show our heads around the corners for fear of being shot. It was the same case with the Mexicans, they were held in the same position during the siege.

Late this evening one of our spies went out to see whether he could find some guerillas outside of the city, but he soon returned and reported that all was quiet.

I learned to-night that Capt. Herron, of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, has gathered all his men, who (through his bungling mistake,) were killed on the twelfth instant, and they will be buried to-morrow, side by side. The remainder of his company, as well as many others are censuring Capt. Herron for negligence in not obeying orders.

I must also mention that we are greatly annoyed with *pulga* (fleas); the Mexicans say, that it was the Spaniards who brought these cruel insects to this country; therefore, they are called the "Spanish race of fleas." But let them come from where they may, they seem to follow us and hang on nobly, and by their actions, they seem to prefer us Yankees, and particularly the fresh arrivals,

I don't know why it is these pests should keep following us through this country, unless it is, that our skin is so much finer and whiter and our blood sweeter than the Mexicans. Oh! I tell you, friends, they stick to us like beeswax, never letting go until squashed.

Mr. George Kiem, of our company, has adopted a new and ingenious mode of avoiding these pests. He puts the skin of beef in each boot, wraps it up in an old pair of pantaloons, then folds his old blanket nicely around them and then puts the whole snugly to bed, and goes to sleep, and he is never troubled with *pulga*.

These pests are getting so saucy and determined, that they and the *piojo* (lice), have regular pitched battles with one another on our bodies. But of the two pests, give me fleas in preference to *piojo*; but I am like all my comrades, troubled with both sometimes.

Friday, October 15, 1847.—This morning about 9 o'clock, the thirteen unfortunate victims belonging to Capt. Herron's Co. K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, were buried by a detachment of our garrison. It was truly a heart-breaking scene to see those gallant young men, who, but a few days ago, were among us enjoying good health and in good spirits, hale and hearty, and full of hopes of soon going home and again seeing their wives, children, relatives, sweethearts and friends, but they are now sleeping in the embrace of death, and their spirits have returned to the God who gave it to them.

After they were consigned to their final resting place, Lieut.-Col. Black stepped to the side of the graves and made some beautiful and touching remarks about the heroic dead, which brought tears to the eyes of all who stood by the graves.

At noon, Gov. Childs, (through his spy), found out the whereabouts of Senor Don Rivera's printing and publishing establishment. Gov. Childs immediately sent Capt. William F. Small, with his company, to capture the printing establishment together with the proprietor. He started and charged

upon the printing office, he hunted high and low for Senor Rivera, but the bold, fearless and gallant Rivera (like Gen. Rea), had retired to the country for the *benefit of his health*. The printing apparatus was of the Howe patent of New York.

During the siege, from this office was published and circulated, a large number of inflammatory hand-bills, urging and invoking the *blanket gentlemen* to rise up in arms, and to cut the throats of the six hundred sick Yankees under Gov. Childs, making these poor ignorant people believe that our cannons and howitzers, stationed in front of our quarters, were made of wood and painted, and that it would be very easy to capture them. And, in consequence of these appeals, a large number of the above-named *gentlemen wearing blankets* joined Gen. Rea, obtained muskets from him, and fought like heroes, (that is, of the Mexican kind), by firing around the corners from house-tops and balconies, on our sentinels, and on women and children alike.

It is now in our possession, and it is rumored, that John Kritser of our company, with several other men, are going to publish a new paper soon. John is a good and conservative soldier, and I know that he will publish a good little paper.

On our charge on the printing office, we came across the *remaining corpse* of John H. Burgess, the rifleman who was killed in a charge led by Lieut. Morgan, on October 2, 1847. His body has been lying in the street ever since that date, exposed to our view all the time. The dogs had him nearly eaten up. His comrades went and gathered the balance of his body up and gave it a decent burial in a lot; the *hedvondes* (stench), was so great, that they had to hold their nose and mouth.

Col. Brough and party who started to Chulula yesterday morning, returned late last night without seeing anything of Gen. Rea or Padre Jarauta, the *holy father*.

Col. Broughs' regiment is still quartered in Saint Augustine church, and Col. W. A. Gorman's Fourth Indiana Regiment

and Capt. Walker's company, under Lieut. Claiborne, are quartered in the Plaza; Maj. Lally's mounted riflemen, are quartered at Gen. Joseph Lane's headquarters, they are his body-guard.

This afternoon another flag of truce came in, but coming to Gen. Lane's headquarters us privates could find out nothing.

It was escorted by a large body of lancers—and fine looking fellows they were—they must have been Gen. Santa Anna's body-guard, they were the best dressed and finest looking men we have yet seen.

Comrade Bymaster and myself took a walk into the city, and we noticed that the stores were still closed, and no doubt will be until Gen. Lane issues his proclamation for safety.

We also learned that Col. Augustine Iturbide, was one of Gen. Santa Anna's aids at the battle of Huamantla. He is an American by birth, and has a mother, and a brother named Angles de Iturbide, now living in Philadelphia, Pa.

In the evening the mail, which came up by the last train, was distributed to the different companies, and I received one letter from home, which, I assure you, gave me much satisfaction. I shall answer it in a few days.

Later in the evening while in our quarters, orders were read, that Thomas Zeigle was appointed Orderly Sergeant of our company in place of Orderly Sergeant Henry Cornish.

Thomas Zeigle hails from Little York, Pa., and his appointment has caused a little dissatisfaction among a certain Philadelphia clique; but the majority of our company are well pleased with the appointment; and as regards his capacity and ability, there are none better qualified for the position than Thomas Zeigle, he is a gentleman and a scholar, a soldier and precise in manner. He graduated at Gettysburg College.

To-night I noticed several of our men very drunk on account of Sergt. Henry Cornish being broke.

The following are the names as far as could be ascertained, of the killed and wounded during the siege of Puebla City:

James McCutcheon, Co. A, First Reg't Penna. Vol.,	wounded.
George Rashberger, Co. A,	" " "
John Hoover, Co. A,	" " "
David Lindsay, Co. A,	" " "
Henry Lynch, Co. A,	" " "
Mansfield Mason, Co. A,	" " "
James Bouden, Co. A,	" " "
Robert Wilson, Co. A,	" " "
John Wilson, Co. A,	" " "
John Dolan, Co. A,	" " "
William Eurick, Co. C,	" " killed.
Charles Collison, Co. C,	" " wounded.
John B. Herron, Co. C,	" " "
Corp. Sylvester Beesley, Co. D,	" " "
John McClellan, Co. D, (Reddy.)	" " "
James Lambert, Co. D,	" " "
John Longstaff, Co. D,	" " missing.
J. P. Willias, Co. G,	" " wounded.
W. N. Shultz, Co. G,	" " "
John Preece, Co. I,	" " killed.
David W. Yarlott, Co. I,	" " wounded.
John Ellis, Co. I,	" " "
Luke Floyd, Co. I,	" " "
Sergt. Dominick Devanny, Co. I,	" " "
Corp. E. H. Jones, Co. K,	" " killed.
John C. Gilchrist, Co. K,	" " "
John H. Herrod, Co. K,	" " "
F. B. Johns, Co. K,	" " "
Henry Krutzelman, Co. K,	" " "
James Phillips, Co. K,	" " "
Wm. A. Phillips, Co. K,	" " "
S. D. Sewell, Co. K,	" " "
William Smitz, Co. K,	" " "
D. S. Vernay, Co. K,	" " "
F. Vandyke, Co. K,	" " "
Joseph Wilson, Co. K,	" " "

Samuel Fryer, Co. K,	First Reg't Penna. Vol.,	killed.
Capt. John Herron, Co. K,	" "	wounded.
Thomas B. Furman, Co. K,	" "	"
A. E. Marshall, Co. K,	" "	"
W. C. Winelriddle, Co. K,	" "	"
Thomas B. Thornbury.	" "	"
R. Reed, Co. K,	" "	"
Samuel Sloop, Co. K,	" "	"
Charles W. Blakeman,	" "	"
James S. Nagley, Co. K	" "	"
John H. Burgess, Voltiguer Rifleman,		killed.
Capt. John Mose, Spy Company, wounded, since		"
David Ricketts, Co. F, Rifleman,		wounded.
Lieut. Williams, South Carolina Reg't,		"
Private Cornwell, Second Dragoons,		"
" Smith, Rifleman,		killed.
Josiah Blair, Mounted Rifleman, Co. D,		wounded.
Private Campbell, Co. B, Rifleman,		"
Eli Stewart, Co. D, Third Dragoons,		"
Lieut. McKeer, Second Reg't Penna. Vol.,		"
A. B. Duncan, Quartermaster's Department,		"
Dr. Bronaugh, Baltimore Battalion,		"
Wm. Waddel,	"	"
Sergt. Wm. Deal, Second Reg't Penna. Vol.,		"
John Biers,	" "	"
Wm. Johnson,	" "	"
Wm. Curry, Second U. S. Artillery,		"
Wm. Patterson, Co. E, Second Artillery,		"
Private Newton, Co. E, Fourth Artillery,		"
John H. Rowney, Co. K, Second Artillery,		"
Thomas Russell, Second Reg't Dragoons,		"
J. P. Hardy, Co. G, Voltiguer Reg't,		"
David Ryan, Musician,		"
James Wilkner, Musician,		"
Lieut. Speery, Second Reg't Penna. Vol.,		killed.
Twelve others, whose names I could not get,		"
Adolphus Wengierski, Private Secretary and inter- preter to Col. Childs,		wounded.

Saturday, October 16, 1847.—This morning, after we had our breakfast, John Newman, Joseph C. Taylor and myself took a walk down the city, when we noticed another fine body of lancers coming into the main plaza. They went to Gov. Childs's quarters, bearing a white flag. We followed them, and took a good look at them, as well as examining their fire-arms and equipments, and, by their conversation, I learn that they are escorting the Hon. Mr. Bankhead, British Minister to Mexico, to Vera Cruz—he being sick. Not caring to leave his bones whitening on the sunny soil of Mexico, he goes home. Oh, I wish I was a minister, I would be sick too! They finally left, and we took a promenade around the city and viewed the damages Fort Loretto did during the siege. We also visited the great cathedral, and after spending several hours here, we left for the main plaza, and strolled around viewing the manners and modes of the market people, which are anything but like ours. From here we went to the palace, which was hit by several round shot during the siege.

Sunday, October 17, 1847.—This morning I was obliged to get up early on account of these infernal *pulga*, who let us have no rest in the morning. When I woke up I was surprised to see my shirt sleeves and shirt collar all spotted with blood as if I was fighting. It seems to me that these atrocious blood-suckers are getting bolder and more numerous every day: probably it is on account of the fresh arrival of Yankees; if so, I wish they would follow them and leave us poor skinned fellows alone.

At noon I took a walk around the *Plaza de Toros*, where we were quartered before the main army left for the city of Mexico, and to my sad disappointment, I saw it was burnt down to the ground—that is the wood-work. One of the Mexicans who lives close by informed me that the lancers quartered there most of the time of the siege, and burned it down when Gen. Lane's army entered the city; poor fun, burning their own properties. There is nothing left but the high stone wall around its ruins. I returned to quarters and

commenced writing letters, so as to have them ready by the next mail that goes down to Vera Cruz.

Monday, October 18, 1847.—This morning Gen. Lane issued his proclamation, and the stores were soon all reopened, and business is going on in fine style, and everything begins to look old fashion; that is, as it did before the main army left for the city of Mexico.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., another flag of truce came to Gov. Childs' quarters, wanting to know on what terms he would exchange or release Cols. La Vega and Iturbide; but the governor gave them poor satisfaction, and told them the only way to exchange was man for man, grade for grade. Being as the Mexicans have no prisoners of ours higher than a sergeant, there is little chance of these distinguished officers being released.

At noon, Col. Manuel Dominguez, with his spy company (all Mexicans, came into this city from the city of Mexico. They bring important despatches from Gen. Scott to our Gov. Childs, and for our Government at Washington, D. C. Col. Dominguez reports that the roads are full of *vagarosora* (wandering vagrants) and guerillas between here and the city of Mexico, and it was with great difficulty that they got through. Several times the guerillas had driven the spy company, and they were sometimes obliged to take to the mountains for safety.

In the evening Juan Mose was shot—by whom or how it is not known. His death is deeply lamented by all who knew him. During the siege of Puebla he had command of the fortification on Col. Black's quarters and acted nobly. He was captain of a spy company, and made several blunderbusses on tops of houses. He formerly belonged to a circus company, and was left sick at Jalapa City; and on coming up to this city, Gen. Santa Anna took him a prisoner, taking all he had from him, and then let him go like a *vagaroso* (a wandering vagrant). He was determined to have revenge on Gen. Santa Anna, and was to go with Gen. Lane in pursuit of him tomorrow morning to Atlixco. He was a man of nerve and undoubted courage.

I just now hear that Gen. Lane started out an expedition against the town of Chululu, following up some of Gen. Santa Anna's retreating forces. They came upon the Mexicans unexpectedly, killing a great many guerillas and taking some prisoners; that is, officers; privates we won't have. Capt. Walker's company was with this expedition, and this is the cause of so many Mexicans getting killed—determined to carry out their revenge for the death of their captain. In this little fight there were released twenty-one American prisoners; among them were Morris Stemler and J. Longstaff, both belonging to our regiment, who were taken prisoners at the fight with the guerillas, while after the stolen mules. They also captured two pieces of artillery and any quantity of ammunition and arms. After routing and driving the Mexicans in all directions, returned to Puebla this evening at ten o'clock. Our old friend, Morris Stemler, returned to our quarters, much rejoiced at his release, and reported the above facts. He is telling us some hard yarns; how the Mexicans treated and threatened him, what they would do, and what they made him do.

Gen. Santa Anna was not at Chulula, but is reported to be at the town of Atlixco, about eighteen miles from this city, with his retreating army. Within a few days, poor old Santa Anna, I fear, will have to *vamoose* from his dear native land to seek shelter or safety in some other country.

Tuesday, October 19, 1847.—This morning Gen. Lane left Puebla with fifteen hundred men for Atlixco. This expedition is composed of Capt. Taylor's Third Artillery, Lieut. Pratt's Second Battery of Light Artillery, two companies of the Third Dragoons, under the command of Capt. Ford, and Captain Walker's old company, under the command of Capt. Biddle. The latter company goes with this expedition to avenge the death of their late commander, Capt. Walker. They ask no quarter and will show none; so look out for fun.

This morning about 10 o'clock, Michael Leonard, who passed himself as a teamster, but is really nothing but a blackleg and

an army follower, was hung in the main plaza for the accidental murder of another teamster, named William Hampton. The quarrel and shooting occurred on the last march of Gen. Lane's forces from Vera Cruz. It seems, from what I can learn, that Mr. Leonard had several quarrels with a wagon-master named Mr. Boulet, and the day after the battle of Huamantla he (Leonard) shot at Boulet, hitting him in the arm—which afterwards had to be amputated—and the same shot hit and killed Mr. Hampton.

He walked up on the scaffold with a firm step, and evinced no fear to die. He made a rambling speech, and wound up by saying that he didn't regret dying, that his sentence was a just one, that he was sorry that he did not kill Mr. Boulet in place of poor Mr. William Hampton, that he had fully prepared himself to meet his God, and was now ready to die. The priest then handed him the crucifix; he embraced and kissed it, after which the priest left the scaffold, and then the solemn moment having arrived, the drop gave way, down went poor Michael Leonard, swinging between heaven and earth, until he was pronounced *dead*, and then lowered and carted away on some lot for burial.

Mr. Leonard hailed from Texas, and I have been informed that his profession was that of gambler and follower of the United States army. He has at last met his match, and, as the saying is, he has been most unmercifully euchred.

During the execution the plaza was crowded with *greasers* and *blanket gentlemen*, watching the proceeding and the manœuvring of the prisoner, and it was really laughable to see those who came too late to see the execution. Those that were there had to show and explain to those who did not see it how it worked, and motioning with their hands how it was done. They never had seen any person hung before, as the Mexican punishment for a crime like the above is to shoot the murderer on some lot, and I think it is more appropriate for the penalty. The Mexicans look upon the hanging of a person as *barbaro* and *blasfemamente* (barbarous and blasphemous), in mocking Christ crucified, and call us *paganos* (heathen).

To-day the general talk among the soldiers, and the Mexicans too, is about Gen. Lane's expedition to Atlixco in pursuit of the *volador* (flying) army of Gen. Santa Anna and Don Lorenzo Rea.

Everything in and about the city seems very quiet. Business is going on again as usual, and the city is again supplied with *bucns* (marketing), and those soldiers who have the ready cash can buy most anything in the eating line.

This afternoon Capt. Juan Mose, of a spy company, and well known to every member of the garrison—who was shot dead yesterday by a drunken follower of the army—was buried. He was followed to his final resting-place, near his quarters, by most all of the officers under Gov. Child's command. The crime was without provocation, and apparently without motive. The assassin is still at large.

In the evening Mr. John Byers, our beef quartermaster, who was taken prisoner by Gen. Rea's guerillas on September 19th, made his escape, and, like all the rest of his fellow-prisoners, was much rejoiced at his liberation. He also tells some hard tales about Gen. Rea and his guerilla forces—how he was treated and what they made him do—telling Mr. Byers that they would kill all the *pagano* Americans in Mexico before we get out. He says that many a night he did not sleep a wink for fear that some crazy drunken guerilla would kill him for fun.

In regard to killing us Yankees all off before we get out of Mexico, I think the way things look now, that it will be reversed, and particularly to those who come into the clutches of Capt. Sam. Walker's men; for they have *jurado* (sworn) that they will take no more prisoners from this time out. So, *umbra*, look out for the death *pasa* (knell) rings in the ears of every man in Capt. Saml. Walker's company, for they will avenge his death.

Wednesday, October 20, 1847.—This morning we are all anxiously looking for news from Gen. Lane as to how he made out with Gen. Santa Anna at the villa, or town of Atlixco.



At noon the officers of our detachment gave a complimentary dinner to Gov. Childs, for his heroic and gallant conduct during the long siege of Puebla. There was a jolly time among them; toasts were drank, songs sung; and stories and incidents of the siege were related and speeches was the order of the day.

The last toast drank was by Gov. Childs, and it was the best of them all, as follows: "To Capt. William F. Small, the accomplished and successful burglar, who, in a single night, broke through forty stone houses, and took the Mexican batteries."

This speech caused great cheering and clapping of hands, and Capt. Small replied to it in an appropriate manner. We, the privates, were of course not admitted to the room, but we did wish ourselves in when the bottle was going around.

This afternoon about two o'clock, an express came into our headquarters, stating that Gen. Joe. Lane had fallen in with Gen. Rea's forces, at or near Atlixco. On account of the roads being so much broken up and with gullies everywhere, it was impossible for him to make any kind of headway with the artillery, and he did not arrive at Atlixco until last evening.

He then commenced planting his artillery on a high hill overlooking the villa of Atlixco, firing shell and round-shot into the most thickly populated portions of the town.

It being moonlight, they had a fine view of the town. The Mexicans kept up firing until this morning, when they ceased.

Gen. Lane then marched into town, and followed the retreating army of Gen. Rea and completely routed them. Gen. Rea left last night for the small villa of Matamoras, leaving his men to fight it out themselves.

Gen. Santa Anna, it is reported, had left the night before, but for where, nobody knows nor cares.

The gallant Capt. Walker's men again distinguished themselves in this fight; they carried out their motto, and did not give a single Mexican any quarters.

This is the second time that our cavalry has had a dash at the gallant guerillas and lancers, and if any set of men got cut up it was the Mexicans ; for instance, to show you how deceitful the Mexicans are, during the conflict, a lancer rushed from the chaparral and fired his escopet at one of Capt. Walker's men, when the Mexican saw that he had missed his man, he threw up his hands and asked for mercy and spare his life, but none was shown him, in an instant, the Mexican had his head cut off close to his shoulders.

There were not many lancers killed, and their horses being fresh, they made their escape ; but the poor infantry suffered hard, but few escaped the sabres of Capt. Walker's men. The loss of the Mexicans was about two hundred and fifty killed and wounded ; our loss was one killed and two wounded, what a *contrast*.

Atlixco has been the principal headquarters of Gen. Rea during the siege of Puebla, and it was the general rendezvous of all the guerillas operating in this immediate neighborhood ; but it is now broken up, and I think the citizens are glad of it, as the guerillas would just as soon rob a Mexican as they would a Yankee.

This evening Col. Dominguez' spy company left for Vera Cruz. They went down the back way or road, fearing some of the defeated guerillas might get on their track. They passed our quarters and looked remarkably well in appearance.

This evening, at the company's roll-call, I was notified by Capt. W. F. Small, in the presence of the company, that J. Jacob Oswaldel was appointed Third Corporal of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. This announcement has struck terror in some of the Philadelphia clique ; but at the same time they could say nothing against me as a soldier, as I have, ever since I have been in this company, done all the duties, and more too, than was required of me to do.

Thursday, October 21, 1847.—This morning Col. Dominguez' *espia compania* (spy company) returned to this city. He had not gone far before he fell in with over three hundred guerillas,

well mounted on spirited horses. Col. Dominguez engaged them successfully, and captured thirty splendid horses, fully equipped, when he came to this city. He passed down the street, making a fine appearance. Col. Dominguez reports that in the engagement he lost but twelve men, while that of the enemy was over one hundred. He also says, had his force been one hundred stronger, he could have taken the whole party. Col. Dominguez pursued them until they arrived at a hill, where the enemy made a stand and disputed to pass the spy company; so Col. Dominguez thought it advisable not to engage them, his force being too small to charge up the hill.

In the afternoon the dragoons came in from Atlixco, and reported that Gen. Lane was very successful at Atlixco, and that Gen. Lane had left with the infantry and Lieut. Pratt's battery for a small town, Matamoras, the place the Mexicans had retreated to.

It seems Gen. Lane is determined to follow up these bands of numerous desperadoes and guerillas, for the purpose of suppressing these outcasts and highway robbers.

Friday, October 22, 1847.—This morning we received information that a house at the end of this city was stored with ammunition; so a party of ten men, who volunteered to go with Capt. Hill, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and who, at the time, was Officer of the Day, to search the place, started, but arrived too late, as the Mexicans had moved it from there. They saw a Mexican officer run back in the house, our men followed him, and finally captured him. They found on him a sword and a pair of pistols. His horse was saddled and tied in the yard. They brought the man and his horse at once to Gov. Childs' quarters, and turned them over.

In the evening Gen. Lane's command came into Puebla City; they ran the lancers and guerillas until none could be found to chase.

Late this evening a party of our soldiers forced and broke open the back door of our quartermaster's (Capt. Webster's) room, and stole and rolled away about three hundred bales of

tobacco, worth several thousand dollars. This is the same tobacco we captured from the enemy September 23d, and our soldiers thought that they had as good a right to it and sell it as Capt. Webster had, who has been selling it to the Mexicans for forty-five dollars per bale. The quartermaster, hearing the back door forced open and the tobacco rolling away, sent word to the Officer of the Guard, who sent a force of men, under Sergeant Edwin R. Biles, to stop the taking away of the tobacco. This caused a little growl among those who were a little late in getting any, and rejoicing among the lucky ones, but soon all was quiet again.

Saturday, October 23, 1847.—This morning I noticed that around our quarters looked like a tobacco warehouse. Some of our men realized from ninety to one hundred dollars on it; in fact, it seemed that nearly every soldier was in the tobacco business; and I noticed some of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, after they had sold what they had to the Mexicans, got up a file of soldiers, headed by Sergeant Bill McMullin, went to the Mexicans to whom they had sold their tobacco and demanded the return of the tobacco, as they, the guard, were sent by Gov. Childs for it; but the poor Mexicans, who probably had paid out all the money they had, thought that this was a rather sharp game, and showed a disposition to decline giving it up after they *pagoy* (paying) for it. Finally the sergeant and his gang told the Mexicans that if they *paga* (pay) them so much money, they, our men, would let the Mexicans have the tobacco, and report to the officers that the tobacco could not be found. To this the Mexicans agreed, and paid to each man so much money, after which the *pretended guard* went away rejoicing and laughing over their *rough* joke of getting paid twice for their tobacco; this the *roughs* think is smart, but the more civilized portion of our soldiers think it was nothing else but highway robbery, and all should be punished for it.

In the afternoon, Col. E. Dominguez came to our quarters, and took with him several Mexicans, who have been our

prisoners, to join his *espia* company, now numbering one hundred and twenty-three men, and is recruiting fast.

Late in the evening some of our soldiers made another charge on Capt. Webster's tobacco warehouse and soon had the plaza in front of our quarters stored full of tobacco bales. It looked like the levee at New Orleans; but they carried the business on too boldly, and the officers and guard came and stopped it, and arrested several of the soldiers, and afterwards went around the different quarters and gathered some of the tobacco.

Later, rumor has it that the tobacco captured during the siege, and stolen from the quartermaster, does not belong to the Mexican government, but to a private firm named B. J. Domercqu & A. Porte, and that they are going to make claim against our Government for every pound lost. This rumor, probably, was the cause of the officers and the guard going around the quarters and gathering up the tobacco. Uncle Sam will have to pay for it.

Sunday, October 24, 1847.—This morning it is rumored through our quarters that we would accompany Col. F. M. Wynkoop's command back to Perote Castle. We were all anxious to know the truth of this report, as we have a great many things to get rid of—in fact, we are so well fixed that we don't care about moving, and in particular in that direction; for we all want to march on to the city of Mexico before we go backward.

Sure enough, this afternoon we received general orders to pack up and move in the morning. The question now was, what shall we do with our things on hand? The only remedy was to get to work and get rid of them the best way we could. So we set up a regular auction sale—selling our beds, bedding, glassware, cut decanters, pictures (some of the finest and rarest kind), britannia ware, damask and cane-bottom chairs and a large lot of tobacco (this was mostly taken by the officers), also clothing of every description—all captured from the Mexicans during the siege of Puebla. Our terms of sale were *caxa* (cash), no *confior* (trust) or *pocalampo*, as we used to call it. You can

rest assured that there was a gay old time about Quartel for about three hours, carrying things away after they were paid for. My little desk I used to write on I sold to a Mexican friend of mine, with leave to keep it until to-morrow morning, as I wanted to write several letters on it, this being the only opportunity to write for some time to come.

In the evening a good many of our old Mexican friends came to see us, bidding us *buenos por* (good-by) and *buenos lacay* (luck); also some of the new arrivals who are expecting to settle in our quarters when we leave are picking out their places to bunk.

One of my letters I penned to-night is to my old school-mate, George W. Bare, of Granville Township, Mifflin County, Pa., as follows :

PUEBLA CITY, MEXICO, }
October 24, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND:—I again embrace the favorable opportunity of writing to you to let you know that I am well, and I hope that this letter may find you rejoicing in the same state of health.

I received your letter about two weeks ago, and you can't imagine how glad and rejoiced I was when I received your kind letter. I should have written to you before this time, but our communication with Vera Cruz has been cut off by the notorious guerillas.

You will also perceive by this letter that our detachment has not advanced any further into the interior of Mexico, as I mentioned in my last letter to you.

On the 7th of August we received orders from Gen. Scott that our detachment of six companies was to remain here to form the main garrison of Puebla City. This caused great dissatisfaction among our men.

The Mexicans noticing that our forces were very small to garrison such a large hostile city, (with nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants), began to get very independent and

saucy, and at night got to killing some of our soldiers who may happen to be a little way from our quarters.

I am not going to give you an account of the long siege of Puebla City, for you have, no doubt, before this reaches you, read of it; but I shall merely tell you, that from the 26th of August to the 12th of October, the very day of our State election at home, we were constantly fired upon, both day and night, from all the streets leading to our quarters.

We have been watching the enemy night and day for more fifty days; this was all done cheerfully and without a murmur, all were anxious and ready to perform any duty that might be consigned to them to do, and whenever there was a sentinel shot down, there was always another jumped up and volunteered to go on in his place. Oh, yes, (not being with the main army), I fear the historians will never give us full justice for the long unwavering courage, the splendid discipline and heroic and successful defense of Puebla. The sufferings and hardships endured, is in itself worthy of the brightest page in the history of the Mexican war.

I had almost forgotten to mention the death of Capt. Samuel H. Walker, he fell mortally wounded, at the battle of Huamantla, and soon after expired. We little thought that he would so soon be called from among us. But providence teaches us, "that in the midst of life we are in death;" and that though we may achieve all that early ambition promptly, we cannot conquer the destroying angel; that to be honored and idolized here, does not stop the march of man from the cradle to the tomb.

No man of his age, has departed from this world with better earned fame, than our much lamented and gallant Capt. Walker, and his memory will be cherished as long as the nation shall exist. *Silencio de so ceniza* (peace to his ashes).

I am no more a private soldier, having been appointed, a few days ago as Third Corporal of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

For this promotion I am thankful to my Captain, who has always treated me with due respect as a man and a soldier. In fact, Capt. Small is one of the best officers to his men, in our regiment. To soldiers who do their duty, Capt. Small is their best friend, but to soldiers who will not do their duty and refuses to obey his orders, Capt. Small is a *terror*, and they received no friendship or favors from his hands. No, no, Capt. Small is no friend to soldiers who shrink from duty.

I am also thankful to Capt. Small for mentioning my name in his, Capt. Small's general report to the commander, Col. Thomas Childs, Civil and Military Governor of Puebla City, which I will copy and send to you, as follows:—

“Private J. Jacob Oswandel, of Mifflin County, Pa., has also distinguished himself by his steady bravery and untiring zeal in volunteering his services at exposed pickets, and his skill in the use of his musket, having killed several of the enemy during the siege, he being one of the best and bravest soldiers in my company.”

During the siege the Mexicans started up several excitements in raising the people to take up arms and drive the Yankees out of the city. It is done by ringing the church bells in a rapid manner. Now, there are from seventy to seventy-five churches in Puebla, and each church has from six to ten bells; the cathedral has, I believe, sixteen bells. So you can imagine that when the bells are all rung in rapid succession that it makes a rattling noise, and the citizens come running from all sections to the main plaza in front of the cathedral. Here they are addressed either by some priest or broken-down politician or military man, urging the people to arms, making them believe that we (the Yankees) are now living on mule-meat, and that the Yankees can't hold out much longer—that they are now starving. This kind of business was carried on until Gov. Childs ordered two twelve-pounders and a ten-inch mortar at Fort Loretto to open directly upon the cathedral and the plaza, the shells bursting in the plaza and in the houses, shaking the houses and shattering the windows, besides killing and

wounding many of the people who were standing in the plaza. One shell burst in the Bishop's house. This alarmed the Bishop so much that he immediately sent messengers to all the churches to stop the ringing of bells, crying out in a loud voice, *retener estas campana* (stop the bells).

It is astonishing to see the large number of Catholic priests in every little town we pass, and I said to myself, No wonder the poor class are so, for it is the poor ignorant class of people of this country that has to keep up these great professed religious *gods*, and it is so in every country where the religious *gods* rule. The people are kept down and their liberties crushed—kept in ignorance and slavery all the days of their lives; yet these professed religious people call us Yankees heathens and worshippers of the *devil*. Oh, when will these ignorant people open their eyes and break loose from the iron rule? Look at South America's blood-stained record of the past and the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Thousands of innocent lives have been lost, and thousands will yet be added before the people will rise and banish their oppressors, and trample their iron yoke and bigoted government in the dust.

We are now under orders to march back to Vera Cruz to escort a train to that city, after which we will countermarch, and no doubt go on to the city of Mexico. So, you need not look for a letter from me until I arrive in that ancient capital. No more. Write soon.

Your Friend,

J. J. O.

Three Locks above Lewistown, Pa.

Monday, October 25, 1847.—This morning, about eight o'clock, the drums commenced to beat, which is the signal for us soldiers to form into line for marching. We formed in front of our old quarters, Quartel. Here we stood and talked until 10 o'clock, A. M., when orders were given by Lieut.-Col. Black to march. We then left and bade good-bye to Puebla. We are accompanied by Capt. Taylor, Third Light Artillery Battery and a company of Georgia Dragoons, under the command

of Capt. Loyall. Gov. Childs and some of his staff accompanied us to the suburbs of the city and then stopped and bade us good-bye. At this moment we stopped and gave him, Gov. Childs, three rousing cheers, which made the hills back of Puebla echo. The Governor acknowledged the *corn* with a smile, taking off his cap, and again said "good-bye, my brave men; I regret that I cannot go down with you." Here he was again loudly cheered with the utmost enthusiasm, waving our old torn banners, and throwing our caps and straw hats in the air. I never saw men in so enthusiastic humor. He appeared to be much pleased with the reception and applause of the men he once so well commanded.

We then marched on until we arrived at Amozoquco. Here we encamped for the night. Gen. Lane and the cavalry who accompanied us to this town returned to Puebla.

On our march to-day one of our officers was thrown from his horse, the horse making his way to Puebla. One of our Mexican lancers, belonging to the spy company, who happened to be with us, gave chase and captured him with his lasso, and had him turned over to the owner.

To-night one of our men got his throat cut from ear to ear.

Tuesday, October 26, 1847.—This morning we left Amozoquco, and marched by company all the way through the pass, in sand up to our ankles.

At 10 o'clock we halted at a small *villeta* (borough) named Iturbide, this side of the noted pass, *El Pinal*. Here we learned from the Mexicans, that our gallant friend, Gen. Santa Anna, was at the Pass with two thousand troops; we of course were not much alarmed about the two thousand Mexicans, so we moved cautiously through the Pass, without seeing anything of the enemy. We kept marching on until we arrived at the *hacienda San bar Tola*, here we halted for a short time and received a treat from Col. Black, after which we agreed to march on. Passed two small towns, and went into camp at Napaluco. Our company had the luck to get into a small church.

Wednesday, October 27, 1847.—This morning we left Napaluco at daylight, and took the back or *ciego ruta* (blind road, so-called), and marched on until we came to the *hacienda San de Esora*, where we dug up the remains of Capt. Samuel H. Walker, who was killed at the battle of Huamantla, near this spot. He was wrapped up in fine linen and placed in a neat coffin which we brought with us from Puebla, and then placed into a wagon and brought him with us to Vera Cruz, from there to be shipped to Baltimore, Maryland, his native home.

When the officer took the measurement of Capt. Walker's body when first buried, he took it too small, and the carpenter made a botch of it; whereupon, Lieut. Clinton, of Co. H, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, off with his uniform coat, rolled up his sleeves and went to work and made him, Capt. Walker, a coffin himself. Lieut. Clinton is a carpenter, and I am informed hails from Southwark, Philadelphia, Pa. Lieut. Breeze, of the same company, who is a blacksmith, entered a smithy and made nails for the coffin, and in about a half hour, the whole coffin was completed, and well finished. So much for Philadelphia's mechanics and Pennsylvania's volunteers.

We then started and passed a small town named *Huape Escla*, where we laid in a fresh supply of water, after which we again started, and went into camp at a villa of considerable size named *Ve Raiguas*.

On our march to-day, we saw some two hundred guerillas way off to our left, at a small town, but they kept their distance, and we did not trouble them.

Capt. Small and one of our men named Joseph Funston, had words about riding in the company's wagon; it seems from what I can learn, that private Funston rode in the wagon most all the way down, and kept those who were really sick from riding, whereupon, Capt. Small remonstrated against it, and told Funston to get out of the wagon and let those who were sick ride, as he, Funston, was as able to walk as any man in his company; at this, Funston called Capt. Small a

liar and struck at the Captain, at this Capt. Small drew his sword and cut Funston in the head, so Mr. Funston rode in the wagon afterwards as a *wounded* soldier.

Thursday, October 28, 1847.—This morning we left camp and passed over a level plain, and chased up a rabbit about the size of a young fawn. We arrived at the *Villa Tepegahaulco*, and rested for one hour, after which we started and passed around Mount Pizarros and went into camp at San Martin's barracks. Before we arrived in camp we encountered a drove of *puerco* (hogs), and all hands made a regular charge on them and captured several. So we were not in want of any *fresco vivera* (fresh pork).

After the whole division arrived in camp, Col. Wynkoop, accompanied by Col. Dominguez's spy company, left for Perote Castle, which is about nine miles from San Martin. After we arrived in camp, I missed my knapsack, which, with the rest of our company's baggage, was placed in a wagon this morning, and saved us from carrying it. It was either stolen or taken in a mistake, as there was one left with nothing in except an old Mexican blanket. I assure you I was quite put out in not getting my knapsack, for I would not have lost it for any money. Its contents were a splendid Mexican woolen blanket, bullets, balls and other curiosities too numerous to mention, relics—mostly all captured at Vera Cruz, battle of Cerro Gordo and siege of Puebla. This is what I call a great loss to me. Besides, I lost my very cover and pillow. I had intended, when arriving at Vera Cruz, to send these valuable articles home, but the *salteador* (thief) had cheated me out of it.

The San Martin barracks are capable of holding from twenty-five hundred to three thousand soldiers, and are a regular military station for troops in time of peace. There is plenty of good water drained from the mountains.

To-night it rained, but we were all under cover.

Friday, October 29, 1847.—This morning we left the barracks in the rain. It *llovera* (rained) powerfully all the time on our

march ; the road was knee-deep with mud and water. After a very disagreeable march we arrived at our old quarters, Castle of Perote. The four companies belonging to our regiment, and who were stationed here, were taken to the Castle, and the other six companies took quarters in the town of Perote—the same quarters where Capt. Walker's company used to quarter their horses. It having rained hard all day, we were of course wet through and through, and had no chance to dry our clothing. It of course requires no further *comento* (comment) but to say that we passed a very uncomfortable night; otherwise, everything passed off quietly.

On our march to-day the scenery, under favorable weather, would, perhaps, be somewhat attractive, but a stormy, cloudy sky and a drizzling cold rain made it almost unattractive and unbearable.

Saturday, October 30, 1847.—This morning we got up very stiff with rheumatism and cold.

At noon a British courier came in the town of Perote, and reported that there is a large train on the National road, from the city of Mexico, under the command of Maj.-Gen. John A. Quitman.

In the afternoon I paid a visit to the Castle Perote, where I had spent many a weary hour, and here is (as a writer said), where I often thought of the home I had left behind me; here is where I arose from my bivouac many a morning, the moon sometimes tapering like a ball of fire, and shining with dim and baleful light, it sometimes seemed to be struggling downwards through the thick banks of smoky vapor that overhung and curtained the high ridges of mountains to the north-west of us; here is where I saw many a poor and gallant soldier die, and being wrapped up in his *sabandigo manta* (vermin blanket), was carried or hauled out and thrown into a hole dug for that purpose. These scenes I will not soon forget.

I was very much astonished to see the number of soldiers getting their discharges, some men too, who looked better in health and much stouter than when they left their native

homes; and again, the men who were really sick and not able to do any kind of duty, were refused their discharges. So there must be some red tape about; there were three of our company got their discharges, they were really sick and have been since we last left Jalapa City, they looked pleased on account of getting their discharges, as well as an early prospect of getting home.

In the evening I returned to the town of Perote, and at six o'clock, we received orders to march in the morning.

Sunday, October 31, 1847.—This morning we left the town of Perote, and on our march we passed a small town named *Cruze Blanco*. The town was entirely deserted, not a single soul could be seen. Went into camp at Las Vegas, this was also deserted, and one half of it was burned down during the guerilla fight which took place on the 20th of June. We supposed that the Mexicans retreated down to the La Hoya Pass, there to try and stop our advance, so of course we all prepared for a fight, to-day's march our advance-guard took two lancers prisoners.

To-night one of our picket-guards shot a Mexican while in the act of crawling through the fence, not more than twenty-five yards from our guard, trying to kill our picket, but our fellow was too soon for him, and put him (the Mexican) out of the way first.

Monday, November 1, 1847.—This morning we found the Mexican who attempted to shoot our sentinel, a dead cock in the pit; we let him lie where he ingloriously fell in attempting to kill a Yankee.

About 7 o'clock, we left Las Vegas and soon entered the Pass of La Hoya, here we all expected a *fandango*. The fog was so heavy that we could not see fifty feet in advance. We went through the Pass without a shot being fired either from us or from the enemy. We marched on until we came to a small town at the foot of the Pass, here we halted and refreshed ourselves and then left, we arrived at the city of Jalapa about 3 o'clock, P. M.

We came upon the citizens quite unexpectedly, they did not know that there were any Yankee troops coming.

This being All Saint's Day, and a great day among the priests, hooded monks and the Mexicans generally, the streets were full of *regatoncar* (huckster) stalls, and most anything could be had in the shape of sweet-meats and confectionery.

We took up our quarters in the National armory, but did not remain long here on account of its being alive with *pulga*, so we *vamosed* out of that armory in double-quick time, we preferred sleeping out in the *lluvia* (rain), without shelter; I had a good place, sleeping under a balcony, but the rest of my fellow soldiers passed a disagreeable night.

To-night several of the drunken Mexicans, who no doubt got drunk at the All Saint's Day Festival, stumbled over my feet, (myself lying on the stone pavement), woke me up, and I was going for one of them when he turned back and apologized, saying *muchabuns Americanos*.

Tuesday, November 2, 1847.—This morning I got up stiff and sore with rheumatism, all owing to those cursed fleas which drove us out from under shelter and made us sleep out on the cold ground and in the damp air.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., we left the city, and for several miles the road was perfumed by the sweet scents of the *narunjas* (orange) groves, and I can assure you, the soldiers were no ways backward in helping themselves to the delicious fruit.

At noon we halted at Gen. Santa Anna's summer residence, *hacienda El Encero*. The last time we were here was when our army was on a chase of Gen. Santa Anna from the battle of Cerro Gordo, the 18th of April last. The *hacienda* (an estate of wealth), is now unoccupied and nearly gone to wreck. This seems hard, when a man like Santa Anna buys an estate and then cannot live on it without these infernal Yankees all the time hunting him up like so many wolves.

Wednesday, November 3, 1847.—This morning we left El Encero, and passed through the historic Pass, Cerro Gordo, which means (greasy or oily hill). I know it was well greased

on the 18th of April last. We found several pieces of artillery, sword and two spiked cannons, also plenty of cannonballs and broken muskets, all belonging to the Mexican army, before the battle of Cerro Gordo was fought. When we came to the breastworks across the National road, we halted and viewed the battle-ground where many a noble and gallant soldier (on both sides) fell on the 18th of April, 1847.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., we arrived at our old camp-ground, Plan del Rio, here in this camp, on the 17th of April, I, like all my fellow comrades laid myself cautiously down with my weary head upon my knapsack and my musket by my side, before the battle of Cerro Gordo was fought, and the excitement of that evening is yet fresh in my memory. I noticed that the Mexicans have blown up the *venustola* (beautiful) cemented bridge crossing the Plan del Rio. This was done by the guerillas to stop Gen. George Cadwalader's division (when on his way to the capital), but all to no good. Gen. Cadwalader planted a piece of artillery on top of a hill, and soon drove them away, and then cut a road around the slope of the river.

In the evening Cols. Wynkoop and Dominguez's spy company went on to the Puerta Nacional (National bridge) after some provisions for our regiment as our men were tired, hungry and low spirited on account of having had only half enough to eat.

Thursday, November 4, 1847.—This morning at 3 o'clock the sick and discharged soldiers left for Vera Cruz, and there to ship for their sweet homes, there are about two hundred of them.

There seems to be a good deal of dissatisfaction among our men, and some are making a big fuss about Col. Wynkoop going off and leaving no provisions for us.

In the evening some of our soldiers held a council of war, to determine what was to be done, whether to go on to the National bridge or go back to Jalapa, they decided unanimously in favor of the National bridge; after which, they

went in swimming in the River of the Plains to cool off, the sun being excessively hot all day. After this performance was over, we all laid ourselves down to sleep. Everything is quiet, no life except in the little *oasis* occupied by our camp. There is no noise or voice of animals, no hum of insects to disturb our quarters as is the general case at most all the other places of encampment on our travels.

To-night no sign yet of Col. Wynkoop with his provisions he promised to bring us.

Friday, November 5, 1847.—This morning we were determined to march on to the National bridge to get something to eat, so about eight o'clock, when we were about to start, some of Col. Jack Hays' men came in camp saying that Gen. Patterson was coming with a large train and thirty-five hundred troops; so most of our men stationed themselves along the road to give the old Cerro Gordo veteran a reception.

The General soon arrived, when our men gave him three hearty cheers, the General uncovered and said: "My brave and gallant soldiers, I am extremely happy and glad to see what is left of you, and feel happy that we are once more together; and I hope we may not be parted again until the termination of this war." Cheers.

Next came Col. Jack Hays with five companies of mounted Texan rangers, and we gave him three good cheers; they are a fine body of men and well mounted, with six-shooting rifles.

About 5 o'clock this evening, we left camp to make room for Gen. Patterson's division and train; we marched on until 11 o'clock to-night, and went into camp at a *hacienda* named *Corl Flasco*, about three miles from Gen. Santa Anna's residence. Here was a great time, midnight, and we could not find a drop of water to make a cup of coffee, or anything else. There was much dissatisfaction among the men, plenty of rations but no water.

Saturday, November 6, 1847.—This morning, at 8 o'clock, we left camp and arrived at Encero; here we halted and Co.

K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was detailed to kill beef and bring it to Jalapa City, after which we left and arrived at Jalapa in the afternoon. In fact, before we got to the city the boys broke ranks and all rushed for the orange groves along the road.

This evening, at 8 o'clock, the beef party came in to our quarters, bringing plenty of the finest and fattest cattle.

To-night, one of Co. B, Second Artillery, was stabbed by a Mexican. The *Alcalda* promises to go for the would-be assassin in the morning.

Sunday, November 7, 1847.—This morning is splendid, and there is a large and splendid market here. I saw some of the best of fruits, the finest pineapples I have ever seen, and the best flavored; price, one picayune, and oranges ten for a *claco*.

At noon, the advance came in, which was Col. Jack Hays' regiment, or five companies of Texan rangers. The first wagon came in at 2 o'clock, P. M., and in the evening the rear was not yet in town. This is the largest train that has left Vera Cruz for the city of Mexico; it is accompanied by a Baltimore brass battery, commanded by Capt. Lloyd Tilghman.

Monday, November 8, 1847.—This morning, Gen. Patterson's train left the city for the old camp-ground, about three miles from the city, where it will remain and rest for the present, there not being room enough for all the troops and wagons in town, and at noon, we received orders to move from our present quarters to the National Guards' armory, which fronts on the main *plaza*, as the church or college is to be occupied by the sick and wounded soldiers for a hospital. All day the city was one bustle with troops and wagons, which made things look like business around the city. The last train from Vera Cruz brings the Fifth Ohio regiment, which was out last year under Gen. Z. Taylor. They went home, reorganized and came out again. I should think they have seen the *elephant* on the *Rio Granda* (Great river), if not, they will surely see him on Gen. Scott's route before they get home again. The fleas must have followed the fresh Yankees, just arrived, as the last time

we were in this building we were compelled to leave it on account of so many fleas. *Good-bye, fleas.*

Tuesday, November 9, 1847.—This morning, Col. Wynkoop was made Governor of Jalapa City; he immediately issued orders for dress parade every evening and roll call, etc.

To-day the mail was distributed among the lucky ones. I received one letter from Henry Strunk.

In the afternoon, there was a considerable fuss raised in our quarters about some horses being taken from the Mexicans. The Mexicans wanted to search our quarters for the lost horses, but our fellows would not submit to it and soon turned them out of our quarters, well satisfied to go without the horses.

Wednesday, November 10, 1847.—This morning, we received clothing from the Quartermaster and all old soldiers got a full suit from head to foot. This being the first regular clothing we drew since we have been in the United States service, and I assure you we all stood much in need thereof. It now being nearly a year since we were in service, and if it was not for the clothing we captured from the Mexicans one-half of our army would have to go naked. Oh, how good care our Government is taking of her noble sons, now fighting the bloody Mexicans. Every member of the head of our Government, from the President down, ought to be made a present of a *leather medal for their faithful performance in providing for the comfort and welfare of her sons.*

At noon, the advance of another train came in town and reported that it is encamped at Encero.

To-night, several soldiers came down from Perote Castle and reported a large train coming from the city of Mexico.

Thursday, November 11, 1847.—This morning, the train from the city of Mexico, on its way to Vera Cruz, passed around Jalapa City, on its way to Encero, there to camp for the night. In the meanwhile the train from Vera Cruz came into town and everything was bustle and confusion in the city; the train from Vera Cruz is ordered out to the camp-ground. While the train from the city of Mexico was passing around Jalapa, Gen.

James Shields passed through this city. Our soldiers soon got wind of it and all gathered around him and gave him six hearty cheers. After which the General said: "Soldiers, the battalion of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, which held Puebla City against a combined force of eight thousand troops, commanded by Gen. Santa Anna, has gained the highest pinnacle of fame. Again, had the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers a flag, it would have been the first regiment to plant the Stars and Stripes upon the gates of San Casmo or Belen." (Cheers, which made the very hills around Jalapa City echo.) He again said, "Pennsylvania can be proud of her sons in Mexico, fighting for its flag and country. Good-bye," and away he went in the midst of the utmost enthusiasm. It will be remembered the General was wounded in the arm at the storming of the castle of Chapultepec and still carries his arm in a sling.

Friday, November 12, 1847.—This morning, having nothing to do, so friend Kelly, of Co. K, our regiment, and myself concluded to take a walk out to the orange groves. We went there and spent some time, after which we took a walk to a *hacienda*, the country seat of an English manufacturer, named Welsh. After spending several hours with him we left.

In the evening, one of our picket guard shot, I think, one of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, through the arm, fracturing it so much that it had to be amputated. What cause this man had to interfere with the guard, I am unable to say, but he had no business there.

Saturday, November 13, 1847.—This morning, a guerilla cut his throat from ear to ear in the guard-house. He was caught by Col. Jack Hays' Texan Rangers, coming up from Vera Cruz. He was captured and surrendered at Vera Cruz, let go on parole of honor not to fight again during the war. He was again captured at the battle of Cerro Gordo, but not known to our officers, let go on parole of honor, and again captured leading a guerilla band; but this time he was recognized by some of our officers and tried by court-martial, found

guilty of all three charges and sentenced to be hung on Tuesday next, for violating and breaking his parole of honor; but the guerilla no doubt thought that he would have compassion on us Yankees and save us the trouble of erecting a scaffold, so he put an end to his miserable life by cutting his throat with a knife. This was the first person that I ever saw with his throat cut so clear from ear to ear, and I do not wish to see another. It was an awful sight to see the big gap open and the blood running over the floor. He was soon taken out of the guard-house and hauled away and buried in a separate lot, and thrown in the grave as he fell in the guard-house.

In the evening, I noticed the main Plaza all nicely laid off in blocks by sand being sprinkled around. I inquired of the Superintendent the cause and was informed that it was for the buyers to walk on and to let the market people know where to let the passage open.

Sunday, November 14, 1847.—This morning, the market was very large and well attended with purchasers, and everything was sold reasonable, especially the oranges, twelve to fifteen for one *claco*.

At noon, Mr. Alburtus Welsh, who has been acting Commissary for our company since Charles A. Jones, who has been discharged, resigned the office, and Hosa Snethern, of our company, took the position.

Monday, November 15, 1847.—This morning I took a walk out to Capt. Lloyd Tilghman's brass battery; it is the finest battery in the service. They were drilling at the time, and drilled remarkably well; and if they are as good in action as they drill and look, they will do good service. This battery hails from Baltimore City, and is accompanied by the Baltimore Battalion. Dress parade every evening.

Tuesday, November 16, 1847.—This morning a party of us started with a grain-bag to the orange groves. Here we filled our bag, and then laid around in the shady grove, after which we started back to our quarters well filled with the delicious fruit.

In the evening a party of our men, with guitars, violins, and accordions, serenaded Gen. Patterson at his headquarters. He came to the front and thanked the party most kindly for their kindness. While they were serenading Gen. Patterson, the housetops, windows and balconies were all filled with *hidalgos* and *venustola senioritas* (gentlemen and beautiful ladies).

Wednesday, November 17, 1847.—This morning the military court-martial sat. The first case that was called up was a soldier named Welsh (not our Welsh), for breaking his musket intentionally; but they could not find him guilty, and he was released at once and ordered to join his company. Several other cases were called up for disobeying orders and other trifling and petty charges, which did not amount to much, so the court adjourned for the day.

Thursday, November 18, 1847.—This morning, the court-martial sat at 10 o'clock, but soon afterwards adjourned on account of the absence of witnesses.

At noon, I took a walk around the suburban grounds of Jalapa and found it very beautiful to the eye. The orange, lemon and banana trees were heavily laden. I have never seen trees so heavily laden as those orange trees. I also noticed the so-called turkey buzzards were flying (like at Vera Cruz) very boldly through the streets and around our quarters. They have red necks and feet, and, strange to say, the only places they roost upon are the crosses upon the church towers, and the sight of three of these black coats, perched upon either arm and on top of these white emblems, forms a novel, if not cheerful spectacle. One involuntarily thinks of the crucifixion and the two thieves.

It is rumored this evening, that Col. George W. Hughes, commander of the Second Maryland and District of Columbia regiment, is appointed Governor of Jalapa City, and is to remain here as the main garrison, and that our detachment is soon to march on to the city of Mexico. Good news for us.

Friday, November 19, 1847.—This morning, the court-martial sat and tried two wagon teamsters for killing a poor, innocent

Mexican boy. The court found them both guilty and sentenced them to be hung. Also two Texan Rangers, Hays' men, were tried for stealing money and blankets from the Mexicans, after which the court adjourned, and myself and several more took a walk out to the old Camp Misery, where we encamped last May. I passed the very spot where we built a ranch to sleep under.

In the evening, I returned to our quarters in this city in time for the dress parade, where orders were read to us that there would be an inspection to-morrow.

To-night, Capt. Wm. F. Binder's Co. E, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, held a dancing party and ended in a regular fight among themselves. They came clear over to our quarters, but we soon made them *vamosc* from our place, as we don't approve of such conduct.

Saturday, November 20, 1847.—This morning, our regiment paraded in the *Plaza* and marched down near the *Vera Cruzoras* Hotel, to Gen. Patterson's headquarters, and was reviewed by him, and before we were dismissed Col. Geo. W. Hughes, U. S. A., who is now Governor of Jalapa City, ordered the following orders to be read to us: "That whenever a soldier meets an officer, to step to one side and give the sidewalk to the officer, and to take off their caps, and any soldier refusing to comply with these orders shall be arrested, put in the guard-house and court-martialed." After the parade was dismissed we gave three groans for Gov. Hughes. It was not long before a petty regular officer came along and meeting several of our soldiers, and because these soldiers did not take off their caps or step aside, the officer drew his sword and struck the men with his sword. At this instant a half dozen mounted the officer and gave him a good beating, and had it not been for Col. Wynkoop, who happened to be near the scene, appealing to the men to forgive the officer and let him go, not for his sake but for the sake of old Pennsylvania, the State we now represent in this war. So the soldiers let him go, but at the same time telling him that if he ever attempts to strike

another soldier he would not get off so easy. But I think he will not attempt to knock another soldier down with his sword hereafter. Our men have respect for an officer of knowledge, but they are down on all those young petty officers who are nothing but mere boys.

Sunday, November 21, 1847.—This morning the military court sat, and disposed of some business, after which they passed sentence on Col. Juan Clamaco and Capt. — (whose name I did not get), two guerilla officers. One of them has been taken prisoner three times—first, at Vera Cruz surrender; second, at the battle of Cerro Gordo; and third, on a skirmish. Each time he was captured he gave his parole of honor not to fight or join the Mexican army during the said war, unless exchanged. Sentence—*Death*.

When the citizens of Jalapa heard that these guerilla officers were captured, tried and condemned to death, they made a big fuss, and threatened what they would do to us Yankees when they once got the chance or power over us. We told them that they could hang or shoot every one of our officers who broke his parole of honor, without any court-martial.

The Mexicans expected that the execution was going to take place to-day, for I noticed all the stores were closed and all kinds of business suspended; people were standing in groups, talking and whispering—no doubt of the execution of the two Mexican officers—and by their loud talking and the motioning of their hands, etc., it looks as if they were very angry.

In the evening a delegation of some fifty well-dressed ladies waited on Gen. Patterson, using all their influence to have these Mexican officers' lives spared, and to imprison them until the termination of this war; but Gen. Patterson told these ladies that he regretted that it fell to his lot to execute these officers, that these officers whom the court had condemned had sacrificed their parole of honor three times, and that it was the law of all nations at war, that when a soldier sacrifices his parole of honor, death is his doom. So these officers,

having violated their pledges as officers, will have to suffer the penalty of the law, and that is death, and nothing under heaven will save them from death. The ladies went away weeping and crying like little children.

Monday, November 22, 1847.—This morning the court-martial again sat, and, after transacting some business, passed sentence of death on the two American teamsters who, a few days ago, killed a Mexican boy. Their object was robbery; they will be executed to-morrow. The two guerilla officers, Col. Juan Clamaco and a Captain, who wouldn't give his name—on whom sentence was passed yesterday—are to be executed on Wednesday next. Also passed sentence of death on two privates belonging to Col. Geo. W. Hughes' Second Maryland Regiment. Their charge is, sleeping on their picket-post, and they are to be shot on Thursday next. This is the most severe court-martial that ever sat in Mexico or in any other civilized country. The court is now six days in session, and in those six days it has condemned to death two Mexican officers—which was just—and four American citizens. If this kind of court were held in every small division of our army, there wouldn't be many left to fight the Mexicans. The sentence of death of the two Baltimoreans is an outrage. They were not allowed the privilege of defending themselves, to show their innocence of the crime, and nothing under the sun convicted these poor soldiers except that they were privates belonging to a volunteer regiment. They were tried by regular officers, who, we all know, hold *perjuicio* (prejudice) against the volunteers. Also sentenced one of our men, named James B. Wilson, who, while intoxicated, took a pair of *socks*, worth fifteen cents, out of a barrel. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to be taken to the castle of San Juan de Ulloa in irons, and there kept at hard labor, forfeit all his pay, have his head shaved and remain confined until the termination of the present war, and then receive a dishonorable discharge from the service. Who ever heard of such a heavy sentence for fifteen cents? It is one of the most

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outrageous sentences that has ever been heard of in any civilized country. It made our Captain Small and the men swear like troopers, saying that they will not give him up.

This evening Capt. Small promised us that he would use his utmost efforts to have J. B. Wilson, of our company, released before he leaves us.

