REMINISCENCES

OF A

CAMPAIGN IN MEXICO;

BY A

MEMBER OF "THE BLOODY-FIRST."

PRECEDED BY A SHORT SKETCH OF THE HISTORY AND CONDITION OF MEXICO FROM HER REVOLUTION DOWN TO THE WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES.

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DEDICATION.

To the Privates of the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers this work is respectfully dedicated by one who has shared their toils and dangers, and who knows full well how the officers in every army swallow up the praise which is justly due to the private soldier.

PREFACE.

When the author of the following pages commenced the publication of his "Reminiscences" in the Nashville Union, he expected to complete his undertaking in a very few numbers, which would never go beyond the columns of the newspapers. The only objects which he had in view in writing, were to improve himself, and at the same time, to place before the country the real merits of the Regiment of Volunteers of which he had been a member. He was induced, however, by the flattering commendations bestowed on his first numbers, accompanied by the urgent solicitations of many of his companions in arms, to extend his original design, and enter into a full history of the operations of "the Bloody First" in Mexico. Before these numbers were concluded, he received numerous applications from esteemed friends, to collect and republish, in a form more convenient for preservation, the whole series. In compliance with these applications the following pages are submitted to the public.

In detailing the history of the campaign in which his Regiment was engaged, he has endeavored to be strictly impartial, and he indulges the hope that in his narrations he has done injustice to none. If he has failed in this, it has resulted from his inability to procure all the facts in each transaction which he has detailed. He has, as yet, heard of no complaint on this score, and, therefore, he trusts that his sketches will be entitled to the merit of impartiality.

Since the appearance of the original sketches in the Nashville Union, the author has carefully revised them; and, by way of adding to their interest, has prefixed to them a few introductory chapters upon the history and condition of Mexico, from the Revolution to the War with the United States. In the preparation of the introductory chapters, he has availed himself of the excellent works of Mr. Ward, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Fayette Robinson, to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness for much reliable information.

J. B. ROBERTSON.

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

Primary causes of the Revolution in Mexico.

The overthrow of the Spanish Bourbons in 1808, with the subsequent imprisonment of Ferdinand VII, and the attempt of Napoleon to establish his brother Joseph Bonaparte upon the Spanish throne, produced throughout all the Spanish dependencies in America a feeling of consternation and alarm. The Captain General of Cuba immediately declared his determination to oppose the establishment of the Bonaparte dynasty; and in rapid succession the other Vicegerents and *Audiencias* throughout Spanish America determined to pursue the same policy, and to sustain the fortunes of Ferdinand. The people of Spain, though unsustained by the nobles, who had passively submitted to their new masters, arose, with that unanimity which always insures popular success, and avowed their determination to oppose to the last the usurpation of King Joseph. In vain Napoleon hurled his armies into the peninsula, to reduce them to submission. What could the tactics of a Marmont, or the valor of a Victor, avail in opposition to the moral resolution of a whole people determined not to be conquered? With that spirit of obstinacy, which is the predominant trait in the Spanish character, they rejected every decree of King Joseph; and cabals were formed, in every portion of the king-

dom, in order to give more efficient direction to their inflexible spirit of opposition.

When the effects of the guerrilla system had begun gradually to fritter away the legions of Bonaparte, a grand central *Junta* was established at Seville for the ministration of affairs, and to protect the interests of Ferdinand. This *Junta* assumed all the *de facto* powers of a sovereign, and dictated its orders to the Viceroys and Ayuntamientos in America. This assumption of regal powers, on the part of the Junta, produced a powerful revulsion in some of the American dependencies. Iturrigaray, the Viceroy of Mexico, having called together the Ayuntamiento or National Assembly, demanded its acquiescence in the authority of the Central Junta of Spain. The Ayuntamiento at this time, fortunately, consisted of a majority of Creoles or American born Spaniards, and it rejected with indignation the domination of the Junta. The seeds of thought and reflection had already been sown, and were rapidly ripening into a rich harvest of disaffection. The rule which had long been proclaimed and acted out, that "while one man lived in Spain, he had a right to the obedience of every American," began now to loose its force; and the Creoles of the Ayuntamiento, though long accustomed to yield implicit and unmurmuring submission to the will of the Spanish sovereign, as a duty which they imagined themselves morally bound to perform, yet, when the power and authority of that sovereign had ceased, they began rightly to judge that this obviated their obligation of obedience. The Ayuntamiento began, at length, to discriminate between the Spanish crown and the Spanish people; their duty to the one was based upon the relation of subject to sovereign; their submis-

sion to the other had hitherto rested upon asserted superiority, and a supposed inherent right to rule.

Mexico had always been considered as a distinct, though adjunct kingdom of the Spanish empire; and though her people were willing to lend obsequious submission to the will of the Spanish crown, yet they could not discover what moral obligation bound them to obey the decrees of any body of Spanish people, who choose to usurp the the powers of royalty. They conceived that, as their obedience was only due to King Ferdinand, his overthrow and imprisonment had sundered, for the time, all their ties to the Spanish people. Consequently the council spurned the dictation of the Spanish Junta, and proposed to Iturrigaray to establish a Federal Junta in Mexico, in order to sustain the interests of the royal family, as well as those of Mexico. The Viceroy, finding them resolute in their determination, at length agreed to the proposition of the Ayuntamiento; but the *Audiencia*, or council of chief justices—composed entirely of Spaniards, and established by the Spanish sovereign in all his viceroyalties, as a check upon the power of Viceroy—finding that Iturrigaray was yielding to the terms of the national council, they immediately interposed their power; and having deposed and arrested Iturrigaray, confided his authority, for the time, to the Archbishop of Lizana.

After this act, the *Audiencia* succeeded, by some unaccountable means, in overawing the the Ayuntamiento, and compelling it to submit to the decrees of the Central Junta. Things continued in this posture, until the French, having forced the Junta to fly from Seville to Cadiz, pressed it so hard, that, having appointed a regency of five to administer the affairs, it resigned its powers, and

resumed them no more. The regency immediately proclaimed a decree, calling upon all the Spanish provinces to elect and send representatives to the great Cortes which was to assemble in February, 1810. In this decree they announced to the people of the provinces, that "they were raised to the dignity of freemen, and that their lot no longer depended on the will of kings, viceroys or governors, but would be determined by themselves." This was the first recognition of their freedom that had ever come from their haughty masters, and it seemed to unfetter the minds of the Mexican people; it aroused them from that mental lethargy, in which they had so long been slumbering; it awakened a spirit of investigation, and they began to examine into their real situation; and this spirit, when persevered in, is the first step to elevation in an enslaved nation; for a nation needs only to be made fully acquainted with its rights and its wrongs, and the innate principles of humanity drive them to claim the one, and devise means to remedy the other.

For nearly three centuries the Mexicans had been bowed by a most grinding system of servitude; for with their political independence they seemed to loose their independence of thought; and mind, soul and body became enslaved.—Moral turpitude must necessarily ensue mental degradation; hence the Mexicans became mere animals, whose minds were only occupied with devising means to gratify the appetites of the body; and absorbed in this, they never ventured or aspired to the contemplation of their social or political condition. The Spaniards and the Spanish kings seem to have thought that the Mexicans were only made for their use, and in

order to make them more fit for their purposes, they consigned them to the profoundest ignorance of every thing beyond the animal gratifications. The ministers of this task were the priests.—Catholicism, in its best form, has never been favorable to the advancement of human knowledge; its policy is to keep the minds of its votaries shrouded in the deepest ignorance; and no where has this policy been more effectual than in Mexico; it here aimed at almost a total eradication of thought, and it had well nigh succeeded. The priests have thus been the most effectual auxiliaries in bringing about that loathsome servitude, which has so long oppressed this unhappy country. Ignorance is the parent of slavery, and the Spanish rulers were well aware of this fact; hence their sedulous endeavors to obstruct every attempt at enlightenment in Mexico; and for centuries they pursued, with the most unabating rigor, their iron annihilative policy; an annihilation that embraced not only the mind, but the body; for, notwithstanding the astonishing ferocity of the Mexicans, the Abbe Clavigeso, himself a Mexican, states that at the beginning of the present century, Mexico contained not one tenth part of the population that it did at the time of the conquest of Cortes. There were more than nine millions of people assembled in the city of Mexico alone, a short time before the conquest, to witness the dedication of the great temple, a number equal to the whole of the present population. Thus, from oppression alone, the Mexicans present the single instance in the history of the world of a prolific nation, existing as a nation, upon its own soil, for three hundred years, and without migration, destructive wars, pestilences or famines gradually

decreasing to a tittle of their former population. But, as a profound historian remarks, "there is an ultimate point of depression, as well as of exultation, from which human affairs naturally return in a contrary progress, and beyond which they never pass, either in their advancement or decline." This ultimate point, Mexico seems to have reached at the time of the revolution; they had sunk so low in the scale of depravity and degradation, that further depression was impossible; and an attempt at elevation became the only means of securing a farther existence. They had been steeped so long in the dye of darkness and ignorance, that the gloom itself had become intolerable, and was about to produce a reaction. At this juncture, Don Francisco Xavier Vanegas was appointed Viceroy of Mexico, a man of excitable and vindictive temperament, who was utterly opposed to a pacific or temporizing policy, but was ready to carry to the most rigorous extent the wishes of the Audiencia. It was unfortunate that such a man should have assumed the direction of affairs, at this juncture, as he hastened events to an issue before the legitimate period had arrived. And it is not unfrequently the case, that premature haste is more fatal to a cause than delay. The flame of discontent had begun slowly to kindle in Mexico, and the odious and tyrannical exercise of power by Vanegas caused it to make its appearance, here and there, in slight eruptions; but the stern Viceroy was ever on the watch, and succeeded in suppressing every attempt at revolution; and in May, 1810, when a formidable outbreak was brewing at Valladolid, the leaders were arrested and executed without mercy.—These were but the premonitory drops of the storm that was about to burst upon the country.

CHAPTER II.

Hidalgo, and the cause of his Insurrection—Commencement of the Revolution—Operations of Hidalgo—His capture and execution—Don Ignacio Lopez Rayon—The Junta of Zitacuaro—Mina's expedition—Guadalupe Victoria.

As a mouse may sometimes put in motion the avalanche, which buries whole cities in its course, so it frequently occurs that the mightiest political convulsions date their beginning from the most trivial events. The revolution that severed Mexico from the Spanish crown owes its immediate origin to the simple burning of a small vineyard.

It was a settled rule in the selfish policy of Spain, to foster only those arts and employments among the Mexicans which would redound to her own interest, and sedulously to prohibit every employment or manufacture that, in the slightest measure, came in competition with the arts and products of the parent country. With this view, therefore, it had long been an established law that the cultivation of vineyards and the manufacture of wine were prohibited in Mexico, except in a very small section of country, which was too remote from market ever to affect the interests of Spain. In the small and sequestered town of Dolores, in the department of Guanajuato, there lived an humble *padre* or parish priest named Miguel Hidalgo, he had spent much of his life in study, and being a true friend to the interests of his country, he had endeavored to introduce several useful and profitable arts among his parishoners. He had persuaded them

to the culture of the silk-worm; and, as a recreation in his own hours of leisure, he had planted and nursed a small vineyard near his humble house. Thus endeavoring, by his influence and example, to encourage two branches of industry which the peculiar soil and climate of Mexico must one day make important items in her domestic economy. In an evil hour, the Audiencia issued orders to the quiet curate to cut down his humble vineyard; he hesitated, and at length disobeyed the order of the justiciary.—A party of soldiers were sent to enforce the order, and the powerless padre was compelled to witness the demolition of his vines, and to see them burned before his eyes; and that which had cost him months of care, labor and watching, was consumed in an hour. Hidalgo was a man of keen sensibilities, and this act of injustice and tyranny, awakened him to a full sense of the wrongs and oppression of himself and his countrymen, and it excited in him a deep thirst for revenge. Being long accustomed to laborious thought, he set himself to work to discover the most effectual means of gratifying his revenge towards the government. He was not ignorant of the fact that an extensive revolution was taking place in the minds of the nation, and he was conscious that the despotic oppressions of the Audiencia had made a large portion of the people of Mexico sharers with him in wrongs; and these, he well knew, still rankling with the spirit of vengeance, would lend him their sympathy and support. Maturing his plans he determined upon a bold scheme, which would at once gratify his own revenge, and secure his country from further oppression. On the 13th of September, 1810, being supported by his parishioners he

commenced the revolution, by seizing on seven Guachupines, as the native-born Spaniards were called, and confiscating their property, which he divided among his followers. The news of his success spread, with astonishing rapidity, over the country, and thousands rose in arms and flocked eagerly to his standard.

On the 17th, the Cura of Dolores found himself at the head of a sufficient force to march against the town of San Felipe, which fell into his hands, and on the next day San Miguel el Grande was similarly occupied. He invariably seized upon the Spaniards, and divided their property among his supporters; this course rapidly filled up his ranks, until finding himself at the head of twenty thousand men, he marched against the city of Guanajuato, containing seventy-five thousand population. His troops, though mostly armed with bows, *machetes* or swords of volcanic glass, and lances of the same material, assaulted the town, and after driving the garrison into the Alhondiga or granary, succeeded in carrying that building, after a fierce conflict, and put every European to the sword.

In the Alhondiga he captured five millions of money, with which he armed and equipped his forces, and moved against Valladolid. This city fell without a struggle, and here Hidalgo received reinforcements sufficient to swell the insurgent army to sixty thousand men. Among these reinforcements was Don Jose Maria Morelos, padre of the town of Nucapetaro, a man of deep thought and powerful intellect, and withal possessed of a bold spirit of indomitable perseverance. His remarkable firmness, combined with great gentleness of manner, pointed him

out as a man well suited for a leader; and as he had been an old friend of Hidalgo's, the patriot padre, who was now considered, by universal consent, as the supreme director of the revolution, bestowed upon Morelos the command of all the south-western coast, where he rendered most efficient service to the insurgent cause.

Hidalgo now determined to move against the the city of Mexico. Vanegas, the Viceroy, speedily assembled an army of seven thousand Spanish troops, and placed them under the command of Col. Truxillo, and Col. Augustino Iturbide, a Mexican officer, who was now fighting in the Spanish service. Truxillo and Iturbide advanced with their forces to meet the insurgents before they could reach the capital. On the 30th of October, the army of Hidalgo attacked the royal troops where they were fortified, in the mountain pass of Las Cruces, between Mexico and the city of Toluca. After a severe conflict, in which the insurgents lost a considerable number of troops, Hidalgo was victorious, and the royal army fell back upon the capital. Hidalgo advanced rapidly towards the city, which was now in the utmost consternation. When within a few miles of the capital, and in sight of its domes and spires, Hidalgo was seized with one of those unaccountable dreads that sometimes paralyze the greatest military geniuses. He halted, and notwithstanding the advice and protestations of some of his best officers, he commenced a retreat upon Valladolid with all his forces. But, on the 7th of November, he encountered a portion of the Viceroy's forces, under the command of Calleja, at Aculco. A fierce battle ensued, the line of the insurgents

was broken, and a route and indiscriminate slaughter ensued, and ten thousand insurgents were slain upon the field.

Collecting a considerable army from the fugitives, Hidalgo reached Valladolid, and proceeded directly on to Guadalajara, where he made his headquarters, until he could again equip an army. Calleja was again sent in pursuit of him. Hidalgo had received such a plentiful supply of artillery from Morelos, at San Blas, on the Pacific, that he determined to risk another engagement. He advanced to the bridge of Calderon, sixteen leagues from Guadalajara, and fortified, to await the approach of the Viceroy's army.

On the 16th of January, Calleja advanced on Calderon, and commenced the conflict. The insurgents were at first successful, but were finally compelled to commence a retreat. Leaving Guadalajara to fall into the hands of Calleja, Hidalgo, with his army, retreated to Saltillo, where it was determined to leave the forces under the command of the licentiate Rayon, while Hidalgo, with Allende and several of the other principal generals, were to proceed to the United States, to purchase arms and procure assistance. These patriot chieftains set out on their mission, and had reached Chihuahua, where on the 21st of March, 1811, they were betrayed by a former partisan, and delivered up to the viceroyal authorities. After a tedious and disgraceful trial, Hidalgo and his associates were condemned and shot. Thus lived and died the father and originator of the Mexican revolution. He lived long enough to fulfil his destiny, and to sever the first link of the galling chain that fettered his enslaved country; he had kindled and inflamed the spirit of liberty that was

eventually to shake off the despotism of the Spanish crown. If his hands were sometimes stained with innocent blood, his conduct has some palliation from the circumstances by which he was surrounded. The Viceroy and Audiencia had declared that the ordinary usages of war were not to be regarded in the contest with the insurgents; wherever their leaders were arrested they were forthwith shot. This provoked that terrible system of retaliation which Hidalgo adopted; and it is said that, under his direction, more than seven hundred Europeans were taken out, by tens and twenties, to secret places, and shot, for no other offence than that they were Guachupines or Spaniards.

During the life of Hidalgo no regular system of union had been adopted; the insurgents seemed to fight from impulse, not from principle; they had as yet no aim to their endeavors. The masses, who had been so long oppressed, seized upon the insurrection as a favorable opportunity to obtain temporary relief from their sufferings, and to wreak their vengeance upon the Guachupines. This system of conducting a revolution was manifestly wrong; the fitful ebullitions of impulse were of too ephemeral a character to lead to any great results; it required some basis resting upon principle, where all could unite in combined action, to ensure any permanent benefit to the country. Hidalgo, Morelos and Allende were capable of leading, controlling and disciplining the turbulent and multifarious masses that composed the army of the insurgents, but they were incapable of devising any plan of union, which would unite the whole people in a common interest, and direct their efforts to a common end. The spirit that had first actuated the insurgents

was beginning to sink under repeated misfortunes; the fires were waning, and it required some new stroke of policy, some master mind, to devise means to rekindle them. Fortunately there was one man found equal to this emergency; this was the licentiate Rayon, who had joined Hidalgo at Guadalajara previous to the defeat of Puente Calderon. Immediately on joining the insurrectionary movement he perceived the want of unity of action, and his active mind began to search out some means to supply so material a want. He at length proposed the plan of a national council, the members of which were to be elected by the people, and the council to be recognised as the civil government by the officers of the army. Having proposed the plan, he set about its execution; and upon the 10th of September, 1811, he, as the head of the army, formally instituted the *Junta* of Ziticuaro. This council gave tone to the subsequent events of the revolution, and formed the basis of the Congress of Chilpanzingo, which gave birth to the Constitution of 1814.

After the death of Hidalgo, Morelos became the head of the revolutionary party, and after various successes and reverses, he was captured, while conducting the Congress from the forest of Aputzingan, where it had been driven for shelter, to Tehuacan. It is needless to say that he was immediately executed, which event took place in December, 1815. With the death of Morelos the hopes of the insurgents seemed to sink. There was no great leader who could unite all the forces, and when Don Manuel de Mier y Teran, to whom had been entrusted the care of the Congress, found himself unable to support that body, he was forced, in self defence, to dissolve it; this destroyed the last hope of union, and

the insurgent chiefs were scattered throughout the country, with separate commands. Rayon, Teran, Nicholas Bravo—the last of that patriot family, and the gallant officer who so lately commanded the fortress of Chapultepec, and was there captured by the Americans—were successively crushed in detail by the forces of the Viceroy. Apodaca, who had now succeeded to the viceroyalty, by his mild and temporising policy towards such of the insurgents as would lay down their arms, and the inflexible rigor with which he pursued those who retained them, at length succeeded in disarming the greater part of the revolutionary troops.

At this time Don Xavier Mina, (who had been compelled to fly from Spain, when Ferdinand, being restored, disregarded and overturned the constitution in 1814,) sought an asylum in the United States, where he conceived the idea of raising and equipping a force for the aid of the insurgent party in Mexico. Having matured his plans, he succeeded in raising a force of upwards of three hundred men, with which he embarked in the Chesapeake, on the 1st of September, 1816. After numerous delays he finally succeeded in landing his forces, on the 15th of April, 1817, at Soto La Marina, between Tampico and the Rio Grande. Notwitstanding the activity of the Viceroy, who had ordered out a fleet to intercept him, Mina succeeded in landing his troops, without molestation, and throwing up speedily a fort in which he left one hundred and thirty men, he commenced his march to the *provincias internas*, where he effected a junction with Father Torres, the prototype of the late Padre Jarauta, who was commanding in the Baxio of Guanaxuato. After a series of bold and brilliant efforts,

this chieftain was at length betrayed and captured and immediately executed, while his associates, most of whom were Americans, were, after severe losses in battle, captured and imprisoned in the dungeons of San Juan de Ulloa and other fortresses; and I have seen it asserted that the only surviving member of this ill-fated expedition is the senior editor of the St. Louis Reveille. Father Torres and Guadalupe Victoria were now the only chiefs in arms; the latter had been deputed, in 1814, by Morelos, as the commander of the Eastern coast. He had established his position in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, where, by a series of bold and energetic strokes, in the neighborhood of Puente de San Juan and Puente Nacional, he succeeded in keeping the Viceroy in continual alarm. His system of tactics was a peculiar one; he kept an army of about two thousand men, who, in case of a reverse, were dispersed in a moment, to reassemble at some distant point, whence he would again renew his attack, while the enemy were utterly unconscious of his proximity. Apodaca determined to put down so dangerous and vexatious an enemy, and accordingly sent his best troops in large numbers. Victoria was well acquainted with the barrancas and mountain fastnesses, and managed long to elude pursuit, but at length his followers one by one were cut off, until he was left entirely alone; but even then the Viceroy set a price upon his head, and for six months kept a large body of soldiers pursuing him, like blood hounds, through the dense forests and thorny chaparral with which the State of Vera Cruz abounds. No nation ever furnished a prouder instance of patriotism than this of Victoria. After he was defeated, deserted and hunted with unrelenting

fury by his pursuers, the Viceroy offered him not only pardon, but the highest offices within his gift, if he would only desert the patriot cause. Victoria indignantly spurned every offer. The Viceroy redoubled his exertions to capture him; he was forbidden to be received into any house, and wherever he was known to pass, the houses in the vicinity were consumed with fire. The Indians and Zambos, therefore, shunned him, or joined, through self defence, in his pursuit. He was, at length, forced beyond the pale of habitation, and, seeking the most inaccessible mountains within his reach, he remained for thirty months without tasting bread, and without clothes. His body became covered with hair, and he subsisted upon fruits and berries, and during the winter he was frequently compelled to go four or five days without food, until he was so far famished that he would gladly have devoured a meal from the carcasses of such dead animals as he could find. During all this time he saw no human being, and the Viceroy was convinced, at length, that his bones had been found. When his pursuers were pressing him hard, and two faithful Indians alone remained with him, he directed these to leave him for their own safety; as he separated from them and dived into the almost impenetrable forest, they enquired of him where he might be found, if his country should again have need of him; he pointed to a steep and inaccessible mountain, and told them that there they might probably find his bones. When the events had taken a turn, in 1821, the Indians sought the spot, and searched six whole weeks in vain for Victoria; at length they discovered his footprints in a small stream, where it appeared he occasionally crossed. Their food

had now nearly given out, and they determined to return home, to procure more and renew their search. One of the Indians, however, suspended four cakes of maize or *tortillas* in a tree, directly over the footprint, in the hope that Victoria might again pass and perceive that some friend was in search of him. The plan succeeded; Victoria passed again, in a few days, and discovered the tortillas, and as he had been four days without food, he devoured them before he reflected on the singularity of finding food in such a desert place. Revolving the matter, at length, in his own mind, he concluded that whoever had placed the food there would anon return, and he determined to await near the spot, to ascertain, if possible, their object in visiting so wild a spot. The Indian soon returned, and Victoria recognising him as he approached, was so overcome with joy that he leaped from his hiding place, and rushed forward to embrace him. The Indian, seeing the apparition of a man springing from the bushes, with a naked sword in his hand and his body covered with hair and partly wrapped in a tattered cotton cloth, fled in affright, and it was not until he heard himself repeatedly called by name and beseeched to return that he ventured to stop. As Victoria approached him, the Indian recognized his old master, and was so affected at his pitiable condition that he wept like a child. Such a remarkable life of trials and adventures it would scarcely be believed could occur in the present century; and were the facts not so well and abundantly authenticated, they would hardly be worthy of narration. So soon as it was known that Guadalupe Victoria still lived, and had again appeared, his name acted like magic, and the hardy Jarochas, or men of the tierra caliente flocked by

thousands to his standard, and he aided Iturbide in throwing off the Spanish yoke, until Iturbide's oppression again drove him to seek shelter in the the barrancas and chaparral, whence he emerged, after the abdication of Iturbide, to preside as the first President of Mexico.

CHAPTER III.

Iturbide—"The Plan of Iguala"—The Empire—The overthrow of Iturbide and the establishment of a Republic—Election of Victoria—Election of Pedraza—Plan of Perote—Guerrero—Santa Anna.

About this juncture, one of the most remarkable men that Mexico ever produced began to play an important part upon the political stage. This was Don Augustino Iturbide. At the commencement of the struggle he had been one of the first to espouse the cause of the insurgents, but some disagreement with the insurgent chiefs drove him from their ranks, and he obtained a Colonel's commission under the Viceroy. In this capacity he became celebrated for his malignance towards the insurgents, his old associates. He endeavored to win the confidence of the Viceroy, by his barbarous persecution of the republicans, and upon one occasion he wrote Apodaca that, in honor of Good Friday, he had just ordered three hundred prisoners to be shot. His predatory disposition and intolerable rapacity induced the Viceroy, Apodaca, to recall him from a high command he had given him in the Baxio. Iturbide then withdrew from the service, and remained from 1816 to

1820 in retirement, where he practised the greatest austerities, and by a constant exercise of the most rigorous religious duties, so far ingratiated himself into the favor of the clergy, that they ever afterwards became his greatest friends, and in his after career, they mainly contributed to his success, by using their influence over the minds of the people in allaying the prejudices, which his former cruelties had excited.

In 1821, Iturbide emerged from his retirement, and was sent towards the south by the Viceroy in command of a large native force, to meet a strong rebellion, which Guerrero was stirring up in that quarter. Finding this a favorable opportunity for the commencement of his ambitious schemes, he, on the 24th of February, 1821, convened his officers at Iguala, and submitted to their consideration, the plan of "*The three Guarantees*," for the establishment of an independent government in Mexico.

This plan, known in the history of the country as "The Plan of Iguala" comprised three propositions, the sum of which were: That Mexico should be considered an independent constitutional monarchy, the sovereignty of which should be successively offered to the Spanish king, and the male heirs to the Spanish crown upon condition, that the one accepting should reside in Mexico. That the Catholic religion should be supported and protected; and that every class of actual inhabitants should enjoy the same political immunities without regard to birth or station.

The officers enthusiastically seconded the propositions of the wily chieftain, and the troops, ever ready for any revolution, were easily persuaded to lend their aid to the accomplishment of the scheme.

The history of Mexico became now, for a time, merged in that of Iturbide.

Victoria, Guerrero, Santa Anna, now first rising into notice, with Bustamente and a host of minor chieftains immediately joined the army of "The three Guarantees," as it was now called, with all their forces. The Spanish troops retired into the capital, leaving all the other cities in the hands of the independents.

While affairs where in this posture, General O'Donoju arrivedfrom Spain, with a commission as captain general of Mexico. He was immediately besieged by the troops under Iturbide, and forced into a treaty, by which he acknowledged the independence of Mexico, and fully acceded to the terms of the three guarantees, and he further stipulated that the Spanish troops should, as soon as possible, be withdrawn from the country. Iturbide entered the capital, and a junto for the government of affairs was the same day formed with Iturbide at its head, while a commission was sent to Spain with the propositions of the independents.

Anticipating the answer which would be returned to the propositions, Iturbide in order to perfect his ambitious views began to seek assiduously the favor of all parties, except the old insurgent party, and its chiefs, for these maintained a settled opposition to his schemes. By the most meretricious intrigues and artful seductions, he succeeded in gaining illimitable popularity with the clergy, the army and the people.

The abrogation of the treaty signed by O'Donoju, and the refusal of the terms of the three guarantees by the Spanish crown and Cortes, were made known in Mexico in April, 1822. It was to the reception of such an answer, that Itur-

bide looked as the proper moment for the completion of his aspirations, and now all those arts and dissimulations, which his imitator Santa Anna has so successfully exercised, were brought to bear; and on the 18th of May, the people and the army at the capital unanimously proclaimed Iturbide Emperor of Mexico, with the title of Augustin the first.

This accession of one of their most bitter enemies to the throne could not but displease the chiefs and members of the old insurgent party, and as Iturbide's despotism was only calculated to arouse more fully their indignation, they retired in disgust from his court, and betook themselves to their ancient districts. Santa Anna, however, held the Emperor's commission as commandant of the province of Vera Cruz, but on account of some suspicions, the Emperor sent an order for the removal of Santa Anna, and summoning him to appear at the capital.

Santa Anna was informed of the order at Jalapa; he immediately set out for Vera Cruz, and succeeded in anticipating the arrival of the order. He assembled the garrison, and harangued them upon the injustice of the Emperor, and persuaded them, by his bold and impassioned eloquence, to aid him in subverting so iniquitous a government. The troops, inflamed by his eloquence, immediately joined him, and he set out to seize upon Jalapa, but Echavarri, the captain-general, repulsed him from this point, and forced him to fall back to the heights that overlook the Puente Nacional.

Guadalupe Victoria, who had for some months been forced to resume his wild life in his inaccessible haunts in the mountains, so soon as he heard of Santa Anna's insurrection, again emerged from

his hiding place, and joined the rebellion with his faithful Jarochas. The firm front which Echavarri opposed to the insurgents was an insurmountable obstacle to the success of their enterprise, until the wily intrigues of Santa Anna succeeded in winning over, not only Echavarri, but all his forces. This insured success; the "Plan" or "Act of Casas Matas" was immediately concocted, and met with the support of the whole nation. The troops headed by Victoria, marched towards the Capital and Iturbide, seeing his deserted and deplorable condition, without a struggle, abdicated the imperial throne just ten months after his ascension.

The ex-emperor was escorted to Vera Cruz, and embarked with his suite, on the 11th of May, for Leghorn. The Mexican government covenanted to pay to the ex-emperor an annual pension of twenty-five thousand dollars, upon the condition, that he should reside in Italy, and to his family, after his death, the sum of eighteen thousand annually. By the counsel of evil advisers, Iturbide was induced in 1824 to leave his family, and return to Mexico, for the purpose of overthrowing the existing government; but immediately on his arrival at Soto La Marina, he was betrayed, carried before the Congress, and immediately shot. Thus terminated the career of one of the greatest and most remarkable men, Mexico ever produced. He had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every class of Mexican society, and he knew their wants and capabilities better than any other man has ever pretended to know; and had he not been surrounded by such bitter enemies, it is probable that he would have made so good a monarch, that Mexico would have to this day been an independent empire.

As soon as the army obtained the abdication from Iturbide, they instituted a commission of three to regulate, and preside over governmental affairs, until a more legitimate government could be formed.

On the 4th of October, 1824, a constitution following closely after the model of that of the United States was solemnly adopted, and Guadalupe Victoria was soon after elected as first President of Mexico, with Don Nicolas Bravo as Vice-President. This proved a most unfortunate election, for the President and Vice-President were bitter enemies; and the Vice-President, at one time, openly headed a rebellion against the govment. Such a state of things could not long last. Republican government was not here, as in the United States, built upon the indestructible principles of liberty and equal rights. It was not based upon tried philosophy, and a proper adaptation to the peculiar character of the people.