Tuesday, November 23, 1847.—This morning, as soon as we got up, the whole conversation and talk was about the severe sentence of our comrade James B. Wilson, and the punishment for such a trifling thing as *a pair of socks*; had it been some of our thieving Quartermasters who are robbing us poor soldiers out of our rations every day by the thousands, or some petty regular officer, there would not have been anything said or done about it. I can hear a *mormullo* (murmuring) voice from some of the Baltimoreans, that some of those very officers who sat on that military court-martial, will be put out of the way the first chance.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., orders were read to us, stating that we would march back to the Castle Perote, to-morrow morning, and to have two days' rations with us.

At noon we were ordered out for guard duty, during the execution of the two teamsters; in fact, nearly all the military in and around Jalapa City were ordered out for guard, and to be in readiness in case wanted.

Our regiment formed in a circle around the scaffold; here we waited for about ten minutes, when the ambulance wagon containing the two condemned prisoners arrived, guarded on each side by Col. Irwin's Second Ohio Regiment; we opened column, and then let the ambulance wagon pass in near the scaffold; after which, we again closed column. The prisoners jumped off the wagon, walking with steady step up to the scaffold, looking to neither side. The priest followed them on the scaffold, and after some little talking, praying and kissing of the crucifix, the cap was drawn over their faces.

All left the platform except the two prisoners, who were shaking and trembling like a leaf.

The rope attached to the trap was pulled at 12.30 o'clock, when the two men swung off in the air, in the midst of the tolling of church bells, in the neighborhood.

While the prisoners were ascending the scaffold, the band played the Marseilles hymn. One died without a struggle, while the other, Mr. Meecks, suffered very much, strangling and struggling for some time.

Mr. Meecks hailed from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; the other one was a foreigner, he wouldn't give his name.

After hanging for nearly half an hour, they were pronounced dead, and lowered. During this time, some of the Ohio men talked pretty loud, saying that it was an outrage to hang these men.

After they were lowered, the military moved on past the scaffold. The music not playing until we had passed the scaffold; we then marched to our quarters, where we were dismissed for the balance of the day.

I noticed that the Mexicans who witnessed the execution, watched every movement of the prisoners. The Mexicans shoot their prisoners in place of hanging.

Wednesday, November 24, 1847.—This morning, according to the orders read to us yesterday, we were formed in the plaza ready to start on our march, but orders came from Col. Hughes, not to leave until the two Mexican officers (convicted the other day) are executed.

About 9 o'clock, A. M., the ambulance wagon containing the two guerilla officers made its appearance near the scaffold. The wagon stopped at the front of the gallows, the same on which the teamsters were executed yesterday. There were a great crowd of Mexicans gathered around the prisoners to bid them good-bye.

Among them I noticed an aged mother and a sister of Col. Juan Clamaco; they of course wrung their hands, wept and took it very hard. They were told that the time of execution had arrived, and that the friends should take leave.

After shaking hands and kissing one another, they walked straight forward and mounted the scaffold, accompanied by the priest, and after going through the Catholic ceremonies, the priest left them. The trap door was let go, and then the two Mexican officers who had three times broken their parole of honor, swung off in the air, in the midst of shrill cries and shock among the Mexicans.

All the church bells throughout the city were tolling while they were hanging; both died very hard, and hung fully half an hour before they were pronounced dead. After which they were lowered, and I believe, handed over to their friends for burial.

During the execution, some of the Mexicans in the back ground could be seen cursing and swearing.

After the excitement was all over we were ordered to march back to our quarters and stack arms, after which we marched with our side-arms down to Capt. Small's quarters to bid him good-bye, as he is going home to take his seat in the Senate of Pennsylvania, to which office he was elected last October. Sergeant Zeigle was the spokesman. After going over the career of Capt. Small's brilliant achievements as an officer and soldier, he wished him a safe return to the State and the bosom of his family, which he left nearly two years ago. Capt. Small responded in his usual happy style with very appropriate remarks, regretting that he had to leave us, as he would love to be with us on our march to the capital of Mexico, and wound up by saying that he had succeeded in getting James B. Wilson, of our company, clear of his sentence, and that he will march with us to-day to the city of Mexico. This announcement caused a great deal of joy amongst our company, and three rousing cheers were then given for Capt. Small, for the liberation of our comrade James B. Wilson. After this we all shook hands with the Captain and bid him good-bye and a safe journey to his family. We then returned to where we had stacked our muskets, when orders were given to take arms, shoulder arms, right face, forward march, and

we left the city of Jalapa, glad that we Pennsylvanians would have nothing to do in the shooting of the two Baltimoreans who are sentenced to be shot to-day at noon.

We are now under the command of our First Lieut. Aquilla Haines, a competent and clever officer. We marched on until we came to *La Hoya* where we stacked arms and camped for the night. The day was pleasant; the woods resounded with the songs of the birds, the air balmy, and light fleecy clouds floating over our heads. For our supper we had *pollito*, we captured on our march. To-night it is blowing colder.

Thursday, November 25, 1847.—This morning we were all astonished to see *nieve* and *yelo*, snow and ice, on the ground, which made the air cold and very uncomfortable. We hurried and got on our march; our company was detailed as the rear guard. This day's march was the worst we had for some time; snowing, raining, and sometimes hailing, nearly all day. *Lodo, lodo*, (mud, mud). All the way over one-half of our wagons stuck in the mud up to the hubs, stalled, and such another way of lashing the poor mules and swearing I never heard before. We marched on and passed Las Vegas and arrived at Cruz Blanco at 5 o'clock, P. M. Here a squad of us captured a deserted ranche, made a fire, cooked our coffee and dried our clothing, and waited until dark for the wagons which were left back, sticking in the *lodo*; but none of the wagons made their appearance. So we were obliged to stop here and sleep on the bare ground without our blankets, as they are in the wagons, but we were fortunate to have shelter; yet the smell and the moist atmosphere was most too effluvia and powerful for any but accustomed noses. The rats scampered here and there over our feet, and the fleas and other creeping *things* held a circus all night in the other end of the room. To-night it is very dark, raining and chilly.

Friday, November 26, 1847.—This morning we got up early; good reason why—couldn't sleep or rest for the infernal rats, who held a perpetual circus. We gathered around our campfires, warmed ourselves and dried our clothing, also learned

that one of our teamsters was frozen to death last night. Gen. Patterson now came riding by, saying, "Good morning, men; I suppose you all feel cold. We answered, "Yes, sir; and hungry, too" [Laughter], and he passed on, after which a *mula*, loaded with bananas, came along. We captured the fruit and divided it among the men, after which we left camp for Perote, saying, "We will not starve as long as we can get anything to eat."

We arrived in camp about 2 o'clock, P. M., and took up our quarters in the town of Perote, much fatigued, tired out and hungry, yet feeling rejoiced that we arrived safely.

In the evening the trains began to come in slowly, and some of the teamsters tell us that this has been one of the hardest and worst marches that they ever experienced in all Mexico, and there are some of these teamsters who have been driving for Uncle Sam through the Florida and Texan wars. Met with no accident except the frozen man.

History tells us that Friday is a regular red-letter day. Its calendars mark great events all along the centuries of American history. Columbus first set sail from Europe on Friday, first saw land on the continent on Friday, and on his way home returned on Friday; Conqueror Cortez first landed on the shores of Mexico on Friday; it was on Friday that the Mayflower first reached the shores of New England; it was on Friday that the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock; it was on Friday, in the cabin of the vessel, that the first written constitution in our country—the form of our government—was signed; it was on Friday that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought; it was on Friday that Yorktown surrendered to our army; it was on Friday that I was born; it was on Friday that I first made up my mind to enlist in the United States army. So this Friday is *heroic* also.

Saturday, November 27, 1847.—This morning it is very cold, the ground has a light coat of snow, and the hills around here are covered with a good coat of the same. Mount Cofrades has a good share of it, making it very cold and chilly.

In the afternoon, Gen. Patterson paid a visit to the Castle of Perote, and as he entered the Castle a salute from the different batteries in the Castle were fired in honor of his arrival.

This evening quite a row was kicked up in town at the *Plaza* between our regiment and the Ohio Regiment, about some trifling thing, but I believe the Pennsylvania boys gained the day and made the Buckeyes back water. It ended by officers belonging to both regiments interfering.

To-night I am informed that the Ohio regiment will have to march to-morrow for their disorderly and unsoldier-like conduct.

Monday, November 28, 1847.—This morning, the brigade consisting of the Second Ohio Regiment and regular recruits, left Perote under the command of Lieut. Col. Moore and Brig. Gen. Caleb Cushing. This was owing to their unruly conduct of yesterday, which was noticed by Gen. Patterson, who ordered them to march to-day for Puebla City. When they passed our quarters words passed and some blows were struck, and it was with difficulty that our boys could be kept in their quarters, keeping them from going for the Buckeyes.

In the evening, we received orders to march to-morrow morning for Puebla. Capt. Herron's Co. K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was to be attached to the Massachusetts regiment, but they kicked against it. So Lieut. Col. S. W. Black had that part countermanded and brought all things to right again. By-the-by, Brig. Gen. Caleb Cushing is the most comical looking general I have ever seen, and is made fun of by all the soldiers. I hope we will never be attached to his brigade.

Monday, November 29, 1847.—This morning, at 8 o'clock, we left Perote and marched about twenty miles, passing several large *haciendas* and went into camp at the town of Tepegualco. We were placed in the advance of the division and marched very fast. This was owing to the brags the Massachusetts men made, that they could out-march any regiment on the road. They were left in the rear for over five miles,

strung all along the road and did not get into camp until late. The best part of the road was very dusty and unpleasant to march upon. We can soon tell when we get near to towns, for the manguey plants make their first appearance before we enter into any town. It is used here as a fence; some of the plants are called the *organo*, and are as straight as an arrow.

Tuesday, November 30, 1847.—This morning we left Tepehualco at daylight, and passed several beautiful villages, and over a sandy road and plain.

The fields are filled with wheat, corn, barley and beans. When on our last march these crops were all green, but now they are reaped and stacked. We did not stop at the usual stopping place, but went on to the second stopping place, making two days' marching into one. We went into camp about 5 o'clock, P. M., and up to 10 o'clock to-night the soldiers are not all in camp yet.

One of our Dragoons reported that he saw two of our men lying along the *ruta*, stripped of all their clothing and with their throats cut, no doubt done by the guerillas who are constantly watching the straggling soldiers, and rush out of the chaparral and kill our men. This is all Col. Wynkoop's fault he wants to march us through in four days, so as to have something to brag about.

Wednesday, December 1, 1847.—This morning we left camp early, and actually the men could hardly keep up they were so stiff from marching. We passed several large *haciendas*, and went into camp about 3 o'clock, P. M., at El Pinol.

We had intended to go through the Pass, but the Massachusetts and the other new regiments lagged so far behind, that we were obliged to stop here for the night.

This evening about 6 o'clock, word came to our camp, that the guerillas were killing our stragglers (soldiers), back at the town, so Col. Wynkoop ordered a company of Col. Jack Hays' mounted rangers to go in pursuit of them, with instructions, that if they caught any of the guerillas, to show them no quarter.

Off they started and about 10 o'clock to-night, they returned bringing in two of the guerillas as suspicious; they shot two. This is one of the seven wonders, that the Texan rangers brought the guerillas in as prisoners, for they generally shoot them on the spot where captured. But being captured without arms and on suspicion only, saved the Mexicans from death. They also brought in two of our men, (Massachusetts), tied on a mule, with their throats cut.

*This ought to be a warning to all soldiers **not to lag** behind but keep up with the army. But it seems the men are entirely worn out and unable to march any distance, and thus they lay themselves down by the wayside and go to sleep, and the first thing, a guerilla comes out of a chaparral close by and cuts the soldier's throat while sleeping.

Thursday, December 2, 1847.—This morning we left camp and went through the El Pinol Pass without seeing a *agraziento* (greaser), or having a shot fired at us while going through.

We went into camp at Amozoquco, and as we were going into town, one man named McCage, attached to our company, received a shot in his arm. At this, a party armed themselves and went in pursuit of the cowardly greasers; they set fire to several ranches in the vicinity where the shots came from, and in fooling around, they started up several lancers, and fired several shots at them, but without effect, they flying to the mountains.

Our men broke open a suspicious looking building, and found that it was an artillery school, having in it several pieces of light artillery, a small mortar and a few muskets.

Friday, December 3, 1847.—This morning we left the town of Amozoquco. We saw several guerillas going over toward the mountains, but we did not think it worth while going after them.

We arrived at Puebla about noon, and for several miles out we were met by members of our regiment who were left here, they being too unwell to go on a big march; also a great many of our Mexican acquaintances coming out to welcome us back.

At Puebla we took up our quarters, about two squares from Cuartel San Jose, our former headquarters, on the street leading to the main plaza.

When we arrived there, Col. Thomas Childs came to meet us, and was received with a tremendous cheering from those half starved Yankees whom he commanded during the long siege of Puebla, the men crying out "We know no surrender!"

Col. Childs took off his cap, bowed and said, "That the cheers and shouts just given, put him in mind of the many hurrahs during the siege, and particularly more so, when Gen. Santa Anna, with about eight thousand troops, appeared at the outside of the city, demanding of him, Col. Childs, to surrender up his three hundred soldiers, to his Excellency, Gen. Santa Anna. I sent word back 'No, never will I surrender my little band of brave men, we will fight it out until the last man falls.'" Cheers.

"You will also remember when myself and your Lieut. Col. Black went from one station to another announcing Gen. Santa Anna's request to surrender, and your reply was, 'No, no, never will we surrender,'" with cheers and hurrah, which made the volcanic hills shake. "Again let me tell you, Pennsylvanians, that I will never, the longest day of my life, forget the heroic conduct and patriotism you have showed during the siege of Puebla." He, then, with a wave of his cap, left in the midst of cheering and clapping of hands. During this little excitement and speech, most all the new troops and Mexicans gathered silently around Col. Childs and listened with deep interest to his remarks and mingled their cheers with ours, and at the same time commenced asking many questions about the siege of Puebla, and how it was that we could hold out so long and repulse Gen. Santa Anna's eight thousand troops. We answered, that it was the confidence we had in our officers, and a determination on our part never to yield an inch, and to hold out till the last man drops.

It will be remembered that when we were first placed under the command of Col. Childs, he was not liked by our men.

Col. Childs is a regular officer and a great disciplinarian. This is enough to make any officer unpopular among the volunteers. The hair-cutting order made him very unpopular among the volunteers, but we soon got over that, and to-day he is one of the most popular officers now in our army.

In the evening we received orders from Gen. Patterson that we will continue on our march to-morrow for the city of Mexico, but I fear that I will not be able to go along on account of blistered feet and a bad cold contracted on our last march. So I suppose I will be handed over to the tender mercy of the *diarrhæa blues* until the arrival of the next coming train from Vera Cruz, which is now on its way up. Later, my friend Albutus Welsh came to see me, and stated that he will not be able to march to-morrow, so I will have company.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMPELLED TO STAY IN PUEBLA—THE CATHOLIC RELIGION—
WHAT IT USED TO COST TO SUSTAIN IT—ARRIVAL OF GEN.
WM. O. BUTLER'S TRAIN FROM VERA CRUZ—LEFT PUEBLA—
ARRIVED AT RIO FRIO—THE DEEP CUT TO DRAIN THE CITY
OF MEXICO—EL PENON PASS—ARRIVED IN THE CITY—SAW
ENOUGH OF GREASERS TO DRIVE OUR ARMY OUT OF THE
COUNTRY—CAMPED AT SAN ANGEL—A CHRISTMAS IN THE
CITY—SCANDALOUS ACTION OF THE SECULAR CLERGY IN
MEXICO—MEXICO CITY, THE METROPOLIC CAPITAL OF MEXICO.

Saturday, December 4, 1847.—The train did not get off until noon; it is composed of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, Massachusetts and Ohio regiments. Col. John Coffee Hays, with five companies of mounted Rangers, and Maj. Lally, with fifteen hundred regular recruits, assigned to different regiments at the capital. There were four of our company left back on account of sore and blistered feet and colds, which we contracted on our last march. Your humble servant is one of the four. After the division had left the city of Puebla, we were puzzled to know what we had to do and where to go. We did not want to attach ourselves to any company here, fearing that we could not get off so easy when the next train comes up, which we intend to follow to the capital and again join our companies.

So four of us made up a mess, hunted and rented a room, promising to pay seventy-five cents per week for the same, and laid in some rations, but how long we will be able to stay here without being found out by the officers, time will tell; but I hope they will let us rest a few days anyhow.

In the evening, I went to the hospital to see how our friend John B. Herron, who was wounded during the siege of Puebla, was getting along, and to my surprise I was informed that he died of his wounds on the 25th of November last. Mr. Herron

was a well educated man, and when he first started out with our company he expected something better than a mere private. He expected to be either Quartermaster or Sergt. Major of our regiment, but Capt. Small, being defeated for the Colonelcy of our regiment, his plans and hopes were dashed. He was very much of a gentleman in all his ways and manners, and was also a good soldier. He prophesied previous to his going on picket-guard, that he would be shot that day. His prophecy proved too true.

Sunday, December 5th, 1847.—This morning, after breakfast, we were busy in arranging our room, so as to make everything look neat and comfortable. My feet are very sore and I am compelled to stay in our room, and am passing my time in writing, and examining ancient histories of Mexico. To-day I have written several letters to my parents and friends so as to have them ready to send home by the next train. This being Sunday, I went to the Cathedral, which is close by, and it was surprising to see the numerous clergy or Catholic priests and monks in this city; and it is true, as a writer said:

“Catholicism has found a virgin field in America where it had luxuriated and spread its dogmas. The religious force which had concentrated itself in the old world burst over the virgin wilds of the new world like a pestilence. The fanatical monk penetrated with the crucifix into the midst of the most savage tribes, while swords, fire and massacre were the true instruments used in the propagation of the faith, and made more converts than the Bible, whose blessed teachings the poor Indians received at the point of the spear and sabre.” It has always been said and very truly, that the sword holds mighty arguments, and as Mahomedan and Christian have proven, makes more converts than tongue or pen.

In touching the results of the establishment of Catholic power in the new world, I am not attacking the high moral teachings of the Church of Rome, but the perversion of its religion when in the hands of bad men, and its wonderful capacity for such perversion. I know that the Catholic religion

was born of the moral wants of the Mediterranean nations, who, completely sunk in immorality, were ready to seize upon any faith which could lift them from the degradation into which the crimes and lust of the Roman Empire had sunk them; but like any other great monopoly of the human mind in a single direction, it soon becomes perverted and deems no measure too atrocious to obtain proselytes.

In tracing the causes of the numberless revolutions of Mexico and the Spanish American States, we shall find that every phase of their history, and especially in Mexico, the Catholic clergy, have been the great vital principal which has occasioned the chronic revolutionary condition of the country.

To form an idea of their power, it is necessary to glance at the immense influence which they exercised in colonial affairs, and the vast accumulation of wealth, which, by every art that avarice could suggest, they wrung from the Spaniards and poor native Indians,

There were, in 1827, one hundred and fifty convents, besides innumerable parochial churches. The clergy collected by the exaction of tithes, one-tenth of the whole products of the country, notwithstanding the tithe system was abolished in 1833, by the Mexican Government. Many of the devoted adherents of the Catholic church still submit to it.

It costs Mexico yearly to sustain her clergy \$8,000,000; while the estimated value of church property is from \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000, about one-third of the valuation of the whole country. There are \$40,000,000 alone of mortgages on the agricultural districts around this city of Puebla, that support the religious institutions of the city, which, as I stated before, is still known as the most intensely Catholic of all Mexican cities in this country.

In the afternoon we received a requisition from Capt. Heron, of our regiment, (who, like ourselves, was left here being too much fatigued to go any further,) on the Commissary, to draw rations, and us four drew nearly as much as our whole company sometimes did.

To-night having plenty of candles, we devoted our time to writing letters and straightening up our notes of our campaign. All quiet, nobody asking us who we are or where we belong, and of course we are not fools enough to tell them.

PUEBLA CITY, }
December 5, 1847. }

DEAR BROTHER FREDERICK :—I again embrace the favorable opportunity of writing to you a few lines, to let you know that I am still living and well, and I hope that this letter may find you and all my inquiring friends enjoying the same state of health. You will remember, in my last letter to you, I stated that Gen. Lane had arrived at Puebla, and raised the siege of Puebla. After twelve days' rest, our regiment was ordered to escort a train to Vera Cruz. On our way back we stopped at Jalapa, here we remained for two weeks, and were nearly eaten up by the *infernal* fleas and other creeping things. Left Jalapa and marched for Perote Castle. This march was one of the most disagreeable we ever experienced, it snowed, rained and hailed nearly all the time; all along, the road was inundated with several inches of water, which made the ground cold and damp, and having no tents or shelter to protect us from the storm. The roads were horrible, mud up to the wagon hubs, through which, with the utmost difficulty, we dragged our wagons, with the assistance of both men and mules. At Perote we halted for two days, and then left for Puebla.

After we arrived at Puebla, we received orders the same evening to march the next morning for the city of Mexico, but on account of blistered feet, and a bad cold contracted during our long marches, I was compelled (for the first time), to remain back for a few days, or until the next train goes to the city of Mexico, when I shall go with it and join my company again.

There were four of our company, who, like myself, were left here with the same complaints. We clubbed together and rented a room; so during our stay we had comfortable

quarters, and plenty to eat and nothing to do. We were compelled to either rent this room or go to the hospital, this of course we did not fancy, because the grub you get in these hospitals is nothing extra, and again, we would have been compelled to stay until they saw fit to send us to our companies, so I assure you we kept ourselves very quiet for fear of being found out.

Some good and kind friend of mine sent me several newspapers from Lewistown, Pa., of which I took great interest in reading. Oh, how I recollect the scenes that we passed through when we lived there. The next letter you will receive from me, will be from the halls of Montezumas, if nothing happens. I ever remain your brother, J. J. O.

Monday, December 6, 1847.—This morning there is quite an excitement in the city. The Mexicans had a procession, they carried banners with Genls. Scott and Jackson's pictures, with parrot noses and well specked with spots of blood and dirt. This was all done to raise an excitement among the citizens, as they, the Mexicans, have it reported that Gen. Paredas is within two days' march of Puebla, with five thousand troops, to attack us; and the train which left here several days ago for the city of Mexico, is on the retreat back to this city, all done by Gen. Paredas' army. Our mess is the least excited, as we are used to such clamoring and false reports. Don't believe a word of it.

In the afternoon we received another requisition from Capt. Herron, on the Commissary for to draw more rations.

Tuesday, December 7, 1847.—This morning I noticed the ordnance men went to Fort Loretto, to have the artillery and mortar ready so as to throw a shell in the main plaza, in case Gen. Paredas arrives and makes an attempt to attack us. But I can't believe that Gen. Paredas will be so foolish as to attack our present force with his five thousand, when Gen. Santa Anna with his eight thousand troops could not drive our garrison of six hundred men out. The new arrivals don't know

the Mexicans as well as we do, if they did, they would not get alarmed at every little report they hear.

Col. Gorman's Indiana Regiment is stationed at the Mayor's palace, as a guard, and the way things look now, is, that we are going to have a fight.

At noon it is reported that Gen. Paredas is in the neighborhood.

To-night having plenty of candles, we devoted our time to writing letters and straightening up our notes of our campaign. We are listening for Gen. Paredas' attack on the city, but all is quiet, and nobody is asking us any questions as to who we are or to what regiment we belong, and we aint foolish enough to tell anybody who we are, would you?

Wednesday, December 8, 1847.—This morning we find the excitement is still at fever heat, owing to the orders issued by Gen. Lane concerning the procession the other day.

The orders read: "That on, or hereafter, all Mexican processions or parades, either religiously, politically or otherwise, will be entirely prohibited in this city until further orders; otherwise, they will be arrested and punished as violators of law and the public peace."

So the patriotic Mexicans will have to behave themselves, or else they will be put in the chain gang, and made to sweep the streets.

This afternoon we noticed some of the Ohio regiment men wanted to rob a poor Mexican woman who keeps a shop close by our room, but our mess interfered and would not let them commit the outrage, and told them, that they should be ashamed of themselves to attempt to rob this poor woman; they wanted to know what we had to do with it, and what we were doing here; we told them, that was none of their business. Seeing that they couldn't make anything of our crowd, they left the woman alone and said no more. She thanked us.

To-night about 10 o'clock, the Indiana picket-guards were driven in from their posts by a few Mexicans; this raised a

little excitement among the new troops, thinking that Gen. Paredas was surely coming, but it was a false alarm. You Indiana boys will have to do a little better than this, it will never do to run away without showing a little fight first. This is something that has not happened to us during the whole siege of Puebla.

Thursday, December 9, 1847.—This morning about 10 o'clock, Mr. Doyle, the British Minister, accompanied by a squadron of Louisiana cavalry under Capt. Fairchilds, arrived from Vera Cruz, on their way to the capital of Mexico. They stated that Gen. William O. Butler, with about five thousand troops were encamped at El Pinol, and will be here in four or five days.

This afternoon Reddy McClellan, of Co. D, of our regiment, and who, like ourselves, was left here with the same complaint, was found out by some of Col. Gorman's men, and was sent to Fort Loretto, there to join the regulars. So our party took heed to keep the door closed and to keep very quiet. Dare not burn any candles to-night.

Friday, December 10, 1847.—This morning everything looks quiet in and around the city. In the afternoon a Mexican came to our room and stated that the President of the United States has recalled Mr. N. P. Trist, our American Minister to Mexico. Our mess don't believe it.

Saturday, December 11, 1847.—This morning, after breakfast, I was busy in writing letters, when in walked, a sergeant and a guard of four soldiers, telling us that Gov. Childs wished to see us, and report ourselves to him this afternoon and get attached to some company. We told the sergeant that we would report ourselves. He then left.

So this afternoon we carried out our promise and reported ourselves to Gov. Childs, and he told us to come at 9 o'clock, to-morrow morning, and he would send us to Fort Loretto where he had a company of old soldiers. We of course promised the Colonel faithfully that we would call and report ourselves without fail, as we were anxious to be attached to

some company (*in a pig's eye*). We left the Colonel, laughing among ourselves, saying that the Colonel must be mighty sharp if he catches any of us near his quarters to-morrow.

This evening we resolved to change our quarters to-morrow for a few days, or until Gen. Butler's division arrives, when we will follow it to the city of Mexico and there be attached to our own respective companies.

To-night, on account of our promise, we can burn candles and rest with ease without any fear of being disturbed by the patrol. So all four of us went to work and posted our notes of to-day's proceedings and wrote letters to several of our friends, one of which is to one of my old schoolmates, as follows:

PUEBLA CITY, MEXICO, }
December 11th, 1847. }

MR. WILLIAM STRUNK.

DEAR FRIEND:— It has been a long time since I have seen you or heard from you, but for all this I have not forgotten you. No, I often think of you and the many pleasant and happy hours I passed at the old Hoffman school-house, pelting each other with snow-balls and playing town-ball. All these scenes and memories of my boyhood are constantly mingled with the many dreams in this *tierra calientes*. You are aware that I am now engaged and going to a different kind of school, as well as playing ball; yes, playing with balls that are dangerous, and when they strike will leave more painful marks than the ones you used to pitch or throw at me when running to base, or put me out on the fly and sometimes foul too. I will not now attempt to give you any outlines of our long marches, battles, guerilla fights, etc., and of the siege of Puebla, as I expect you have already, before this letter reaches you, read in print a full and accurate account of the whole action.

On our march from Perote Castle to Puebla City, we passed through a partly rough and beautiful valley. Some places it looked like an immense flower garden. The shrubs were

chiefly of the *cactus* order, with beautiful masses of purple, yellow and crimson flowers, while the heliotrope and sweet pea could be seen on every hand, and made the air along the National road heavy with their perfume. We also passed, and sometimes quartered for the night at several large *haciendas*. A *hacienda* is the same as a large country-seat or farm house in our States. Each *hacienda*, or in fact most all large *haciendas* in this country have a main entrance through which guests, donkeys and carts alike find ingress. To this entrance is a large, heavy gate with strong hinges and heavy bolts, something like our prison gates. The first floor is mostly laid with bricks or small flagstone, and looks as cold as a tombstone. In each room there are plenty of chairs, and in the middle of the room there is a table loaded with glass lamps and numerous vases. In the corner is the water jar and bowls of native pottery from Cholula, dark red, with strange figures painted upon them. In almost every room can be seen numbers of the all-prevailing faith, in crosses and pictured saints, image of the Virgin, and a blood-stained image of Christ in perpetual crucifixion, before which young and old daily tell their beads and whisper their prayers.

The city of Puebla is getting to be quite a lively place of business again. It begins to look old-fashioned; that is as it looked before the main army left for the city of Mexico. New faces are daily to be seen, and places that were almost deserted a few months ago have now become resorted to by the better class of citizens; where then, no one, neither a Mexican soldier or American dared to go, except the numerous Mexican soldiery. In places that were largely intermixed with guerillas and bad men of all descriptions, we can now see smiling and apparently contented faces. The business men who had to close their stores or shops for fear of being robbed by their own countrymen, come out now in the evening to ride or walk as best suits their convenience, without the fear of being molested or their places broken open and robbed, and themselves reduced to the necessity of commencing life anew. On

an evening ride around the beautiful *Alameda Park*, you can see the comfortable carriages of the more opulent dash along as they carry their inmates to enjoy the evening breeze.

The whole bearing of the Mexicans of this city, whether a majority of them are hostile to the American soldiers or not, appears to feel a degree of safety under American protection, which was unknown to them before we entered this city; while those that were ready to cause the rights of this nation to be respected remained among them, delighted with themselves, terrifying others and driving great numbers of those who love order, peace and tranquility from their comfortable homes.

In fact, I have got so used to these people in this city, that I sometimes forget myself, thinking that I am once more in a peaceful land. But, as a writer says, "I could not lay that flattering unction to my soul." It is too true. The reality is too plain. I am a soldier in the United States army, fighting the battles in Mexico, during this war unless sooner discharged. I often think of the times we had in our boyhood-days, and the home I left behind me, and sometimes I wish myself back among the valleys and hills where I have spent the best part of my life; but looking and wishing will not bring me home any sooner, so I may just as well be contented to stay until this bloody war is over. *Good reason why.*

Since I have been here in this country, I have experienced much hardship and fatigue, in the exposure to the hot climate and sometimes in the cold and dismal rains; also witnessing some horrible scenes. Our soldiers are dying, and most every day this little sentence is written, "Died of the diarrhoea." "Died of his wounds," etc. Every day some flower is plucked from its sunny home, or falls from his post and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the grave of eternity. Even now, while sitting down and writing this letter to you, the funeral of some gallant soldier passes like a winter shadow along the street.

Our regiment has already left for the city of Mexico, and myself and three others belonging to our company, were left

here on account of colds and rheumatism, but we are all recovering fast, and will leave this city as soon as the next train from Vera Cruz arrives; and as soon as I arrive safe at that immense capital, I will endeavor to write to you again, and give you a description of the Valley of Mexico, and the great halls of Montezumas, where the great Mexican Chieftain, Gen. Santa Anna—besides other officers who were equal in experience, and highly esteemed in the warfare of the times of strength and valor—with over thirty thousand well armed troops, were badly whipped by Gen. Scott's army of from eight to ten thousand men.

I have no doubt the people will say this was a gallant little army, and, as I stated before, and will repeat it again, that history has for more than two thousand years preserved the memory of the ten thousand Greeks who effected their retreat from Persia, without fighting a single battle; let our people not altogether forget the ten thousand American soldiers who landed at Vera Cruz, the victorious and triumphant march to the capital of Mexico, and which never retreated an inch.

I have written a great deal more than I first intended to write, but it seems when I get started, I don't know when to stop; as my candle is getting burned down pretty low and the night late, I will come to a close by saying that I am well, and will ever remain your friend,

J. J. O.

To William Strunk, three locks above Lewistown, Pa.

Sunday, December 12, 1847.—This morning is just one year since I enlisted in Capt. Small's company, and I was going to say I wish my time of enlistment had expired, but I want to go on to the city of Mexico before that time comes around.

This morning about 9 o'clock we were to report ourselves at Gov. Child's headquarters, and from there to be taken to Fort Loretto to be attached to a company made up of stragglers.

We, of course, did not report, as we are determined not to go to Fort Loretto, if we can help it; for if we ever get into that fortress they will keep us there as long as they see fit. We are not safe to remain here any longer; so we must move from our comfortable little room one square further up the street, on a more out of way place. Before we left we posted a notice on the door as follows:—

Notice.—The party of soldiers, who roomed in this house, have left, and have reported themselves for duty at Fort Loretto.

Signed by the Roomers.

This was done to throw the guard off their guard. They, no doubt, think that we have reported ourselves, and they will give themselves no further trouble.

Fortunately, for ourselves, we were not long in our new quarters when in came a train from the city of Mexico on its way to Vera Cruz, under the command of Gen. David E. Twiggs, which caused a little excitement. Soon afterwards another train came in from Vera Cruz, under the command of Gen. William O. Butler. So you can imagine, while the two trains were passing through the streets of Puebla, it caused considerable confusion, and we could go anywhere without fear of being noticed. We mingled ourselves with the new troops, so that we wouldn't be detected.

Capt. Kendrick's battery, which has been stationed here, went out to meet Gen. Butler, and fired a salute in honor of his arrival.

Monday, December 13, 1847.—This morning about 4 o'clock Gen. Twiggs left Puebla City with about four hundred, mostly empty, wagons for Vera Cruz, of which place Gen. Twiggs is to be Governor or general commander. He takes with him a large mail from this city.

Gen. Butler's division, which arrived yesterday, is mostly composed of volunteers, nearly four thousand. Among them are two regiments from Tennessee, and several regiments from Kentucky, and a large train and mail, loaded mostly with provision and ammunition.

At noon Col. Dominguez's spy company came in from the city of Mexico on their way to Vera Cruz. They are bearers of important dispatches from Gen. Scott to our government.

In the evening our mess paid a visit to the theatre, and witnessed the plays called "Lucretia Borgia" and the "Nervous Man," which pieces were played and performed by the Fourth Ohio Regiment (as *subs*). During the performance several rows were kicked up by some of the Pennsylvania and the Fourth Ohio Regiment, but the rumpus was soon over, and squashed by the officers of the theatre, without doing much damage to either party. Fearing that we would be recognized we quietly left the theatre for our little quarters, and on our way we heard reported that Lieut.-Col. Johnson, with a large force, was encamped at Amozuquo, and would be in the city to-morrow.

Tuesday, December 14th, 1847.—This morning, about 10 o'clock, Lieut-Col. Johnston arrived with over thirteen hundred troops and a large train. It is accompanied with a large Mexican train of packed mules, loaded with merchandise for the foreign merchants at the city of Mexico. There are also one hundred recruits for the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, on their way to the city, there to be distributed among the different companies. I also noticed more dragoons with this train than any other that has come up yet. It is the cavalry that we want to follow the flying Mexican Lancers.

To-night it is rumored that Gen. Butler's train will start for the city of Mexico in the morning. So on the strength of this our mess is in high glee at the prospect of leaving Puebla and marching with Gen. Butler's division.

Wednesday, December 15th, 1847.—This morning, most of the soldiers are busy in packing up to leave, as they received orders that the train would start at 2 o'clock, P. M. So we four marched out the National road (*not to Fort Loretto*), about seven miles, where we found the advance train in camp. The encampment was at a large *hacienda*. On our march out to this place we passed over a beautiful bridge and through several beautiful gate-ways.

To-night it is cold and the wind blows very hard, and as we have no tents to sleep under we passed a sleepless night, you may depend.

Thursday, December 16th, 1847.—This morning we did not start as soon as was expected, owing to the detention of Capt. Lovell's battery, which is on its way to Vera Cruz. Capt. Lovell, of the Fourth Artillery, was chief of staff of Gen. John A. Quitman's division, and was wounded at the battle or storming of the castle of Chapultepec. About 8 o'clock, A. M., we left camp and passed over a beautiful prairie country and encamped at a large *hacienda* named San Domingo.

Friday, December 17th, 1847.—This morning we left camp at daylight and passed over the same kind of *tierra templado* as before; also passed several beautiful *haciendas*. The road is gradually going up hill, but is straight and good, and by looking back you can see the bright bayonets shining in the sunbeams, and the white covered tops of Uncle Sam's wagons. It looks as if we are passing close by the two volcanic mountains of Popocatepetl and Iscotafelt; also passed through several narrow passes and through the thickest of woods, containing some of the finest and largest trees I have ever seen. We also passed a bridge which looked like it was once fortified. We went into camp about 2 o'clock, P. M., on a large field in front of a *hacienda* called *Molino*. Here we found the water very cold and plenty of icicles.

To-night the report is that five of our soldiers, who straggled too far back from the main army, were killed by the guerillas.

Saturday, December 18th, 1847.—This morning, at 6 o'clock, we left camp and marched up hill for about ten miles. We could plainly see the white snow covered mountains of Popocatepetl and Iscotafelt on our left; also saw along the National road newly cut down trees, which have been lying across the road to stop or delay Gen. Scott's advancing army.

The country we passed through to-day was pretty rough and wild, with large pine forests. In fact it put me in mind of

some of the wild pine forests in our western part of Pennsylvania. We passed a little stream called *Rio Frio* (Cold river), and I think it is well named, for I find it awful cold, ice and ice crystals hanging over the cliffs of the hills. We also passed a fortified bridge, put there by Gen. Santa Anna, to show fight, but like all the rest of his fortifications and breastworks along the road, he blew them up and *vamosed* for the city.

We finally went into camp at *Venta de Rio Frio*; here eight companies of the Fifth Ohio Regiment, under Col. William Irwin, were stationed as a garrison, to keep an eye on the numerous bands of desperados and guerillas which have for some time set all laws and its officers at defiance. They seem to have comfortable quarters, having shanties and houses built for them to live in; but they don't like this place on account of its sudden changes of temperature, which makes it very unhealthy. They say that they have not been here a month and have already lost ten men, suffering from colds and diarrhœa.

Sunday, December 19, 1847.—This morning we left camp early, owing to a long day's march before us. We traveled up hill until near noon, when we arrived on the summit of *Rio Frio*, which is the highest and coldest point on the National road. Here the beautiful plains of Puebla and city of Mexico separate a chain of mountains running across to Popocatepetl, which divides the two valleys. *Popocatepeque* is so-called from the smoke which used to continually ascend from its top, for *popoca*, in Aztec language, signifies smoke, and *tepeque* a mountain. Historic writers say that this mountain, in 1540, broke forth in such a manner that the country all around was terrified therewith, for it vomited not only a black smoke, but also horrible flames of fire, which sometimes being blown downwards burnt the *mais* (wheat) and corn in the fields, and the ashes thereof flying as far as the ancient city of Cholula, and burnt the best part of the city to the ground. The inhabitants endeavored by flight to secure themselves in some other place, with the intention never to return to Cholula

again, but the flames and smoke soon abated and all returned to their former homes and built up that part of the city that was burnt.

We marched on until we came to where the road takes a turn, and from here is one of the most romantic views and scenes which no one who ever visited here can forget. As a writer recently said, "The whole vast plain and valley of Mexico, and the city of Mexico with its lofty steeples and its chequered domes, its bright reality and its former fame, its modern splendor, and on every side its thousand lakes looks like silver stars on a velvet mantle." All its ancient magnificence is now before us.

After resting and refreshing ourselves we continued our march, and descending the mountain by a winding road we passed several of the Mexican breastworks; we also passed some beautiful *haciendas*, standing off the road, and several ancient Indian churches; passed *Venta de Chalco* and went into camp at *Villa Ayotla*, about seventeen miles from the city of Mexico. This is the first place where Gen. Scott's army was stopped from following the National road to the city, and he left it by cutting a new road to the left, to reach the Acaapulco road, which led to the western part of the city of Mexico. This was done to avoid a battle at El Penon, a high, rocky, round top hill, which the Mexicans had strongly fortified. But Gen. Scott's army met Gen. Santa Anna's army at San Antonia, Contreras, San Augustine and Churubusco and other strongly fortified positions, and defeated the Mexicans at all the above points. Ayotla is a splendid place for an army to encamp; it is surrounded by Lake Chalco and other small lakes, which are covered with wild ducks and other wild fowls.

Monday, December 20, 1847.—This morning we left Ayotla, and passed over a very sandy and dusty road. The scenery around the National Road is magnificent. We passed a small *villa* (town) called Tlapisahua, an old Indian town, where the Indians still worship their usual customs. We also passed a small place called Los Reys, from here we can see the deep

cut made by Gen. Hernandez Martinez, a Spanish engineer, to drain the great valley of Mexico, which used to overflow and destroy a great deal of property, besides the loss of thousands of lives. It was commenced in 1540 and finished, I believe, in 1560. They first started to tunnel the hill; but, when they were nearly half way through, it caved in on them and killed fifteen thousand men. After this fearful accident they started to dig the whole affair out. During its construction over seventy-two thousand men lost their lives, on account of it caving in very easily. It is nearly eight miles long, and from two hundred to two hundred and sixty feet wide, and from fifty to three hundred and sixty feet deep. It cost many millions of dollars to build it.

There is a lake on each side of the National Road from this place to El Penon. This road, previous to Gen. Scott's army entering the valley of Mexico, was all cut up in trenches and well barricaded. It will also be remembered that this El Penon Pass, and its fortification, was pronounced by Gen. Scott and his engineers impregnable to pass, without the loss, and probably the destruction, of nearly our whole army. So it was avoided. The opinion of Gen. Scott and his engineers was good, for it is one of the strongest fortresses and best positions for defences to check an army than any other place we have seen between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz.

We stopped here some time and examined the hill thoroughly, and find that it has the whole sway of the National Road, as already stated, strongly fortified by both Genls. Santa Anna and Valincia, both skillful and practical engineers.

All the ditches mentioned were filled with water. The ditches are about twenty-five feet wide and from eight to twelve feet deep. This El Penon was commanded by Gen. Valincia with an army of over twenty thousand troops.

Right opposite the El Penon, (or, in fact, on the right of the National Road, going to the city of Mexico), stands a public house, in which Gen. Valincia had his headquarters, until

Gen. Scott counter-marched his marching army, and went around the back way, nearly the same route that Conqueror Cortez took the second time on his way to the city of Mexico. The building was strongly fortified, and was pierced with musket holes.

This building would have to be taken before our army could storm El Penon, as there is a lake at the foot of the hill.

After viewing the place, we left and passed over a beautiful road, well shaded with large trees. The lake of Tezueco running along the National Road.

We again stopped at the head of Tezueco, or where a little stream runs across the National Road. Here I noticed that the lakes around here are full of wild ducks and any quantity of fish. The water looks kind of green, mucky and unhealthy.

After *refrescadura* (refreshing) ourselves, we again started, and we find the road from here to the city far better than any we have yet passed over, it is well shaded with fine large trees on both sides of the road, and I am told in time of peace, it is well patronized by the wealthy class and sporting citizens as a driving park.

To the *entrada* (entrance), of the city is a large *puerta* (gateway), called by the Mexicans San Lazaro. This was also strongly fortified with deep ditches on each side of the road or gate. Here in time of peace every Mexican, or passer-by has to pay so much before he can enter the city of Mexico, but of course it is at the present time free to all who may see fit to go to the city.

I remember reading in history that the city of Mexico lies in a valley surrounded by water and lakes, and that the only causeway to approach the city, was by a road built up in the water.

The only causeway, I think, that was ever built through the lakes, is the National Road from El Penon through Lake Tezueco to the city, it being the nearest lake, and is about five miles from the gates to the city of Mexico.

I admit that part of history where it says that the city is built in a fine valley, but as for the lakes surrounding it, I, for one, do not see it, they must have all dried up since the last history of Mexico has been written.

We arrived at the *carita* (sentry box), about 3 o'clock, P. M., here we found the Kentucky Volunteers encamped, protecting the *entrado*. We proceeded on until we reached the main plaza in front of the great National Palace or halls of Montezumas, here the division halted, and our squad went around making inquiry as to the whereabouts of our regiment; we soon heard that they were quartered near the *cindadola* (citadel), near the gates of San Cosme, at the western part of the city, where our victorious army first entered the *Cindad de Mexico*.

Here we joined our respective companies, and as a matter of course were much gratified and pleased in seeing each other again. I feel much fatigued, incurred from our toilsome march to this city, and what pleased me more the mess I belong to have a good *pollito* cooked for our supper, besides other good things on the table, which I assure you did not taste bad after our hard marching. The supper was prepared by our friends John Newman and Joseph C. Taylor. This was the first chicken I have eaten under the wings of the halls of Montezuma, and I hope it will not be the last. We are quartered in one of the many rooms in a large convent, which are very comfortable, so good-night, for the first sleep in the capital of Mexico.

Tuesday, December 21, 1847.—This morning I did not rise until 8 o'clock, on account of our tiresome march from Puebla to this city, nearly eighty miles.

At noon, myself and several of my comrades took a little walk around the *Cindad*, but being very hot and still tired, we soon returned to our quarters, where I saw the monks, who are in another room, cutting up their shins with the so-called *puridad virtuosa mugers* (purity and virtuous woman), and as a fellow said, I saw something going on in that room

that almost set a man like me crazy. Further comment is unnecessary. This large convent building still bears marks of the revolutionary times, defaced with cannon's grape, canister, etc. In some places whole corners are ripped out and otherwise badly damaged.

This evening, being very pleasant, I devoted my time to writing letters home to my parents, brothers and friends. To brother Frederick, as follows :

CITY OF MEXICO, }
December 21, 1847. }

DEAR BROTHER :—I am at last in the great city of Mexico, and shall soon revel in the halls of the Montezuma, about which you and I have read and heard so much talk at home and at school. On the 12th instant, Maj. Gen. William O. Butler's train arrived at Puebla City from Vera Cruz, on its way to the city of Mexico. After a few days rest the train left Puebla, on the 15th, for this city, myself coming with the division to join my regiment. On leaving Puebla City we entered a *venusta la rodadura tierra* (beautiful rolling country), which looks rich for agricultural capacities. We also passed several places which Gen. Santa Anna had fortified to stop the progress of Gen. Scott's army, but they were all abandoned before our army got near them. On, still onward our army kept marching, through the sandy plains and hills of Mexico, and our banner on every battle-field triumphantly waving, and our bugler on their walls playing Yankee Doodle.

On descending by a winding road from Rio Frio mountains, or the Cordilleras, as it is called, into the great valley of Mexico, you can see some of the prettiest views that human eye can see. A city in the distance, on the left is seen the strong Castle of Chapultepec, on a high rock or hill. The castle was the residence of the Aztec kings, but is, in time of peace, used as a military school. In the centre is the city of Mexico, with its immense towers and cupolas, and religious monuments; erected mostly by the Spaniards, during the three centuries of their government in Mexico. On the right, about

five or six miles from the city, lies the beautiful Lake Tezueco, full of wild ducks and floating gardens. The whole puts me in mind of the view of Philadelphia, from the incline plains, above Columbia Bridge, only more picturesque.

We entered the city yesterday afternoon by the *garitor* or *puerta* (gateway) of San Lazaro. So, of course, I have not seen enough of the city to form a correct opinion of it; but, from the little I have already seen, I must confess myself to be very much disappointed. I have seen nothing yet of that extraordinary richness nor splendor, which I have been informed would be observable at every step we would take.

We are now quartered in a convent building, nearly in full view of the National Palace, and the great Catholic Cathedral. The latter was founded in 1573, and finished in 1667. The National Palace from here is a very ordinary looking building, the exterior at least; but external appearance of the cathedral is certainly very magnificent.

The city of Mexico is the most populous city we have yet seen in this country, and I have been surprised to think how so small a force (a little over six thousand soldiers) could have entered this city, for in less than five minutes after we passed the San Lazaro gate I saw enough of *greasers*, not counting the gentle Mexicans, to have driven the whole of Gen. Winfield Scott's army into the sea, had they possessed the proper spirit and metal to move in the undertaking. Again the city of Mexico is like most all the other cities in Mexico, there is an air of filth, degradation and misery among the poor class; all from laziness and vagrancy.

It is said here, and I know not upon what authority, that a portion of our army would shortly leave for Queretaro, the present seat of the Mexican Government, which is about one hundred and forty-five miles from this city. But I think at present it is certain that no movement of troops will be made, as our force is too weak to make a move. But in a short time ample re-enforcement will reach here to enable Gen. Scott to undertake and accomplish whatever he thinks proper, and for the best.

The latest advices we have from Vera Cruz states that there are about twelve thousand troops at that city. About five thousand of these troops have already arrived with the last train. Thus I have not the least doubt that in less than three months we will have an army from twenty-five to thirty thousand men, and that every place of any size and importance will be garrisoned throughout the entire country, as they are now between this city and Vera Cruz. And as far as the fighting, I believe it is all over. The Mexicans, I think, will never make another stand against our army, but confine their operations against any small detachment, or in attacking the trains in the rear, which may happen to be on the road.

This war has been a profitable and fruitful harvest for the guerillas, and other highway robbers, who profess to have organized themselves to oppose the American army; but are, in fact, more feared by, and more formidable to their own countrymen by far than to our American army. Even these guerillas, as well as their regular army, are almost exterminated, or have been abandoned, for there can be found scarcely any to rally against our army.

I believe the majority of the Mexican people are in favor of peace, but the pride of their rulers will not allow any concession of their territory whatever, and they will likely persist in their foolish opposition until the great Republic of Mexico loses its much boasted nationality, and become a dependency of the United States Government.

The whole country around here (except the great valley), is volcanic; the principal and most historic are the Popocatepetl and Iscotafelt.

The street venders and hucksters are poorly clad, and carry most everything on their heads. Such a thing as a stove-pipe hat is seldom worn, they mostly wear broad brim *sombrero*, some of which are gorgeously trimmed and embroidered with silver thread; their dress is similar to ours with the exception that the Mexicans wear the short jacket with a sash or belt around their waist, some have fine rows of bright silver

buttons on the outside seam of their pants, which fit tight to below the knee and then spring out at the bottom. The women wear no bonnets, a dark shawl is all they wear over their heads and shoulders.

It would make some of our Pennsylvania *grangero* (farmers) laugh to see some of the instruments of agriculture they have in this country, which I had the pleasure of seeing on our march to this city, and which I explained before.

Horses are seldom seen except in the army or upon the streets when bestrode by some picturesque *hacienda* from the country. Carriages are seldom seen, particularly in the country.

The weather is pleasant. I hope I shall soon have another opportunity to write you a more interesting letter, and a more graphical description of this famous city of Mexico.

I must now come to a close by saying that I am well and hearty, and feel exceedingly proud to think that I have gone through the ordeal to see the historic city of Mexico.

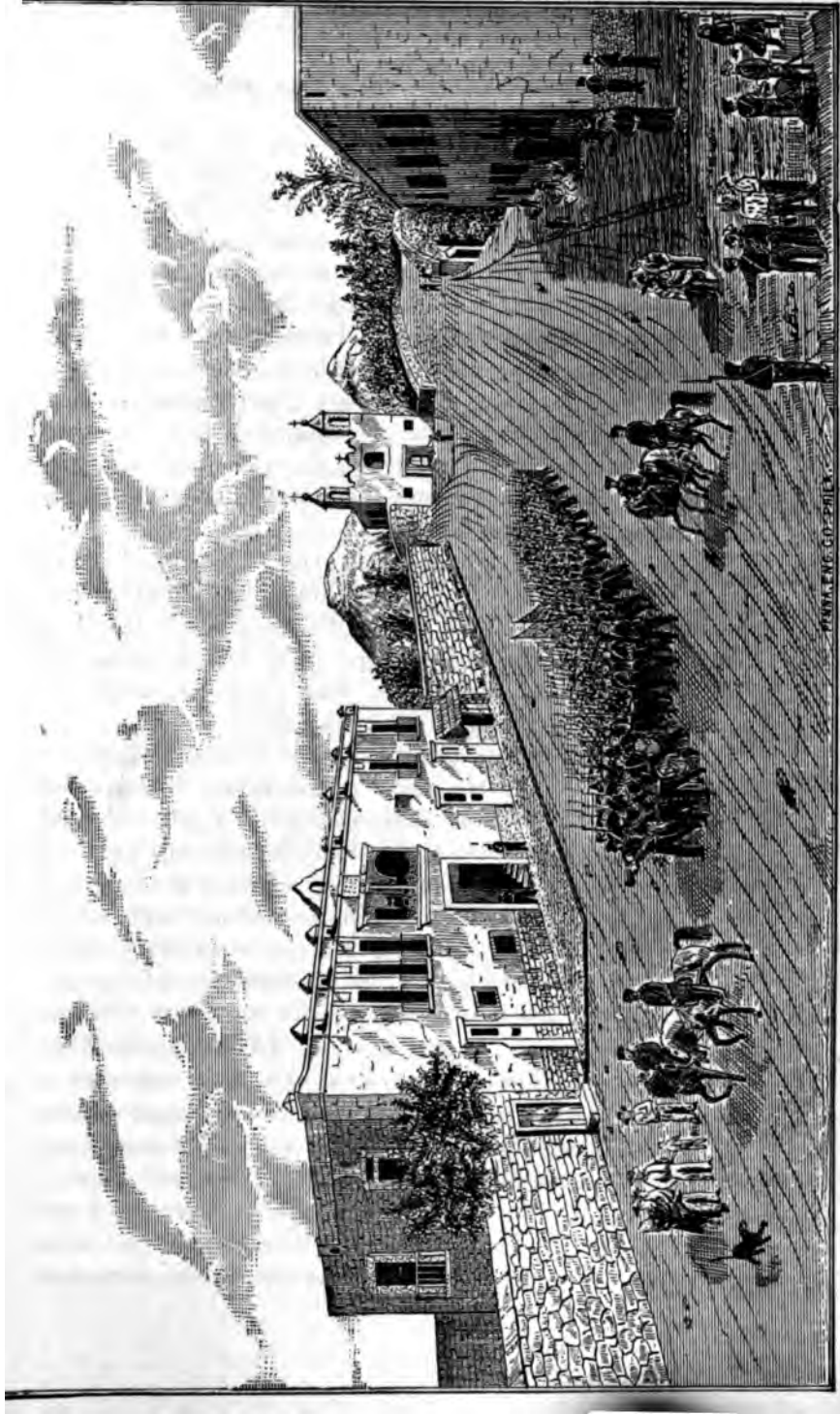
Your brother, J. J. O.

Wednesday, December 22, 1847.—This morning we received orders to pack up and leave the city for a small village named San Angel, about six miles from this city. About 10 o'clock, we started and arrived at San Angel about noon, and took quarters in a large building once used as a manufacturing establishment. Here we have good and comfortable quarters, surrounded by orchards and orange groves, and a beautiful garden, laid out with vegetables and flowers. Here we expect to remain until the whole army moves on to Queretaro City.

Thursday, December 23, 1847.—This morning I got permission from Lieut. Aquilla Haines, our commanding officer, to go to the city of Mexico, and paid a visit to the National Arsenal. On entering the arsenal I was astonished to see the work-shops and arms and ammunition. I counted no less than fifty pieces of artillery, all captured from the Mexicans during

the fight in the valley. Their calibre is from four to sixty-eight pounders, all well mounted after our model, which I suppose was taken from the two brass pieces of artillery taken or captured from our army at the battle of Buena Vista. After spending the whole forenoon, I left and paid a visit to the Mexican Museum. Here I saw a great many ancient curiosities, among which is the dress worn by Montezuma at the time of his reign. It is made of wild duck skins and ornamented with snake skins, etc. Next I viewed the great sacrificial stone altar, which was dug up in the main *plaza* many years ago, and I am told that on this very altar twenty thousand souls were sacrificed, sometimes in one year, to the heathen gods that bowed to stone and wood. The altar is cut and carved with many curious beasts and birds, and has a hole in it where they put the heart and blood; the work of a nation which is now nearly extinct. But there are more of these people living in and around the city of Mexico than any where between this place and Vera Cruz, who still retain their ancient Indian religion and many of their primitive customs. In the centre of the square of the museum is the statue of Charles V on a horse, cast in 1803. This is one of the seven wonders of the world; it is made of solid brass and is twenty feet high and well proportioned. The man that made this beautiful statue soon afterwards killed himself on account of (which no one would have noticed) neglecting to put the core or warts on the horse's legs. This statue is in memory of Charles V, who was King of Spain during Fernando Cortez conquering and plundering Mexico.

Friday, December 24, 1847.—This morning I paid a visit to the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, also to the New York and Massachusetts Regiments. They have elegant quarters fronting on the plaza of San Angel, and also viewed the spot and tree at which the deserters were tried, flogged and branded. Col. Thomas Riley, already mentioned, was flogged and branded with the letter D; first making the mistake of branding him with the letter D upside down. So, of



SAN ANGEL, MEXICO. — QUARTERS OF THE FIRST PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT, COL. F. M. WYNKOOP. — COMING FROM PARADE.

course, Col. Riley had to be branded over again, between the nose and cheek, this time right side up. One of the New Yorkers handed me a newspaper published in the city. In it I noticed a piece where Gen. Scott seemed to be much dissatisfied at the way the new troops are arriving, they hardly having clothing, shoes or blankets with them. It is supposed that all new troops should be well clothed, but the new troops look far worse than we do, who have been in the United States service for over a year. Commissary Quartermaster General T. S. Jessup, you must clothe the soldiers before you send them into this country, for there is no cloth manufactory in operation in Mexico. The only thing we find abundant in this *terra* is *pulga* (lice) and fleas.