It was unfortunate for Mexico, that the events which brought about her severance from Spain, hurried forward the crisis before the proper time had arrived for its maturity. They were a people only preparing, not prepared, for liberty; the rays of enlightenment had but begun to penetrate the dark clouds of ignorance and slavish superstition, which had so long enveloped the minds of the masses; and any people are unfitted for liberty, while they are merged in the night of ignorance. Enlightenment is the inseparable concomitant of liberty; they mutually depend upon each other for existence and support. Before a people can be politically free, they must be morally and mentally free; and the body that contains a free spirit cannot be enslaved by the despotism of tyranny.

That Mexico assumed a republican form of government before her people were calculated to receive it, and while they were still grovelling in the sloughs of superstition, is the true cause of all her subsequent difficulties and disasters. Her people threw off the yoke of one master to become the slaves of many. Each military chieftain seized upon some district, over which he held as supreme and absolute sway, as did the ancient feudal barons in the days of King Pepin. Each acted independently of the others, and the spirit of liberty which had at first actuated them, was gradually frittered away in ineffectual and febrile insurrections, until patriotism became finally lost in perfidy and ambition. It was not until the master mind of Iturbide worked them up to a combined and impulsive effort, that they were finally able to achieve that misnamed liberty, which it was probably better for themselves and for the world, they had never obtained. The success of Iturbide only emboldened others, and served to stir up factions, jealousies, and discords; and the expulsion of the Spaniards only removed that common enemy, whose presence would alone have had the tendency to keep in equipoise those various factions, and unite them in a common interest. The fires of jealousy and discontent could not long be smothered; they burst out in civil commotions and open ruptures. The hostile chiefs arrayed themselves against each other; and in the intestine storm, the throne was upturned; the basis of the ephemeral empire demolished; and the chaotic elements in the political cauldron resolved themselves finally into a republic.

Guadalupe Victoria was a man of considerable ability, and though the administration of the government was conducted in the worst possible

manner, yet he succeeded in a measure in keeping down any violent civil wars; and partly by the awe and veneration which the people entertained for him, and partly by his military prowess, he maintained his position until the expiration of his term in 1828. But the selection of his successor gave rise to the most acrid dissensions.

Freemasonry had been extensively introduced into the country, and the division in this order became a new element of discord. The Scotch and York Masons were arrayed against each other; each put forth its candidate; and the unhappy country was torn by new broils and fomentations. Gen. Pedraza was the candidate of the Escoceses and Gen. Guerrero of the Yorkinos.

Pedraza was, after much difficulty, elected by an exceedingly small majority over Guerrero. This was the signal for open rebellion; and Santa Anna, who had for sometime been quietly residing at Encerro, near Jalapa, commenced "*el grito*," or the cry, and persuading the garrison of Vera Cruz to join him, he issued his *pronunciamento*, and marched upon Perote, which he captured, and proclaimed the "Plan of Perote." The effect of this movement was that Pedraza was banished, and a new election was ordered, which resulted in the elevation of Guerrero to the Presidency, with Don Anastasio Bustamente as Vice-President. Mexico now became a vast political arena, in which every petty aspirant, who chose to enter the lists, could get up a *grito* and *pronounce* against the government.

It would be needless to follow up in detail, the history of those times, in which the history of the country becomes so encumbered with the opeations of petty military chieftians, that it is almost impossible to thread one's way with truth

and clearness, through the intricate and labyrinthian mazes.

It began now to be apparent, that it was impossible to build up a republican government, of any stability, from such heterogeneous and discordant materials, as Mexican society was at this time composed. The opposite and disjunctive interests of such a varied community began now to clash with fearful collisions; revolutions and counter revolutions followed each other in rapid succession, caused by the wrestle for power among the military aspirants; and the government became a mere military despotism, as no administration could sustain itself long without force of arms. Peculation and abstraction were openly practised in every department, and the public coffers were overtly proclaimed as the spoils of the successful aspirant. Honesty and probity were almost totally blotted out from the social and political vocabularies, and there was almost a total desuetude of virtue itself. Worth and merit were of no weight in the bestowal of honors; and the contest for office became a mere game for power, in which that man could win, who could bring into the field the greatest amount of perfidy and cunning.

Those who obtained power were merely political charlatans; and government was a mere experiment; an experiment not prompted by any spirit of patriotism, but by the base and selfish purposes of partisan aggrandizement.

Such a deplorable state of things naturally enough shook loose all the bonds that cemented the social system of society. The people partook of the turpitude of their rulers; dissimulation was every where practised; cunning and finesse were esteemed fine virtues, and distrust

was met by deception, and artifice. The proudest professions and sincerest promises were only a specious guise for the blackest intrigues and most perfidious schemes.

It was impossible for a society, resting upon so false a basis, ever to obtain true liberty and political independence; and the subsequent history of Mexico, even up to the present time, has fully shown, that her people have ever as yet been totally incompetent for self-government. History furnishes no example of a government, where anarchy and misrule have been more rife than in Mexico, since the adoption of the constitution of 1824.

The recent contest of Mexico with the United States must have the undeniable effect of elevating her people; and if national regenerations were not such rare phenomena in history, we might still hope that Mexico will yet be able to demonstrate, that her people are capable of governing themselves.

The elevation of Guerrero was little calculated to restore quiet, and order to the republic. The opposition to his administration became more and more general, until he was finally deposed in a short time after his election. Bustamente now assumed the government, and Guerrero took up arms against it. For three years the country was ravaged and devastated by intestine wars, until Guerrero was at last captured and executed.

The people incapable of remaining quiet under any administration began to clamor so loudly against Bustamente, that the wily Santa Anna, always on the watch to seize on every opportunity for self advancement, got up a *pronunciamento* against the government, and marched

against it, with the troops at Vera Cruz. Gen. Calderon met him at Talome, and after defeating and driving him back, besieged him at Vera Cruz. Santa Anna at length obtained reinforcements, and defeating Calderon, forced him to leave the country, while he proceeded to depose Bustamente, and declared that Pedraza had been duly elected in 1828. Pedraza now resumed the Presidency until the expiration of his term in March, 1833, when Santa Anna was elevated to that dignity with Gomez Farias as Vice-President.

The two ruling minds in Mexico now were Santa Anna and Don Lucas Alaman. Both were equally ambitious and equally unscrupulous as to the means of gratifying their ambition. As like poles in magnetism constantly repel each other, so these two master minds actuated by like impulses perpetually opposed each other. And it is to the enmity and ambition of these two men, that Mexico is indebted, more than to any thing else, for her present degraded social and political condition.

Don Lucas Alaman was a mere cabinet politician; finding himself like Demosthenes placed in a country, where the field was the high road to power, and being, by a constitutional cowardice, physically incapable of meeting the dangers of war, he determined to adopt some other profession than arms, for the furtherance of his ambition. He became the most artful and skilful politician in all Mexico. But Santa Anna had a diversity of powers and a wonderful fertility of mind; he could wield with equal force his tongue, his pen and his sword. The vast resources of his mind were second only to his ambition, and amidst all the trying scenes and perplexing

difficulties through which he has had to pass, his ingenuity has never failed him, and he has always been found equal to any emergency; and not only Don Lucas Alaman, but all his other enemies, have been forced to succumb to his superior power.

Santa Anna is, without exception, the most remarkable man of the present age; he has gone through more successes and reverses, than any man now living, and is yet not fifty years of age. He first made his appearance in the history of Mexico in the revolution of 1821, as commander of a large body of insurgents, with whom he seized upon Vera Cruz. He next made the bold and successful stroke which overthrew Iturbide, and established a republic. During the administration of Victoria, he remained in comparitive quietness until the election of Pedraza, when he again headed the revolt, which resulted in the election of Guerrero. In 1829, Santa Anna was in the cabinet, but hearing that the Spaniards, who had for so long a time left Mexico unmolested, were about to make a new attempt at conquest, he immediately left his bureau and assembling seven hundred men crossed in pirogues from Tuspan over the lake Jamaihua to Tampico, where the Spanish General Barradas had already landed with four thousand veteran troops. Though Santa Anna was in command of only seven hundred men, yet by a bold military *chef d' œuvre* and stratagem, he succeeded in taking the town, and finally forced the enemy into a capitulation. This was the last attempt of Spain against Mexico, and the issue established Santa Anna's military reputation upon a firm basis. This defeat of Barradas by Santa Anna, with his provincial troops, has frequently, and

not inaptly, been compared to Gen. Jackson's defence at New Orleans.

Santa Anna next made his appearance against Guerrero's administration, which he overthrew and re-established Pedraza, at the expiration of whose term, he himself was made President.

It would be unnecessary to narrate in detail the fortunes of Santa Anna; his whole life has been a tissue of intrigues and dangers, and the public are too well aware of the ups and downs of his latter life, to need any repetition of them here. We behold him at one time the supreme dictator of the land, and then a prisoner in a foreign camp begging for his life. Now laboring under the greatest popular odium, and then by the exercise of his winning arts, and his persuasive eloquence, which few can resist, again rising into power as the idol of the nation. Now deposed, arraigned, and tried for his life, yet by his power of argument forcing his malignant accusers to commute his punishment to ostracism, from which he is called to assume the supreme command of the armies of his country.

None other than a man of most extraordinary abilities could have passed through the checkered scenes, which form the history of Santa Anna. Turmoil and strife are his elements. When the billows of popular fury have been roused, Santa Anna has usually been found as their ruling spirit: he did not rule them by pouring oil upon the troubled waters, but like the boisterous whirlwind worked them into waves of his own will, that he might dash them with overwhelming force against his enemies. But if sometimes these billows have rolled back upon him with threatening fury, yet he has always found means to extricate himself from his dangers, and to rise at length superior to the storm.

CHAPTER IV.

Revolution in Texas—Contests between the Texans and Mexicans—Texas declared and acknowledged independent by the United States and other powers—Annexation—Commencement of the war—Battles of the 8th and 9th of May.

Santa Anna immediately upon assuming the government, resorted to the most arbitrary measures to establish his power. He procured the banishment of certain of his enemies, and effected the repeal of such laws, as he deemed offensive.

In 1835, the Congress assembled for the purpose of altering and remodelling the Constitution. Considerable opposition was manifested by some of the States to this alteration of the Constitution; among others, were the States of Texas, and Coahuila and Zacatecas. Santa Anna immediately marched against the latter State, and after a bloody battle on the 11th of May, reduced it to submission.

Congress however proceeded to set aside the Constitution of 1824, and in its stead established one that robbed the States of their independent powers, and annihilated their legislatures, and concentrated their whole power in a central government.

The territory of Texas had been filled up with a hardy population from the United States, who had been induced to settle there by the favorable offers of the Mexican government.

This population brought with them the true republican spirit, they had been so long accus-

tomed to the free exercise of democratic liberty, that they could not brook any form of goverment, which would in any way undermine, or interfere with their rights as freemen.

When they accepted the terms of the Mexican government, and settled in Texas, they swore to sustain the constitution of 1824, which granted them nearly all the immunities they were accustomed to enjoy in the United States. When, therefore, the Congress in 1835, proposed to alter their constitution, so as to give the States no longer the power to regulate their domestic concerns by State Legislatures, but to destroy the right of independent legislation and remove the law making power to a distant central government endowed with dictatorial power, Texas respectfully protested against such an alteration; Zacatecas did likewise; but the Congress with their dictator, Santa Anna, proceeded to disregard these earnest protestations, and while Santa Anna was reducing Zacatecas to an acquiescence, the constitution of centralization was promulgated.

Texas rightly conceived that by this act, the terms of the confederacy were violated; that the conditions upon which they became citizens of Mexico were broken. They had sworn to support the constitution of 1824; that constitution had been overturned; their firm protestations had been disregarded, and Zacatecas for seconding these protestations had been overrun and subdued by the troops of the President. They considered themselves absolved from their oath of citizenship, and they determined rather than submit like Zacatecas, to declare themselves independent of Mexico, and to establish a govern-

ment of their own. Accordingly a Congress of nine persons in December, 1835, assembled at Goliad, and declared Texas an independent State.

The March following a more formal and legitimate declaration of independence was made at Washington in Texas, and a temporary government was formed, with Samuel Houston as commander-in-chief.

The whole State had been for sometime in awe, as they were menaced with invasion upon the first manifestation of discontent. Already several skirmishes had ensued between the Texans and the Mexicans; and each engagement proved the superiority of the Texans.

During the latter part of 1835, Col Travis assembled a small force and marching against the Mexican garrison at Anahuoca, forced the commander Captain Tenoria, though in command of a much larger force, to surrender to him. Col. Bowie with Col. Fanning, soon after the surrender of Anahuoca, with a command of less than one hundred men, fought the celebrated battle of Conception and defeated four hundred and fifty Mexicans. In November, 1835, two hundred Texans defeated four hundred Mexicans near Bexar, and drove them into the town, where they remained under cover of their artillery. And in December of the same year, two hundred and nineteen Texans under Col. Milam took the town of Antonio de Bexar, and the Alamo, although they were defended by thirteen hundred Mexicans. These engagements were of immense advantage to the Texans, it taught them what kind of an enemy they had to contend against and convinced them of their own superiority. It at the same time united all parties in favor of the revolution, and it was this

union of interests that finally so successfully accomplished the revolution, for the territory had at this time, but a meagre population, and this was extended over a wide district of country, and any division would have proved fatal to the cause of liberty.

Santa Anna, upon the first outbreaks, sent General Cos to Monclova, then the seat of government of Texas and Coahuila, with orders to quell any disturbance in that quarter. Gen. Cos proceeded to Monclova with a large force, and required the surrender of the Governor with numerous citizens of Texas and Coahuila. This was indignantly refused, and the legislature was dispersed, and the Texans were ordered to surrender all their arms.

This requisition, of course, barred all hopes of reconciliation, and Gen. Cos crossed the Rio Grande, and entrenched himself at San Antonio, and it was here that Col. Milam defeated him, but fell himself in gaining the victory.

So soon as Santa Anna heard of the defeat of Gen. Cos, he set out himself for Texas, and early in 1836, crossed the Rio Grande with more than ten thousand men. This army advanced with a red flag at its head, and with the command to give no quarter. They sent forward a strong advance, which laid siege to the Alamo, where the heroic Col. Travis was in command of one hundred and forty-five men. For six days this little band of Spartans resisted every attack of the enemy, but at length Santa Anna arrived with the remainder of the troops, and assumed the direction of affairs. Still four days longer the indomitable Travis fought with the strength of desperation. Twice the Mexicans essayed to scale the walls of the fort, but the gallant Tex-

ans, after emptying their guns, clubbed them, and drove back the assailants. The never missing rifles of the Texians had already killed ten times their number; fifteen hundred Mexicans were killed, and Santa Anna determined on a last charge it succeeded; the unfortunate Travis with all his men were massacreed and their bodies burned. It was here that Crockett, Bowie and Hays fell.

Soon after this Col. Fanning with four hundred men surrendered to Gen. Urrea, and were all massacred in cold blood by the order of Santa Anna. This act is almost unequalled for barbarity; and the most zealous defenders of Santa Anna have been unable to exculpate him from the charge of wholesale murder in this instance.

As Santa Anna advanced into the country, Gen. Houston, who was at this time in command of an army of twelve hundred men, slowly fell back before him, until he by his manœuvres induced Santa Anna to separate his forces. Santa Anna, with fifteen hundred men, followed up Houston towards San Felipe. Houston still continued to retreat. Santa Anna, anxious to move with more expedition, left his heavy artillery and pushed on. Houston now concealed his forces until the Mexicans crossed the Brazos, when he turned and marching towards Buffalo Bayou came up with Santa Anna, on the 19th of April, a skirmish ensued the next day without any serious injury to either party.

On the 21st, at the spot where Buffalo Bayou discharges itself into the San Jacinto, the battle of San Jacinto was fought.

The engagement lasted sometime before either party obtained any decided advantage. Santa Anna had every advantage, that position and

artillery could give, but Houston at length ordered the charge, when the enemy were driven from their position and seven hundred Mexicans went to appease the manes of the gallant spirits, who had been butchered under Travis and Fanning. Santa Anna himself was taken, and contray to his deserts was spared, and released. This would not have been the case had not the council of war, which was held to decide upon Santa Anna's fate, been assured that Gen. Filasola was marching against Houston at the head of a large force.

Santa Anna was released, but signed a treaty acknowledging the independence of Texas, and with his generals, he bound himself solemnly to use his influence in bringing about the ratification of this treaty of independence. Santa Anna, however, on his return to Mexico, revoked his solemn pledges, and the Mexican government refused to acknowledge the independence of Texas.

The battle of San Jacinto was the finishing stroke to the revolution, and though the Mexicans refused to acknowledge her independence, yet the other great nations of the earth soon after the battle of San Jacinto recognised her as an independent power and treated with her as such.

After the battle of San Jacinto, Mexico made no attempt to reconquer Texas; it is true a few Mexican troops occasionally crossed the Rio Grande, but their expeditions were merely predatory, and resembled more those of the Camanches, than the operations of the troops of a government calling itself civilized. On one of those occasions, in 1842, Gen. Woll, a Mexican officer, advanced a considerable distance into the country before the inhabitants had time to rally and drive

him back; at length, however, a considerable force was raised and sent to meet Gen. Woll, but this officer then commenced a retreat and escaped beyond the Rio Grande. The Texans having been foiled in this pursuit, determined not to return without retribution, and a plan was formed for the capture of Mier, a considerable town on the Mexican side, situated on the Rio Alcanta not far from its junction with the Rio Grande.

The Texans under Cols. Fisher and Greene, though numbering but two hundred and seventy, moved down the Rio Grande in boats and attacked the town at night, and succeeded in making a lodgment, but Gen. Ampudia had just arrived with a considerable number of troops, which swelled the force of the enemy to twenty-six hundred. This unequal contest lasted until the ammunition of the Texans began to fail, when their leader, Col. Fisher, being wounded, and hearing that a large number of troops were near to reinforce the enemy, accepted a proposition to surrender, and his troops laid down their arms upon the most solemn promise of such treatment as was usually accorded to prisoners of war by the most civilized nations, but Mexican faith has long since become synonymous with "Punic faith;" and Ampudia so soon as he fairly had his prisoners in his power broke the terms of capitulation, fettered them, and marched them off to Mexico.

It was unfortunate for the Texans that they consented to a surrender at the moment they did, for their own loss only amounted to some twenty-eight killed and wounded, while the Mexicans had lost upwards of seven hundred, and Gen. Ampudia was just mounting his horse to retire

with his troops from the town when the surrender was accepted.

This invasion of Gen. Woll was the last attempt of Mexico on Texas, and Texas was left absolutely free and independent.

Mexico in the meanwhile had been the theatre of frightful revolutions. Santa Anna, on his return from the United States, which he visited after his release by the Texans, found he had been deposed and Bustamente substituted instead. But Bustamente was too pure a man long to retain power in such a country as Mexico; and in 1840 a revolution broke out which overturned the government and cast aside the constitution. Santa Anna, being the prime mover in this, was the one who derived most advantage from it, as he had prevailed upon the people to declare him dictator, and in that capacity he continued at the head of affairs until January; 1844, when he was inaugurated as president. This inauguration was speedily followed by another revolution; which effected the deposition and banishment of Santa Anna, and Gen. Herrera was made President.

The relations between Mexico and the United States had up to this time been of a most amicable character. The United States had been the first nation to acknowledge the independence of Mexico after the revolution in that country, and for the sake of prospering the cause of liberty had lent a fostering hand to the support of the young republic; and though the imbecile government of Mexico perpetrated a thousand injuries against our citizens, yet the United States with magnanimous forbearance mildly demanded redress, which Mexico, though constantly promising, as constantly deferred, while she continued

daily to inflict new injuries upon our citizens and their property.

The United States instead of exciting the emulation of Mexico only stirred her envy; and she constantly charged the United States with having openly aided Texas in her revolution. A long and interesting correspondence between M. de Bocanegra, Minister of Foreign Relations in Mexico, and Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States, grew out of this charge. But Mr. Webster's able refutation of the charge, with that of Waddy Thompson, the U. S. Minister to Mexico, will always be considered conclusive on this head. Though great numbers of our citizens, on the breaking out of the Texan revolution, repaired to that country with their arms, and aided in bringing about the successful consummation of the revolution, yet they had a perfect right by the laws of nations to do so. They did not go as citizens of the United States, for they disfranchised themselves the moment they took up arms in favor of Texas, and the United States had no jurisdiction or control over them. We have no *ne exeat* laws, and could not therefore prevent our citizens from going whither they pleased no matter how armed and equipped. This charge was only invented by Mexico to cover, in some measure, her violation of the laws of nations by constantly imprisoning, mutilating, murdering and robbing our citizens.

As the people of Texas began now to talk about annexation to the United States, the cries of Mexico against the United States began to wax louder and more fierce. Threat after threat she fulminated against the United States, while the question was every where agitating the public

mind. The presidential canvass in 1844 in the United States mainly hinged upon this question, and the election of Mr. Polk, the advocate of annexation, over Mr. Clay, the opponent of the measure, was a direct manifestation of the popular will upon this question.

The people conceived that as a matter of policy it became imperiously necessary to secure the acquisition of Texas to our territory, rather than let it fall into the hands of some of the European powers; for Texas had declared herself unable to support herself as an independent power; not from any dread of Mexico, but from an inability to regulate her domestic affairs so as to meet the contingent expenses of government. In this situation she first made propositions for annexation to our government, but growing impatient at the delay caused by the opposition to the measure in the United States, she made overtures to England which would have been accepted, had not the proposition made to the United States been acceded to. It would have been a suicidal policy on the part of our people to have allowed England to obtain so large an extent of valuable cotton growing territory upon our borders. It would have prostrated our cotton growing interest; and by rendering England independent of us for that great staple which supports her manufacturing millions, would have severed the strongest link that binds the peace of the two countries. The strongest argument that was urged against the annexation was that Texas did not have a perfect right to dispose of her people and territory. This argument was fallacious, for Texas had for nearly ten years maintained her independence, and the great powers of the earth were so fully convinced of her

ubility to do so that they had all acknowledged her perfect freedom. Mexico alone refused to recognize her independence, but continued to assert her title to the country, but it was a mere empty assertion, unsupported by any thing else but threats. Being then independent in every sense of the word, Texas had a right to cede any part, or all of her territory, to any other power she chose; and it is only the minions of monarchy that would dare to assert that a free and independent people have not the right and power to make any disposition they may think proper of themselves and their territory.

When Congress proceeded to take the proposition of Texas into consideration, the Mexican Minister at Washington, Gen. Almonte, immediately demanded his passports, and departed reiterating the threats of his government against us. Congress, regardless of the menacing attitude of Mexico, remained true to its duty, and finally, after much debate, succeeded in passing the bill to incorporate Texas into the Union. Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, was appointed as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico. He immediately set out to reconcile the government of Mexico; but on his arrival at the city of Mexico, Gen. Herrera refused to recognize him in his full official capacity, and after vain attempts at reconciliation he was at last forced to leave the affairs between the two governments unsettled and return home.

Gen. Parades made the pretext that Gen. Herrera was compromising the honor of Mexico in the controversy with the United States, marched with his forces upon the capital, and deposing Herrera occupied the executive office himself, until a new election could be held, when he was

chosen President. Probably the mild and enlightened policy of Herrera might have compromised the disturbances resulting from annexation; he was too well aware of the deplorable distress which a war with the United States would produce, not to use every means to avoid an open collision. But the infatuated Parades, blind to the true interests of his country, and aiming at the accomplishment of his chimerical scheme of converting Mexico into a monarchy with a Bourbon prince at its head, recklessly provoked the crisis which subsequently produced the war so calamitous to his ill-fated and ill-governed country.

Every proffer that the United States made towards the reconciliation of the difficulties and the settlement of boundaries was spurned by Mexico with contemptuous scorn. She rejected all mediation, cut off all intercourse with the United States, and openly avowed her determination to retake the territory ceded to the United States. And confessedly with this view Gen. Parades ordered a large force to rendezvous at Matamoras, under the command of Gens. Ampudia, Arista and Mejia.

Immediately after the consummation of annexation, by the ratification of the treaty by the Texan congress, the President of the United States ordered a brigade of United States troops, under the command of Gen. Zachary Taylor, to move into the territory of Texas to prevent any invasion by the Mexicans. In obedience to this order Gen. Taylor took up his quarters near the town of Corpus Christi, near the mouth of the Nueces river. There he remained encamped with his troops during the summer of 1845, and the subsequent winter. Early in the spring of

1846 he was ordered to move down into the territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande, and to take up some effective position on or near the latter river. Pursuant to this command he took up the line of march on the 8th of March, and proceeded towords Matamoras on the Rio Grande.

During the march the Mexicans sent several embassies to meet Gen. Taylor, and warn him not to approach the Rio Grande, or Gen. Mejia, commanding the forces of the great and magnanimous Mexican Republic would completely annihilate his army. Quietly disregarding their threats and menaces, Gen. Taylor sent back their messengers with the answer that "he had been ordered by his government to take possession of the territory as far as the Rio Grande." Accordingly he took possession of Point Isabel on the Gulf, as a port of entry and reception, and proceeded to take up his position before Matamoras, twenty-two miles distant. On his arrival before the town, (March 28th,) he planted a flag-staff and unfurled the stars and stripes of the Union upon the banks of the Rio Grande. The Mexican commander exasperated at this insult, as he deemed it, immediately dispatched a messenger to Gen. Taylor, informing him that if the flag was not immediately hauled down, it would be deemed an informal declaration of war. Gen. Taylor calmly responded that he was under authority, and was only obeying orders. Exasperated beyond measure at the utter disregard of his request, the Mexican commander threatened to open his batteries upon the American forces. The Mexicans had planted a battery with a breast-work at either end of the city, and opposite the centre of the town a strong fort called Fort Passeder, had been erected, of a hex-

agonal form, and mounting a gun at each angle. Dreading no attack, yet in order to exercise due precaution, Gen. Taylor proceeded to throw up a fortification, afterwards called Fort Brown, opposite the Mexican battery at the lower end of the town. Gen. Taylor made several attempts to communicate with our consul; but the consul had been imprisoned, and the Mexicans would allow no communication to be received, nor would they themselves communicate with Taylor. Things were in this state when Gen. Arista, with Gen. Ampudia as next in command, arrived with a large reinforcement of fresh troops. Several days expired with communications still unopened, when it was reported to Gen. Taylor that a strong force of the enemy were crossing the river above. A small command of dragoons under Captains Thornton and Hardee, was forthwith dispatched to reconnoitre the country above, to the distance of twenty miles, where the enemy were said to be crossing. This unfortunate command proceeded to the execution of this duty; when they came to the neighborhood of the crossing the Mexican guide refused to go further, and warned them not to go on, as a large force was in the neighborhood. Notwithstanding the guide's declaration, the command proceeded, and in a short time afterwards, when they were drawn up inside a ranch yard a force of two thousand Mexicans opened a fire on them and succeeded in killing and capturing thirteen; among the latter was Capt. Thornton, who was afterwards exchanged and court martialed for his conduct, however with honorable acquittal. This occurred on the twenty-fifth of April. Prior to this Col. Cross and Lieut. Porter had been murdered near the camp.

Affairs began now to assume rather a serious aspect. It was now found that the enemy, with Arista commanding, were crossing below the town in large numbers, and seemed determined to cut off all communication with Point Isabel, which they completely succeeded in doing.

In accordance with a standing order Gen. Taylor had ordered, through Gen. Gaines, the Governors of Texas and Louisiana to send out a brigade from each of their respective States. This requisition was met with commendable promptness on the part of either State, and the full compliment was soon filled up with volunteers. Captain Walker had, on the first summons of the requisition, raised a company of Texan rangers, and by forced marches reached Point Isabel just at the juncture when communications between that point and the army had been cut off by the intervention of the enemy. Walker, always remarkable for a bold, desperate daring, immediately determined to make a bold stroke, and cut his way through the enemy and reach Taylor's camp. This daring adventure was attempted with only seventy-five men. They had not proceeded far before they encountered the enemy in considerable numbers. An attack was commenced by the enemy, their overwhelming numbers induced Walker's men to leave him and make their way back to the Point. Walker, however, with unblenching perseverance continued his course with only six men, and after a thousand hair-breadth escapes succeeded in reaching the Fort, almost singly and alone. Gen. Taylor had now but few provisions in camp and the enemy had manifested a disposition to make an attack on Point Isabel the only provision depot, which, owing to the non-expectance of active

hostilities, had been left with a force far inadequate to its defence. An enemy in front, an enemy in the rear, a scarcity of provisions in camp, and the only provision depot threatened with capture, were certainly circumstances calculated to render an army somewhat desperate. And such an effect had they on the American army. In this dilemma Gen. Taylor found that it was necessary to strike an effectual blow in some quarter. Accordingly on the first of May, leaveing a small force, under Major Brown, to garrison the fort, Gen. Taylor, with the greater portion of his army, and several pieces of field artillery, commenced his march for Point Isabel. He succeeded in reaching that place without any molestation from the enemy.

Scarcely had Gen. Taylor left Fort Brown, before the enemy commenced a severe cannonade upon that work from their batteries around the city. Gen. Taylor's first impulse upon hearing the cannonade was to return to the relief of the fort, but feeling confident of the skill and ability of the officers and men, he had left in charge of the fort, to sustain a bombardment and repulse any charge that might be made upon the works, he continued his course towards Point Isabel.

Gen. Paredes, the President of Mexico, had sometime previous to this ordered Gen. Arista to cross the Rio Grande, and attack the troops under Gen. Taylor. In conformity with this order, Gen. Arista crossed the river with six thousand troops, and on the night of the 4th, threw up a battery in the rear of Fort Brown, and after summoning the garrison to a surrender, which was of course refused, he commenced a severe bombardment, but finding this ineffectual the

enemy attempted to carry the work by an assault, which proved equally fruitless.

Gen. Taylor having completed his arrangements at Point Isabel, set out on the morning of the 7th, from that place, with twenty-three hundred troops, and hearing the signal guns of distress, which were fired from the heavy guns in Fort Brown, he moved forward with all possible dispatch to the succor of the garrison.

Gen. Arista having learned that Gen. Taylor was again approaching from Point Isabel, struck his camp at Tonques del Ramireno, and moved in the direction to intercept the American forces. On the 8th, the Mexican Commander took up his position about one o'clock, P. M., at the water-hole of Palo Alto. He established his line of battle upon an extensive plain, with the right resting upon a slight elevation, and the left upon a slough of difficult passage.

About noon the advance of Gen. Taylor's army discovered the enemy deploying into position at Palo Alto, and having reported to Gen. Taylor, he brought up all his forces, and after an hour or two of rest, he formed his line of battle and ordered the advance. As our columns came up the enemy opened a deliberate, but harmless fire upon them. Halting his columns for a few moments, Gen. Taylor ordered them to extend their front and return the enemy's fire. This order was promptly and resolutely obeyed, and in a few minutes the action became general.

For five hours the action lasted, and the enemy frequently attempted to break our lines by charges of cavalry. But Gen. Taylor had the flower of the American army, and they withstood the charges with steady coolness, and resisted the attacks in every quarter, while our

incomparable artillery men, under the gallant Ringgold and Ridgley, poured in a devastating and continual stream of grape, cannister and round shot. The enemy firmly maintained their ground until night-fall, when they withdrew from the field, leaving our troops in possession of the battle ground.