To-day I saw Lieut. Mayne Reid. He is a splendid looking officer and well uniformed. He still walks lame from wounds received while storming the Castle of Chapultepec. It will be remembered that the forlorn hope party was composed of regulars, volunteers and United States marines, under the command of Maj Twiggs. They started off with cheers for Chapultepec, and when nearly half way up Maj. Twiggs was killed. The fire from the castle at this time was heavy and continuous and fatal to our men and officers, so much so that our men began to falter. Lieut. Reid, who at that time was with the New York regiment guarding a battery at the foot of the hill or castle, seeing that our officers and men were falling and beginning to waver, asked leave of his commanding officer to join with some of his men the storming party with the scaling ladders, and it was granted with the words "Go and God be with you." Off they went, his Lieut. Hypolite Dardonvill following him. Lieut. Reid now took command of the storming party, calling upon those around him and shouting in a loud voice "Will you stand by me? The castle must be taken or the American army is lost." "We will! we will! let us charge up the hill; we are ready." "Come on, I will lead you," shouted Lieut. Reid. On they charged, and when about half way up, the Mexicans opened on our men with

grape and canister, playing havoc in our ranks at every discharge. Lieut. Reid was slightly wounded, but kept on waving his sword in the air, shouting to his men "Come on, we will carry the day," and when near the front wall Lieut. Reid was wounded through the thigh, Lieut. Cochran of the Voltiguers regiment and Lieut. H. Dardonvill, a young French officer (called by his men *Dare Devil*), passed Lieut. Reid, who cheered the men on, telling them not to mind him and not to leave the wall. Lieut. *Dare Devil*, with his men, now mounted the scaling ladders, a rush was made and the castle fell, and Lieut. Dardonvill was the first to pull down the Mexican flag from its staff, and not Lieut. Col. Thomas Seymour, as the papers have it.

But by recent investigation, it has been proven that the first American flag on the Castle of Chapultepec was unfurled by Capt. Moses Barnard, of the Voltigeurs. He hails from Philadelphia, Pa. So Pennsylvania can claim the honor for one of her sons for this brilliant achievement.

Lieut. Mayne Reid, mentioned above, it will be remembered killed a private soldier at Puebla City, July 22, 1847, by running him through the heart with his sword; but in honor of that gallant young officer he (Reid) was fully exonerated by a court of inquiry. It appears that the unfortunate man who was slain was a prisoner in the guard-house. Lieut. Reid was Officer of the Day, and on entering the guard-house the prisoner sprang to his feet and rushed upon him (Reid) with his iron shackles uplifted in the act to strike, when the Lieutenant killed him in self-defence.

(Col. Riley, mentioned several times, after the war with Mexico returned to the United States and entered suit in the United States District Court of Cincinnati, Ohio, for \$50,000 damages, for flogging and branding him in Mexico. After a week's trial, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and put the cost of the suit on Col. Riley. So ended one of the most singular suits that has ever been brought

before any court in the United States, or in the world, to obtain damages for deserting his country's flag and going over to the enemy to fight against his country.)

Saturday, December 25, 1847.—This morning a party of us went to the city in a Troy coach, for the purpose of eating our Christmas dinner. I also visited the curiosities around the city, after which I went to the great Cathedral, which stands on the very spot where the old halls of Montezumas once stood. It being Christmas there were great sights to be seen in the Cathedral. The whole building was illuminated with five thousand wax lights. They had an image of our Saviour in a cradle and were rocking it like a child, singing verses, etc., and the organ playing to its utmost extent. The ceremonies were grand and the building was crowded with all classes of people. The ceremonies kept up until noon, when they ceased until to-night. After witnessing all the ceremonies I left to get my Christmas dinner at the *Lagunda* (Lake Hotel), which dinner could not be beaten. I saw here Maj. John P. Gaines and Capt. C. C. Danby, who were all captured at Encarnacion, in the latter part of January, by the Mexican forces under Gen. Minion, several days before the battle of Buena Vista. Maj. Gaines and Capt. Danby would not accept their parole and escaped to the city of Puebla a few days before the army left that city for the city of Mexico, and joined the army again and did good service in the valley of Mexico, acting as aides to Gen. Scott.

In the evening we left the city, well pleased with the way in which we spent our Christmas in the land of Aztecs, and arrived safe at San Angel.

Sunday, December 26, 1847.—This morning, being Sunday, and not much to do, Albutus Welsh and myself took our blankets and started to the *polque* bushes close by, and commenced writing letters to our friends at home; one to a farmer in Lancaster county, for whom I used to work when a boy, as follows:—

CAMP NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO, }
December 26, 1847. }

MR. DAVID LANDIS.

DEAR SIR :—I have no doubt that you will be surprised to receive a letter from me, and particularly from this section of the country. You will see by this letter that I am in the United States army fighting in the battles which have been raging here in Mexico, but at present we are at peace ; that is, there is no fighting going on now ; but, at the same time, I can see the gleaming bayonets and sabres flash, and men looking through glaring eyes upon his brother man, thirsting for his blood. I can hear the boom of the cannons, the rattling of musketry, the whizzing of bullets and the groans of the dying men. You may think this is horrible to speak of, but it is the truth. You will see by the date of this letter that we have at last arrived in the city of Mexico, where a great many scenes and curiosities are to be seen. We have become pretty well settled down here, and all its novelty has worn off, and the city seems as any other city does when one has grown familiar with it. There are few cities more pleasant than Mexico. The streets look like the streets in Lancaster.

Christmas has come and gone, and I had the pleasure of spending it in the halls of Montezumas with the Mexican part of the population. It was celebrated according to their time-honored customs, and in accordance with the spirit and usages of the Catholic religion. I spent my Christmas in as much relishment and pleasure as any I ever spent at home, and I must confess that some of my comrades and myself, towards the close of the day, seemed to care little about the cares and perplexities of life, and cared little whether we enlisted during the war with Mexico, or for life, or whether corn was worth five cents or five dollars per bushel ; and, taking it altogether, I shall never forget the Christmas I passed in the city of the Aztecs.

The city of Mexico is both ancient and at present the metropolis and capital of all Mexico. It is the seat of all the

head rulers of that country. It was at one time one of the richest cities in the world, but the numerous revolutions have reduced it to almost nothing. It was at one time subject to one inconvenience, that is in case of heavy rains, which caused the surrounding lakes to overflow.

In the year 1629 a heavy rain fell, swelling the lakes, breaking through the banks in such a manner that it overflowed all of Mexico City, washed away houses and flooding the best and richest part of the city, with the destruction of many of the people, the loss of all merchandise which could not stand water, and had it not been for the number of canoes and boats to help them, nearly all the people would have perished and met a watery grave in this deluge.

After this destruction the citizens made ample improvements to protect their city in the future; large channels with arched sewers under ground were built, and the banks raised higher. There are now banks and sluices everywhere. The main sewer or culvert runs directly through the middle of the city; it is built of large stone arched, with inlet at almost every square. It took twenty years to build it, and is considered by all scientific men to be one of the best works in the world.

The citadel or arsenal buildings are splendid, and none in the States will compete with them. The Catholic Cathedral is a splendid large building, situated on the ground where the mansion *Cu* of Montezumas once stood. Nothing of this historic building is left except the old Indian sun dial, which is left as a memorial to the nearly all vanished nation. The National Palace is also a splendid large building, taking up nearly a whole square of ground. It is the hall and seat of the Mexican Government, where they meet as our Congressmen do at Washington, and make laws for the nation.

The present Congress of the Republic of Mexico have fled to Queretaro City, there formed the temporary capital of Mexico, and the news from there is not very favorable towards peace, and it is now rumored that we will soon start for

Queretaro city. So I thought it best to write a letter to you and let my old friends in Lancaster County, Pa., whom I have not seen for seven years, know that I am still hanging on the stem called life, although since I have seen considerable of the *elephant*, in fact all of him that was to be seen since we landed on the shores below Vera Cruz, and I should now be perfectly satisfied to enjoy the balance of that privilege among the valleys and hills where I spent my early boyhood days, and have those good cakes and fixings which used to be spread on your table. Yes, I often think of those things, and particularly something good to eat. I have already written a great deal more than I first anticipated, but I shall now come to a close by saying, read this badly written letter carefully and then show it to your friends, and in particular to my old friend Harry Grabill and give him my compliments. No more but one word, that is I would sooner be home eating cakes and sausages than be out here fighting Santa Anna.

Your friend, J. J. O.

D. Landis, Spread Eagle P. O., Lancaster Co., Pa.

Tuesday, December 28, 1847.—This morning at 10 o'clock I started for the city, and there I saw the Ninth Infantry, under Col. Withers, leave for the assay office at Parchuca, near the great mines of Real del Monte, about forty miles from here, to watch and see that the duties on silver bullion are promptly paid. I purchased a pair of Mexican spurs to take home to one of my friends. After which I walked around the city and viewed several public buildings, after that I left for San Angel.

There is a splendid road from the city of Mexico to our quarters, shaded with fine, large trees.

Wednesday, December 29, 1847.—This morning there was an American paper published in the city of Mexico, called the *American Star*. One of our members, named John Kritser, a printer, works on it. It is a neat and saucy little sheet. It says that the Mexican army, numbering about twenty thousand men, are at Queretaro fortifying it for our reception.

This evening, on dress-parade, we had orders read to us that we would make a requisition on the Quartermaster for such clothing as was necessary for a march; also that we would be mustered and inspected some day this week; and, therefore, we should hold ourselves in readiness for the same.

Thursday, December 30, 1847.—This morning Capt. Binder's Orderly Sergeant, named Hudtner, was missing, or was not at his post as usual.

To-day Co. K, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, had an election for Second Lieutenant. One of the Sergeants of the company, and a private, named William F. Mann, of the same company, were the respective candidates; and, after a little contest, it victoriously resulted in the choice of William F. Mann.

Gen. Rea, the hero of Puebla, has published a flaming report, in which he gives an account of a Mexican victory at the battle of Huamantla. All like Gen. Santa Anna's reports. Gen. Rea don't know when he is whipped.

A letter to George W. Bare.

SAN ANGEL, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO, }
December 30, 1847. }

FRIEND GEORGE:—I hasten to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am still living and well in the land of the Aztec, and hope that this letter will find you enjoying good health. We left Puebla City on the 15th inst., and passed through a beautiful country, and arrived in this city on the 20th instant. When we arrived in the city of Mexico the first thing I wanted to see was the halls of Montezumas, which you and I have heard so much about. It is an extraordinary large building. Here is where the Mexican Congress sets and makes laws for their nation; and I have been informed, since my arrival, that during the revolution in this city, Gen. Santa Anna has had from twenty to twenty-five thousand troops quartered in this immense building, and some of the places

still bear marks of the time, as its front is all defaced by cannon balls, grape and canister, musket balls, etc. Oh, I tell you, George, these Mexicans are a great people, but it takes us Yankees to drill them. We are now quartered in a large building at San Angel, six miles from the city, in the midst of splendid scenery. Among the sights are the famous volcanic mountains, Popocatepetl and Iscotafelt, the former occasionally throwing out smoke and ashes.

When our army first came into this city it was impossible to get a lady to go to any place of amusement. They had been told so many stories about us, that they almost believed us to be barbarians, but now they go to the theatre or circus on evenings just the same as at home. They stroll through the Alameda Park as thoughtless as in Franklin or Washington squares in Philadelphia; drive out on the *paseo*, play ten-pins, cricket, and a thousand other things so homelike that I sometimes forget that I am in the land of the Aztec, surrounded by enemies. If one could only get out of sight of the horde of loathsome *leperos* and *greasers*, who form two-thirds of the inhabitants of this city, Mexico would be in every sense an American city. You cannot enter a respectable hotel without meeting a number of foreigners. Laurents, Eagle, Union and Progress are of an evening like the St. Charles Hotel, of New Orleans. The best drive is on a Sunday afternoon, when you will see a general turnout of the wealth and fashion of the city.

I spent my Christmas in the city of Mexico, and I find that a dinner can be gotten up here as well as at home, or anywhere else in the United States. The markets are well supplied with fine meats, fish, fowl and vegetables, but no person's ambition seems to reach above a fine roasted turkey, with the fixtures and appurtenances properly belonging to it. I had the pleasure of dining off a superb gobbler, stuffed with bread, and eggs, and a bunch of venison with apple sauce, in this benighted land of the Aztecs. Is this not evidence of the progress of civilization? While we were paying attention to

the substantials, we did not forget the egg-nogg, apple toddy, etc., which commanded a proportionate degree of respect and consideration, and I must confess that I was a little tipsy.

George, when you receive this letter you will please show and read it to all my inquiring friends, and answer it as soon as you can, and give me all the particulars about the old Hoffman school-house ; also give my love to all the pretty girls, the ugly ones need not apply. I have written a great many letters home but only received a few in return. Whether my friends have deserted me, or turned traitors against me is yet to be known, but I hope I will soon hear the result by the next mail from Vera Cruz. Your friend, J. J. O.

Three Locks, five miles above Lewistown, Pa.

Friday, December 31, 1847.—This morning Capt. Binder, of Co. E, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, got permission from Col. F. M. Wynkoop to go in search of his Orderly, Sergt. Hudtner, who has been missing for several days, but soon returned without hearing or seeing anything of him. It is supposed the guerillas killed him and then threw his body in a ditch or amongst the *polque* bushes, which are very thick here.

In the afternoon we formed and marched up to the main plaza of San Angel, and were there inspected and mustered into the United States service for the fourth time, by Capt. Joseph Hooker, Assistant Adjutant General, who won special laurels in the valley of Mexico as aide to Gen. Scott.

In the evening a report came to our quarters that two of our men were found dead out at Contreras battle-ground. So Col. Jack Hays, with his mounted Texas Rangers, went out in pursuit of the guerillas, but returned without seeing anything of them. Late in the evening Co. K had all sorts of a frolic, in honor of the election of Wm. F. Mann, as lieutenant. This is the way the last day of the year 1847 is spent, now fast approaching its end, never again to have any more sport, frolic or battles in 1847. We are now better than one year

in the United States service, but few are left to tell the tale of the last year's campaign in Mexico. Good-bye 1847.

Saturday, January 1, 1848.—This is the first morning in the new year. What shall I wish at the commencement of this year? Nothing more than I did one year ago. Health, strength and durable happiness, which, thank God, I am still enjoying. There is many a one no doubt wished themselves the same *apisital* this day one year ago, which will show by reference to my table, that are not living to wish a continuance in health, strength, etc.

To-day one year ago our regiment numbered nearly one thousand strong, rank and file, and each company numbered nearly one hundred, rank and file, but now our regiment is only a skeleton regiment and companies skeleton companies. The nominal number of our regiment is a little over four hundred strong, each company numbering about forty or forty-five, rank and file. Our company (C) numbered, one year ago, ninety-five, rank and file, but this day numbers but forty-three men, rank and file. So most every regiment in the whole army in Mexico averages not more than half the nominal number of a regiment, and some of them have not more than three hundred soldiers each. No doubt a great many people think and wonder, who are not familiar with the arts of war, what has become of all these men. They surely could not all have fallen victims on the field of battle; if so, the reports of killed and wounded have been falsely represented to the world. But let me enlighten your attention upon this very point. I am safe to say that not one-fourth have fallen a victim at the bloody hands of the Mexicans, but the most of them fell a victim of disease, contracted in this hot, tropical climate, while gallantly sustaining the glory of their country's cause. The wounded and debilitated, who have been fortunate enough to escape death, are discharged and sent to their homes, they being of no use in the army.

At noon Col. F. M. Wynkoop received information, through a Mexican friend of his, that Gen. Rea and the guerilla priest,

Padre Jarauta, were at Villa Tlalnepanatla, about fifteen miles from here, recruiting for their guerilla forces. And that they were also a terror to all peaceable Mexicans within their reach. So Col. Wynkoop went to Gen. Scott and asked permission to go in pursuit of these highway robbers, which was granted.

In the evening Col. Wynkoop left, with about forty Texan Rangers, under Lieuts. Daggett and Burk. All well mounted and armed. They intend to travel all night, or until they come across the priest, Padre Jarauta. People mostly say all clergymen and priests go to heaven, if Jarauta goes to heaven I am safe enough.

It is now reported that Gen. Rea has left the above place and marched towards San Martin, on the National Road, with a small set of lancers; but this must be incorrect, for Gen. Rea must surely be aware that Col. Harney is on the road to that place, and Gen. Rea is not going to burn his fingers again, after having lately been discomfited by a smaller force than that accompanying the train. Among those who left us by the train was Passed-Midshipman Rogers, the luckiest of all prisoners, who will be remembered was captured previous to the landing of the United States troops at Vera Cruz. He is one of the most popular naval officers in the United States army. He was an aide to Gen. Scott during all his engagements in the valley of Mexico. No doubt the *tars* will give him such a welcome that he will not soon forget.

To-night an officer of one of the volunteer regiments, and a good soldier, too, determined to get up a magnificent testimonial for his bravery. A company of his, or rather friends of his regiment having assembled, he arose and held in his left hand a sabre worth about three dollars, addressed himself in a short speech, and then received it in his right hand, and replied, "The ceremony is represented as having been imposing in the extreme." We all took a hearty laugh over it.

Sunday, January 2, 1848.—This morning most every member of our regiment is anxiously waiting for the stage to

come from the city to hear how Col. Wynkoop and his party made out last night. Finally the stage arrived with the glad tidings of Col. Wynkoop's success. This soon caused considerable excitement around our quarters, and inquiries were made about Wynkoop's expedition last night. And I heard that the Colonel was successful in capturing two of the bravest officers in the Mexican army, Gen. Valencia and Col. Arreta. But those were not the officers that Col. Wynkoop went after, and promised to bring to Gen. Scott's headquarters, but on presenting them to Gen. Scott he said that he would take them in line, and gave Col. Wynkoop a receipt for the same. Col. Wynkoop went in pursuit of Padre Jarauta and Gen. Rea. When they arrived at Hacienda Tlalnepanatla they charged upon the *villeta*, but found no officers there. They were informed that Gen. Rea and Col. Jarauta, and their guerilla party, had left for Villa Toluca, or towards that direction, a few hours previous to the arrival of Col. Wynkoop. The news of Col. Wynkoop going in pursuit of Jarauta and Rea was brought to them by one of their own spies.

Col. Wynkoop soon learned that Gen. Valencia and staff were at a distant *hacienda*, some eighteen miles from that town. The Colonel immediately started off with his rangers and by hard riding in the night arrived at the *hacienda*, which they soon surrounded, and demanded admittance into the house, which was at first refused. Col. Wynkoop, being determined to bring some officer to Gen. Scott, again demanded admittance, at the same time knocking against the doors. At this, Col. Silea, a wounded Mexican officer, and on parole, opened the door, and Col. Wynkoop demanded Gen. Valencia and all other Mexican officers in the *hacienda* not on parole; but Col. Silea assured Col. Wynkoop that Gen. Valencia and all of his staff had started away that day for Toluca. But Col. Wynkoop put no faith in Col. Silea's story, and demanded lights to go in and search the house, which was complied with, but he could find nothing of Gen. Valencia or either one of his staff. So Col. Wynkoop declared to Col. Silea that Gen. Valencia must be

in this *hacienda*, and that he would not leave it without that officer, and that if Gen. Valencia would come forward and give himself up he (Valencia) would be safe and would be taken care of, and if he is in the building and refuses to give himself up, he (Col. Wynkoop) would not be answerable for his life. At this moment Gen. Valencia stepped up to the door and said, I am Gen. Valencia, and remarking that it was against the usage of civilized warfare to attack a man in his own *Casa*, in the peace and quietness of his family, in the dead hour of the night. Col. Wynkoop replied that, he deeply regretted that he had to disturb him, but it was the only way the Mexican officers could be captured. To this no reply was made, but the General dressed himself and of course followed Col. Wynkoop and his Texan Rangers, under Lieuts. Daggett and Burk, to the capital of Mexico. Col. Arreta, a member of Gen. Valencia's staff, was also captured with him.

Gen. Scott considered Col. Wynkoop's expedition bold, gallant and daring, and considered his service, in a handsome and worthy manner, to the Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of War.

Monday, January 3, 1848.—This morning James C. Taylor, familiarly called Zach., and myself went to the city.

Col. Wynkoop and our officers are all on a big spree, in honor of Col. Wynkoop's successful capture of the Mexican officers. The Colonel, I noticed, was much lionized upon his success.

We are enjoying splendid weather, no finer could be desired. The *passo* is now frequented every afternoon by hundreds of citizens. It is a delightful drive to Chapultepec, and it is well enjoyed.

In the evening we left the city for San Angel, and arrived safe. Here it was reported that the New Yorkers had some of Capt. Binder's men over at a *polque*-house beating them. So a party of Capt. Binder's company armed themselves with all the weapons known in an indictment of an assault and battery, and proceeded to the scene of the outrage; and had it not

been for the officers interfering there would have been a very ugly time among the New Yorkers.

To-day John F. Staunton, of Co. F, was appointed to act as Sergeant-Major of our regiment.

Tuesday, January 4, 1848.—This morning it is perfectly delightful, with the temperature at some degree of comfort and pleasure.

My friend Alburtus Welsh and myself took up our blankets and started for the *polque* grove, where we selected a suitable spot, and spread our blankets over the tops of the *polque* branches to keep the sun off our devoted heads. Here we sat and spent our time in writing letters for nearly three hours; one of these letters was to my parents.

Wednesday, January 5, 1848.—This morning, after breakfast, I started for the city. There I saw some of the Eleventh Regiment soldiers, Capt. Irwin's company, from Lewistown, Pa. They informed me that, within several weeks past, quite a large number of American soldiers, encamped around their camp, had deserted from the regular army in the city of Mexico, and had scattered throughout the country, intending to stay here. But if our army comes in contact with any of them on our next march they will be dealt with worse than the thirty-two that were caught in the valley, and all hung from the wagons. I fear they will receive no quarters from us, as we would rather draw the lead upon the deserters than the enemy. They tell me there are still midnight assassinations going on, in and about the city of Mexico; and I fear it will not cease as long as our army remains in this country. After which I paid a visit to the markets, and I was astonished to see how regularly everything was done. I first entered the beef market, where everything can be got in the beef line. The beef was about as fine as any I have ever seen at home, or anywhere else close by. I came to the fish market, but that was trifling, comparing it with the fish market in Philadelphia. The fish exposed for sale are about half a foot long, and resembles our fall fish. They sell for \$1.00 per pound.

Also frogs are for sale; some are yet alive, and others are cleaned, but they are only half as large as our's at home. Next I come to the *volateria gallinaria* (poultry market) and game. Here you can see plenty of turkeys, chickens and other wild fowl, such as ducks, pigeons, partridges, etc. Turkeys are selling from 40 cents to \$1.50, according to the size; and chickens from 12½ to 37½ cents per head. The wild ducks are shot on the surrounding lakes, they are in splendid order, and sell from 18¾ to 37½ cents per pair; the black mallard are preferable. The greatest curiosity is the hare, which is in this market for sale, and brings from \$1.75 to \$2.00 a piece; they are three times larger than our rabbits, which runs wild with us. The partridges, pheasants and pigeons, or doves, are rating from 37½ to 50 cents a pair. The *fruta gallinaria* (fruit market) is impossible for me to describe, as they are composed of so many different kinds. Also the vegetables, for they are the same as at home, and ten thousand different kinds besides. Green corn and ripe apples at the same time. Eggs are very plenty, but butter and cheese cannot be seen in all Mexico, for they don't know how to make it. Potatoes, squashes and all other kind of eatables are plenty, and cheaper than they are in America. From here I went to the *passo*, or Alameda Park, where all the beautiful *senoritas* get themselves, and take a walk around the shady and flowery walks. There is a splendid, fine avenue for the equestrians, and is shaded with some of the finest and largest trees I ever saw. It is about one mile and a half, all the way around. This is truly a magnificent place for the citizens of the city of Mexico to refresh themselves, and is constantly crowded with all kinds of people, from the *hidalgos* to the *ladrones* and *leperos* gentlemen, to thieves and beggars. It is strange, since our army has settled itself here, the Mexican *damas* (ladies) hardly associate with their own class of people. They want to go with us, saying *Americanos mucho venusto* (Americans are beautiful) Mexicans *mucho feamente* (Mexicans are ugly). They don't want anything to do with them.

To-night I stayed in the city with Capt. Irwin's company.

Thursday, January 6, 1848.—This morning I was awakened by a great ringing of bells, and on inquiring of the cause of the Mexicans, I found out it was All Feasts' Day. So after breakfast I visited the Catholic Cathedral here. I saw the whole inside of the building, was strung with beautiful pictures and other costly paintings. The ceremonies were highly imposing. After spending several hours here, I went out and saw in the plaza soldiers ready to go on a march. I made inquiry and was informed that it was Gen. George Cadwalader's brigade, getting ready to march to Lerma and Toluca, the seat of the state capital, which is about forty miles from this city. I believe it is in direction of Pachuca, already occupied by the Ninth Infantry. They left with cheers for Lerma and Toluca. After I had seen them off I started for San Angel, and on the road I met a great number of leperos, ladrones and greasers, but they did not attempt to attack me for I had one of those shooting irons about me, exposed, which they don't like. However, I had not arrived at our quarters more than twenty minutes before one of the Texan Rangers came in, full gallop, reporting that the road above was full of guerillas, and had killed several of our men, who were coming from the city to San Angel. Then you should see the excitement among the soldiers. A party armed themselves with all the deadly weapons known in the art of warfare, went in pursuit of the guerillas, and they were not long gone before they started up a party of ladrones from a *polque* bush, but they would show no fight, and retreated; but they had not gone far before the Texan Rangers, under Lieut. E. M. Daggett, overtook them, and by the aid of their six-shooters laid some of the guerillas out. They kept up the chase until they had at least twenty laid dead and wounded on the road, and God only knows where it would have stopped at had not the dark evening stopped the chase. In this fight one of Co. B, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, named John Douty, was killed, and two other soldiers severely wounded, not expected to live, and thus

it plainly shows that the guerillas, ladrones and greasers lag along the side of the road among the mirage or cactus fences, and when they see one or two of our soldiers unarmed, eight or ten of these ladrones instantly spring from these bushes, jump upon our men, kill and strip them stark naked, and then leave for their hiding place; but they never gain anything by their cowardly acts, as we always kill eight or ten Mexicans where the Mexicans kill one of our men. But I am afraid, like all the outrages committed in this or any other country, the guilty ones escape and the innocent have to suffer.

In the evening our Brig. Gen. Cushing issued orders that no soldiers shall leave their quarters. This is on account of some of our men getting killed to-day, and it is also rumored that Gen. Thomas Marshall's whole command is laying at Jalapa City, with the measles and diarrhœa.

Friday, January 7, 1848.—This morning one of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, named Peter McKeever, was found dead in the guard-house. He took medicine, after which he drank liquor and died from the effects of it.

At noon the poor unfortunate victim who fell by the bloody hands of the guerillas, yesterday, was buried near the quarters in a large apple and orange orchard. His funeral was largely attended by nearly our whole regiment.

This afternoon another detachment left the city for Toluca. There are other posts to be occupied, but Gen. Scott is obliged to wait until further re-enforcements arrive from the States.

SAN ANGEL, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO,)
January 7, 1848. }

WORTHY PARENTS:—I have no doubt you all thought that I had either forgotten you or had been victimized by a Mexican bullet, but thanks to God that I am still in the land of the living, and in as good, if not better health than the day I left Mifflin county, Pa. We are now quartered at San Angel, near the city, on the Acapulco road, but we do not know what moment we may have to move, as it is rumored here that the

Mexicans are strongly fortifying Queretaro City and that they have an army of from twenty to twenty-five thousand men ; but this is nothing, for we have met them ten to our one, and we are ready to meet them again. The next movement that is to be made upon the enemy will be by our division ; it is to take the advance. So of course we, the advance, expect nothing more or less than some hard fighting, although you can easily anticipate the result. Who is to command the Mexican army in the next battle we do not know, nor do we care, but surely Gen. Santa Anna cannot face us without a blush of shame. I have seen the elephant, but if there is any more to be seen of him and work done, we will put our shoulders to the wheel and push until the work is thoroughly completed. Although many of our soldiers have left dependent and anxious wives and children and friends far behind, and if there is another battle to be fought we will go man to man, breast to breast, rather than yield one inch of ground. We have faced them at every stronghold they saw fit to make a stand and every time drove them out of their strong positions with enormous losses, and captured artillery and ammunition enough to equip a whole army.

The city of Mexico is beyond dispute the finest and best built city that I have yet seen in this country, and it was one time considered the largest city of America, but Fernando Cortez's swords and torches and the number of revolutions, has caused it to be surpassed by either New York, Philadelphia, and even Rio Janiero. The city is surrounded by lakes Chaleo and Tezueco, and also by the loftiest volcanic peaks, among these are the twin volcanos Popocatepetl, seventeen thousand three hundred feet high, and Iscotafelt, or the White Lady, fifteen thousand seven hundred feet high ; these mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and when the wind comes from that direction, it makes the air quite chilly at night.

The police and highway departments in this city are better than any city north. The streets are well paved and cleaned, well lighted with some kind of oil.

The map tells us that this valley is elevated seven thousand six hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the sea, yet it is surrounded within a few miles with the above-named lakes, and many years ago when a heavy rain would fall, it would be flooded and cause great destruction to life and property; but this has been avoided by canals and large culverts.

The weather in this section of the country is sometimes very unpleasant; hot tropical sun in day time and cold at nights, and such a thing as a stove or fire-place is not to be seen in this country, they using altogether small furnaces, and charcoal being the only fuel consumed in Mexico.

Most of our soldiers have passed their Christmas here as other days, performing picket and guard duty. For myself I cannot complain, as I lived almost as rich as if I was at home among you, but at the same I was wishing to have a little of poultry, buckwheat cakes and country sausage, of which you are indulging in at home.

There is all kinds of amusements going on here in the city, such as theatres, circus and bull fights.

It also gives me pleasure to state, that nearly our whole regiment, (what is left of it), with the exception of the new recruits, are enjoying good health, and appear to be in fine spirits. A large number of the wounded and sick or debilitated have been discharged lately, and are now on their way to sweet home.

As a large number of re-enforcements have arrived in the city, a number of the old troops have been sent to take possession of the mines; and also of *Lerma* and *Toluca*, and us Pennsylvanians, New York and Massachusetts regiments have been sent here until further orders.

There is also a large public square near the city, called Alameda Park, which still (through all the revolution), retains its beauty; there is a wide avenue all around the *passo*, and the beautiful drive to Chapultepec, where hundreds of coaches filled with ladies and gentlemen, drive through and around this park to take the air and their pleasure.

It is intersected with splendid and well laid-out walks, well-shaded with fine large trees and flowers; a beautiful fountain surrounded with ornaments, *jets d'eau*. In fact, it is one of the greatest places for recreation in the city.

If you want to see what kind of people the city of Mexico is composed of, all you have to do is to come to Alameda Park, here is where you can see the *senors*, *senoritas*, *ladrones*, *blanket-leperos* and *canaille*, gentlemen, ladies, pickpockets, thieves, beggars and rascals, the thieves and beggars are very numerous here.

As I said in the beginning of my letter, that it is rumored we will soon march for Queretaro City; so before this letter reaches you, the fight, (if there will be any), will be over, and if it should this time be my lot to fall, I hope it will be at the red-mouthed cannon, with feet to the foe, back to the earth, and face toward the canopy of heaven. Some may call this brave talk, but I just feel as I write; I don't want to come home and have the finger of scorn pointed at me as a coward, nor do I wish to come as a cripple. Oh, no; I would rather be dead than to have my body mangled and shattered like I have seen some poor soldiers; some with both arms off, others with both legs off, and otherwise badly wounded; rather kill me outright, at once, on the battle-field, than have the suffering hereafter. But I hope I will escape both. No more.

But ever remain your son,

J. J. O.

P. S.—Before sealing your letter, it is reported that Col. F. M. Wynkoop, with a detachment of dragoons and Texan rangers, left the city of Mexico, in pursuit of Gen. Santa Anna. Poor Santa Anna, it seems hard that these infernal Yankees cannot leave him alone, or let him have a moment's peace, in his own dear native land.

It is also rumored that he, (Gen. Santa Anna), is now trying to make his escape by going to some point or sea landing. If this is true, Gen. Santa Anna will not command the army again.

J. J. O.

CHAPTER IX.

BULL FIGHTS IN MEXICO—VISIT TO THE CASTLE CHAPULTEPEC—
ALAMEDA PARK—THE CYPRESS TREES — THE CATHOLIC CA-
THEDRAL, ITS DIMENSION, ITS IDOLS AND WEALTH — THE
SONG OF DERRY DOWN—TLASCALLA CITY AND ITS ANCIENT
HISTORY—THE REMOVAL OF GEN. SCOTT FROM HIS VICTORI-
OUS ARMY—GEN. WM. O. BUTLER APPOINTED IN HIS PLACE—
EXCITEMENT AMONG THE SOLDIERS—THE ANNIVERSARY OF
THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, FREEING THEMSELVES FROM
THE SPANISH RULE — GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT'S LETTER OF
GRIEVANCE TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR, HON. WILLIAM. L.
MARCY, ETC., ETC.

Saturday, January 8, 1848.—This morning Peter McKeever, of Co. D, was buried by his company, back of the guard-house. They marked his grave on a head-board. This being the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, most of our officers went to the city frolicing, and no doubt some good speeches were made. Many of them went over to the *polque* tub to drink *polque*, and also making fancy and patriotic speeches.

To-night we witnessed a magnificent sight. It was that of an eruption of one of the adjoining mountains. Owing to the darkness of the night we could not tell whether it was from the volcanic Popocatepetl or Iscotafelt. The throwing up of immense amount of red hot lava, then running down the west side with blue and green lights, making a rumbling noise like so many running horses on a plank road. The whole was a beautiful sight and it was closely watched by all the soldiers. The scene will long be remembered. During the eruption the air smelt strong of sulphur.

At dusk a party of Mexicans opposite our quarters had a dance, *fandango*, after which the hat went around for *clacos*. They danced what is called the regular Spanish National dance.

Sunday, January 9, 1848.—This morning a party of us got permission from Lieut. Haines to go to the city for the purpose

of going to the *Plaza de Toros*, which is the popular place of amusement in the city. We started, arrived in the city, paid our admittance fee, seated ourselves and looked on; and it was really a curiosity to see the actors, or *picadors*, go through their performance. They were on horseback, and provided with a *banderillos*, some with a long spear, others with a small dart like a javelin, ornamented with ribbons, and intended to jade and infuriate the animals. The bulls were fine looking, with dilating horns, nostrils and wicked eyes. The *picadors* attacked them and hurled these *banderillos* at them. After being tantalized, turned upon the horse and destroyed him in a most horrible manner. After which the *picador* procured a fresh one, when the combat was renewed. The vast amphitheatre was filled with an anxious, eager crowd. After it was over we went out, and walked about the city, making inquiries when we were likely to leave for Queretaro City, but were unable to find out anything, except that our government at Washington was much harrassing Gen. Scott's movement, in not sending forward troops.

Gen. Scott is now placed in the same position as he was before he left the city of Puebla for this city.

I see by the official report that the whole strength of our army is 14,964; out of this number we only have 11,162 fit for duty; the rest are sick with the diarrhœa, measles, etc. Think of it, a little over 11,000 men fit for duty in a hostile country. No wonder Gen. Scott is constantly finding fault with the cabinet officers at Washington.

"Come Jimmy Polk and Billy Marcy send forward those troops you promised us long ago, so we can go on and take possession of this whole country."

In the evening we left for San Angel. Nothing happened to us on the road. We met several *ladrones*, but they said nothing to us, nor we to them.

Monday, January 10, 1848.—This morning most of our soldiers were kicking up a fuss, on account of the little rations we were getting. In fact, never have we been so scarce of

rations as we are at the present time, and particularly when we are so regularly quartered, when in regular quarters we always had plenty to eat; if it was not one thing it was another. So some went to Lieut.-Col. Black and complained about our shortness in grub. The bread we got for the day was all eaten up in one meal, and we must go without anything to eat, except those that have a little cash. They will, of course, purchase bread.

To-day David Sullivan was shot at Tacubaya for desertion. He belonged to the regulars.

This evening Col. Wynkoop and his party returned without finding old Santa Anna or anything else.

Tuesday, January 11, 1848.—This morning there is still growling about the shortness of our rations. At noon news came to our quarters that several dragoon companies and Col. Manuel Dominguez's spy company, came into the city of Mexico, bringing a small mail, exclusively for Gen. Scott and other high officers. So, of course, privates and corporals need not apply. I heard that Col. Dominguez had several fights with the Mexican troops, between this city and Puebla. One fight was near Rio Trio, where he charged with seventy men on a Mexican force of over two hundred cavalry, and after a battle was victorious, putting the Mexicans to flight by routing them, and succeeded in capturing a number of officers, among them are Gen. Minion and Gen. Terrojoir and several colonels, numbering in all five offices and forty-two lancers and two American deserters, all of which Col. Dominguez took back to Puebla, and there handed them over to our old friend Gov. Childs, commanding officer of that city. Col. Dominguez said that this was one of the most successful fights he yet had. He was highly complimented by Gen. Scott for his success.

In the afternoon a party of us spent our time in writing letters among the *polque* bushes, and, for the first time, I witnessed the process of making *polque*. The Mexican makes an incision in the stalk and bores the heart out. The sap or fluid runs into the cup where the heart was cut out, and from here

it is pumped out by a guard and then taken to the mill for that purpose, and goes through several processes, after which it becomes fit for use, and a power of it is used; it is the favorite drink amongst all the Mexican people, and I see some of our Yankees are becoming used to it.

In the evening Col. Jack Hays, with his Texan Rangers, went out in full strength, for what purpose I could not learn, as they keep all their expeditions very secret, but I suppose they are going in search of the old priest, Jarauta, who is lurking around these diggings.

Wednesday, January 12, 1848.—This morning most all our soldiers are wondering where Col. Hays went to. At noon one of Co. H, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers named Smith Townly died, his disease was fever, and died quite unexpected.

This afternoon several United States Quartermasters and a few Mexicans, owners of properties, visited our quarters and examined them, for the Mexicans have laid in heavy damages, done by us soldiers. I expect they want more than the whole property is worth; they will no doubt be paid.

Thursday, January 13, 1848.—This morning a party of us soldiers got permission from our officers to go to the city. After arriving in the city, we first visited San Cosme, or Custom House; the gates of Belen; the citadel or Arsenal; the aqueduct which leads from Chapultepec to the city; the Alameda Park, and other public buildings around the city, and the famous Castle of Chapultepec, with its surroundings bearing many marks of the numerous revolutions of years gone by, and scars of the conflict of 1847. The walls are spotted with cannon-balls and bullet dents, everywhere.

Having viewed all the relics of, in and around the castle, we then went on the battlement walls which overlooks the broad valley of Mexico. The view from this height is one of great extent and beauty, surrounded by the historic and lofty mountains. Looking southward we could plainly see our quarters, San Angel, the battle-fields of Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco and Cuyoacan, all surrounded by nature's

beautiful pictures. Ruins are plenty and visible, all overgrown with wild flowers, bushes and creeping vines which gives a melancholy and picturesque air to the scene.

Polque plants and cactus literally covered the ground, and around and below can be seen, the venerable cypress groves, said to have shaded the tribes of the Montezumas.

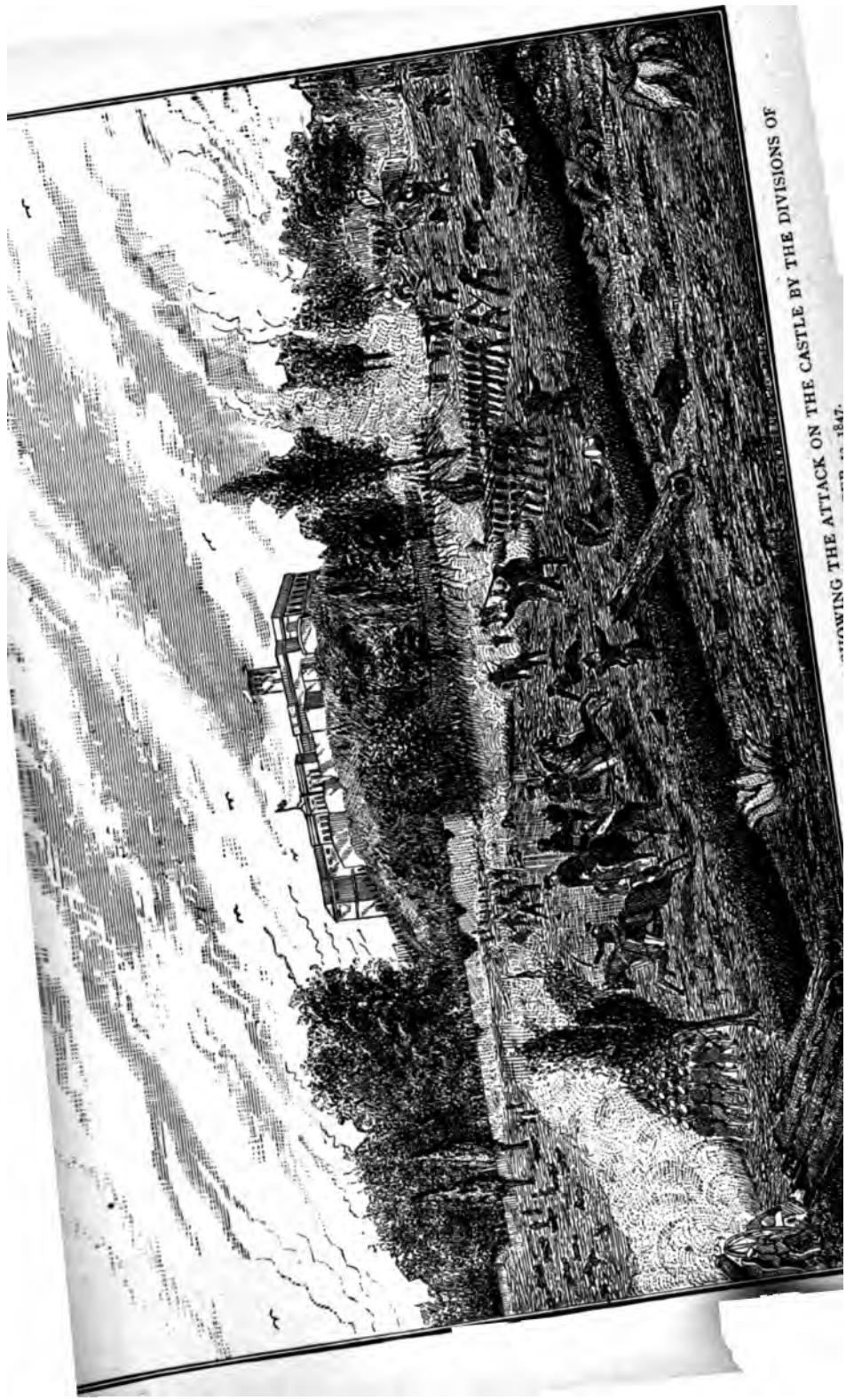
Eastward runs the great aqueduct of San Cosme and Belen, along which our gallant little army of six thousand fought their way in the city, and pursued the flying army of Gen. Santa Anna. Here we can see gardens with the rarest of flowers and plants; the ruby humming birds darting here and there on the flowers; fountains; the Aztec baths; caves, etc., all now sadly decayed.

The Castle is two hundred and fifty feet above the plains of Mexico. No ruler could wish for a fairer spot than the lofty hill of Chapultepec. The cypress trees (mentioned above), are planted in regular rows and are magnificent, they no doubt shaded the tents of the Aztecs from the hot summer sun.

The chief of all the forest trees is the tree of Montezuma, which has a mean circumference of forty-five feet, and towers far above the groves of which it is the acknowledged monarch.

There are different authorities as to when and who first built this castle; the theory is, that it was built by King Autcolt, Montezumas' father. It was built as a resort and lookout place for the rulers of Mexico. It is built of porphyry, marble and hard sand-stone, on a high rock.

We left the castle, and on our return, we passed along the *Paso* through the *garita* (gate) *piedad* (piety), where the Mexicans made the last bold stand in defending their city, but all no go, our American steel was too sharp for them; we returned and on our way, we stopped at the *polque* tub and had a good drink of the same. Here we saw five or six pig-skins tied up lying in the hot sun, the pig-skins looked like so many fresh dressed hogs' carcasses.



SHOWING THE ATTACK ON THE CASTLE BY THE DIVISIONS OF
1847.

Returned to our quarters, and just in time for dress parade, and in time to save our reputation as truthful and obedient soldiers.

To-day I mailed the following letter :

SAN ANGEL, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO, }
January 13, 1848. }

TO HENRY STRUNK.

DEAR FRIEND:—It is with pleasure I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well, and I know you all will be rejoiced when you receive this letter from one of your old schoolmates, now so far away from home, battling for our old flag, the Stars and Stripes, in this *tierra calientes*.

From the present surroundings no one would believe that war or hostility had ever been raging between our soldiers and the Mexicans. We associate together and have many a social talk and party together, yet at the same time we are drilling and preparing for more war and to do bloody work. Although a large number of us are quite contented with what we have done, yet at the same time we are willing to go on so long as necessity requires it and our country demands it; but I regret to state that our present Congress, now sitting in Washington is not giving us soldiers much credit for our toilsome marches and glorious victories fought in this country. In place of legislating for the benefit of us soldiers in Mexico, they are wrangling about something else of no consequence whatever. They should cast their deliberations on those few brave hearts who first entered this hostile country of the Aztecs, with our brave Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Winfield Scott, and those who stood by the glorious Stars and Stripes until they were strongly and triumphantly planted upon the halls of Montezumas. But we have reason to believe that our Congress will not forget us in the future, as we have done the work assigned to us so far, to suit the wishes of our employers, and are willing to go wherever our employers see fit to send us.

The Congress of the Republic of Mexico is at present seated at Queretaro City, and the news from that city is warlike and very boisterous, and it is said that the heads of the Mexican government are bragging, saying that there are fifty thousand Mexicans in this country who have not been licked and never will be licked. Thus the Mexican Congress themselves acknowledge that the gallant little band that landed at Vera Cruz in March last, has whipped all the Mexicans with the exception of fifty thousand. This ought to be satisfactory enough of what Gen. Scott's army has done, and as soon as re-enforcements arrive from the United States, we will march on to those fifty thousand unwhipped Mexicans and whip them too. You no doubt, like a great many others, have heard and read a good deal about Mexico, and particularly about the city of Mexico.

It is truly the most interesting city in this country. It fills a brilliant page in the history of that incomparable conquest of Cortez.

After its capture by the Spaniards, it was the residence of the viceroys of New Spain (as it was then called), and it is now the residence of its President, Congress and Supreme Court.

On approaching the city you behold one of the finest and most admirable views that can be brought before a human eye to see, and it will never be forgotten by anyone that ever entered it. No book's opinions of correspondence of tourists, that I ever read, can describe its romantic and magnificent sceneries. The beautiful valley expands as far as the eye can reach. Rich table-lands, with cultivated fields, and the city with its innumerable white domes and steeples. The snow-clad volcanos Popocatepetl and Iscotafelt, a little distance to the left, with all its grandeur and extent, is indescribable.

Mexico (the Tennochtitlan of the old Mexicans), was formerly surrounded by lakes, and was a dirty, low and unhealthy city, more than half covered with water, mud and other unmentionables.

The Spaniards drained and laid it out in squares and regular streets; built it up solid with neat, clean houses; two and three stories high. Many of them are fine mansions, with beautiful murmuring fountains, adorned with *jete de eau*, sparkling in the bright sun like brilliants.

The grand Catholic cathedral—a monument of art, a model of architecture, in a Roman style. On the corner is set in the stone calendar of the ancient Aztec, together with the baptistry.

The city is supplied with good and never-failing water, conducted in by an aqueduct from the Castle of Chapultepec, which fortress, on the 13th of September last, was stormed and captured by our gallant little army.

Cortez, in 1521, previous to capturing the city of Mexico, cut and partly destroyed this aqueduct. After which he rebuilt it more substantially and perfect.

The conquest of Mexico by Cortez has cost the Mexicans hundreds of thousands of lives. They were driven into their temple by droves, after which it was set on fire and all therein were burnt up alive.

The conquest has done one good thing—it has put an end to the annual sacrifice of twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand human beings, whose hearts were torn out by the barbarous Aztec priests on the piedra stone or sacrificial block, which is still preserved and placed in the museum of this city.

The Mexicans are celebrated for their fine leather work, the silver ornamental manufacture, their silk embroidery, gold and handsome jewelry. They are the most daring horsemen on this continent; they are in full national riding dress and trapping, and seated on a \$400 to \$500 silver-mounted saddle on a full blooded Mexican mustang.

Mexico is a great place for all kinds of people and amusements. In fact, it is spoken of as being one of the best show places known with the number of its population, which is about two hundred thousand.

There are, I think, seven theatres, including the Plaza d'Toro (Bull Pit). The principal theatres are the National, Santa Anna, some call it. The second theatre in size is the Iturbide. This theatre is devoted to opera comique. The National seats three thousand, with a parquet, four circles and a gallery. They are lighted with some kind of oil, gas not having been introduced in this country.

I have read a great deal about Mexico, but I never read or heard of such temples and such fountains. What an Eden is this? To see such palaces, such portals, such Alameda parks and a host of other things, and how little it is appreciated by the thousands who daily behold and enjoy its beauties. Governed by good men and inhabited by an educated people, it would be the garden of the earth; but, at the same time, of all this richness staring you in the face, I would particularly request all new comers from the United States to fill their pockets with good gold and silver, and a good supply of it, for we are suffering awfully, and in particular us privates and corporals.

I see that Mr. Bensley's circus company has been augmented by a ballet and pantomime corps. It is pleasant place for passing an afternoon or evening for those who are in the city. The bull fights on Sundays are the best of the season; Plaza de Toros is crowded, animals furious, *matadores* ditto, bulls second best. I was at this place of amusement on Sunday last. It is over four hundred feet in diameter, with an area of three hundred feet, and sitting and standing room for from eight to ten thousand spectators. The assailants are called *picadores*, and are on horseback, provided with a spear.

How odd it is and how odd it looks to see Mexicans and American soldiers mingling together in the streets and Alameda *Passo*, each observing every courtesy towards the other; that is amongst the respectable class; *ladrones* and *leperos* our men don't associate with. In fact it seems strange how quickly the people have forgotten their former queer notions in regard to our barbarians towards one another. It is strange, indeed, but such is the fact. As I mentioned in my former letters, that

when we first came into this country it was impossible to get acquainted with the ladies, but now they go to the theatre, circus, balls and other places of amusement and pleasurable time-killing, their faces gracing the occasion. No city under the starry tent of the Supreme General furnishes such a variety of *beldads*, beauty, as the city of Mexico, and it would be a sin were the dear angels to hide their bright eyes and sweet lips from so many gallant admirers of their sex as are to be found in the American army.

There is an abundance of game, such as snipe, partridges, pheasants, pigeons; wild ducks and many other birds; of fish there is very little in the market, and are very high in prices during Lent; what there is of them are caught in the surrounding lakes of the city.

The closing of all the liquor stores at 6 o'clock in the evening (as ordered by Gen. Scott), has already had an admirable effect. The order was absolutely necessary to prevent the midnight assassination of our soldiers, an occurrence by-the-by that was getting to be entirely too frequent. No Mexican, I believe, however inclined, will attempt to take the life of an American soldier when sober, for most all the men that have been assassinated have been beastly drunk.

I have written a great deal longer letter than I first intended, but I shall now come to a close by saying that I am pretty well tired of soldiering. Yours, &c., J. J. O.

H. Strunk, Three Locks, five miles above Lewistown, Pa.

Friday, January 14, 1848.—This morning there was a complete mutiny at our quarters among the soldiers, all on account of not getting enough to eat. Finally a Mexican came along with a *mula* (mule), loaded with oranges and bread. At him our fellows made a regular charge and took all the poor Mexican had in his two panniers. The Mexican (or poor Indian as I was told he was), went to Gen. Cushing's quarters and complained of the outrage the soldiers had committed. So Gen. Cushing, who is a good-hearted fellow and has plenty of

money, but knows very little of soldier tactics, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out twelve dollars and paid the Mexican for his oranges and bread, and at the same time telling him never to come by that way again with a load of bread; if he did he, the Mexican, would have to abide by the consequences.

At noon a report came to San Angel that Col. Jack Hays had returned with his detachment of Rangers from an expedition in search of guerilla priest Jarauta. He had several skirmishes with the guerillas without the loss of any of his men, but killed and wounded from eight to ten of the guerillas, and believes that the old priest Jarauta was amongst the wounded. It would be really a blessing if this old priest thief was out of the way.

In the evening Col. Black received a note from Gen. (now Gov.) Butler in the city, to send a guard of several men on the road, to watch some of our soldiers, who intended to go down with the train to Vera Cruz, which is announced to leave to-morrow morning. This is a great insult to our men. I don't believe that there is a man in our regiment that would attempt to desert from his flag or leave us dishonorably, even if he could. The train will be accompanied by a squadron of dragoons and a howitzer battery, formerly attached to Gen. Riley's brigade.

SAN ANGEL, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO, }
January 14, 1848. }

HARRY GRABILL, *Earlville, Lancaster County, Pa.*,

DEAR SIR:—As the train which was announced to start some time since, will positively leave for Vera Cruz to-morrow, I thought I would write you a few lines before starting, although I can gather but little new news of any interest which can be relied upon.

It is now nearly eight years since I left Lancaster county, which I have always admired and esteemed the dearest spot to me on God's earth.

I like so much to call up the past, and brighten my memory of the many pleasant and happy days I have passed in Lancaster city and county.

The first recollection of scenes and events in this world, were the spires and the ringing of church bells on the Sabbath day, in Lancaster.

Even now, after the lapse of years that I have passed, I feel just as much interested in the progress of the city and county, and the prosperity of the people, as I did when I was one of you. Oh, how well do I recollect the scenes that I passed through at that time.

I am not going to write anything about the battles fought and won, nor of our victorious marches, as I gave you them in my first letter, which I think you did not receive, for I learned since, that the train containing my letter as well as many others was robbed by the guerillas.

At present we are encamped at San Angel, a small village, outside of the city of Mexico, but we know not what moment we will get orders to march.

Madame Rumor with her thousand tongued instrument, is continually busy, sometimes bringing pleasure and joy to the bosom of the soldier, and then again suffering him to revel in his own gloomy reflections of disappointment.

You can perceive by this letter, that we have not as yet taken up our line of march to Queretaro City, nor do we know (as I stated before), when we will be called upon to do so.

The destination of the soldiers in time of war is very uncertain; we may receive an order one day and have it countermanded the next, the same as was the case with us before Gen. Scott left the city of Puebla for the city of Mexico; we were ordered to march with the main army on to the capital, but was countermanded the next morning, leaving part of our regiment at Puebla as a garrison; afterwards we were engaged partly with Gen. Santa Anna's army and the thieving guerillas, for over fifty days and nights.

The Mexicans claimed to be a Republic Government, but it is no Government of any progress or advancement; its history is full of war and bloodshed, superstition and arrogance, revolution upon revolution, and anarchy holds sway. There is constant discord among the people, and are only happy when their land is drenched with human blood.

The city of Mexico is built in the great fertile valley of Mexico, and the regularity, breadth and cleanliness of the streets, and the extent of the squares and public buildings; I have never seen any in the United States to compare with them.

There are several other buildings, such as convents and private palaces, which are beautiful.

The Academy of Fine Arts, or the National Museum, which was founded by Charles V in 1551, is of great extent, and a magnificent building. It contains many rare curiosities and relics of the ancient Toltec, Aztec, etc. In the court-yard stands the quadrangle statue of Charles V. It is the work of Don Tolso, a native Mexican. It was the first equestrian statue cast in Mexico. It was cast in the city of Mexico in 1803, and was first put in the main *plaza*, in front of the cathedral, and from there to the museum building. It is one of the finest statues I have ever seen.

The Alameda Park is one the best resorting places I ever saw. It was, in 1593, enlarged and beautifully embellished with fountains, and surrounded with statues of liberty. The whole park is enclosed by a well-built wall of about ten feet high.

I have no doubt you have read and, at the same time, wondered how our gallant little army, of nine thousand men, could descend into this valley, break through a line of almost impregnable batteries, and, in all the battles fought in this valley, defeat an enemy from thirty to thirty-five thousand strong. We took more than one hundred cannons, and over four thousand prisoners, and planted the glorious star-spangled banner on its capitol; where, since the conquest of Fernando

Cortez, no strange flag had ever waved on this place; and, I believe, as Gen. Scott said, that the war of *masses* have ended with the capturing of the city of Mexico.

In fact Gen. Santa Anna is himself a fugitive, and knows not where to go for safety, as there are constantly scouting parties sent out in pursuit of him; but, so far, has escaped the *vigilancia* (vigilance) of our pursuing officers.

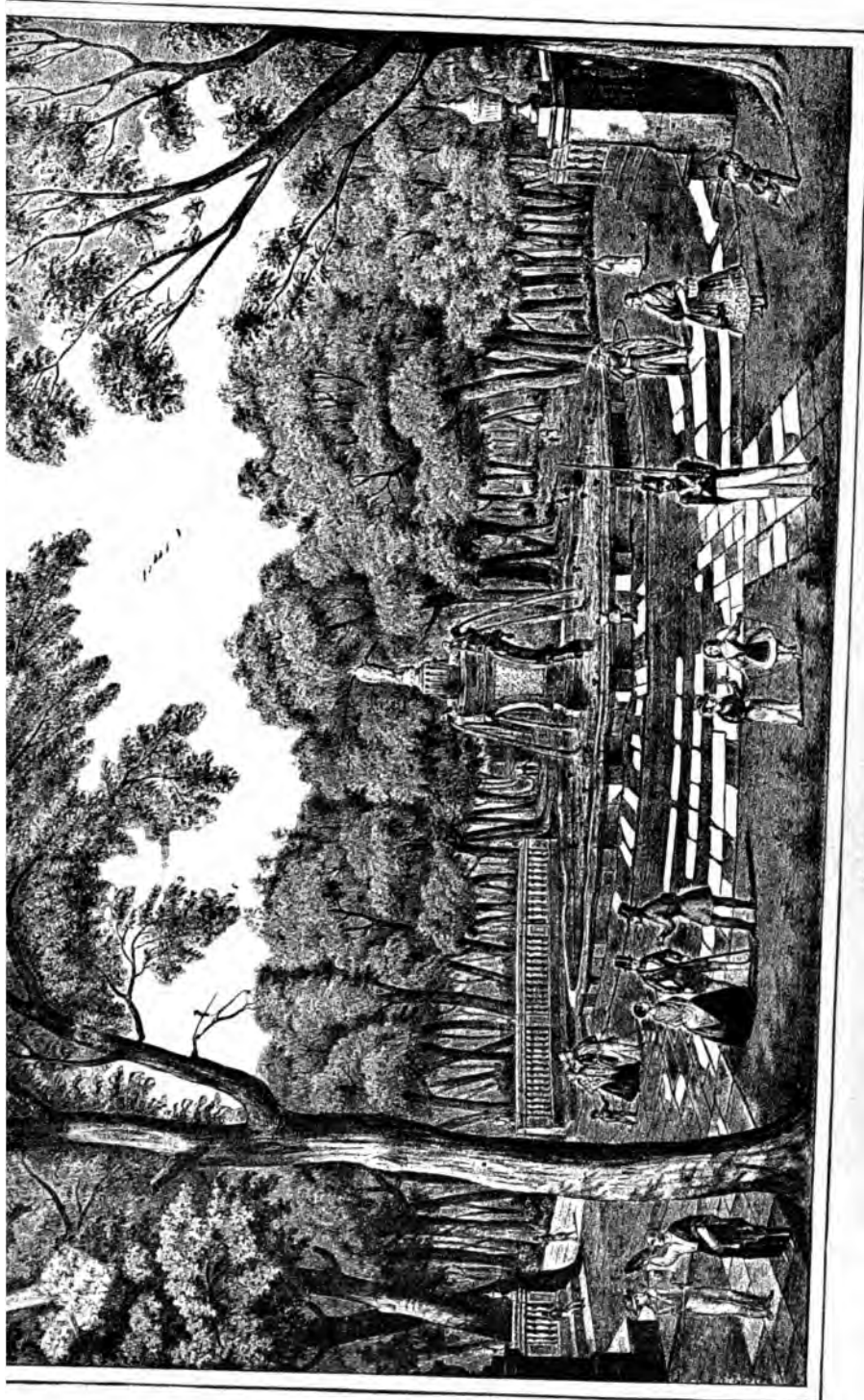
As I stated before the Congress of the Republic of Mexico has fled to Queretero City, which lies north of this city on the Zacatecas Road, where they expect to reassemble; and, no doubt, elect a new President in the place of Santa Anna, and then either peace will be declared or else the war carried on with more vigor, and not stop until the whole country of Mexico surrenders up her authority to the United States.