Never had troops acted better than those under Gen. Taylor, and they were opposed to the very best troops of Mexico, which, though three times the number of the Americans, were yet, in an open fight, compelled to relinquish their position and retire from the field. Our loss in this engagement amounted to fifty-four killed and wounded; among the latter were Maj. Ringgold and Capt. Page, both of whom subsequently died. The loss of the enemy, according to the report of the Mexican Commander, was two hundred and fifty-two killed and wounded, but it was doubtless nearly double that number.

The next morning Gen. Taylor again set out on his march, and after a few hours descried the enemy in strong position awaiting his approach at Resaca de la Palma.

Moving forward his columns, he ordered up a light battery to sweep the position of the enemy, and the 3d, 4th and 5th Infantry were deployed right and left as skirmishers to sustain the battery. The firing now became very heavy on both sides, but finally the enemy's guns were carried in a gallant charge of Capt May's dragoons, and the enemy were soon driven from all their positions in complete route, and pursued in every direction until the greater portion crossed the Rio Grande.

The enemy sustained a loss in this action of more than six hundred in killed, wounded and

prisoners; among the latter was Gen. Romulo de La Vega, captured during the charge of Captain May. Our loss was three officers killed, and twelve wounded; thirty-six privates killed and seventy-one wounded.

Gen. Taylor now took possession of the camps of the enemy, and marched into Fort Brown, which he found had sustained a cannonade of one hundred and sixty hours with only the loss of the gallant commander, Major Brown, killed; and one man killed and eleven wounded.

Gen. Taylor soon after took Matamoras, and commenced his preparations against Monterey.

REMINISCENCES

OF A

CAMPAIGN IN MEXICO.

CHAPTER V.

The commencement of the war—Its effect upon the minds of the people—Action of Congress—Gen. Gaines' Requisition—Gov. A. V. Brown's Proclamation—War spirit in Tennessee—Motives for enlisting—Government requisition for three Regiments—The "Old Volunteer State"—Balloting—Singular contest—Misunderstanding as to the term—Elastic patriotism.

It is scarcely eighteen months since the tocsin of war was sounded in our land. Who does not remember what intense interest was elicited by the approach of our little army to the Rio Grande? Every ear was strained to catch the faintest rumor of its issue; but the announcement of the peaceful occupation of the fort opposite Matamoras had partially lulled our apprehensions, and we had begun to laugh at our fears, when suddenly peal after peal bursting upon us, told us too plainly that the hour had come. "It has begun!" was the ominous alarum cry of the Revolution, and now again, "It has begun!" needed no commentary: it swept like a tornado

through the land; old and young, men and women, felt its influence and caught its spirit, until the vexed and pent-up indignation of twenty millions of people was about to give vent to its impulse. Blood had been shed; Thornton had been captured; Taylor was surrounded; and the war had actually commenced! This, of itself, was enough to raise excitement to its highest pitch; but a thousand distressing rumors served to goad our fears and make anxiety painfully intense. To arms! to arms!! came from the mouth and heart of every American freeman. Our soil had been invaded and American blood had been spilled; and this, too, by an aggressor, who had so long refused to mete out to us even-handed justice, and who, instead of granting us indemnity for torts, had taken advantage of our spirit of forbearance to inflict new injuries. It was enough: casuists did not stop to inquire of conscience the lawfulness of war; politicians did not wait to argue its policy; and as for patriots, they only required to know that their country was at war; all scruples of conscience, party feeling, and sectional interests, were merged in a mightier issue, and every true American citizen was *then* ready to sustain his country. Justice, pride, patriotism, all demanded that we should promptly inflict upon our perfidious enemy that just retribution which had been so long slumbering 'neath the hand of mercy.

At this juncture, all eyes were turned upon the two houses of Congress, to which we looked as the Aaron and the Hur who was to sustain our Moses, while our good Joshua should discomfit the enemy. The prevalent enthusiasm had penetrated even the capitol. The President, immediately on the receipt of the intelligence

of Thornton's capture, hastened to communicate the fact to Congress. Accordingly, he brought the matter to the consideration of that body in a special message of May 11th, in which. after giving a brief exposition of the facts, he recommended the immediate enlistment of a large force of volunteers, and a grant of sufficient means for a vigorous prosecution of the war. Congress promptly responded to this, by passing forthwith an act authorizing the President to accept the services of 50,000 volunteers; and for the purpose of carrying the provisions of the bill into effect they appropriated ten millions. Previously, however, to the passage of this act, Gen. Gaines, then in command at New Orleans, upon the first intimation of Taylor's critical position, had assumed the responsibility of making a requisition upon several States most adjacent to the war for a large force of six-months volunteers. Tennessee had been included, and Gov. A. V. Brown had been informally called on for three battalions of eight hundred men each. But Gov. Brown, properly distrusting the legality of this requisition, and feeling assured that, in due time, a call would be made in a more authentic manner, only made the request of Gen. Gaines the occasion to issue his proclamation of May 16th, calling upon the citizens to be in readiness to meet the anticipated call from the War Department.

This proclamation called forth all that spirit of chivalry for which Tennessee is so justly famed. Every town and village was roused by "the shrill fife and spirit-stirring drum;" the hill-tops and the mountains poured down their thousands —the plains and the vallies were teeming with

men, and companies were filled up so fast that it soon became difficult even to *purchase* a place in the ranks. I, too, had imbibed this patriotic fever; yet with me the life of a soldier had always been linked with peculiar associations, and war had been clothed in a kind of romance, which oft-recited tales of hardships and privations had not wholly sufficed to dissipate. I had a strange hankering to see a battle; I longed to test my powers of endurance in the trials incident to a campaign. The tented field, the toilsome march, the lonely night-watch, and the battle field, all had charms for me. Add to this a long cherished desire to visit Mexico, the scene of Cortes' conquests; and it was but natural that I should hail with delight so favorable an opportunity to gratify at once my patriotism and my curiosity. The temptation was too strong to resist—so with hosts of others, I hastened at the first rumor of war to take up the step, with proud heart, after the martial music with which the streets of our fair capital resounded.

As had been anticipated, but a few days elapsed before the government requisition arrived, and Governor Brown, in his proclamation of May 26th, by order of the War Department, called for three full regiments, two of infantry and one of cavalry—numbering in all, twenty-eight hundred men—to serve for twelve months, if not sooner discharged. As the former proclamation had been met with such enthusiasm in every part of the State, it required no moderate degree of penetration to discover and suggest the most politic and satisfactory method of levying the requisition; but Governor Brown adopted the most judicious course, the *then* opinion of

many to the contrary notwithstanding, and equally apportioned the levies among the four military divisions of the State.

The "Old Volunteer State," true to her sobriquet, at this time presented a novel aspect in the history of nations; her patriotic sons had thronged so thickly to her standard that they more than ten times outnumbered the requisition: instead of three, nearly thirty thousand volunteers reported themselves ready for the service; and so eagerly emulous were all of the honor of serving her, that none could be persuaded to yield that privilege to others. In this situation, it became necessary to adopt some mode of choice. With proper provisions and restrictions, the ballot was resorted to as the most equitable and satisfactory method. Had the crowned heads of Europe witnessed the strong exhibition of feeling which this singular contest displayed—had they seen the painful earnestness with which the aspirants watched the issue of this novel election—had they marked the zeal with which freemen devoted themselves to their country—they would have felt their power waning before the Spartans of the West, and their thrones beneath them would have tottered to their very foundations. It was, indeed, a strange spectacle to behold men thus wrestling for a post so fraught with danger, suffering and death: yet, Tennessee presented even such a picture; and it was certainly the highest encomium upon our republican institutions to see our citizens evince, at so trying a juncture, so commendable a spirit of patriotism.

I can state, in all candor, that I never observed more marked chagrin and disappointment than was manifested by those who were so unfortunate [?] as to be rejected.

As soon as it was decided what companies were chosen, they were immediately notified of the fact by express, and ordered to march, without delay, to the place of rendezvous, where the Governor had appointed the proper officers to muster them into the service of the United States.

As most of the companies had been raised under the first proclamation, which had been accompanied by General Gaines' request, the men, upon the hint thrown out in that request, had volunteered with the expectation of enlisting for six months only, and at that time but few imagined that we would be in actual service longer than three months. while many others believed that peace would be concluded before we could reach the Rio Grande. With such impressions the men were drawn up to be mustered into service, when, for the first time, the greater number learned that the term was twelve months, instead of six. It required rather elastic patriotism to meet this announcement; but, as Tennesseans, we had long entertained a grudge against the Mexicans. We had the old scores of the Alamo and Goliad to cancel; and, as Americans, honor required that we should aid to redress our country's wrongs. It deserves to be mentioned, that not one man murmured at this further extension of his term.

CHAPTER VI.

Companies assemble—Election of officers—Organization of the Regiment—Staff appointments—Presentation and reception of the "Eagle Banner Blue"—Reflections—Preparations for departure.

Pursuant to a general order, the following companies had, by the first of June, arrived at the rendezvous near Nashville, to wit:

Capt.	Cheatham,	Davidson	county,
"	Foster,	"	"
"	Anderson,	Sumner	"
"	Bennet,	"	"
"	McMurray,	Smith	"
"	Walton,	"	"
"	Northcutt,	Warren	"
"	Mauldin,	Marshall	"
"	Frierson,	Bedford	"
"	Buchanan,	Lincoln,	"
"	Whitfield,	Hickman	"
"	Alexander,	Lawrence	"

The companies were encamped at Camp Taylor, two miles below Nashville, where every arrangement had been made for their comfort by the Governor and his officers.

By the 3rd of June, all the companies had been mustered into service, and had drawn the arms and accoutrements requisite for infantry.

As it was expedient to forward the troops to the seat of war with all possible despatch, Gov. Brown determined to draught the twelve companies then assembled into one regiment, thereby causing a deficiency of two companies in the other regiment of infantry which he had called

out. This course, which called forth the severest strictures, subsequently proved to be the wisest policy. The Governor, therefore, issued an order commanding us to proceed to the election of our field officers; and on account of the two supernumerary companies he authorized us to elect an additional Major. In obedience to the order, we proceeded, on the morning of June 3d, to elect the officers proper to the formation of the regiment. After an election conducted with the utmost consonance and good feeling, the regiment was organized as the 1st Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, with the following officers:

W. B. Campbell, of Smith county, Colonel.

Capt. S. R. Anderson, of Sumner county, Lt. Colonel.

R. Alexander, of Sumner, and Robert Farquharson, of Lincoln, Majors.

W. M. Blackmore was elected Captain, to fill the vacancy caused by the election of Capt. Anderson Lieutenant Colonel.

Colonel Campbell then appointed the following gentlemen to fill his staff, to wit: A. Heiman to be Adjutant; W. B. Allen, Sergeant Major; Dr. McPhail, Surgeon; W. D. Dorris and F. J. Robertson, Assistant Surgeons; G. V. Hebb, Assistant, Quartermaster.

The regiment being now fully organized, in the evening of June 3rd we were marched from our camp into the city, in full array, for the purpose of receiving a flag which had been prepared for us by the young ladies of the Female Academy. Our noble regiment, numbering more than a thousand men, fully armed and equipped, presented a magnificent appearance, as they marched in column to the Academy, with drums

beating and bayonets fixed. It was a novel sight to our good citizens to see so many men all harnessed and caparisoned for war—and as it was a fine, bright day, an immense assemblage was drawn together to witness the presentation. As we watched the contending emotions that were manifested in the countenances of this crowd, we saw that we occupied the first place in their thoughts; and our own hearts beat high when we were drawn up in the presence of the bright array of beauty that had assembled to bestow on us their boon and benison.

The banner was presented to the Colonel Commandment by the hand of Miss Irene M. Taylor, in the name of the senior class, she accompanied the gift with a few beautiful and appropriate sentiments, when the Rev. C. D. Elliott, President of the Academy, arose and, on the part of the young ladies, made a most thrilling and soul-stirring address. Col. Campbell replied in behalf of the regiment, in a brief and characteristic speech.

The banner was a most beautiful one, made of fine silk, and it bore for its device an eagle on an azure field, with beneath the motto, "Weeping in solitude for the fallen brave is better than the presence of men too timid to strike for their country." When this "Eagle Banner Blue" was committed to the charge of the regiment, we made the welkin ring with "three times three" for the fair donors.

It was a proud day for Tennessee! Here were her fairest daughters assembled in all the purity of maidenhood, to express in the strongest, yet most delicate manner, that deep sense which they entertained for the justice of our cause, and to signify their high esteem of that

patriotism that had clothed us in the costume of war. They had met to yield that tribute which virtue is ever ready to pay to worth and valor; and with that same spirit that actuated the women of ancient Sparta, they had come to send their friends and brothers forth to battle, with the promise of praise to the brave and threats of infamy for him who faltered. Here, too were a thousand of Tennessee's chosen sons, who had, but a short time, before been reposing in the quietude of their homes, when they were startled by the news of war. The mechanic dropped his tools; the farmer left his plough in the furrow; the salesman left his wares unsold; the student laid aside his books; and all with one accord had offered themselves to their common country; and in the short space of one week since the call had been issued, they had gathered from every part of a wide spread and extensive district of country, with that alacrity which is ever the sure guaranty of bravery; and they had now come to place upon their escutcheon that incentive which beauty lends to valor.

We saw that the eyes of thousands were upon us; some of the veterans who had fought under Jackson, were beholding us with pride and pleasure, and we knew that they expected us to sustain that reputation which they had won for our proud State. This was no easy task, and we never felt till then so forcibly impressed with the terrible responsibility we had voluntarily assumed. But when we saw with what confidence every one looked upon us, it stimulated our hearts to keep pace with our increasing sense of responsibility, and we were not loth to emulate the deeds of our fathers. But the hero of the Hermitage, who had so often led the sons of

Tennessee to victory, was gone, and it remained for the trying hour of battle to reveal him upon whom his mantle had descended.

The occasion offered a thousand incentives to courage. It was the time for making high resolves, and that man was little to be envied whose heart, from that moment, did not imbibe a new and unflagging courage. The "Eagle Banner Blue" was to us an earnest that our fair donors had their warmest sympathies enlisted in our behalf. It was a pledge that we would not be forgotten; and it nerved us for every fate, to read in the beauty before us, the silent promise that while we were far off, encountering the perils of war, that the righteous intercession from the lips of innocence would go often up to the God of battles in our behalf. He whose heart did not throb with a stronger pulse under the influence of this scene—he whose blood did not flow to the measure of such mute eloquence—was recreant to the common feelings of humanity.

Having terminated the ceremony of presentation, Adjutant General R. B. Turner arose and read the Governor's letter of instruction to Col. Campbell, in which he resigned the command of the regiment as Executive of the State, and surrendered it to the United States. Gen. Turner, then made an eloquent and patriotic address to the volunteers. After which we returned in order to our encampment, and began to make all the necessary arrangements for departure.

CHAPTER VII.

Embarcation—Departure of the several detachments—Arrival in New Orleans—Go into quarters—Prepare to embark—Discipline and its consequences—Go aboard ship—The sea—Nausea and its effects—Loathsome scenes—Sea-sickness abates—Amusements—Menagerical concert—Reach and anchor off Brazos—Col. Harney wrecked while debarking his troops—Storm arises—Unpleasant and perilous situation—Storm subsides—Berth aboard ship and its comforts—Disembark and the remarks of the men thereon—Rejoin those already on shore.

Boats had been chartered by the Governor as transports to New Orleans, and on the 4th of June the first detachment, comprising the companies of Captains Blackmore, Cheatham, and Foster, under the command of Lieutenant Col. Anderson, embarked on the transport C. Connor. The entire wharf was crowded with thousands who had assembled to witness our embarcation. Many had come through mere curiosity, but more had come to bid us a solemn farewell.

This was the hour that tried us more than battle. We looked upon the congregated thousands, and they wore a melancholy aspect. There were fathers, come to bestow their parting blessings on their sons, and bid them a long adieu; there were mothers, clinging to their sons with all the agony of an eternal parting; there were sisters and brothers, bidding their last farewell; while all around were relatives and friends who, with drenching eyes, gave the parting hand with utterance too choked with stifled sobs to say farewell. This was no pageantry—it was no mimic show of feeling, but it was the first stern

lesson that the soldier had to learn. We were about to cut loose from home and friends, to which we had been so long accustomed, for untried sufferance and perils. We summoned to our aid all our fortitude; but stoicism was of no avail—a thousand varied thoughts thronged on us, a thousand memories rose up, and the flood of emotions so overwhelmed us that tears suffused many an eye that had long been seared to the lachrymal ebullitions of grief; many a stout heart blushed as he brushed away the tear that treacherously betrayed the feelings he would fain have hid. After enduring for half an hour this painful scene, the boat at length moved majestically from the shore, amidst the roars of cannon and the commingled shouts, tears, and prayers of the multitude, while many a fond parent, loath to leave, lingered to catch a last glimpse of his son, ere the fast receding boat hid him from view. As the shouts grew fainter in the distance, and while yet the waving of the handkerchiefs was discernible, we sent back a loud "three times three" for those we left behind. Passing camp Taylor under a salute, we proceeded on our voyage in fine spirits. On the 4th, four other companies, under command of Major Farquharson, embarked on the steamer Talleyrand, amidst the same manifestations of feeling that had been shown to those who left the day before. On the 5th, the five remaining companies, under Col. Campbell and Major Alexander, proceeded on board the steamboat Tennessee and followed us to New Orleans.

It is but just to mention the promptitude and alacrity which Governor Brown displayed in his whole connection with these troops. The troops had been raised and organized in an incredibly

short space of time, yet the Governor had foreseen and provided for their wants even in the minutest particular. As the raising of the troops had been an unexpected contingency, the Government had made no provision for the payment of commutation money to the soldiers; Governor Brown to remedy this deficiency ordered the troops to be paid twenty-five dollars each, as commutation money, from the State Treasury. The moment they were ready to embark, the necessary transports and provisions were ready to receive them. Such energy is always commendable in a public officer, and justly so in Gov. A. V. Brown.

Our passage to New Orleans was not marked by either incident or accident worthy of relation. Wherever we passed, the greatest enthusiasm seemed to prevail, and we were saluted with the roar of cannon at every considerable town upon the route. The several detachments arrived at New Orleans on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of June, all in fine spirits and good health. The first detachment, to which I belonged, reached the city on the morning of the 11th, and, landing, we marched in fine order through the streets of the city, until we arrived in front of the St. Charles Hotel, where we halted and presented arms to Gen. Gaines, who was standing in the porch ready to receive us. After performing a variety of complicated evolutions, we returned to the boat, and were carried two miles below the city, where we were quartered in a large warehouse prepared for the purpose. It made every heart among us swell with pride and exultation to see with what enthusiasm and kind manifestations the sons of the heroes of Chalmette were received in that city whose "booty

and beauty" their sires had defended so nobly from the ruthless hand of the British invader.

The other detachments, as they successively arrived, were likewise quartered in the warehouse, provided by the Quarter Master at New Orleans.

The day after our arrival in the city, we began to make active preparations to embark for the seat of war; and having drawn our knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and the necessary camp equippage, we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to embark at an hour's notice.

Owing to this order it became necessary to adopt a rigid discipline, in order to keep the men in their quarters; therefore, guards were posted, and only a few at a time were allowed to visit the city. But, notwithstanding every precaution, some of the men would scale the walls, and, either by collusion or evasion, pass the sentries, and would in a short time be found luxuriating on the lickerish dainties of the St. Charles and Verandah—where they sipped their juleps and cobblers with a gusto that gave full assurance that they were the last they expected to drink for some time to come. The guard-house was soon filled with martyrs to this course; and, as a still more rigid system of discipline was the consequence, it was really amusing to witness the artifice and finesse employed to pass the guard. As officers had free ingress, egress, and regress, and likewise the power of permitting a limited number of men to pass out, every officer's extra uniform was secretly obtained and appropriated to the use of certain privates, who, taking advantage of the prerogative of their exterior, would assemble their friends, and approaching the guard, pronounce the "Guard,

let those men pass," with as much effrontery as though they were the highest officers in the regiment. Notwithstanding the rather too frequent potations of some of our men, they had the good sense to conduct themselves with the utmost propriety; and on our departure we received the highest encomiums from the city papers for our orderly conduct while in the city.

Although our quarters were large and commodious, yet the confinement during the day was extremely irksome; and at night, the countless thousands of blood thirsty musquetoes that stood unbidden sentries in our quarters, precluded all possibility of rest; for, if perchance we dropped into a doze, the sundry twitchings and gesticulations we performed were significant of anything else than pleasant dreams. This, with the suspense and disappointment consequent upon the constant postponement of our departure to several successive days, rendered the men somewhat dissatisfied and impatient. All were burning with ardor to join Gen. Taylor, and they now longed for a change of situation, although the prospects for making a change for the better were far from flattering, as there had been but three vessels chartered to transport us. When, therefore, we were ordered, on the 17th, to prepare to embark that evening, the men promptly and willingly obeyed the order, and in a short time announced every thing as ready. We marched on board the vessels, which were lying at the government wharf near our barracks, as follows: five companies under the command of Col. Campbell and Maj. Farquharson, on board the barque Chapin; five companies under Lieut. Col. Anderson, on the ship Charlotte; and two companies under Maj. Alexander, on the small brig Orleans.

The health of the regiment at this time was good beyond expectation; we had lost but one man, who had died from the imprudent use of ice water; and, on embarking, we found but two men were sick enough to be left at the hospital. At sundown we cleared the quay, and were towed down to the Balize, which we reached the next morning; and we remained there till midday, when a light breeze springing up, we weighed anchor, and with sails all set and bending spars, launched forth upon the Gulf. As but an extremely small portion of the men had ever before been at sea, this mode of traveling was entirely new to all the others, and they could not restrain their expressions of admiration at the beautiful manner in which the vessel glided through the waters, and at the boundless view of the sea. This was while we were passing through the muddy tinge which the Mississippi imparts for many miles to the waters of the Gulf. Scarcely had we made the transition from the muddy to the blue water, ere the scene was changed: the breeze freshened up, and the waves began to swell and roll rather too high for the perfect equilibrium of the land lubbers, whose centres of gravity beginning to oscillate with the lurches of the ship, soon induced a nausea that, for the present, altered their terms of admiration into those of disgust.

This afforded great merriment to the sailors, but it was to us the commencement of such suffering as I hope never again to witness.

On coming aboard we had all observed the crowded state of the vessel, but it was not until we had fairly put to sea that we became fully aware of the manner in which we had been packed away. There were five hundred of us

including men, officers and crew, stowed away on a vessel so small that it was found, by actual measurement and computation, there was not room enough above and below for all the men to lie down. So soon as the nausea commenced, nearly every man was affected and a more loathsome and disgusting scene could not be conceived than that which presented itself. As it had rained nightly, the lower deck had been from the beginning crowded to suffocation—and, as it was necessary to keep open a gangway in order to work the sails, those on the upper deck had been crowded into a very small space: but now the men were literally piled upon one another, like sheep in the shambles. Those above, though drenched with rain and trampled on, were too weak to get below, and those below were totally unable to go above; and thus they lay, unable to move from their positions until, like swine, they were sweltering in their own filth. But I forbear to tax my readers with a farther detail of this scene, since to one who has never witnessed such, the pen cannot give the faintest conception. Our water had become intolerable from having been put in improper casks; and had it not been for a fortunate suggestion of Capt. Cheatham, which provided us with ice, our sufferings might have been still further heightened. The brutal treatment of the commander of the vessel towards us deserves to be held up to the execration of every Tennesseean.

I know not who is to blame for having crowded us together in such a manner, yet I well remember that curses were bestowed with I know not how much justice, rather profusely upon the head of the United States Quartermaster at New Orleans. These scenes contin-

ued for three days, when the sea sickness began to disappear, and the men soon recovered their spirits and learned to put on their *sea legs*, and we began again to admire the beauties of the sea. Numbers of sharks and porpoises were hovering around the vessel, and ever and anon, as they would protrude their huge black fins above the water, they provoked a shower of missile brick bats, which, tumbling about their heads, drove them into their briny depths. Occasionally our vessel would dash into a shoal of flying-fish, and scores of the little fin-winged tribe would rise from under our bows and dash off from wave to wave, until beyond our course; and when the waves were down, hundreds of nautilli would spread their tiny sails and scud off before the breeze. When night came, it was a pleasure to lean over the bows, or mount the jib-boom, and as our ship ploughed through the waves, watch them break upon her stern and roll off in a flood of living light.*

Various amusements were now resorted to during the day, but at night we were invariably entertained by a menagerical concert, something rich and unique, being nothing less than a vocal imitation of every animal that is capable of uttering a discordant sound; and, it is but justice to say, that the imitators beat the originals them-

* The phosphorescence of the sea, has long been a subject of wonder and admiration. Being on the Gulf, near the mouth of Atchafalaya, in 1843, I had an opportunity of examining into the cause of this remarkable phenomenon; and, after several experiments, I found that the phosphorescent appearance was owing to a kind of marine glow worm which emittted a light wherever the ambient water was violently agitated. These animals were spherical-shaped, and somewhat larger than a marble, though, from their being perfectly transparent, except a few opaque, longitudinal striations, they were difficult to be seen in the water-

selves. Pigs, cats, dogs, sheep, bulls and jackasses, found successful mimicks on deck—while cocks, owls, &c., would have been put to shame by the efforts of those "roosting" aloft in the shrouds. Surely such another squealing, mewing, barking bleating, braying, crowing, and hooting, was never heard on sea before, since the time of Noah's ark.

In this manner, we whiled away the time aboard ship, and on the morning of the 23d of June, hove in sight of Brazos Saint Iago, and anchored some two miles off the bar. We immediately ran up our signals, but no attention was paid to us until late the next day, when the government steamer Col. Harney came out and succeeded in taking off Col. Campbell, with two companies, from the Chapin; but as she attempted to recross the bar, she stranded, and as every effort on the part of the crew to get her off was unavailing, signals of distress were hoisted, but were unheeded, and those on board were left during the night in imminent peril, as the vessel had bilged, and a heavy sea would have torn her to pieces. But, as the night was unusually calm, no accident occurred, and the next day, the 24th, the Monmouth relieved the troops from the vessel, and also debarked the troops from the brig and a portion of those from the Charlotte.

It seemed, however, that we were ill-star'd for this voyage, for during the night a strong wind sprung up and towards morning it was near blowing a perfect gale. This effectually barred all hope of getting ashore for several days. As the wind increased in violence, and the rain poured in torrents upon the decks, our situation had become extremely unpleasant, and even perilous. At one time, during a severe

night, our vessel dragged her anchors and was rapidly drifting towards a beach already lined with wrecks. We were holding our breath to await the issue, when our last anchor was put out and she fortunately brought up.

After continuing three days, the storm began to abate, but it required several days for the sea to run down, and the vessel still rolled terribly in the trough of the sea. During this tempestuous weather, the men had become exceedingly querulous and refractory, and Lieut. Col. Anderson merits great credit for the manner in which he quieted the men and maintained order under such discouraging circumstances. For my own part, I fared passing well, as I had early secured a position on the upper deck, right amid ship, and on that spot which the sailors call "no man's land;" though it was rather a rough berth on old sheaves, shivers, cat-hooks, and cordage; yet, by dint of kicks and cuffs, I maintained my post, mauger wind and rain, and I could lie there ensconced quietly beneath my blanket, and listen to the rain patter on my covering, and the yards creak and crack as the wind whistled through the rigging, while the loud surf swelled up the wild diapason as the breakers rolled back from the shore; and I could watch the billows roll past in regular rotation as the beak of the ship would describe sixty feet quadrants. I cast many a wistful look towards the land, but from my proximity to the "cook house," I know not which tantalized me, most the sight of the land or the savory fumes of the cook's equally unapproachable viands.

On the morning of the 30th, we were aroused by the welcome cry, "there comes the steamer," and but a short time elapsed ere we were once

again on terra firma. As the pale and emaciated wretches staggered ashore, they vented, in no measured terms, their utter execration of the sea. They had expected hardships innumerable upon land, but the miseries of a sea voyage had never entered into their calculations; they had expected to see the "elephant," but this view of the "sea-serpent" satisfied them. And with such horror had this, their first essay on "the boundless deep," inspired them, that one could not sing in their hearing for months afterwards,

"Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,"

without producing in them a sympathetic nausea.

Having rejoined our friends, we found that they too had had their share of trouble, as the island had been completely under water during the rain.

CHAPTER VIII.

Military encampment—Mexicans—The harbor at Brazos—Brazos Sant Iago—Its air of sterility—Its ancient name—The island once inundated by the sea—Mode of obtaining water—Fare and amusements—Night alarm—Fourth of July—Marching orders—Leave for the Rio Grande—Mouth of the Rio Grande—Disappointment—Description of the Rio Grande—Its force of current—Its turbidity, and the mode of clarifying it—Embark for Lomito—Country along the river—Burita—Arrive at Lomito and encamp.

On landing at Brazos, we found several thousand troops encamped upon the island; their white tents afforded a beautiful sight, as they were spread out over a large, level plain, and pitched according to the strictest rules of cas-

trametation. As our eyes ranged over the long lines of tents and perceived the military air which pervaded the whole scene, we began to feel ourselves soldiers in reality.

As we passed the Quartermaster's department, we saw a good many Mexicans who were in the employ of the Quartermaster; as these were the first we had seen, they were objects of great curiosity to our men, who crowded around them and scrutinized their broad brimmed *sombreros*, leathen *calsonaras*, or breeches, and sandals; with an earnestness rather annoying to the tawny, half-naked owners.

We found the weather exceedingly warm, though we landed early in the morning; but a few hours, however, intervened ere we were reposing under the shade of our own tents; but even these were of so flimsy a texture as only partially to protect us from the rays of the sun —yet we were happy enough in having made any change from our uncomfortable berth aboard ship.

The harbor here is formed by an estuary, very narrow where it joins the sea, but as it approaches Point Isabel, it widens into a small bay; some distance above Point Isabel, it receives the Sal Colorado. In consequence of the waves beating the sand into the narrow strait, quite an obstructive bar has been formed, and the channel only affords sufficient water for light-draught vessels to enter the harbor. Were it not for this obstruction this would be one of the finest and safest harbors on the whole coast; however, every harbor on the Western shores of the Gulf presents the same objection—hence the government wisely chose this as the most eligible point whereat to make a permanent lodgement.

Brazos Sant Iago, which lays south of the estuary, is a low, sandy island. An arm of the estuary makes in towards the Rio Grande, and by joining the Bocachiquo, or little mouth of that river, completely insulates Brazos. Along the sea coast extends a natural embankment of low sand ridges, which protects the island from the heavy seas; while in the rear of the dyke is a firm, level plain, extending back for a considerable distance, where it merges into an immense sea marsh, here and there interspersed with small salt lakes. Not a tree is to be seen, and it is not only occasionally that a single isolated mesquite shrub can be espied; this, with the long, coarse, fusiform grass, peculiar to southern sea-marshes, gave the island, to us at least, an air of singular sterility. The island has long been resorted to as a port of entry, and its ancient name was Malahuitas. It is said once to have been inhabited by a population of several thousand, but some years since, during a storm of unprecedented fury, the waves rolled through the channel with such force as to completely submerge the whole island and sweep away theinhabitants, all of whom, save a few, perished. This story is related by the Mexicans with an air of great veracity; yet I must confess that I am disposed to be rather sceptical as to its truth, since, beyond the few houses recently erected by Government, not a vestige of any habitation remains and scarcely a rod of the island is susceptible of cultivation.