Gen. Scott has done a good act by imposing a heavy fine upon all gambling *hells* and shops. A circumstance which will considerably thin the ranks of the army followers, who have been swelling about in fine broad-cloth, purchased with the hard-earned money of the poor soldiers, who are mostly enticed to go into these *hells* to get rid of their money. They are what we might call the *ladrones*, a rascally class of beings; and the soldiers can do much better without them. The soldiers does the fighting and guarding of these thieves, and the black legs does the plundering. But thank fortune they are taking the hint, or the tax is too heavy, for they are *vamosing* as fast as they can get off by the trains, and a good thing it is for them they do.

Besides this, Gen. Scott has already levied a tax upon the different States here in Mexico, and has commenced disposing his soldiers all over the country to occupy the mining districts.

This war must either soon be brought to a close or else it will be pushed to the greatest extremity.

We are now employed in drilling in various ways once a day, which gives the soldiers a good appetite. In fact, too much so; for we cannot get half enough to eat. There is very little



ALAMEDA PARK, CITY OF MEXICO.

sickness of any serious nature, considering our number, among us. We have learned fatigue, and are used to hardships of the severest kinds. •Yet we may all feel the effects of it in after years, if we live that long.

There are now two parties in Mexico, one party are the *Paras* (Purity), headed by Don Valentine Gomaz Fairs, a popular man among the middle class, and late Vice-President under Gen. Santa Anna.

The other party is called *Moderados*, headed and influenced by the Roman Catholic Church; which, according to the language of an eminent writer, is the sworn foe to religious liberty, ecclesiastical or political.

Mexico is no doubt one of the best places for an American to feel proud of his nationality; for he sees a deploring contrast between the two nationalities. America is a progressive country,—a land of education, science, art, civilization and enlightenment. This poor, priest-ridden Mexico, with all her natural beauty, her ancient and historic volcanic mountains, and romantic valleys and lakes,—country that is in itself like a dream of terrestrial beauty, but so hidden away from the benefits of progress and enlightenment by just such people as mentioned. Oh, when will she awaken and rub the mist from her eyes? But there is a future for Mexico that is illumined by the fair hope of great possibilities.

I will now come to a close by saying that this is the second letter I have written to you, but I have received no answer in return. In fact I have written many letters to my relatives and friends since I have been in the army, and received only a few in return, which makes me feel rather uneasy; but I hope the next mail will relieve me. Give my respects to all inquiring friends and accept the same yourself.

Yours, &c.,

J. J. O.

Saturday, January 15, 1848.—This morning I went to the city to see the train off; it started soon after I arrived for the city of Vera Cruz. This train is guarded by the Voltiguers'

regiment and the howitzer battery, all under the command of Lieut.-Col. Colwell, of the Voltiguers. This train takes a number of discharged soldiers down, on their way home. Also a large mail accompanies this train, which I hope will arrive safe at their respective stations. The American Circus Co., of Messrs. Kelly & Hamlin, formerly Binsley's, so well and favorably known to the American army, leaves with this train for Vera Cruz. They have been traveling with our army for a long time. It is their intention to proceed to South America, and of course their departure will be regretted by all of our soldiers.

At noon I returned to our quarters. In the evening I noticed a party going down the road to watch for a loaded *mula*, but none came along, so they had to come back without any prize. While in the city I learned that Lieut.-Col. D. H. Miles, with thirteen hundred men, was attacked at Santa Fe, on this side of Vera Cruz. One of Col. Miles' dragoon companies was all cut up and three packed mules driven away or captured, and it was expected that the guerillas would make another attack upon him at Cerro Gordo. Col. Hughes, at Jalapa City, is ordered by Gen. Marshall to co-operate with Miles at Cerro Gordo. This is the worst defeat we have had yet.

Sunday, January 16, 1848.—This morning several members of our company went out and plundered a few deserted ranches, and brought to quarters tables, chairs and all kinds of household and kitchen furniture. However, it was not long before the Officer of the Guard went around to all the companies' quarters, and those comrades who were caught with any of the stolen articles, the officer had them put right into the guard-house. So it was a poor speculation after all. Our fellows succeeded in hiding their plunder in a little room and locked it up, so they escaped from going into the guard-house.

In the evening there is a rumor, and I hope it may be true, that we will get paid off to-morrow or next day. It is rumored to-night that Gen. Santa Anna is lurking around a small town called Tehuacan, near Puebla City.

Monday, January 17, 1848.—This morning Lieut. Aquilla Haines, and Orderly-Sergt. Thomas Zeigle and Alburtus Welsh, left for the city of Mexico to draw the company's (C) money, but Lieut. Haines returned, stating that they did not get the money, on account of a mistake in the clothing account; and that Sergt. Zeigle and Alburtus Welsh, staid in the city to rectify the mistake. So we are all disappointed in not getting our rocks. But some five or six companies of our regiment got paid off to-day, so they are in high glee.

It is rumored, and I believe it is true, that there is not twenty thousand troops at Queretaro City. As reported, not more than four or five thousand, and that nearly the whole of Gen. Santa Anna's army have disbanded and deserted in despair, leaving nothing but fragments, such as guerillas and highway robbers, about two thousand strong, and wandering in different directions, without a magazine or a military chest, and living by robbing.

Tuesday, January 18, 1848.—This morning all our men are looking with eager eyes for Sergt. Zeigle and Alburtus Welsh.

Finally, at noon, they arrived with the money-bag, and soon all got paid off. So we were all flush again.

Mr. Welsh told me, that an expedition under Gen. Joe Lane, left the city of Mexico this morning at nine o'clock, in search of Gen. Santa Anna and the guerilla priest, Jarauta.

The expedition is composed of Col. Jack Hays' mounted rangers and Col. Dominguez's spy company; Maj. Polk goes with Gen. Lane as an aide. They are also after Gen. Paredas, who is in the villa of Tulancingo. They will be absent several weeks. They take or go by Orazaba and Tlasculla roads.

This evening the Mexican papers stated, that San Louis Potosé, has declared against the present Government of Mexico, and that Gen. Santa Anna is on the point of resigning the Chief Magistracy and Commander-in-Chief of his scattered army, and is trying to make his escape to neutral Guatamala. He has to hurry up before Gen. Lane gets hold of him or it will be too late to resign. But I think he smells the

mice, and that is the reason he wants to resign. Poor Santa, will have to leave his own dear native home again.

To-night there are all sorts of fun at our quarters, singing, dancing and gambling. This is the fruits of getting paid off, and in a few days some of our men will be as poor as ever.

Wednesday, January 19, 1848. — This morning nearly our whole regiment went to the city to get rid of their little hard-earned money.

At noon I went over to Cuyoacan, which before Cortez's time contained about six thousand houses; now it is nothing but a neat little village and plenty of ruins, all done by the sword and torches of Fernando Cortez, who professed to come with his Catholic priests to inspire new religion in this country, but which afterwards turned out to be nothing else but plunder and destruction of the Mexicans' property, who refused to submit to bow to their cross or give up their gold. It is also the place where prominent citizens rescued and executed a man for alleging that the water would some day drown the city of Mexico, which afterwards, in 1446, proved true, by the surrounding lakes of Tezeuco, Chalco and Xochimilco beginning to swell into a tide which upset some of the houses. A voice was heard in the night, crying on the waters, "Children, your ruin is at hand, whither shall I carry you that you may not be lost." It was here where Conquerer Cortez celebrated his victory over the Mexicans by a grand festival. It was here where King or Emperor Guatimozin and the *Cacique* or Mayor of Tacubaya, (a bosom friend of the Emperor,) were put to the torture on burning coals of fire for refusing to reveal the lost treasury. The Emperor met his punishment with a smile, saying "How faithful these Spaniards are carrying out their promises to their captives." His companion, the *Cacique*, died upon the bed of burning coals. Emperor Guatimozin and some of his highest officers were afterwards hung on a limb of a tree, while on their way as prisoners to Honduras. Here, like in all other towns or cities, is an inborn of flowers. In fact Mexico is the greatest flower market in the world; all

the year round the gardens bring forth brilliant blossoms. All historians who speak of the Mexicans, speak of their love of flowers as one of their principal characteristics. Nor has this trait diminished in the present generation from the days before the robber and cruel conquerer Cortez. All through these merciless times, when the Mexicans bore the heavy yoke under their violent masters, the Spaniards remained faithful to their love of flowers.

After walking around among the regulars who are encamped here, we left for San Angel, satisfied at having seen one of the ancient towns of Mexico.

I am informed this evening, that Gen. Scott presented to the First and Second Regiments Pennsylvania Volunteers, two silk State flags. To the First, for their brilliant and heroic conduct during the long siege of Puebla City. To the Second, for gallant achievement at the gates of the city of Mexico. They were made by the ladies in the city; the eagles are worked in needle-work. They are splendid flags and cost seven hundred and fifty dollars a piece.

Thursday, January 20, 1848.—This morning an express came in from the coming train from Vera Cruz, stating that the train would be here in a few days; also that the express rider was chased and fired upon several times by the guerillas.

This evening, on dress-parade, orders were read for the commanding officer of each company, not to let their soldiers go to the city, which caused laughter.

Friday, January 21, 1848.—This morning as usual, and in spite of the strict orders issued last evening, nearly one-half of our regiment went to the city. In fact the business is so brisk that a company has started a new line of coaches, and instead of having mules attached to the stage, they have four splendid and spirited American and Mexican horses, with American drivers. They were well loaded with Uncle Sam's living freight, started off in American style, full gallop, and kept at it as far as I could see.

This afternoon, Gen. Thomas Marshall's train arrived in the city of Mexico, bringing over three thousand troops and a large train and mail from Vera Cruz. The General says that Col. D. H. Miles will be here in a few days with thirteen hundred troops, and the largest train that ever left Vera Cruz. The report of meeting with a disastrous defeat or repulse at Santa Fe, is all a hoax. Col. Miles, having fallen back one mile to a well posted position, and in doing so was compelled to leave two wagons sticking in the road behind him, which of course fell into the hands of the Mexicans, which caused a great huzza in the enemy's ranks.

In the evening I noticed most all of our regiment who went to the city this morning are returning home in time for dress-parade. Some of the men were well loaded with luxurious vegetables, and some showed up a little tipsy.

Saturday, January 22, 1848.—This morning again nearly half of our regiment, rigged up *fit to kill*, preparing for the grand masquerade ball, which is to take place to-night at the *Teatra de Nacional* (or Santa Anna), in the city.

At noon I noticed some of our officers were going to the city, and by their appearance it looks as if they also were going to the masquerade ball, which are as numerous here as they are at New Orleans.

This afternoon, John Newman and myself went into the *manzan pomor* (apple yard) and were surprised to see the *manzan* (apple) so near ripe. They are not as large as our apples in the States.

This evening there was a slim dress-parade on account of our men attending the masquerade ball.

Sunday, January 23, 1848.—This day being Sunday, John Newman, Henry Rosco, of our company, and myself got permission from Lieut. Aquilla Haines to go to the city. We, of course, took the new American line of coaches. I seated myself on top with the driver, with whom I had a pleasant chat. He is an American, and hails from New York. He came to Mexico about ten years ago with a lot of Troy, N. Y.,

coaches. He has been driving stages through the different directions from this city to Toluca ; and, before the war, drove to Puebla City, and back. He tells me that his coach has been robbed more than fifty times, and that he never was hurt, except once ; that time he refused to stop, when the robbers fired, and then he was wounded in the arm. One passenger was killed, because he refused to give up his cash.

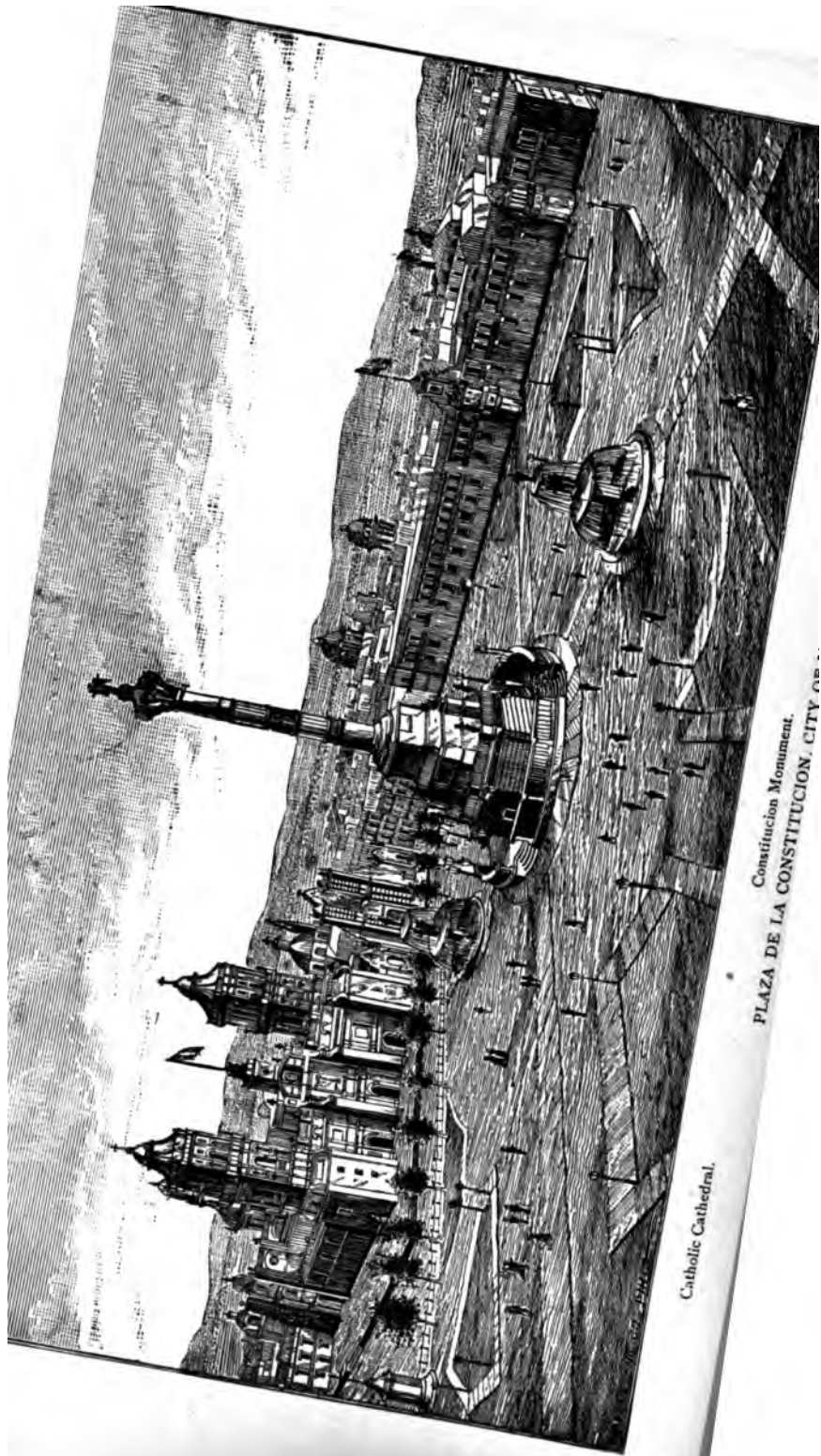
After the stage was filled, and the fare (twenty-five cents) collected, the driver was ordered to go ; and off we went at a full gallop for about one mile, when he pulled in his horses, and went on at a slow trot.

The scene through the valley we passed was beautiful with *polque* groves. Shrubs were chiefly of the cactus order, and the creeping vines tangled the thicket over the little stream. After we arrived in the Plaza de la Constitucion we went straight to the grand cathedral, which is the mother church of all Mexico. It is capable of holding over twenty-five thousand people. The dimensions of the cathedral is as follows :—From the north to the south is four hundred and twenty-six feet, from the east to the west is nearly five hundred feet ; the height of the roof is one hundred and seventy-five feet. It was finished in 1667, and cost over \$2,000,000.

On the west side of the corner is walled in the original Aztec calendar. It was cut off a block of basalt, weighing over twenty-five tons. Its diameter is nearly seven feet. It has been in this wall since August 13, 1790, a memorable day in Mexico, and it is supposed to date back as far as 1279. It is divided into three hundred and sixty-five days, with an interpolation of thirteen days for each cycle of fifty-two years. The stone is almost a perfect square in form.

Inside the highest altar, raised from the elevated platform, exhibits a profusion of candlesticks, crosses, and other idol ornaments of gold and silver.

What St. Peter's is to Rome, what St. Paul's is to London, what Notre Dame is to Paris, the cathedral is to Mexico. It is the most popular resort of the Catholic faith that there is in this country.



Catholic Cathedral.

Constitution Monument.
PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION. CITY OF MEXICO.

The other altar is surrounded with six large golden candlesticks, over four feet high ; six large golden branches, with vases of the same size ; four smaller candlesticks of gold, sixteen inches high ; two golden censors, two golden utensils to sprinkle holy water, one golden cross, set with very precious stones, with pedestal and front pieces, also set with precious stones. The weight of the altar service is nearly five hundred pounds, and its value not less than \$200,000.

It is also crowned by an image of the Virgin or of the Ascension. It is of solid gold, adorned with rich jewels. It is valued, including jewels, at from \$35,000 to \$40,000. The image of Conception is of solid silver, and its worth \$625. The silver lamp in front of the priest is gilded with pure gold ; it is magnificent ; it has fifty-four burners ; its height is twenty-two feet ; its circumference thirty feet, and is suspended by an iron chain and bolt. The lamp and fixtures is valued at \$120. The silver service of the cathedral are twelve chandeliers, twelve incense-boxes, twelve large branches, each seven feet high ; seventy-two silver cups and incense burners, ninety-six silver candlesticks, with their number of branches ; three silver statues, one large silver closet, handsomely engraved for the deposit of holy things ; two lamp stands, with each four clusters of branches ; two large standard candlesticks, twenty silver candlesticks, besides a perfect wilderness of columns, statues, shrines and fonts, in the aisles of the church.

The robes and other garments of the priesthood are of the richest and most costly description. They with the silver service of the church were the gifts of the Emperor Charles V, of Spain. After a hasty inspection of the interior, the rich paintings on the walls, and other curiosities in the church, we left, and at 3 o'clock, P. M., went to see the bull fights, which is the custom in this country, to go from church to a place of amusement. What a great religion to inspire among the heathen people. Here in the *Plaza de Toros* we saw a novel sight, of which some day when I have more time, I will write a description thereof. After it was all over, we returned to San Angel, much pleased at the sights we saw at *Plaza de Toros*.

No dress-parade this evening. Had we known this before we left the city we would not have come to San Angel so soon ; we would have had a little more sport with the *senoritas*.

Late this evening our men had nearly all returned from the city, and those who were at the grand masquerade ball speak of it in the highest praise as a grand success.

Monday, January 24, 1848.—This morning I noticed that there is not so much of a rush for the city as there has been. I guess the finances are running short amongst some of the boys. In fact I know of some who hadn't any money the second day after they were paid off. All, all lost at the gambling tables, etc.

At noon, Lieut.-Col. D. H. Miles arrived in the city of Mexico with the largest train that ever came in at any one time. His brigade consists of over thirteen hundred men, mostly regulars ; it also brings a large mail. I received several letters ; one from my old master, Henry Grabill, of Lancaster, Pa., and I assure you I was much gratified in receiving a letter from that section of the country.

In the afternoon, friend Geo. Nightlinger and myself paid a visit to the once fortress of Churubusco. Here is where a bloody battle was fought, on the 20th of August last, when the gallant Col. P. M. Butler, of the South Carolina regiment, and many other noble soldiers were killed. We also visited *Tet due Pont* (bridge head), which was strongly erected on the main road, in front of the bridge, over Churubusco river or creek. Next we visited the convent church close by, which was strongly fortified ; the wall of the church being pierced with two ranges of musketry. From here we went to San Pablo, where a company of one hundred Irish-American deserters from our army, and commanded by that notorious Col. Thomas Reily, also a deserter from our army. Here they made one of the most daring and desperate defences than at any other place that our army ever came in contact with. The deserters were mostly all artillerymen, and handled their pieces well and fought like so many bulldogs. They several times

tore down the white flag when hoisted by the real Mexicans, they knowing our way of drilling, which caused many of our soldiers to fall and kiss the dust. They were all captured, and our men were so enraged with madness that, had it not been for our officers, every deserter would have been bayoneted or shot dead upon the spot. They were taken to San Angel by the Third United States Infantry, and in a few days after the arrival at the above place, the deserters were tried by court-martial, of which Col. Bennett Riley, of the Second United States Infantry, and at that time in command of the Second Brigade, Second Division, was president. The finding of the court was, that all who had deserted before the war with Mexico, should be flogged and branded with the letter D on the right cheek, and all those who deserted after the war should be hanged. On September 10th, the sentence of the court was carried out by the hanging of eight deserters and the flogging of Col. Riley and the rest.

The eight were hanged in a field opposite the convent, or near the place where they were captured. They were conveyed to their place of execution in four wagons, two in each wagon, with ropes around their necks, and their hands pinioned on their backs. They were driven under the cross-timber, erected for that special occasion. A detail from the rifle regiment guarded them and tied the ropes to the cross-timber. At a signal the drum beat, the teams started and left the eight deserters dangling in the air until they were dead.

Next came the deserters. Col. Riley having deserted before the declaration of war, received fifty, some say sixty lashes; the rest got from fifty to twenty-five lashes. The flogging was done by two Mexicans with mule whips. The other thirty-two deserters were hanged September 13th, at Miscoac. We returned to San Angel.

Tuesday, January 25, 1848.—This morning there is a rumor at San Angel that a move of part of our army is anticipated soon. The first move will be to Zacatecas, and from thence to San Luis de Potosi, for the purpose of opening commerce

between Tampico and Zacatecas, which is about four hundred miles from here. This will be a long march ; but this is only a rumor. But a move will be made soon, unless there is some probability of peace which is at present much talked about.

The last train from Vera Cruz brought us some recruits for the First and Second Regiments Pennsylvania Volunteers, also for the New York Regiment. They are fine, hardy looking men. We got only two for our company.

Wednesday, January 26, 1848.—This morning, a paper called the *North America*, published in the city of Mexico, contained an article stating that the South Carolina Regiment (what is left of them) would be disbanded forthwith from the United States army. This news caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among other volunteer regiments, who served in the army as long as they did, and did as much service.

This afternoon there is a rumor that the Peace Commissioners have met and are considering Mr. N. P. Trist's propositions in regard to peace. Some doubt this rumor, but there must be something of that kind going on, from the fact of our remaining at a stand still so long. I hope it may be true and give us an opportunity of going home.

To-day Col. Clark with his Second Brigade left for Cuernavaca, about forty-five miles south from here, on the Acapulco road. I think it is to guard a silver mine and collect the duty on bars. Gen. Cushing to-day stopped the stage and put all the high privates out of the diligence and let the officers remain in. This action has caused quite a fuss.

Thursday, January 27, 1848.—This morning the peace news is great, and quite current, and every soldier that comes in from the city has something to tell of what he heard for a fact; and all about the peace proposition. The cry is peace, peace; but there is no peace. There is also a rumor that Gen. Lane and his party had a fight near Orazaba, and succeeded in capturing Gen. Santa Anna; but I myself much doubt the story, for Gen. Santa Anna is too sharp a general to be caught so easy. In the evening Gen. Cushing rode past

the quarters, and nearly all the soldiers mocked and hooted at him for stopping the stage, and putting all except the officers out.

Friday, January 28, 1848.—This morning the peace prospect is up to blood-heat. At noon a blind Mexican boy came to our quarters, and played on the harp. It was delightful music, and well played. He played all the national airs of both nations. He played Gen. Santa Anna's favorite march, which is a splendid piece of music. Amongst the many pieces was Gen. Santa Anna's retreat after the battle of Cerro Gordo, to which he sang a song. Santa Anna's famous *Chico Vestido* (Little Pantaloon), which is really laughable, wound up with "Yankee Doodle," for which he received many *picayunes*, and went away rejoicing.

Saturday, January 29, 1848.—This morning it is reported that our peace commissioners have sent an express with despatches to our Government at Washington with the olive branch, and also that we would be on our way home by the beginning of May. I really begin to think that there is something going on in Denmark; the city papers are full of peace.

Sunday, January 30, 1848.—This morning most of our soldiers were busy in fixing themselves up for the masquerade ball, which comes off to-night at the Nacional Theatre; and as there will be no privates admitted, they borrowed some clothing from the Mexicans, and got officers' suits. The stopping of privates going to these places has caused a great deal of a fuss amongst our men, all through Gen. Cushing's orders.

Monday, January 31, 1848.—This morning Gen. Cushing has stopped the stage-coach from running between San Angel and the city of Mexico. This is done to keep the soldiers from going to the city; but this will not stop them, for they can go around our line and slip the sentinel, who don't care who goes to the city. This has caused another excitement among the boys.

At noon it was told that some of our regiment and the New Yorkers had stolen Gen. Cushing's horse last night from the quarters of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

This evening an advertisement was out, "Strayed or stolen a Mexican mustang, belonging to the volunteer division. Any person or persons giving such information as will lead to his recovery will be entitled to a ride to the city and back."

Signed, GEN. CUSHING.

Everyone that read this went away with a hearty laugh, saying it was a pity that they didn't steal the General. The cry is, "Who stole the horse?"

Tuesday, February 1, 1848.—This morning most every soldier is cursing Gen. Cushing for stopping the diligence.

At noon several of the South Carolinians and New Yorkers were arrested for being concerned in putting away Gen. Cushing's horse.

The city papers to-day are full of peace, and Lieut.-Col. S. W. Black told us that we would be on our way home in less than two months.

Wednesday, February 2, 1848.—This morning Albutus Welsh and myself went over to Miscoac, a small village, about three miles from San Angel, and about the same distance from the city. Here is where Col. W. S. Harney hung the balance of the thirty-two Irish-American deserters, who were captured at Churubusco. They were executed on the 13th of September, the day the battle of Chapultepec was fought. As soon as the Castle fell, and our flag triumphantly swung over its strong fortress, Col. Harney told the deserters to cast their eyes toward the Castle of Chapultepec, and once more look upon our glorious flag that they had deserted. After which they were all hung on crosses already erected.

In an outskirts of the town we found the regulars were quartered, and everything around their quarters was neat and clean, and are kept very strict in discipline.

In walking around I was surprised to see the following piece of poetry posted up against a tree, which sentiments, I believe, are mostly true, as follows:—

Come all Yankee soldiers, give ear to my song,
 It is a short ditty, it will not keep you long ;
 It is of no use to fret, on account of our luck,
 We can laugh, drink, and sing yet in spite of the buck.

Derry down.

Sergeant buck him and gag him, our officers cry,
 For each trifling offence which they happen to spy.
 Till with bucking and gagging of Dick, Tom, Pat and Bill,
 Faith, the Mexican's ranks they have helped to fill.

Derry down.

The treatment they give us, as all of us know,
 Is bucking and gagging for whipping the foe ;
 They buck and gag us for malice or spite,
 But they are glad to release us when going to fight.

Derry down.

A poor soldier tied up in the hot sun or rain,
 With a gag in his mouth till he is tortured with pain,
 Why I'm blessed if the eagle, we wear on our flag,
 In its claws couldn't carry a buck and a gag.

Derry down.

After copying the above piece of poetry, or song, we left for San Angel. In front of our quarters our company was formed into line, when one of our members took a drawing of our company and quarters. The intention is to have it lithographed in Philadelphia, Pa.

This evening the whole conversation is about peace, and that we all would be on our way home before long.

Thursday, February 3, 1848.—This morning the whole talk is about peace, peace. At noon news came from the city stating that the peace project has been signed by Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners at Guadaloupa yesterday, and that Mr. Trist is now on his way to Washington ; and if our Government accepts it, we will be on our way home in two months, for it takes some time to go and come from Washington. I now believe that we will have no more fighting in this country.

Friday, February 4, 1848.—This morning, as usual, the talk is all about peace, and no doubt that it will be accepted by our Government. Woe to the senator that will vote against it. There is a report, but I place no confidence in it, that two junior officers of our army demand the recall of Gen. Winfield Scott from his army in Mexico, which report is causing a little excitement amongst the officers and soldiers. In the evening it rained very hard. This is the first rain since we are at San Angel, nearly two months, yet the Churubusco River did not show any signs of getting lower; but of course it mostly all comes from the mountains, which are covered with snow the whole year around.

SAN ANGEL, MEXICO, }
February 4, 1848. }

MY MOST WORTHY FRIEND, SAMUEL HORNING:—I feel extremely happy in stating that I received your long-looked-for letter a few days ago, stating that you and your family were all well.

We arrived in the city of Mexico on the 20th December last, under command of Gen. William O. Butler, whom I came with from the city of Puebla. The city of Mexico is one of the many cities you and myself often read about in the geography and histories, and it is truly a great place. There has been great rumors in and about the city of Mexico in reference to peace. Some have it that peace is made; others have it that peace commissioners have gone on to Washington city; and thus we have it up and down every day—peace and war alternately. But believe nothing you hear from this city at the present time on this peace subject, for I assure you no one, unless it is General Scott or Nicholas P. Trist, knows anything more about it than the man in the moon; and these two gentlemen are exceedingly cautious in everything relating to the movements in the army, and everything connected with it. The nearest that I can come to the present state of affairs is from a Mexican paper, published at Queretaro City, which

informs us that there has been no treaty concluded ; but he adds, the whole subject rests with the United States Government. The Government of Mexico is willing to make a treaty on a fair scale, and are prepared to go to work, and they think that they are strong enough to sustain it.

I find many of the most influential men in the republic of Mexico, who have heretofore been violently opposed to the making of peace, are now advocating a treaty strongly. The persons who formerly belonged to the government are perfectly prostrate. Their influence is actually nothing on either side of the scale.

The Mexican Congress has not yet met at Queretaro City, at the latest date from there, but it was expected there would be a full meeting by the 20th of March next. Then, and not until then will we hear what will be done. The Mexicans must make peace or else our troops will invade this whole country and drive the Mexican Congress into the Pacific Ocean. But then, when will this war cease, is a question often asked, but no definite answer can fairly be given ; but my humble and no account opinion is, that many more men must be sacrificed and many more widows and orphans made before this war is ended.

Now, as regards to business which is carried on here, and of which you made particular inquiry in regard to its appearances and prospects. In the first place there is no such bright and cheering prospects of continuance of business as there is in Philadelphia or New Orleans cities. There are no bales, boxes, crates, casks, cases, packages, large or small, of every variety, crowding the pavements along the whole business thoroughfares. There is no such harsh sound of the packer's hammer, and the bustle and confusion attending a delivery of numberless packages of goods. There is no such calling off and charging of articles purchased ; no hurrying of clerks and assistants of every kind, in the getting out and bundling up of goods to have them ready to send away. There is no such loud cries of the employers to the employed, to make all haste,

and there is no such rattling of heavy articles as they pour in at the front door. There is no such scenes in all this city of the Aztecs as they are in our cities in the United States.

But again, the city of Mexico in its prominent aspects is a striking and attractive capital. Its architecture, and particularly in its churches and public edifices, cannot fail to impress the stranger. Its beautiful and spacious streets; its open *plaza*, flanked on one side by the Cathedral, on the other side by the ample proportioned palace or halls of the Montezumas; its beautiful and charming Alameda Park, with its shady and flowered avenues and winding walks, together with its far reaching smoothly graded *passo*, where beauty and chivalry daily meet, vieing with each other in richness of display and genuine courtesies, are all most inviting and imposing.

There are in our camp and in the city of Mexico a great many blacklegs from New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia and other cities. Faro tables are plenty enough and seem to be thronged with customers. The billiard saloons are here, too, and roulette tables are plenty enough, and everything in fact to carry on the damning vice of gambling. The shops in the towns and cities are mostly kept by women, and I entertain myself sometimes when in town in walking around and dropping into these shops ogling pretty black-eyed *senoritas*. I don't wish for you to understand by me saying dropping into these gambling hells, that I take an interest in playing these damning vices. Nay, not at all, for I never did attempt to play more than once, and that time the blacklegs broke me in less than twenty minutes, after which I left in disgust and swore that I would sin no more, nor follow this kind of business. But enough of this, and I will come to a close by saying that we have fine and healthy quarters, in full view of the volcanic mountains.

If words were balls and gas were powder,
I pledge the price of my bandanna
That I would sooner be home, eating buckwheat cakes and sausage,
Than fighting General Anton Lopez de Santa Anna.

Yours, &c., J. J. O.

McVeytown, Mifflin county, Pa.

Saturday, February 5, 1848.—Last night's rain had the effect of cooling and purifying the atmosphere to a temperature that is perfectly delightful ; and, no doubt, will bring great relief to those who have been afflicted with the mumps and measles, but the most of our men are complaining of the erysipelas.

No news of peace to-day. "What has become of it?" Answer, "Why, it is on its way to Washington."

This afternoon one of our members took another drawing of our quarters at San Angel. His intention is to have it lithographed in Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunday, February 6, 1848.—This morning Gen. Lane and his party came back from their expedition to Orazaba, and reported that they did not see anything of Gen. Santa Anna ; although they were only two hours behind him, and would have captured him had not a Mexican carried the news in Lane's advance, telling Santa Anna that the Yankees were after him, and for him to fly for safety, which Santa Anna did, and nothing has been heard of old Santa since.

Gen. Lane was also after Gen. Paredes, who was in the *villa* (town) of Tulancingo. They were in hot pursuit of Gen. Paredes. Their horses fell down and died in the road leading to Tulancingo, ridden to death ; but they did not capture Gen. Paredes, but his brother ; they say, it was one of the most rapid and fatiguing marches of the war. Gen. Lane, on his return, went by the way of Tlascalla, once the ancient capital of the Tlascallaian tribe, where he was informed that the banner of Cortez, the renowned conquerer of the Aztecs, was at the Palace of Tlascalla. When they arrived at Tlascalla City they were told that the Cortez banner, which was the first Spanish banner that ever waved in this country, was safely deposited in a church on top of a high hill. Gen. Lane started for the temple, and had the relic in his hand, and was about to bring it with him as a trophy of the present war, but the Mayor, or *Alcalda*, of Tlascalla, and the priests of the churches in town, plead and begged for Gen. Lane not to take it from the Villa Tlascalla, as it was here where Fernando Cortez placed it for

safety, and has remained here during all the revolutions of Mexico without being disturbed. So the banner was left in its ancient palace.

The Tlascallaians, mentioned above, are a part of the people who split from the original Mexicans. They took a dislike in warding the city of Tenustitun, now Mexico. They made the divisions, or wards, to suit a certain class of political people, which occasioned a great dislike and dissatisfaction among a people called Papolucans, or Tepeacans; they being entirely dissatisfied with the proceedings deserted the city. They marched along the lake and arrived and settled themselves in a rich and fertile valley called Tlascalla, and chose the Tlascallaians for their rulers, protectionists, and entertained bitter and hostile feelings against their own countrymen, who wrong them so much. They afterwards got to be a people of great power, and were much feared by the Mexicans. They also were great man-eaters, and not only eat the flesh of their enemies, but hung it up to be dried, and sold the same as dried beef.

The city of Tlascalla was considerably enlarged, and a powerful city, and it was their capital.

Monday, February 7, 1848.—This morning the city papers issued an extra, stating that James K. Polk, President of the United States, had recalled Major-General Winfield Scott, and Generals Worth, Pillow, and Colonel James Duncan, to undergo a court-martial. These proceedings have created a great deal of excitement amongst the Mexican rulers, and in particular amongst our own troops, who call it a high-handed, outrageous and shameful act to drag Gen. Scott from his high command and make him a prisoner in the very capital which his own generalship and valor had won. You could hear some soldiers say, if Gen. Scott is to be withdrawn from us, they will not march another step towards the enemy. Gen. Scott was our general first, and shall be to the last; and that this has all been done through a political and jealous feeling at the heads of our Government to check his (Gen. Scott's) glorious and fair fame.

Tuesday, February 8, 1848.—This morning all the talk is changed from peace to and about the removal of Gen. Scott. In fact, I should not be surprised to hear the Mexicans cry more war than peace, for they generally were much afraid of Gen. Scott, for they know full well that when he comes the Mexicans must give way. If there should be any more war, I wouldn't be surprised that the American army will be defeated, for the soldiers have not the same enthusiasm, trusty and confident feelings as they had under Gen. Scott. In the evening some of the volunteers are holding meetings to express their feeling and sympathy, and are raising contributions to present James K. Polk with a leather medal.

Wednesday, February 9, 1848.—This morning I partly spent my time in writing letters, so as to have them ready for the next train. The city papers are full about the removal of Gen. Scott from his high command, and dragging him from his gallant little army, as a prisoner, which he so well commanded. At noon a party of us got permission to go to San Antonio, San Augustine and Contreras. The roads which pass through these villages are generally kind of marshy and rough, covered with pedregal or lava stone broken roughly, but San Antonio lays on a little hill, and has all the command for defences. During the fight, the Mexicans had seven batteries, mounted with twenty-one cannons and strong breastwork for their infantry. The battle was fought and victoriously won August 19 and 20, 1847. Next we visited San Augustine, another village well situated to oppose an army. From here we went to Contreras. Here a battle was fought on the 20th of August, the same day or evening that San Augustine was fought. The total strength of our army engaged in this battle was four thousand five hundred soldiers, against the Mexican force of seven thousand, under the command of Gen. Valencia, and backed by Gen. Santa Anna in person with twelve thousand troops, making nineteen thousand troops of the enemy in the field against four thousand five hundred Americans; and, as a fellow says, the battle was fought and triumphantly won,

killing over seven hundred of the Mexicans; eight hundred prisoners, including four generals and nearly one hundred other officers; besides many colors and twenty-two pieces of brass artillery, thousands of small arms and any quantity of ammunition, and nearly eight hundred pack mules and horses, all captured at this battle; and now, for doing all this work, our Government goes to work, and removes Gen. Scott. Shame!

Thursday, February 10, 1848.—This morning the talk is still about the superseding of Gen. Scott, and about the capabilities of his successor, Gen. W. O. Butler.

At noon several of us paid a visit to Ventade village, *Cuyoacan*. Here is where Gen. Scott was met by the Mexicans with a proposition of an armistice, which was at first rejected; but Gen. Scott reconsidered it and said if we can make peace or come to any kind of treaty, well and good, that too much blood has already been shed in this war. But they could not agree, so the fight went on.

The regulars here are more grieved about the removal of Gen. Scott than the volunteers. They are more attached to and idolized Gen. Scott more than any other soldier in the army. They say they don't like Gen. Butler, simply because that he is no regular soldier, and is nothing but some old banished politician. They want the man that they started with and led them from Vera Cruz to this city, with so small a force and such signal success. Give us Gen. Scott, our old commander.

Friday, February 11, 1848—This morning a court-martial set in San Angel to try several of the members of the New York and South Carolina regiments for stealing Gen. Cushing's horse, some two weeks ago. They are not exactly to be tried for stealing the horse, but they were on guard at the same time the horse was stolen and are accused of aiding in taking him away. I believe this to be the fact myself, but of course I will not say so,

Saturday, February 12, 1848.—This morning one of Co. G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, named Thomas

Karr, was sent to the Castle of Chapultepec for striking some petty officer in the city. He is to be confined during the war, forfeit all his pay and allowance due him, and to be dishonorably discharged at the termination of this war, and also to wear a ball and chain weighing twenty pounds, and his head shaved close. This has been the hardest sentence of a volunteer that I ever heard tell of. It has created a great sensation and murmuring among the volunteers.

Sunday, February 13, 1848.—This morning the general talk or conversation among the men is about the removal of Gen. Scott and the severe sentence of the poor old man, Thomas Karr.

At noon John Kritser, of our company, and James A. Sawyer, of Co. H, both printers and working on the *American Star*, called to see us, and by their appearance and genteel looks the printing business must agree with them, for they both looked remarkable well. Mr. Kritser said the report of the removal of Gen. Scott was true.

Monday, February 14, 1848.—This morning I went to the city and partook of a good dinner at the *Socida del Progress*, after which I took a walk around the city and visited the National Palace, of which Capt. Charles Naylor, of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, is now Governor. From here I went to Tacubaya and visited the Archiepiscopal Palace of Mexico. Here is where Gen. Scott made his headquarters during the battles around and in the city of Mexico. Tacubaya, before the Conqueror Cortez's time, was a large and powerful city; it is a fine city yet. Here is where the people prophesied, before ever hearing of Cortez coming, that a strange people were coming to destroy their government and to take possession of the Mexican Dominion, and for making this assertion King Montezumas put them all to death. The prophecy afterwards proved to become true by the Conqueror Cortez subduing their government.

This place is guarded by the regulars, and like their brother soldiers at Cuyoacan are much mortified at the stain cast upon

our old hero. They asked me who Gen. Butler is and where does he come from. I could not answer.

In the evening I left for San Angel, all safe and sound.


Tuesday, February 15, 1848.—This morning it is reported that Gen. Scott has received no communication from either the President or Secretary Marcy in regard to his (Gen. Scott's) removal. All he knows is from what is published in the newspapers, and it is hoped that the reports of the removal may yet turn out to be false. But, as the fellow said, where there is smoke there is fire, and seeing that the President and his Secretary, William L. Marcy, have been firing into Gen. Scott's rear ever since he left Vera Cruz, and failing in having Gen. Scott and his little army either killed or driven back into the Gulf of Mexico, the likelihood of his removal may be too true, to make room for another General, but not a better one.

Gen. Andrew Jackson, though seldom wrong, was not very mealy mouthed in his language towards those who crossed his path of duty. The people supported and justified him, and so the people will justify Gen. Scott.

At noon we had some tall performance by Sergt. Zeigle and Corp. Peter Ahl, of First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Wednesday, February 16, 1848.—This morning a party started out scouting on their own hook, they had not gone far before they came upon the dead body of a United States soldier, which turned out to be Mr. Barkley, of Co. B, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who has been missing from his quarters for several days. They brought him along, and turned him over to his company. After which they buried him.

To-day the court-martial is sitting, and the most important case was that of a deserter of the Massachusetts regiment. They found him guilty, with the sentence that he be drummed out of the United States service to-morrow. The only thing that saved him from being shot was that he proved that he, the prisoner, had been harshly dealt with by some of his petty officers, and that he would not take up arms against his brother soldiers of the United States.



Thursday, February 17, 1848.—This morning it is rumored that Gen. Cadwallader is surrounded, at Toluco, by Gen. Alvezes, with eight thousand troops. But I think this is all moonshine. I don't believe that there are eight thousand Mexican troops in all Mexico.

At noon the Massachusetts soldier, who was sentenced yesterday, was drummed out of the United States service for desertion. He was taken from the guard-house and placed in front of the drummer and fifer, and a file of soldiers on each side. After which, they started off playing the Rogue's March until they came to the outer picket-guards, when they halted with the music; and left him go to wander wherever he wished to go.

Friday, February 18, 1848.—This morning it is rumored that the President of the United States has disapproved the charges brought against Gens. Worth, Pillow and Col. Duncan, by Gen. Scott; and has restored them to their respective positions, and that Gen. Scott is to go before the Court of Inquiry, at Puebla, to answer the charge for daring to enforce discipline in his army against certain of his subordinate officers. This is what some might call an impartial trial, discharging the subordinate party without trial, and trying the Commander. This has again caused a great deal of excitement among the soldiers.

At noon Joseph L. Parker, Orderly Sergeant, of Co. G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, came to our quarters. He is direct from Philadelphia, having had leave on a furlough. He went from Jalapa City. Sergt. Parker gives us glorious news from old Pennsylvania; and, particular, from Philadelphia. He came in company with ten others from Vera Cruz.

Saturday, February 19, 1848.—This morning we have the official report of Gen. Scott relieved from command of the army, and devolving the whole command to Major-General William O. Butler, a volunteer general; also the releasing of Generals Worth and Cerro Gordo Pillow, and Col. Duncan

from arrest, and restoring them to their command. Thus, Gen. Scott is to be tried for doing his duty by his junior officers in the very scene of his noblest exploits, and made to stand there before the world the target for the low hate and cunning of intriguants whom his favor had warmed into existence, and whose malice, otherwise impotent, Government patronage has supplied with a sting; but, as a writer says, when it comes to that point, that Brevet-Major-General William J. Worth can rise before a court-martial in the city of Puebla, or in the United States, and hurl in the teeth of Gen. Scott the approval of his conduct by the Cabinet or Government, and the condemnation of his commander-in-chief, it passes the bounds of human patience, and makes us really sick at heart; but they that would have sacrificed Gen. Taylor on the plains of Buena Vista and our own army in this valley of Mexico, are capable, too, of thrusting the dagger of revenge in the hero's heart; but the people's hearts are not yet so seared and dried up by the fires of party passion; their perceptions have not become so blunted, or their patriotism cooled down to the zero point, that they can look on such scenes as are now presented in this city of Mexico and the United States, and not feel that a gross indignity has been offered to the national glory, and the far-famed name of the successful general.

At noon it was very windy, the dust flying in all directions, so that we can hardly see the objects before us.

Sunday, February 20, 1848.—This morning is very pleasant, and a good many went over to the *polque cuba* (tub), drinking *polque* and talking about the releasing of Gen. Scott, and the capability of Gen. Butler. At noon several officers who have been in the city stated that they shook hands with Gen. Scott, saying that they regretted that he so soon should be recalled. Gen. Scott said that there is nothing in this wide world that he regretted more than to leave his gallant little army whom he had the honor to command during this victorious campaign in Mexico, and would like to be permitted to return with his soldiers to the United States. He said—



“Think of it that I am a prisoner in the very capital which I and my gallant little army had won. I am now in the attitude of a criminal on trial in a hostile capital captured by the genius and the gallantry of our little army.

Monday, February 21, 1848.—This morning we were ordered to get percussion cap muskets, our former ones being old Harper's Ferry flint muskets. What this is for and what it means we are all anxious to know; probably getting ready to march on towards the enemy; time will tell. Probably it is on account of a rumor that the clergy and nearly all the members of the holy Catholic Church are not in favor of relinquishing any of the Mexican territory. So the peace prospect does not look so well, and the removal of Gen. Scott makes them still more stubborn and headstrong.

The religious element of this country is having a strong tendency to maintain the fast-rooted bigotry of their spiritual power. Their religion, linked to their moneyed influence, has already enabled them to overturn all the efforts of the liberal-minded, progressive party, or the peace and order party, who have, however, nobly clung to the task of overthrowing this curse upon their body politic. In 1833, the combinations of the progressionists had somewhat trammelled the priests and clergy, but they, by bloody revolutions, upset the presidents, who followed each other in quick succession, and were enabled through the aid of Gen. Santa Anna, whom they had won over to their party, to shake themselves almost entirely free from any state influence. By this the bishops held sole control over all ecclesiastical property, becoming the great bankers of this country, effecting loans, taking mortgages upon all kinds of property, and acting in all respects like immense commercial and moneyed corporations.

Tuesday, February 22, 1848.—This being the birth-day of Gen. George Washington, the father of our country, so the best of wines and liquors will be freely drank, and talk about old times and the Twenty-second we spent at home and how we spent the present one; also about the soldier's life in time

of war and peace. Songs were sung and all kinds of amusement were performed. We had plenty of everything, oranges, bananas, etc.

In the evening, Co. H, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers had a fine supper at the officers' quarters. Col. Black was in attendance, and to give all soldiers a good chance, there was no dress-parade. Co. A, of the same regiment, had a supper at the Cataract House.

Wednesday, February 23, 1848.—This morning some of our soldiers looked as if they had indulged too much in that *good* whisky and wine.

At noon I informed my friend, Alburto Welsh, of our company, who was on guard at the time, that I would stand guard for him; providing he would make me a drawing of the Castle of Chapultepec, to which he cheerfully consented, and was glad of the relief from guard.

To-day I am on guard for the first time since my promotion to the Corporalship. Oh! I tell you the time seemed very long to me, not being used to going on guard. Strange to say, when I was a high private in the front rank, I used to like to go on guard; in fact, many a time I used to volunteer my services to go on guard in the place of one who complained of being too sick. But now I wouldn't exchange if they would give me \$5.00 extra per month.

Thursday, February 24, 1848.—This morning I was relieved from guard-duty; and, I assure you, I was not sorry for it; for the time seemed awful long to me, and I don't think I will ever stand guard again.

Mr. Welsh has just finished making me a capital drawing of the Castle of Chapultepec.

To-day is the twenty-seventh Mexican anniversary of freeing themselves from the Spanish yoke of rule. Their plan of government and constitution was declared at a small *villa* called Iguala, near Cordova, February 24, 1821.

Their constitution was to form a progressive and liberal form of government, but contained one element, which was more

potent than all the others combined, and indicated not only the secret control which the church possessed in the revolutionary movement of the country, but its determination to carry its power into every department of state, and to virtually rule the country at all hazard.

The plan and constitution of Iguala was first the Mexican's notion, of its independence of the nation, and of every other, even on its own continent.

Second, its religion shall be the Catholic, which all its inhabitants profess; and nothing else will be tolerated.

Third, they shall all be united, without any distinction between Americans, Europeans, etc.

Twelfth, an army shall be formed for the support of the Catholic religion, independence and union, guaranteeing these three principles; and, therefore, it shall be called the Army of the Three Guarantees.

So soon the army, which bore these principles upon their banners, marched on, meeting with little opposition, and entered the capital of Mexico, September 27, 1821.

A *junta* (a meeting) was called, in which Augustine Iturbide was proclaimed President of the Republic of Mexico.

The country now breathed a moment freely after its long struggle of eleven years of internecine strife, which had finally culminated in independence, and the establishing of a *junta*, free from foreign control.

Don Augustine Iturbide, whose name I have frequently alluded to, is a native Mexican, and of the pure Aztec blood, and was very popular among the native tribes.

During the revolution of Hidalgo he commanded a detachment of royal troops, and was one of the leading spirits that defeated the revolutionists. But the outrageous treatment, the murdering of thousands of innocent men, women and children in cold blood, caused Iturbide to *vacilar* (waver) from the royalist cause. He joined the *Mostizos*, a mixed race; and, as soon as he saw a chance, he espoused the insurgent cause.

So long as Ferdinando, King of Spain, had opposed the

popular, liberal party in Spain the Mexican clergy clung to his cause, with the hope of a reaction to the old system; but when the news reached them of his adoption of the liberal constitution they immediately threw their whole influence into the cause of the insurgents in an attempt to establish a separate government, with the idea of inviting the bigoted Fernando to cross the Atlantic Ocean and accept the crown.

About this time Augustine Iturbide came prominently into notice, and before the people, although of Aztec Indian blood. He has, since 1814, been swayed entirely by the church party, and had thus figured in various positions in command of a small detachment of regular forces. He had carried on an unsparing warfare against the insurgents; as, for instance, of his cruelty, he (Iturbide) stated in one of his despatches to the viceroy in 1814, that he, in honor of the day of Good Friday, had just ordered three hundred excommunicated wretches to be shot.

This boasting and cruel order Iturbide afterwards deeply regretted, and gave liberally to the suffering poor.

Upon the clergy changing sides, Augustine Iturbide became one of their strongest adherents, and while in command of a small force on the western coast, in 1820, where he had been sent to proclaim the absolute authority of the King, here he espoused the insurgent cause, headed the force, and, being very popular, the people flocked to his standard, and, as already stated, marched on to the city of Mexico.

Thus, the insurgent revolutionary movement was entirely successful, as most all the movements for the overthrow of any established government have been in Mexico when the clergy, or more in plain words, the Catholic priests, have directed the revolutionists.

“Oh, when shall the millennium come! When shall peace and goodwill prevail through this land of Mexico?” Answer, “Not until liberty of conscience and religion is allowed, and the Bible, the text-book, be permitted in the hands of the people.”



From 1833 revolution after revolution followed in quick succession, each eating into the revenue of the Church: one party trying to grasp at a portion of the Church property, that they might rid their country of its curse; the opposition, aided by the funds of the clergy, waging a war to retain the property intact. During the government of Ferrias and Barrigan, fruitless attempts were made to confiscate the Church property to pay the debt, although eminently superior in financial resources, still found itself to hold the ascendancy in the face of the innovatory influences of 19th century progress, and the advancing civilization which, from the United States, was constantly infringing upon its border.

Friday, February 25, 1848.—This morning everything is as quiet as if their never had been any war in this *rodadura tierra templado*. Since the above has been noted, I fell in possession of Gen. Scott's letter to the Secretary of War, Hon. William L. Marcy, stating his grievance and treatment received from the heads of our Government, from the time he left for the seat of war until his removal. It being part of the history of the Mexican War, I deem it admissible and proper to note it as such in my journal, as follows:

MEXICO, February 24, 1848.

SIR:—On the 18th instant I received your two letters of the 13th ultimo, and immediately issued the General Order No. 59 (a copy enclosed), devolving the command of the army in Mexico upon Major-Gen. Butler. As the officers detailed for the court of inquiry, before which I am ordered to appear as a criminal, are not known to have arrived in the country, I avail myself of a moment's leisure to recall some of the neglects, disappointments, injuries and rebukes which have been inflicted upon me by the War Department since my departure from Washington, November 23d, 1846.


To me the business of recrimination, however provoked, has ever been painful. In this summary I shall, therefore, indulge in no wantonness of language, but confine myself to naked

historical facts, leaving conclusions to men of sense and candor.

In the hurry of preparation for Mexico (only four days were allowed me at Washington, when twenty might have been most advantageously employed in the great bureaux—those of the chief engineers, chief of ordnance, chief quartermasters and chief commissary of subsistence), I handed to you a written request that one of three of our accomplished captains therein mentioned might be appointed assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of major, for duty with me in the field; and there was a vacancy at the time for one. My request has never been attended to, and thus I have had no officer of the adjutant-general department with me in the campaign. Can another instance be cited of denying to a general-in-chief in the field, at the head of a large army, or even a small one, the selection of his chief of staff—that is, the chief in the department of orders and correspondence.

Early in the following January I asked that a general court-martial might be appointed, on the part of the President, for the trial of two officers (named by me) for conduct each had committed that endangered, in a high degree, the success of the impending campaign; and I specially referred to the anomalous and fatal act of Congress (May 29, 1830) which prohibited me, as the accuser or prosecutor, from ordering the court for the trial of the cases. My application has never been noticed. This neglect alone ought early to have admonished me that I had no hope of support at Washington in any attempt I might make (against *certain* officers) to maintain necessary discipline in the army I was about to lead into the field.

I left Washington highly flattered with the confidence and kindness the President had just shown me, in many long personal interviews on military matters. For more than two months my expression of gratitude were daily and fervent, nor were they much less emphatic toward the head of the War Department. Proceeding with zeal and confidence in my most hazardous duties, I learned, January 27, 1847, at the



Brazos San Jago, that an attempt was on foot to create a Lieutenant-General to take command in the field over me. Shocked and distressed, I allowed of no relaxation in my efforts to serve my country, and resolved that for the short time I was likely to remain in command to be

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

A still greater outrage soon followed. Failing to obtain an act for the *citizens'* Lieutenant-General, a bill was pressed upon Congress to authorize the placing of a *junior* Major-General (just appointed the same individual), in command over all the old Major Generals then in front of the enemy. I will not here trust myself to add a soldier's comment upon those attempts, but I may thank God that He did not allow them, or subsequent injuries to break down entirely the spirit and abilities (such as they are) with which He had endowed me.

Foreseeing at Washington, that from the great demands of commerce at the moment, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to take up perhaps at any price a sufficient number of vessels at New Orleans and Mobile to transport the regiments of my expedition from the Rio Grande frontier to Vera Cruz. I endeavored to impress upon the War Department the necessity of sending out from the northern and eastern ports a certain number of large ships in ballast, in order that the expedition might not be delayed, and in view of the fixed fact, the return of the *vomito* at Vera Cruz, in the spring of the year, a delay of a few weeks was likely to prove a total defeat.

In a paper transmitted to me, headed Memorandum for the Quartermaster-General, marked War Department, December 15, 1846, and signed by the Secretary, which I received January 8, 1847, it is said, independently of this number of transports for troops and ordnance stores (from the north), there will be required, say five ships for the transportation of the (surf) boats now being prepared, besides which ten vessels must be taken up and sent out in ballast (for troops), unless

stores can be put on board to make up the number (40) required by the commanding General. The date of this memorandum is December 15th, more than three weeks after my requisition and departure from Washington, and not one of the ten vessels in ballast, or with stores (leaving room for troops), have I heard of up to this day, relying upon them confidently. The embarkation was delayed in whole or in part at the Brazos and Tampico, from the 15th of January to the 9th of March, leaving, it was feared, not half the time needed for the reduction of Vera Cruz and its castles before the return of the yellow fever. But half the surf-boats came at all, and of the siege train and ordnance stores, only about one-half had arrived when the Mexican flags were replaced by those of the United States on those formidable places. We succeeded at last in reaching the point of attack, in the midst of frightful *northern*, by means in great part of trading craft, small and hazardous, picked up accidentally at the Brazos and Tampico; and when the army got ashore, its science and valor had to supply all deficiencies in heavy guns, mortars and ordnance.