The mode of obtaining water is by digging small wells and inserting unheaded barrels in the apertures, where they fill by the sea-water, percolating through the earth; by this process of filtration through the sand the water becomes

quite pure, though somewhat insipid and flat.—When we first landed, the recent rains had rendered the waters very sweet and pure; but as the heat increased daily, the water became more brackish.

During the time we remained at Brazos, the men, who were all in a weak state after their voyage, began to recuperate very fast under the influence of wholesome food, abundant exercise, and the well appreciated luxury of sea-bathing. With the crabs and fish, which were very abundant, and an occasional sheep or goat which we could purchase from the rancheros who were driving them about the island, we managed to fare sumptuously every day; and good fare in a soldier's eye is the principal ingredient of comfort—feed him well, and he is contented and always ready, for any enterprise.

While there, leading a lazy listless life in lolling about camp, and having nothing to disturb our equanimity, we were one night aroused from our peaceful slumbers by some one running through camp, crying at the top of his voice, "Get up, men, for God's sake, for the Mexicans are charging down on us like thunder." In a moment, all was hubbub and confusion, the whole island was under arms, and it was fortunate that not a cartridge had been issued, else some one would have been shot in the tumult. Order was soon restored; to the sensible, the absurdity of the thing was too apparent to receive a moment's credence, and the affair wound up with a hearty laugh at the many ludicrous scenes which occurred. It was found that some cattle had been frightened, and breaking into a stampede, they dashed up to where a timid sentry was asleep on his post; the poor fellow waking

up at the noise, thought the whole Mexican army was coming upon him. This was our first alarm, and those most active in causing it, among whom was a certain son of Esculapius, met with so many jeers and gibes about it, that it had a very salutary effect in preventing false alarms ever afterwards; for nothing has a more powerful effect upon man than ridicule.

At sunrise, on the 4th of July, every vessel within and without the harbor was gaily decked and garnished with flags and bannerets, while the stars and stripes floated proudly from every mast head. At mid-day, the men of war cruising off the bar lay to, and fired national salutes, and their thunders were returned peal for peal by Fort Polk at Point Isabel; the several regiments on the island at the same time held grand dress parades.

The next day being Sunday, all parades were dispensed with, and a large number of us attended a sermon delivered by a chaplain; this was the last Sabbath we kept, and the last sermon we heard during the campaign.

Our regiment had been reported at headquarters soon after landing, and on the 6th, we received marching orders. Having procured the requisite number of baggage wagons, and having made every preparation, Col. Campbell with the first battalion of six companies, took up the line of march early on the 7th for the Boca de Rio Grande, ten miles distant, where Lieut. Col. Anderson, with the second battalion, followed the ensuing day. I accompanied Col. Campbell, and we pursued our march along the beach, near the water's edge, for five miles, when we reached the Bocachiquo; which though very wide we waded where it was waist deep.

and by noon we had reached the mouth of the Rio Grande. Here also the government had erected several entrepots or store houses, these with a few suttlers' establishments and some half dozen miserable huts on the other side, comprise the only houses at Boca de Rio Grande.

As I looked on the small stream before me for the first time, I could not repress my feelings of chagrin and disappointment, and I exclaimed: is this the Rio Grande and Bravo del Norte? I had not yet become acquainted with the thrasonical character of the Mexicans, and I had yet to learn that the title of this river was one of the least of those hyperboles in which their language is so fruitful. From the grandiloquent name, therefore, I had expected to see a mighty stream; I had figured in my mind some counterpart to the Mississippi or Ohio, with its broad volume of water sweeping calmly and majestically onward. But what a contrast did the stream before me present to the one I had pictured in my imagination: here was a small river, scarce three hundred yards in width, although now swollen to its greatest magnitude; but its dark, angry waters were fretting and boiling like a cauldron, and chafed along its brim, as if struggling to burst beyond its narrow limits.

Although greatly disappointed in the Rio Grande, from having formed an exaggerated idea of its grandeur, yet, after I came to be more acquainted with its character and attributes, I was not unwilling to acquiesce in the justness of its title as Bravo, or Bold river, and in this respect it is certainly a most remarkable stream. It is always far more turbid and turbulent than the Mississippi; and it is unsurpassed by any considerable river now known for the force of

its current, which is greatest as it nears its mouth. Like the rivers in all low countries, this river near its mouth has great depth of channel, and its strength of current is imparted not so much by its fall, as by the weight of water. It is so filled with sub-currents, and silent, surgescent eddies, that it is dangerous to bathe in its water. Were it not that nature has made it after the crookedest pattern, so that the water in impinging the innumerable angles and bends, breaks the current, it would be as impossible to navigate it as to ascend the Niagara Falls in a steamboat.

The Rio Grande has formed an almost impassable bar at its mouth from its throwing out such a great quantity of earthy matter. It holds in solution at least ten per cent more earthy matter than the Mississippi; yet the turbulence of the water is apparently not greater than the Mississippi, owing to the lighter tinge of the coloring matter. As the water is strongly impregnated with the sulphate of magnesia, it possesses at first considerable cathartic properties. We soon learned to remedy this by following the example of the Mexicans, who peal the leaves of the prickly pear and cutting it into small pieces, throw it into their vessels of water, when the acid and mucilage of the cactus very soon precipitate the lime, magnesia and other earthy matter, and leave the water quite clear and sweet. The distinguishing feature of the Rio Grande is its multitude of bends. Nature seems to have endeavored to supersede the necessity of making many rivers in this quarter by forming this on a labyrinthine system, so that as near as is possible it may water every portion of the valley it passes through. If the famed Meander

of the ancients formed every sigmoidal cure to be found in the letters of the Greek alphabet, surely the Rio Grande could with ease out crook the crookedest letters in the combined alphabets of the world, as it describes more crooks, curves, arcs, and angles than mathematicians ever dreamed of. So singularly capricious are its crooks and bends, that it is hard to tell where any one lives upon it, for frequently one's neighbor, many miles above, is actually his nearest neighbor below. I have seen several thousand acres inclosed by a fence five hundred yards long.

Probably I have detained my readers already too long with the description of this river. They must, however, pardon an occasional digression from the threads of the general narrative.

We found two steamboats awaiting us at the mouth of the river, and three companies having embarked on each, we were soon under way for Lomita, thirty miles above. The boat on which I was, after two hours hot steaming, tie dup at dark just three mIles from where it started, as it was with great difficulty we could make any head-way against the currents. Pushing out early the next morning, we moved along more easily; yet occasionally, in rounding some point, the boat would sheer, and by opposing a greater breadth of keel to the current, we would be swept downwards with such a rapidity that it would take half an hour to regain our position.

The country at the mouth has much the appearance of the lower Mississippi, although it is in a perfectly primitive and uncultivated state, and barren, with the exception of the above-mentioned sea-grass and a few sparsely scattered bunches of low mesquite bushes. As you pro-

ceed higher up, the appearance of the country improves—low hills here and there, crowned with mesquite ten or fifteen feet in height, may be seen, and occasionally these low ranges of hillocks skirted with chaparral, approach the river, making perpendicular clay bluffs some twenty or thirty feet high. A few badly cultivated corn fields, here and there, presented themselves; but with the exception of a few houses at the mouth, we found no houses until we reached the village of Burita, famous, as its name indicates, for its breed of little jackasses.

Burita, twenty-five miles from the mouth, contains some fifty houses, built of stakes or reeds and plastered inside and out with mud; while the roofs are thatched with grass or fodder. Here we found four or five regiments encamped.

After having repeatedly boxed all the points of the compass, and having wound through the serpentine intricacies of the intricate tortuosities of the tortuous zigzags of this most superlatively crooked river, we at last reached Lomita, or the little hills, where we made a permanent encampment. The second battalion, under Lt. Colonel Anderson, remained at the mouth under drill, and did not join us at Lomita for ten days after our arrival there.

CHAPTER IX.

Lomita and the adjacent Country—Cactuses—Mexican Ox Carts, with their Teams and Drivers—Warm Weather—Flies and Mosquitoes—Measles—Rain and mud—Rumors and Rumor-makers—Mexicans, their mercenary character—Horses and Mules the property on the Rio Grande—Manner of selling and breaking Mules—The Cabrista and Uses—Feats with the Cabrista—Court Martial—"Rogue's March"—Fandangoes—Hunt after a Fandango—Mexican sport in throwing bulls—Camp at night—Gaming—"Old Sledge"—"Chuckle luck"—Faro—Concert—Camp Meeting songs—Dancing—Ethiopian Serenades—Tattoo—Noises of the night.

We found LOMITA a small, bare hill, some eight acres in extent, and rising up twenty or thirty feet above the surrounding low lands; these were partly covered by several bright, clear lagoons, whose sedgy margins afforded covert to myriads of wild fowl. The hill itself was crowned by several mud-daubed *jacales*, or cabins, with thatched roofs, and, like all the houses of the the farmers or *rancheros* and the lower class of city population in Mexico, were without any other than earth floors.

Our camp was at first an extremely pleasant one, and to those who were fond of nature's beauties, the locality was one of peculiar interest, as the rich alluvium along the river was gayly garnished with innumerable wild flowers, among which were twenty varieties of the cactus thrusting up their prickly heads: one of which was a most beautiful night blooming cactus. The spot afforded every requisite for a fine encampment with the single exception of the article

of wood, which we had to bring from a distance of three miles. To perform this duty we drafted into service several Mexican ox carts, or *caratas*, with their teams and drivers. These caratas, like every thing else Mexican, are of the rudest workmanship, and of the most primitive pattern —somewhat resembling a rough, Dutch truck-wheel waggon of two centuries back, but they have not an ounce of iron used in their construction, and the modern appendage of hounds for the tongue, and moulding and boxing for the wheels and axle, are things the Mexicans never dreamed of. The wheel consists of three broad pieces of timber bound together by cross pieces and hewn into a circular shape—the centre piece has near its centre a bulge as a nave which is pierced for the axle; the tongue is inserted into the axle through a mortice, and the body is formed of cowhides, whipped together by thongs of the same material over a rough frame work of wood. The yoke is fastened just behind the horns of the ox and secured by broad strips of raw hide, extending across his forehead: thus the oxen are compelled to thrust the load along by their horns and foreheads. The drivers, for there is usually one for every ox, are armed with a long pole with a goad in one end, and march along on either side of the team, where, by dint of a deal of coaxing, goading, and a multitude of oaths, they manage to haul nearly half as much as could be drawn by the same team on a good Yankee ox-cart.

The weather was quite warm, and the thermometer ranged as high as 100°, but the greatest heat was from sunrise until ten o'clock in the morning, when a light sea-breeze would spring up and so far cool the atmosphere as to render

the remainder of the day quite pleasant. We soon began to be annoyed by flies, the usual concomitants of camps, swarming in such countless numbers, that it was with difficulty we could eat without partaking of them also, and the "night fowls," as our men facetiously termed the mosquitoes, were of such an enormous size that some of our gamesters spoke of crossing them with game cocks, in order to give the latter good bill hold.

The measles now broke out in camp, and many cases proved fatal, from the patients lying on the wet ground. It was now the rainy season, and we would occasionally have a week's rain, when the beauty of our camp would disappear in a quagmire knee-deep, into which the soft clayey soil was so susceptible of being trampled; yet, when the sun would again appear, the soil would dry even with more facility than it became wet.

A camp is certainly the native element of rumors—at least, nowhere do rumors flourish so well as in an army, where the human mind is ready to give credence to any tale, however fabulous, and is therefore most susceptible of being played on by an artful tale-teller. Hence there are always a class who make it their profession to pander to this appetite by concocting and propagating daily new reports. They thus keep the camp constantly replete with rumors more or less plausible, to suit the credulity of customers, and one may expect as certainly to hear some new tale each morning as he is to hear the reveille. These camp oracles attain a great proficiency in their art, and as they invent such tales as usually please, they are a benefit rather than an injury to an army, as they keep the men in fine spirits and in a state of constant

excitement, and excitement is the life of a soldier.

While at Lomita, our camp was constantly thronged with Mexicans, who brought in great abundance various articles of food for sale, such as cornbread, tortillas, milk, melons, &c., which were eagerly purchased by our men, though at exorbitant prices. It was not a little astonishing to us to find that we could purchase from a ranchero a sheep or goat for three dollars, while we could buy the horse from under him for two. Waddy Thompson says that "no people are more liberal in their expenditure of money" than the Mexicans. I presume he refers to the upper classes, for the lower and middle classes possess a mercenary character that is little compatible with a true spirit of liberality. They will sell anything they possess, even to their cross, or the rosary about their necks, to which is some holy passage of scripture, which the priest has blessed, purified and sewed in a small bag as an amulet. I have seen them sell the horses from under them, and pack the saddle home on their backs to the distance of fifteen or twenty miles. I have also seen them dispose of their only blankets, their last grain of corn, and even strip off their breeches and sell them. Yet, they are as good as Yankees on a trade, and know how to drive a close bargain. They will frequently stickle for an hour on a quartillo, or a quarter bit.

A good mule is considered far more valuable than a horse, and will sell for ten or fifteen dollars, when a horse will only bring six or eight; but the horses are usually small and almost useless, while the mules will bear a favorable comparison with those raised in the western

States. It is not a little singular, that the hybrid in Mexico is usually much larger than either the sire or dam. Along the lower Rio Grande, the principal property of a ranchero consists in his herds of cattle and droves of mules and horses—these roam with unrestricted freedom over the whole country, and driven up, only to be sold or marked, not with the initials, but the private brand of the owner, which usually consists of some large, unseemly figure, resembling Phœnician or Chinese character, and greatly disfigures the horse. This would injure the value of a fine horse with an American, but a Mexican would think a horse unfit to ride until one hip or shoulder was covered with a large brand. Probable this fashion has, like many others, arisen from necessity; for honor and honesty are at such a low ebb in Mexico, that a man's oath is not regarded by the *Alcaldes*; and the only way a horse can be identified, when he has been stolen, is by the owner's producing his branding iron, and proving thereby his mark.

Several hundred mules and horses are frequently seen in one drove, and they are invariably preceded by some antiquated mother of the drove, who has been constituted by the owner sponsor or superior of the drove, and in recognition of her duty, she wears the badge of office in the shape of a bell. Whenever a ranchero finds a purchaser, he procures the aid of one or two neighbors: mounting their horses, and armed with long *quartas* or rawhide whips, and their constant companion, the *cabrista*, or lariat of horse hair, they set out in search of the drove: as soon as they have come up with it, they lariat the bell mare, and lead her into a *coral*, or enclosure of strong stakes, into which

the rest are driven. When they are once in the pound, the purchaser chooses and points out some animal, the rancheros soon throw the cabrista over his head, and driving out the others, they proceed to break the animal. which rears, kicks, bites, and plunges as only a wild mule can. If the mule is unusually refractory the cabrista is applied to every limb, and he is thrown down and whipped into subjection; when completely subdued, a blind is placed over his eyes, and by a milder system of coaxing and currying, he is sufficiently tamed to be put to immediate work. This process seldom occupies more than two hours, and so effectually is the mule tamed in that time that it is scarcely ever necessary to repeat the dose.

To a ranchero, his cabrista is as indispensable an article as the reboso, or scarf is to a Mexican female. They could do nothing without them. At night, the cabrista serves to tether his horse, or by being laid around his bed to keep off reptiles as they are said to have a singular fear of the horse hair rope, and will never cross it. No ranchero would mount his horse without having one coiled over the horn of his saddle; and he uses it for catching every thing, from a wild bull to a chicken. In catching cattle, or wild horses, they have their saddle horse so trained that the instant the lariat is thrown, he drops upon his haunches, ready to meet the shock caused by the first plunge of the victim. The feats they perform with these cabristas, are almost incredible: they can loop any foot of an animal, while it is running at full speed. The greatest attainment of the art is to throw a running noose over the foot of an animal when it is standing. This is performed by causing one part of the loop to strike

a nerve in the pastern joint, which causes the animal to jerk up his foot by a quick motion and the noose that instant glides under and secures it. This feat is performed so quick as fairly to puzzle the observer.

At Lomita, we had our first court martial, which was convened to try a case of larceny, and the prisoner was found guilty. He was sentenced to be drummed out of camp, and then dismissed *sans ceremonie* from the service of the United States. To aid my readers in imagining how this interesting ceremony was performed, it may not be amiss to give a brief description of it.

The day after the trial, the officers of the day proceeded to carry the sentence of the court into execution, with all due observances. At the appointed hour, the prisoner, accompanied by a guard of twenty-four men, was brought in front of the Colonel's marque, where a couple of stout, hale fellows were holding the culprit's horse, which consisted of a long, elastic pole, from which depended two stirrups of unequal length, made of ropes and rawhides; with the assistance, and by the gentle persuasion of a few bayonets, the prisoner was mounted on the horse after it had been raised to the shoulders of the men, and the guard was formed in a hollow square around the prisoner with their guns lowered to a charge. At the word, the music struck up the "Rogue's March," and the procession moved off amidst the jeers, jokes, and laughter of the crowd. Although the rider performed astonishing feats of horsemanship, yet, from some sudden wincing of his "critter," he would occasionally be found describing parabolic curves on the ground and lofty tumbling system, greatly

to the merriment of those supporting him. Having twice made the circuit of the camp, the culprit was taken beyond the guard lines, and there dismissed.

The Mexicans gave fandangoes every Saturday night, and our officers and men would attend them now and then by invitation, but in sufficiently strong parties to overawe any treachery on the part of the Mexicans. I only attempted to attend one of these fandangoes; it was eleven miles up the country, and placing myself under the guidance of a friend, who had been there before, we separated from the crowd that was going up: after having gone some fourteen miles, we found ourselves in a dense chapparel, having lost the road, and with not the remotest idea of which direction camp was in; and had we needed arms, neither of us could have produced even a pen-knife, while scores of hungry wolves were howling in our very faces. After wandering about through the chapparel, tearing ourselves with thorns, wading marshes and lagoons, we at last found our road, and made our way back to camp, which we reached just before day, heartily tired of our hunt after a Mexican fandango.

While on an excursion above our camp, and in the neighborhood of Matamoras, some few of us had an opportunity of witnessing a sport which, I believe is peculiar to the Rio Grande country, and is in lieu of the bull baits of the interior. A number of rancheros, well dressed and with their horses caparisoned with all their usual cumbersome trappings, had met together at a rancho, where some fifteen or twenty bulls had been confined in a coral or enclosure. After sipping freely of their mescal, smoking a

few ciggarettos, and arranging the preliminaries, they mounted their horses and were drawn up in the road; the bulls were now driven out. Off they started in a run, when the first horseman dashed after them at full speed, and selecting the largest bull, galloped up to him and stooping lightly from his saddle, seized him by the tail, when, dexterously passing it under his leg, he suddenly wheeled his horse about, and by a peculiar jerk brought the bull broadside to the ground, amidst the loud cheers and plaudits of his companions. Each of the other rancheros in turn then made similar attempts, but not always with like success, for sometimes a bull that had probably run the gauntlet half-a-dozen times before, would dash off in an oblique direction before his tail was fairly secured under the rider's leg, when the ranchero would be lifted from the saddle and hurled like a rocket into the air, while his friends laughed and jested him without any sympathy for his misfortune. Whenever one failed in his attempt, the next in turn dashed off, until every bull was fairly thrown.

Our camp at night presented a variety of scenes. Here might be seen in their tent a party quietly enjoying a game of "Old Sledge," and as chairs, tables, &c., are nonentities in a camp, they are all seated on an open blanket a la Turk, while a bayonet stuck in the ground serves as a candle-stick, and with a deck whose newness has long since been "shuffled off" in "unfair dealings." In the next tent, seated in the same manner, and with the same *furniture*, is another party around a "chuckle luck" board, where the owner is rattling his dice upon his "lay-out" and challenging the betters to come

up with, "Come boys, here's the good old game of chuckle-luck; the more you put down the less you take up." Notwithstanding this fair announcement, there are always those who are eager to stake their hard-earned pay against the odds of the game; consequently this tent is crowded, as is also another near by, where a faro-dealer is sitting with his box, bank, and counter before him, while every card upon his "spread" has its stake from the surrounding crowd. So prevalent is the vice of gaming in an army, that we will find that nearly two-thirds of the tents will present similar scenes; but in some of the others we may find a small audience listening to a gratuitous concert of sentimental songs, while they dream of home and not unfrequently drop a tear, either in response to the resurrected memories of by-gone days or as an earnest to the singer that his exertions are not lost upon them. In another quarter of the camp are some eight or ten, singing with full voice and spirit a number of good old camp-meeting songs; while near by another party are dancing to the music of a cracked violin; and jigs, hornpipes, cotillions, and "Old Virginny break downs," interspersed with extra specimens of the "pigeon wing," "wiring," &c., are performed with an air of ease and nonchalence which only such an occasion can exhibit. Yonder, too, a band of Ethiopian serenaders are entertaining a crowd with songs, glees, and melodies, and for an accompaniment they have called into requisition a half strung fiddle, a tin pan, "bones," and Samson's famous weapon.

Tattoo is beat, and the act closes; the mirth and conviviality of the camp has ceased, all noise is hushed, the lights are out, and an air of

quietness reigns over the whole scene—and is broken only by the heavy and monotonous tread of the sentry as he walks his weary rounds, with ever and anon the chalenge, "who comes there?" But the noise of the camp has only given place to the discordant concert of the thousand vocalists that tune nature's lullaby: the croaking of myriads of frogs is interrupted by the startled cry of some curlew, flushed from his sedgy covert by some prowling fox, whose disappointed bark anon breaks on the ear. The loud shrill whistle of a locust rings on the night air,* mingled with the strange loneliness of the barking bird, (whose note resembles the baying of a small dog,) these sounds with occasional concerts from the packs of wolves, render the long watches of the night exceedingly lonesome and oppressive.

* This locust I have only heard on the Rio Grande and near Jalapa. Though not much larger than the common locust, its *whiss* is not unlike a steam whistle, and is nearly as loud, as it may be heard nearly two miles. It makes its noise in fair weather, indiscriminately in the day or night, and as seldom more than one is heard at once, they must be very rare—a wise provision of nature, for even one, when near by, makes the ear tingle with its piercing *whiss*.

CHAPTER X.

Organization of the 2d Regiment Tennessee Volunteers—Arrival of Gen. Pillow—Embark for Camargo—Animated appearance along the line—Fertility of the country along the river—The soil—Its capabilities—Its productions—Scarcity of timber—The mosquito—The Rio Grande as it is and has been—What it will be in the hands of the Americans—Scenery around Matamoras—Its peculiarities—Its appearance—Scenes in Matamoras--Dogs without hair--Passage up the river--Fandangoes--Towns, &c.

The battalions from East and West Tennessee having arrived, they were encamped a short distance below us. On the 7th of August, they held their elections for field officers, and the regiment was organized as the 2d Regiment Tennessee Volunteers, under Col. Haskell and Lieut. Col. Cummings. Owing to a deficit of two companies in the regiment, from causes before mentioned, the commanding General only authorized the election of two field officers, Colonel and Lieut. Colonel, thereby leaving the regiment without a Major.

General Pillow reached our camp on the 9th of August, having just arrived from the States; he was received with great manifestations of joy by the regiment, and during the two days that he remained with us, by his abolition of our odious day-guard duty, his visits and kind attentions to the sick, and his courteous demeanor to all, he rendered himself quite a favorite with the regiment.

We were on the 4th, ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed by water to Camargo.

All our sick and discharged were sent back to Point Isabel, and on the 8th the first detachment embarked for Camargo; other detachments subsequently followed on the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 15th, while the last detachment, to which I belonged, did not embark until the 19th.

The whole line at this time, and for some weeks previously, presented a busy and animated appearance. Gen. Taylor had issued his order disbanding the six month's troops on July 21st, and these troops had been transported from their several encampments along the river to Brazos, where they were embarked for New Orleans. Camargo had been taken possession of on the 14th July, by a party of rangers and the 7th Infantry, and Gen. Taylor had made it a point of rendezvous where he was concentrating all his force, preparatory to an advance on Monterey; and now the whole line was in motion for that point; troops were moving up by land and by water—large trains were moving up by the over land route, and twelve or fourteen steamers were constantly plying in the service, carrying up troops, stores, and *materiel*.

We proceeded so slowly up the Rio Grande that we had ample opportunity for seeing the adjacent country, and I was favorably impressed with the appearance of fertility throughout the whole valley as far as I ascended, which was some three hundred miles. The soil which usually consists of a deep, rich alluvial deposite, or a sandy loam, is capable of producing almost every staple of the States: corn, rice, sugar, cotton, tobacco, and indigo, all yield exuberant crops. At present, but few farms are to be seen along the banks of this stream, and on these the crops are seldom ploughed more than twice, and

then the soil is only furrowed to the depth of four inches, and their implements are of as ancient a model as those invented by Cain. Yet even beneath this imperfect and partial system of cultivation, which is so little calculated to elicit the capabilities of the soil, the crops are usually exceedingly abundant.

The lower Rio Grande is admirably suited to culture of rice, and I have been assured by persons conversant with the culture of cotton that the soil on this river is well adapted to the finest varieties of that staple. The only cotton I saw in Mexico was on the Rio Grande, and there it needs replanting but once in four or six years. The crops of cotton that I saw were usually planted in the same field with the corn, alternate rows of each; and both the cotton and corn were equal, if not superior, to any I have ever seen; and though neither can obtain its greatest growth under the present defective cultivation, yet I have seen whole fields where the cotton was ten and the corn fourteen feet in height, and each producing in proportion to its size. The whole valley will yield luxuriant crops of sugar cane, but in many places the timber is so scarce that a sufficient quantity of fuel could not be obtained for the manufacture of sugar; but this objection might be in a great measure obviated, as fuel could be brought at a light expense from above; for since the country has fallen into the hands of the Americans, extensive coal mines of an excellent quality have been discovered on the Rio Salado, near Guerrero, four hundred miles from the mouth of the Rio Grande. In addition to these staples, all the leguminous plants produce here with an astonishing fecundity.

The day is not far distant when this valley will be considered one of the finest agricultural regions of the globe, as its fertility will richly compensate for the want of timber. The country is not exactly devoid of timber, for immediately along the river considerable forests may be seen, composed of ebony, rosewood, and a variety of other trees, but none of great height; but off the river the timber usually consists of a species of thorny locust, called by the Indians mizquita, by the Spaniards mesquite; it is a low tree, seldom more than thirty feet in height, with its branches spreading, gnarled, and irregularly disposed, and covered with small, spare, pinnate leaves. It has a sweet, yellow flower, and bears a bean from which the Indians formerly made a kind of bread, and also brewed a liquor. It exudes a gum which is said to be genuine gum-arabic, and it is hence classed by many with the real acacia. The wood is very hard and heavy, and though too crooked for building after our mode, yet it answers the Mexicans extremely well for that purpose.

Hitherto the Rio Grande has been but little known, and the rich and extensive country bordering upon its banks had been uncultivated, or only here and there, at long intervals besprinkled with a few patches of maize, and has only afforded pasturage to the herds and flocks of the idle ranchero. Centuries have rolled by, and this order of things has been unbroken by a change; but it does not require any peculiar power of vaticination to tell that a new order of things is now about to be instituted.

The North, from time immemorial, has been engendering its swarms to pour them on the South. The restless Anglo-Saxon has been

pushing westward and southward; wherever he plants his foot he never recedes, but clinging on with unblenching tenacity, makes room in front —moral, mental and physical superiority give him supremacy, and the weaker race sink before him. Thus he has pressed on from the shores of the Atlantic, until overleaping his political confines, he has trod the fair plains of the south, where he boldly plants his stake and maintains his right of occupancy; he dates his charter from the lips of inspiration, and knows that sooner or later it must be fulfilled. Whatever, then, may be the result ensuing our war with Mexico, it never can expel the American from the soil; for he has obtained there a foothold, and it is constitutional with him to relinquish nothing which he has undertaken.

From the vast agricultural resources, mineral productions, commercial and manufacturing advantages, which the valley of the Rio Grande possesses, we may rationally conjecture that Yankee enterprise will aim at the full development of all these capabilities and advantages. It only requires the industry and ingenuity of the Yankee to pronounce the "open Sesame," and this region will unfold its hidden treasures, and ere half a century shall have passed away, the shores of this river will resound with the noisy hum of cities, the clank of forges, and the din of iron sinews at their tireless toil.

The country around Matamoras presents some of the finest scenery I have ever seen. The landscape wears all that softness and richness so much lauded in oriental scenery. Tall groves of palmetto, with their bare trunks surmounted by fan-leafed crests, are waving in the breeze; vast fields of Georgia cane are stretching along

the banks of the river, while, springing from the very water's edge, are an infinite variety of shrubs, in all their tropical exuberance, and so matted and interlaced with vines and creepers, that the rays of the sun never penetrate their impervious shade; from beneath are peering innumerable wild flowers in perennial bloom loading the air with their grateful perfume, creeping over all the down plant, with its snowy fringe, presents a pleasing contrast to the dark verdure of the dendritic foliage beneath. To give life and animation to the landscape, gay plumaged birds are flitting through the foliage with songs as varied as their iridescent plumage; flocks of curlews are raised to wing by the shrill signal whistle of their sentry; flights of noisy jackdaws are screaming over head; scores of spoon-bill ducks and other aquatic fowl are sporting in the eddies of the turbid stream; there, a tall flamingo is pruning its purple plumage by the glassy mirror of some translucent lake, while a number of snowy herons are strutting along in line with grave air and measured step, looking for all the world like a grave procession of surpliced parsons.

Passing through such scenes as these, on the 20th, at 11 o'clock in the morning, we hove in sight of Matamoras, by overland scarce a mile distant, but following a capricious bend of the river, we were carried so far away that we did not reach the city until four in the evening. Our boat remained only a few hours at Matamoras, and consequently I had but a short time to examine the city.

Matamoros is situated in a fine region of country, and is ninety miles from the Gulf. Opposite the lower end of the city, is the American forti-

fication, Fort Brown; at the upper end and at the wharf, on the Mexican side, is Fort Paredes, a pentagonal work, surrounded by a deep, broad moat, communicating with the river; the whole work, parapet, glacis, exterior and interior talus, and even the revetments, is built of loose earth.

It is a general remark that when you have seen one Mexican city, you have seen them all: though I concede, that there is some truth in the remark, owing to the air of sameness common to all Mexican cities, yet Matamoras differs in many respects from the other cities I saw; its business-like air, the character of the inhabitants, and in some respects the minor peculiarities in its buildings, are differences peculiar to itself; but its essential difference from all other Mexican cities, except Tampico, is the American air that pervades the whole city; and the spirit of activity and progressive improvement, which is everywhere to be seen throughout the place, too glaring Yankee characteristics to cause any doubt, that it is derived from contact with our enterprising people.

The city is laid out into regular squares, with good streets intersecting each other at right angles. Many of the houses are two stories in height and built in the Moorish style of architecture. When viewed from a short distance, the city wears quite an agreeable aspect, and the orange, lime and other tropical trees, here and there scattered through the city, lend it a freshness and aroma that partly allay the disappintment the stranger is apt to meet with on entering its suburbs. On either side of the narrow streets as you enter the outskirts, are low huts built of reeds or stakes, thatched with palmetto, and without floors; the wretched inmates bear all

the marks of squalid poverty, and their principal food consists in the strings of garlic depending from their roofs, and the cayenne pepper that grows spontaneously along the brush fences which inclose their yards. Farther up, you will find the houses built of adobes, or huge sun-dried brick, with a few orange, lime and palma-christi trees growing in the yards. Approaching the plaza, you will encounter at every step droves of mules and asses, laden with charcoal, corn, green corn stalks, and some so completely enveloped in hay that only their feet and eyes are visible. Water carriers, with their cry of "agua" at every step, are rolling their barrels after them by ropes looped over pins in the centre of each head. Leperos, with broad-brimmed sombreros, leathern galligaskins and suspicious looking countenances are passing to and fro, concealing, God knows what, beneath the folds of their party-colored blankets, and answering every question, by an eternal "*quien sabe?*" (who knows?) accompanied by a waving of the right forefinger before the right eye, a shrug of the shoulders and a grimace, so peculiarly expressive of ignorance and negation as to bar all further inquiry. Numbers of miserably clad women are strolling through the streets with troops of naked children following at their heels.

Arrived at the plaza, you find a spacious square, surrounded by buildings one or two stories in height and well built of brick; but the flat roofs, huge, massive doors and large grated windows, give the whole place a cold, prison-like appearance, which, with the dilapidated turrets, yawning arches, and hollow aisles of the ruined cathedral on the east side of the plaza, cannot fail to inspire nearly every one at first with feel-

ings of melancholy; yet, in a farther stroll through the city, you will leave with not unfavorable impressions as to the beauty of the place, for you will find many beautiful gardens, neatly laid out and tastefully decorated with rare flowers and rich evergreens; while many a lovely brunette maid may be seen bowing *adieu* to some other fair senorita in an opposite balcony, or window, with her dark, lustrous eye peering from beneath the folds of her close drawn *reboso*, and watching wistfully for some favorite *caballero* to pass.

One cannot fail to be struck by the dogs without hair to be seen in the streets of Matamoras. This is one of the indigenous species found in Mexico at the time of the conquest. It was called by the Indian Xoloitzcuintli, and formed one of the principal articles of food, but the species is now nearly extinct, which the Abbe Clavigeso says is owing to the fact that their flesh, being of such sweet flavor, the early Spaniards ate all that could be found.

Leaving Matamoras, we proceeded up the river. As we advanced, the river widened and became less swift and crooked, while the banks were higher and the timber was of a larger and better quality. The only familiar acquaintances that we could recognise among the trees along the river were the willow and hackberry, while among those new to us, the Wischita and Abyssinian Locust stood pre-eminent for beauty. We laid too every night, and if there were ranchos in the neighborhood, we invariably raised a fandango.

We found this part of the Rio Grande less thickly populated than the lower portion owing to the forays of the Camanches, who occasional-

ly scour the country along this portion of the river, pillaging the farms, burning the houses, destroying the cattle, murdering the men and carrying off the women. And a party of these wild warriors of the prairies were, at this time, out on a predatory excursion, we found several bodies of Mexicans they had murdered floating down the stream, and wherever our boat landed, we could hear of the ravages committed by these remorseless barbarians. Upon one occasion we stopped at a rancho where every soul had been murdered, except two women and a few children, only four days before.

CHAPTER XI.

Towns on the river—Reach Camargo—Explosion of the Enterprise—Our camp below the City—Unhealthy location—Sickness in Camp—Orders to March—Discharge our Sick—Placed under the command of Gen. Quitman—Cross the river—Patterson and Pillow's command—Anecdote of Taylor.

On the 22d, we stopped at the small towns of Capote and Chapala, situated within a half mile of each other. We found the people here more open, hospitable, and decidedly of a better class than any we had seen along the lower river; except those in Matamoras. The inhabitants seemed to care nothing for the war; they looked cheerful and happy, and I must confess that I derived good impressions of the place from seeing a large crowd of children emerging from a school-house with slates and satchels. They all had bright and intelligent faces, and I was quite astonished when the schoolmaster, Senor Garza y

Garza, whose acquaintance I made, called quite a number of the children up to us and made them write down the answers to our interrogatories in a most beautiful and legible hand.

On the 24th, we passed the town of Reynosa, which is about one hundred and forty miles below Camargo. The town is finely situated on a high eminence, about a mile from the river, on the Mexican side. It is built upon a solid limestone rock, and the houses are mostly constructed of that material, and from the river, it presents a fine appearance. But it is said to contain a thousand or twelve hundred population of the most consummate scoundrels in all Mexico. The Texans represent them as an organized band of brigands; and it is said that when McCulloch's Rangers encamped here for several weeks, that they were unable to bear the brazen faced effrontery of some of the most notorious of the villains, who had so often robbed and murdered their countrymen, and they quietly abducted them from the town, and hung or shot them. We reached on the 25th of August, our camp on the San Juan river, four miles above its confluence with the Rio Grande, and three miles below Camargo. We found a large force already assembled, all of whom were encamped between us and the town. All the other detachments of our regiment had safely arrived, except one, which had embarked on the Enterprise, which blew up just above Reynoso, killing several and scalding some twenty others. As this accident had been caused by the palpable neglect of a drunken engineer, the men tried him by the Lynch code, and after inflicting summary punishment upon him set him adrift among the Mexicans. The spot marked out for encampment

was completely covered with the *cactus phyllanthus* from five to ten feet in height, and so thickly fortified with spines and prickles, that it was only with great labor and caution a clearing could be effected; yet before a week had elapsed the several regiments adjoining each other had so thoroughly cleared up their respective camp and parade grounds, that the whole encampment for three miles along the river, and several hundred yards in width, was, by daily sweeping, clean as a housewife's floor.

The San Juan, at this time, had just returned within its legitimate bounds, having been recently swollen by an unprecedented overflow which had inundated the whole country adjacent to its mouth, and had laid Camargo, though sixty feet above ordinary water mark, almost in ruins. Our army was located in a natural amphitheatre, shut in by a series of low, rocky, barren hills, which effectually precluded us from the sea breeze during the day, and their rocky sides reflecting the rays of the sun fairly concentrated them within the basin: thus, as it were, shut up in an oven, the heat was overpowering—sickening beyond endurance—the thermometer not unfrequently reaching 112° Fahrenheit. The stoutest men were prostrated from slight exposure to the sun, and yet the greater number of our men were enervated by an endemic diarrhea, caused by the brackish water of the San Juan, while many were yet laboring under the effects of the measles. In addition to the action of the sun's rays upon the succulent stems of the prickly pears removed from our camp, and on the porous earth which had been saturated with water by the recent floods, were generated noxious gases and deadly miasmas, that produ-

ced malignant fevers and disease in all its loathsome forms. The sick lists were increasing from tens to hundreds; scores, who had hoped to win glory upon the battle field, were hurried off to an untimely grave. From our own regiment, we daily carried forth from five to seven brave hearts that would have faced death in the hour of battle with unblenching courage. Hour after hour was heard the mournful, melancholy sound of the dead march, and the slow, heavy step of the detail that bore some shroudless, coffinless corpse to its long home, where, pall ed only in a blanket, it was committed to the earth without sigh or tear; and the three prescribed rounds of musketry over the grave told that his last requiem was o'er. This was an ordeal more terrible than battle, for when the soul is nerved amidst the din of war, and the blood is hot, to die is easy; but to face the slow approaches of the monster, to feel the pulses of the stagnant blood grow gradually fainter, and to know that this devotion unto death will not even reap the meed of short lived mention for their names, is horrible beyond expression.

The soldier, from constant communion with scenes of death, becomes imbued with feelings of strange recklessness: he learns to mock death in its very face, and laughs and jests over the open grave of his comrade, although he knows the next grave may be his own.

A requisition was made on the 29th August, for five hundred of our regiment to proceed to Monterey, but such sad havoc had death and disease made in our ranks, that when, on the 30th, we were drawn up to be inspected by Col. Belknap, the requisite number could not be paraded.

As we stood drawn up for inspection I could scarcely credit that the few pale, emaciated men before me, were all that were left of the proud regiment that but a few weeks before had stood in the capital of their own fair State, so full of lusty life and buoyant hopes. But strange are the vicissitudes of war—of all the thousand that so lately left their homes, glowing with bright hopes, and burning with ardor to meet the foe, now, ere yet was heard a hostile gun, death had decimated them and many were sleeping where the thunders of battle nor the shouts of victory can wake them.

Owing to the extreme fatality among the sick, the commanding General deemed it conformable to humanity and justice to the service to authorize the discharge of all such sick as were under the regulations entitled to their discharge. Accordingly, we made out discharges for almost all our sick, amounting to nearly three hundred; these, with the discharged sick and nearly a hundred that we had buried, reduced the effective force of our regiment to less than five hundred men. Under a new assignment of brigades, we were transferred from General Pillow, and, with the Mississippi regiment, formed a brigade under Gen. Quitman.

Leaving Maj. Farquharson in charge of the sick and convalescent, on the 2d of Sept., we crossed the river and encamped above Camargo, with the remainder of Gen. Butler's division. Maj. Gen. Patterson was left in command of all the troops south of the San Juan, and Gen. Pillow was made governor of Camargo. And here I must again do Gen. Pillow the justice to mention his kind attentions to the sick, and his un-

remitting exertions to facilitate the departure of our discharged.

It was at Camargo that I first saw General Taylor, and after a close scrutiny of his manners, and remarkable physiognomy, I am prepared to appreciate in full his camp soubriquet of "Rough and Ready."

While Taylor was at Camargo, there occurred an incident which I have never seen in print. There was among the rangers a man named Gray, one of those noble, independent spirits so often to be met with in the corps. Being of a tall, well proportioned frame, of a bold, intrepid nature, and possessing an unstinting generosity, a frank, open countenance, where benevolence and good humor glowed in every feature, Gray was the idol of his companions, and they had often offered him every office in their corps, but spurning all the proffered honors, he chose to remain in the quiet mastership of his horse and rifle. Shortly after the arrival of Gen. Taylor, Gray happened to be watering his horse in the San Juan, when a negro came down with two horses and riding into the water at a sharp trot spattered the water all over Gray, who turning quietly around accosted the negro with "Mind, darkie, who you spatter your water on." The negro, who chanced to belong to Gen. Taylor, highly insulted at being termed a "darkie," gruffly answered, "Marster sent me down here to water my horses, and I'll water 'em whar I please, if I does spatter water on you." Scarcely had he uttered it, before Gray leveled a back handed lick at him, which lifting him from the saddle, dropped him at some distance in the water. Gray returned to his camp, while the

negro who chanced to be Old Zack's servant went off in high dudgeon to report the affair to Gen. Taylor. On hearing the circumstance, Old Zack grew furious, and seizing his cap, hurried off as fast as his short legs could carry him to Maj. Cevalier's quarter, where arriving, with his lower lip hanging over his chin and his face flushed, he commenced, "Major, one of your men has been abusing my servant, and I want you to have him punished forthwith, sir." "Certainly, General," answered Cevalier, "I'll order a guard and have him found." "O, tut! tut!! tut!!! if you are to wait on a guard, I'll hun t for the man myself." And suiting the action to the word, off he started through the camp to hunt some one that filled the description the negro had given. Passing through the camp, he came at last to where Gray was quietly currying his horse. Gray observing the General, who was perfectly incognito to him, scrutinising him very closely, thought he wished to scrape up an acquaintance—so he spoke up, "Good morning, my old friend; you look rather grum, but I can just tell you a joke that will tickle you. While ago I was down here at the river watering my horse, when a d—d black negro came riding in and splattered me all over; says I very quietly to him, "Mind, darkie, how you spatter your water," when he spattered still more on me, and gave me some of his impudence. I then brought him a sidewiper that knocked him ten feet into the water; and what's more, stranger, I'll be d—d if I don't believe I'd have done it if it had been Old Zack's negro himself." Old Zack, who had quietly listened to this narration, felt his anger fairly eke out, and pleased with the fine appearance and free manners of Gray,

and the half compliment to himself, turned away and started to his tent, without saying a word.—Going by Cevalier's tent, he found a guard paraded and awaiting his orders to punish the offender. Says he in his rough voice, "Never mind, Major, you can dismiss your guard—I have seen the man and settled it with him myself."

CHAPTER XII.

Camargo—A visit to the Cathedral—Primitive customs—Camanches—Mexican Indians—Their dance—Reconnoissance—Preparations for moving on Monterey—Gen. Worth advances—Twiggs and Butler follow—Leave Camargo—Crosses along the road—Appearance of the country—Want of water—Prickly burs upon the grass—Mountains in the distance—Mier—Ceralvo—Its trees and springs—Women bathing—Leave Ceralvo—Passo Gallo—Join the other division at Marin—Reveille—San Francisco—First gun—Fine spirits of the volunteers—Encamp at the Walnut Springs.

Camargo contains about eleven thousand inhabitants, and it is said to have been quite a pretty town; but at the time we were there it had been inundated, and many of the houses were in a ruined and dilapidated state; but however beautiful it might have been, the associations that were in our minds linked with it, were enough to have made an Eden loose its charms. Though naturally unhealthy, from its copious and chilling dews at night, and excesive heat by day, it had, by the aid of other deadly agents, become our necropolis, and had proved

a most powerful auxiliary to the enemy. The town is built of stone and adobe, and contains some excellent buildings.

It was here I first had an opportunity of visiting a cathedral. It was Sunday, and I entered the door with the expectation of seeing some of that magnificence which I had so often heard of in connection with Mexican churches, and I must confess, with some faint idea too of seeing a few of those little "gold Jesuses;" but on reaching the interior, I was doomed to a sad disappointment. I stopped amidst the kneeling worshippers around to look about me, when, by the dim light afforded by the door and a window in the vaulted roof over the choir, I could discern, instead of golden images, nothing but a few ill-daubed pictures of gloomy saints here and there, scowling along the walls. At the farther end of the long dark aisle, stood a plain altar, blazing with tapers in brazen candlesticks—while several padres in cope, stole, and scapulaire, were officiating before the altar with a profusion of manipulations.

All this, and more, I had seen in our own cathedrals; but while I was thus brooding over my disappointment, in a gallery behind me, and over the doorway, a band struck up one of the wildest, most thrilling airs I ever heard. I turned and saw that the band consisted of two violins and three shrill Mexican clarionets. As I stood entranced by that strange, wild music, and looked down the dark aisle, whose floor was covered with bending devotees fervently crossing themselves, and watched the motion of the priests, and inhaled the fumes of the incense, strange, indefinable feelings of awe crept over me, and I began to wonder whether I were re-

ally in a Mexican cathedral, or in the temple of the ancient Mexican Huitzibopochtle.

The inhabitants of Camargo are very hospitable, and I was forcibly struck with some of their primitive customs; among others, the women at evening are accustomed to go forth together, with their earthenware pitchers for the purpose of drawing water from the river like the Syrian and Egyptian women; and their short petticoats and bare feet, their long, dark hair falling loosely from beneath the scarf or reboso across the head, and their large urn-shaped pitchers resting on the shoulder and supported by one hand, could not but remind me of Rebecca at the well of Nahor, "when she hasted and let down her pitcher from her hand for" Eleazer "to drink."

During the morning, from daylight until ten o'clock, the San Juan presented a rare scene to the eye of an American. Scores of girls and women were in the habit of resorting to the stream at this time for the purpose of bathing, and without manifesting the slightest concern at our presence they would unblushingly disrobe themselves before our eyes and leap into the clear waters of the stream, and for hours they would splash and sport through the waters like Nereides and Oceanides of Grecian fable; now chasing each other through the water like Alonymphs, now diving into the depths of the stream, or swimming along its surface with their long, loose, raven tresses flowing behind them. A merrier set of nymphs, it would be hard to find than these same bathers, they seem to throw their full soul into the sport; they laugh, shout, sing, wrestle with each other, and display their graceful forms in a thousand agile movements, until one would think that the days of Diana

had returned; and a modest American, who had been educated with such different ideas of propriety would at first almost fear to share the fate of Actæon for daring to intrude upon such a scene. But education is everything, and here this custom is an every day affair, and does not at all contravene their ideas of modesty and propriety. And as the custom originated in necessity it is to be considered with due allowance. It is necessary in this country to resort to frequent bathing in order to purchase good health and exemption from fever, and as it is almost impossible to have private baths, modesty has been compelled to yield to necessity.

The country about Camargo is frequently devastated by the Camanches in their predatory incursions. Just opposite Camargo, and in the rear of our camp, a tribe of Mexican Indians had settled. They preserved their identity with more remarkable distinctness than any other I saw who were incorporated in the Mexican dominions. Their habits and customs were unmixed with those of the mixed races around them, but resembled more those of their wild neighbors, the Camanches and Cayugas, of the Texas prairies. While near them we had an opportunity of witnessing one of their national dances. It was a wild scene. They had assembled in the open air at night, and large fires were kindled, which threw a ghastly glare upon the tattooed faces of the dusky figures which were seated in groups around a large open circle. Anon a tall Indian in full costume, with his hair gaudily decked with feathers, and with a profusion of tinkling appendages to his dress, leaped into the ring, and commenced the dance, shouting at the same time in a harsh screeching

monotone, and rattling, as castanetts, a few pebbles in a small gourd. Another and another arose and followed, men and women indiscriminately, until, with leaping, screeching, tingling and contortion, the whole appeared like demons at their orgies.

On the 12th of August, Lieut. Col. Duncan, with a field battery, and McCulloch's Rangers, was thrown forward from Camargo, for the purpose of pushing reconnoissances in the direction of Monterey. This he satisfactorily effected, and returned on the 17th, after having advanced as far as Ceralvo, eighty miles distant, and having taken in the route the towns of Mier and Punta Aguda. The movements of the army had been greatly crippled and delayed by a deficiency of transportation in the Quartermaster's department, and the quantity of wagons now on the line were totally inadequate to the demands of the service. In order to obviate the difficulties arising from this deficiency, the whole country, far and near, had been scoured, and a sufficiency of pack mules, with their arrieros or drivers, had been collected for the transportation of the column preparing to move on Monterey.

While these arrangements were being completed, Gen. Worth, towards the last of August, was ordered to assume the advance with his division and move forward on the Ceralvo route, and occupy some point towards Monterey. Pursuant to this order, he took up the line of march and entered into position at Punta Aguda, fifteen miles before reaching Ceralvo. By the 5th of September, the centre division, under Gen. Twiggs, was put in motion, and was soon followed by the 2d Brigade of Butler's division, under Gen. Hamer.

It was on the 17th that the last of our army, consisting of Gen. Quitman's brigade, left the western bank of the Rio San Juan. Having divested ourselves of all the baggage we could possibly spare, the rest was rolled in the tents and securely packed on the backs of the pack mules, and by eight o'clock we were *en route* for Monterey, and happy enough to bid farewell to Camargo, with its scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes, and its plagues of Egypt; for while there our camp was infested with death, measles or murrain, vermin, and flies, and even with small frogs, till they came up into our tents and choaked our paths. We therefore turned our backs upon Camargo as, Lot did upon the cities of the plain, and we did not stop to cast a lingering look upon a spot whose horrors had already impressed it upon our memories too vividly ever to be effaced.

After a march of nine miles, we encamped by a lake which had formerly been the bed of the Rio Grande. This river like the Mississippi is somewhat celebrated for its cut offs, as it occasionally breaks through some narrow point and leaves a lake in the old channel. In 1752 the whole bed of the river for thirty leagues above and thirty leagues below El Passo del Norte became suddenly dry by the river precipitating itself into a large chasm where it found a subterranean channel for sixty leagues when it again made its appearance. After flowing in this subterranean channel for several weeks the chasm was gradually closed and the river resumed its former bed. The place at which we were now encamped was a lake some two miles in length, and was called lake Guardado. It was a beautiful and romantic spot; and the

clear and transparent water afforded such a grateful refreshment after the fatigues of a hot and dusty march that but few of us neglected the opportunity of bathing in its pure waters. There we remained the ensuing day in order to send back a large number of our men, who were too sick or debilitated to continue the march, and also to receive a supply train which was to go up under our conduct. Having accomplished both these purposes, we were on the 9th again in motion. A short distance, and all traces of habitation ceased, but the innumerable crosses * lining the road on either side told too plainly that the robber and assassin had long been tenants of these desolate wilds. Our route lay over a dry, barren and broken country, covered with flint and coarse loose stones, and occasionally the ground was cut up by deep, yawning chasms, which gave the earth the appearance of having been rent by earthquakes. Our men suffered terribly from thirst; for water was only to be had at the end of the day's march, frequently from fifteen to twenty miles distant, and the dust was almost suffocating.

I believe it is constitutional with man for his desire for a thing to increase when it is inhibited him; at least I found it so here, for when the

* The priests or padres always erect a cross over the grave of a murdered person, and as he died unshrift they inscribe on the cross an injunction to all good Catholics, viz: "Por el amor de Dias, &c." (for the love of God say a pater noster and an Ave Maria,) in order to assist the soul of the deceased in bursting the bonds of purgatory. Such an ascendancy has their religion over the minds of the Catholics, that during a certain length of time, no true and zealous Catholic ever passes one of these crosses without devoutly crossing himself, and having repeated the pater noster and Ave Maria, lays, as a witness, a small stone at the foot or upon the arms of the cross until they accumulate a huge pile like the Scottish cairns.

men became perfectly assured that it was impossible for them to obtain water, they almost raved for it. It was really pitiful to behold them; sometimes they would meet with a small pond of stagnant water, when they would rush like madmen into the pool, and brushing away the greenish scum upon the top, drink with perishing avidity the noisome beverage, though it was almost boiling beneath the sun and thick with the stale and odor of cattle. Journeying on over this arid, dreary tract, beneath the oppressive fervor of a southern sun, we had not even a fine landscape to lighten our toilsome march, and it was in vain a halt for rest was called for, when the tired soldier, seeking the thin shade offered by the scattered branches of the sparsely leafed musquite, and lured by the tempting grass beneath, would throw himself upon the ground for a moment's rest—a thousand prickly burs upon the insidious grass pierced his body and literally goaded him on to his wearying task. It was not without truth that I heard a soldier exclaim, while writhing from the effects of these prickles, "D—n such a country—everything has thorns on it here; not only the trees and bushes, but even the grass, frogs, (agama cornuta,) and crickets are thorny." During our second day's march, like a blue cloud in the horizon, the lofty Sierra Madre loomed up in the dim distance of seventy miles, and like the visions of hope, or the mirage of the desert, they seemed constantly to recede as we advanced, and their rugged peaks carved by nature's vagaries into a thousand fantastic forms, day after day grew not more distinct until we reached their very base.

On the 11th, we passed a mile to the left of Mier, famous for the expedition sent against it

in 1842, led by Fisher and Greene, which resulted in their capture by Ampudia, who basely violating the terms of capitulation, sent them off prisoners to Perote. Ampudia was now in command of the Mexican army at Monterey, and from his well known character we knew that such of us as might fall into his hands would meet with no mercy. In the summer of 1844 he had been in command at Tobasco when the unfortunate Gen. Sentmanat who had been exiled by Santa Anna, made an attempt upon the town, which proving unsuccessful, he was taken and shot with fourteen of his companions, and Ampudia states that he had their *heads boiled in oil* and hung up in iron cages. Passing Punta Aguda on the 12th, we reached Ceralvo the next day. Ceralvo is the prettiest site for a town that I have ever seen; it lies just at the base of a lofty spur of the Sierra Madre range, and it is watered by a translucent stream that leaps cool from a mountain gorge above; it has some fine springs, and the banks of the crystal stream are shaded by tall cypresses. These were the first springs and trees (that deserved the name) we had seen in Mexico, and they were like old acquaintances to us. But in addition to these, Ceralvo has many other charms, and I strolled through it for several hours with infinite pleasure. In my meanderings through the town, I chanced to stumble on a bevy of girls bathing in the pure stream, and clothed in the "first habiliments of Eve." They were sporting, diving, and splashing the water about with as much innocence and *sang froid* as "Eve trod the vales of Eden."

The day we reached Ceralvo, we lost a man by the bite of a tarantula. The bite is said to be

incurable. This man lived only eight or ten hours. He suffered no pain, and the only external signs of the poison were a slight swelling of the face, and two dark livid spots upon his lip where the fangs had penetrated. We had a number of men stung, too, by scorpions, but they seldom injure more than the sting of a hornet.

Having joined Gen. Hamer's brigade, we recruited one day at Ceralvo, and leaving two companies from the Mississippi regiment in the summer residence of Santa Anna, as a garrison to the town, we again commenced our march on the 15th. Keeping along the foot of the mountain range, the country was much better in appearance than that over which we had passed already, and every few miles a bright bold mountain stream, of the most perfect transparency, was leaping across our path. We were now travelling over a vast plain, covered with *yucca aborescens*, and thickly strewed with ranchos, but their vacuity plainly told us that we should meet with a warm reception at Monterey. Our road led towards a gap in the range, and following it we soon reached Papagayo, where a few days before the Rangers had skirmished with the enemy's outposts under Torrejon. Some of our men found here a considerable quantity of copper balls secreted in a rancho. Emerging from Papagayo, we ascended a bench of table land, and in a few hours were encamped beyond Marin, where the three divisions of our army once more joined each other upon the banks of the San Juan. The water here was quite brackish, and it flowed over a bed of stone where the strata was inclined and rested upon each other like rows of bricks that had been set upon end and tumbled down

The next morning reveille was sounded many hours before day, in order to give the long lines more time to get in motion. I never shall forget that reveille: all was quietness, and the camp was resting in slumber, when the note of a single bugle broke upon the stillness, another and another joined in, drum was echoed by drum, until the whole camp seemed alive with bugles, drums and fifes. In a short time, fires were lit, breakfast cooked, and we moved off and encamped at the small town of San Francisco; within ten miles of Monterey. Though this was but a small place, we discovered in it more traces of improvement than in any other town, we met with in Mexico. A fine church was in progress of erection and quite a number of private houses were being built.

On the morning of the 19th, we decamped from San Francisco, with the troops all in fine spirits, and when the enemy's guns opened at 8 o'clock upon our advance, the volunteers made the mountains ring with their shouts; indeed, they had all along been so full of life and spirit that they declared by way of levity, that they were going to a grand fandango at Monterey; afterwards, when the merciless lancers were piercing our wounded upon the battle field, they cried out: "*Es esta el fandango de Monterey, eh? esta uno fandango mucha!*"

In a few hours, our whole army, numbering about 6000, was encamped within four miles of Monterey, in a beautiful grove of live oak and pecan trees, watered by a number of large springs of the best water.

CHAPTER XIII.

General Taylor discredited the idea of opposition from the enemy —Observations of the Engineers and their result—The situation of Monterey and its defences—"Black Fort," Bishop's Palace, &c.—Preparations for attack—Gen. Worth detached with a separate command—Worth sets out—Scene in camp on the 20th—Gen. Worth—Worth's march and its difficulties —Reaches the Monclova road and encamps—Camp fires draw the enemy's guns upon them—He resumes his march at dawn —Mexican cavalry escapes—Line of battle and preparations to meet the attack—Charge of the Lancers—Their repulse—Worth gains the Saltillo road and encamps.

From the time of our first movement towards Monterey, General Taylor had maintained that the enemy would offer no considerable resistance to our occupation of that place. Even after reaching Ceralvo, and General Worth, who had from the beginning predicted a vigorous resistance, stated that he had received undeniable evidences of the enemy's determination to oppose the farther progress of our arms; yet General Taylor still maintained that if the enemy opposed us at all they would leave after the first fire. As we advanced from Marin, his doubts began to dissipate, yet he would not be convinced until, with General Henderson's rangers, he reached the edge of the plain which overlooks the city, when a twelve pound shot striking within ten feet of the old hero told him too plainly that the enemy were prepared to contest his entrance. Quietly withdrawing his guard to the Walnut Springs, General Taylor ordered a halt, and the army sat down before Monterey.

It became necessary to reconnoitre the enemy's position, in order to ascertain the most assailable points: therefore the Engineers and topographical Engineers, under Captain Williams and the indefatigable Maj. Mansfield, commenced their labor immediately upon their arrival before the city. The evening of the 19th and the morning of the 20th, were spent in reconnoissances towards the northern and eastern angles of the city, and it was discovered that the enemy had strongly fortified all the approaches to the city, and, having retired within the defences, seemed determined to risk nothing in an open engagement, but was quietly awaiting our attack.

The city of Monterey, containing between fifteen and twenty thousand inhabitants, lies in a small niche scooped out of a lofty, rugged, range of volcanic mountains. These majestic bulwarks, upheaved in some mighty, convulsive throe of nature, in their inverted strata and harsh, splintered sides, display towers and battlements and mural steeps that peer far away up above the clouds, and look down as if in very mockery of man's puny ramparts. The small Rio San Juan, issuing from a gorge in these mountains, flows along their base, and following the sweep of the range, forms a rich and lovely valley lower than the immense plain which spreads out towards the east. At the upper extremity of this beautiful valley, is situated the city, which extends for more than two miles along the stream which flows between it and the city.

Nature could scarcely have formed a place more susceptible of fortification than Monterey. It is almost completely shut in by mountains which rise up abruptly to the height of four

thousand feet, and many of the minor eminences hang directly over the city. Through a dangerous defile, or barranca, along the gorge through which flows the Rio San Juan, is the mountain pass which leads up to Saltillo. Upon the north-east, approaches the road from Ceralvo, over a vast plain which, a few hundred yards in front of the city, falls off by a gradual slope into the valley of the San Juan. This plain, opposite the northern angle of the city, is intersected by a dry hollow, or ravine, a few hundred yards in length, while the remainder is perfectly level and thickly covered with stiff, thorny shrubs, some four feet in height. Here and there, too, are fields of corn and sugar cane scattered over the plain. Though thus fortified by nature, the enemy had not failed to strengthen his natural advantages, but having called into requisition all the artificial means that military science could suggest, they succeeded in rendering it a perfect Gibraltar.

On the eastern or lowest angle of the city, is a strong fort which commands all the approaches in that quarter. In the rear of this work, is a chain of fortifications which extend into the heart of the city, which serve as a support to the outer works and as successive points from whence to repel any advance towards the centre of the city. Upon the northern angle, is the citadel, which, being situated outside of the city and upon a slight elevation, commands the whole country for nearly two miles in every direction, and it serves as a support to the forts at the lower end of the city. This fortification is a quadrangular structure, two hundred yards square, with horn-works at every angle, each of which is pierced with seven embrasures for artillery.

It is built of a grayish volcanic tufa, which affords the best material for fortification, as it is so soft that it imbeds the balls without shattering. The parapet is twelve feet in thickness, and displays a stone revetment of such strength that nothing less than the heaviest metal could have the slightest effect to batter; while a broad ditch, twelve feet deep, surrounds the whole. From the centre of this fort, which is entirely new, rise the ruins of an immense building, erected for a cathedral. Its dusky walls, gloomy niches, and huge pillars, blackened by age, with the dark, sulphurous canopy that constantly, during the battle, invested it, have among our soldiers won for this fort the appellation of the "old Black Fort." On the north-west, upon a high eminence overlooking the city, is the Bishop's Palace and an auxiliary fort, which command the Saltillo pass. Beyond the San Juan, over against the Bishop's palace, and in rear of the city, are several minor forts situated on different eminences. In addition to these forts without the city, every street was barricaded by a strong stone breastwork pierced with embrasures and the merlons prepared for musketry. The houses are made of stone and being built in the Moorish style, the parapet walls around their flat roofs are looped for musketry, and many of the buildings were fitted for obstinate defence, and even the cemetery was converted into a fort.

Such is the natural and artificial strength of the city of Monterey, and in American hands it would have been impregnable to any assault. The enemy, relying upon their strength of position and numerical superiority, were so certain of success that they deemed it only necessary to

await our attack in order to insure them the victory; and, in anticipation of such an issue, Gen. Ampudia had equipped a large force of cavalry who were to cut off our retreat after the battle.