The first letter that I received from the department after entering the captured city, contained an elaborate rebuke (dated February 22d), for having ordered Col. Harney, of Second Dragoons, to remain in the command of the cavalry with Maj.-Gen. Taylor, so as to leave Maj. Summer, of the same regiment, the senior of that arm in my expedition. There was no great difference in the number of cavalry companies with the armies.

This rebuke was written with a complacency that argued the highest professional experience in such matters, and could not have been more confident in its tone if dictated to the greenest general of the recent appointments. Yet, without the power of selecting commanders of particular corps, no general-in-chief would venture to take upon himself the conduct of a critical campaign. Such selections were always made by the father of his country, and the principal generals

under him. So in the campaign of 1814, I myself sent away, against their wishes, three senior field officers of as many regiments, who were infirm, uninstructed and inefficient, in favor of three juniors, and with the subsequent approbation of Major-Gen. Brown on his joining me, and the head of the War Department. Both were well acquainted with the customs of war in like cases at home and abroad, and without that energy on my part, it is highly probable that no American citizen would ever have cited the battle of Niagara without a sigh for his country. I am happy, however, that, before a word had been received from the Department, and indeed before it could have had any knowledge of the question, I had decided to take with me the frank and gallant colonel; and hope soon to learn that he and very many other officers have been rewarded with brevets for highly distinguished services in the campaign that followed. It was in reference to the same rebuke that, in acknowledging your communication, I said, from Vera Cruz, April 5th, I might very well controvert the military principles so confidently laid down by the Department (in the letter of the 22d February), but believing that the practice of the United States army, in the two wars with Great Britain, would have no weight *in particular case*, I waive further reply, having at the moment no leisure and no inclination for controversy.

Alluding to the heavy disappointments in respect to transports, siege-train and ordnance stores, then already experienced, I wrote to the Department from Lobos, February 28. Perhaps no expedition was ever so unaccountably delayed, by no want of foresight, arrangement or energy on my part, as I dare affirm, and under circumstances the most critical to this entire army; for everybody relied upon, and knew from the first as well as I knew, it would be fatal to us to attempt military operations on this coast after probably the first week in April; and here we are at the end of February. Nevertheless, this army is *in heart*; and, crippled as I am in the means required and *promised*, I shall go forward, and expect to take

Vera Cruz and its castle in time to escape, by pursuing the enemy, the pestilence of the coast.

The city and castle of Vera Cruz were captured March 29th, and with about one-fourth of the necessary means for a road train. The retreat, in pursuit of the enemy, was vigorously commenced April 8th.

The battle of Cerro Gordo soon followed, and we occupied Jalapa and Perote, where we were obliged to wait for supplies from Vera Cruz; in those positions I was made to write under another cruel disappointment.

In my four memorials to the Department, on the further prosecution of the war against Mexico, written at Washington, and dated respectively, October 27th, November 12th, 16th and 21st, it was only intimated to me on the night of November 18th, that I might prepare myself for the field. Papers in which I demonstrated that Vera Cruz was the true base of operations, and that the enemy's capital could not, probably, be reached from the Rio Grande. I estimated that after taking that great seaport, about twenty thousand men might be needed; first, to beat in the field, and in passes, any accumulated forces in the way; second, to garrison many important points in the rear, to secure a free communication with Vera Cruz; third, to make distant detachments, in order to gather in, without long halts, necessary subsistence; and that force, I supposed, including volunteers, and aided by land and money bounties, might be raised in time by adding ten or twelve new regiments of regulars, and filling up the ranks of the old.

A bill was introduced for raising ten additional regular regiments, and I certainly do not mean to charge the Department with the whole delay in passing the bill through Congress. But it was passed February 11, 1847; and under it, early in April, some few thousand men had been raised and organized. My distress may be conceived by any soldier, on learning, at Jalapa, April 27th, that the whole of that force had been sent, under Brig.-Gen. Cadwalader, to Rio Grande frontier.



In my letter to the Department, written the day after, I said I had expected that detachments of the new regiments would, as you had promised me, begin to arrive in this month, and continue to follow, perhaps, in June. How many volunteers will re-engage under the Act approved March 3d? I know not; probably but few. Hence, the greatest of my disappointments was caused by sending the new troops to the Rio Grande. For, besides their keeping the road in our present rear open for many weeks by marches in successive detachments, I had intended, as I advanced, to leave strong garrisons in this place (Jalapa), Perote and Puebla, and to keep at the head of the movement a force equal to any probable opposition. It may now depend on the number of the old volunteers who may re-engage, and the number of new troops that may arrive from the Brazos in time; as, also, in some degree, upon the advance of Maj.-Gen. Taylor, whether I shall find this army in strength to leave the garrisons, and to occupy the capital.

I may add that only about fifty individuals of old volunteers re-engaged under the provision of the Act of March 3d; that the remainder were discharged May 4th; that Maj.-Gen. Taylor made no movement in advance of Saltillo, and that the new regulars, including Gen. Cadwalader's brigade, only began to come up with me at Puebla, in July, but not in sufficient numbers till August 6th. The next day the army commenced its advance upon the capital, with a little more than ten thousand effective men. It is not extravagant to say that if Brig.-Gen. Cadwalader's force had not been diverted from me to the Rio Grande, where he was made lose, without any benefit to Maj.-Gen. Taylor, much precious time, I might easily have taken this in the month of June, and at one-fifth of the loss sustained in August and September. The enemy availed himself of my forced delay at Puebla, to collect, to treble, to organize and discipline his forces. As, also, to erect numerous and powerful defences with batteries; nearly all those extraordinary preparations for our reception were made after the

middle of June, and it is known that the news of the victory of Buena Vista reached Washington in time to countermand Gen. Cadwalader's orders for the Rio Grande. Before his departure from New Orleans two rifle companies, with him, received the countermand there and joined me.

I know that I had the misfortune to give offence early to the department by expressing myself to the same effect, from Jalapa, May 6th ; in a report of that date I said the subject of that order (No. 135, old Volunteer), has given me long and deep solicitude, to part with so large and so respectable portion of this army in the middle of a country, which, though broken in its power, is not yet disposed to sue for peace, to provide for the return home of seven regiments from this interior position, at a time when I find it quite difficult to provide transportation and supplies for the operating forces which remain. And all this without any prospect of succor or re-enforcement, in perhaps the next seven months, beyond some three hundred recruits—present novelties utterly unknown to any invading army before, with the addition of ten or twelve thousand new levies in April and May, asked for, and until very recently expected, or even with the addition of two or three thousand new troops destined for the army ; but suddenly by the orders of the War Department, diverted to the Rio Grande frontier. I might, notwithstanding the unavoidable discharge of the old volunteers, seven regiments and two independent companies, advance with confidence upon the enemy's capital. I shall nevertheless advance, but whether beyond Puebla will depend on intervening information and reflection. The general panic given to the enemy at the battle of Cerro Gordo still remaining, I think it probable that we shall go to Mexico ; or, if the enemy recover from that, we must renew the consternation by another blow.

Thus, like Cortez, finding myself isolated and abandoned, and again like him, always afraid that the next ship or messenger might recall or further cripple me, I resolved no longer to depend on Vera Cruz or home, but to render my little army

a self-sustaining machine, as I informed everybody, including the head of the War Department, and advance to Puebla.

It was in reference to the foregoing serious causes of complaint, and others to be found in my reports at large, particularly in respect to money for the disbursing staff officers, clothing, and M. Trist, Commissioner, that I concluded my report from Puebla, June 4th, in these words:

Considering the many cruel disappointments and mortification I have been made to feel since I left Washington, and the total want of support or sympathy on the part of the War Department which I have so long experienced, I beg to be recalled from this army the moment it may be safe for an person to embark at Vera Cruz, which I suppose will be early in November, probably all field operations will be over long before that time.

But my next report (July 25th), from Puebla, has no doubt in the end been deemed more unpardonable by the department in that paper. After speaking of the happy change in my relations, both official and private with Mr. Trist, I continued:

Since about the 26th ultimo (June), our intercourse has been frequent and cordial, and I found him (Mr. Trist) able, discreet, courteous and amiable. At home it so chanced that I had had but the slightest possible acquaintance with each other, hence more or less of reciprocal, and of the existence of his feelings towards me I knew (by private letters) before we met that at least a part of the Cabinet had a full intimation.

Still the pronounced misunderstanding between Mr. Trist and myself could not have occurred but for other circumstances. 1, His being obliged to send forward your letter of April 14th, instead of delivering it in person with the explanatory papers which he desired to communicate; 2, His bad health in May and June, which I am happy to say has now become good; and 3, The extreme mystification into which your letter and particularly an interlineation unavoidably threw me.

So far as I am concerned, I am perfectly willing that all I have heretofore written to the department about Mr. Trist should be suppressed. I make this declaration as due to my present esteem for that gentleman, but ask no favor and desire none at the hands of the department. Justice to myself, however tardy, I shall take care to have done. I do not acknowledge the justice of either of your rebukes contained in the letter of May 31st, in relation to Mr. Trist and the prisoners at Cerro Gordo, and that I do not here triumphantly vindicate myself, is not from the want of will, means or ability, *but time*. The first letter (dated February 22d,) received from you at Vera Cruz, contained a censure, and I am now rebuked for the unavoidable—nay ruse.

If it had not been unavoidable, release on parole of the prisoners taken at Cerro Gordo, even before one word of commendation from the government has reached this army, on account of its gallant conduct in the capture of those prisoners (no such commendation has yet been received, February, 1848). So in regular progression I may, should the same army gallantly bear me into the city of Mexico, in the next six or seven weeks, which is probable, if we are not arrested by peace or a truce, look to be dismissed from the service of my country. You will perceive that I am aware, as I have long been, of the dangers which hang over me at home, but I too, am a citizen of the United States, and well know the obligations imposed under all circumstances by an enlightened patriotism.

In respect to money, I beg again to report that the Chief Commissary (Capt. Grayson,) of this army has not received a dollar from the United States since we landed at Vera Cruz, March 9, 1847. He now owes more than two hundred thousand dollars, and is obliged to purchase on credit, at great disadvantages. The Chief Quartermaster (Capt. Irwin) has received perhaps sixty thousand dollars, and labors under like incumbrances. Both have sold drafts to small amounts and borrowed largely of the pay department, which has received about half the money estimated for. Consequently the troops

have some four months pay due them. Our poverty, or the neglect of the disbursing departments at home has been made known, to our shame, in the papers of the capital here, through a letter from Lieut.-Col. Hunt, that was found on the person of the special messenger from Washington.

The army is also suffering greatly from the want of necessary clothing, including blankets and greatcoats. The new troops (those who have last arrived), as destitute as the others, were first told that they would find abundant supplies at New Orleans, next at Vera Cruz and finally here; whereas we now have perhaps a thousand hands engaged in making shoes and (out of bad materials and at high cost) pantaloons. These articles, about three thousand pairs of each, are absolutely necessary to cover the nakedness of the troops.

February 28, 1847, off Lobos.—I wrote to Brig.-Gen. Brooke to direct the Quartermaster at New Orleans to send to me large supplies of clothing. March 16 and 23.—Gen. Brooke replied that the Quartermaster at New Orleans had neither clothing nor shoes, and that he was fearful that, unless they had been sent out to you direct, you will be much disappointed. Some small quantity of clothing, perhaps one-fifth of our wants, came to Vera Cruz from some quarters, and followed us to Jalapa and this place. I must here specially remark that this report, No. 30, though forwarded the night of its date (July 25), seems to have miscarried, perceiving about November 27 that it was not acknowledged by the Department. I caused a duplicate to be made, signed it, and sent it off by the same conveyance with my despatch No. 36, and the charges against Brevet-Major-Gen. Worth, Gen. Pillow and Brevet-Col. Duncan, together with the appeal against me of the former. All these papers are acknowledged by the Department in the same letter, January 13, that recalls me.

It was that budget of papers that caused the blow of power, so long suspended, to fall on a devoted head. The three arrested officers and he who had endeavored to enforce necessary discipline against them, are all to be placed together before the

same court—the innocent and the guilty, the accuser and the the accused. The judge and his prisoners are dealt with alike. Most impartial justice. But there is a discrimination with a vengeance. While the parties are on trial, if the appellant is to be tried at all, which seems doubtful, two are restored to their corps, one of them with his brevet rank, and I am deprived of mine. There can be but one step more in the same direction. Throw the rules and articles of war into the fire, and leave all ranks in the army free to engage in denunciations and a general scramble for precedence, authority and executive favor. The *pronunciamento* on the part of my factious juniors is most triumphant.

My recall—under the circumstances a severe punishment *before* trial, but to be followed by a trial here that may run into the autumn, and on matters I am but partially permitted to know by the Department and my accusers—is very ingeniously placed on two grounds:—1. My own request, meaning that of June 4 (quoted above, and there was no other before the Department), which had been previously (July 12) acknowledged and rebukingly declined; 2. The arrest of Brevet-Major-Gen. Worth for writing to the Department, under the pretext and form of an appeal, an open letter, to be sent through me, in which I was grossly and falsely accused of malice and conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman, in the matter of the General Order No. 349, on the subject of puffing letters for the newspapers at home.

On the second point, the letter from the Department of January 13 is more than ingenious; it is elaborate, subtle and profound—a professional dissertation, with the rare merit of teaching principles, until now wholly unknown to military codes and treatises, and of course to all mere soldiers, however great their experience in the field.

I have not in this place time to do more than hint at the fatal consequences of the novel doctrine in question. According to the department, any factious junior may at his pleasure, in the midst of the enemy, using the pretext and

form of an appeal, against his commander, insult and outrage him to the greatest extent, though he be the General-in-Chief and charged with the conduct of the most critical operations, and that commander may not arrest the incipient mutineer until he shall have first laid down his own authority and submitted himself to a trial, or wait at least until a distant period of leisure for a judicial examination of the appeal. And this is precisely the case under consideration. The department, in its eagerness to condemn me, could not take time to learn of the experienced that the General-in-Chief, who once submits to an outrage from a junior, must lay his account to suffer the like from all the vicious under him at least, down to a rank that may be supposed without influence in high quarters beyond the army. But this would not be the whole mischief to the public service. Even the great mass of the spirited, intelligent and well affected among his brothers in arms would soon reduce such a commander to utter imbecility, by holding him in just scorn and contempt for his recreancy to himself and country. *And are discipline and efficiency of no value in the field?*

But it was not my request of June 4th, nor report No. 30, (of July 25th,) so largely quoted from above, nor yet the appeal of one *pronunciado*, that has at length brought down upon me this visitation, so clearly predicted. That appeal, no doubt, had its *merits*. Considering it came from an erratic brother—a deserter from the other extreme—who, having just made his peace with the *true faith*, was bound to signalize apostacy by acceptable denunciations of one for whom up to Vera Cruz he had professed (and not without cause) the highest obligations. It was there he learned from me that I was doomed at Washington, and straightway the apostate began to seek through a quarrel the means of turning that knowledge to his own benefit. No, there was (recently) still another element associated in the work, kept as far as practicable out of the letter of recall. Influence proceeding from the other arrested general, who is quite willing that it should generally

be understood (and who shall gainsay his significant acquiescence), that all rewards and punishments in this army were from the first to follow his recommendations. This, the more powerful of the *pronunciados* against No. 349 well knew at the time, as I soon knew that he was justly obnoxious, not only to the animadversion of that order, but to other censures of yet a much graver character.

In respect to this General the letter of recall observes parenthetically, but with an acumen worthy of more than a hasty notice, that some of my specifications of his misconduct are hardly consistent with your official reports and commendations.

Seemingly, this is a most just rebuke ; but, while waiting for the trials, I will here briefly state that, unfortunately, I followed that General's own reports, written and oral ; that my confidence, lent him in advance, had been but very slightly shaken, as early as the first week in October, 1847 ; that up to that time, from our entrance into this city, I had been at the desk, shut out from personal intercourse with my brother officers, and that it was not till after that confinement that facts, conducts and motives began to pour in on me.

A word, as to the fifth article of war, I can truly say that, in this and other communications, I have not designed the slightest disrespect to the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States. No doubt he, like myself, and all others, may fall into mistakes as to particular men ; and I cannot, having myself been behind the curtain, admit the legal fiction that all acts of a Secretary are the acts of the President ; yet, in my defensive statements, I have offered no wanton discourtesy to the head of the War Department ; although that functionary is not in the enumeration of the above mentioned article.

Closing my correspondence with the Department, until after the approaching trial, I have the honor to remain, respectfully,
your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HON. WILLIAM L. MARCY,
Secretary of War.

CHAPTER X.

POOR INDIANS—1ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF VERA CRUZ—DEATH OF GEN. VALENCIA—ACCOUNT OF A BULL FIGHT IN MEXICO—LIEUTS. HARE AND DUTTON OF THE 2D REGIMENT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS ACCUSED OF MURDERING A BANKER—1ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO—A HOLY THURSDAY—THE POOR LEPERO—GENS. PAREDas, ALMONTA AND BUSTAMENTO—GREAT EXCITEMENT ON ACCOUNT OF PROSPECT OF PEACE—TAKING UP THE DEAD—BILL OF FARE—HOW COFFEE IS MADE—LIEUTS. HARE AND DUTTON SENTENCED TO BE HUNG—ANOTHER VISIT TO THE CITY—A TREAT WITH A HIGH-TONED SENOR—RARE HISTORY OF MEXICO—MONTEZUMAS THE NINTH RULER OF MEXICO ; HIS LIFE—A TREATY OF PEACE SIGNED, CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT AND JOY AMONG THE SOLDIERS—LIEUTS. HARE AND DUTTON PARDONED, BUT ARE TO BE KEPT UNDER ARREST UNTIL THEY LAND AT NEW ORLEANS.

Saturday, February 26, 1848.—This morning we got a mail from the city, and I received one letter from a schoolmate of mine.

At noon a party of us started for a place called Indian Town, and settled altogether with the original Aztecs, and mixed races. The *villa* has the appearances of poverty, built up with huts and a few Indian temples, where they worship in the original Indian style.

They say that Cortez, or his priests, never came that way to inspire the new religion among them, simply because they had no gold to pay for it, nor any to steal from them.

There are several opinions concerning these Indians, who were the first settlers of the new world, though no positive facts points them out. There are theories, not without weight of circumstantial evidence, that the lost tribes of Israel were the founders of the cities whose ruins strew Mexico and

Central America ; that, in fact, they were among the oldest inhabitants of our hemisphere. All the tribes of Indians bearing the strongest marks of Asiatic origin, and are identified with the Israelites by the following religious rites :—Their belief is in one God, their computation of time by their ceremonies of the new moon, their division of the year into four seasons, their erection of a temple, having an ark of covenant, and also in their erection of altars ; their division of the nation into tribes, with a chief or general sachem at their head ; their laws of sacrifices, ablutions, marriage ceremonies in war and peace ; prohibition of eating certain things, traditions, history, character, appearance, affinity of the language to the Hebrew, and finally by the everlasting covenant of heirship, exhibited in a perpetual transmission of its seal in the flesh ; a custom only of late relinquished ; and their abstaining from eating swine's flesh. These signs show that they are extracted from the Israelites or Jews.

This is my humble opinion of these poor degraded Indians, and I believe that they are the original lost tribe of Israel.

Sunday, February 27, 1848.—This morning there was a great cheering and hurraing in and about our quarters, on account of the news by the late mail—the news being that we, or all the old volunteer forces, would be soon recalled (in a pig's eye !). There are not enough troops in Mexico to make any more recalls with safety.

In the afternoon we formed, and then marched to the field opposite to the Convent of San Angel, and were here inspected by Lieut.-Col. Black, and, after staying a few hours, we returned to quarters.

In the evening, Corp. Roland C. Malone, who had been lingering with the diarrhoea for some time, got his discharge, and will go home with the next down train to Vera Cruz. Malone has been a good soldier, and his departure is much regretted by our company to which he belonged.

Monday, February 28, 1848.—This morning all hands were busy in cleaning up their muskets and belts, brightening the

brass plates and blacking the cartridge-boxes and shoes, so as to come out tip-top on inspection; for there is a great deal of rivalry between the companies.

This evening at dress-parade it was read out that ——, of Company C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, would be confined at the Castle of Chapultepec for four months, to wear a ball and chain to his leg and an iron collar around his neck, and forfeit all his pay during the four months—all for biting Sergt. Joseph Foust's nose nearly off. This is the same party who, at Jalapa City, November 22, 1847, was sentenced to the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and, by the persuasion of Capt. Small, was released; but the Captain is not here to plead his cause, so he will have to go to the calaboose.

Tuesday, February 29, 1848.—This morning, at 10 o'clock, we were marched to the field and inspected, and mustered into the United States service by Capt. Joseph Hooker, Inspector-General of the army. The Massachusetts regiment was mustered first, then the South Carolina, then the Second Pennsylvania, and then ours—the First Pennsylvania, and the New Yorkers last. So, after we were all mustered in, we left for our quarters—all pleased with the appearance.

Wednesday, March 1, 1848.—This morning there was a considerable stir in the city of Mexico on the arrival of Gen. Lane, Maj. Polk, and Col. Jack Hays, who have been out scouting for several days. They had a little battle at a small town named Sicquotlapan, about one hundred and twenty miles from here. The guerillas were about three hundred strong, commanded by that notorious Padre Jarauta. In the fight our men had only one man wounded, while the enemy had over fifty killed and wounded, and about thirty taken prisoners; among them were Col. Montaina and his brother, a Major, and four Irish deserters from our army. The old *padre* again made his escape to fight again.

In the evening a train from Vera Cruz arrived.

Thursday, March 2, 1848.—This morning there was a small

mail brought out from the city to our quarters. I received one letter from my old friend Charles Worrell, Esq.

At noon Col. Hays' Rangers came out from the city to their quarters; each one carried a Mexican lance as a prize of the late fight with Jarauta. Some of them made out well, having large rolls of linen and black velvets.

Friday, March 3, 1848.—This morning it is reported that a treaty was concluded at Guadalupe Hidalgo by the Peace Commissioners, which, of course, is much doubted by us.

Saturday, March 4, 1848.—This morning there is no news astir. At noon orders came for a detail of five men from our company to guard the train to San Antonia for straw. In the evening seven companies of our regiment received orders to march for Vera Cruz. The companies detailed are A, D, E, F, H, I and K, while companies B, C, G were ordered to remain to take care of the *diarrhæa blues*. At night Company A, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, presented their Captain with a splendid sword. The band of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers was present and played on the occasion, which of course made it very lively.

Sunday, March 5, 1848.—This morning the companies who received marching orders are busy in packing up their things to march to-morrow. At noon Lieut.-Col. Black went to the city of Mexico to see Gen. Patterson if he could get the whole regiment to go on the march, but the answer Col. Black got was that the three companies will have to remain to take care of the quarters and the sick. So our hopes of going altogether on the march are *dashed*. This evening the wagons came out from the city to our quarters to get them loaded with tents and cooking utensils, so as to be ready to start in the morning.

Monday, March 6, 1848.—This morning, long before daylight, the reveille beat, and all the companies going were preparing for their long march. So at daylight the seven companies, under our gallant Lieut.-Col. Samuel W. Black, started for the city of Mexico, from thence to Vera Cruz. This has caused much dissatisfaction among the companies remaining

here, for we were all anxious to be with our regiment and would like to go along with it to Vera Cruz. Corp. Malone goes with them, on his way home.

Tuesday, March 7, 1848.—This morning our company moved our quarters to the rooms that the other companies had left; so the forenoon was spent in fixing our beds or bunks.

To-day one of our prisoners made his escape from the guard-house, but was again caught this evening.

Wednesday, March 8, 1848.—This morning the whole volunteer brigade were ordered out to the field back of the convent, to be reviewed by Gen. Worth. The affair was splendid, and Gen. Worth spoke very highly of the appearance and drilling of the men. After the review Gen. Worth with his staff rode with Col. Wynkoop to his quarters and there took dinner.

This evening I had a severe attack of the diarrhœa for the first time.

Thursday, March 9, 1848.—This morning I went to our Dr. Bunting for some good pure brandy for the *diarrhœa*, which I think will do me good. This afternoon is the first anniversary of the landing of the American army under Major-Gen. Winfield Scott below Vera Cruz. This event was one of the most brilliant and important of the many memorable actions which distinguished our gallant little army in this unparalleled campaign, with a force of twelve thousand troops, which the old world would have deemed inadequate to so vast an undertaking. Yes, to-day one year ago Gen. Scott, then our commander, disembarked, and sat down before a city surrounded and enclosed by formidable walls twenty-five feet high, and defended by one of the strongest castles in the world, as well as by a series of forts and batteries around the whole city, which seemed to defy the assaults of any army that might have been brought against them. But these strong defences yielded up in twenty days to the skill and courage of the United States army; and when the news of its fall was spread abroad, the nation celebrated the triumph with such demonstrations as

bespoke its appreciation of the gallantry of our troops and the magnitude of our achievements, and while the people and presses of Europe reluctantly confessed that the success of our army had placed us among the foremost powers of the earth ; but the gallant commander who planned that expedition, and landed his troops without the loss of a single soldier or an accident, is now a prisoner in the capital which his own valor had won. Shame ! shame ! on the heads of our Departments at Washington.

Friday, March 10, 1848.—This morning it was rumored at our quarters that there was another mail arrived from Vera Cruz last night.

This evening, as our Second Sergt., Joseph Foust, was returning from the city of Mexico, he was lassoed by a guerilla ; but, fortunately, it did not take its proper hold, and so he made his escape by drawing his sword on the greaser. He was very much frightened.

In the evening some of our men made up a theatrical performance. The plays were *Damon and Pythias* and *The Fall of the Alamo*. It was performed by Corp. Peter Ahl and John C. Craig. They played it well.

Saturday, March 11, 1848.—This morning there is great excitement concerning the news from San Luis Potosi. The Indians are making great havoc among the Mexicans on the frontier. Gen. Paredas is at the head of the Mexican army, and is making great threats towards the American army if we should attempt to march on to Queretaro City.

Performance to-night by Ahl and Craig.

Sunday, March 12, 1848.—This morning there seems to be some fear of Brig.-Gen. N. Towson and Col. Conrad F. Jackson, who both had left Vera Cruz some time ago, and nothing has been heard from them ; it causes a little excitement among our officers.

This afternoon there was a large merchant train came in from Real del Monte, loaded with silver from the mines, a good deal was in solid bars.

This evening was spent in tall performances. Corp. Ahl, acting as on a skirmish; John G. Craig, dreams of sweet home; the house was crowded to excess.

Monday, March 13, 1848.—This morning still no news from the missing Gen. Towson and Col. Jackson. It will be remembered that Gen. Towson is one of the Judges or Commissioners to try Gen. Scott, and this keeps Gen. Scott so long here with us.

Tuesday, March 14, 1848.—This morning is cold, and the mountains around here are all covered with a fresh coat of snow. At noon another mail came to our quarters. I received several letters. This afternoon one of Co. B shot an armadillo at Contreras. This is an odd-looking animal, and something of the kind I have never seen.

Wednesday, March 15, 1848.—This morning it is still cold and windy, more so than common.

In the afternoon there was another quarrel sprung up between some of our regiment and the New Yorkers over at the *polque tub haciendas*, which resulted in a regular fight, and before it was quelled there was a great many bloody noses and black eyes.

Thursday, March 16, 1848.—This morning the sun again made its appearance and the day turned out remarkably fine and warm. Some of our soldiers expected to get paid off today but were disappointed. It is reported this evening that we will be paid off to-morrow; so this put the boys in high spirits again.

Friday, March 17, 1848.—This morning the glorious news came from Lieut. Haines' quarters for us to come to his office and sign the pay-roll, each private soldier receiving fourteen dollars,—two months' pay. So now the men have money again and in the evening they called a meeting to take into consideration the getting up of a supper. Lieut. Joseph M. Hall, of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was called to the chair and afterwards made President, and Sergt. Peter Ahl, Vice-President, and privates Corson, Welsh, Watson

and others were appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the supper and ball.

Saturday, March 18, 1848.—This morning the committee of arrangements went to the city of Mexico for the purpose of purchasing liquors, turkeys, chickens and vegetables for the grand supper, also engaged twenty señoritas and coaches to bring them from the city. Mr. John R. Schultz, of Co. C, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was appointed chief cook, bottle and dishwasher.

Sunday, March 19, 1848.—This morning, Theodore Watson, one of the committee, arrived from the city, stating that he had everything in the city ready to send out the moment it is wanted.

To-day's papers are full about peace, but I place no confidence in the report.

Monday, March 20, 1848.—This morning everything is in readiness for the grand supper, which comes off to-night. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, the parties sat down to the table, including twenty as beautiful señoritas as the sun ever shone upon or graced the floor of a ball-room, and they, as well ourselves, did ample justice to the good things on the table. After supper was over the cloth was removed; then songs, stories, toasts and speeches enlivened the board and kept up a continuous roar of laughter, after which we adjourned to the large ball-room, which was magnificently decorated. It was built expressly for an occasion of this kind, and lighted up by three splendid chandeliers. The band belonging to the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, composed of sixteen brass instruments—which sent forth their sweet music—together with the graceful motions of those dancing, made it appear a perfect paradise.

Tuesday, March 21, 1848.—This morning some of our fellows who danced so much last night could hardly get up on account of soreness and stiffness.

In the afternoon friend Welsh and myself went to Orchard Grove, and remained there until evening, Mr. Welsh playing the accordeon to pass the time.

Wednesday, March 22d, 1848.—This morning, at 10 o'clock, we marched to the field opposite the *convento*, or nunnery, where we found the whole Volunteer Brigade formed. We fell into line and went through various field movements—all under the command of Col. Wynkoop, who is trying to get promoted to a brigadier-generalship. Shortly afterwards, Maj.-Gen. Patterson made his appearance on the field, and reviewed the brigade. He was accompanied by a good many regular officers, and they all praised our field movements and drilling, after which we returned to our quarters.

This evening there seemed to be a little excitement in our quarters about the extra expenses of the late supper and ball; so a committee was appointed to make all things right.

Thursday, March 23, 1848.—This morning the committee appointed to inquire into the extra expenses of our late supper reported that there has been a great many glasses, bottles and dishes broken at the supper, and the committee of arrangements held themselves responsible for all lost and damaged articles; therefore, an order should be drawn on the overflush and pay the extra charges, which was agreed to. This evening, on dress parade, orders were read to us that the United States Congress had passed a bill to deduct one dollar per month from our clothing money. The reading of this bill caused a good deal of excitement, that this is what we get for fighting the bloody Mexicans. The bill was got up and advocated by *General Lewis Cass*, so-called hero of Hull's surrender; but this is the biggest surrender and blunder that he ever made; and mark me, the honorable gentleman will yet suffer by this very act, and *so he did*. He never was elected President.

Friday, March 24, 1848.—This morning there is great excitement in the whole volunteer division about Congress passing a bill deducting one dollar per month from our clothing. Thus, in place of raising our wages, as we all expected, they lowered them. Some of our men are swearing vengeance, that they will march on to Washington and run the bayonet in old *Lewis Cass*.

In the evening, after dark, Company G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, headed by their Sergeant, Joseph L. Parker, made a Paddy of Gen. Lewis Cass, extended a rope across the street, and hung the old veteran of Hull's surrender in effigy. The old gentleman being very heavy, the rope broke several times; but at last the company succeeded in getting him up, when a great huzzaing burst forth from the crowds standing around looking on. Some officers, touched by their politics, ordered it to be cut down, but nary a time, the boys had him in his just position. They left him hanging until late at night, when a large fire was built right under him, after which he was lowered down, and poor Lewis C-*ass* was consumed to smoke and ashes in a foreign land, and mocked and hooted at. "Give us that dollar, you *sab*, you have taken from us; you have sucked the United States out of enough without stealing our clothing money." There was also a committee appointed to raise a collection to present Mr. Cass with a leather medal, and also nominate him for the next office as dog-catcher, or some other office that meets with the approbation and feelings of the volunteers.

Saturday, March 25, 1848 — This morning the city papers have in that Gen. Valencia (captured some time ago by Col. Wynkoop) died last night of *apoplegia* (apoplexy). His death has caused a gloom and great mourning among the gentle portion of the community. At San Angel all the church bells tolled in sorrow at his death. Gen. Valencia was no doubt a brave, gallant and skilful officer, and it is a well-known fact that if Gen. Santa Anna, with his twelve thousand troops who were in reserve, had supported Gen. Valencia at the battle of Contreras (according to the Mexican programme), our army would not so easy have gotten into the city of Mexico. But, fortunately for our side, there was no unity among the Mexican Generals; they were jealous of each other in the whole campaign. Gen. Valencia was engaged in every battle fought in the valley of Mexico, and has proven himself a brave, daring and most excellent and gallant officer. Peace to his ashes.

In the afternoon large parties of Mexicans came from the city of Mexico, and visited the battle-ground of Contreras, the field of operation where Gen. Valencia commanded during the battle of August 19 and 20, 1847.

Sunday, March 26, 1848.—This morning, being Sunday, a big bill is out about the *Plaza de Toros*. So a party of five got permission from Lieut. Haines to go to the city, and to *Plaza de Toros*. We started early, and took our time to it. We went by the way of Churubusco *Convento*, Miscoac, Tacubaya, Chapultepec and El Molina del Rey, from here we visited the Alameda Park, and some of the public buildings in the city. After which we went to the *Plaza de Toros*, and stayed until out, and then took the stage and left for San Angel.

Monday, March 27, 1848.—This morning I did not feel so well on account of our long walk yesterday, being still weak from the late effect of the diarrhœa. So I mostly spent the day in the orchard grove, which is a pleasant place to resort to on a hot day.

Tuesday, March 28, 1848.—This morning Col. Francis M. Wynkoop, with a squadron of dragoons, left the city for the silver mines of Real del Monte and Pachuca, where the Ninth Infantry, under Col. Withers, is now stationed. They will be absent several days, what their object or intentions are is not for me to know, but I expect it is to view the mines, as Col. Wynkoop comes from the coal mines, and is anxious to learn the silver mining.

Wednesday, March 29, 1848.—To-day is the anniversary of the surrender of the city of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the former surrounded with an immense wall mounted with batteries and strong fortifications, unquestionably unapproachable. The latter was the great renowned fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, a second Gibraltar; and it was the first grand victory of our army, and the fall of Vera Cruz was celebrated throughout the whole United States as one of the grandest events of the present times.

This afternoon there was considerable excitement at San Angel and the city of Mexico by the rumors that Col. Wynkoop and his party had a big fight with a large force of lancers and guerillas on the road between the city of Mexico and Pachuca, and reports have it that Col. Wynkoop was dangerously wounded, but these are all rumors, and I believe very little of it.

In the evening there was a private express came from Vera Cruz. It did not stop at the city, but went on to Queretaro City. So none of us knew its contents, but it is believed to be the treaty signed from Washington.

Thursday, March 30, 1848.—This morning the city papers have it that a small mail arrived from Vera Cruz. The news to-day is that our Government has ratified the peace proposition of the Mexicans, with a slight amendment, and is now ready for the Mexican Government to act upon it. I hope it is true.

Friday March 31, 1848.—This morning the mail came out from the city to our quarters. I received one letter, stating that there is considerable excitement in the States about the superseding of Gen. Scott, after he had conquered the Mexicans.

This afternoon several of us started, with our blankets, for the *polque* grove, to write letters. I wrote one to my friend, John Robinson, giving a description of the great bull-fights last Sunday, as follows:—

SAN ANGEL, MEXICO, }
March 31, 1848. }

JOHN ROBINSON, ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND:—I feel extremely happy to state that I received your letter a few days ago, stating that you and all inquiring friends were well. You also stated in your letter that you have often read and heard of the bull-fights in Mexico, and that I should give you a small account of these ancient sports of Mexico, which I will now answer the best I can.

Last Sunday was a beautiful day, so a small party of us got permission from Lieut. Haines to go to the city of Mexico and visit the bull-fight in the *Plaza de Toros*. We started early and went by the way of Churubusco, and examined all the breastworks and fortifications, and, through the politeness of the old priest, we were admitted, and passed through the old church, or *convento*—which was well fortified during the battle—and saw where one of our cannon-balls—an eighteen-pounder—went just along the side of the altar, carrying away some of the fancy fixtures; the interior of the church suffered very severely from our artillery. We then went on, and passed through *Villeta de Miscoac*, the general depot of Gen. Scott's army during the battles of Chapultepec and San Cosmo gates. Here we took a good drink of *polque*, and then went on to Tacubaya, the headquarters of Gen. Scott during the above battles. After looking around awhile, we left for the Castle of Chapultepec, and examined its defences and the damages done by our artillery on the 12th and 13th of September last. After spending an hour, we left for the boiling springs, and took a good bath, after which we went to Molino del Rey, or King's Mill. This place is at the foot of Chapultepec.

There is a fine grove of trees from the castle to Molino Del Rey. It was once a strong fortress, and strongly garrisoned by the Mexicans during the battle; and it was here where Gen. Worth was defeated and lost nearly one-half of his men. It was here where the Mexicans had a foundry casting cannons and making other arms during the armistice or military convention, and it was here where Gen. Scott first saw Gen. Santa Anna violating the armistice. Afterwards these fortresses were captured, after which Gen. Scott ordered them to be blown up; so there is nothing now remaining except the bare walls and plenty of ruins.

From here we went to the *Plaza de Toros*. I have been in here several times before, but with no very agreeable impressions. But time hung heavily without books; and, as the boy said of the skinned eels, I was getting used to the sport. We

arrived a little too early, and thereby had a fine chance to see what kind of people were our companions. They were like the English drink called "all sorts," made up of representatives from every class, from the poor *lepero*, who, like the observationist, observes in the daytime what he can steal at night. There were priests, ladies and gentlemen of the highest class, commoners and *cargadors* (loafers), and *ladrones*, which latter class you will please to understand are numerous hordes of robbers to be met with in every part of the magnanimous republic of Mexico, and almost every one had a revolver under his coat. The *Plaza de Toros* is built like a circus; is of immense capacity, capable of seating from eight to ten thousand persons; and so far across that you can with difficulty recognize an intimate acquaintance, even by a well-known dress.

On last Sunday it was thronged. The day was one of the many favorite or fete days, and the people were dressed in their best finery, as if for a fair. It was a great day for the *Plaza de Toros* too, and we soon learned that there were to be some extra sports, several fine bulls having been procured from distant *haciendas* especially for the occasion.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., four horsemen and six *picadors*, or actors, came in the ring, waiting for the trumpet signal from their judges. The butchers on foot were very fancifully dressed in embroidered velvet jackets and ornamented pants buckling at the knee, parti-colored hose and shoes, and caps trimmed with silver and gold. Each wore a sash around his waist, and held in his hands a scarf of red, yellow or blue flag with which to tantalize the bulls. The horsemen were similarly dressed, though not so richly, and held long pikes with which they goad the *toros* (bulls), and, when attacked, defend themselves and horses from their fury.

There were two clowns, also, the stupidest creatures that ever played the fool before an audience. Their entire performances consisted in tossing up oranges and catching them on their heads when they fell down, and bellowing in imitation of the *toros* (bulls), and playing disgusting tricks upon each other.

The trumpet is at length sounded, and in rushed a large brown bull, snorting and plunging about, mad with pain from the torture he had previously received. In a moment he was assailed by the horsemen, and several sharp encounters occurred. One man particularly more expert than the others, got his pike in the animal's neck, and actually held him off for a moment or two. The crowd cheered loudly, and he seemed in the height of his glory, when, by a sudden movement, the bull threw up the lance, and pitched into his adversary. The horse and rider were tossed into the air, and tumbled in the dust. The poor horse was terribly gored, and the *picador* or actor under him; and by great exertions the others succeeded in attracting the bull towards them, and the crushed cavalier was borne from the ring. The horse was dragged out by mules *dead*. Next came the cruel torturing that seems to so much delight the Spaniard. The *picadors*, armed with *bandorillas*, approached him on all sides, waving their scarfs and shouting at him all manner of defiance.

After having sufficiently bewildered the noble animal one of the most expert approached him directly in front, holding in each hand a *bandorilla*. The bull pawed the earth for a few moments, and then plunged at him with almost inconceivable dexterity. The man turned to one side and plunged both into his neck, and others followed; and in a short time the panting bull was completely decorated with the fancy colored cut paper that is wound around the barb, an instrument of torture; but, still more cruel than this, a sort of rocket, that ignites with the force given in driving it home, was stuck into his neck, and they blazed and scorched him until it ended with an explosion, blackening and lacerating the flesh, while the creature plunged and bellowed fearfully amid the plaudits of the crowd; while he was suffering with pain, and mad as a thousand furies, one of the *picadors* endeavored to fasten a rosette upon his forehead. The bull rushed forward, and the man slipped. The sagacious animal caught him on one of his horns; and, running straight for the side of

the ring, dashed the poor fellow against the stout wall with tremendous force. A loud shriek arose from the spectators, and the man was finally rescued and borne off. He had a leg broken, and was otherwise badly injured. Our party, who sat together, applauded the bull, and so did many others, for his part in the programme.

The last scene in this act was the killing of the bull. A *matadore* (murderer) with a scarf on one arm and a straight sword, after playing around until sure of his mark, made a charge, and killed the animal at one blow. The applause that followed his success entirely dispelled all thoughts of the poor wounded *picador*.

The next bull brought in was a young one, and he could not be made to show fight. The crowd whistled and hooted, pelting him with oranges, and calling out *vaca, vaca, otro, otro, toro* (cow, cow, another bull). One of the horsemen, who had not before taken any part, drove the *toro* (bull) around the ring, and threw him several times to the ground, to the great delight of the crowd. This they did by getting the bull at full speed, catching the tail in one hand and throwing one foot over the hand, then the horse was urged faster, and by a sudden wheel the bull was tumbled; sometimes clear over endways, throwing a complete somersault. This bull having proved (like good many of the Mexicans) a coward, was turned out of the ring and hooted at, while going out.

There was an Indian band, and a very good one it was, playing; and after the second bull had been disposed of, there was a short intermission. Our party were seated in the first tier, among a party of ten or twelve who seemed to take great interest in the performances. While the band was playing, one of the *picadors*, a very handsome young man of perhaps twenty-five, came over smiling, and spoke with the ladies and gentlemen; one whom I saw at once had reasons for the interest she had exhibited whenever he was in harm's way. In Spanish she spoke to him, saying, "I wish you had not undertaken this performance, Lorenzo," with a slight quiver of her lips.

"Papa is well nigh killed, and I fear you may meet with the same fate." "Guadaloupa," said the young *picador*, "I am not so clumsy as to lose my feet, like papa. You know I was never touched yet, and there will be such merry sports with a wild black bull we have here, as I would not miss for my commission;" and he curled his silken moustache with a confidence that drew a smile of womanly pride from the *dama* (lady); albeit there was a fearful doubt betrayed in her moist eyes. "Never fear for me; you shall see what pranks I shall play with *tero negro*, black bull. Why, I have wagered a dozen of *burgales*," (which means an ancient coin of gold,) "with Don Pedro de Avilla that I will leap upon his *toros* back;" and away he went laughing.

"*Dios mio*" (mine God), exclaimed the trembling lady, as she saw the fierce wild bull run into the ring. "I wish I had not come to the *Plaza de Toros*." "Why so?" asked I. "Lorenzo is famed for his dexterity; and now that he has the assurance of winning his wager, and the encouragement of your bright black eyes and prayers, he cannot fail to win." "Oh, there is no such *picador* in all Mexico as he (Lorenzo) is. But I feel something here (putting her hand upon her heart) heavy and distrustful—something I never felt before; a great fear seems to have caught my heart with fingers of iron, and it is full of sad foreboding. That bull is as fierce as a *demonio* (demon), and, sec, his horns are as sharp as the point of a lance," and so they were. In these days of degeneracy in the bull ring, the horns of the *toro* (bull) are generally sawed off at the point, so as to make them less dangerous in case of accident. But the bull Lorenzo was to encounter had not been so used. It was said by a Mexican seated close by us that it was because he could not be caught. At this the trumpet sounded, and the encounter commenced. The horsemen fought shy at first, and dared not come up to the scratch, dealing the bull side favors, but not daring to confront him. In a few seconds, however, he had tumbled one into the dust, and a fine horse was taken out of the ring dragging his entrails

after him. The *picadors* then took their turn, and I noticed that two more had been added to their number; one an Indian, a bold-looking fellow he was, who bid fair to rival the best of them. They succeeded in fastening several *bandorillas* in his *terros* (neck), and one rocket; and the Indian caught off a rosette which had been placed between the bull's eyes. The noble animal was then the very embodiment of fury. He instantly rushed at one and another with terrible force, sometimes falling on his knees when they suddenly sprang aside. There was a short pause, and Lorenzo, walking over to where several cavaliers were seated, and bowing, exclaimed, "Now for my wager." I looked at the *dama* (lady) beside me. She was pale as the picture of the Virgin, whose name she bore, in the cathedral.

Again the *picadors* commenced their play of torture, again were the *bandorillas* and rockets fastened in his tremendous fat neck, again he plunged, roaring, around the ring, fighting blindly at one and another in the confusion and clamor. All at once, the Indian, placing himself in front of the bull, shouted defiance. The animal made a plunge, and the Indian, placing his left foot between his horns, sprang clear over him. At this, the *Plaza de Toros* was filled with bravos and shouting that lasted for several minutes.

It now came Lorenzo's turn. He faced the bull and waved his cap. At this I again looked at the *Dama Gaudaloupa*. Her face was hidden in her hands, and her whole frame shook like the leaves of the aspen. A cry of horror rose from the crowd. I instantly turned, and saw the ill-fated Lorenzo dangling upon one of the *toro's* horns, and in an instant more he was sent high in the air, and his inanimate body fell heavily on the horns of the furious beast, who dashed it upon the ground and trampled upon it. There was one wild, piercing shriek—such as I never heard before, nor do I wish to hear again—that rent the air and hushed the clamorous crowd like magic. Poor *Gaudaloupa!* her happiness, her hope, her all but life had been lost with the wager for the ancient coins!

You may think it strange; the performance, or *fete*, went

on, but the fair *Dama Gaudaloupa* left, weeping, and we soon followed her out, having seen enough of the ancient sport of Spain in the *Plaza de Toros* for one day, and I think that it will be the last time that I shall visit this *rodadura tierra templado* (rolling table-land). It is a kind of sport that no American cares about seeing more than once; at the same time, I have been in the *Plaza de Toros* several times since. I hope you will excuse me for writing you such a lengthy letter, for my object was to give you an account of the bull-fights of Mexico for one day only. I remain yours, &c., J. J. O.

Three Locks, five miles above Lewistown, Pa.

Saturday, April 1, 1848.—This morning being the 1st of April, most of the soldiers were up early, trying to fool one another. I came it on two of our boys; one I sent to hunt the pan and eggs, and the other I sent to the doctor's quickly, before he went to the city. I had one or two invitations to take dinner, but I most respectfully declined the generous offer.

This evening the sky was darkened with black clouds, and in a short time the rain descended from the heavens in torrents for several hours.

Sunday, April 2, 1848.—This morning the treaty of peace came from Vera Cruz, under an escort of dragoons. This raised considerable excitement in the city of Mexico, among both the officers and citizens, for fear of its ratification when apprehended. The mail came up by this escort, but our three companies remaining here received no letters, for the other seven companies were mean enough to keep the whole mail back on account of their letters.

It is rumored that our seven companies are at Jalapa City, and that Lieut.-Col. Black is Governor of the said city. Also that Gen. Santa Anna had resigned the Presidency and commandery of his army, and that he now resides at his summer residence, Hacienda El Encero, and that Col. Hughes paid Gen. Santa Anna a visit, and offered him protection.

Monday, April 3, 1848.—This morning most of our men could be seen in groups talking about the ratification of the peace proposition, and that the prospect of our going home is cheerful.

In the afternoon there was a Mexican funeral at San Angel, and it passed our quarters; and, directly opposite, one of the carriers of the dead corpse spied a *claco*, and he really stopped the procession to pick it up. After which they went on, and the man who found the cent was much rejoiced.

Tuesday, April 4, 1848.—This morning there is no news from Queretaro City concerning the treaty of peace.

This afternoon there was a Mexican child buried just opposite our quarters. The funeral was grand. The child was laid in the coffin, and it was decorated most beautifully with natural flowers, costly velvets and gold lace. Just before the procession moved the band played a beautiful air. After which it was taken from the house, and the procession then started off, with the band playing as they moved on. There were two women, who strewed flowers over the ground they passed, and some twenty little boys in front of the corpse bare-headed, crying and carrying lighted candles. It was carried to Churubusco Church.

This evening I have got another slight attack of the diarrhœa.

Wednesday, April 5, 1848.—This morning there is considerable excitement in the city of Mexico on account of a murder and a robbery, which was committed last night in one of the large merchant houses, next to the Bella Union Hotel; others have it that it was committed in a regular gambling-house, that the banker was killed and his bank robbed of several hundred thousand dollars in doubloons. And that Lieut. Isaac P. Hare and Adjt. Benjamin F. Dutton, both belonging to the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and others are the guilty parties of the murder and robbery. Lieut. Hare was wounded in the arm, and was immediately arrested and locked up, but Adjt. Dutton, and others have fled to the mountains.



At noon the Third Dragoons passed San Angel in search of Dutton and some other officers concerned in the bloody and outrageous deeds.

It is reported to-night that Gen. Scott is ordered to return to the United States as a private citizen, there to undergo a court-martial for ending the war too soon.

Thursday, April 6, 1848.—This morning several other officers who were concerned in the robbing and murdering of the banker were caught in the outskirts of the city, but Adj. Dutton is still at large. A small party started in search of him away back to a place called Indian Town, but could see or hear nothing of him.

This afternoon we had a terrible hailstorm, accompanied by heavy thundering and lightning and raining most powerfully. The roads were filled with water to overflowing—looking like creeks.

Friday, April 7, 1848.—This morning it is still raining, making everything very damp and unpleasant for us diarrhœa blues. It continued nearly all day, and those who were not on duty were glad to stay in their quarters.

This evening it is rumored that Gen. Scott left the city yesterday on his way to the United States.

Saturday, April 8, 1848.—This morning I feel considerably better and am able to walk about with more ease. At noon it cleared off beautifully. It is also rumored that Adj. Dutton has given himself up in the city of Mexico; he wasn't out of the city.

Sunday, April 9, 1848.—This morning one year ago we took up our march for the interior of Mexico. At noon I saw in the city papers that the Mexican Congress has a quorum—all but two, and it is the opinion of all good citizens that the peace proposition will be accepted. This being Easter Sunday, it is kept as a holyday, and some are indulging in egg-nogg pretty freely.

This afternoon, Gen. Marshall and several other officers, accompanied by a squad of dragoons, paid a visit to the



GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

Removed from the Command of his Army in Mexico, 1848.



battle-fields of San Antonio and Contreras. This evening it is rumored that France has revolutionized.

Monday, April 10, 1848.—This morning is very pleasant; the late rain has purified the atmosphere. At noon a party started to visit the surrounding battle-fields, and wanted me to go along; but I was afraid to go on account of my weakness. This evening it is rumored that our ministers have arrived from the United States with the olive-branch of peace, and are on their way to Queretaro City.

Tuesday, April 11, 1848.—This morning it is rumored that the United States Senate has passed the ten regiment bill. I expect, about the time the war is over, there will be plenty of soldiers on their way to Mexico, who, after their return home, will be as much thought of as us old veterans who came out on the first call in 1846.

This evening the report is that Col. Black, with the seven companies of our regiment, was encamped at the National bridge on their way to this city.

Wednesday, April 12, 1848.—This morning orders were issued for all the sick and wounded belonging to the Volunteer division to leave San Angel for the city of Mexico; and from there they will be taken to the general hospital at the city of Jalapa, which is considered the healthiest place in all Mexico.

To-day the court-martial commenced in San Angel for the trial of all criminal cases which may be brought before them.

Thursday, April 13, 1848.—This morning it is reported that Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, once President of the Republic of Mexico, and Commander-in-Chief of its army, embarked from Antigua on the fifth instant for Jamaica. On leaving his dear native land, he published a flaming long address to his gallant scattered army and countrymen, pointing to his distinguished services that he had rendered to his country, and most particularly to his wounds which he received while in defence of his beloved country's honor; and for which he is now compelled to leave his native land, never

to return to his birthplace again. And in conclusion he consigned them (the Mexicans) to the care and keeping of Almighty God and Jesus Christ his Son. Thus, poor Santa Anna is again compelled to leave his country, dismayed and broken-hearted.

This evening, as Col. Ward Burnett, Colonel of the New York Regiment, and Major Bowman, of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, were returning from the city of Mexico to San Angel, they were fired upon by a party of *guerillas*. Our officers succeeded in capturing several of the guilty parties, and brought them to San Angel, and there put them in the guard-house to await their trial. If justice was done to these highway murderers and robbers, they ought to be shot, in place of putting them in the guard-house; or any Mexican who attempts to take the precious life of a soldier in time (as we are now) of peace. If putting them in the guard-house is to be all the punishment they are to have, the assassinations will be carried on with more vigor than ever.

The revolution in France has caused some little excitement amongst both the officers and soldiers, and are talking about getting up a meeting.

Friday, April 14, 1848.—This morning the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers were paid off. So, of course, they had plenty of cash and plenty to drink, and some found the way into the guard-house for being beastly drunk. In the evening there was a mass meeting in the city of Mexico among the officers in favor of the revolution in France. Gen. Joseph Lane was called to the chair, and he made a telling speech in regard of the revolution and the free France. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed through the whole meeting. The news is now that the great Republic of France has carried the throne.

Saturday, April 15, 1848.—This morning we received the gratifying intelligence that the seven companies belonging to our regiment were at El Penon, and that they will be here in a few hours. So at noon the advance came in, and took up

their quarters in the *convento*, opposite the *Sociedad* ~~of~~
Progress. So, on the strength of their arrival, we had some
 news of incident, marching, etc.; also informed that our late
 Corp. Roland C. Malone, who was discharged and on his way
 home, received by accident a shot through the hand by one
 of our soldiers. Our seven companies look more like Indians
 or *leperos* than American soldiers. They are all in good
 spirits.

Sunday, April 16, 1848.—This morning there was a detail
 of five men from each company to clear out the quarters for
 the coming seven companies. It was quite a job, and kept the
 men busy until noon. The companies just arrived gave them-
 selves a good scrubbing, as they nearly all looked like so
 many wild Indians. Some had caps on, some straw hats,
 some Mexican military hats, and some had nothing on their
 heads. In the evening the seven companies moved from the
 convent to their former old quarters. The boys speak highly
 and very complimentary of Col. Black.

Monday, April, 17, 1848.—This morning I noticed that our
 new comers were very busy in fixing up their quarters,
 muskets, equipments, etc. To-day the city papers speak very
 flattering of Col. Black as a disciplinarian and worthy commander
 of an expedition. In the evening our officers, and the ones
 just arrived, had a jubilee, toasts, incidents and complimentary
 speeches were made. Peace stock again took a rise away up,
 and all the talk is about a speedy peace, and about us soon
 going home. I must confess things are beginning to look very
 encouraging and prosperous.

After the lights were put out, Corp. Peter Ahl started a
 conundrum.

"Why is a Mexican like an oil can?" All guessed, but
 none could answer. Give it up. "Because he is a greaser."
 [Laughter.]

Tuesday, April 18, 1848.—To day is the first anniversary of
 the battle of Cerro Gordo—the second triumphant victory of
 Gen. Scott's army, after the capture and surrender of Vera

Cruz, in Mexico, and it was, without doubt, one of the most brilliant victories for the United States army. It broke the backbone of this war, and its results opened up the National Road to our gallant little army—the way to the halls of the Montezumas. Yes, my readers, to-day one year ago about ten thousand American troops, fatigued and exhausted from long marching, were engaged in this terrible attack on that strong and well-fortified position, with some fifteen thousand Mexican troops, well armed, equipped and commanded by their great chieftain, Gen. Antonio Lopez De Santa Anna, besides other generals whose fame stood high in military ranks.

Thus, the fifteen thousand Mexican troops which, according to the calculations usually made in such cases, should have been equal to four times the number of our forces, or about seventy-five thousand men. Yet our little army was brilliantly successful, carrying the strongly-fortified position by assault, and the enemy were utterly routed and hotly pursued in all directions—Gen. Santa Anna leaving behind him nearly four thousand prisoners, with five of the best generals in his army, over forty-three pieces of bronze artillery,* over five thousand stand of arms, with no end of ammunition and materials of war—all captured in this single battle of Cerro Gordo. The disaster of Gen. Santa Anna and his army was complete. Thus winning this glorious victory against extraordinary odds, the American people cannot too often testify their gratitude to the gallant spirits who added such trophies and renown to their national glory.

But it pains me to mention that up to this date our Congress and Government have never thanked our army for this brilliant achievement, and still more grievous to own that the gallant hero, Gen. Scott, who led us into that memorable field, is now a prisoner—dragged from us to make room for another soldier, but no better one. Yes, he has already left us; he will return to the United States, from which he has been absent for one year and a half, and it is painful to reflect that

* Some of these very pieces are now on the Capitol Hill, Harrisburg, Pa.

he returns home, after his brilliant and unsurpassed achievement, under the circumstances which he does.

He has given the gallant little army which he led possessor of the imperial city of the Aztec; in fact, it may well be said the whole Republic of Mexico. As the prospects now are there will be peace, and all soon return home. What a grand reception will not the great Captain of the age, the Second Conqueror of the Republic of Mexico, meet with upon his landing at New Orleans, and as he progresses on his way to Washington City, and there stands before his accusers! Gen. Worth will go out of office with his fair fame smirched and dimmed. I believe his fame will grow brighter at every step of the investigation; it cannot be otherwise, and the day is not remote when even his few revilers and enemies in the White House will acknowledge the lofty pre-eminence of the Conqueror of Mexico. Such was the treatment of the Second Conqueror of Mexico, and, as I said before, in place of our Government trying to dishonor or disgrace him (Scott) he will gain more friends from the masses of the people who know his merits.

A wreath bind—

“ Yes, there or wherever in story or song
 His name shall be sounded in praise,
 Grateful memory still shall the echo prolong,
 And his statue of honor shall raise.
 On no nobler brow can the American rest
 Than the brow of our glorious General Winfield Scott.”

Coppee.

Wednesday, April 19, 1848.—This morning is very disagreeable; raining and blowing until 10 o'clock A. M., when it cleared off. The peace news to-day is quite unfavorable; in place of looking brighter and brighter, it looks darker. The city papers again compliment the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers for their quick march to and from Vera Cruz, saying that the Pennsylvania boys may well be called the marching regiment of the United States service.

This evening Col. Jack Hayes with his command arrived from Puebla City, they being out scouting and hunting up *guerillas*.

Thursday, April 20, 1848.—This morning Alburus Welsh, Zach. Taylor and myself went to the city in a coach which is now running again. It was Holy Thursday, which is a great day amongst the Mexicans. At every corner we came to, the streets were arched over with bowers made of green. Under these arches the Mexicans offered for sale ice cream and other refreshments. The holydays and festivals are conducted here a good deal like those at home, with all kinds of amusements and eatables. It has the effect of bringing all classes of people together. At home most of our poor people are clad equal with the rich, but here in this country I can see no change in the poor classes. They have the one dress (that is, what is of it) constantly on, and I don't believe that they ever change; keep it on until entirely worn out.

As I stated before, at these holydays or festivals all classes of people congregate, and I can count five different classes. First, are the real white foreigners, who are mostly very wealthy; second, are a class of whites, and are the living descendants of the Spaniards, they are sometimes called Creoles; third, are those who call themselves white, and are partly mixed; fourth, are the Indians and *leperos*, who sometimes lives in huts, villages, and outskirts of all towns in Mexico; fifth, are the *Mestizos*, or mixed Indian, who look like some of our mixed negroes in the South, called mulattos; but of all the classes of men is the *leperos*, who are the most miserable set of living beings you ever heard tell of, they are the remnants of the Comanche tribe of Indians, and go through the streets of cities with only a blanket wrapped around them. The *leperos*, it will be remembered, were that portion of the mob of Mexico, which fired on our troops, and which has since had a hand in most of the assassinations of our soldiers.

Nobody can tell the poor *lepero's* occupation. God only knows how he lives, or what he lives on. He has almost as

little need of the tailor as Adam and Eve had in the Garden of Eden. His skin drinks the sun at every pore, and an edict to require the *leperos* to wear breeches would extinguish the race. A *lepero* in a whole pair of breeches would be no longer a *lepero*, for one want creates another. The *lepero* is emphatically the child of nature, the shining sun, the murmuring breeze, the smiling face of nature is his birthright and his property. Other men have houses, *haciendas* and lands. The world belongs to the *lepero*. He has no master. He knows no law. He eats when he is hungry, drinks when he is thirsty and sleeps where and when he is sleepy. Other men rest from their labors. The *lepero* works when he is tired of laziness. His work, however, never lasts more than an hour, seldom more than ten or fifteen minutes, just long enough to provide for the few and small wants of the day. He carries a traveller's trunk to his lodgings, does anything that comes under his hand, picking pockets included, and holds out his hands for charity. The chief visible occupation of the *lepero* is to amuse himself; and the city of Mexico, in time of peace, does not lack cheap amusement. There are military reviews, religious processions and music, which the *lepero* loves to listen to; dances, bull-fights, horse races and churches, to which the *leperos* is strongly attached, and is a pretty steady frequenter, for the *lepero* loves to hear a good sermon preached. The *lepero* has no political opinions; you may say what you please in his presence of his country, or curse its rulers. He cares not whether you abuse Gen. Santa Anna, Gen. Bustamanta Herrera, or Paredes, or how much, provided you say nothing derogatory to the Virgin of Guadaloupa you are safe; but the moment you touch that point look out for the knife. In the day time the *lepero* is as harmless as any living being that walks under God's sun. He will attack no one in daylight, and is afraid of drunkards, and particularly drunken soldiers, but at night the *lepero* fears no one, and particularly the drunken soldier; they are the first ones the *lepero* goes for, plunging the knife or dagger in the back of



A MEXICAN LEPERO.



his man, goes through his pockets, and if he don't find much leaves him lay wounded, but if he has any kind of a prize, or large amount of money about him, he kills him and puts him out of the way. They are seldom ever caught, and few are ever punished for crimes committed, thinking there would be no use.

There have been several rumors of late of insurrections amongst the Indians. Should these Indians rebel against the Mexican Government, it wouldn't, at the present time, be long before peace would come. The Indians have a strong feeling against the old Spanish rule. They were the original inhabitants of this country; the true scions and representatives of the proud Aztec race. The blood of the lamented Montezumas still flows in their veins, and theirs is the lineage of kings. The conquest stripped them of their power and consequence, and from being master they became servants and slaves. Hence it is that the Indians of Mexico look upon the Spaniards with very much the same feeling with which the Spaniards or Mexicans look upon the Americans.

With the aid of the Indians at this time, it wouldn't take long to strike the government of Mexico from existence. So, if the treaty is not approved, war between the nations should be renewed. The Indians of the country will act an insignificant part in this contest. They have it in their power to inflict punishment on the Spanish-Mexicans, and the descendants of conquered Aztec will regain their country and empire, which they lost by treachery in the days of Montezumas.

Friday, April 21, 1848.—This morning one of the Massachusetts Volunteers was buried. When the funeral passed the office of the guard-house, the guard turned out and presented arms. The court-martial is still sitting at San Angel. The case of Capt. Loeser is now before the court. Capt. Loeser, of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, is to be court-martialed for being present at the time his regiment, the Second Pennsylvania, rotten-egged one of the Massachusetts officers who undertook to buck-and-gag one of the guards.

Yesterday afternoon Lieut.-Col. Loomis entered the city of Mexico from Vera Cruz. He brings a large train, accompanied by two hundred and fifty pack mules; also, Capt. Shooover's battery comes with the train.

Saturday, April 22, 1848.—To-day is the first anniversary of the surrender of the castle of Perote, the second Gibraltar.

Sunday, April 23, 1848.—This morning it is reported that the ten regiment bill has passed both houses and received the President's signature, and is now a law; and that the whole Volunteer division will be recalled from the United States service.

This evening, on dress parade, orders were read to us that Capt. Loeser, of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, would be suspended from his rank of command for two months, and to forfeit all his pay and allowances during that time, for being present at a mutinous meeting in regard to the Massachusetts officers who wanted to buck and gag one of the guard for a trifling offence, and for this act some of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers rotten-egged the Massachusetts officer in the presence of Capt. Loeser, who was held accountable for not suppressing it—in fact, Capt. Loeser (who hails from Reading, Pa.) urging them to do it. (*So he ought.*)

Monday, April 24, 1848.—This morning it is currently reported that the Mexicans have a quorum at Queretaro.

This afternoon we were visited by a very hard rain, accompanied by thundering and lighting.

Tuesday, April 25, 1848.—This morning the peace stock is again in the field, and Lieut.-Col. Black told me that he thought we would be on our way home in about one month's time. He gave it as his own opinion.

Wednesday, April 26, 1848.—This morning peace is again in our quarters. I am told that there is heavy betting in the city in its favor.

Thursday, April 27, 1848.—This morning I paid a visit to Churubusco. Here is the National Guard-house, now guarded and occupied by us as a guard-house, and is nearly full of

Mexican *greasers* for various crimes. Amongst them I saw the one that shot at Col. Ward Burnett and Major F. L. Bowman several evenings ago. I saw some of the largest and finest squirrels running through this section of country.

Friday, April 28, 1848.—This morning is beautiful; the heavy rains of the past week, accompanied as they were with extraordinary discharges of electricity, have had the effect of cooling the air, and brought out a good many of the black-eyed *senoritas*, promenading around the orchard groves.

On dress parade orders were read that we will be mustered in the United States service to-morrow.

Saturday, April 29, 1848.—This morning most of our soldiers are busy in cleaning up, to be ready to be mustered in the United States service again.

At noon word came to our quarters that the mustering is postponed until to-morrow.

To-day we drew clothing for the whole regiment, and every company received their *letters* to put on their caps. So this evening the whole regiment appeared on dress parade with the letter of their respective companies.

To-night it is rumored that Gens. Paredes, Almonta and Bustamente had marched with an army of five thousand troops upon the Mexican Government at Queretaro City, and broken up the Congress. If this is true, the armistice is broken, and hostilities will soon commence again.

Poor Mexico! there seems to be evil-minded of both parties, for every cause has its traitors. Speaking of Gen. Bustamente puts me in mind of part of his history. In 1841 Gen. Bustamente effected a loan of \$1,200,000. He received for it \$200,000 cash, and one million in paper credits of the government, which were selling at the time in market for nine cents on the dollar. So hard pressed at that time was the government that it sold the coining privilege of Guanajuato for fourteen years, receiving therefor \$71,000 cash, when they were offered \$400,000 if they would take it in yearly instalments of \$25,000 each. Thus, Bustamente had entirely stripped the

country of almost every element of wealth upon which he could lay hands ; and this is what he is after now—the money bag.

To-day I have the headache, which is as painful and unpleasant a complaint as the toothache, which I am seldom rid of.

Sunday, April 30, 1848.—This morning, at 10 o'clock, we were formed into line and marched to the old parade-ground, and there mustered into the United States service by Lieut.-Col. Abercrombie. Company after company were mustered, after which they returned to their quarters. The wounded and diarrhœa blues fell in on the left and answered to their names when called. Our regiment, as usual, was highly praised by the Inspector-General. This evening the report of Gens. Paredes, Bustamente and Almonta about the breaking up of Congress is contradicted and all false.

Monday, May 1, 1848.—This morning, at 9 o'clock, we were formed in front of our quarters, after which we marched to the parade-ground, where we met the New York, Massachusetts South Carolina and Pennsylvania Regiments, also the splendid light battery, under the command of Lieut. French, of the Third Artillery ; after which we were all put in our proper positions. We were then reviewed by Gens. Patterson and Worth and our American Commissioners, Messrs. Sevier and Clifford, accompanied by Col.—now Gen.—Riley, Major Leonard and about twenty other officers. When the brigade was in proper position, Gens. Patterson and Worth and other officers advanced, when the band struck up the reveille. At this the Generals uncovered, and then proceeded to the right of the brigade, and passed along the line to review. As they passed, the music of each regiment struck up "Hail to the Chief," while the Light Battery was firing blank cartridges and manœuvring. After the review was over, we were then taken through the field movements, such as close and open column, eschelon and oblique movements. We formed squares, and when our regiment formed the square, the Messrs. Sevier and Clifford rode in the

centre; after which we formed a solid square around them, and then we charged bayonets. After we had deployed square, Mr. Sevier rode up to Gen. Patterson and said, "General, I was in the solid square." "Yes," replied the General, "and you would, in case of danger, be safe amongst those boys!" [Laughter.] At this the regiment turned out and came to a "present arms" as they passed, after which they left for the city of Mexico. At the same time Lieut. French's battery was on the road firing a salute as the officers passed, after which we marched to the front of our quarters, and then dismissed—every soldier saying he hoped that that would be the last field drill in Mexico.

In the evening, Col. Dominguez's Spy Company passed our quarters; they are out on scouting duty.

Tuesday, May 2, 1848.—This morning the city papers have in a very flattering account of the volunteer review yesterday, saying that we look more like old regulars than volunteers.

In the evening we received news that the Mexican Congress have a quorum, and that a diligence left the city this morning with two senators for the seat of government at Queretaro.

Wednesday, May 3, 1848.—This morning the news is very exciting, on account of the city papers being full of peace.

The express which came in last night from Queretaro states that there is now a quorum in both branches, and that they are all anxious for the arrival of our peace commissioners, Messrs. Sevier and Clifford. Also, rumors have it that Gen. Almonta has declared to support the present government of Mexico, and not heading any revolution movement, and that Gen. Paredes has asked for his passport to leave the country. The Mexican papers are out strong against him for trying to injure the Republic of Mexico. Old *padre Jarauta*, is at San Louis Potosi, but doing nothing on either side.

In the evening we received news that the advance guard of the train going down to Vera Cruz charged upon a party of ten United States soldiers (Irish deserters), and captured five of them and all their horses. One deserter was killed, and the other four took to the ravine and made their escape.

Thursday, May 4, 1848.—This morning the city papers are again full of peace. That a quorum of the members of the two branches of the Mexican Congress at Queretaro has at last been formed, and that this body is now in session ready to proceed to the discharge of its legislative duties.

It is believed that the majority of the members are in favor of ratifying the treaty of peace. It also speaks in praise of the American guards for their heroic and daring courage in charging and capturing these Irish-American deserters; capturing all their arms, which consisted of sabres, carbines, pistols and American rifles. The guard that captured these men belonged to the mounted rifle company of Capt. Long, all commanded by Lieut. Lilly. *Good for Lilly.*

To-day one of Capt. Binder's men, of the First Pennsylvania Volunteers, named Schiches, was drowned in a small mill-pond near our quarters; how it happened no one seemed to know. His company buried him this evening.

Friday, May 5, 1848.—This morning our regiment received a very large mail; but, as usual, I received but one letter. *Wait until I get back again, I will have them all arrested, court-martialed, bucked and gagged for violating their promises.* The letters received by our men mostly all speak of the removal of Gen. Scott, and expecting us to come home soon.

This afternoon a report came from the city stating that on Saturday last the diligence, running between this city and Puebla, was fired upon from both sides of the road by the guerillas near Cordova; one of our guards, who was on top of the stage, was shot in the head, fell off killed; others were slightly wounded. The robbers on the road, between this and Puebla, are increasing, they are covered by rascals and ladrones, and some of them will yet be caught, and will swing from a tree before they are much older.

This evening Joseph C. Taylor and myself took a walk to Churubusco. This place, before Conqueror Cortez's time, was called Huitzilapuchco, and was at that time a good *tamano*

(sized) city, but now under the civilized Mexican government. It contains one church, *convento*, and an out-house.

Saturday, May 6, 1848.—This morning the news from Queretaro is not so encouraging. It states that there is a party in the Mexican Congress rallying under the name of *Pureza* (Purity), who are doing everything in their power to prevent the union of Congress, and had also determined at their meetings, or caucuses, that whenever the treaty should be brought up in Chamber of Deputies they would withdraw or resign for the purpose of preventing a quorum. Is it possible that any Mexicans can be found so degraded and corrupt as to resort to such a mean course? If the *Puros* are determined to withdraw from their seats for the purpose of preventing a quorum, and to prevent the treaty from being passed they will be marked men for some time to come. The mass of the people are in favor of peace all the time, but *Pena y Pena*, who is, I believe, President of the Senate, says that they must hold their seats and serve the Government or lose their rights of citizenship. *Good for Pena y Pena.* They must come and remain and perform the high duties which they were chosen to perform. Let our prayers be that the *Moderados* and *Puros*, between wealth and poverty, may put their heads and minds together and support the legal Government, which is for peace; and the storm, which is now brewing at Queretaro, may die an everlasting death, and peace and harmony prevail.

Sunday, May 7, 1848.—This morning we had a company inspection at our quarters, inspected by our genial first Lieut. Aquilla Haines, who gave us a little *taffy* for neat appearance.

At noon Gen. Robert Patterson paid a visit to our *villa*, San Angel, going through all the different quarters and hospitals, examining their quarters, and encouraging the sick and wounded soldiers, by telling them to keep their courage up, that we all will soon be on our way home, as the peace prospect looks very encouraging—that it is believed that there are only eighteen or twenty advocates of war. We are all anxiously awaiting for that highly interesting news from Queretaro which

will be watched with great interest on both sides ; and we hope there will be nothing like an explosion. If so, if the *Puros*, the anti-peace and annexation party, are determined upon mischief, they should be made to feel and understand that eighteen or twenty, who style themselves as legislators, have not the power to set aside the popular will of the people, and render all legislation a perfect nullity. As I said before, these men will be marked, and branded cowards.

I learn to-day that the guerillas, who fired upon the diligence from Puebla on Saturday last week at Cordova, were captured at Chalco by a detachment of Col. William Irvine, Fifth Ohio Volunteers, camped at Rio Frio. They were seven in number, and are now in safe custody. Upon one of them being brought out to receive a few shots, his own brother came forward and confessed the whole matter. The soldier who accompanied the diligence as a guard was shot dead, as stated, and his musket was found at Chalco. We hope these murderers and plunderers will receive the punishment which is due them ; they have, without a doubt, been at the bottom of most of the recent robberies between this and Puebla City.

The diligence from Puebla came in last evening without being attacked ; the driver and guard did not even see a ladrone. The robbers who have so long infested that road are now in close confinement at Rio Frio ; also, the four Mexicans recently taken to Rio Frio, on a charge of murdering and mutilating two American soldiers, have been tried, and three of them found guilty, to be hung. Unless the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. William O. Butler, should interpose, they must suffer death. A priest and thirteen others have been arrested in the neighborhood of Guadaloupa on a charge of prompting desertions from our army. Yesterday they were brought before Major Galt, and, after undergoing an examination, the cases were referred to a council of war. They are now all in confinement at the palace. The priest gave his name as Pasqual Pastrato, but his real name is Antonio Triate.

Later news from Queretaro confirms the statement that a

quorum was present in both Chambers, viz., 73 Deputies and 22 Senators were organized in due form. So the story circulated by the treacherous disorganizers against peace appears to be absolutely false. The opposition of the *puros*, whose deputies first refused to assemble at Queretaro, was of a short duration. They soon learned that it was impossible, the way things looked, to prevent the dismemberment of Mexico. So there is some recuperative energy in the bosom of Mexico yet, though her future seems dark and dubious; yet there are many breaks in the clouds, and many inducements for her wise and good to hope and struggle on. So our hopes of Mexico and peace prospect are better, but it behooves the present government to be on the alert. The courage and energy of the President and his Cabinet thus far, we may add, has excited in our army nothing short of our admiration.

Monday, May 8, 1848.—This morning, as one of our officers was riding along, with two gentle-looking Mexicans, on the road leading to Cuyoacan, one of these gentle Mexicans snatched his (the officer's) six-shooter from its holster, and shot him through the leg and slightly wounded the horse in the side, at which the horse became frightened and ran off, carrying his rider safely to the city of Mexico. The two pretended gentle Mexicans made their escape.

This is a lovely May morning; the sky overhead is like a magnificent blue vault. Friend Alburtus Welsh and myself took a walk to the orange grove. Here the air is full of the perfume of flowers; the birds are flying around and among the trees and in the warm sun, singing. The whole put me in mind of the many Mays I spent in Lancaster County.

This evening San Angel was thrown into a state of excitement on account of one of the Massachusetts soldiers murdering his wife. Jealousy was supposed to be the cause of the rash act. The murderer made his escape, but a guard is now in pursuit of him to bring him to justice for his cowardly act. The parties are both Irish, and he has been jealous of his wife ever since they were encamped at the Villa of San Angel.

Tuesday, May 9, 1848.—This morning, the man who killed his wife last evening was arrested near San Angel, and put in the guard-house to await his trial for murder.

This evening I am informed by one of the New Yorkers that Alexander S. Forbes, of New York City, arrived in the city of Mexico. He is appointed Special Commissioner by the authorities of New York City for the purpose of taking up the dead bodies of the gallant officers, Lieut.-Col. Charles Baxter, Capts. James Barclay and Pearson, Lieuts. Charles F. Gallagher and Chandler—all belonging to the New York regiment of volunteers. They were mostly all young officers, who sacrificed their lives in Mexico upon the altar of patriotism and devotion to their country's flag. They will be taken to New York City, and there buried with great military honors. Nothing is said about taking up the bodies of poor privates who fell and—like the officers—offered up their lives for their country's cause—the men who saw war in all its horrors on the march, in camp and on the battle-fields, the hardship and trying labors of military life devolved on them, the luxuries of a camp they never knew, the attractions of society in a foreign country, such as was found in Mexico, they never enjoyed; public notices of their gallantry were seldom given, they were cut down in the discharge of their duty—either by disease or by bullets; they are left to remain where they fell on the field of their triumphant fame.

Wednesday, May 10, 1848.—This morning several of us went to the city. We went by the way of Cuyoacan, and stopped at a place called The Ranchos, where we got something to eat. It will not be out of place to note the bill of fare in these ranchos, and how coffee is prepared in these diggings. The coffee is burned, or rather roasted. When wanted for use, a little is placed on a flat stone and rolled with another stone somewhat resembling in shape an old-fashioned rolling-pin. With these implements the coffee is powdered very fine, after which it is put into a kettle of boiling water. When it begins to boil, a little sugar raised in this part of the country

is poured into it. After boiling four or five minutes, it is ready to drink, and better coffee I never tasted. The charge is a *malgo*, or five cents, a cup; if you drink *leche* (milk) the price is ten cents. Spirituous liquors are found at almost every rancho. The charges for drinks are the same as for coffee. Boiled rice, green corn and bread of a tolerable quality may be enumerated among the eatables to be obtained on the passage; jerked beef may be obtained also, but it is not fit for a white man to eat, unless he be on the point of starvation. A breakfast can be served up in good style. It consists of omelette, boiled eggs, beefsteak, fried plantains, chopped beef, bread and coffee. Dinner is composed of fowls, game, soup, oranges and bananas. Started for San Angel all right.

Thursday, May 11, 1848.—This morning I visited the guard-house. Here I saw the Massachusetts Volunteer who killed his wife a few days ago, in the plaza of San Angel; his name is Patrick Duffy. He told me that the officers of his regiment dare not court-martial him, unless they tell the truth and *shame the devil*. So there must be something behind the *biomba* (screen) which won't do to bring to light, for fear of hurting somebody high in rank. No doubt there are some very strange circumstances connected with the affair; time will tell the tale.

I saw in last Monday's *Weekly Star*, for the United States, that the Mexican Government at Queretaro has yielded several points of etiquette which they had previously held to, and one of them the admission into their new capital of an American escort of sixty men with the Commissioners, whom they are looking for to come daily; so things begin to look cheerful. We are watching their action with keen eye, for from there must either come a great deal of glory or sadness. Pray let us have the great *hurrah*. Also that the City Council of Mexico have appropriated fifty dollars to the San Patricio prisoners, and it calls upon its compatriots to go and do likewise. These men have done some service to the Mexican Government by deserting from our army and joining that of the enemy, and why

should the Mexicans be so backward in administering to their support; they, like the rest of the deserters, should all be hung.

Mr. Leverty, the Canadian Frenchman, who was with Lieuts. Dutton and Hare, in the robbery and murder some time ago, is to be tried before the Mexican court.

Friday, May 12, 1848.—This morning there is no news stirring, but at noon there was an exciting rumor brought out from the city, saying that the city of New Orleans has been sunk by an earthquake; that there has been a tremendous loss of life and property. This is truly very alarming news, and many think that it may be too true, but I have my doubts about all those wild rumors; they are mostly thrown out for speculation. I see by the papers that Gen. Scott, our gallant old commander, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 1st inst., and embarked on board the brig "Petersburg" and sailed for New York, from whence he will proceed directly to his residence at Elizabethtown, N. J.

Saturday, May 13, 1848.—This morning is my birthday, having been born on the 13th of May, 1825, which makes me twenty-three years of age. The news from Queretaro is encouraging; the peace men say that they will have eighty deputies in attendance, sixty-five of whom are advocates of peace, and fifteen only upon whom Gen. Almonte relies for opposition to the treaty. This is the extent of the influence against the general views of order and patriotism which prevail in both Chambers.

Sunday, May 14, 1848.—This morning the report of New Orleans being sunk and destroyed is contradicted—good news. At noon the volunteer brigade encamped at Molino del Rey moved their quarters to San Antonio—a more comfortable and healthier place and far better water. They passed our quarters. I thought they were the hardest and roughest-looking soldiers I ever saw—none regularly uniformed and looked like raw militiamen.

This evening the report of Gen. Paredes having asked for his passport to leave the country is confirmed. The country

is well rid of such heroes. Every one who knows his history knows that he is nothing but a plotter and a disorganizer in all the political movements in this country. He is justly hated by a large majority of his countrymen. Hé is politically a dead cock in the pit and buried. Most every sensible Mexican in the country would have lent his hand to dig his grave. He, like his good old friend Gen. Santa Anna, has left his country for his country's good; and I don't think that there will ever rise a party in Mexico to recall either one of these two *ex-generals*. Still, their absence will leave two parties in opposition to the regeneration and progress of Mexico. The everlasting clergy, the priest, nuns and all the paid officials belonging to that Holy Catholic Church and the army; the extravagant and unmanly opposition of the *puros*. The army, continually losing ground during the late years, has at length lost all respect and consideration of the people. The rude blow of the present war has shaken many scales from the Mexican eyes. The obstinacy of the so-called clergy is growing every day more conspicuous and contemptible; her whole history (as frequently mentioned) is full of outrages, forbearance and corruption. Turn which way you will, the fact forever meets us in the face that education is the only clue by which the embroiled snarl of Mexican chaos can be unravelled into order and law.

Monday, May 15, 1848.—This morning a large force of Mexican cavalry and lancers came in from Queretaro City with despatches, but we could not learn their contents, but it was supposed that it was the acting President's, Penia y Penia, message to be put in type for to-morrow's paper. At noon a large train of empty wagons went to the city of Tuluco, where Gen. Cadwalader's brigade is encamped. Several of our men went along to see the town. Also a very large train went to San Antonio, where the Tennesseans, Kentuckians, and other volunteers, are now quartered. It was time that this brigade had changed their quarters from Molino del Rey, for it was very unhealthy, they were dying off like so many sheep.

To-day is the anniversary of the surrender of the city of Puebla. This evening Jim Sawyer, who is one of the working lights and runners of the Hibernia Engine Co., No. 1, of Philadelphia, and expects to run with the machine soon again, called to see us. He says that the peace proposition will surely pass.

Tuesday, May 16, 1848.—This morning the paper contains Penia y Penia's message, and it is a most ably gotten up document, in fact it is the best document that I have read since I have been in Mexico, or even in the United States, and shows that the President of the Republic of Mexico is a scholar as well as a statesman. He plainly shows in his able written message his determination to make peace, and says that if there is any member of Congress that resigns his seat during this present session that member, or members, shall lose their rights of citizenship, and be heavily fined. He calls upon the members to take a vote soon.

Wednesday, May 17, 1848.—This morning the papers contain the conclusion of Penia y Penia's Message, and Senor Rosa, a Senator, made a very eloquent speech, before the opening of Congress, in regard to the present and fearful condition of the republic of Mexico, strongly advocating peace, if honorably obtained; if not, there are fifty thousand Mexicans who are yet unwhipped (*cheers*); but winds up, let us make peace if possible.

In the afternoon the cartridges were gathered in from the different companies, and handed over to the Ordnance Department. This is done to keep the soldiers from shooting cattle on our way down to Vera Cruz; but the cartridges were not all returned.

In the evening we received news that Don Manuel De La Penia y Penia was elected President over Gen. Herrera by eleven to four votes—close running. I suppose these are the four that threatened to resign their seats in Congress when the peace proposition was to be brought up, as Gen. Herrera was the war candidate. This vote puts the peace proposition on a fair basis, and may as well be called approved.

Thursday, May 18, 1848.—This morning blank cartridges were served to our company and, I believe, to all the companies in the volunteer division. At noon we were ordered to march out to the parade-ground to have a drill with blank cartridges; but, owing to the heavy rain just coming up, it was postponed until to-morrow.

This evening it is rumored that Lieuts. Isaac P. Hare and Benj. F. Dutton, both of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, will be hung in the citadel or arsenal yard, city of Mexico, on the twenty-fifth of this month. This news has caused considerable excitement at San Angel and in the city, and particularly among the victim's friends, who are talking about getting up a petition, to be signed, for a pardon, they having both been brave and gallant officers.

Friday, May 19, 1848.—This morning, rumors that peace has passed the House. In the afternoon we marched out to the field to drill. During the firing of blank cartridges by the regiment, one of Capt. Binder's (Co. E) men shot away his ramrod, and came near shooting a *lepero*, after which we marched back to our quarters.

Saturday, May 20, 1848.—This morning, by accident, the quarters of Co. A, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, were nearly destroyed by the explosion of some cartridges (about twenty-five pounds of powder). Two of the company were dangerously wounded and burned; their names are Sergt. Clark Bruton and Private Mason; they are not expected to live.

I forgot to note that on dress parade last evening the death sentence of Lieut. Hare and Adjt. Dutton was read. They are to be hung on the 25th inst.

In the evening the two unfortunate men who were so badly burned were taken to the hospital; they are not expected to live long, being burned almost to a crisp.

Sunday, May 21, 1848.—This morning there is no news and nothing doing; so a party of us went to the Orchard Groves.

At noon an extra paper came out from the city saying that

the peace proposition had passed the House by a majority of fifty-one to thirty-five. This raised the peace stock, and six cheers were given for peace and three for *Penia y Penia*, for his determination and stand he took in favor of peace.

Monday, May 22, 1848.—This morning all the talk is about the peace.

At noon our company got paired off. I did not draw my money in consequence of us going home soon,

Tuesday, May 23, 1848.—This morning myself and three others got permission from our Lieut. Haines to go to the city to purchase several *curiosidades* (curiosities) to take home. We went by the way of Tacubaya Road. On our way we noticed several of our men digging up some of the deserters who were hung in September last. The ropes were still around their necks. They are to cut their heads off, and then boil the meat off and take their skulls to the United States. Arrived at Tacubaya about 10 o'clock. Here is Gen. Worth's encampment. This town, before Cortez's time, was called Tlapan. It was a strong and large city, and it was by this route Cortez first retreated. It was afterwards, like nearly all the Mexican cities, destroyed by the order of Cortez. It seems that almost every Mexican we meet either on the road or in this city we could read the brand of peace in his smiling face—shaking hands with such good feeling and saying "*Silencia, Americanos.*" The streets were thronged; crowds of aged matrons and charming señoritas were seen wending their way through the population. Yet it is not the stirring multitude which characterizes our Atlantic cities; there is the absence of bustling business and rattling of wagons and carts, shrieking of whistles, etc.

Being thirsty, we entered the gate of a large and beautiful *casa* (or a gentleman's hacienda). Here a beautiful fountain stood in the centre of the square; a cup being attached to it, we took a drink. At this, the *Don* (Mr.) of the *casa* came out on the piazza, and saluted us by saying, "*Silencia, Americanos,*" called us up into his well-adorned sitting-room, and gave each

of us a drink of wine in honor of peace, which we, of course, drank with great relish. His family and a daughter, who was like a dream of poetry, that may not be written or told—exceedingly beautiful—drank with us, at the same time saying, “*Mucho bellos, valentias Americanos.*” After talking, and taking several drinks between times, he took and showed us his large library. Some books are over three hundred years old, mostly histories of Mexico and Spain. He has a history called “The Rulers of Mexico,” which is over three hundred years old, and I took the liberty of noting down several important paragraphs. I have read many histories, but never came across such rare and important facts as I did here, and being old and rare histories, I shall note them in this book, which will be interesting to all my readers.

Montezuma was the ninth ruler of the Mexican empire. He was born in the year 1476. He was a man of great wealth, nobility, and liberality. He had a large and extensive acquaintance in all parts of Mexico, and enjoyed the greatest popularity among all classes of people. He was an eloquent off-hand speaker, with a powerful voice. He was also a zealous promoter of all the improvements about the city of Mexico, which is enough to make any ruler popular.

He excelled all others, and manifested his splendor. His house for all sorts of living creatures on earth or in sea, and many other things might serve for a sufficient testimony, for in it he kept sea fishes in salt water, river fishes in fresh water, and all kinds of wild beasts in peculiar places were kept in great avaries, surrounded with golden rails.

His palace was, in fact, one of the finest in the country. It was situated near the Temple *Cue*, which, being built of stone, in form like a serpent, of large size, with magnificent apartments for their priest to lodge in, their cherished idol, called *Viztlipuctli*, or lord of the humble, so that Montezuma may be close to worship his devil idol god *Viztlipuctli*, who was a wooden image in the shape of a man sitting on a blue seat in a triumphant chair, at each end of which was placed a staff

with a serpent's head upon it; he was called by the Mexicans, "the great God and Saviour of all souls," and really believed him to be the God from heaven, and some of the real natives believe so to the present day. Here is where the heathen, in his blindness, bowed down to wood and stone.

Montezuma was chosen king on the death of his father in 1502, utterly against his will; but the masses of the people demanded him as a ruler, and by hard persuasion at last accepted it. Before his election he held the position of High Priest of Mexico. He was crowned with more high honors and greater pomp than any other ruler of Mexico since.

He appointed several earls who were next to the king in rank of power. They were commanders over his army called *atlaquecalcatlas*, which means princes of the throne; they were at the head of lancers, a weapon much used among the Mexicans to the present time. They are mostly distinguished men, and wear marks as valiant and gallant men. King Montezuma and his son-in-law, Guatamzin, stand carved on a rock in the order of the Mexican eagle.

On Montezuma's inauguration day thousands of people came to the city of Mexico; even his enemies came from far off, in large numbers, with treasures for presents to Montezuma; in fact, the city was so thronged that even standing room on the streets, balconies, windows, and tops of all the houses were filled with spectators. No king in Mexico ever went to the throne in such great pomp and splendor. He was congratulated in a speech from Lord of Tescuco, in the following manner:

SPEECH OF LORD TESCUCO.

The great happiness, most noble Montezuma, which is befallen this realm by your election may easily be conjectured from the general joy, none besides yourself being able to undergo an office in the management whereof so much prudence is required. It is a most certain testimony that God loves Mexico, that he has given its inhabitants understanding to make such a choice. Who can doubt it but that

you, who have expatiated through the heavens, and conversed with Viztlipuctli, may easily govern us mortals on earth ; who can despair, but that the virtue enclosed within your heart will extend to the widows and orphans. Therefore, rejoice, O Mexico. The heavens have granted us a prince without vice ; merciful, and not a violater of the laws ; agreeable, not despising common conversation ; and you, O King, let not this great present occasion any alteration in your so long-known virtues. The crown breeds care for the public good. The troubles thereof must extend over the whole realm, and every one in the realm. (Great applause.)

Montezuma listened to the speech, and would willingly have answered the same, but could not utter a word for tears which gushed from his eyes.

It was not long afterward the whole Mexican empire was under Montezuma's jurisdiction, and by his valor and great popularity was successful in all his wars ; and in the few years of his reign, and before the Conqueror Cortez came to Mexico, subdued and conquered over a hundred cities and towns to his dominion ; with the exception of the neighboring country of Tlascallian, mentioned elsewhere, whose inhabitants were famous for their valor and strength. They would never receive or obey any laws from King Montezuma. Montezuma strictly maintained the laws of his country which were made, until he arrived at the highest top or ground, top heavy ; and the appearance of a comet in 1512 (mentioned elsewhere) caused great excitement in Mexico, which comet foretold the misfortune that will befall the country. During Montezuma's reign, he captured thousands of prisoners yearly ; and history tells us that he sacrificed commonly, one year to another, twenty thousand men, and some years, on an extraordinary occasion, not less than fifty thousand souls.

Thus it seems that the Mexicans carried out the ancient religious traditions of the Phœnicians, for history tells us that Baal—who was, after his death, formed into an idol and worshipped as a devil-god—was the first who sacrificed his son to

heaven; and in this tradition probably originated the revolting custom of human sacrifices to this deity. It was at the city of Carthage that over two hundred of the healthiest children of the most influential and wealthiest citizens were sacrificed at one time. In time of war prisoners also were sacrificed in the same manner, which practice was continued until the defeat of the Carthagenians by the Romans, where a solemn curse was pronounced upon the spot where once rose the city of Dido—which city was built by a lady named Dido, a daughter of the king of Tyre, who was driven away from that city by the cruelty and avarice of her brother, named Pygmalion. It was built in the year 878 B. C., or one hundred and twenty-five years before the foundation of Rome was laid.

After the fall of Carthage it is supposed that most of its wealthiest people fled in ships then lying in their harbor, sailed away and settled somewhere in South America and Mexico, and from them originated the sacrifice of human lives.

After Montezuma had reigned some sixteen or seventeen years his troubles commenced; he received news from his princes of a large fleet, loaded with men hostile to his kingdom, and that munitions of war were being landed near the island of Sacrificios. He called his princes and councillors together to take some action to prevent their intrusion on the city of Mexico.

Cortez arrived in the valley of Mexico in the early part of October, 1519. Here King Montezuma met Cortez at Tlapisahua; and, after they had several interviews in regard to the Spaniards wanting to occupy the city of Mexico, King Montezuma and nearly all his tribe strongly protested against letting Cortez or any of his followers enter the city of Mexico. Finally, by persevering and making great promises, the Spaniard succeeded in getting into the city of Mexico November 8, 1519. This generous kindness, bestowed upon Cortez by King Montezuma, made the Mexicans jealous, and losing confidence in Montezuma as a ruler. The Spaniards and Mexicans finally got to street-fighting. This enraged Cortez so

that on June 27, 1520, he made an assault on the city of Mexico, and made King Montezuma a prisoner in his own castle. This kind of treatment and betrayal to their king much enraged the Mexicans, and caused constant fighting with the Spaniards.

During the imprisonment and death of King Montezuma his brother, Quetlavāna, or Cutlahua, was elected king, and his cousin, or King Montezuma's son-in-law, Guatamzin, was appointed chief of the army. They were both great and fearless warriors, and were bitter against the Spaniards and all their followers. He went to work cautiously and raised a large army. During all this time the fighting in the streets and elsewhere got more fierce.

Montezuma was called upon to go to a small window for the purpose of speaking to his subjects to pacify them; but the noise, confusion, and cry of death to all Spaniards and traitors and clamor was so great that he could not be heard. He then went to a larger window; and, as he was looking out and about to address his people to cease fighting and retreat to their homes, he was unfortunately shot with an arrow, and soon afterwards hit with a stone on the temple. He refused all food and medical attendance to his wounds, and died in three days after he was wounded, which was on the 30th day of June, 1520, and was forty-four years of age.

This shows that King Montezuma must have ruled Mexico eighteen years instead of fourteen, as some writers have it.

The death of Montezuma fully aroused the spirit of all classes of Mexicans; even the weak-kneed Mexicans (so-called) who favored the Spaniards all along rallied to the standard of King Cutlahua and Chief Guatamzin, and swore by their god, *Vixtlipuctli*, to avenge the death of King Montezuma, and passed resolutions of determination of vengeance, and crush out all the Spaniards and their sympathizers in Mexico. The Mexicans had recruited a large army, well armed with bows and arrows, and mounted lancers attacked the Spaniards at all quarters with yells and cry, "death to all Spaniards and traitors."

Finally the Spaniards were repulsed from the city; and during their retreat, which lasted for several days, they (Spaniards) met with great loss of men and arms, and completed their retreat on the tenth day of July, 1520, at midnight, which the Spaniards in Mexico call the doleful night to this day, and the Mexicans celebrate it every year as a day of feast and jubilee.

Fernando Cortez, with his routed army, retreated to his sure friends of Tlascallia (a class of people who lived free among themselves, refusing to be subject to the king of Mexico, with whom they were continually at war); and when Cortez had conquered the Tlascallians they made friends with the Spaniards, and afterward assisted Cortez to conquer the kingdom of Montezuma, without whose help he surely could never have conquered the Mexicans.

King Cutlahua, the successor of Montezuma, reigned but a short time when he died of small-pox, which disease was brought into Mexico by the Spaniards.

Guatamin, Montezuma's son-in-law, chief of the Mexican army, a brave, gallant, and popular officer among his people, was chosen king or emperor of Mexico.

Fernando Cortez, while encamped at Tlascallia, went to work and recruited and strengthened his army to over two hundred thousand strong—Spaniards, Tlascallians, and other hostile tribes. The Spaniards were well armed with firearms, and the Tlascallians, who were friendly to the Spaniards and hostile to the kingdom of Montezuma, were armed with bows, arrows, and lancers.

After everything was ready, Cortez marched his large army towards the city of Mexico; arrived in the valley in the middle of May, 1521, with the determination to take the city, cost what it will; made a bold and daring attack on it both by

NOTE.—Some of our historical writers have it that the retreat was on July 1, 1520. This must be a mistake, as King Montezuma did not die until June 30, 1520, and it was several days afterwards before the Mexicans made the attack on the Spaniards. (*Am I right?*)

land and the surrounding lakes; succeeded in a short time cutting off all supplies of provision and communication from the city; and after a siege of three months or more, Cortez last resolved to take the city by storm, which was executed on Tuesday, the 13th day of August, 1521 (a little over one year from the time of Cortez's first retreat from Mexico). Defeated the Mexicans, taking Emperor Guatamzin, his sister, wife and family prisoners; took them with him, closely guarded, into the city, demanded of Guatamzin all the gold, treasures and riches belonging to Montezuma, when some one informed Cortez that it was all thrown into the lakes. For this Guatamzin and others were put to torture; and still refusing to tell where the rich treasure was, were put on burning coals, and burned the King severely. The city of Mexico was first sacked, and then burnt to the ground. It was afterwards rebuilt nearly on the same spot, where it now stands. Before Guatamzin was taken prisoner, he ordered his flying princes to throw all his treasures into the lakes, and for this, as already stated, was put to the torture. So the treasury is lost to this day, although many expensive searches have been made to find it.

Wednesday, May 24, 1848.—This morning I took breakfast with Capt. Naylor's company, Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who are quartered in the halls of the Montezumas (or the capital of Mexico), where I lodged last night. So, if anybody asks me whether I have been to or seen the halls of the Montezumas, I can say, "Yes; I slept in it one night."

At 10 o'clock, A. M., I visited the beautiful and charming Alameda Park, where the richness, beauty and chivalry daily meet. Mexico is not an industrial city; its streets or thoroughfares are ever thronged from early dawn until dark, yet the city is a great display of wealth, and apparently no scarcity of the precious metals; but, in the absence of prominent resources or striking indications of busy traffic, you inquire:—Whence comes it? You look in vain for those stirring marts where the mercantile operations of a city concentrate and are pursued

on a great and expensive scale, but none of those gigantic work-houses and merchant palaces, which I often witness in Philadelphia and elsewhere, are seen here. There are no confusing dins from the rumbling wheels of loaded drays and wagons and the clanking noise of busy workshops or the hoarse and harsh whistling of the steam-pipes and the dashing and speedy locomotive.

In the afternoon I started for San Angel, where I found my comrades on dress-parade, and orders being read to them to hold themselves ready for a speedy march to Vera Cruz. Cheer after cheer rent the air.

Just before we left the city we saw our commissioners, accompanied by about forty civilians and staff-officers and a large escort of cavalry, leave the city of Mexico for Queretaro, with the peace proposition.

Thursday, May 25, 1848.—This morning myself and five others got permission from our Lieut. Haines to go to the city of México with the expectation of seeing Lieuts. Hare and Dutton hung, but when we got to the city we were informed that they both had been reprieved on account of the treaty of peace being signed. So we were spared witnessing such an unpleasant sight. But they are to be kept in confinement and under guard until we arrive at New Orleans. In the evening we left for San Angel.

Friday, May 26, 1848.—This morning there is great excitement, in and about camp, in regard to the glorious news from Queretaro City. That the treaty of peace had passed the Senate by a majority of eleven to four, having previously passed the House by a vote of fifty-one to thirty-five; and that it, having been signed by the President, Penia y Penia, is now a fact. Nine cheers were given for peace, six for Penia y Penia, President of the Republic of Mexico, and so on.

This afternoon there was an election for Lieutenant in Co. A, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Sergts. Blakely, and Morton were the candidates. The ballot resulted in the choice of Sergt. Blakely. There was also an election in Co.

H, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, for Lieutenant. Serjts. Bowers and Porter were the candidates, and after a sharp contest it resulted in the choice of Serjts. Porter. So in consequence of the treaty of peace, and of the election in the two companies, there was a little spree amongst the successful candidates and their friends, but there was no disturbance of any account, and everybody is in high glee. To-night peace, peace, is the cry.

Saturday, May 27, 1848.—This morning the soldiers are much rejoiced over the peace and the early prospect of going home. There are officers in the city of Mexico trying to raise companies to go to Yucatan.

This evening it is reported that our glorious and triumphant flag is to be hauled down to-morrow, and the Mexican flag, defeated in every battle fought, hoisted in its place.

To-day several of our companies dug up their dead comrades, intending to take them home. Among the dead I noticed was Mr. Peter McKeever, Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who died some time ago.

Late this evening nearly all the companies had a regular *fandango* (dance), and collected the bands of the different regiments and started out serenading the different *good* officers, and some few prominent Mexicans, and kept it up until midnight—cheering, singing songs, telling stories and other joyful actions. Peace—peace has come! God bless it!

Sunday, May 28, 1848.—This morning orders came to our quarters to collect all the extra arms, muskets, etc., and send them to the city; from there they will be sent to Vera Cruz. Every soldier is now getting in readiness to march at a moment's notice. They are gathered in groups, singing our national songs, and cite, "We Are Coming Home." This evening the news from Queretaro City is, that our commissioners have reached that city, and are about to exchange treaties. When that is accomplished then the whole city is to be illuminated with candles and rockets.

Monday, May 29, 1848.—This morning the news from Queretaro City is, that the treaties have been fairly exchanged agreeable to both commissioners. So there was another regular shouting, cheering and hallooing among the soldiers for nearly the whole day—being so much rejoiced in consequence of the conclusion of the treaty of peace; they also are singing that favorite song, "We Are Coming Home."

This afternoon orders were read for us to march to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. Cheers rent the air, singing, etc.

Having given several sketches of the history of Mexico, I think it will be acceptable to my numerous readers to give a small history of the rulers of Mexico from the Aztecs to Montezuma.

CHAPTER XI.

ORIGINAL SETTLERS IN MEXICO—NAMES AND NUMBER OF RULERS OF MEXICO—OUR DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY FOR HOME, SWEET HOME—POETRY, "WE ARE COMING HOME"—CHALCO AND ITS ANCIENT HISTORY—ARRIVED AT PUEBLA CITY; MET WITH GRAND RECEPTION WITH CHEERS AND CLAPPING OF HANDS BY THE SENORITAS AS WE MARCHED THROUGH THE CITY—ARRIVED AND ENCAMPED AT EL ENCERO—LEFT AND ARRIVED AT VERA CRUZ—TALK WITH SOME OF THE UMBRES—WILL IT PAY TO VISIT MEXICO—EMBARKED AND LEFT VERA CRUZ, WITH CHEERS FOR HOME—POETRY, "GOOD-BYE TO MEXICO"—ARRIVED AT NEW ORLEANS—MET WITH A GRAND RECEPTION AT CINCINNATI—ARRIVED AT BEAVER AND ECONOMY—HARMONY SOCIETY FORMED—RECEPTION AT PITTSBURGH—ARRIVED AT JOHNSTOWN ON THE SUMMIT—M'VEYTOWN, AT 3 LOCKS—LEWISTOWN—GRAND RECEPTION ON THE ROAD, AND AT HARRISBURG AND LANCASTER—MEMOIR OF EARLY DAYS GONE BY.

The original settlers, or the most ancient natives now living in Mexico, are the Toltec, Chichimecos, and Aztec, although tradition tells us, and we have every reason to believe it is true, that there were older dwellers in Mexico than the red men.

Toltec, Aztec, etc., all credit the discovery of Mexico to the Northmen, Carthagenians, and Egyptians, long before the coming of Christ.

There are different theories about the Toltecs. Some have it that, in the year 472, others in 544, they were, on account of dissatisfaction with their ruler, expelled from their own country, called Tollan, lying off the north-eastern part of Mexico. After travelling and roaming through different parts of Mexico, they finally, in the year 600, came to a halt and settled themselves down and built themselves a town called Tula, lying about twenty-two leagues southeast of the city of

Mexico. They, of course, like all other tribes who followed after them, had no form of government until 610, others have it 667, when they adopted a monarchical government, and elected their first king, after living under different rulers.

Their country, and in fact nearly their whole nation, was destroyed by a famine and other pestilence—destroying all their crops for the want of rain and by heavy frost. The destruction of life and property caused the monarchical government to end in 800. Some have it 959.

About this unfortunate time the Toltecs and their country (according to the accounts I could gather from their Mexican annals) were invaded by a nation called Chichimecos or Chichimecos. They came from the province of New Galicia and parts of New Biscaya or Amaguemecan, a savage, barbarous tribe, and were, for their fierce, wicked, and wild nature, called Chichimecos.

The Chichimecos were tired of living in their wild, lonesome forest, in deep caves and underground, and moved, in about 960, out into the open air, and fell in large numbers into these southern parts of America now called Mexico—not all at once, but at different times, and under several names of tribes, viz., Suclimilica, Chalco, Tepejancan, Tezcocans, Tlascallinis, Otumtes, and other tribes that I can't just now think of. They had at that distressing time but little trouble to subdue the people and get possession of the desolated country of the ancient Toltecan they found in this land, and seated themselves in their places; and though at first every nation or tribe of them, as they came into this country, seized upon some province apart by themselves and held it, as it were, in sovereignty to themselves, without acknowledgment of any dependence or subjection to their neighbor or those that were there before them.

They were mostly divided into tribes or large families, going under the above names. Each tribe was governed by a chief of their own selection. They had no law or manner of government to guide themselves with, and, by reason thereof, were

continually at war with one another until 963,—some have it 1064,—when they elected Xolotli first king, Napoltzin the second king, and so on until the seventh tribe, Navatlanco, or Aztlanco (Aztecs) came from their country, then called Aztlan, now called New Mexico. They are the first original Mexicans. The time when the seven tribes of Aztlanco emigrated out of their country was, as their most ancient histories declare, in the year 940, and they arrived in the valley of Mexico in 1220, and founded Tenochitlan, or Tenustitan—now Mexico—in 1324. It is said that they were like the Israelites, who spent over forty years in their journey and marched many miles, with a thousand inconveniences, from one country to another.

Being constantly at war with each other, they finally concluded to divide themselves. After this manner, four of these tribes marched on until they came to a spring of clear water, in which the fishes glittered like silver, and there encamped for the night. The other remaining tribes marched in another direction, and settled near the mountains and in the fertile valley called Tlascalcan. The next morning the four tribes rose from their night's slumber, and their spirit-god, Witzilopochtli, or Viztliputlic, who was a kind of *profeta* (prophet) and bishop among their people, and who, after his death, was cut in the form from wood and worshipped as their devil idol god until the conquest of Mexico by Cortes. This idol god, Viztliputlic, informed his tribe of a dream he had that night, that they should find thereabouts a tunal tree, whose leaves grew out of one another, under which, on a stone, lay the heart of a famous sorcerer, Copil.

This tunal tree should be discovered by a crane on the top of it, which in one foot should hold a bird, and in the other a bough of the tree, near which they were to build a city. That city is now the city of Mexico.

After the old priest Viztliputli had related his dream, most of his tribe went to work to endeavor to find out the fore-mentioned tree. At last they found it, and saw on the top a

crane with his outspread wings, holding in his claws a small bird with curious feathers, looking up towards the sun ; whereupon the tribes with all speed went to work in 1325, and built a chapel, or *teoculli*, of turf and clods of earth, covered it with canes to keep their idol from the exposure of the weather, and at the same time promising him that they would sometime build him a splendid temple or *teoculli* (*abode of the gods*). In a few years afterward the Aztecs did build Temple Turrest, and many handsome houses in the city of Mexico. The temple was a magnificent and gigantic building. It measured at the base 375 feet by 300 feet, and was 80 feet in height. It commanded the four great highways, east, west, north and south, that led into the heart of the city. In fact, the whole structure was like a huge living serpent, dome-shaped and carved ; and the doorway was through the jaws of the serpent, built inside with terraces from four to nine, connected with stairs in a circuit form from one story to another until it reached the summit, on top of which was a stone of sacrifice about 3 feet high. This temple was christened, and enshrined the two great national deities, viz., *Witzilopochtli* (or *Viztliputlic*) and *Tescatlipoca*. The former was the celestial humming-bird, offspring of the sun and symbol of the Aztec people ; *Tescatlipoca*, the little humming-bird, or portable idol of the original wandering tribes, whose image was carried by the priest as he led the charge. After his (*Tescatlipoca*) death, his statue was made of dark obsidian rock. His face was the face of a bear ; his hair was plaited and inclosed in a golden net, and was worshipped as the god of the sun, which was their whole religion.

In 1353 they elected their first king over the whole tribes then encamped in the valley of Mexico. The king's name was Acampichtli. The king immediately entered upon his duty, and enlarged the city of Tenustitan (now Mexico) with fine houses, temples and a splendid palace (it is said) on the very spot where the National Palace or Halls of the Montezumas now stands ; widening the streets and vast other improvement.

In front of this temple and palace was a plaza 1200 feet square, surrounded by handsome residence of the priest, arsenal, storehouse, etc.

King Acampichtli reigned 37 years, when he died in 1390.

Huitzilihutli was the name of the second king elected. He reigned but 12 years ; died in 1402.

Chimalpoqua (which, in the Indian language, means *a gun which makes or gives smoke*) was elected the third king with much dissatisfaction, against the will of the old native tribe called Tepejancan, or Tlacopans ; and after he reigned 10 years, the people got so much displeased with his arbitrary way of ruling that they broke into his palace one night and murdered him in his chamber. This caused great excitement and much bitter feeling amongst the other heads of the nations or tribes. The Aztec, who became much demoralized and revolutionized, were a rude and cruel people, essentially warlike ; their priests, bearing idols on their backs, marching in front and giving the signal for battle, calling themselves children of the sun. They were at war for several years, and were without a proper head to guide them, until Prince Mexi assumed command of a brave and powerful people ; conquered the revolutionists, and bestowed peace and tranquility in the city Tenustitan.

The overthrow and downfall of the revolutionist was such a popular idea that the victorious tribes refused to elect any ruler over their tribes during the lifetime of Prince Mexi. They governed themselves by the act of their Councils until Prince Mexi's death, which was in 1423. Mexi not being of royal blood, was not, according to their rule, eligible to the throne ; and to forever perpetuate his fair name, they changed the name of their country from Tenustitan to Mexico, in honor of Prince Mexi.


The revolutionist party, which was mostly composed of the Tepejancan and some few dissatisfied Tenustitans, soon left the city of Mexico and joined the Tlascallians, which afterwards became a powerful and much feared people by the Mexicans, After Prince Mexi's death, Ytzcoalt, or Iccoult, was chosen the

fourth king. He was a great warrior, and being with Prince Mexi in conquering the revolutionists, raised a large and well-disciplined army, armed with bows, arrows, spears, lances, etc., made a fierce war against the Tepejancan, Tlascalians, conquered them and made them submit to his own form of government. After a reign of thirteen years, he died in 1436, when his son Montezuma, first of that name, was chosen the fifth king. He was the first king that was mantled in tiger's skin.

In 1446 a powerful and heavy rain fell upon the valley of Mexico with such fury that nearly one-half of the city of Mexico was destroyed, and the streets flooded that the people were obliged to make their escape in boats, canoes, etc. Montezuma and his tribe, soon after it was dried up, went to work to build up that which was destroyed, and threw up big ditches. After having reigned twenty-eight years, he died in 1464.

Tizoc, or Tiocick, Montezuma's eldest son, was then chosen the sixth king. He, however, was unfortunate in all his designs and engagements with his enemies, lost more of his people in battle than he took prisoners, and the result was the Tlascalians gained their independence from the Mexican rule. Being accused by his tribe of oppression and tyranny, of cowardice and of being incompetent, he was poisoned in the fourth year of his reign, 1468. Acayuca, or Acayacolt, Tiocick's brother, was then chosen the seventh king. He was generous, liberal, magnanimous and good to the poor. He built the first great temple or palace in the city of Mexico. He lived, in prosperity and peace with all the tribes in Mexico, to a good old age. After ruling over seventeen years, he departed this life, to the great sorrow of the whole Mexican Empire, in 1485.

After his death, Ahintzol, or Axayacolt, was chosen the eighth king. He was also a man of great magnanimity, and very popular among his tribes as a ruler and as a great leader of his soldiers. He succeeded in conquering all his enemies, and made himself glorious by his numerous victories. After



reigning seventeen years he died in 1502, after which his son, Montezuma II, was chosen the ninth king. He was a man of great nobility and talent, very popular among his people, and, from all accounts, his reign proved, beyond a doubt, that of the highest state of prosperity in the country. The quantity of grain grown showed that the land was well cultivated, and the Court and nobles lived so luxuriously that the people could not have fared badly.

After reigning eighteen years, he was, by false betraying and promises of Fernando Cortez, taken prisoner in his own capitol, and died of wounds received in 1520.

During the imprisonment of King Montezuma, his brother Cuitlahua was elected chief to the throne. He was also a great warrior; in fact, more so than his brother Montezuma. He was hostile and a bitter foe towards the Spaniards.

King Cuitlahua and his cousin Guatamzin went to work to reorganize and raise a large army, and made a fierce and bold attack upon the Spaniards.

Cortez, seeing that he was losing much ground and men, called upon King Montezuma in his temple to speak and to pacify the Mexicans, but Montezuma had no sooner made his appearance at a window when he was first shot by an arrow and afterwards hit and killed by a stone on the temple. This act so enraged the Mexicans that they finally defeated the Spaniards and their allies, and drove them from the city July 10, 1520, and is called *noche triste* (doleful night).

The Spaniards retreated by the way of Tlacopan, a small town out of the city. It was the first resting-place of Cortez' army. Next day they marched on towards Tlascallian. On their way they fell in with another hostile tribe called Pupulucans or Tepejacans, and fought a desperate battle at their capital, Tepejacan, July 18, 1520. Fortunately for the Spaniards, they killed their popular young prince in the beginning of the fight, which demoralized the Pupulucans, who fled in all directions. Had the Spaniards failed in this engagement, not a Spaniard or ally would have been left to tell the tale of the battle of Tepejacan.

After plundering and destroying the capital they marched on and arrived at Tlascalla July 20, 1520, and were cheerfully received by the Tlascallians.

The tenth king, Cuitlahua, had reigned but four months when he died of that fatal disease called small-pox, which disease carried away over one hundred and fifty thousand Mexicans.