Owing to a reprehensible and lamentable lack of heavy guns, it was found necessary to carry the enemy's positions by the bayonet, and we commenced making vigorous preparations for the assault. In making the arrangements for the attack, Gen. Taylor deemed it advisable to divide the army into two distinct commands. He, therefore, detached a strong division consisting of two brigades—the first, under Lieut. Col. Staniford, comprising the Eighth Infantry, Lieut. Col. Childs' Artillery Battalion, and Lieut. Col. Duncan's Flying Artillery. The second Brigade, under Gen. P. F. Smith, was constituted of the Fifth and Seventh Infantry, Capt. Blanchard's company of Louisiana volunteers, and Lieut. Mackall's battery of Flying Artillery. Hays' regiment of Rangers was also attached to this division, and the whole was put under the command of Gen. Worth.

Gen. Worth was ordered to approach the city by the main road, and then deflecting far to the right, endeavor, by a route discovered by the engineers, to turn the enemy's left, and by attacking him in reverse carry, if possible, the detached works in that quarter. In the meanwhile, the volunteers and Twiggs' division, under the eye of Gen. Taylor, were to create, at the proper time, a strong diversion on the enemy's right and front, in order to favor the designs of Gen. Worth, by causing the enemy to bring forward his forces to the front.

These plans and preliminaries having been completed, the evening of the 20th found a bustling scene in camp. Every regiment, save two, was under arm; squadron after squadron of dragoons and rangers, dashing into line, galloped off towards Monterey; battery after battery of burnished brass, with clattering cars and caissons, defiling into the road, followed the horsemen; long lines of infantry, in full uniform and with glittering bayonets, debouching from the grove, deployed into line and moved off in ominous silence. At the head of this column rode an officer whose bearing and appearance could not fail to mark him a soldier in every sense. Of middle stature, and a strong yet neat and well proportioned frame, he wore the usual undress uniform of the army, and mounted on a splendid steed, he kept his seat with the easy grace of a consummate horseman. The elegant address and natural and easy affability with which he conversed with his staff displayed all the polish of the refined gentleman. Beneath his stern, and expansive brow flashed a pair of dark, restless eyes, that rolled like liquid fire and allowed nothing to escape their observation, and when lit by excitement, their piercing glances played like living lightning, and seemed to sear all they fell upon. This officer was General Worth.

After moving for a mile and a half down the road, a portion of the column diverging from the road, struck into the chaparrel upon the right, while the remainder continued towards the city and deployed in front of the town beyond the enemy's guns. This was designed merely as a demonstration, in order to cover the

other column from observation and attack while crossing the plain ; and it had the desired effect. Having perfected this manœuvre, Gen. Taylor, towards night, ordered the demonstrating column into camp for the night.

After deflecting from the main road, General Worth continued his march, with Duncan's battery and Hays' rangers in the van, and making his road at every step over an untraveled track of country, now clearing away chaparrel, now breaking through strong fences, and traversing fields of corn or sugar cane, and now bridging ditches for the artillery to cross: but, directing his course as far as possible through a succession of cultivated fields, he continued to remove the obstructions as they presented themselves, and at last, after a march of seven miles, reached the Monclova road where it passes along the base of La Mitria, a high mountain on the north-west of the city. This road, leading between La Mitria and the height of the Bishop's Palace, strikes into the Saltillo road a mile and a half from the city. After following up this road a few hundred yards, they came upon a ranch where they encamped just at dark. Two companies of Rangers were now thrown forward to make observations, but falling into an ambuscade, they fell back with the loss of several horses.

As soon as the camp fires were lighted, the height above the Bishop's Palace discovered their position, and being withing range, poured down shower after shower of grape upon them. This caused them to extinguish the fires, and cold and supperless, they lay down in the pattering rain, without blankets, and with only their

hopes and unquenched spirits to warm and sustain them.

The enemy kept up a scattering fire through the night, but without any loss of life on our part. Leaving the camp at day-light. General Worth again struck into the road, and marching under a fire of grape at long range, he steadily continued his course towards the Saltillo road. Winding along the narrow road where it skirts the base of the mountain, he had advanced within half a mile of the Saltillo road, when the advance espied a large body of Mexican cavalry down the Saltillo road, watching for a favorable opportunity to charge, A line of battle was instantly formed, and Hays' rangers were thrown quietly forward six hundred yards in advance of the column and within 200 yards of the junction of the two roads. One half of the battalion dismounted, and embarked behind the brush fence of a field on the left, while the other formed in the chaparrel on the right. The column was again put in motion, when four regiments of lancers were moved forward to the charge. Up, up they rolled like a heaving tide, with their long lances in rest and gleaming like the spray of the ocean. The regiment in advance had swept into the Monclova road, and thundering over the ground, was bearing down like an avalanche upon the head of the column. A short turn in the road brought them within the range of the ambuscade, when at the word the unerring rifle of the Texans poured on them a volley that unhorsed scores of riders and instantly checked their advance. But the indomitable Colonel of the lancers rallied his men and pressed them to the charge, until he fell pierced by several balls.

Others of our troops had now come up, and the action lasted but ten minutes, when the enemy precipitately retreated into the chaparrel, and made their escape up the steep side of the mountain, leaving nearly a hundred killed and wounded, with a loss on our side of two men killed. The height to the left was playing upon our column during the action with shell and round shot, but without doing serious damage. The three regiments of lancers, which were in rear of the first, did not enter the action, but bore off up the Saltillo road.

In a few moments, Gen. Worth was again in motion, and moving up the Saltillo road until beyond the range of the heights, he encamped beside a fine stream, and began to devise plans for storming the enemy's height.

CHAPTER XIV.

Night before the battle—Melancholy feelings—Morning of the 21st—Preparations for battle—March forth from Camp—Position of the volunteers under Gen. Butler—Position and movement of the 1st Division under Gen. Twiggs—May's Dragoons and Woods' Rangers under Gen. Henderson—Operations of Col. Garland's command—Butler ordered up—Quitman's Brigade crossed the plain and charged a fort on the north-eastern angle of the city.

While the column under Gen. Worth was thus gallantly encountering and overcoming the obstacle that opposed the attainment of the position designed as the field of their operations, the remainder of the army were quietly await-

ing the juncture to arrive when they too should be put in action. After Gen. Taylor's feint before the city on the evening of the 20th, his column returned to camp with the consciousness that ere they should return again, the posts then filled by many a gallant soldier would be vacant. Night came and the camp presented a scene of universal solemnity; small squads of friends were here and there talking over the probable issue of the battle, and communicating messages to be delivered to their friends at home in case to them the morrow should prove fatal, and some strangely imbued with a prescience of their death, were busily engaged in writing to their absent friends. Such feelings are singularly contagious, and under such circumstances as these the mind has a peculiar proclivity towards them. Notwithstanding the laughs and jests with which the camp at first resounded, it was plain they emanated only from an effort to parry the melancholy thoughts that were forcing themselves on every heart. Anon one stole to the side of his friend to unburden to him his irrepressible thoughts; another and another followed the example—a simultaneous sympathy impressed every one—the contagion spread until, like some infectious plague, it pervaded every one, and plunged the camp into the profoundest melancholy. This was only a temporary exhibition of the weakness of humanity. Tattoo sounded —the spell was broken—and the soldier was himself again, and stoically wrapping in his blanket he laid down to sleep in oblivious forgetfulness or utter apathy of the morrow.

During the night the 4th Infantry were detached to aid in the erection of a battery. This battery composed of a ten inch mortar under

Captain Ramsey, and two twenty-four pound howitzers under Captain Webster, was planted fourteen hundred yards north of the city, and on the edge of a ravine in front of the Black Fort. Morning dawned, and the early bustle in camp told that no usual occurrence was at hand. The final preparations for battle were making, the hour of trial approached, but not one faltered; every heart was nerved, and the calm collectedness with which each man moved to his duty, was an assurance in them, as in the ancient Spartans, that they were only vincible in death. The long roll sounded, and rank after rank, column after column, emerging from the wood, silently and steadily closed their serried lines, and though many had never yet trod an ensanguined field, they moved forward with the firm step and quiet confidence of war-trained veterans, whose breasts had oft been bared to the storms of battle, and whose ears had been tuned to war's death-fraught thunder. Not a note of bugle, drum, or fife was heard, all pomp and pageantry were gone—parade had given way to sterner stuff, and that host of breathing courage marched forth in all the pride of patriotic strength, conscious of victory, but ignorant of its price. The sun had risen, and the blue sky was here and there dappled with drifting flakes of floculent cirri, while the morning vapors were still hanging listlessly around the base of the mountains and enshrouding the city in a mist that was soon to give place to the hot sulphurous clouds of battle.

As our army advanced over the plain towards the city, by the action of the sun's rays, the low mists were slowly lifted from the city and rising up hovered like giant spectres around the im-

pending cliffs and peaks, as if loth to leave the fair city to its fate. But anon, they swept noiselessly away on the swift wings of the mountain-born breeze, which, loading its breast with the tribute of the lime and orange groves, bounded o'er the homage paying fields, and came hurrying away from the tri-colored flag that floated o'er the dusky walls of "La Ciudadela," poured its balmy fragrance on our line, and kissing flag after flag at length nestled in the azure folds of our own "Eagle Banner Blue," which, proudly floating in the breeze, now waved full before us in forceful reminiscence that the hour had come for the redemption of those pledges elicited by its fair donors.

As we approached the field, a bomb bursting high in air told that our mortar had opened on the city.

Our division of volunteers now moved up and formed in the small hollow in rear of the battery, which was now rapidly exchanging shots with the "Black Fort." The first division of the regulars, under Gen. Twiggs, comprised two brigades, the 1st under Lieut. Col. Garland, containing the third and fourth Infantry, and Captain Bragg's Flying Artillery. The 2nd under Lieut. Col. Wilson, consisting of the first Infantry, and the Washington and Baltimore battalion of volunteers. This command had preceded us from camp, and, before reaching the battery they made a detour to the left, and moving on the eastern angle of the town had formed under cover of some fields. Lieut. Col. May's 2nd dragoons and Wood's regiment of rangers under Gen. Henderson, were ordered to the right to assist Gen. Worth, if necessary, and if practicable to make an attempt on the upper portion

of the city, between the Bishop's palace and the Black Fort.

Gen. Taylor had not designed an assault on our side of the city, but wished only to make a strong demonstration in order that Gen. Worth might take advantage of the diversion to assail the enemy's positions adjacent to his quarters. Pursuant to this intention, Lieut. Col. Garland, with the first division (Gen. Twiggs being sick) was ordered to approach the lower or northeastern end of the city, and to threaten the enemy in that direction, and if possible without much loss to carry some of the works in that quarter. Under these orders Col. Garland advanced towards the point designated. The engineers and skirmishers having been thrown forward considerably in advance of the command, had succeeded in entering the town in front to the right of the north-eastern angle of the city. The rest of the column soon followed, but were received with a heavy fire from all sides. Pushing fearlessly forward, they attempted by a deflection through the suburbs to the right to gain the rear of the fort on the right angle and carry it, but the enemy kept up such a galling fire from the works and the houses, that this attempt was deemed impracticable, and the whole command fell back under cover of the houses and walls, after a sharp action of half an hour. In the meantime, our division had been quietly resting on our arms in rear of the battery, whilst the enemy's round shot were whizzing incessantly over our heads: as yet we had not seen one drop of blood shed, but anon a round shot, striking a gunner, carried away his leg. Those are strange feelings that come over one when he sees the first fruits of battle, and I shall never

forget the thrill that pervaded our whole division as that soldier, with his mangled limb, was borne along our lines. The shot flying over head, made the hearts of some feel faint, but at this sight every other feeling seemed merged in vengeance. While our blood was thus boiling in our veins a brisk, sharp firing of musketry, intermingled with occasional discharges of artillery told us that Col. Garland was engaged.

Our division, with Hamer, with the Kentuckians and Ohioans, on the right, and Quitman with the Tennesseans and Mississippians on the left, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting orders. The intermitting thunder of the cannon and the incessant roar of small arms, waxing louder and fiercer, told that the action was raging furiously. "Load in double quick time" rang along our line, and the sharp click of the locks and simultaneous ringing of the rammers showed with what spirit the order was obeyed. Another moment, and the "Left face, double quick time, forward march!" was heard, and the Tennesseeans being ordered to file past the Mississippians, gained the front, and hailing the welcome word "march!" sprang forward with a long and loud huzza. The Mississippi regiment dashed after us, and we moved off at a brisk run in the direction of the firing. A portion of the 4th Infantry, with the Ohioans, pressed forward too, to join in the action, leaving the Kentuckians in charge of the battery. Two hundred yards brought the head of our column upon the open plain, and in a moment the "Black Fort," shrouded in smoke, was blazing like a volcano, and its angry missiles came whizzing and whirling about our ranks and tearing up the earth, ricocheted over our heads and rolled along the plain. Quickening our already

rapid pace, we dashed on through the thorny shurbs, while new forts on our front and flank poured on our column a perfect hurricane of balls, that howled and hissed around in fearful dissonance. Shot after shot crashing through our ranks or enfilading our line, strewed its pathway with mangled bodies, shattered limbs, and headless trunks; but, unheeding all, on we rushed over dead and wounded, and with reckless impetuosity continued with unslackened speed towards the enemy.

Nearly twenty cannon were mowing down our ranks, strewing our course with dead and wounded, but with the foe in front and the dauntless Quitman at our head, none dared to falter. A mile we had passed over in this hot haste, when we were suddenly thrown in front of a fort on the angle of the town some five hundred yards off; this was to the men unexpected, but nothing daunted we passed on through thorns and grape shot. It now became evident that the attempt of the regulars had failed, and that Col. Garland was retiring. Nothing distressed by this, however, we bore directly down on the fort until within two hundred yards of its guns, when "Halt and fire," emanating from some subaltern, rang along our line as we were rapidly forming for a charge. Quick as the word, our column halted and commenced a brisk fire upon the fort. This unfortunate order proved horribly fatal; within range of two forts, and with the cross fire from the "Black Fort," our little band was fast melting away like frost before the sun; yet, firm to their duty they stood under the very mouths of the cannon, and continued this ineffectual fire against the walls of that fort. In vain our officers gave orders to

cease; in vain did the stern Campbell, burning with anguish and impatience, lift his voice amidst the din of arms and cry "charge." In vain the gallant Anderson, though calm and collected, called out in the bitterness of the moment, "Forward men! will you let your banner go down in disgrace." It was in vain the unblenching adjutant galloped up and down to restore order; all words and orders were lost and drowned in the roar of battle and the shrieks of the dying. One after one our men were cut down; Allen, Allison, Green, and a host of other noble spirits in our gallant regiment sunk beneath that destructive fire. It was but a few minutes that this continued. At length, in a partial cessation of the fire our Colonel ordered the charge, and Wellington's "Up guards, and at them!" was not more promptly obeyed. The gallant Cheatham, catching the order, sprung forward to the charge, crying out, "Come on, men! follow me!" Capts. McMurry, Foster, all simultaneously sprang forward, and we rushed up to the cannon's mouth like very devils, in the face of a shower of balls and grape shot. The enemy fired their last gun as we leaped the ditch, and when we scaled the parapet, where Lieut. Nixon, the first to gain the fort, was waving his sword, we found the enemy flying pell mell in every direction. Halting but a moment in their fort, we rushed on to another about forty yards distant, where the Mississippians captured some thirty prisoners. In a moment after the charge, the "Eagle Banner Blue" of Tennessee was floating proudly over the ramparts as the first American flag that ever waved over the city of Monterey. During the action the noble regiment of Mississippians were hard on our right and rear, and

in the charge they came up gallantly to our support, and we had scarcely gained the front parapet ere the gallant McClung, with the Missippians leaped upon the side fronting the "Black Fort;" but seeing another fort in rear of the first, still in the enemy's possession, he charged on towards that, and just as he reached the entrance to the fort he was struck down by a ball. Tennesseeans and Mississippians rushing in together soon overwhelmed the enemy and made them surrender. During this time, another fort, (Diabolo,) some three hundred yards in the rear of the other forts, was pouring upon us an incessant fire, and we were ordered to move forward and carry it; but while a small party of us were pushing on to execute the order, it was countermanded and we were ordered under cover.

CHAPTER XV.

Movement of Gen. Butler and the Ohioans—He enters the city under a destructive fire—He is ordered to fall back—Again entering the city, he attempts "El Diabolo"—Butler and Mitchell wounded, and the withdrawal of their command—Recall of the troops—Charge of the Lancers—Return to camp—The "bloody first"—Night after the battle—March again to the field on the 22d—Inaction of this day—The 23d—Take possession of "Diabolo"—Gen, Quitman brings on the action—The Texans—Recall of the troops and return to camp.

While Quitman's brigade was thus engaged, General Butler, at the head of the Ohio regiment, under Gen. Hamer, after following in our rear for a considerable distance, diverged from our course and entered the town in front,

where they had been preceded by the companies of the 4th Infantry, which had moved up from the mortar battery. This command penetrating to the right of the work upon which we were moving and proceeding cautiously along, endeavored ineffectually to gain a position whence they could return the galling fire of the enemy; but the enemy, hid behind the houses and breastworks, as well from their musketry as their artillery at the *tete du pont* of St. Mary's bridge, were pouring a severe and efficient fire upon the command. Undaunted, Gen. Butler still perseveringly endeavored to force his way into the city, when he was met by Major Mansfield of the Engineers, who advised him to withdraw his force, or they would inevitably be cut to pieces. General Taylor, who was a short distance in the rear of Gen. Butler, being informed of the advice, ordered Gen. Butler to fall back under cover.

It was just at this juncture that our brigade succeeded in carrying the first fort, and General Taylor being immediately apprised of the fact forthwith ordered Gen. Butler to resume his advance. Entering the city farther to the left than before, Gen. Butler resolved to storm, with the Ohioans, the second fort, or "El Diabolo." Pressing forward to the charge through a murderous fire, the regiment had advanced within a short distance of the fort when Gen. Butler was wounded, and Col. Mitchell, falling at the same time, it was thought advisable to withdraw the command.

By this time, the various commands had become broken and scattered, and parties of every regiment had become so intimately amalgamated that it was difficult to resolve them into their

proper commands. The men thus scattered in the town maintained for several hours an irregular fire from the cover of houses, walls, and fences; but the distance and secure position of the enemy rendered their fire harmless and unavailing. While this desultory combat continued, a body of a thousand lancers made their appearance on the right in the skirts of the city; sweeping over the ground at full speed, they lanced with merciless cruelty all the wounded within their course, and came thundering down upon a body of Ohioans and Mississippians, who, forming a ready front, poured such a destructive volley on the enemy that they immediately checked their charge and fell back into the city. Notwithstanding the heroic Ridgely had turned the guns of the captured fort upon the enemy, and with these and his own battery, aided by Capt. Webster's two twenty-four pounder howitzers, was thundering away upon the "Diabolo," every effort to silence that fort was vain; for the "Devil's Den," as our men termed it, with the forts in its rear, and the battery at St. Mary's Bridge, continued with an obstinate virulence worthy of its name, to pour unremitting discharges of grape and canister, wherever a single man was visible.

Finding that his men were fast falling in this irregular mode of warfare, General Taylor determined to collect as many of the men as possible, and make an attempt on some of the works. The approach to 'Diabolo' and the works in that direction, was covered by twenty-five hundred of the enemy's picked Infantry, who, from behind their defences, were sweeping with a storm of bullets every street in that quarter. General Taylor, therefore, relinquished all designs on that

quarter and directed his attention towards the bridge. Col. Garland was ordered to collect as many as possible of his command and move up to the right of the bridge to make an attempt to turn it and carry it from the rear. Capt Ridgely, with a section of his battery, under the support of the Tennesseans, was ordered to advance up one of the longitudinal streets, and second the attempt of Col. Garland. Col. Garland, with the First, Third and Fourth Infantry, the Baltimore battalion, and fragments of other regiments, crossing the traverse street, commanded by the bridge, under a terrible fire of grape moved around to the right, while Capt. Ridgely, supported by our regiment, unlimbered within two hundred yards of the bridge, and commenced a brisk cannonade upon the work. Col. Garland strove in vain to turn the battery; the deep stream across which the bridge was thrown effectually precluded all further progress in that direction, and after a spirited but fruitless attempt, the attack was abandoned and the whole force ordered back to the captured fort.

This was the last attempt of the day, but scattered parties here and there from their covert still continued an irregular fire, until the day was far spent, when the recall was sounded and the troops in broken squads began to leave their cover and fall back upon the plain. Twelve hundred lancers who had been hovering in the rear of fort 'Diabolo,' observing this movement and taking our apparent confusion for precipitate retreat, now spurred forward, and crossing the San Juan in splended order, came forward at full speed to fall upon our disordered ranks. Their loud shouts and "corajor" immediately directed the attention of our men towards them. Spon-

taneously and mechanically, we rushed into line and were rapidly forming into square to meet the charge, when Ridgely, bringing his howitzers to bear on them, poured a well directed fire of shells into their very midst, which, hurling riders and horses twenty feet in air as they exploded, immediately checked their advance, and drove them back as rapidly as they came forward. Withdrawing a mile from the fort, our regiment formed and moved back towards the fort, while the shot from the Black Fort were still howling over head. Leaving a portion of the Kentucky regiment and the regular infantry, with Ridgely's battery and Woods' rangers, to guard the captured fort, our regiment—a mere fragment—took its way towards the city.

The noble Cheatham volunteered, with characteristic courage and humanity, to remain with a detail and bring in our wounded, who, during the long and arduous conflict of the day lay where they fell upon the field. It was pitiable to look upon our gallant regiment: of three hundred that had that morning entered the field, more than one third had fallen.

As our shattered column left the field, the sun had sunk, and here ceased the eventful drama of this bloody day. But how different the entrance and exit of the actors on this sanguinary stage! The morning had seen our columns, with full ranks, come forth in the buoyancy of busy life, hailing with glad shouts and blenchless hearts the first roar of the battle. The evening found the field all strewed with ghastly dead and prostrate wounded, bathed in pools of blood; while the surviving remnant slowly, but sternly still, drew off to commence anew the conflict with the morrow. Death had reaped a rich harvest

here, and many a proud eye that watched the morning sun garnish the mountain cliffs with gorgeous splendor, long ere its setting had been sealed in the red death of battle.

It required stern hearts to breast all day the iron storm that mowed comrade down by comrade's side; but these were stern hearts, and each survivor felt the mantle of his dying comrade's courage fall on him. Our own proud regiment, foremost among the bravest, baptized in its own blood, came forth from this onset the "Bloody First"—a cognomen significant of its fearful christening.

Night set in long ere our wounded had been lifted from their gory beds. And such a night. The heavens were "hung in black," and seemed to weep at the awful havoc the destroyer had made. A cold and pitiless rain fell in drenching torrents, and rendered the miseries of all still more acute; but still the noble and kind-hearted Cheatham, with a few others groped their way about in the moonless gloom hunting up the wounded by their groans; while the pattering of the rain was now and then hushed by the heavy boom of cannon, and the sky was ever and anon lit up for a minute by rockets of the enemy, which, whizzing high into the air and leaving a long train of liquescent light, burst into a score of varicolored scintillations. Those who had been left to guard the fort, worn, wearied, and hungry, were compelled to pass the weary hours of the night without even the luxury of a blanket. Wagon after wagon came lumbering into the camp loaded with the wounded, who shrieked at every jolt.

That was an awful night. In the heat of battle, we are unappalled by any scene of suffering, but

when the brunt is over and the blood is cold, it unnerves the heart to hear from every side the groans and cries of the wounded wretches. Who could sleep amidst such scenes and sounds as in every tent greeted our eyes and ears?

The long and sleepless hours of that tedious night at length rolled by, and we were again ordered to the field; and our brigade, with greatly diminished numbers, marched out. As soon as the brigade came within range of the enemy's guns they were opened upon it, but with little effect, killing two and wounding three of the Mississippi regiment. On reaching the fort, Gen. Quitman took possession, and relieved all the other troops there except Capt. Ridgely, who still remained; while Capt. Bragg took possession in the suburbs of the town, to the right, to meet any attack in that quarter.

The day was wet and dreary, and though the enemy's shot and shells were constantly flying, yet on our side of the city no attempt was made to occupy farther positions; and the enemy's firing was without injury to us, and was only answered occasionally by the gallant Ridgley. This heroic young officer seemed the very soul of chivalry. War was his element. During the fearful action of the 21st one would have thought him invulnerable to have seen him dash right up into the very face of a hail-storm of balls, unheeding and unhurt. His cheering words and loud laugh were heard even in the thickest of the fight, and inspirited all within hearing.

At dark all the brigade was drawn into the fort, and the night passed off even worse than the preceding one. Cold, wet, and supperless, our men sat down in the deep mud and awaited

day light, while the enemy illuminated the night with varicolored rockets.

Early on the morning of the 22d, General Quitman discovered that the enemy had abandoned Fort Diabolo during the night, and he immediately ordered a portion of his command to take possession of it, which was promptly done. Gen. Quitman, having discretionary orders to maintain his position or advance upon the town, about eleven o'clock ordered Col. Davis, with two companies of his regiment, and Lieut. Col. Anderson, with two companies of Tennesseeans, to enter the town and bring on an attack. From house to house and wall to wall, this command fought its way into the city, incurring but slight loss, yet driving the Mexicans steadily before them, until they penetrated so far that they were nearly surrounded by the enemy. Gen. Taylor coming up, and finding things in this posture, immediately ordered Gen. Henderson, with Woods' regiment of rangers, who were near at hand, to dismount and reinforce the advancing force of Gen. Quitman. This was the first opportunity for action that this regiment had had, and they proceeded with alacrity to obey the order. It was but a few minutes after the issue of this order ere the Texans were rushing into the streets like unchained lions, and the sharp cracking of their rifles began to sound the death knell to many a Mexican. "Goliad and Alamo!" was their battle cry, and fighting after their own fashion, on they rushed from street to street, passing from yard to yard, bursting open the doors, breaking through the solid walls, climbing to the flat roofs of the houses, and pouring at every point an unerring fire where-

ever a Mexican was visible. Whatever other troops may accomplish in the field or in the charge, yet in this mode of fighting the Texans are infinitely superior to every other corps. The fearful havoc they made upon the enemy told with what unremitting ardor and fierce vengeance they fought. By five o'clock, the troops had forced their way through walls and houses into the very heart of the city, and had already advanced within a hundred and fifty yards of the main plaza where the enemy had concentrated from all parts of the city. A few steps farther, and the crowded masses of the enemy would have been under the deadly and devastating fire of the Texan rifle. At this prospect of dealing a speedy and terrible retribution for their manifold injuries, the sturdy Texans worked with renewed spirit and activity to force their way to the desired position, while the Mississippians and Tennesseeans moved on shoulder to shoulder with them. Just at this juncture, Gen. Taylor, without being fully aware of the posture of affairs, unfortunately issued orders for the troops to retire. Reluctantly, but in good order, the advancing forces relinquished their positions, and fell back. I say this order was unfortunate, for, without our knowledge, the troops under Gen. Worth, hearing the continuous firing on our side, and rightly divining the cause, had pushed forward with emulous ardor, and had on their side attained a position equidistant with our own from the plaza. Had our force not been recalled, in less than an hour the compact bodies of the enemy would have been under the withering fire of the two divisions, and they would have been left to the alternative of annihilation or surrender, and at their discretion they

would undoubtedly have chosen the latter unconditionally. Returning to the forts, the troops who had been on duty were relieved by Gen. Hamer's brigade, and our brigade retired to camp after thirty-six hours' laborious duty. Here ended the 23d, and with it ended on our side of the city all operations against the enemy.

CHAPTER XVI.

Operations of Gen. Worth—The enemy's works on the west of the city—Storming of Federacion and Saldado—Morning of the 22d, and the storming of Independencia—Taking the Bishop's Palace—The 23d, and Worth's advance into the city—Major Munroe plants his mortar—Proposal to surrender—Commissioners appointed—Surrender and evacuation of the city.

While the first and volunteer divisions, under the eye of General Taylor, were gaining at a dear cost, their advantages on the east side of the city, the second division, under General Worth, was sweeping the enemy from his heights on the west and rear with a promptitude and success, alike evincive of sagacity in the leader and gallantry in the corps.

After the repulse of the lancers on the morning of the 21st, Gen. Worth had moved up the Saltillo road, where he had fixed his headquarters and commenced a reconnoissance of his ground.

Upon a detached spur of La Mitria, obliquely to his left, were situated Fort Independencia and the Bishop's Palace. The first was immediately

on the summit of the ridge, and seven or eight hundred feet above the river, while the Bishop's Palace was situated several hundred yards farther down the crest of the ridge, where it sloped down towards the city. Opposite the height, and across the San Juan, was a long ridge upon which was situated Fort Federacion, and a little farther on towards the city was a crescent shaped work called "El Soldado." These last works, from their proximity, so much harassed Gen. Worth's command that he determined to carry them at once.

The approaches and situation of these works having been closely examined, at 12 o'clock, Captain C. F. Smith, with four light companies from the artillery battalion, and six companies of rangers, under Major Chevalier, was ordered to cross the river, and carry successively Federacion and Soldado. As it was impossible to avoid observation, Captain Smith moved directly across the stream, and approached the height. Anticipating the object of the movement, the light troops of the enemy descended from the works and formed along the slopes of the acclivity. Gen. Worth's quick eye perceived this disposition of the enemy, and he immediately ordered out the 7th infantry, under Capt. Miles to aid in the assault. Moving rapidly forward by a more direct route, Capt. Miles reached the base of the mountain before Capt. Smith. In conjunction the two forces now commenced the ascent. Small detachments were thrown forward, and deploying as skirmishers, engaged the advance of the enemy. Soon the action became general. From slope to slope, from bench to bench, our troops clambered up the steep hill side; now leaping from rock to rock,

now swinging themselves forward by the shrubs and chaparrel. A terrible task would have been this ascent even without arms and unopposed, but thirty hours of fast, fatigue, and exposure, served only to arouse more fully the spirits of our men; the sturdy Texan, inured to hardship, clambered upward with the agility of a chamois, and the regulars, animated by this example, kept side by side with them. Like a fiery serpent, the column of assailers wound up the hill, circling it in a wreath of flame as volley after volley was poured on the yielding lines of the enemy. Slowly, but steadily, our troops forced their way up, the enemy reluctantly yielding inch by inch. The contest had now lasted more than half an hour, when the enemy were reinforced by five hundred troops. Observing these reinforcements advancing to the height, Gen. Worth forthwith dispatched Gen. Persifor F. Smith, with the 5th infantry, under Major Scott, and Blanchard's Louisiana company, as a support to Capt. Smith's force. Gen. Smith pressed forward, and directed his attention to El Soldado, while Captain Smith's command continued to drive the enemy before them until, gaining the summit, they dashed impetuously upon the fort, and as the fugitive garrison fled precipitately down the opposite side of the hill, they tore down the tricolored flag and flung the stars and stripes in triumph to the mountain breeze.

But few moments were allowed for respite as Scott, Blanchard, and Col. Hays, who had now joined them, were now pushing on Soldado six hundred yards from Federacion. Captain Smith ordered forward his men, and had the nine pounders captured on Federacion run down the slope and opened on the other work. Each

command was anxious to have the honor of capturing the work, and it became an exciting contest as to who should firt reach the forts. On they rushed from either side, and eager for the prize of honor, balls and bayonets alike were unheeded. The enemy unable to resist such impetuous combatants, left their fort and fled down the hill into the city as the two commands simultaneously reached the fort. Here they captured another nine pounder.