After the death of King Cuitlahua, Prince Guatamzin, then chief of the army, was chosen emperor. He was very popular, and a dashing young officer, and a nephew to both Montezuma and Cuitlahua, and a son-in-law to King Montezuma. He having married his own cousin, a beautiful young princess, Tecuichpa. Emperor Guatamzin, who was now the eleventh and last ruler of the original Mexicans, went to work and strengthened his city, and re-organized his forces, to be ready to receive the Spaniards and their allies.

In August, 1521, Conqueror Cortez, with a large and well-disciplined army of Spaniards, Tlascallians and other hostile tribes, made their appearance for the second time in the valley of Mexico, and attacked the city of Mexico, both by land and the surrounding lakes, causing great slaughter among the Mexicans with his (Cortez's) artillery.

Emperor Guatamzin, seeing that his people were all dashed, and his own fate doomed, ordered his aids, or princes, together with all his jewels, treasures, valued at many millions of dollars, to be thrown into the lakes. After which he (Guatamzin), with his family, was trying to make his escape on the Lake Tezeuco in a canoe, but was overhauled and captured by a swift Spanish sailing craft, Guatamzin was now under the clutches of his much-hated and revengeful foe, and having no chances or hope of escaping an ignominious death. He begged of Capt. Corredor Holgum, the commanding officer, not to molest nor to insult his family, and particularly the Empress Tecuichpa, which request was granted by the officer. When Guatamzin was brought before Conqueror Cortez, he (Guatamzin) addressed Cortez in these

words :—" Sir, I have done what becomes a monarch to do. I have defended my country and my people to the last extremity, and nothing now remains but to die (at the same time placing his hand on Cortez's dagger). Take this dagger and place it in my breast, and put an end to a life which no longer can be of any use to myself or to my beloved people. My race is run, my country and people are forever ruined."

Afterwards Guatamzin was taken to Cuyoacan and tortured until he was nearly dead. All done by a class of people who called themselves Christians. God spare us from such disciples.*

The defeat and sad misfortune to the Mexican rulers so demoralized and disheartened the Aztec nation that they never attempted to defend their country against the Spaniards, or to dislodge or drive the invaders from their soil, and were compelled to be ruled by the Spanish yoke and government until February 24, 1821, when it succeeded in declaring its first independence.

Conqueror Cortez was a bold, fearless, ardent and spirited man; thirsting for blood, fame, gold, plundering and burning towns and cities. Exercised vast cruelties upon the poor and unfortunate natives—a fact too horrible to recite them.


Fernando Cortez, for conquering the republic of Mexico and obtaining nearly its whole dominion, was endowed by the king of Spain at that time was king of Spain, with many rich rewards for his great services in Mexico. He was lionized, and received with great applause wherever he went, and was continued as long as he lived.

It is said that during the Spanish rule in Mexico they had killed over four millions of people, besides as many more ruined and crippled for life. They were, no doubt, fierce, marauding people, who lived by massacring and pillaging the Aztecs—all done to convert the Aztec people to the Catholic faith; but they acted more like fiends of the worst kind than Christians.

* Emperor Guatamzin, several years afterwards, was suspected of being engaged in a conspiracy, and Cortez had him shot without a court-martial.

But a day of judgment and heavy sentence came upon these marauding Spaniards, who had, by false promises, brought so much ruin and desolation upon Mexico, by a revolution, Sept. 10, 1810, and by the declaration of independence, Feb. 24, 1821, when the Spanish rule in Mexico ended, with great joy to all the natives, and they were made to go back from whence they came, except that they left their religion here, which is the ruling power in this country.

Mexico is now governed by Mexican Indians and *Mestizos*, or mixed races of the Spanish and Indian blood. After the Mexicans had gained their independence, they formed different forms of government. At last a Republican form of government was chosen. The religion of the country was to be Roman Catholic; no other religion will be allowed in the Republic of Mexico (1848). The whole Catholic Church is to be controlled by one archbishop, twelve bishops and numbers of clergy. The Mexican priesthood is a body of the most corrupt and immoral set of human beings in the world. Particularly in Mexico, where every city, town and village are swarmed with these apostles of Christ, with churches, monasteries, convents, etc. In speaking of the Catholic Church, its power and influence, we must all confess that the Spanish Catholicism has been an improvement on the Aztec cannibalism; and we hope that national thought and morals will soon be established, and confidence and order maintained throughout this unfortunate country. The wealth of the Catholic Churches (as already described) is truly immense; and it has caused all the monster distortion and dissimulation in the bloody and dark ages of the past revolution, anarchy and misrule ever since these holy apostles' (Spaniard thieves) rule was formed. Thousands have been slaughtered, and thousands more will be slain; and so on until the United States government takes hold of its dominion, under whose government every man, woman and child can worship God according to their own belief; then selfishness, revenge and malice towards their fellow-beings shall forever cease.



Since the above has been written I noticed in a paper called *The Two Republics*, published in the city of Mexico, 1871, which adds another theory of the early settlers of the dominion of Mexico.

It states that a number of ancient statues have been exhumed in the state of Vera Cruz, and that lithographic representations of two (one of them is an Ethiopian and the other an ancient Egyptian or Coptic) have been received in that city, and are now in the museum. From this it can be *arguira* (argued) that the Mexican portion of the American continent was, in former periods, peopled by two different and distinct races, which causes some to be a great deal darker and coarser than others.

It also states that evidence is that the Egyptian race once flourished in Mexico, but it only exists in ruins, hieroglyphics, statuary, and pottery.

The theory is now put forth that the Egyptians inhabited the east or gulf coast, while the Aztecs were originally confined to the west, and that the former were overwhelmed by the tribes of Aztecs which preceded the imperial and civilized portion of that race in its immigration from the west.

It also says (which I have already stated) that there is reason to believe that the Aztecs occupied two centuries in their migration eastward, before reaching Chapultepec or city of Mexico.

Tuesday, May 30, 1848.—This morning our soldiers were up early, preparing to march homeward, at the same time singing our national songs and cite "We Are Coming Home."

I was approached this morning by Sergt. Thomas Ziegler, Peter Ahl, and Alburtus Welsh, wanting to know how much money I could loan them, as they wished to take up the dead bodies of William Eurick and Jacob Danner. I ran my hand down into my pocket, pulled out my purse, examined it, and I found that I could spare them two ten-dollar gold-pieces and a Mexican doubloon, handing it to them and saying that was about all I could spare them. They thanked me most kindly

for that much, and expect to have enough money now to take both bodies with them home to their friends in Little York, Pa, where they as well as myself will receive the thanks of the citizens of that little town for loaning them the money, and at the same time saying had it not been for me they could not have been able to take them both up and bring them home.

The Mexicans living around our quarters came in large numbers to give us a hearty shake of the hand and bid us a final and, I fear, a last good-bye; some even could be seen crying, while others wanted to come along with us to our homes.

A delegation of Mexicans from the *polque tub hacienda* also came to bid us good-bye. Some brought a little *polque* along and treated some of their regular customers, and some came to collect the little bills, still unpaid—the Mexicans nearly all regretting our departure from them, fearing that after our army has left them that revolution, anarchy and malice will again reign in their land. We sympathized with them and told them to be of good cheer, and to pray that their beloved country may yet be a real free and independent state, that the fierce hatred and bitter strife of men against their fellow-beings shall be ended, and revolution and desolating war forever cease, and the people allowed to worship God according to their own consciences. Then shall peace, fertility and tranquility prevail throughout their country.

About 7 o'clock the drums began to beat. Company after company fell into line, after which we started on our homeward march, and, with a wave of our hands, bid good-bye to all the inhabitants around our quarters. The *polque* delegation cheered us heartily.

It is true we came to this country and met the people as foes, yet we leave them without malice, hate or prejudice, and departed from them with friendship, wishing them prosperity

for their country and the people of Mexico ; in fact, the people of San Angel were no foes of ours—having been encamped there so long. We got so well acquainted, and associated together so much, that we were more like friends than enemies. They have shown, by their many acts of kindness, that they were our friends all the time ; they wept like so many children ; many marched with us for miles. We marched out by the Churubusco Road, and not through the city of Mexico (as first intended), passing through the strongly-fortified town of Mexicalzingo, along the south side of El Penon Pass—Cortez's first route to the city of Mexico. Mexicalzingo is situated by Lake Xochimilco, and before Conqueror Cortez's thieving rule came to this country, was a splendid city, containing about four thousand fine houses ; but at the present time it contains nothing but a few old huts, shanties and plenty of ruins. The people who live here came out of their huts and stood along the road we were marching, and their whole conversation was about the *Americanos, muchos buenos valiente*. We marched along on a level plain, and the most of the road we passed over was strewn with large and small lava stones, no doubt caused by the numerous eruptions from the volcanic mountains near by. They look a good deal like the cinders from our furnaces—rough and sharp and difficult to pass over. Encamped at a village called Chalco, which lies close by the lake of the same name ; but, like all the villages in Mexico, it is composed of miserable huts and small houses. Whether this is the Chalco which was once so famous in Montezuma's time I am unable to decide, but being in the immediate neighborhood of the city of Mexico, and no other Chalco in the country, I take it for granted that this must be the same Chalco.

On our way from San Angel, and, in fact, before we left our quarters, the soldiers sang that favorite song or poem, called "We are Coming Home." The Mexicans, even, took a fancy to it, and called upon our boys several times to repeat it. It being part of our history, I will record it.

WE ARE COMING HOME.

- " We are coming home ! The battle's din and strife is passed,
And war's wild notes are hushed in sweet repose ;
The cannon's roar and the shrill bugle's blast
Calls out no more for vengeance on our foes.
- " We are coming ! The shattered remnant of our manhood might ;
The few survivors that are left to tell
The tale of woe ; how, in the thickest fight,
Like autumn leaves, their comrades round them fell.
- " We are coming ! The foes we came and fought are foes no more.
A tear for every fallen warrior's tomb ;
For through the battle's smoke we always bore
The olive branch besides the eagle's plume.
- " We are coming ! The winged winds that o'er blue oceans roam
Are waiting now old Neptune's stern command,
To waft our barques over the billows' foam,
And bear the exiles to their native land.
- " We are coming, friends ! the little band that proudly bore
Your torn Keystone flag through the iron storm ;
While high above the fields was seen to soar
Our native eagle's proud and gallant form.
- " We are coming ! Adieu, ye sunny climes and myrtle groves,
Where Flora reigns within perennial bowers ;
And youth and beauty woo their wedded loves,
'Mid blooming vales of never-fading flowers.
- " We are coming ! Adieu, ye daughters of a royal line.
We own ye held our hearts in thrall awhile ;
But now for maids in other lands we find,
Who will greet the soldier with a welcome smile."

A traditional belief amongst the present inhabitants of this section of country is, that untold treasures are buried around this neighborhood of lakes and rivers. The ruins of Tezeuco, including the foundation of the great pyramid 400 feet square, is close by here ; and now it is thickly overgrown with dense lots of chaparral and wild forest trees, and very difficult to get

anywhere near it. This whole region is supposed, from its many relics, to have been thickly populated by a class of people whose sacred history of its faith and race have long since been forgotten.

The ancient histories of Mexico tell us that Chalco was once a strong and well-built city, and governed by a brave and gallant people. After the inauguration of the last monarch in Mexico City, King Montezuma marched with a large army, and fell upon Chalco for the purpose of capturing prisoners to offer to his (Montezuma's) devil idol god, Viztliputli, to be sacrificed on the *pedra* sacrificial block.

The citizens of Chalco defended themselves and their city with great gallantry, and in the fight the Chalcos took King Montezuma's brother and other high princes of note prisoners. The name of Montezuma being very popular, even among his enemies, it was a regular household word. The Chalcos proposed the government of Chalco to Montezuma's brother just captured; at first he utterly refused the honored offer, but, being strongly insisted upon and many promises of rich jewels in store for him, he at last accepted the rein of government of Chalco.

There was a high mast erected (about thirty feet high); on the top of this mast was a platform for the new king to stand upon to make his inauguration speech. The day was set as a day of feast and jubilee, for an occasion in which all the Chalcos felt one common interest of uniting to give a fitting reception to their new king; in fact, the day of inauguration has been looked forward to with the most pleasure of all feasts. The people seemed to be infused with a new life, as they came from all directions with joy and activity; they came to witness the inauguration of one of the most popular young princes in their country. The principal thoroughfares were thronged with eager and expectant crowds, with much enthusiasm and excitement, while from the windows, housetops, and balconies floated the Chalco colors. Flags, bunting, evergreen, and banners with appropriate inscriptions greeted the eye at every

point. Around the stand, or mast, an immense concourse of people had gathered, and when the new king arrived it was signalled by deafening cheers of the multitude assembled to do honor to the new king.

After the new king had ascended upon the top of the mast and platform, and after a few minutes pause and rest, he cast his eyes upon the multitude of people below him. He bowed with great politeness, and then spoke with a clear and loud voice, saying, "Chalco seeks to set me on the throne; the heavens will not permit it; I would rather die than to live and be guilty of treason to your country," and which he had no sooner said, threw himself from the high mast, falling to the ground head foremost and instantly died. This act the Chalcos looked upon in bad faith, and so enraged them that they immediately went to work with wild excitement and killed nearly all the rest of Montezuma prisoners. This barbarous outrage was afterwards avenged by King Montezuma, who thought much of his brother. King Montezuma recruited his army, and marched with a large force and fell upon the Chalcos and subdued them and several other tribes, leaving only the Tlascalians unattacked, so that the Aztecs might have a neighboring enemy to attack to fetch in prisoners for their offerings on feast days.

Wednesday, May 31, 1848.—This morning at daylight we left camp Chalco and marched along lively until we arrived in mid towering Cordillera (chain of mountains). Here we stopped to refresh ourselves with a fresh supply of water, after which we all looked back toward the great valley and city of Mexico; and for fifteen minutes we penciled, and looked for the last time upon this historic valley; gazed on a picture; expands as far as the eye can reach on rich cultivated fields, floating garden, maguey or *polque* plants; its glittering lakes, and the city with its one hundred and sixty white domes; the castle of Chapultepec with its lofty tower and clumps of noble trees around it; the snow-clad volcanic mountains, Popocatepetl, Iscotafeltl, and others, which sometimes kiss the passing

clouds in the far distance ; gay theatre, all in magnificence and grandeur ; dotted with numberless villages and beautiful haciendas, surrounded with verdant hedges, orange groves and other luscious fruits ; all arranged before us like a panorama, never to be forgotten by him who had the privilege of marching with the grand army of Gen. Scott on to the halls of Montezuma. We now left, and with a wave of our hands bid good-bye to the fairest city in Mexico. We marched on until we came to Rio Frio, or Tierra Frio (cold country) ; here we encamped for the night ; it was raining, snowing, and blowing, which, of course, made everything very unpleasant for the soldiers. This place is between nine and ten thousand feet above the sea.

Thursday, June 1, 1848.—This morning we left camp Rio Frio, but in low spirits, on account of passing a disagreeable night, it raining, snowing, etc., all night ; but at noon the threatening clouds disappeared, and the sun began to make its appearance, peeping through the wild woods, which had the effect of cheering up the boys, and making it more pleasant to march.

We passed through San Martin, and went into camp at a large hacienda about three miles from San Martin. The *senor*, the proprietor of the hacienda, made his servants or peasants furnish us with wood and water.

Friday, June 2, 1848.—This morning we left camp about 6 o'clock, it being our turn to be detailed for the rear guard. We took our time in getting ready, until the last of the division had gone, when we fell in the rear ; and for the first time I noticed that Capt. William F. Binder and company of our regiment were guarding the wagon which contained Lieuts. Hare and Dutton. Lieut. Hare looked out at the back end of the wagon, and said, "Good morning, boys. The same Ike Hare still." (Laughter.) We kept marching on until we came within ten miles of Puebla City, where we encamped for the night. We all wanted to march on to Puebla, but Col. Wynkoop would let no one go except Peter Ahl, Alburtus

Welsh, and a few others. They got permission to go ahead for the purpose of taking up the dead bodies of William Eurick and Jacob Danner.

On our march to-day Sergt. C. Bruton, of Co. A, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, died from the effects of a burn received at San Angel. He was buried this evening near a stone vault.

Saturday, June 3, 1848.—This morning our company, being in the advance, left camp at daylight, and marched on until we came to the beautiful city of Puebla. Here we halted for a short time, giving the soldiers an opportunity of shaking hands with the Mexicans, who came flocking from all the corners of the city; and particularly when they heard that it was the soldiers who were stationed here during the long siege of Puebla. The *humbres, señoritas, leperos, ladrones*, etc., came from all parts of the city and bade us good-bye.

Many of the gentle class came and shook hands with us. They called us the *no rendirentregar Yankees buenos and mucho valentes Americanos*. Just as we were about going to start our old milk woman, who used to serve many of our men with *leche* (milk), came running in and among the soldiers, shaking and grasping our hands with much joy, saying, *Dios bendecir esta Americanos* (God bless these Americans). *La valentres hambres gracias Dios* (they are brave men, thank God).

We finally got started, when the *leche muger* and many others gave us three hearty cheers. We returned the compliment. Many of the women and men kept following us for over five miles chatting, talking and laughing of the times we had during the siege of Puebla. Our government is indebted to many of these Mexican women, and in particular to the huckster women, for saving the lives of many of our soldiers from the bloody assassins' hands. They were our best friends. We marched on until we came to Amozoquco, where we camped for the night. On our march to-day three soldiers of the South Carolinians died of cramp colic, they were taken back and buried at Puebla.

To-night news came into camp stating that Col. Dominguez's son, a Captain in his spy company, was killed by some guerillas in Puebla; and that Col. Dominguez (who is on his way to Vera Cruz) countermarched his company back to Puebla, and there killed five of the Mexican guerillas, who helped to kill his son. The police took one of his (Dominguez's) men prisoner, but Col. Dominguez demanded his release instantly; which, under the circumstances, was complied with.

Sunday, June 4, 1848.—This morning we left Amozoquco, and passed through Acajete, and went into camp at El Pinal Pass. The weather to-day was excessively hot.

In the evening some of the New York officers had a horse race. One horse (Mexican) was blind, and the other was lame, yet the lame one won the wager of one dollar a side.

Monday, June 5, 1848.—This morning at daylight we left camp, and passed through the town Tepunluco, went into camp about 4 o'clock, P. M., at Ojo de Agua. On our march to-day Mr. John O'Brien (generally called Pat), of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, stole a mule while running on the road, it was branded with the letters U. S. on the fore shoulders, which he afterwards burned out with an old piece of lock, and then sold it to a Mexican for ten dollars.

Tuesday, June 6, 1848.—This morning we left camp early, on account of going into camp so soon yesterday. We passed over a very rough and sandy road, and went into camp at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the town of Tepegahualco. After we arrived in camp, we were visited by dashing showers of rain, which almost drowned us out of our tents, but did not last long.

Wednesday, June 7, 1848.—This morning at 4 o'clock we left camp, and arrived at the town of Perote about 10 o'clock, A. M. Some of us visited our old quarters, the castle of Perote, and found it almost deserted. We encamped out around the castle, and spent the balance of the day in visiting our old Mexican friends, and bidding them a hearty good-bye.

Thursday, June 8, 1848.—This morning we left Perote, and passed through Cruz Blanco, Las Vegas, and several other small towns, and arrived at La Hoya about noon, where we encamped for the night. It rained the best part of the day, and our company being detailed the rear guard, made it still more disagreeable. On our way we captured a chicken, so we had a chicken for supper.

Friday, June 9, 1848.—This morning at 4 o'clock we left La Hoya, and on our march we passed through San Miguel barracks and La Banderilla, and arrived at Jalapa City at 10 o'clock, A. M. Here we stacked our muskets in the Plaza, and broke ranks for one hour. After refreshing ourselves, we again formed into line, and marched about three miles, where we encamped for the night on top of a hill, where we had a beautiful view of the Gulf of Mexico.

In the evening it commenced raining very hard. This must be the rainy season, as it has been raining nearly every day since we left San Angel.

Saturday, June 10, 1848.—This morning we did not leave camp until 8 o'clock, in consequence of to-day's march being a short one. We arrived at El Encero about 10 o'clock, A. M. Gen. Patterson took quarters in Gen. Santa Anna's residence.

To-day has been very hot. We frequently had showers of rain, thunder and lightning.

Sunday, June 11, 1848.—This morning we had orders read to us to strike our tents at noon, and leave for Vera Cruz; but an express came up from Vera Cruz stating that there were no ships at that port ready to embark on, so the order for striking tents was countermanded.

This afternoon Gen. Marshall's brigade came into camp, and pitched their tents on the left of our encampment.

Monday, June 12, 1848.—This morning is a lovely one, and I paid a visit to Gen. Santa Anna's residence. It is situated on a hill. In the rear of the building is a pond for fish and ducks. There being no garden nor fruit trees the whole place looks as if deserted, and it will take sometime to bring it to its proper shape again.

Tuesday, June 13, 1848.—This morning Gen. Patterson ordered all the tents to be placed in regular order, as he intends to draught the whole camp, which will make a splendid picture. In the afternoon another brigade came into camp, which make it a very large encampment. In the evening it was rumored that there was a revolution in the city of Mexico, headed by Gen. Paredes.

Wednesday, June 14, 1848.—This morning the whole division encamped here, were ordered on parade to have the whole camp sketched. It was drawn by one of the New York Regiment, and Gen. Patterson intends to have it lithographed at New Orleans, which will make a handsome picture. This evening it is reported that there are several ships at Vera Cruz. So our men made up another song. Its title is, "Good-bye to Mexico," which is well composed.

Thursday, June 15, 1848.—This morning two of Col. Dominguez's lancers came up from Vera Cruz with despatches for Gen. Patterson, which stated that there were several ships in the port of Vera Cruz awaiting for troops. So at 3 o'clock we struck tents, and left for Vera Cruz singing. We only marched about four miles, and encamped at a *hacienda*, the day being very hot.

Friday, June 16, 1848.—This morning at 1 o'clock we left camp, passed Cerro Gordo and Plan del Rio, here we halted for over one hour, rested and laid in a fresh supply of water. After which we marched on to Puente del Nacional. The weather being extremely hot, we encamped for the balance of the day.

STRANGE, YET TRUE.

Close by here a hard battle was fought,
Most strange, and yet most true ;
Both Generals, Scott and Santa Anna, sought
Each other to subdue.

The man who so bravely led his men to victory,
And made the fiend to fly,
Is now a prisoner, and on his way to Washington :
And Santa Anna is compelled to leave his country.

Saturday, June 17, 1848.—This morning we left camp at 1 o'clock, and arrived at San Juan about 7 o'clock, A. M., and encamped for the day and part of the night; it being still excessively hot. About one hour after we arrived in camp, news came that one of the New Yorkers had been killed by the guerillas. So Col. Wynkoop sent back for his body, which was much lanced in several places. In the evening we left camp San Juan, and went to Santa Fe. We arrived about 10 o'clock and encamped.

Sunday, June 18, 1848.—This morning we left camp early, and marched slowly on account of the road being heavy and sandy. We halted at Rio Medio for one hour to rest and refresh ourselves, after which we left and arrived at the outskirts of Vera Cruz about 11 o'clock, A. M., when it commenced to rain most powerfully. All got wet through and through. Col. Wynkoop would not allow any of the soldiers to enter the city of Vera Cruz until the ship was ready to receive us. This caused a great deal of dissatisfaction amongst the men, who were obliged to encamp on the wet beach without tents. It being too wet for me to retire, I went over to Lieuts. Hare and Dutton, and had a general talk with them about the shooting affairs in the city of Mexico. They both said that the shooting was all in self-defence; that it was a general gambling-room fight, and that nobody knows to this day who killed the banker; that the lights were all put out; that a dozen or more shots were fired at one another at one time; that the fighting and shooting was not done on account or intention of robbery, but on account of cheating and falling out about the game. The trial was the most absurd thing that they have ever heard tell of; they were allowed no counsel or witnesses to defend themselves with, or even they (Hare and Dutton) were not allowed in the court-room to hear what was going on. After their conviction, Gen. Robert Patterson came to their room and told them not to make themselves anyway uneasy of either being shot or hung; that he (Gen. Patterson) had got it from Gen. William O. Butler

directly that nothing shall be done to them, the trial being merely a mockery and a sham, making the Mexicans believe that our government is carrying out the laws.

Monday, June 19, 1848.—Good-bye to Mexico! This morning, after we had our coffee, a party of us soldiers visited our old camp-ground and volunteer battery, which played such dreadful havoc during the *bombardear* of the city of Vera Cruz, and had it not been for the breastworks, etc., we would never have found it; for the whole place is grown over with wild bushes or, more like, chaparral. We picked up several pieces of burst shells and other curiosities.

About 10 o'clock we heard the drum beat to fall into line. We hurried back, and marched into the city of Vera Cruz, reciting, and some singing, "We are coming Home" and "Good-bye to Mexico." Oh, you cannot imagine how happy and rejoiced we all felt when we first saw the Stars and Stripes fluttering from the stern of the ship "Eudora," lying along the wharf of Vera Cruz, which is to be our floating *casa* (home) till we step from the gangway upon our own land, where beggars are seldom seen, where poverty and wretchedness are rare, where every man, woman and child (particularly in the North) are free and happy, and where everything speaks of prosperity, civilization and self-government.

We now got on board the steamship, but it was not quite ready to sail—that is, they were taking on freight and military stores. This gave us an opportunity to view the sandhills and other historic points in and around Vera Cruz. We cast our eyes down the harbor, and could plainly see the Island of Sacrificios and the bend behind which we landed. Well do we all remember how anxious and pleased we were to land on the shores of Mexico, and march on to the capital of Mexico to see that ancient city, and how eager and doubly glad we now all are to return home again.

Our steamer (or, in fact, our engineer) was getting in motion for home. Several Mexicans came on board to speak to us and bid us good-bye; one was the superintendent on the

wharf, who has learned to talk English very fluently. He commenced by saying, "What a great change has taken place since the Yankees first landed on our shores! When you Yankees first landed, I, with the rest of my countrymen and women, felt it a blessing to rise in arms against you, and patriotically cut the throat of every Yankee in the country. Now, we deeply regret the Yankees' departure. We told him that our mission to Mexico has been accomplished with credit to ourselves and, we hope, with honor to our government; that we like Mexico, and we believe that it could be made one of the richest and best fruit-growing countries on the Pacific coast. We found all kinds of fruit growing wild along the National Road, and some of the finest fields of grain we ever saw; and we hope that the day may not be far distant when there will be a railroad from Vera Cruz to the capital, and machine-shops and other manufactories spring up all over their country, and civilization, national reform, and morals be ordered, and a self-government be established. Then, and not until then, prosperity, happiness, and confidence will prevail. But to accomplish this event you will have to break up your priest and monk rule; you must first take politics out of your religion, and religion out of politics, and let the people rule; you must guarantee life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness to every living being in your country; you must guarantee religious liberty, and worship God according to their own belief.

He said that was all good as far as it went; that he was a Catholic, and believed all good Catholics would go straight to heaven when they die, for they have had their purgatory in this world. All other religion or believers will go to hell.

We told him that we were not all Catholics, but we believed in God and his Son, and we believed in carrying out and obeying God's laws, and by so doing we will stand as good a chance to enter the kingdom of heaven as some of the Catholics who worship images made out of wood and stone. To this he straightened himself up and cast his eyes towards heaven and stamped his feet on the deck, saying, "No, never,

never," that we Yankees would all go to hell. We told him that he was an ignorant fool; that we did not want any more conversation with him; that he should *vamos* the ship. He left saying good-bye, and that he was sure the devil would get us all. (Laughter.)

Mexico unfortunately never had any Plymouth Rock pilgrims or a William Penn. The first white men; Cortez and his followers, were a band of wild adventurers, robbers, and murderers, from the day they first landed to the present time. He has slaughtered the inhabitants by the million; he wounded and robbed without scruple; he enslaved and subjected them in ignorance and submission to the Catholic faith, and they are held indolent, ignorant and superstitious up to the present time (1848).

Mexico may be worth something to see, but is not worth going to see; although I shall ever remember the many ancient and historic scenes I have seen in Mexico.

The tourists and travellers through this country are mostly either robbed or murdered. There is no protection for human life; or no punishment for the outlaws in Mexico.

We now heard the rattling of the anchor chains and the engine bell. "Let go," was the cry, and off we started with cheers. After we had gone out of sight, we began to look around for our bunks to lay ourselves upon; but I am sorry to say none could be had, and we were compelled to lie down anywhere and everywhere. Besides this, the ship is very dirty—not a decent spot for even a dog to lie on. So there was a good deal of growling, saying these are some of the laurels we are getting for conquering the Republic of Mexico. Now everything looks gloomy, nothing but the sea and the heavens can be seen.

GOOD-BYE TO MEXICO.

Homeward our feet are turned once more,
The last to leave, the first to land,
And now press forward to the shore
That girds our free northern land ;
Oh ! how the heart with rapture thrills,
How leap in thought our mountain rills,
And waves, after the golden grain,
Upon our home-fields wide and far,
That shall see and tread again,
Wooded by our own sweet summer air.

Homeward—how much is in that word !
Home that we left several years ago,
When first the blast of war was heard
On hill above, in vale below ;
Then how our yeomen hurried forth
From East and West and North and South ;
They met and vanquished oft the foe
On many a hard, bloody contested field,
Where, with their banners torn and low,
We saw his boasting legions yield.

But this is past, peace has returned,
Our blades are sheathed and still now—
Blades that on many fields have earned
Bright laurels for the wearer's brow ;
And our gallant soldiers' duty done,
We leave this land of bloom and sun,
Its never-changing summer time,
Its gardens and its olive groves,
Its avenues of fragrant thyme,
Its *fetes*, its intrigues, and its loves.

Oh ! land of beauty, peerless, bright,
Of snow-capped peaks and smiling plains,
Yet shrouded in a darker night
Than ever Egypt's shrines remains ;
The stranger parting from the shores,
Thy glories to behold no more,
Bids thee farewell with swelling heart,
As his swift bark leaps over the sea,
And, as the truant tear-drops start,
Prays God that thou mayest yet be free.

Farewell! notices are broken, though
 I have tarried long upon thy soil;
 Farewell! though coming as a foe
 I leave thee without hate or spoil;
 And parting thus, forever let
 The stranger hope that you may yet
 Rise from your living grave and stand,
 Before the nations just and great,
 Protecting *all* within the land,
 A free and independent State.

Farewell! thy spires are sinking fast
 Behind yon gray volcanic hills,
 I feel this look will be the last,
 Yet no regret my bosom fills,
 For all my hopes and all my fears
 Are with the scenes of earlier years;
 Fond memories fast around me throng,
 And shall I, can I, break the spell?
 One parting word—a deep, a long,
 A hearty, and a last farewell!

Tuesday, June 20, 1848.—This morning I got up wet and stiff, it having rained all last night and being exposed thereto. Some of our men are still sea-sick and much discouraged by the treatment we are getting.

At noon the weather appeared beautiful, a pleasant breeze stirring.

Wednesday, June 21, 1848.—This morning looked fine and pleasant, and nearly all the sea-sick men are getting well fast.

At noon our mess (what is left) had a good dinner of sour crout; and for supper we had dried apples, pickles, onions, all captured last evening. Soldiers will not starve as long as anything can be got to eat.

Thursday, June 22, 1848.—This morning there was a considerable fuss on board the ship on account of some of our soldiers stealing a little pig out of the ship captain's cabin, and search was made for the lost pig, but all in vain.

To-day we spoke several schooners and ships, all bound for Vera Cruz to take troops on board.

Friday, June 23, 1848.—This morning there is a fine air stirring, and our fellows have nearly all recovered from their sea-sickness.

To-day we spoke the steamboat "Hercules." This is a tow-boat, and is bound for Vera Cruz. Also saw several other vessels bound for the same place and purposes.

In the evening we met the steamboat "Union." We are now looking out for land. The mate of the ship took out his spy-glass and discovered land ten miles off. Cheers rent the air.

Saturday, June 24, 1848.—This morning mostly all the soldiers got up in good spirits, on the prospect of seeing Uncle Sam's land soon.

At noon we passed the schooner "Creole," loaded with a detachment of the New York Regiment. They left Vera Cruz about the same time we did; report all well. Soon afterwards some of our soldiers, who had been on the lookout for land, cried out with an exciting voice, "Land ahead! land ahead!" and, sure enough, the notice proved true. We could plainly see the Balizes, at which place we arrived about 5 o'clock, P. M. Cheers after cheers were then given for the United States and our beloved country. We continued on up the noble Mississippi river. The weather being beautiful, all the soldiers were upon deck viewing the scenery. All were much rejoiced and delighted, on account of our safe arrival in the States. Cheerfulness graced their faces. There is a saying, "Next to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face." There is no doubt some truth about this; for as soon as we saw land, I could see the bright eyes, the unclouded brow and the sunny smile at one glance on every man's face.

Sunday, June 25, 1848.—This morning at 1 o'clock the ship stopped to do some repairing, but started again at 4 o'clock this morning. We passed several beautiful plantations. The shores were crowded with ladies waving their hands and handkerchiefs, welcoming the soldiers to their homes. The weather is most delightful, and the soldiers are in buoyant

spirits, which is an excellent wearing quality ; and it may well be called the bright weather of the heart, for it gives encouragement and harmony, and enables nature to recruit its strength ; whereas, worry and discontent debilitates.

To-day our men amused themselves shooting at alligators, which are numerous on the shores of the Mississippi river.

Monday, June 26, 1848.—This morning the reveille beat at daylight, and all soldiers got up, washed, and dressed themselves with new clothing, and threw some of their old rags with their contents overboard. We passed Jackson Barracks and Fort Philips; arrived at New Orleans about 7 o'clock, A. M. The ship halted on the other side of New Orleans. Of course the soldiers were anxious to get on shore, but the captain of the ship would not let us go until he had orders; so about an hour afterwards the ship hoisted her anchor and went farther up the river—about seven miles from New Orleans. Here we landed, and found the four companies of our regiment already encamped, they having arrived the day previous. We pitched our tents and then laid ourselves down once more on the soil of the United States, but regret to say that the mosquitoes here are about as bad as the Mexican fleas.

Tuesday, June 27, 1848.—This morning four companies of our regiment left for Pittsburgh in the steamboat "Western World," under the command of Lieut.-Col. Black.

In the evening the steamboat "General Hamilton" arrived. Col. Wynkoop went on board, and there was some difficulty about the cabin passengers, but it was soon settled, and the soldiers got on board and left for Pittsburgh. J. C. Taylor and I got a bunk on top of the boilers.

Wednesday, June 28, 1848.—This morning the Adjutant called for a guard to guard the few soldier prisoners ; but they refused to act, saying that they are now in the United States, and they consider the guard duty is played out. So the prisoners were dealt out to each company to take charge of them.

To-day we passed Baton Rouge. As we passed, the old hero of Buena Vista, Gen. Taylor, accompanied by side guards,

made their appearance on the bank. We cheered him three times three. He returned the compliments by taking off his hat and waving of his hand. We also passed several large and splendid plantations, such as sugar and cotton, and could plainly see the darkies (slaves) working in the fields. Their masters or overseers are mostly on horseback, with a heavy whip in hand.

Thursday, June 29, 1848.—This morning about 8 o'clock, a soldier named Robinson, belonging to Company G, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, fell overboard, and, before any assistance could be rendered, was drowned. He was a good and faithful soldier, and it seems hard to think that he should lose his life while on his way home.

We arrived at Vicksburg about 8 o'clock in the evening. Here we took on board some disbanded volunteers belonging to the Mississippi cavalry. The citizens are cheering us on our way up.

Friday, June 30, 1848.—This morning we passed several large plantations.

•At noon we had a race with another steamboat, but neither could make much headway, although our boat is the fastest, but had to stop several times to take on and leave off passengers and freight.

Saturday, July 1, 1848.—This morning we stopped at Napoleon, and took on Mr. Samuel P. Stickney's circus company.

To-day we passed several small towns, where the people welcomed us by cheers.

In the evening the band belonging to Mr. S. P. Stickney's circus company played several national airs on the hurricane deck, which much delighted all the soldiers.

Sunday, July 2, 1848.—This morning we stopped at Memphis, and landed Stickney's circus company. Here we had an opportunity to run around the city for one hour, and got something to eat, better than government rations.

Monday, July 3, 1848.—This morning one of Company I, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was missing. It is supposed that he fell overboard, as one of the colored deck hands had seen something fall overboard, and supposed it was only a blanket. We started back and tried to find him, but it was no good; he is gone, and met a watery grave.

To-day, as usual, we stopped at several towns to leave off and take on passengers, and arrived at Cairo about 8 o'clock this evening. Here we stopped for one hour; left off passengers and mails; and then left the town in the midst of cheers and roaring of the artillery on shore.

Tuesday, July 4, 1848.—This morning is the glorious Fourth of July, and our officers ordered the bartender to let all the soldiers have two drinks apiece; but some took five or six drinks, and got pretty well *corned*. To-day being the Fourth we received a great many honors on both sides of the river shore; in fact, some places on the banks were strewed with people, and seemed much rejoiced at our arrival; also saluted from cannons, small firearms and cheers. As a fellow said, the citizens gathered *en masse* to welcome us to our sweet home. We answered all these salutes by firing off a small cannon.

Wednesday, July 5, 1848.—This morning we stopped at Troy, Ind., to take on coal and leave off passengers. We left, and in the evening we were visited by a shower of rain, which cooled the air.

Thursday, July 6, 1848.—This morning we stopped at Louisville, Ky., to go through the canal. Here we all got off the steamboat and went into the city of Louisville and laid in a fair stock of provisions—not government rations. Our boat had hard work to get through the canal. They had to chop away part of the boat's bow, and in the operation a plank flew up and struck a negro on the head, knocked him overboard and drowned him.

Friday, July 7, 1848.—This morning we arrived and stopped at Madison, Indiana. Here the people gathered in large

numbers; men, women, and children came running from their cottages to see the soldiers, and honoring them with speeches, firing off firearms, etc., which were answered on our side by firing off a small cannon belonging to the steamboat.

After having discharged some of our living freight, and the same sort taken on, we left Madison in the midst of firing off firearms, cheering, and clapping of hands by the citizens on shore and on the steamboats.

We arrived at Cincinnati, O., about 4 o'clock, P. M. Before we arrived at Cincinnati, on both sides of the river, on shore, people had gathered in large numbers. Many ladies and gentlemen were on horseback, cheering; and the fair damsels waving their handkerchiefs in the air.

Our arrival was signaled by the roar of artillery. By the time our boat touched the wharf the people had gathered in immense numbers on board of the steamboats, flatboats, and on shore. The firemen with their engines came dashing along, bursting forth wild and continued cheering, clapping of hands, and firing off cannons, small-arms, etc. Such wild and enthusiastic cheering and roaring of artillery I have not heard since the treaty of peace was declared at the capital of Mexico. We begin to feel ourselves, "who wouldn't be a soldier of the Mexican war."

These people, by their applause, must have formed an idea that the soldiers were great men who landed before Vera Cruz, on the land of the Aztec, without the loss of a single man or the slightest accident, and captured that strongly fortified city, Vera Cruz, mounting nearly one hundred cannons, and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa—a second Gibraltar—mounting over four hundred cannons; after which, with ten thousand men, triumphantly marched towards the city of Mexico, a distance of three hundred miles, through a country both by art and nature extremely difficult of passing; fought numbers of bloody battles, carrying everything before them by storm in the face of extraordinary odds; capturing cities, towns, and the strongest positions for defenses in their country; capturing

the ancient city of the Montezumas, with all its ancient arts of ancient times ; all, all, with but little over six thousand men, with the heroic Gen. Winfield Scott at its head ; all without a single defeat or the slightest check.

Thus the people have reason to believe that the second conquerors of Mexico are really extraordinary and super-human in strength and power. They first thought that we were part of the Ohio Volunteers on their way home ; and when they found out that we were part of the old Keystoneers, which carried its flags to the halls of Montezuma, the arrangements for the grand entree into their queen city was postponed, but the joyful and much enthusiastic citizens insisted that we, the soldiers, should land and march through a few of their principal streets, to which appeal our officers at last consented. We went on shore and formed into line, and then marched up into the city through a dense mass of people, full of huzzahs and enthusiasm. All were anxious to see part of the second conquerors of Mexico come. All the streets, house-tops, windows, balconies, etc., were packed with people, cheering and waving handkerchiefs. Across the streets hung our country's flag, and pictures of Gens. Scott, Taylor and others. The whole scene was a grand affair. When we came near the portrait of Gen. Scott it was cheered with a will. After marching around a few squares, we returned and again got on board of the steamboat "General Hamilton," when we were dismissed for the day, and given leave to go on shore ; and some of us had no sooner got on shore than the citizens gathered around our men in groups, asking about five hundred different questions at one time concerning the battles fought in Mexico. Also the opinion of the soldiers in regard to the removal of Gen. Scott, and what the soldiers thought of it.

We answered their questions in our own way. That the removal and superseding of Gen. Scott, after he had captured the city of Mexico, and making the whole dominion of Mexico submit to our terms, was one of the grossest and most high-handed acts that has ever happened in our government. And

when Gens. Pillow and Worth will be called upon, and stand before Gen. Scott to prove their charges, they will be so ashamed of themselves that they will leave the court-room, and hide their faces in their *dirty* hands.

These people listened, as the saying is, with their ears and eyes wide open, and by the tone and general conversation with the citizens we find they sympathize with Gen. Scott, and think he has been treated shamefully.

We are to remain here until to-morrow night; or, in fact, until the other four companies of our regiment comes up. We have plenty to eat and drink free of all charges. I have been informed by our Lieutenant, A. Haines, that we will be taken off the "General Hamilton" to-morrow, and put on a smaller steamboat, as the Ohio River is too low for large steamboats to run on. Late in the evening I had a long talk with some of the boatmen on the canal. I returned on board the "General Hamilton" to take a good sleep.

Saturday, July 8, 1848.—This morning, after breakfast, a party of us started out to visit the city, and I find it to be a great business place, particularly in the pork line. The wharves are all paved with large paving-stones, so are its streets, and splendidly laid out.

In the afternoon we were taken off the "General Hamilton," and put on board a smaller steamboat running between here and Pittsburgh—the water being too low for large or heavy boats to run. On this boat we all got state cabin passage, which is the first sign of civilization since we left Pittsburgh on our way to Mexico. The idea of private soldiers, or even *corporals*, getting state-room cabin passage is something amazingly absurd; it makes us feel as proud as if we were promoted to a brigadier-generalship.

In the evening Col. Wynkoop telegraphed to Memphis to know whether the other four companies of our regiment had passed that city, as we are waiting here until their arrival; but no answer came, which signifies that they had not yet passed that city. So we are obliged to wait a little longer.

Sunday, July 9, 1848.—This being Sunday, a large number of citizens came on board to visit us, shaking hands and congratulating us on our safe return, and asking many questions about the battles fought and the removal of Gen. Scott.

This afternoon, Sergt. Robert Freeston, of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, died of diarrhœa.

Monday, July 10, 1848.—This morning I was informed that Co. D intends to take the dead body of Sergt. Freeston, who died yesterday, on to Philadelphia to his relatives.

At noon I again visited the city, and took a walk around the canal, and talked to some of the boatmen about boating, as that used to be my occupation on the Pennsylvania Canal from 1840 to 1846.

Tuesday, July 11, 1848.—This morning at 10 o'clock some of the Ohio Volunteers arrived. They had a grand reception by the citizens and firemen; they turned out *en masse* to do honor to their sons who fought on the sandy plains of Mexico. There was much cheering and confusion during their marching through the city.

About noon Col. Wynkoop concluded to start, and left the city with firing a salute and cheers. Passed several small *villas* (towns), and at dusk it commenced to rain, which had the effect of cooling the air.

Wednesday, July 12, 1848.—This morning was very foggy, and prevented the boat from going her regular speed. We passed several fine towns, and were kindly saluted by the citizens, with firing off of cannons and cheering.

To-day has been very pleasant, and the hurricane-deck was crowded.

Thursday, July 13, 1848.—This morning we stopped at a small town to let off and take on passengers; left, and passed several other towns. Along the river people could be seen in groups cheering and waving their handkerchiefs.

In the evening, about 8 o'clock, we arrived at Wheeling, Va., which is about ninety miles from Pittsburgh. Here we were met by the citizens on the wharf and on steamboats lying here,

cheering and firing salutes in honor of our arrival. Who wouldn't be a soldier in time of war, when you are greeted with such honors? Speeches were made by several intelligent gentlemen, which were responded to by our Col. Wynkoop. After an hour's stay, we left in the midst of cheering and the booming of cannons, and just as we left, William Thomas, a recruit of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, died.

Friday, July 14, 1848.—This morning early we passed Wells-ville, O., where the citizens greeted us with hearty cheers.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., we crossed the line, arriving once more in old Pennsylvania, for which we gave six hearty cheers, and at the same time firing off our little cannon thirteen times in honor of the thirteen original States.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., we arrived at the thriving town of Beaver, Pa. Here we halted, and at the same time tolling the steam-boat-bell for the purpose of notifying the citizens of the death and burial of a soldier (Wm. Thomas), who died last evening. The tolling of the boat-bell had the effect of bringing large numbers of people from all parts of the town to the wharf, inquiring, "What is the matter?" "Who is dead?" etc.

After the boat was fastened to the wharf, we landed, formed into line with drum and fife, and attended the funeral of William Thomas in a body; besides, it was accompanied by a large number of citizens, who paid all due respect to the honored dead by closing their business places and tolling nearly all the church-bells in the borough while the parade was marching to the cemetery—it being the first soldier who served in the Mexican war who was buried in that beautiful little town. A minister of the Gospel volunteered his services, and spoke with great eloquence suitable to the occasion at the grave, promising the soldiers that the grave of William Thomas, of Co. D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who has fought life's battle to the end, will forever be well taken care of by the citizens of Beaver.

After the ceremony was over, we returned to our steamboat, where we were met by the Committee of Arrangements from

Pittsburgh, who had just arrived from that city. The committee formed on deck, where they welcomed the officers and soldiers of the Pennsylvania Volunteers to Pennsylvania in a neat and appropriate speech, which was responded to by our Col. Francis M. Wynkoop.

In the evening, large numbers of the citizens and firemen, with their equipments on, visited our boat, and it was laughable to see the people—ladies in particular, who, thank God, always look out for the comfort of the soldiers—coming on board with baskets full of eatables, and offering them to the men, which, of course, was all kindly and thankfully received. I notice the ladies in this section of the country are more liberal and sociable, and chat more to the soldiers of the suffering and hardship they went through, than any other place we have come to. I think some of the ladies are falling in love with some of our men, and one of our men told me that he fell in love with one of the girls, and that as soon as he got home and discharged he was going to correspond with her. The treasures of the deep are not so precious as are the concealed comforts of a man's heart locked up in a woman's love. What say you, my friends?

In the evening Col. Wynkoop received a telegraphic dispatch from our other companies, stating that they had left Cincinnati in the steamboat "Jewess," and would be here (Beaver) to-night or to-morrow morning.

Saturday, July 15, 1848.—This morning we still find that the other companies have not made their appearance. We waited until 1 o'clock, P. M., when we moved off from the shore, and left with cheers from the citizens on shore as well as from the soldiers on board. We passed Rochester, Freedom, Economy and other small villages. At all these towns the people crowded on the wharves and along the river shore, cheering and firing off cannons and other small firearms. Some of the ladies could be seen standing on house-tops waving their handkerchiefs in the air.

At Economy we stopped to take on wood. A notice was given out that we would stop here for about an hour, to give the "Jewess" a chance to catch up to us. This gave the soldiers a chance to get on shore and view the town, which lies along, and running parallel with, the Ohio river; laid out with wide streets, and well shaded with fine large trees. It is about 18 miles from Pittsburgh. Through a conversation with one of its oldest inhabitants, I learn it was first built by a community called Harmony Society.

This Society was first organized at Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1703. They still talk what we may call the real Pennsylvania Dutch dialect language. They put me in mind more of the Lancaster County people than any other class I have had the pleasure to meet with. The women wear plain dresses, but neat, clean and Quakerish-looking bonnets, and the men wear broad-brim hats; yet they are not Quakers.

In 1803 this Harmony Society emigrated to Butler County, Pennsylvania, purchased a large tract of land, and built a town called Harmony. Here they were joined by Mr. George Rapp, a thrifty, intelligent German gentleman, and very popular man, who soon became their preacher and a great leader in their Society. In 1814 they became dissatisfied with their location in Butler County; sold all their lands and houses in Pennsylvania, and moved to the State of Indiana. They settled near the Wabash river, bought a large tract of land, and built another town called Harmony; but they soon became discontented and demoralized, on account of the unhealthy climate and hostile feelings amongst their new neighbors, who did not want their Society in their State.

In 1825 they again sold their houses and land, and went back to old Pennsylvania, and bought a large tract of land in Beaver county, and built this town Economy, where they remain to this day; and by the looks of the town it plainly shows that they are industrious, persevering and frugal in their habits, and have proven an orderly, inoffensive and

law-abiding people, and it would be a great blessing to this country if some more of our towns and cities were inhabited with some of the same material. There would be no occasion of having any lawyers, poor-houses, jails, etc.

The people, as at Beaver, brought edibles, and particularly the ladies (God bless these dear angels). I cannot praise them too much. They seemed to be the only people who care and look into the welfare and comfort of the soldiers.

I find the people here are great friends of Gen. Scott. They asked many questions in regard to his removal, and the opinions of soldiers of Gen. Scott. They were answered by the soldiers (as at many other places), speaking in the highest terms of Gen. Scott as a leader, and of his victorious campaign in Mexico; the many obstacles and embarrassments, which were constantly thrown in his way by our jealous government, were all done for the purpose of breaking down Gen. Scott's popularity and fair name. We also style it outrageous, unjust and infamous; a reproach to our civilization; a stigma of the deepest dye to our government forever.

The steamboat bell now rung for all to get on board; after which we started without waiting for the arrival of the "Jewess." We soon came in sight of the smoky city Pittsburgh; at which city we arrived at 4 o'clock, P. M. Here we found steamboats, and other water crafts; as well as all along the wharves for miles the citizens had gathered. All the housetops, doorways, windows, etc., were crowded to see the heroes of the Mexican war. The bands on the steamboats were playing stirring pieces; winding up with "Sweet Home." The cheering and firing of cannons and other firearms were immense. The people were wild with enthusiasm.

Before we were fastened to the wharf we were met by Captain, William F. Small, who was greeted with his cheers from his old company. We were all much pleased seeing him again. He made a little interesting speech to the soldiers.


It will be remembered that Capt. W. F. Small left us at Jalapa City, November 24, 1847, to take his seat in the State Senate, to which position he was elected October 12, 1847.

The Captain informs us that there is great preparations being made in Philadelphia to receive the soldiers. We are now fastened to the shore, and ordered to land on the wharf and form into line ; when Judge Wilkins, of Pittsburgh, was introduced, and made a telling and applauding speech, touching upon our gallantry and triumphant achievements of our hardships, sufferings, etc., which was answered by Col. Wynkoop ; which speeches were received with great applause. After this ceremony was over we were ordered to march through several of the principal streets with our old torn banner unfolded to the breeze.

We marched on and passed Lieut.-Col. Black's residence ; where an immense concourse of people had assembled, and who greeted us with hearty cheers. We gave Mrs. Col. Black three rousing cheers, which she received with a very polite bow, and waving her handkerchief.

The streets we marched through were so crowded that it was almost impossible to get along, so anxious were the people to see the second conquerors of Mexico come.

After marching through several streets we came back to the steamboat again, and there were dismissed for the balance of the evening and night. This caused a good deal of dissatisfaction among the soldiers, on account of the citizens of Pittsburgh never saying once, will you take something to eat or even to *drink* ; a relish a soldier always expects to get, particularly after marching in the hot sun. Some of our men were heard to swear and say that if they had known that they were to get nothing to eat or even to drink they wouldn't have marched through their black streets. Some had pies and cakes left that the people of Beaver and Economy had given to us, and we fell back on them, but those who hadn't anything left had to fall back on government rations.



The ladies of Pittsburgh were very enthusiastic when we marched through their streets, but never so much as said "poor soldier, here is a cake or a cracker." We find the ladies of the country towns are more liberal and more real friends to the soldiers. Good-night, ladies and gentlemen of Pittsburgh; your *generous hospitality and many kindnesses* will ever be remembered by the soldiers of the Mexican War.

Sunday, July 16, 1848.—This morning Gen. Robert Patterson and the other long-looked-for companies arrived in Pittsburgh. They report that four of their soldiers died on the way with diarrhœa. There is a good deal of grumbling amongst the soldiers on account of the treatment we received from the citizens. Those who have a little money left went to hotels and boarding-houses to take board.

At 10 o'clock Capt. Small and our whole company attended church, which was crowded to overflowing.

In the evening several of our officers held a meeting to decide whether to go to Philadelphia to be disbanded, or here in Pittsburgh.

Monday, July 17, 1848.—This morning the officers decided to go to Philadelphia, there to be disbanded. This caused a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst some of our western companies, who wanted to be discharged here, and go home on their own hook.

This afternoon we received orders to be on the packet boat at 6 o'clock this evening; so we embarked and left the smoky city with no regret, or even a cheer. We passed several small towns and received small honors, but our fellows received them coolly, on account of being much dispirited at having nothing but government rations to eat. Gen. Patterson is on our packet. We have good accommodation on this boat.

Tuesday, July 18, 1848.—This morning we passed through Leechburg, where I had the honor of again seeing old David Leech, the founder of the Pioneer and Leech & Co. lines of packets and freight lines. He is a stout, robust man, and has the appearance of a great business man. Passed several other

small towns, and arrived at Blairsville in the evening. Here is where some of the people showed hospitality—offering to give our men supper if we waited; but the captain of the boat would not consent to it. We halted about twenty minutes, and then left again.

Wednesday, July 19, 1848.—This morning we arrived at Johnstown, where the good citizens invited us to take breakfast, after which we took the cars and had a most pleasant ride through the most picturesque part of Pennsylvania; passed over ten inclined planes—up five and down five, all within about forty miles of road, to overcome the height of 2,570 feet of the Allegheny mountain, 1,398 being on the eastern and 1,172 feet on the western side of the mountain.

The Allegheny and Portage Railroad crosses what is called Blair's Gap Summit, passed through a tunnel of nearly nine hundred feet in length, through the mountains. We sweep around the curve over the viaduct at Horseshoe Bend in the shape of a semicircular arch of eighty feet span over the Conemaugh river, which cost nearly \$55,000; passed over several other smaller viaducts, besides a number of culverts.

On the Summit, the citizens had a fine dinner prepared for a company of the Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, which started from this immediate neighborhood and is expected to arrive every moment. As we passed they greeted us with three hearty cheers. We, of course, responded to the cheer, and at the same time told them that we were very sorry that we couldn't stop and take dinner with them, at which remark they took a hearty laugh; passed on and arrived at Hollidaysburg about 4 o'clock, P. M.; looked back on the magnificent scene, on range after range of mountains, woods over woods, rising in grand array in gay and theatrical pride before us. The citizens received us with hearty cheers, and offered us supper if we would stay, but our officers would not consent to the generous request.

Hollidaysburg is a lively little town in boating season in transferring merchandise from boats to cars to carry over the

mountains westward, and unloading it from cars into canal-boats to carry eastward. Here we again took the packet-boat and left Hollidaysburg, with three rousing cheers from the crowd on shore. They also cheered Gen. Robert Patterson, who is with us on his way home. Passed Frankstown—once, before the canal and railroad were finished, an important point on the road over the mountains. Passed Williamsburg, Alexander, etc.

Since the above has been written, the Allegheny Portage Railroad, from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown, and the western division of the Pennsylvania Canal, from Johnstown to Pittsburgh, have all been abandoned and superseded by the great Pennsylvania Railroad route—the extensive inclined planes having been avoided by a gradual grade and tunnel under the Allegheny Mountains.

Thursday, July 20, 1848.—This morning we arrived at McVeytown. Here I had the pleasure of meeting a good many of my old friends, who, as well as myself, were pleased at seeing one another again, having only time to say a few words and shake hands with them while the boat was passing through the lock, making me promise them that I would call to see them soon after my discharge in Philadelphia. As we passed out of the lock they gave us three hearty cheers. Passed on down the *raging* canal until about one mile above Lockport, or Three Locks, as some call it, where I first saw my brother Frederick on shore. I instantly jumped off the packet boat, and, of course, you can all imagine we were both much rejoiced in seeing one another again. The boat was going on, and I had only time to say a few words to him and give him a hearty shake of the hand, and hurried down to Lockport to catch the boat. Here I met some of my most intimate friends, who greeted me with great joy, and particularly Dr. J. L. Ickes and family. More so by his beautiful and amiable daughter, Miss Catharine E. Ickes, who seemed to be much rejoiced and pleased in seeing me, and I could see by the bright sparkling of her eyes, the pleasing countenance

of her loving face, the movements of her rosy lips, and the squeeze she gave me with her lily-white hands, made an impression upon my heart that there was something more than a welcome—*i. e.*, love.

“ Thus let me hold to my heart,
And every care resign,
And shall we never, never part,
Oh, than my all that's mine.”


Goldsmith.

Here and around this immediate neighborhood I spent the last part of my boyhood days; here, in Robinson and Hoffman school-house, so called—the latter now dim and old—where the ceiling was so low that a tall scholar had to stoop as he walked to his seat, I received the little education I am possessed of.

The romantic scenes now visible remind me of the many merry, happy days and hours I have passed in the good old times of our boyhood days. Here, when going to and from school, we used to pelt one another with snowballs—sliding on the ice and down the hills with our little sleds; its memories and recollections are ever near and dear to me, and I cannot, will not, forget them. Here the nightingale enchants you in the fine summer evening. Its picturesque scenery and the many happy hours I have passed here were frequently mingled with the dreams in camp and on the battle-fields and plains of Mexico.

We passed on, and at the same time I explained to my comrades the different points along the Juniata River, the very spot where old Fort Granville stood in 1756, the Indian mound near the locks above Lewistown, etc.

Arrived at Lewistown about 3 o'clock, P. M. By referring back to the beginning of my journal you will see that at this town I first made up my mind to enlist in Capt. William F. Small's Company (C), First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to serve during the war with Mexico, and it gives me pleasure to say I never regretted it.



Here we were informed that there was a break in the canal at the Narrows ; so we were obliged to remain here for several hours until the break was mended. This delay gave me an opportunity to call and see some of my old friends ; among them was Mr. John Colder, for whom, in 1845, I used to drive packet team, and whose son, Lloyd Colder, died at Perote Castle of San Carlos, Mexico. He was much pleased at seeing me, and made particular inquiry regarding his son, after which he took me to his house and introduced me to Mrs. Colder. After shaking hands and talking awhile she got on the subject of her son Lloyd. I informed her that I saw him buried with all the honors of war, and followed to his grave by nearly the whole garrison of Perote. She then burst into tears, and was much affected and grieved, as she loved Lloyd dearly. Seeing that she was much mortified I did not stay long. I left and called on different other friends, and my old bosom friend Mr. Smith, the boss blacksmith of the Pioneer Packet stables of Lewistown in 1845 ; talked with him and some of the packet drivers for some time, cracking jokes and telling stories, and how I used to ring the bell—notice to passengers that the packet boat is approaching, bringing out my three high-spirited greys, dashed over the canal bridge, cracking my whip over their heads, indicating to the packet's crew that old *Santa* (as they familiarly called me) with his greys was ready and would speedily take them to the next station, and so on until the very old bell rung for all the soldiers to get on board, and soon left Lewistown in the midst of cheers and clapping of hands.

Late in the evening we arrived at Mifflintown. Here a large number of people had gathered to see us. Stopped a few minutes, receiving cheers and clapping of hands.

“ Comrades and friends, the glorious past recalls
Your well-known fields of battle fought and won.
Young, enthusiastic, eager, proud as you were then,
Marched, stormed through the hills, the mountain passes climb,
Camp on the streams through heat and storm, through fertile vales
that flow

From the broad beds of the everlasting snowy volcanic hills.
Remember that we all were Uncle Sam's men there,
And in the common glory had a share.
The toils and hardships of battles and march endure ;
Win glory on our way home, and your country's thanks secure."

Pike.

Friday, July 21, 1848.—This morning early we arrived at Dauphin, where we first heard the sad intelligence of the death of Governor Francis R. Shunk. People came rushing from their humble cottages to the canal to see some of Uncle Sam's soldiers, clapping hands. Passed on and arrived at Harrisburg about noon. After the boat was hitched fast, we stepped on shore, formed into line and marched to the Centre, or Market Square, where a fine collation, or dinner, had been prepared for the soldiers by the citizens of Harrisburg; and, of course, having keen appetites, we partook of the edibles with good relish, for it has really been the first regularly cooked dinner we received on our homeward tour. They did not march us through their town, and then dismiss us without anything to eat, as was the case in Pittsburgh, but marched the boys direct to the well-supplied table. After having fully supplied the inner man, we were dismissed for the balance of the day. I must confess that the people of Harrisburg have shown us more friendly and generous hospitality, by uniting and giving the soldiers a fitting reception, than any other town on our way home, giving the soldiers most everything they wanted. Nearly all of our men received clean clothing, fine linen shirts, stockings, shoes, pocket handkerchiefs, etc. In fact, everything in the clothing and eating line that we stood in need of was cheerfully given by the citizens of Harrisburg.

In the afternoon a delegation of citizens from Little York, Pa., accompanied by Sergt. Thomas Ziegle, Peter Ahl, Alburts Welsh and Samuel Stair, called upon us. They came for the express purpose of taking charge of the dead bodies of William Eurick and Jacob Danner, who both formerly belonged to that patriotic little borough.

I, of course, had an introduction to these gentlemen, and they were informed by Sergt. Ziegle and Peter Ahl that I was the man who furnished the best part of the money towards bringing the dead bodies of Danner and Eurick to Little York. They bursted into tears and thanked me most cordially, paid me back the amount laid out, and then again thanked me heartily for my kindness, and wanted me positively to promise them that I would call upon them when I got my discharge, to which I could not possibly make answer.

We then took a walk around town, talking about the bloody battles fought in Mexico. And I assure you the inner man was well supplied with the best of wines and eatables; after which we parted.

In the evening we divided in different squads, and took supper at different houses. So the sociability and generosity of the good citizens of Harrisburg will ever be remembered by the soldiers of the Mexican war the longest day of their lives.

Saturday, July 22, 1848.—This morning we were all formed into line, with our side-arms, to attend the funeral of our late Governor, Francis R. Shunk, which was largely attended, all business being suspended and the church-bells tolling doleful sounds. After the funeral was over we marched back to the railroad depot, where we got on the cars, and soon afterward left Harrisburg, with three hearty cheers from the soldiers of the Mexican war for the many kindnesses and liberality the citizens have seen proper to bestow upon us. The cheers fairly echoed through the valley and shook the Susquehanna River. We dashed along the Susquehanna River until the warning whistle blew, the engine slowly gliding along until we passed Middletown, then steadily increasing the speed until we are running at the rate of thirty to thirty-five miles per hour; dashed over a high bridge over the Conewago Creek, past trees and fences, farm-houses and splendid large barns, through deep cuts of rock—people standing and, no doubt, wondering what kind of men are these in the cars, all

flitting by us like a fair vision gazing from the car-windows? The whistle again blows, the train slacking up and stopping at Elizabethtown. This was the residence of my friend and messmate. Simon Schaffer, who died at Jalapa City, Mexico, May 13, 1847—died more from grief and wearisomeness, which brings no joy to himself or his fellow-man.

As soon as our iron horse had his drink we left and cautiously passed through the tunnel, after which we again went on full speed, whirling one time this way and another time that way. The engineer shut off steam and stopped at Mount Joy. Here the people came running from their cottage homes to see the soldiers—a part of Gen. Scott's army. The ladies greeted us with pleasing smiles, waving their handkerchiefs, and handing in the windows bouquets of flowers.

As soon as our black horse had his *smile* we left with great hurrah from the citizens of Mount Joy, passed over a fine bridge over the Little Chiques Creek, passing through a deep cut, and then slowly swept around the curve and arrived in Lancaster City about 3 o'clock, P. M. Here the people congregated in large numbers; it being Saturday, and a festival day on account of our arrival, had the effect of bringing nearly all the farmers in Lancaster County to the city, which infused new life and vigor and to welcome the soldiers.

We got off the cars, formed into line, and then marched through several of their principal streets; and the streets we passed through were thoroughly packed with spectators; the housetops, doorways, windows, porticos were all jammed with *senoritas* and gentlemen; handkerchiefs fluttered in the air like so many bees; throwing flowers and beautiful bouquets at the soldiers; across the streets and on the housetops waved flags and bunting and pictures of different generals, and along the whole route we were heartily cheered; the citizens rushing in among our ranks, shaking hands, congratulating, and welcoming the soldiers home,

After marching around different squares we finally came to a halt in front of the North American Hotel, fronting on North

Queen street and the railroad track. Here Judge Ellis Lewis made his appearance on the porch or piazza, and made a telling and remarkable good speech, welcoming the soldiers in the name of the citizens of Lancaster City to their hospitality. He referred at considerable length to the brilliant conduct of the sons of the old Keystone State, whose galaxy of heroes fought gallantly, manfully, under our glorious country's flag, and poured out their blood like water in defense of our country's cause. Upon its conclusion he retired amid great cheering and applause, and it was in a fitting manner responded to on our side by Gen. Robert Patterson, Cols. Francis M. Wynkoop and Samuel W. Black, who mostly referred to our fatigue marchings, our hardships, sufferings, and privations, which fall on the life of soldiers, our triumphant victories in Mexico, which was loudly cheered by the immense concourse of people assembled around the stand. I noticed the farmers paid close attention to what our officers said, and their whole conversation and remarks (in Pennsylvania Dutch) were "may God forever bless these gallant soldiers."

After speech making was over the different companies were distributed to different hotels; our company (C) took up our quarters at Mr. Hopel's hotel, right along the railroad track, now used by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. as a passenger depot and ticket office.

Here we have elegant quarters, a fine large room to sleep in, and receive the same kind treatment as at Harrisburg—giving the soldiers a supper that could not be beaten; it consisted of all the best of edibles which Lancaster County is so famous in producing. Soldiers always have good appetites after a long march; they soon made sad havoc among the rations.

After supper was over, some took a walk around the city, while others, including myself, remained closely in our quarters, being much fatigued from our ride and march of to-day.

In the evening a large number of the citizens called upon us, making inquiries of the number of battles fought and about

some missing soldiers who formerly lived in Lancaster, which, of course, was answered on our side the best we knew how.

At 10 o'clock, P. M., we were compelled to shut the door and retire for the night.

Sunday, July 23, 1848.—This morning, after a good night's rest and sleep, we got up and washed ourselves; after which we were ordered to sit down, and eat one of the best breakfasts we have had since we left our homes. It was what you might call a real old fashioned Lancaster county breakfast, plenty of everything and the best of food; and, as soldiers are proverbially good at the mess table, and particularly when it is well supplied, they were not long making mischief among the supplies. After breakfast some of our men could be seen to make preparations to leave to-morrow morning; while others, by invitations of the citizens, went to churches and to private houses.

In the afternoon Lieut. Haines, of our company (C), with a party of other soldiers, left Lancaster for the city of Philadelphia.

About 4 o'clock, P. M., Alburtus Welsh, John Newman and myself took a walk around the city, viewing the different points of interest, and I recognized great changes; vacant lots were built up with fine houses, streets were extended, and new improvements everywhere. Some places were perfectly familiar to me, having trodden over them frequently when a boy.

In the evening a passenger train came in from Philadelphia, bringing a large number of citizens from Philadelphia to escort the soldiers to that city. They informed us that the greatest preparation that ever was known is made in Philadelphia to welcome the soldiers home. The whole volunteer division, the firemen and other societies will be out. That there will be an extensive dinner prepared for the soldiers at the Chinese Museum, on Ninth street, and ample quarters secured for us until our final discharge.

On our strolling through town to-day, we were invited into several houses, where we had a pleasant chat on the topic of war with the citizens.

In the evening again a large number of the citizens called upon us, making inquiries and asking many questions about the brilliant victories in Mexico.

Lancaster I esteem as my home, and the memories of my early youth are ingrafted so deeply that I cannot and will not forget them.

Yes, the home of my childhood in memory me thinks I can see,
Those forms that in youth were familiar to me ;
And oft on the tablet of memory I trace
The image enshrined of each dear loving face.

While we are lying here, it will probably not be out of place to note the early recollections of my boyhood days. It was in this town (Lancaster) and county, after we left Philadelphia, that I passed my early days, and the first memorable events and deeds of pleasure are from this town and county. In strolling through the town to-day, I looked with pride on the large brick church—English Trinity Lutheran Church—with its four figures or statues standing on pedestals, one on each corner, representing Faith, Hope, Charity and benevolence, and its high steeple, whose musical bells I often heard, and loved to hear ring. The corner-stone of this church was laid in May, 1761, and the debt of which was afterwards paid off by lottery, in 1807; over 6,000 tickets were sold, at thirty cents each. Also visited the old brick school-house, which I noticed had changed but very little in its appearance. In that old brick school-house I first went to the English school, where I learned my A B C's, and, I am sorry to say, scarcely anything more. Thus, my readers, you will see that my early education has been sadly neglected.

Well do I remember the spring fairs, when the streets were crowded with people, and tables covered with all kinds of merchandise, sweetmeats, gingerbread, sweet beer, etc.; how the young lads would save up their pocket-money to take their girls, neatly dressed in their linsey-woolsey short-jackets or gowns, to the fair, where dances were held in every tavern.

Well do I remember the many *dichoso* (happy) hours I passed in and around that school-house ; well do I remember how in the streets we used to play soldiers (with Henry Dietrich our captain), Indians, clowns, horses playing in large rings, some playing hide-and-seeK and listening to the many witch stories—how old women would pick up and carry off naughty little children, etc.

“ There's something within my heart I cannot forget,
Where children's sweet memories stay ;
And no music to me has a charm that thrills
Like the voices of children at their play.”

Also went around to see the old stone house in Water street, near Chesnut street, where we used to live ; but I was surprised to see that it was torn down, and a brick house put in its stead. Well do I remember the great horse races they used to have here ; the numerous crowds and excitements ; the long string of Conestoga wagons, loaded with freight going east and west ; the number of droves of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., going east. There was also a public execution, which took place on a large common near the race course. The doomed man's name was, I think, Schaffer. Being young and small in stature, I crawled in through or between the men's legs, and in this way I succeeded in working myself right in front of the line, where I had a full view of the manœuvring of the soldiers and the executioners, and I can yet see the doomed man Schaffer coming in on a wagon, seated on his own coffin ; getting up and off the wagon ; walking up with a firm step to the platform of the scaffold ; seeing the executioner putting the rope around his neck and placing the cap over his head and face ; seeing him drop, and heard the shrieks from the multitude of spectators. After hanging for nearly half-an-hour, he was taken down and buried. This was the first and last public execution I have ever seen in the United States.

Parents soon afterwards moved into the country, into a small stone house situated near the banks of the Conestoga river or creek, near EarlvilLe or Zimmerman Store, so called.

Here, at the age of nine years, I was bound out to a farmer, named Henry Grabill, to work for my clothing and victuals until I was fifteen years old. After the expiration of that time I was to receive a free outfit and again to be free. The agreement was also that I was to be sent to school regularly every winter; but, like most of the farmers in those days, took good care not to send the poor bound or *peasant* boys to school more than he could help, and, in consequence of this negligence, I never got much further in my learning than the Comly's or Cobb's Spelling-book.

Here is where I passed some *obscurо* (gloomy) and—it also gives me pleasure to say—many agreeable and happy days.

Here is where I used to hear the robins, peewees, nightingales, whippoorwills and other birds sing in the free open air, and how often did I wish myself like the birds flying in the air—free again. As I worked day after day and year after year on the farm, I used to exclaim to some of our neighbors, that after I was free, I would never again work on a farm for the purpose of making my living; that I look for a higher destiny than ploughing, hoeing corn, harvesting, etc., which assertion, thank God, has proven true, not having worked on a farm since my freedom—*hurrah!*

Well do I remember Henry Grabill's farm, where, in a little coach, I used to take the children to the fields, where we used to play. Now years have gone by since I worked on Grabill's farm; all his children have grown up to man and womanhood, yet it tells me of many happy days I have passed on and around the Grabill farm.

The memories of my early life, the many pleasant enjoyments I passed in this beautiful county of Lancaster were, like other places, frequently mixed with the many *suenos* (dreams) during our campaign in Mexico.

In 1840, parents again moved to the Three Locks above Lewistown, Pa., from whence, as already stated, in 1846, I enlisted in the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, for the Mexican war.

CHAPTER XII.

LEFT LANCASTER IN THE MIDST OF CHEERS—MET WITH GRAND RECEPTION IN PHILADELPHIA—A GRAND DINNER AT THE CHINESE MUSEUM ON NINTH STREET BELOW CHESTNUT STREET—SPEECHES AND SONGS SUITABLE FOR THE OCCASION—TAKEN TO THIRD STREET HALL, COR. THIRD AND WILLOW STREETS—RECEIVING OUR DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY—BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO OUR COMRADES—LIST OF NAMES OF THE COMPANY—THOSE WHO DIED OR WERE DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY—TABLE OF DISTANCE FROM VERA CRUZ TO THE CITY OF MEXICO—THE FORMATION OF THE SCOTT LEGION—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO—SPEECH ON THE OCCASION.

Monday, July 24, 1848.—This morning we were all up by 1 o'clock and took our breakfast, after which we got on board the cars, early as it was. The citizens came around the cars and in the cars to bid us good-bye. At half-past 2 o'clock the whistle of the locomotive blew, and off we started for Philadelphia in the midst of cheers and applause from the citizens.

At every station along the road the citizens gathered to welcome the soldiers home. Salutes were fired and cheering all along the road, and when we arrived at the head of the planes, in sight of Philadelphia, we could see the thousands of people and hear the roaring of artillery, which was the signal of our arrival at the head of the planes. At the foot of the inclined plane we were met by one mass of people, cheering, and all seemed full of enthusiasm. The tops of the cars, and platforms, and all along the railroad was crowded with people, and we soon arrived at the corner of Coates street and Columbia railroad—now called Pennsylvania avenue. Here we got off the cars and went into a large lot (N. E. corner) right opposite the railroad and Coates street; remained here until the military, which was forming on Coates street, now Fairmount avenue, was ready to receive us.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., we formed into line and marched through the whole volunteer division. The streets and sidewalks were so densely crowded that it was almost impossible to get along.

In fact, guards were stationed on our route of marching to keep the people from crowding in on us, so anxious were they to see the soldiers of the Mexican war. When we arrived at Front and Brown streets, there was great cheering and applause for William Donegan of our company (C) with the flash word, "A bully snapper." We looked at one another with astonishment, to think of the idea that this man, Bill Donegan, a chronic grumbler, a man who has seldom ever done any duty or even fired off his gun in the whole Mexican campaign, should be received at different points with such honors, and patriots go unnoticed.

The business was generally suspended, and all the houses along the route were crowded with spectators, and beautifully decorated with flowers and flags. The display or procession is considered greater than ever before witnessed in this city, and I heard several old gentlemen say that it beat the grand procession of Gen. Lafayette. After marching through several of the principal streets, we marched into the Chinese Museum, Ninth below Chestnut street, and sat down to one of the grandest dinners that ever was provided for distinguished guests. The best of edibles and the choicest of all the best wines. Speeches were made and songs sung by the citizens, but very little attention did we (the soldiers) pay to it, as it was all about the war of Mexico, which we all fully know by heart. After dinner was over, we were taken to the Third street Hall, below Willow street, kept by Gen. J. Hall, and were comfortably provided with rooms and good beds.

In the evening we went into the city to see the fireworks, which were really magnificent and indescribable. The streets were so blockaded and crowded that it was almost impossible to walk with any comfort; and, being much fatigued by our march to-day, we soon returned to our quarters, and got ready for a good night's rest and sociable sleep.

The following is the song which was sung at the Chinese Museum dinner. Its title is "Welcome" :—

" Ye braves, whose hands on Mexico's plain
Hath struck the blow for country's right,
We bid ye welcome home again
From the dark turmoil of the fight.
Peace spreads once more her glowing wing
Above our fair and happy land,
And while we all her glories sing.
We'll not forget her conquering band.


Chorus.

A nation's hand, ye gallant band,
Is stretching forth to meet you,
To heaven's dome, a welcome home,
Ascends from those that greet you.

" Brave men your deeds will be retold
When hands and hearts have passed away,
And come, like pure and molten gold,
The brighter from the last assay.
Your names a grateful country writes
Upon her fairest cherished scroll ;
Cursed be the traitor lip that slights
The words upon that sacred roll.—*Chorus.*

" What though your ranks the tale may tell,
Of comrades left upon the field,
It was in their country's cause they fell,
A million hearts their requiems pealed.
Go, soldiers, to your homes, and let
Your battered arms be hung on high,
Columbia's sons will never forget
The braves who for their country die.—*Chorus.*

" What prouder theme for many a year
Will wake the minstrel's growing strain,
Will nerve the heart and start the tear,
Or make the aged young again.
Once more a welcome home, ye braves,
Long shall your deeds remembered be,
And may they, like uncounted waves,
Roll back their brightness from the sea."—*Chorus.*



Tuesday, July 25, 1848.—This morning I did not get up until late, on account of our toilsome march in the hot sun of yesterday. After dinner several of us paid a visit to Chestnut street. Here we found the street densely crowded with people, and almost every soldier had a crowd around him, inquiring of the real facts concerning the Mexican war. Also inquiring of some relatives or son who fell or died in Mexico.

In the evening our company received an invitation to go to the Chestnut Street Theatre. So at 8 o'clock we started, and as we entered we were warmly received by the audience by a cheering and clapping of hands. After it was nearly over we left for our quarters, Third Street Hall.

Wednesday, July 26, 1848.—This morning I paid a visit to my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Stiefel, who carry on a bakery at the corner of Schuylkill Second and Carlton streets (now Twenty-first and Carlton streets), but did not get to see him, on account of being out on business; but his wife, a tall, fine and pleasant woman, urged me to stay and take dinner with them, but I declined the kind offer and left, promising that I would call again to-morrow.

In the evening a party of young men invited us to go down Chestnut Street, which we accepted, and they showed and treated us with all the kindness that was in their power to bestow upon us.

Thursday, July 27, 1848.—This morning I again paid a visit to my uncle and aunt (Mr. and Mrs. Stiefel, who fortunately this time I found at home). To my knowledge, I never saw my uncle before. He having always lived in Philadelphia, and our folks lived in the western part of Pennsylvania; although, while boating, I often came to Philadelphia, making inquiries of where he lived, but could never find anyone to tell me where they lived, until by good luck while in Mexico a comrade, named Mr. Frey, who, by-the-by, was also a baker, told me where he lived. He took a hearty laugh at the idea that I had to go all the way to Mexico to find out where he lived. He was pleased in seeing me, and

made inquiries about my mother (his sister), and also of the events and battles fought in Mexico. They both gave a listening ear to everything I had to say. I stayed and took dinner with them ; and after several hours of pleasant chat I left, promising them that after I was discharged I would call and spend several days with them before I went out West.

Friday, July 28, 1848.—To-day I did not go out of the hotel. So myself and half dozen others devoted our time nearly all day by setting in and around the reading-room, reading the newspapers and talking to the citizens who came to see us, asking many questions about the war, the removal and cause of the removal, of Gen. Scott. We told them that we did not exactly know the cause, but we supposed that politics was at the head of all the trouble, which mostly is the cause of all evil.

No doubt Gen. Scott's brilliant achievement in conquering the Republic of Mexico in so short a time has made him one of the most popular men and leaders in this country, and it is reasonably supposed that his rivals and political enemies would connive and do most any dirty work to kill his popularity and fair name, and to prevent him (Gen. Scott) from receiving the nomination for Presidency, in which they did succeed, and nominated Gen. Zachariah Taylor instead. The removal was an outrage, and it will be a stigma of the deepest dye upon the administration of James K. Polk and his Secretary, William L. Marcy, as long as the nation lives. The soldiers love Gen. Scott, and every one that saw him will testify that he is every inch a soldier, and his men regard him with reverence and the greatest admiration. This evening it is rumored around the room, that we will be paid off, and receive our discharge to-morrow.

Saturday, July 29, 1848.—This morning word is passing from one company's quarters to the other that we will all receive our pay and honorable discharge to-day. Good. At this time several men came into our room talking, and offered to board four soldiers, who had no home in this city, for two

or three weeks for nothing. Fortunately, nearly all of our company lived in Philadelphia, and had homes to go to. They sent them to me, saying that I was a stranger in this city, and had no home. They came to me and offered to take me with them, as soon as I get my discharge, and keep me free of charge for several weeks. I asked them what kind of a place it was, and where it was. They told me it was a tavern up town. This was enough for me. I thanked them for their *generous* and kind offer, saying that I had a place to go to spend several weeks on the same terms.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., we received orders to have our muskets, accoutrements, etc., ready to hand over to the Quartermaster. At noon the Quartermaster made his appearance, when we were ordered to fall into line for the last time to answer roll-call, after which each soldier handed over his musket to the Quartermaster; knapsack and blanket we were allowed to keep.

After this we were handed our honorable discharge from the United States army.

The men soon afterwards gathered in groups, talking of the past, and what they would like to do, and what they intended to do.

They soon began to disperse in different directions, some going to their homes, while others, like myself, were hunting boarding-houses until they got something to do; all bidding one another good-bye as they parted.

It will be remembered that when we first started out into this campaign we were mostly all strangers to one another, but our long service in the Mexican War has formed such a deep affection of friendship ties in camp, on the glorious march, and on the battle-field, that nothing but death will ever break it. The parting was a brotherly feeling to one another, and particularly among the few messmates left.

Thus our enlistment and career as soldiers in the United States army of the Mexican War is ended, all well satisfied with the services and brilliant achievements they have rendered

for our country, and to I, for one, it shall forever be my proudest aim and recollection of having been a soldier of that gallant little army, commanded by Gen. Winfield Scott, which invaded Mexico and conquered the land of the Montezumas. It shall also be my undiminished pleasure to point to the many brilliant victories achieved in that campaign, and reviewing and looking upon the many historic scenes, its never-changing clime, its smiling plains, scenes both in art and nature on the historic volcanic mountains of snow-capped peaks; the landing of our troops at Vera Cruz, the bombardment and surrender of that strong and well-fortified walled-in city, and many other scenes that filled the heart with wonder, admiration, and praise.

Company C, as it was on New Year's Day, January 1st, 1847:—

Captain, William F. Small.
 First Lieutenant, Aquilla Haines.
 Second Lieutenant, Casper M. Berry.
 Third Lieutenant, Henry Hunterson.
 First Sergeant, Oscar F. Bentson.
 Second Sergeant, David Ackerman.
 Third Sergeant, George Small.
 Fourth Sergeant, Joseph M. Hall.
 First Corporal, Andrew Wray.
 Second Corporal, James B. Wilson.
 Third Corporal, George Royer.
 Fourth Corporal, Joseph Foust.

Privates:—

Oliver Amey,	John Kritser,
Peter Ahl,	George Kelly,
Thomas Bruster,	Samuel Linton,
Edward Budy,	George W. Lewis,
William Barns,	Roland C. Malone,
Charles Burns,	William Mullon,
John Begley,	Charles Mason,

Privates—Continued :—

John Bonner,	William McDonald,
William Briggs,	Alexander Mervine,
Robert Brown,	John Newman,
Louis Bymaster,	George Nightlinger,
Moses Bentley,	Thomas O'Neil,
John Barr,	J. Jacob Oswandel,
Francis Cannon,	John Patton,
John G. Craig,	John Perfect,
Joseph Campbell,	William Patterson,
Henry Cornish,	Robert Patterson,
Daniel Craver,	Henry Roscoe,
Charles Collison,	William Rolett,
Jeremiah Corson,	Simon Schaffer,
Daniel Cruthers,	George Sutton,
George Carrey,	Samuel Stair,
Jacob Danner,	John R. Schultz,
Alexander Devlin,	Morris Stemler,
Gabriel A. Dropsie,	Allen Swartz,
William Donegan,	John Sheldon,
William Eurick,	Hosea Sneathern,
Joseph Funston,	Charles Smith,
William Fennemore,	John Shoppen,
Stephen Gosett,	William Ford,
John Gill,	Joseph C. Taylor,
Henry Handly,	Theodore Watson,
John B. Herron,	Alburtus Welsh,
Dayton Huston,	Thomas Whitam,
George W. Haigh,	Edward Wilson,
Christopher Hill,	George Wilhelm,
Daniel Hamilton,	John William Walker,
Augustus Jordon,	Thomas Williams,
John Johnston,	John Wells,
Charles A. Jones,	Thomas Zeigle.
George Keime,	Total privates, 81 men.

Company C, as it was on New Year's Day, January 1,
1848:—

First Lieutenant, Aquilla Haines.
Second Lieutenant, Joseph M. Hall.
First Sergeant, Thomas Zeigle.
Second Sergeant, Joseph Foust.
Third Sergeant, Peter Ahl.
Fourth Sergeant, Christopher Hill.
First Corporal, Joseph Campbell.
Second Corporal, George W. Lewis.
Third Corporal, J. Jacob Oswandel.
Fourth Corporal, Roland C. Malone.

Privates:—

John Bonner,	George Nightlinger,
Louis Bymaster,	Thomas O'Neil,
Francis Cannon,	William Patterson,
John G. Craig,	Henry Roscoe,
Charles Collison,	George Sutton,
Jeremiah Corson,	Samuel Stair,
Daniel Cruthers,	John R. Schultz,
George Carey,	Morris Stemler,
Alexander Devlin,	Allen Swartz,
Gabriel A. Dropsie,	Hosea Snethern,
William Donegan,	Joseph C. Taylor,
William Fennemore,	Theodore Watson,
George W. Haigh,	Alburtus Welsh,
Augustus Jordon,	Edward Wilson,
George Keime,	Ex-Corp. James B. Wilson,
John Kritser,	George Wilhelm,
Samuel Linton,	Ex-Sergt. Henry Cornish.
John Newman,	Total privates, 35.

Transferred to other Company:—

Sergeant David Ackerman, Private John Johnston.

Members of the Company on Detached Duty:—

Alexander Mervine, John Perfect.

Deserted:—

William Barnes, at Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 22, 1846.
 William Rolett, at New Orleans, La., Jan. 14, 1847.
 William Ford, " Jan. 15, 1847.
 John Gill, " " "
 Oliver Amy, " " "
 Charles Burns, at Vera Cruz, Mexico, Mar. 20, 1847.
 William Golchier, at Castle Perote, Mexico, June 7, 1847.

Died:—

John Sheldon, May 6, 1847, at the city of Jalapa, Mexico.
 Simon Schaffer, May 13, 1847, " "
 Thomas Brewster, June 1, 1847, at Castle of Perote, Mexico.
 Robert Brown, June 12, 1847, at the city of Jalapa, "
 Thomas Williams, June 25, 1847, at Castle of Perote, "
 Andrew Wray, July 15, 1847, " " "
 John Begley, July 28, 1847, " " "
 Charles Mason, July 28, 1847, at the city of Puebla, "
 Dayton Huston, July 30, 1847, " " "
 Edward Budy, Aug. 7, 1847, " " "
 Charles Smith, Aug. 15, 1847, at the Castle of Perote, "
 William Briggs, Aug. 31, 1847, at the city of Puebla, "
 Jacob Danner, Sept. 10, 1847, " " "
 William Eurick, Sept. 28, 1847, " " "
 John B. Herron, Nov. 25, 1847, " " "

Discharged:—

Lieutenant Casper M. Berry, April 6, 1847, at the city of Vera Cruz.
 Corporal George Royer, " " "
 William McDonald, " " "
 Moses Bentley, " " "
 John Barr, " " "
 George Kelley, " " "
 John Shappa, May 20, 1847, " "
 J. Samuel Whitam, " " "
 Stephen Gossett, " " "

Discharged—Continued :—

Robert Patterson, June 6, 1847, at the castle of Perote.
 Daniel Craver, " " "
 J. William Walker, " " "
 John Patton, " " "
 Robert Brown, " " "
 Sergeant George Small, " " "
 Henry Handly, October 30, 1847, " "
 Charles A. Jones, " " "
 Sergeant Oscar F. Bentson, " " "
 Lieutenant Henry Hunterson, November 8, 1847, at the castle
 of Perote.
 Captain William F. Small (on furlough), November 24, 1847,
 at Jalapa City.
 William Mullon, November 30, 1847, at the castle of Perote.
 Corporal Roland C. Malone, February 25, 1848, at San Angel,
 Mexico.

Table of Distance from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico :—

To Camp Vergera (Gen. Twigg's encampment),	3 miles.		
" Rio Medio,	3	"	6
" Santa Fe,	4	"	10
" San Juan,	8	"	18
" Puerta de las Vegas,	11	"	29
" Puente Nacional (National Bridge),	6	"	35
" Plan del Rio (The River of the Plain),	11	"	46
" Cerro Gordo Pass (battle-ground),	2	"	48
" El Encero (Gen. Santa Anna's residence),	12	"	60
" Jalapa City,	9	"	69
" La Banderilla,	6	"	75
" San Miguel barracks,	4	"	79
" La Hoya Pass,	5	"	84
" Las Vegas,	7	"	91
" Cruz Blanco, or White Cross,	6	"	97
" Perote Castle and Town,	9	"	106

*Table of Distance from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico :—**(Continued.)*

To Tepegahualco,	19	"	125
" Ojo de Agua (The Eye of Water),	21	"	146
" Nopalucan,	9	"	155
" El Pinal Pass,	8	"	163
" Acajete,	7	"	170
" Amozoquco,	8	"	178
" Puebla City,	11	"	189
" San Martin's,	22	"	211
" Rio Frio (Cold River on top of Mountain)	18	"	229
" Venta de Cordorea (Town of Cordorea),	11	"	240
" Ayotla (where Gen. Scott countermarched)	10	"	250
" El Penon Pass (Gen. Valencia's fortification),	9	"	259
" City of Mexico, or Halls of Montezumas,	8	"	267

The end of my "Notes of the Mexican War." "Oh, dear is the tale of the olden times." J. J. O.

STRIFE AND PROSPERITY IN TIME OF PEACE.

After my discharge from the army I visited my parents and friends in the western part of Pennsylvania; after which I returned and settled myself down in Philadelphia to stay, and after six months' rest I obtained a situation on the Pennsylvania Railroad, followed railroading in different capacities until 1853, when soon afterwards I was married to a lady of this city. I started into business; and, by strict and close attention to business, and by frugality and economy, proved to be successful. So much so that I have accumulated enough to retire from business; not in rolling wealth but in comfortable circumstances, and taking the world easy.

" I am not what the world counts rich ;
 Houses and lands I have not much in store,
 But blessed with health and contented mind ;
 I neither ask nor crave for any more."

In 1850 the Scott Legion was formed, of which I call myself an ardent member, and take an active and deep interest in all its proceedings.

It is composed of all the regulars and volunteers who have served on the soil of Mexico in the war against Mexico, and received an honorable discharge. It was first called the Pennsylvania Legion, but was soon changed to Scott Legion, in honor of our gallant old Commander, Gen. Winfield Scott, who was a life member. This change of title was done so as to take in both regulars and volunteers. This association was formed and instituted for social purposes, to keep fresh the memories of the brilliant achievements, and to celebrate some of the victories won in Mexico.

In 1852, through the aid of Pennsylvania and the citizens of Philadelphia, we secured a burial-ground, built a large vault and erected a fine monument in Glenwood Cemetery, costing over \$4,000, under which the remains of many gallant heroes are deposited.

At the death of a comrade the Scott Legion turns out with a band of music and a firing party, and pays the last fitting honors at the funerals of their deceased soldiers, who have fought life's battle to the end.

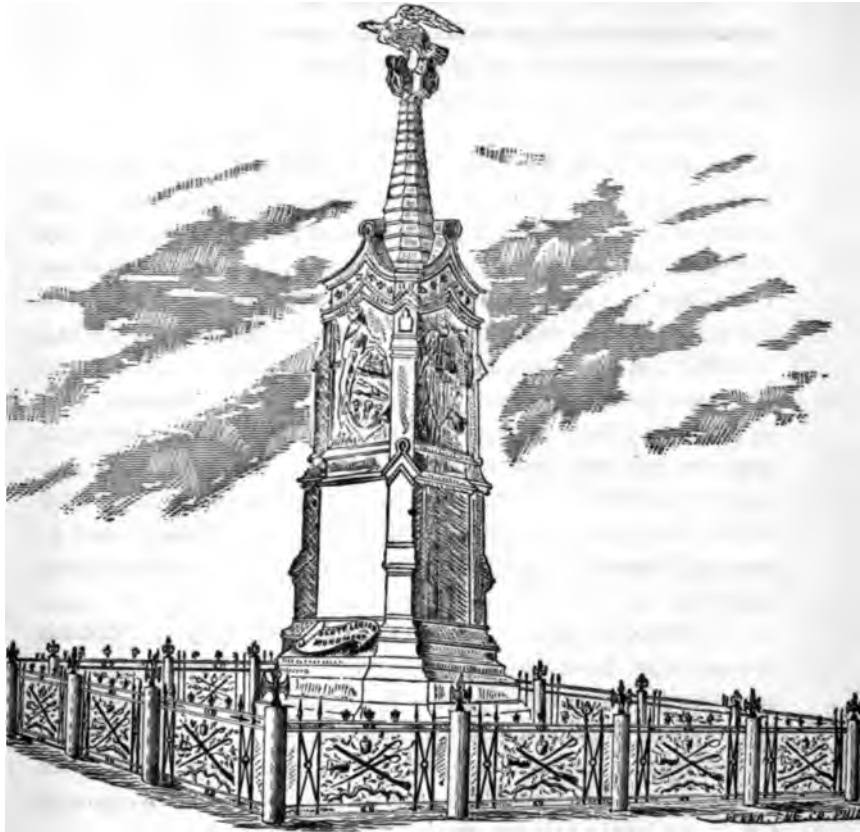
Our regular meetings are the first Saturday of every month, unless special business calls it between. The Legion before the late rebellion generally attracted popular attention on occasions of parade, when they always presented a gentlemanly and soldierly appearance, and at the outbreak of the Civil War they, including your humble servant, nearly all enlisted in the services of their country's flag; and, being veteran soldiers of a victorious campaign, they found ready situations at the hands of our government; and many, some of our best men, too, fell while gallantly protecting our flag they so proudly carried from Rio Granda to Buena Vista, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico and back to the United States.

April 18, 1872, the Scott Legion gave a grand banquet in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the famous battle of

Cerro Gordo. The tables were gems of neatness, and groaned under the weight of many good things. After supper I was called upon, by Col. A. H. Reynolds, President of the Scott Legion, to respond to the toast of our absent members. This was not only unexpected but I was unprepared to make any appropriate remarks to such a toast. And after apologizing for the surprise, and also for the unexpected call for a speech I responded to the toast as follows :—

“ **COMRADES** :—We have assembled here to-night, what for? Not to talk about any of the political issues of the present day, nor anything that happened in the late rebellion, but to talk about what happened to-day twenty-five years ago—a long way ahead, but a short way back. It is now nearly twenty-seven years since our gallant and patriotic young men left the soil of Pennsylvania and other States to answer their country’s call “to rally around their glorious country’s flag,” then insulted and trampled under foot in a hot and tropical climate; men who forsook their comforts of home, their wives, children, relatives and sweethearts (God bless them)—(laughter)—the society of friends to exchange their comfortable firesides and feather beds for the foreign, untented fields of Mexico, and to pour out their blood like water in defence of our country’s flag. (Cheers.)

“ Twenty-five years ago to-day, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, the battle of Cerro Gordo was fought; it was the second grand victory of our army under Gen. Scott in that campaign. We don’t celebrate this battle as if it was the only victory gained in that campaign. Oh, no; there were other battles fought before and afterwards, just as gloriously fought and victoriously won as the battle of Cerro Gordo; but none so brilliant. It was like the battle of Gettysburg in our late rebellion, or like Sedan in France; it so shocked and discouraged its backers, demoralized their armies, and, like the wind amongst the dry leaves in autumn, scattered them all over the land—(applause)—captured a whole division of prisoners, 43 cannons and \$60,000 in specie.



MONUMENT TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE MEXICAN WAR,
GLENWOOD CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

“It is a well-known fact that, had Gen. Scott his complement of troops which at Vera Cruz were promised him, he could, after the battle of Cerro Gordo, have marched on to the capital of Mexico without the firing of a single gun, or the loss of a single man. (Cries of ‘That’s so.’) But jealousy, and other obstructions which we all know, were then cast in our way, of which I will not now argue.

“At Puebla, our army, under Gen. Scott, was compelled to halt, to recruit in health and strength, until the 7th of August, 1847, when he, in full glee and confident in the number of his men and sure of victory, again marched, and led his hardy veterans on towards the capital of Mexico. [Applause.]

“Victory had already perched upon our banners; Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Jalapa, Perote and Puebla Cities were won. Now all were anxious to march on and capture the famous Halls of the Montezumas. [Applause.]

“Gen. Santa Anna was strongly entrenched around his loved and boasted capital, surrounded by his splendidly-uniformed staff, his glittering lancers and the flower of his army; he was sole master of the city of Mexico. Straight for that ancient city our army marched—left a jealous foe behind us at Washington, communication in our rear cut off, a united and hostile enemy of over six millions of people before us—a little band of ten thousand men—truer and braver men never shouldered a musket or carried a sword—men who had confidence in their commanders, and commanders had faith in their men—men with patriotic hearts, and resolute and fixed determination on their minds, resolved to march on to the capital of Mexico, and, like the first conqueror, either conquer or die in the land [Cheers and applause.]—marched on as bravely and enthusiastically as if garlands, laurel-wreaths and evergreen arches awaited them in the capital, instead of a powerful and well-disciplined army more than three times our number. [Applause.] On they marched, step by step; the burning sun of *tierra caliente* had bleached and bronzed our bright northern faces and flashed upon our bright bayonets and sabres. On

they marched, and, like the great Napoleon in Egypt, carrying everything before them by storm and in the face of extraordinary odds, the strongest position for defence in their country—capturing thousands of prisoners, cannon and ammunition—without a single defeat or the slightest check, driving the enemy from their entrenchments, forts and fortifications, some were almost impregnable, until, on the 14th of September, 1847, when Gen. Winfield Scott—like Saul of Israel, a head and shoulders above all his staff officers—rode at the head of our little army (then dwindled down, from carnage and disease, to six thousand men), fatigued and exhausted from marching and numerous battles engaged in in the valley; men who scarcely had shoes on their feet or clothing on their backs; men who had no pay for four or five months nor no more than half enough at any one time to eat; marched triumphantly into the main plaza of the city of Mexico, a populous city of over 200,000 souls, and planted our country's glorious flag upon the Halls of the Montezumas. [Great applause.] It was the first strange flag that waved over its capital for over three hundred years. [Applause.]

Oh yes, some of our comrades will yet remember when Gen. Scott rode from regiment to regiment, thanking God and his heroic men for their brilliant victories; and when he came to the rifle Voltigeur regiment—a regiment that lost nearly all its commissioned officers and more than one-half of its men—he noticed their thin ranks and shattered banners and wept, saying, "You have gone through fire and blood and have come out steel." [Applause.] Who has ever heard of more heroic deeds? who has ever read of more triumphant achievements? I have not, and it remains for future historians to give a correct idea of the Mexican war. There is not a parallel in all the bright pages of the history of the world like the campaign of Mexico. [Applause.]

"Yet in the face of all these brilliant achievements, staring in the eyes of our people, we are not recognized by our government. Yes, I regret, and it pains my very heart, to say that



our government is still ungrateful. To-day men who have never fired off a gun, or even shouldered a musket, or left their *casa*, are pensioned by the National as well as by the State Government; and men who went over two thousand miles from home to defend and battle for our flag, then trailing in the sand and dust in a *tierra calientes*, are looked upon as nothing; and, in fact, almost forgotten. [Cries, that is so, and applause.]

“Comrades do not understand me to say that I find fault in these old men getting their pensions and just dues. God forbid, but I do find fault with our Government and the people in appreciating our hardships, privations and victorious achievements so little. [Applause.]

I feel proud that I had the honor of serving in that grand army, the army of invasion. Its deed and victory will forever remain pure and untarnished. They are incorporated in the history of our country, and happy do I feel; proud may any man be who transmits to his posterity the proud and inseparable honor of having been a veteran soldier of the Mexican war.

“The result of the Mexican war gave an immense territory to the United States, captured an empire larger than Hannibal, Alexander the Great or Napoleon combined; nearly three hundred and sixty-four million acres of land, in mineral, agricultural, forest and pasture, the richest and the most prolific in the world, derived from it millions upon millions in gold and silver. [Applause.]

“It has forever settled the boundary line of the Lone Star of Texas. It gave us a railroad route from the shores of New England to the golden sand on the Pacific coast. It gave us a direct route to China and the East Indies. It gave us one of the finest harbors in the world. Such was the work of the Mexican veterans.

“That campaign, and conquering the whole republic of Mexico, has cost the life of many a good soldier, and the women throughout our land, like Rachel, wept for their lost husbands and children.

“No tombstone or monument there, to point out to the traveler who may pass through that country—the land of bloom and sun—the resting-place of these heroes' ashes.

“No memory day there; no living hand offers them flowers over their graves; truer and braver men never died. No kind relation or sympathizing friend brought their remains back to the resting-place of their fathers; and the only testimonial in memory of our fallen comrades in Mexico, is the monument erected by the State of Pennsylvania on Capitol Hill at Harrisburg, and one by the Scott Legion of Philadelphia in Glenwood cemetery; the former to the memory of those who gave up their lives for our country's flag in Mexico, and the latter to those who have died since the war with the republic of Mexico.

“Year by year our thin ranks grow thinner and thinner. To-day there is not more than one hundred men left of our regiment, which was nearly one thousand strong.

“Few of our gallant men have lived in an era of wonderful advancement and progress. Towns have grown to be large cities, and towns and cities have sprung up in the wilderness and the desert. Men of my age have witnessed the extraordinary changes in the interests of the world. We saw the first steam vessels, the first railroad, the first telegraph wires, and we all know that the ocean deep is laid with telegraph cables; and, as I said before, our whole country is spanned by a continuous railroad, from the rock-ribbed shores of New England to the Pacific coast. We have seen the first free schools, and, here lately, our own country a real, free, and independent government. [Cheers.]

“Yes; to-day every man, woman, and child, black or white, is as free before the eyes of our laws as you or I, thanks to our late lamented President, Abraham Lincoln, our grand army of the Union, and the loyal people who sustained him in carrying out the first fundamental principle and clause of our Constitution—equal rights and justice to all mankind. [Great applause.] Cries of “Go in, Jake.” [Laughter.]

“Now for the absent members. Previous to the late rebellion our association, the Scott Legion, numbered over two hundred members; now it is reduced down to fifty; yet we have a representation from almost every regiment that participated in those eventful scenes of strife, who meet to renew that friendship formed during the hardships and perils in the Mexican War.

“Where have our other comrades gone to? I will explain. Nearly all are dead. Many of them, and some of our best men too, fell in our dear land, where the best blood of the land was poured out in four long years of bloody and wicked war.

“Few are amongst us whose lives have been spared. Some have shattered limbs and disfigured heads. But, thank God, these bad and wicked men, with their hellish design—men who held high position in the gift of our people—men whom our government protected and educated—men who have been fattened with plunder, and accumulated spoils of years past—men who raised their rebellious yells of madness and despair, with wickedness and violation of all law and order against the best government in the land, have been subdued (cries of ‘Good’); and the flag, the emblem of which we proudly and triumphantly bore from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico; and in the late rebellion, again and defiantly waves over every foot of territory in the United States. (Applause.)

“Yes, comrades, to-day every field and staff officer of the First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (the regiment I belonged to) are amongst the dead. Every commissioned officer except one of our company is dead. My early comrades-in arms, my mess-mates, where are they to-night? Echo answers, ‘Nearly all dead.’ Many of them are lying beneath the sod of the sandy plains and hill of Mexico, whose bones long since have mingled with the dust of the field upon which they offered up their lives for their country’s flag. Others in our late domestic struggle fell; others in some far distant clime do live; others, again, in our cemeteries around us cold

do lie ; and I (looking around the room) alone am here of our company to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the battle of Cerro Gordo.

“ Oh! comrades, think of it, how fast we are thus passing away ; and 25 years hence, few of us will be left to tell any of the glorious victories that took place in the Mexican war of 1846-1847-1848. (Applause.)

“ I was going to say something of our late rebellion, but I shall not lift the curtain from the bloody streams of the bloody fields of strife. Oh, no! on the contrary, I feel more like closing my eyes to that dreadful carnage. Our own vacant chair in my father's and wife's household, and the over 300,000 men who fell throughout our land under our flag, that our country may live, serve to remind us of the fearful cost of preserving the unity of this nation.

“ Thank God! we are now at peace with the whole world. Let our prayer ever go up that we shall never again see or hear the thundering of artillery, the cracking and snapping of shells over our heads, and the rattling of musketry against our fellowmen ; that we shall forever have but one country and one flag, and the peace we now enjoy may be perpetual. (Applause.)

“ Thanking you, comrades and friends, for your enthusiasm and the kind attention you have given to my first unexpected and unprepared speech.”

OPTIMISM.

Mr. Marvin Scudder, Jr., late of Co. K, Fourth Regiment Illinois Volunteers, now of Juniata, Neb., writes quite a historic sketch of Mexico in the “Vedette,” of Washington, which meets with my hearty approval and deserves to be quoted.

We find Mexico before the war a vast domain, claiming, it is true, to be a republic, but having hardly one attribute belonging to a true republican government. Cortez made his conquest, and at the same time the civilization of old Spain,

as it then existed, was introduced so far as the conflicting interests of contending chieftains would admit; but the instability of government forbade advancement. The history of Mexico is a continued recital of feudal warfare and bloodshed. Cortez held sway only by the influence of the sword, and from his time it was the only credential to power. Revolution succeeded revolution, and anarchy held sway; there was constant discord, revolt and internecine war, and the land was drenched with human blood. Every section had its ruined castle and the legend of its slaughtered chieftain.

Art, science and agriculture were at a standstill, and had been for generations. The architecture of the feudal ages was still in vogue, and every house was a citadel, with massive walls and battlements, with ponderous doors, with bars and bolts, not to protect from foreign, but domestic foes. The same jog-wheels were used for their carts, a pointed stick for a plow, the volante their pleasure vehicle.

The husbandman had no courage to plant, for he knew not what day his harvest would be trampled by contending armies. Art had no inspiration, for the people were watching the movements of opposing factions. Mind had no field of labor, for it was fettered by the chains of bigotry. Science and education lay dormant; there was no incentive to advance. Thus all the energies of the people lay stagnant, and, as a natural consequence, vice and immorality held high carnival.

The government held nominal sway over a vast domain, but a small portion of which had been wrested from the hand of the savage, and fully half her possessions were overrun by bands of wild and barbarous Indians; while slavery, as absolute and debasing as the slavery of the African, existed in her system of peonage.

God had a work here, too, to be accomplished. This great nation, so susceptible of advancement; this vast domain, so rich in agricultural and mineral wealth, so needed by the producing classes; a coast abounding in such capacious and commodious harbors, so needed by the commerce of the

world, must all be redeemed from the lethargy and thralldom that had so long held them bound. This chrysalis must be burst and the imprisoned being of such exceeding beauty must be released to spread its broad wings and exult in all the bright beauty its Creator had endowed it with.

The Mexican war was God's plan for accomplishing all this. Let us trace the course of that war, and see if an overruling Providence did not direct each movement and give the victories.

Glance at that vast territory, with all its resources, its large and well-equipped army, familiar with every road and mountain pass, with full knowledge of where an attack could be made or an advance repulsed; with all her wall cities, her fortified passes and strongholds; and then at the small army that entered her borders to vanquish her hosts, to vindicate the honor of our country and establish her rights, entirely ignorant of their language, their character, their habits and their power of resistance; and yet, from the first gun at Palo Alto to the surrender of the city of Mexico, the command was "Forward," and step by step we made our advances, without one defeat, without one retreat. There is not a parallel in all the pages of history.

It mattered not what numbers opposed, what walls reared their granite fronts, what strong passes bristled with bayonets and artillery, what impregnable fortresses belched forth their iron hail, and opposed our advance, they each in turn yielded to our invincible charges.

The lines of the different invading forces were separated by hundreds of miles; still this little army, scarce enough for an army corps in the war of the rebellion, made their victorious advances on all. Small detachments were left to garrison the captured towns, surrounded by multitudes of inhabitants, yet every place was held, and communication with the rear was never cut off, and supplies came regularly to the front.

Then again, follow that army and note its influence on the inhabitants; no outrage, no pillage, no oppression, the populace mingled with the soldiers of an invading army in friendly

intercourse ; and trade and traffic was uninterrupted. It is an indisputable fact that the people of the country felt more secure in person and property in the presence of an invading foe than they did under their own government. By this intercourse they realized their degraded condition and were inspired with a desire for something better.

Right then and there were sown the seeds of progress that have since sprung up, and are budding forth fruit, that will produce a wonderful yield in the harvest of the future. The lessons of progress and enterprise were then taught that are bursting the long, lethargic sleep of indolence, bigotry, superstition, and arrogance that had bound it since the conquest by Cortez, and Mexico is now awaking to a new life ; her powers and capabilities expanding ; her government more secure than ever before ; religious freedom is gaining ground ; education has received a new impetus ; railroads and telegraphs are being built ; and she will soon take prominent position in the family of nations.

Now, let us look at the territory acquired by the United States by that war. It was conquered by Cortez as a part of the Aztec Empire, long before settlements began in the United States, but, except a few trading posts in Texas, New Mexico, and on the Pacific coast, it remained in the state of nature, occupied by roving savages, the home of wild beasts.

It came into the possession of the United States, and lo ! what a change All the wonders of the Arabian Nights sink into insignificance in comparison with the prodigies brought forth by this modern Aladdin—the Mexican War.

When he burnished his magic lamp, the genii of the mountains threw open wide the doors of their secret vaults and disclosed to an astonished world such untold millions of wealth that the nations stood aghast and dumb with wonder.

The genii of the plains spread out a panorama of such exquisite loveliness and beauty to the gaze of down-trodden husbandmen of every clime that a perfect torrent of the rich and poor of every name and nation has been rushing to their

open arms and basking in the bright gleam of their smiles for thirty years, and still they spread their arms to welcome more.

The genii of the streams make the hills and valleys ring with their wild mirth as they bid the manufacturers come and string their furnaces and looms along their banks.

The genii of the forest and the quarries bid the architect come and rear the palaces and temples that are to decorate the emporiums of commerce and fashion that are to dot the wide expanse.

The genii of the Pacific Coast spread out expansive harbors sufficient for the shipping of the world, and bid the storm-beaten mariner enter their broad portals and rest secure on their rippling waves, and the merchantman of foreign climes to come and traffic in their marts.

It was the dawning of a new epoch in the annals of time. Science, art, genius, commerce, wealth, statesmanship, all seem at that time to have crept from their cradles, thrown off their swaddling clothes, and stood erect in the full stature and proud strength of manhood.

The genius of the age is manifested in the grand strides of invention to meet the demands of the times. Jackson, while President, never saw a railroad; and at least one member of our National Council at that time wended his weary way to the halls of Congress on foot, in his buckskin hunting shirt and leggings. In the days of Buchanan, members of Congress plodded along to the national capital in the old slow coach, and none hailed from west of the Missouri. Even Lincoln never heard of the telephone and electric lights.

The spirit of the age is exemplified by the supplanting of the canal-packet and old Troy coach by the railroad, express, the telegraph, and telephone.

What was the great important factor in bringing about this change? I answer, the *Mexican war*. "Necessity is the mother of invention." The necessity for these advances did not exist until the wonders of this newly-acquired territory were spread to the view of the world; and yet some of our

“most wise and noble Senators” arise in their places in the National Assembly and proclaim the Mexican war an outrage on civilization ; and the men who were instrumental in bringing about the condition of things to produce these great results were worthy of bloody graves on that foreign soil, and should be stigmatized on the records of their country, and compelled to limp in penury and want to their graves unnoticed and unsung, and the fact of their having lived blotted from the page of history and the memory of man. I think at least the last part of the title applied by Lord Byron to Lord Bacon applies to them—“The greatest, *meanest* of mankind.”

But let us follow the train of circumstances as they occurred. To carry on the work in the way prescribed, it became necessary for Texas to revolt from Mexico ; and, though she had maintained her independence for nine years and been acknowledged by European powers, as well as the United States, as an independent nation, still Santa Anna, like Pharaoh, had his mission to fulfil, and continued to devastate the country with his horde of minions, until Texas, in her exhausted condition, was compelled to appeal to the United States for succor.

And now enters into the combination of events the only thing that produced the festering sore that so poisons the few who proclaim so loudly about the unholy and cruel war.

Without doubt, the Southern States saw in this what they supposed to be the opportunity to bolster up their waning strength and fix on a firm basis their “peculiar institution,” by which they were enabled to revel in luxury on the proceeds of slave labor ; a door was opened by which they hoped to add slave territory to the Union.

Texas, to give the United States unquestionable right to succor her in her distress, must apply for and be admitted into the Union, which was done. Then came the army of occupation, then of invasion, and finally the conquest of the whole of Mexico. The United States had the power to dictate the terms of the treaty of Gaudaloupe Hidalgo, and could have demanded, and by the force of arms have held, the entire

domain ; but the nationality of Mexico was not to be extinguished,—she had her mission to fulfil,—but a vast extent of her territory, which, with all its untold wealth and beauty, was lying dormant, must be wrested from her, that its vast resources might be brought into use for the advancement of civilization and benefit of mankind. Homes were needed for the down-trodden of the old world, and art, science and commerce needed a new impulse in their allotted labors.

The next step was the struggle over this newly-acquired territory—slavery demanding it, freedom defending ; the result was the Missouri compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the John Brown raid, the rebellion, the emancipation proclamation, and in that one manifest object of the great design accomplished—the fall of the American slave system—making what was deemed the source of strength and perpetuity the very instrument in its destruction.

Now slavery has nearly accomplished her work ; the way is being paved, the freed slave has been led up—shall we say through a Red Sea of blood—on the way to his promised land ?

Shall we say that all this demanded the blood of sacrifices ? Where shall we place all the host of brave heroes who laid down their lives on the bloody plains of Mexico and bled so freely on the battle-fields of the rebellion ?

One thing is evident : the assassination of Lincoln was required to arouse the nation to a full realization of the animus that existed in the hearts of some, and the necessity of guarding well the sacred boon of liberty, lest anarchy and tyranny usurp the government of our country. It required the sacrifice of Garfield, when we were lulled into a feeling of security, to rouse the indignation of all sections against such flagrant disregard for human life. No one act has done more to arouse the whole nation and unite them in one common cause—thus paving the way for concert of action for the general good ; and now we see men who stood opposed in battle array in that fierce struggle, standing shoulder to shoulder, laboring harmoniously to build up and strengthen our common country.

Is there no design apparent in all this? Is there not evidently an intended purpose to bring about by the combination a benefit to each, making each an indispensable auxiliary to the accomplishment of the whole? Has not God, in his own way, though to us apparently separate and distinct from each other, been using these forces in accomplishing a grand work for the benefit of man?

I have not the ability, nor need I try to portray the giant strides of progress since that war. The rush of improvements has proclaimed it the age of wonders; scarcely has one wonder been accomplished till another has eclipsed it. Nor have I the prophetic vision to roll back the curtain that veils the future, and expose to mortal view the next great scene in the drama of the world, or what grand developments will be made in the dark land of Ethiopia; but I believe through the instrumentality of the slave Divine light will be shed on that land, its Egyptian darkness dispelled, and Christianity, education and enlightenment will occupy the throne of ignorance and idolatry.

There is one consoling thought for us—that if our own generation fail to recognize our services in this great work, generations yet unborn in Africa and Mexico, as well as our own loved country, will reap the rich fruits of our labor and sing pæans to our memory.

ERRATA.

Page 13, line 13—"Mary" should be "many."

Plate of Battle of Cerro Gordo—"April 4" should be "April 18."

Page 369, line 19—"Sergt. Bill McMullin" should be "Sergeant J. Reynolds."

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