Notwithstanding the long and obstinate resistance of the enemy, our loss in storming the works was astonishingly small, amounting only to fifteen killed and wounded. Night now closed in cold, dark and stormy, and again without food or shelter, our troops threw themselves upon the hard earth to sleep as best they could after the fatigues and dangers of the day. Gen. Worth now determined to carry Independencia on his left under cover of the night. A command was organized, consisting of one company of the 3d and two of the 4th artillery, as light troops, with three companies of the 8th infantry and two hundred Texans under Hays and Walker. This was to comprise the assaulting force, and at 3 o'clock in the morning they were aroused and placed under Lieut. Col. Childs. Under the guidance of the engineer, the command proceeded to the proper point and commenced the toilsome ascent.

The night was peculiarly favorable for such an enterprise, and had the ascent not been arduous beyond expectation, the attempt would have resulted in a complete camisade. Hid from observation by the lurid darkness these untiring spirits, whom neither hunger nor fatigue could overcome, began their toilsome task. Cau-

tiously and silently they moved up through the gloom, while the pattering rain and howling blast hushed to the ears of the enemy the rattling of the armor. Not a word was spoken, save when the low orders were whispered along the line, or some soldier slipping among the jagged rocks let slip some half muttered oath. Thus they had toiled on until the first streaks of dawn found them within a hundred yards of the summit. A large body of the enemy, lodged among the clefts of rocks along the brow of the height, as they perceived in the dim mists of the morning the indistinct forms of our troops, moving up like apparitions towards them, hurriedly discharged their pieces and rushed into the fort, where they were followed by a volley from the assailants, and in a moment more, with a resistless rush, the clubbed rifle of the Texans emulated the bayonets of the regulars in clearing the fort. Another moment; and the loud Anglo-Saxon yell announced to our anxious troops below, that their comrades were again victorious, but the spirit of the gallant Gillespie went upwards in the shout.

The enemy had previously withdrawn their artillery from Independencia, and without artillery it was found impracticable to make any impression on the Bishop's Palace. Lieut. Roland was therefore ordered to ascend the height with one of Duncan's twelve pound howitzers, and in two hours fifty men had hoisted the piece up to the top of the ridge, and under cover of an epaulment, an efficient fire was opened on the Palace. Major Scott, with the 5th infantry, and Blanchard's volunteers, now arriving from Federacion height, the force was deemed sufficiently strong to attempt the Palace.

The light troops of the enemy had several times sallied from the Palace, and threatened our troops in the fort. Anticipating a repetition of this, Col. Childs, by a judicious disposal of his force, again drew the enemy from the Palace, who advancing under a strong support of cavalry, met with such a heavy discharge of musketry and rifles that they fled in disorder to the Palace. Like a torrent of lava, our troops, firing at every step, poured down the slope, and rushed in after the retreating enemy. In an instant the works were carried, and the heroic Lieut. Ayres, mounting the walls of the Palace, tore down the Mexican flag and unfurled the stars and stripes above the city.

Duncan's and Mackall's field batteries, with the three pieces captured in the Palace, were now turned on the enemy, who were rushing headlong down the hill, over the rugged projections of the inverted stones. General Worth now concentrated his division around the Palace, and began to make active preparations for assaulting the city, which now lay directly under him.

Early on the morning of the 23d, Gen. Worth made the proper disposition of his force, and was anxiously awaiting orders from the General-in-chief; but hearing the firing on the east end of the town, he immediately ordered two columns of light troops to advance into the city by the two main streets, while Duncan's and Mackall's batteries moved after by sections, and the supporters commanded the head of every cross-street to secure the columns from flank attacks of cavalry. Pushing on from street to street, the column at length approached the first plaza, called "La Chapala." Here the enemy had

posted themselves inside the walls of the cemetary; but they were soon driven from this point, and our troops continued to force their way into the heart of the city, breaking through longitudinal walls and fighting from house top to house top. And here again the rangers were most efficient, and the rifles of Hays' and McCulloch's men piled the dead by scores upon the house tops.

The veteran Major Monroe now came up with the ten inch mortar, and selecting a position in the cemetary, made preparations to put it in operation. By dark, the light troops had wormed their way so far into the city that only one square separated them from the main plaza. The mortar now opened on the main plaza, but the shell falling rather short of the mark, dropped beside our advanced forces, and retarded their progress; but again it opened, and dnring the night it continued to do terrible execution among the dense bodies of the enemy, eight thousand of whom were now crowded into the grand plaza. During the night our advance still held their position, and one six pounder and two twelve pound howitzers were sent forward, and being forced through the streets, and at exposed points through solid walls, they were mounted on the flat roof of a house, and by morning only a slight wall had to be cleared away, when the commingled masses of the enemy, in the plaza, would have been beneath a point blank fire of grape and shrapnel.

Shortly after the night set in, Gen. Ampudia, finding that another day would end in his total defeat, if not annihilation, despatched Colonel Moreno to Gen. Worth, to negotiate a surrender of the city. Col. Moreno remained during the

night with Gen. Worth, and early on the 24th proceeded to Gen. Taylor's headquarters. All active operations were ordered to cease on both sides, and commissioners were appointed to represent the two belligerent armies. The Mexican commission consisted of Senores Ortega, Requena, and Llano; while Gen. Worth, Gen. Henderson, and Col. Davis represented the American army. The commissioners met, and after extreme difficulty concluded the capitulation upon terms of liberality to the Mexican army. Pursuant to the terms of capitulation, the citadel, the only fort remaining in the hands of the enemy, was on the 28th delivered into our possession, and for several days the different divisions of the army of Ampudia successively retired from the city, and took the road towards Saltillo. Gen. Worth was in the meanwhile appointed military governor of the city, and after the evacuation of the city by the enemy, took quiet possession and entered upon the discharge of his duty.

The acceptance of the capitulation of Monterey, under the circumstances, has been the subject of much comment, and it has been by many, as I think, justly censured. When the fact and the terms were announced, they met with a burst of universal indignation and disapprobation from the army, and though time and subsequent events and developments tended partially to allay these feelings, yet with the main body of the army engaged in that siege this capitulation has not yet ceased to call forth animadversions and regrets. We had just succeeded in wresting from the enemy every work save one; this had been achieved at a fearful cost on our side, 'tis true; but having gained

these we now had the advantage of position, and with but little loss or exposure to ourselves, we could wreak terrible retaliation upon the enemy. For the principal loss of the enemy, it is well known, was effected in the street fights of the 23d, while our own loss during the same day was comparatively nothing. The two divisions of the army penetrating the town, the one on the east, the other on the west, had on the 23d driven the enemy into the centre of the city, while they had obtained effective and equidistant positions on opposite sides of the point of concentration, and in a short time the enemy would have been under the cross-fires of the two divisions. It has been urged in defence of the measure, that the enemy had possession of the citadel or "Black Fort," and that it might have cost us much blood to have captured it. The position of our troops under Worth and the General-in chief was such as to isolate the "Black Fort," and almost completely to surround the main plaza, and it was here the body of the Mexican army was assembled, and it would have required but a simple manœuvre to have prevented their access to the citadel. Once in possession of the city, and the garrison of the Black Fort could soon have been starved into terms.

Again, it is said that the enemy could have made his escape, and that the moral effect of the capitulation was greater than if the enemy had retired without our consent. It is deemed extremely questionable whether the enemy could have made his escape at all, and had it been accomplished, it would have been at the inevitable sacrifice of all his artillery, and subsequently the dispersion of his forces; and who

doubts than an escape with such effects would have been infinitely more beneficial to us than such a capitulation? and what could be more demoralizing to an army than to be compelled to retire from a fortified city, and give it up to an army of not half their number? So the argument upon the moral effect of the capitulation falls to the ground; and, indeed every attempt to defend this capitulation only makes it less defensible. The same troops that evacuated Monterey, afterwards contending against Taylor at Buena Vista, forcibly prove the moral effects of the capitulation. As for the plea of liberality and humanity, subsequent events have shown them to be but poor virtues and worse policy, when they are, at such a fearful cost of blood, thrown away upon an enemy so little capable of appreciating them.

It is a fact beyond dispute, that with the positions which we had in our possession on the night of the 23d, the enemy could not have held out another day. Gen. Taylor states in his report: "I felt confident, that with a strong force occupying the roads and heights in his rear, and a good position below the city in our possession, the enemy could not possibly maintain the town." Here, then, surrender or flight must have ensued a continuation of the conflict, and either would have been alike disastrous to the enemy and beneficial to our arms.

It was the army of Ampudia that formed the nucleus of Santa Anna's army at San Louis, and had the force been compelled to surrender, or been forced into flight and dispersion, it would either have totally obviated the sanguinary conflict of Buena Vista, or would have rendered the odds in that battle immensely less.

The attack upon Monterey without an adequate siege train has likewise called forth the severest strictures. It was an error, and a lamentable one, that the commander-in-chief had fallen into with regard to the resistance of the enemy. He had openly and perseveringly maintained that the enemy would evacuate the city on our approach; and it is mainly attributable to this fact, that our army was so ill-provided with heavy guns in this attack. That there was a sufficiency of heavy guns at Camargo when the column left that place, is a fact cognizant to the whole army.

But it has been urged in extenuation of this matter, by those too little conversant with the facts, that it would have been impossible to have found means for the transportation of these guns. Passing over the military maxim that "there are no impossibilities in war," nothing would have been easier than to have found the requisite transportation for a siege train. The banks of the Rio Grande were teeming with immense herds of mules and horses, and in two weeks two thousand of them could have been rendered fit for service. Apart from these, the pack mules that carried the knapsacks of the men, might easily have been dispensed with, and appropriated to the use of the artillery.

CHAPTER XVII.

Burial of the dead—The First Regiment—Campbell, Anderson, Alexander, and Heiman—Animadversions on the capitulation —Remarks upon the lack of siege guns.

While the negotiations was pending on the 25th, details were sent out to perform the last sad office to our gallant dead. Moving over the field under the protection of white flags, they proceeded to their melancholy duty. Scooping a shallow grave in a stony soil, they interred one after one the moldering corpses, upon the spot where each had fallen, without even the ordinary ceremonies that attend a soldier's burial, and with no requiem save the thunder of three days' battle. Mournful as was this task, it had often to be repeated, for even the inviolate sanctity of the grave did not afford security to the bodies of our buried comrades; time after time the inhuman leperos exhumed our dead and rifling their pockets, left them exposed as prey for wolves. The interment of our dead ended the last scene in the drama of Monterey.

During all the long and arduous conflict, no regiment had performed a more conspicuous part than did the "Bloody First." The first volunteers that had been called into action during the war, they were placed in a trying and responsible situation, being called on to lead a charge where the steady discipline of regulars had failed, it rested with them to prove or disprove whether the citizen-soldier could be trusted in the hour of trial. And who can doubt that the eminent success of these efforts gave

that tone to the *morale* of the volunteer corps which has entitled it to that confidence which has been maintained on every subsequent battle field? It was reserved for the regiment to plant the first banners on the first captured work in this eventful seige. No regiment could have passed through a severer ordeal. For a mile and a half they passed over an open plain subjected all the time to a fire from nearly twenty pieces of artillery, and which the veteran Croghan said "was *unprecedented in his experience for severity.*" And surely it is not a little to their honor, that though they were totally unacquainted with the character of their enemy, and had never before heard a hostile gun, and though more than one-third of their number had fallen, they yet successfully charged and carried the first fortification that had been assaulted during the war, and that too after more than twice their number of regular troops had been repulsed by the same fortification.

While we were crossing the plain in the charge upon the fort at the lower end of the city, we met the gallant Col. Croghan, the hero of Sandusky, coming out of that portion of the town, where Col. Garland's command had entered; he was riding between our line and the enemy, and the balls were whizzing around him at a fearful rate as he passed our line, he called out in a facetious tone, "Hurrah my gallant Tennesseeans, push on fast or those regulars will take the town and get all the wine and plunder before you get there."

After the troops became scattered throughout the lower end of the city, I chanced to be in company with Lieut. Nichols, Gen. Quitman's aid, and three others, in traversing one of the

streets, we meet the gallant Capt. Webster, of the artillery, standing under an open fire by himself, and within two hundreds yards of St. Mary's bridge, coolly and carefully examining the work with his glass. He had already been wounded through the leg. As our party came up to him, he exclaimed "Come boys, there are but very few men in that fort, and I can see but one piece of artillery, let's cross around to the right and flank it. There were only six of us, and Lieut. Nichols suggested the propriety of having more men. I observed five other men near it hand, and having called them up, Capt. Webster ordered me to form them and prepare for the charge. I did so, and we moved across a street under an awful fire of grape and musketry, but finding it perfectly impossible to turn the fort on account of a deep stream, we were compelled to retire. I venture to say that no attempt during the siege was more daring than that attempt of Capt. Webster, to carry with only ten men a fort manned by two hundred men and one piece of artillery.

But these honors had not been purchased without cost. Leaving camp with but little more than three hundred men, and many of these too debilitated by diarrhea to reach the field, we lost in the charge of the 21st one hundred and eight killed and wounded.

With few exceptions, our officers had proved themselves full worthy of the confidence we had reposed in them; and were I disposed to panegyric, I might single out those whom it would not be invidious to eulogise; but omitting the subalterns, it would be sheer injustice to leave without a passing notice the conduct of our field and staff officers. Our Colonel was all we had anticipated; brave to hardihood, he exposed him-

self wherever danger and duty called him; and it was through his exertions at the crisis, that the gallant McMurry and Cheatham set that charge in motion which won the fort and the city. The chivalric Anderson, our Lieutenant Colonel, like a second Ney, dashed into the fearful devastation, as cool and unperturbed, as though he had "not time to fear;" and when the ill-starred halt was called before the fort, where ninety-six of our brave hearts sunk down before the wasting fire, his voice was loudest and his example boldest in cheering on the charge. Maj. Alexander, while nobly pressing on, was struck down by a grape shot, and fell a second time wounded in his country's cause. And our Adjutant, the heroic Heiman, fearless as a consummate veteran, quite outdid himself, and far transcended the high opinion in which we had already held his courage.

No battle is without its incidents and anecdotes, and I cannot forbear the relation of some few connected with the attack on Monterey.

It is not a little strange, that some minds under the influence of certain circumstances are able, by a peculiar process of abstraction, to penetrate the veil of the future, and discern the issue of those events which are of most momentous consequence to them. We had not a few instances of this power previous to the battle of Monterey, and they are but common proofs that there are times when "coming events cast their shadows before." Lieut. Putnam, of Captain Cheatham's company, was, before the battle, so thoroughly impressed with the presentiment of his death, that he wrote to his friends instructing them what disposition to make of his property, stating that he would certainly fall in the first

fight. Entering the battle with such presentiments as these, he was amongst the foremost in the destructive charge, and while gallantly leading his men into the streets of the city, he fell with a ball directly in the heart.

The prospect of a bloody battle doubtless called forth many strange requests; but I doubt whether any were more singular than the promise exacted of me by a messmate. Taking me aside, with a most lugubrious shade upon his countenance, he asked me if I would solemnly promise to perform a reasonable request. Upon assenting, he said that it was probable he should be killed, and if so, he wished me to have his body carried off the field and laid in some secret place, with not even a handful of earth upon it. It was in vain I urged that the wolves and vultures would batten on his body. "It is no matter," said he, "I will not feel them devouring me. Just lay me down there, and come frequently and see that no one buries my bones." Fortunately, I was spared the unpleasant duty, but the motive that gave rise to the request I was never able to discover.

However deep the soldier may be steeped in vice and immorality, and however unmoved he may have been to the appeals of conscience, yet always before a battle there are some remorseful visitings which indicate that conscience is again at work. Always when we were marching into battle, the road side would be strewed with scattered cards, which the owners had kept until conscience forced them from their pockets. On being asked the cause of this, one answered that, however wicked he might be, he could not die with the devil's endorsement upon him ,

One of the streets up which our troops were pressing, was swept by a perfect storm of bullets, that pattered against the walls like hail stones. While our Adjutant, the gallant Hieman, was coolly breasting this leaden tornado, he remarked, with the utmost sangfroid, to a regular officer whom he met, "Major, dis is one dam hard shower to be in without an umbrella."

One of our regiment, who was severely wounded, called a comrade to him during the battle, and said to him: "You look like you were out of cartridges. I can't get up to the mulatto devils myself, so do you take my cartridges and give them a blizzard or two for me." Was it possible to defeat such men as these? A twelve pound ball struck in the midst of our men while stationed in one of the streets; one man, a gamester, coolly walked to it and took his seat upon it, exclaiming at the same time, "I'll take my chance here, as I never saw a roulette ball fall twice upon the same spot."

A regular officer, during the battle, observed one of his men halt beside the body of a volunteer who had just been struck on the head by a cannon ball, which had scattered the brains on the wall beside the regular. "What do you stop there for?" asked the officer; "are you afraid?" "Afraid! no!" responded the soldier "I was only thinking how a man that had so many brains could be fool enough to volunteer to come to such a place as this."

While our regiment was engaged in the streets on the 21st, one of the men was struck by a spent ball, which, carrying away his front teeth, lodged between his molars. Quietly spitting the ball out into his hand, he exclaimed to those around him, "There, now, I'll bet a month's pay,

there ain't another man in the army that can let the Mexicans shoot at him and catch the ball in his teeth in that way."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The claims of the Mississippians to the honor of having carried the first Fort captured at Monterey—Various statements of Col. Davis—The facts of the case, and refutation of Col. Davis' claim.

It is with extreme regret that I find myself called upon to notice the statements of those who, at the expense of the Tennessee Regiment, have claimed for the Mississippians the honor of having first entered the first fort captured at Monterey.

A timely notice on the part of Col. Campbell, in answer to these assertions, would forever have set this matter at rest; but Col. Campbell's extreme reluctance to appear in the public prints, has allowed the mere assertion of the other party to remain so long unanswered, that they have, greatly to the disparagement of our regiment, crept into the histories of the times, and have assumed the form of undisputed facts. This state of the case has existed so long, that I should not now broach anew this matter, but that the glaring injustice of the claim set up by Col. Davis for his regiment, in some measure compels me to show up, in a brief manner, some few of the leading facts in the case in opposition to the baseless assertions of Col. Davis and his friends. I hope it may not yet be

too late for an impartial public to award the honor where it is deserved. But it is not with any desire to detract aught from the Mississippi regiment that I attempt the exposition of this injustice. A more gallant regiment never entered the field than the Mississippi regiment, and they surely won honors enough at Buena Vista, to claim any honors that the Tennessee regiment won at Monterey. To detract from the Mississippi would be to detract from Tennessee, for more than one-third of Col. Davis' rifle regiment were from Tennessee, and among others the noble and chivalric Major Bradford, who has subsequently won such enviable fame. And he, too, is one of the Mississippi regiment that does not pretend to claim the honor of having carried the first fort over the Tennesseeans.

That the Mississippi carried the sugar-house, or the second fort, the Tennesseeans have never pretended to dispute. Col. McClung was undoubtedly the first man at the second fort, yet even there the man that was nearest to him when he fell, was Lieut. Bradfute of the Tennessee Regiment.

Col. Davis states that, when he left Camargo, the merits of the Mississippi regiment entitled them to the front, and therefore he obtained the proud leading position to which he intended to assert his right. This would necessarily imply that he was entitled to the front position in the battle of Monterey, and this solely on account of the merits of his regiment. It is unfortunate for him that Gen. Butler did not have the same exalted opinion of the merits of his regiment that Col. Davis had; and if the front position was the consequent of merit then Gen. Butler esteemed the Tennessee regiment superior to the

Mississippians; for when the line of battle was formed the Tennesseeans were on the right of Quitman's brigade, and when ordered into action we were ordered to move by the left flank. This would have thrown the Mississippians in front, but Gen. Butler ordered them to remain fast until Col. Compbell filed past to the front. But this position Col. Campbell does not propose to have obtained on account of the assumed superiority of merit which Col. Davis arrogated for his regiment, but it was obtained from several causes. Col. Campbell was entitled to the front by right of seniority. Also, in the order of march the rotation of regiments that daily occurred in each brigade would, on the 21st, have entitled Col. Campbell to the front. Again, Gen. Butler knew too well the efficiency of bayonets in a charge to place rifles in front.

Col. Davis says that when he arrived before the fort, that the closing up of our regiment or some other movement created an opening to his left which, by a complicated movement, he hastened to occupy. This placed him directly in front of the fort, and he ordered the charge and he did not afterwards look back to see what Col. Campbell was doing. This statement is intended evidently to mean that Col. Davis threw his regiment between Col. Campbell and the fort; for how else could he have gained the front of the fort and have been compelled to look back to see Col. Campbell? Col. Davis thus places his regiment in front of Col. Campbell, and yet in the same breath he states that it was on Col. Campbell's right. How was it possible for him to be on the right of Col. Campbell and at the same time directly in front of him? Again, he says that directly before him, (and consequently

in the front of the fort,) was a broad, deep embrasure, used as a sally port. How improbable is it that any enemy would make a sally port directly in the front of a fortification! A broad ditch flanking the fort on Col. Campbell's left compelled him to approach the fort in front, and that the Mississippians were on his right, Col. Davis several times admitted in his printed statements; and the sally port, of which Col. Davis speaks, it is well known was not in front of the fort, but directly in its rear. How irreconcilable then with the facts, and even with his own words, is the statement of Col. D., that he was directly in front of the fort, and at the same time in front of Col. Campbell when the charge was made! Col. Davis could not possibly have occupied the position which he states that he held in regard to the sally port; for he states that his fifth company, numbering from the right, was directly opposite the sally port, Had such been literally the case, his right companies must have extended far into the town, which was not the case. But this is irrelevant to the question, and I only cite it to show the remarkable looseness and inconsistency which pervade all his assertions in regard to this matter.

Col. Davis, finding it hard to reconcile his claim with the stubborn fact, that the Tennessee regiment, numbering in the action scarcely three hundred men, lost on the 21st more than double the loss from four hundred and fifty Mississippians, has the hardihood to assert as a reason for this, that we were so far in advance that the enemy's shot aimed at the body of the army, passed over our heads." Was there ever before such a preposterous argument invented? This of itself is sufficient to invalidate his whole claim.

It must be obvious to every one that an enemy, in order to check a charge upon them, would fire upon the front or head of the advancing column, and endeavor by breaking and disconcerting the advance lines to throw them back in confusion upon the remainder of the column. It is not, therefore, reasonable to suppose that any enemy would be guilty of the folly of attempting to repulse an attack by firing over the front assailants and directing their aim upon those in the rear. And much less would an enemy be guilty of firing at a small number of men, when a distinct and larger body were so much nearer and in more effective range. It is by such assertions, unsubstantiated by a single fact and so little consonant with truth and common sense, that the Tennessee regiment has been in a great measure robbed of its blood. bought laurels.

The facts of the case are these: When the Tennessee regiment, with its left in front, came near the fort, the front company was halted, and the remainder of the regiment moved round by a flank movement and formed on its left;—a firing and halt for several minutes now ensued, during which time the Mississippians came up and formed obliquely on the right of the Tennesseeans, but with two of their left companies covering the rear of the Tennessee right wing. This position placed the Tennesseeans directly opposite the fort, while the main body of the Mississippians were farther off and opposite another side of the fort, adjacent to the front. Finding that the enemy's fire did not abate, and our own of no effect, Col. Campbell, by General Quitman's command, gave the order to charge,

which was promptly obeyed, and the enemy fired their last gun as we crossed the ditches. Col. Davis had ordered his regiment to charge about the same time that Col. Campbell gave the order, but being farther off and somewhat in our rear, his regiment did not reach the fort so soon as did the Tennesseeans. Col. Davis says that he is astonished to hear the bayonets brought into the question; and he says it was his rifles that drove the enemy from their guns. As for this: the enemy did not leave their guns until our bayonets were glistening within thirty feet of them; and it is well known that but two Mexicans were killed, and another mortally wounded, during all our firing before the fort, and the two that were killed were lying under the embrasure opposite the Tennessee regiment. Surely, therefore, it could not have been any very fatal effect of Col. Davis' rifles that drove the enemy from their guns.

And this statement is not intended to detract from Capt. Backus' claim to a share of the honor of capturing this fort; but in connection with this, I will state what is well known by every member, both of the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, that when Gen. Quitman's brigade arrived opposite the fort, they were ordered to charge, not one regular soldier was in sight, nor were any seen until we had carried the fort. And Capt. Backus' company could not have caused any very great havoc among the Mexicans, at least not so destructive a one as Gen. Taylor's report would induce those unacquainted with the circumstances and facts to believe. I make the assertion, and I do not fear contradiction, that not a dozen Mexicans killed and wounded were

found in the two forts after we charged them. The position and self-possession of Gen. Quitman during the action enabled him to see clearly every thing that occurred, and being a Mississippian himself, he would be naturally biased towards the Mississippians; he, therefore, cannot be accused of doing injustice to Col. Davis' regiment; yet, in a moment after the fort was carried, he approached Col. Campbell, and remarked in a congratulatory tone, "To your regiment, sir, belongs the honor of the day; they were the first to enter the fort;" and shortly afterwards he repeated, at three several times, the same remark to Lieut. Col. Anderson, Adj. Heiman, and Capt. Cheatham. This remark was made volluntarily upon the field, and long before any issue had been made between the two regiments. No one certainly will doubt that Gen. Quitman then spoke with full knowledge and in all sincerity. As a farther evidence that the Mississippians followed and did not lead in the charge, it is a fact beyond dispute that not less than five or six Tennesseeans were wounded from the rear after the charge was set in motion, and when they were very near the fort; and that these men were wounded by the Mississippians, there is unmistakable evidence that three, if not more, of the balls extracted from these men were Mississippi rifle balls, and they are still in the possession of Lieut. Nixon. I might adduce a multitude of other facts, equally strong and conclusive, and I might cite the written testimony of various officers of our regiment in the matter. I might also make the discord and incongruity in the statements of the Mississippi officers witness against themselves; but I forbear to pursue the matter farther, and trust that even in what

I have cited there will be found sufficient for "deliberate and sometimes slow moving truth" to discover the utter falsity of the claim set up by Col. Davis for his regiment.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mexican Hucksters—Grotesque appearance of the Donkeys and their riders—Soldiers allowed to enter the city—A visit to the town—A ranch and its inmates, with their dress and occupation—Appearance of the city on approaching it—Appearance of the houses and style of architecture—An arriero or muleteer—A senorita—El Puente de la Maria Purissimo—The Plaza—the Cathedral—its front—its interior—the Carcel Ciudad—the Barber's basin—a Mexican dwarf—Arista's garden—Bishop's Palace, and prospect from thence—irrigation—corn—cane—sugar making—Gen. Worth takes Saltillo—Preparations to march on Tampico.

Scarcely had the sound of battle ceased ere our camp became a perfect market, where, from dawn till dark, hundreds of Mexicans of both sexes were vending all the fruits and productions of their highly favored clime. Every want that our pleasures or necessities could suggest were furnished by these mercenary people for our gratification. To the soldier, worn down with hardships and sufferance, this was a rich repast: and to the lawless Mexicans it was a rare harvest. Though for more than two months these hucksters continued in increased numbers to throng our camps, yet to the honor of our soldiery, but few instances occurred of any attempts to defraud or wrong them.

Donkeys were here the usual beasts of burthen,

and it is curious to see the kind and quantity of burthens that are packed upon them.

A saddle is the *sina qua non* of every Mexican; yet with those who ride donkeys they appear perfect superfluities—less for service than for show—as three-fourths of the donkey-riding Mexicans, after carefully girthing on the saddle, take their seat behind it. It required some time for our men to become familiar with the grotesque appearance of the donkeys and their riders. Here would come a donkey with a pair of huge raw hide panniers swinging from his sides, while the rider, guiding the donkey with a stick, is quietly seated behind the saddle with his feet trailing in the dust. There another ass might be seen with a large earthenware jar lashed on either side and containing ass' and goat's milk, which the boy who is leading the ass by the ear does not fail to make known by the cry of "Leche de burro, leche de cabra." Yonder are two hogs dangling from the back of a donkey, and kicking, grunting and squealing in his very ears, but the imperturbed ass bears their vociferous complaints with as much philosophy as did Socrates the railings of his wife.

After the expiration of the seven day's limit, during which time the enemy were leaving the city, General Worth took entire possession of it, and having instituted a vigorous and vigilant police, the soldiers, under proper restrictions, were allowed to enter it. Anon, I too, took advantage of this liberty. Obtaining a passport with the proper signature, I passed the camp guard and took my way towards the city. It was Sunday, and the morning was unusually raw and chilly, as a slight frost had fallen the night before, and I had shivered beneath two blankets;

behind me the sun scaling the peaks of the Ceralvo range was faintly struggling with the mists of the morning. To the right, three miles distant, lay the copse-crowned Sierrita or little mountain, at the foot of which was the Agua Caliente or hot springs with its baths. Obliquely to the right and front creeping vapors were hanging half way up the bleak sides of the Sierra de la Mitria, while to the left the fantastic peaks of the Saddle mountain were totally enveloped in a thick cloud, which floating westward, half veiled the lofty range beyond the city. On either side of the road were desolated corn fields with their bare stalks rising up fifteen or eighteen feet. Here and there, fields of sugar cane are trampled to the ground. The broken fences, trampled fields, and scattered grain were all marks that the hand of the ravager had been there.

Here is a ranch. It is a queer looking building, with its huge sun burnt bricks half worn away by time and weather, while the imperishable mortar is still jutting out from the joints. A gourd vine completely envelopes its sides and falls over the long, projecting eaves of its steep, thatched roof. Near the door a woman sits upon the ground with a wisp of cotton in one hand, and in the other is a simple wooden spindle, consisting of a straight stick eight inches in length, with a top-shaped head attached to one end. Attaching the cotton to the smaller end, she twirls the spindle a moment in her fingers, and then dropping the top-shaped end upon the ground, it spins away for half a minute or more. Near by is a young girl, with her knees resting on the ground, and from an earthenware pot, filled with boiled corn, she is crushing handful after

handful upon a flat, rectangular, and slightly hollowed stone. The instrument she uses to crush it is a long stone, somewhat resembling an American housewife's rolling pin, only it tapers towards either end and has four sides with rounded edges. Taking this stone pin in both hands she bends over the hollowed stone, whose surface is an inclined plane, and laboring industriously, she soon crushes enough corn for the morning's *tortillas*.

Another girl, with a primitive hand-loom upon her lap, is tediously weaving a varicolored blanket. Several denuded children are playing around, while the pater-familias, a veritable ranchero, sits complacently on the ground, clad in a pair of leathern breeches, with the outside seam of the legs unsewed, which serves to display beneath a pair of white cotton drawers. Around his bare shoulders is thrown a worn blanket; a pair of course sandals are lashed upon his feet, while upon his head is a heavy, black, broadbrimmed sombrero, and the invariable cigaritto, or small paper-wrapped cigar, serves to complete (?) his dress. It requires but a horse, a sword, a carbine, and a leader to convert this ranchero into a consummate guerrillero. The women are dressed cleanly and tastefully: each wears a snowy, half-sleeved chemise, low in front, yet not so low as wholly to reveal what anxious expectation hath half glimpsed at. Over this is a short, colored skirt, or petticoat. Beneath these may be seen a finely turned foot and ankle, without shoe or stocking. Around the neck of each, is a rosaria with a cross or a brazen image of Maria Purissima. Entering the house, we find no floor but the earth, and save a rough bedstead and a few

coarse mats, there is no furniture to be seen; a few earthenware jars and bowls are here and there arranged on rough shelves; while in raw hides, swinging from the roof, is the corn for bread. But in vain we look for a fire place. Chimneys and fire places are nonentities among Mexicans. They usually cook in the open air, or under sheds, and the climate does not require a fire to be kept in the house.

Leaving the ranch, we proceed on towards the city: soon we are in half a mile of it, and yet nothing can be seen of it, save the red dome of the cathedral, peering above the green groves of the city. A few rods farther, and the white walls of the houses are seen through the clusters of rich foliage that belt the suburbs. Away off to the northwest, upon a commanding eminence, are the ruins of the Bishop's Palace; nearer, to the right, are the dusky walls of La Cindadela, or the Black Fort. Passing across the battle ground of the 21st, we enter the city. At first the low adobe jacales, or houses of the suburbans only appear; but soon larger houses are standing on both sides of us. What strange looking houses they are to an American! They appear as though the builders had left off their work before they had half finished them. They have no chimneys, no gable ends, and apparently no roof, while the windows are without glass or shutters. But a closer view satisfies us that they are finished houses, with the architecture of a mixed style—half Moorish, half Mexican. The walls are neatly stuccoed, and are glistening white; but their scarred fronts bear witness to the fury of the recent conflict. A few feet from the top of these walls, which rise square up from the street, long wooden gutter pipes pro-

ject over the street and frown upon us like dark mouthed muskets; and we find on inquiry that the roofs are flat and made of tiles and cement.

"What!" you would ask, "are these dark eyed girls in prison that we see sitting in that large iron grated window?" No! no! all their windows project into the street, and are grated thus. The flat roofs, the terrace above the roofs, and the glistening stucco, are the same that Bernal Diaz, Cortes and Clavigero tell us were found here at the conquest; while the large arched doorways and massive doors, the glazed floors, and the interior courtyard, are Spanish importations from old Grenada. This blending and intermixture of the two styles—this grafting the one upon the other—shows the inveterate adherence of the two races, now blended, to their ancient and peculiar customs. And the high walls enclosing the yards, the grated windows and the port holes plunging from the terraces, are forceful commentaries upon the jealousies and faithlessness of this mixed nation.

Here we are interrupted by the harsh cry of a muleteer, and turning we see a man mounted on a small horse, with the long leathern covers to their stirrups touching the ground; while he cheers up by a peculiar cry and whistle an indiscriminate train of mules and asses, loaded with every variety of burthens; some are loaded with wooden crates, through the crevices of which may be seen oranges, apples, limes, or pomegranates. Should we wish to buy, we have only to call out, "hombre!" "hombre!" (man,) and he sells us oranges, apples, or pomegranates at a cent a-piece. Passing on, a young girl approaches us; a fine cotton scarf, or reboso, is

drawn around her head and falls gracefully over the shoulders in front. Beneath her short dress is seen an exquisitely small foot, encased in a satin slipper, while her finely moulded ankle is unhid by stocking or ungraceful pantalette. Her dark lustrous eye twinkles beneath her jetty lashes with exceeding brilliancy. Her long raven hair falling in natural tastefulness down her shoulders, contrasts beautifully with the white chemise beneath; and ever and anon she reveals a double row of teeth of pearly transparency, as she draws the fuming cigaritto from her lips to utter a soft "adios" to some friend inside a barred window.

We have now reached the bridge of Maria Purissimo. It is a fine stone structure with broad seats in the form of sofas cut in either side —while on one side is a pedestal surmounted by a painted marble statue of the Most Pure Virgin. On both sides of the pure stream are groves of orange, lime, the aguacate, the banana, with its long broad leaves, and even the cypress, which shed a grateful umbrage and half incline us to spend an hour here admiring the beauty of the aqueduct and its costly bridge. Crossing the bridge, we approach the centre of the city over the street paved by Mina and his associates. We find but few of the houses two stories in height; however, here and there may be seen a balcony from an upper story, projecting over the street, from which some dark eyed dongella is scanning, with inquisitive curiosity, the manners and costumes of Los Americanos.

Here, at last, is the main plaza, an open square some three acres in extent. On entering, our ears are assailed by an obstreperous din of bells, and looking towards the east end of the plaza,

we see a man upon a large building, in an open belfry, pulling with might and main the clapper cords of five enormous bells. This is the Cathedral, an immense stone structure coated with stucco. Its carved front is crowned by two steeples, while, from the farther end, rises an immense dome. It is some saint's day, and scores of senoritas, closely hooded in their rich rebosas, and wending their way towards the cathedral. Joining in the throng, we pass the massive gateway, and the eye is at once caught by the elaborate facade—saints and angels, in basso relievo, are smiling along its face; oddly intermixed with these, are cross bones, with death's grim head, grinning between, while over the doorway are the symbolic keys. The whole design of the facade is rich and imposing; but the rough and wretched execution robs it of half its effect. Once inside and beyond the transept, and we were in the main aisle; not a bench or seat is to be seen, but along the wooden floors of the three aisles are old and young, kneeling before the objects of their devotion. Here may be seen a number of widows and orphans, fruits of the battle, bending before the shrine of "de las Doloras." Here are the fair senoritas, with their knees resting on the floor, their skirts thrown behind them, and their bodies erect, their dark hair falling adown their shoulders, their long rebosas drawn over their head, or falling loosely about the waist, while their soft eyes are bent upwards in fervent adoration:

> "And, O, it brings a sweet emotion
> To witness beauty in devotion."

Yet some, less devout than others, are twirling their costly fans with coquetish air, and even while their lips are mechanically lisping the "Ave

Maria," their dark eyes are flashing from side to side, and they are displaying in studied attitudes the graceful curves and symmetry of their forms. One by one, as they finish their devotions, they cross their foreheads with holy water and retire. On either side of the nave, or main aisle, is a smaller one, separated from it by long arcades, and in these smaller aisles are a multitude of images, placed in the nitches or intercolumniates along the wall. At the farther end of the main aisle, a light, admitted by the high windows above the choir, is streaming over the altar, which, glowing with tapers, is blazing in barbaric splendor. The front of the altar and the pyx, or box for the host, are coated with pure silver, and the candlesticks aud vessels of the altar, save the chalice, which is gold, are of the same metal. The whole wall beyond the altar is covered with an immense sheet of bronze upon which the Savior, the Virgin and twelve Apostles are represented. To the right of the altar is the sacristy, where the vessels and wealth of the church are kept; here are the cap, the mitre and the silver crozier of the bishop, with a quantity of silver plate and other articles of value; here too is a life sized image of our Savior carved in wood.

Having finished this view of the Cathredral, we again enter the plaza. On the opposite side is the Carcel Ciudad, or City Prison. On the left are ranged thirty-four pieces of artillery, captured from the enemy. In the rear of the prison, is another square or plaza; in this is the market for fruits and vegetables. Passing these with the church of San Francisco, we take our way towards the upper end of the city. Sunday is the principal day for trading, and hence every

store is open. Here too is a Mexican barber's shop, with all its appurtenances, and the brazen basin calls instantly to mind Don Quixotte and Mambrino's helmet. They hold their basin under one's chin, and lather not with a brush but with their fingers.

Here is a dwarf scarce thirty inches in height, yet his head is covered with an enormous hat, and basking beneath its umbragoous breadth of brim, the diminutive little fellow, feeling secure in his deformity, is swelling, strutting and vaporing like a turkey cock in a barn yard, and crying out, "Vamos Americanos! Los Mexicanos son muchos mucha valient." (Begone Americans! The Mexicans are very brave, very valiant.) His Mexican listeners laugh vociferously at this exhibition of Mexicanism

Passing through several plazas, in one of which is the "Portage de Carne," or meat market, we arrive opposite a long, neat, one story building, with grated windows and an arched door way. This is Arista's residence and garden. Inside are a variety of flowers arranged in flower pots; every thing looks neat and in order. The garden is two acres in extent, and is regularly laid off with fine walks, and has a stone aqueduct conveying water into every square and running through a large bath. This is now a hospital, and a sentry prevents any one from pulling the flowers. Continuing our course, we ascend a high, rocky hill, with the small jagged rocks of the sur-bed strata jutting up all along the hill side so thickly that it is scarcely possible to ascend, except by the path. Upon this hill is the Bishop's Palace, now in ruins; its broken arches and crumbling walls, with their half effaced paintings, show that time and neglect have

dealt hardly with it. Taking our seat upon the ruins, we have one of the loveliest prospects before us that the eye ever gazed on. Away yonder are the white tents of the army in the grove of San Domingo; green fields and squares lay between, here and there dotted by a ranch. On the other side, the San Juan rushing from the mountain gorge, comes bounding along over rocks and pebbles, and laving the base of the hill, flows away off beyond the city. Beneath us stretches away the lovely city, its cool, green groves giving admirable relief to the white walls of the houses. There are the green leafed orange trees, with their golden fruitage; there are the lime, the lemon, the citron, and the fig, with the agucate and its purple, pear-shaped fruit. With reluctance we leave this enchanting prospect, to return to the dull duties of a camp. It is now growing dusk, and on our way through the upper end of the city towards the camp, we find the streets filled with myriads of vociferous dogs; if they approach too near, their owners call them off by hissing and clapping their hands in the same manner that an American would set them on. Thus ended my first visit to Monterey.

The country around Monterey is unusually fertile, and the lands irrigated by the mountain streams, which being conveyed through raised ditches into the fields are at the proper time allowed to overflow them.

The corn raised here is superior to any I have ever seen elsewhere, and two crops are annually raised on the same ground. The sugar cane is of a fine quality, and the climate is so equal that the cane will ripen at any season of the year. The mill used for grinding the cane is of wood, and is similar to a Yankee apple mill.

The juice is boiled down in a single kettle, and when it is of the proper consistency, the kettle is removed from the fire and the sugar is poured off into small earthenware moulds in the shape of a truncated cone. When cool the sugar is removed from the moulds, and each cake, weighing about two pounds, is separately wrapped in the leaves of the cane; it is then ready for market under the name of *piloncillos*.

Gen. Taylor having received notice from the Government that the armistice was disproved of, he immediately advised the Mexican Government of the fact, and in November he moved upon Saltillo with a strong division under Gen. Worth. This place he quietly occupied, and after his return to Monterey, he began to make preparations to move a column upon Tampico, by way of Victoria.

During the time that the army lay in camp, which was more than two months, the men had been drilled daily, and notwithstanding an idle life is so unfavorable to subordination, the men were in an excellent state of discipline.

An army is utterly incompatible with the boasted prerogative of liberty, and it was not without strict measures that the volunteers could learn to doff their rights of freedom and feel that the duties of a soldier were antagonistic to the liberty of a freeman; yet by experience and example, they had been taught at length that subordination is the first duty of a soldier. On the 13th December, Gen. Twiggs took up the line of march towards Victoria, as the advance of the column about to move on Tampico.

CHAPTER XX.

Organization of the marching column—Departure of the volunteers—Last view of Monterey—Caidarretta—Vultures and Zoploter guides to camp—Reuel Monte Morelos—Messengers from Monterey and return of Taylor and Twiggs—New organization of troops—Monte Morelos—Appearance of the country—Opuntia—Linacer—Its alcalde—Christmas—Hidalgo—Night expedition into Hidalgo—Hacienda of Dr. Potsi—Enter Victoria.

The column organized at Monterey for the descent upon Tampico, consisted of General Twiggs's division of regulars, and the Georgia, Baltimore, Mississippi, and 1st Tennesse regiments of volunteers, while the 2nd Tennessee regiment was to move from Camargo and join the column at Monte Morolos, sixty miles below Monterey. Gen. Patterson was about the same time to organize another column upon the lower Rio Grande, and throw it forward from Matamoras upon Victoria, and there unite with the main column. Gen. Taylor determined to assume in person the command of this column, and to leave Gen. Butler in command of all the forces upon the old line from Brazos to Saltillo.

The morning of December the 14th presented a busy bustling scene, as the volunteer division, under Gen. Quitman, proceeded to set out on their long march towards the south-east. The "Generale" had been sounded—the tents struck —the baggage train loaded, and by eight o'clock we were *en route* for Victoria.

The breaking up of an encampment is always an animating scene, here it was peculiarly so; and it was with enthusiasm and alacrity that the men put on their harness, haversacks,

and canteens, and shouldering their arms took up the route step from Camp Allen. Traversing the battle-field, we passed through the lower end of the city, and crossing the San Juan, took an easterly direction down the valley of the San Juan. Our road led us along the base of the lofty Saddle Mountain, but soon leaving it to the right, we entered the neat stone built village of Guadalupe, with its cool orange groves, and its patches of maguez. Ascending a small elevation beyond Guadalupe, we turned to take a last lingering view of the majestic and sublime scenery that environs Monterey. It was not without feelings of awe and pleasure, mingled with sadness, that we looked for the last time upon the familiar scenes before us. Far away in the distance lay the lovely city, in its cool and quiet niche, the nucleus around which, with us, clustered a thousand varied associations; above the city, nature's stern barriers uplifted their lofty heads, high in the empyrean vault, while the sunlight breaking on their ruggedness, revealed every crack and crevice in their fissured sides. Beyond the Bishop's Palace, loomed up the mitre crowned summit of La Mitra.

Where, crag on crag, and peak on peak,
La Mitria rears its summit bleak,
All crowned with towering cliffs so high
They scorn the clouds and scoff the sky;
Bathed in the sunlight's radiant glow,
They glitter white as cliffs of snow.

Continuing our course, a hill shut out the view, and we saw Monterey no more. Twenty-five miles below Monterey, and on the same branch of the San Juan, is the city of Caidarretta, by far the prettiest town we had hitherto met with. A decided good taste prevailed throughout the whole city. The streets were

neatly paved, and the sidewalks were superior to any I have ever seen elsewhere. They were formed of finely glazed cement, and were level throughout the whole length of the streets. From the centre of the plaza arose a tall monumental column, commemorative of some event in the Mexican revolution. The finish of the buildings, the ornamental gardens, and altogether the appearance of the whole city, gave assurance of a higher degree of refinement and cultivation than is usually met with in the smaller cities of Mexico. We passed Caidarretta on the 15th, and after a forced march of twenty-three miles encamped on a fine stream, some twenty yards in width. The day was excessively warm and the troops suffered extremely; and when they beheld the vultures and zopilotes wheeling in their airy circles over Gen. Twiggs' camp, they hailed them with a shout. The different divisions of the army being each a day's march separate, camp successively at the same encampment; the garbage and offal left by the front divisions, attract clouds of eagles, vultures, and zopilotes, and as they can be seen at a great distance, they are invariable guides to camp.

On the 16th, Gen. Taylor, with an escort of dragoons, joined us, having remained in Monterey a day after our departure. The next day we reached Monte Morelos, when a messenger arrived from Monterey stating that Gen. Worth was about to be attacked by Santa Anna, who was advancing on him with a vastly superior force; and that Gen. Butler, with all the available troops had already set out for Saltillo. Early on the 17th, Gen. Taylor, with all the dragoons and Twiggs' division, set out on their

return march, as Gen. Taylor determined to hasten back and throw Twiggs forward to reinforce Worth and Butler. This movement left the meritorious and gallant Quitman, now acting as Major General, to conduct the remainder of the column towards Victoria. Being joined by the 2d Tennessee regiment, the whole command now consisted of twenty-two hundred men. The 1st and 2d Tennessee regiments were formed into a brigade and placed under Col. Campbell, and the Mississippi, Georgia, and Baltimore regiments were placed as a brigade under Colonel Jackson.

Of all the towns we had yet seen, Monte Morelos had the most decayed aspect. It contains a population of some three thousand, and the dilapidated ruins of three half finished cathedrals stand out as monuments of their indecision and lack of public spirit and enterprise among the inhabitants. Multitudes of wretched beings are crowded together in the crumbling walls of the decaying buildings, and even in the heart of the town; in the centre of the strange, trapezoidal plaza may be seen the lowly tenements of squalid want and destitution.

Resuming our march on the 18th, we began to observe a material change in the appearance of the country; the wild olive, which grew in such abundance around Monterey, now disappeared altogether; the chaparrel became less dense; the mesquite and ebony were larger and more abundant, and vast fields of opuntia stretched away on either side of the road. This species of the opuntia bears the fruit called tuna, and, though highly lauded by Thompson and others for its delicious flavor, yet I must confess that I could never relish its racy flavor.

and I think the Mexicans have not inappropriately styled it "bisanda," or twice nothing. This species of the cactus continued in an almost unbroken waste for nearly two hundred miles, and being from five to ten feet in height and armed with innumerable spires and prickles it would have effectually prevented any attack of cavalry upon our lines even had the enemy have meditated such a thing. Our route led us along a narrow ridge, or table land, which arose from a vast plain. Towards our right, the main range of the Sierra Madre rose up at some twelve miles distance, while away off, more than thirty miles to the left, a beautiful valley was bounded by the Ceralvo spur. Our direction pointed towards the easternmost extremity of the Ceralvo range, where, after successive elevations and depressions, it terminated in a high table topped mountain, which was faintly discernible in the distance. The surface of this table land, over which we were traveling, was formed of alternate strata of aluminous slate and a beautiful crystaline substance which breaks always into rhomboidal crystals; and as the strata were lying in a semi-surbed state, or edgewise, the road was usually superior to any turnpike.

Occasionally, at long intervals, this table land was intersected by fine, bold and translucent mountain streams all flowing eastward, and uniting at the base of the Ceralvo chain. Along the banks of these streams are usually small and luxuriant valleys, clothed with an exuberant growth of rich and verdant foliage, but, here and there, are high bluffs of conglomerate, crowned by a peculiar species of pine.

In the bottoms and valleys along these streams are found extensive groves of ebony and lignum vitæ; the trunks of these trees are sometimes several feet in diameter, although they seldom grow to a greater height than fifty or sixty feet. All the timber of Mexico is remarkable for its weight and solidity, and the charcoal which is made from it is nearly equal in weight and firmness to stone coal. The mesquite is particularly remarkable for the great heat it produces while burning.

We found on this route, an abundance of game of all kinds; scarce an evening passed without ten or twelve deer being brought into camp; turkeys and wood-hens were often met with, while the ebony groves abounded with bears and herds of peccaries or Mexican wild hogs—a very fierce and savage species of hog; they have a peculiar excrescence near the top of their backs, greatly resembling a teat, which exudes an ichorous liquor; their flesh is very good food, but yet it has a wild tang that renders it at first a little disagreeable.

Wolves abound throughout all Mexico in such vast numbers, that it is a mystery how they can subsist, and they are so little cared for by the Mexicans, that they are almost as tame as house dogs. We could always find, when starting out on our march of a morning, numbers of them carelessly trotting before us in the road. In addition to the large black wolf and the cojote or prairie wolf, there is an indigenous species in Mexico, which has no hair. In the dry desert tracts, we sometimes passed through, and which were covered only with cactus, acacia, and the wisatchi or flowering mesquite, we found great

numbers of armadillos. Their principal food consists in the immense swarms of ants which are found in these barren tracts; I have not unfrequently seen a line of ants half a mile in length moving along paths which they had worn smooth by frequent passing to and fro.

On the 21st, we reached the beautiful town of Linares, containing some six thousand inhabitants. It is situated in a fertile valley which is thickly studded with ranchos and haciendas. The city is delightfully located between two small rivers, and its inhabitants are nearly all pure Castilians. Here we saw the only chimneys we ever met with in Mexico. We found the country about Linares in a better state of cultivation than any we had hitherto met with. Quite a number of sugar farms were lying in its immediate vicinity. The alcalde was very friendly, and on our departure he accompanied us for several miles, decked out in true Mexican style, exhibiting a barbarous profusion of silver. He was mounted on a small, sleek, ambling nag, and his saddle was richly mounted with silver, and the bridle was decked with the same metal, while his saddle cloth, or mantilla, was finely embroidered with the richest colors. His jacket was studded with silver buttons, and a multitude of twelve and a half cent pieces, formed into buttons, extended down either side of his pants.

Passing the small town of Villa Grande, Christmas at last dawned upon us, as we were encamped in a singularly bare and desolate place. The men had hoped to have remained in camp during the 25th, to celebrate, in some manner, that time honored holiday.

Christmas—the very name called up to the tired, war-worn soldier a thousand scenes of bygone mirth and festivity. Christmas dinner, with its luxuries, dainties and rich egg-nogs, came up with taunting vividness. Many a weary soldier, as he lay upon his harsh, stony, bed turned his thoughts to his far-distant home, and touched by the magic wand of Morpheus, he found himself again by the fire-side of home; there were the loved and familiar faces now bent upon him to hear the recital of the soldier's trials and sufferings, and as with burning pathos, he recounted the tale of his troubles, the tear would trill down the kind mother's cheek. Then with the license of the dreamer, he would move amidst some festive throng and mingle in the mazes of the merry dance, beside some fair partner whose willing ear was bent to catch each whisper that betrayed his love. It was not without many a sigh that the soldier found his fond reverie broken by the drum and fife sounding unwelcomely—

"Don't you hear the General say,
Strike your tents and march away."

Seeing the reluctance with which the men moved off, the officers resorted to a ruse to cheer them up. They stated that Canales, with seventeen hundred men, was stationed a few miles ahead for the purpose of opposing our march. This rumor appeared extremely plausible, from the fact that we had known for several days that a force of several hundred cavalry had been dogging our rear, and occasionally hovering on our flanks. The ruse succeeded, and the men moved cheerily forward, animated by the hope of firing a few Christmas guns into the robber band of Canales. On the troops pressed; now

traversing wastes of cactus—now ascending ridges, and now fording stream after stream, along the banks of which were tall forests of live oak and ebony, with their rich undergrowth abounding in bearing, peccaries and wood-hens, while long vine-shaped cactuses were creeping along the topmost boughs and dropping their spiny fingers above the road.

Passing through the small town of Hidalgo, we encamped four miles beyond, worn down with fatigue and somewhat vexed at not having met Canales.

From some indications that he had discovered in Hidalgo, Gen. Quitman supposed that Rincon Falcon, the commander of the body of the enemy that had been lurking in our neighborhood for several days, would enter Hidalgo at night to obtain information, determined to dispatch a secret body of men for the purpose of capturing Falcon. It was a hazardous expedition, and ten picked men were chosen and placed under Col. Kinney and Capt. Foster. As we had no cavalry, those of us who were chosen were mounted upon the best horses the camp afforded, and under cover of the night, we returned to Hidalgo; but after a patient search of several hours, we were compelled to return to camp without accomplishing our purpose.

After a severe march on the 27th, the scouts reported the enemy in front. The column was halted—the advance and rear guards were strengthened, and we moved forward in battle array.

We had all along expected to have a severe battle at or near Victoria. We had received accounts that Gen. Urrea with a large force was awaiting our arrival before Victoria, and we

had been frequently kept under alarm by the reports of the Mexicans, that the enemy were only a few miles ahead of us, and ready to meet us. But this day they were actually in sight, and though we expected to encounter five times our number, we nerved ourselves and moved forward with alacrity. After a few hours painful marching, we reached the Hacienda of Doctor Potsi, a Frenchman, and here we found the camp fires of the enemy, which they had left only a short time before. The sugar farm of Dr. Potsi is the largest and most perfect one that I ever saw in Mexico. His house was an elegant and commodious structure, and the grounds about it were laid off into extensive gardens and orange-orchards, which, like the gardens of the Hesperides, were groaning with golden fruitage.

On the 29th our column entered Victoria, a few minutes after the enemy, two thousand in number, had evacuated it. We had confidently expected that the enemy would make an obstinate resistance at Victoria, and it was with feelings of pleasing disappointment that we saw the stars and stripes go up in bloodless triumph above her walls.

CHAPTER XXI.

Arrival of Generals Taylor and Patterson with their respective columns—Col. May falls into an ambuscade—Union of the Tennesseans—General Pillow—Victoria and its mountains—Sappers and miners move off towards Tampico—Twiggs follows—Despatches from General Scott—General Taylor ordered to return to Monterey—General Patterson and Pillow move off—Passing the tropic—Remarks—Order of an army in motion—Rio Folorne—Appearance of the country—Sierra de La Vacca y Cabra—Prairies, Palmetto Groves—Altamira—Laguna de Los Esteros—Scenery—Beauty of the Lake, islands and forests—Tampico—Rio Panuco.

Having taken quiet possession of the city, General Quitman encamped the army a short distance without it, and awaited the approach of General Patterson's column. Small bodies of the enemy's cavalry were still hovering around our camp, but as we had no cavalry and but one battery it was impossible to pursue them with any effect.

On the 4th of January, Gen. Taylor, with General Twiggs' division, arrived from Monterey just as General Patterson, with General Pillow, arrived from Matamoros. We had heard distressing rumors with regard to General Taylor's command, and it was with feelings of extreme gratification that we again beheld the old General and the veteran Twiggs without scathe or scar. We learned that when near Linares, General Taylor had sent Lieut. Colonel May to explore a pass that led through the mountains near that point. Colonel May, in obedience to this order, had explored the pass, and when returning by another he entered a

deep and dark barranca, or *canon*—while slowly wending his way along the bottom of the barranca, which was so filled up with rocks and boulders, that his men were forced to dismount and lead their horses in single file along the narrow pathway, the enemy suddenly appeared far up on the cliffs above him, and endeavored to annihilate his little command by rolling huge stones into the ravine. Resistance was vain, as the enemy were far beyond the reach of the carbine, and it was impossible to scale the heights and drive them from it. The Colonel, therefore, forced his men through the pass, and fortunately escaped with the loss of only eleven men and his pack mules.

General Patterson brought with him the Tennessee cavalry, and now, for the first time during the campaign, the three regiments from Tennessee were together. A new organization of brigades now followed, and it was with feelings of pride and pleasure that the Tennesseans took their position, side by side, as a Tennessee brigade, commanded by their own gallant and heroic Pillow, who, however much he may have been and yet may be aspersed and persecuted, yet by his constant kindness to our sick, and his assiduous attention to the interests and necessities of this brigade, has gained a place in their affections, which, if they are not wholly dead to gratitude, even defamation can never obliterate. Yet it was not without affecting emotions that the "Bloody First" departed from under the command of the noble and true-hearted Quitman, who had so gallantly stood our godfather in our fearful christening upon the plains of Monterey.

Victoria, the capital of Tamaulipas, is situa-

ted in a fine fertile tract of country, and contains some four thousand population. The town lies near the base of the Sierra Madre range. It is a beautiful city; the streets are laid off at right angles, and are well paved, and the houses are neat and well built. Here we first saw the cactus gigantea in great abundance, and here it is used for hedging. There is a kind of an *aguadiente*, or rum, made here which is of such strength that it smokes like the strongest acid.

A pass penetrates the mountains at Victoria, and the town carries on a considerable trade between Soto La Marina and Tula.

There is a natural curiosity near Victoria; it is an immense inclined plane. It is formed of a smooth white strata, which extends several hundred yards up the side of the mountain, and is inclined at an angle of about fifty degrees. The mountains about Victoria are lower and more regular than those about Monterey, and those about Victoria are clothed with grass and low trees, while those about Monterey are bare and naked. I set out with a party to ascend the high mountain which hangs over Victoria. Starting early in the morning, we toiled up the the steep side of the mountain for half a day. No regular order could be observed in the rock. Huge rocks were scattered over the mountain side, and immense boulders were here and there piled together in vast heaps. A variety of aloes were strewed along the mountain, and multitudes of hardy prickly pears were clinging to the rocks. At the top of the mountain were post oaks, and the broad-leafed century plant, with its tall stem crowned with clustering corymbs, while the few cactuses that could be seen were totally devoid of spines and prickles. Not an

insect, not a living thing, save a butterfly was to be seen upon the summit. The prospect from the summit of the mountain well repaid us for our toil. The clouds were floating far away below us, and sweeping over the lovely plain that spread out beneath, the streams glittering in the sunshine, could be traced through all their mazy meanderings. Four thousand feet below us, at our very feet, lay the city, and the tent-dotted plain beside it. Behind us "Alps piled on Alps successive rose." Remaining an hour on the mountain, we commenced the descent, which we found infinitely more difficult than the ascent, and gained the camp at sunset.

Everything being again ready for moving, the sappers and miners were thrown forward on the 13th of January, to pioneer the road towards Tampico. The next morning found the division of Gen. Twiggs in motion, and General Pillow received orders to move his brigade on the 15th.

On the night of the 14th, Captain Haynes, of the Tennessee cavalry, came in with a large supply train from Matamoras; he likewise bore a despatch from Gen. Scott to Gen. Taylor, which notified Gen. Taylor that Gen. Scott had assumed the command of the army, and that he ordered General Taylor to send forward all the regulars, with Twiggs, and all the volunteers that he could possibly spare; while Gen. Taylor himself was to return to Monterey and resume the command of the upper line. In pursuance to this order, Gen. Taylor concluded to retain only the Mississippi regiment, May's Dragoons, and Bragg's Battery.

On the 15th, Gen. Pillow, accompanied by Gen. Patterson, set out for Tampico. Our regi-

ment moved off with melancholy feelings; we had just received the parting address of General Taylor, and we had much the same feelings a child has when parting forever from a father.

A few miles from Victoria, and we passed the tropic of Cancer and entered the torrid zone. It was not until we approached this latitude, and had reached Victoria, that we experienced those terrible winds called northers. They are usually from twelve to twenty hours duration, and are always preceded by a day or two of calm, warm, and sultry weather.

Our first day's march brought us to the lovely stream of San Rosa. It is strange what a remarkable ignorance the Mexicans have with regard to the name of their rivers. I remember to have asked the name of a river in a crowd of intelligent Mexicans, and I obtained from five persons as many different names for the river before them. A river seems to have no common name among them, but is called by different names at different places.

The rose wood, ebony and lignum vitæ totally disappeared as we entered the tropics, and new trees, with new species of cactus, began to appear along our route. After leaving the San Rosa, we passed through a singularly dreary and desolate country; for two days not a ranch or any sign of habitation was to be seen; low, flat, table-topped hills lay along the route, crowned with occasional clumps of low trees, intermixed with cactus gigantea, whose prickly stems run up into tall columns, each with seven deep flutes, and surmounted by a kind of long, fine wool, which, although white, has won for this cactus the name of "negro head." This species of cactus not unfrequently grows to the height of thirty

feet, and the main stem is sometimes eighteen inches or two feet in diameter. The 17th brought us to the foot of a high table hill, whose sides were covered with piles of charred and blackened scoria. The vast piles of loose, upturned, and disjointed stones, and the air of confusion that reigned all around, brought to mind Ovid's "Non bene junctarum, discordia semina rerum."

From the top of the hill could be seen the two other divisions of the army, that of Twiggs in front and Quitman's in the rear of us, and each a day's march distant. It may not be uninteresting to many of my readers to state the manner in which our army moved. An army is divided into companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, and grand divisions. Ten companies form one regiment, two or more regiments form one brigade, one or more brigades form a division, and one or more divisions form a grand division. Our army usually moved by brigades —each brigade preceded the next by a day. When a brigade is about to be put in motion, it is drawn up with the senior regiment on the right or front; if there is cavalry, portions of it are detailed to act as advance and rear guards; if not, one or more of the front companies of the front regiment are thrown forward half a mile or more as advance guard, while one or more companies from the front of the rear regiment are detailed to act as rear guard, and it is their duty to keep in the rear of the whole brigade and its train. Having thus detailed the advance and rear guards, the advance is thrown forward—then follows the artillery—then the first regiment in two files of men—then the other regiments in

order—then the ammunition train comes on—then the provision and baggage train—and lastly the rear guard. On arriving at camp, the advance halts; the commanding General, who usually accompanies the advance, points out the encampment, and as the regiments come up, they are formed in front of their respective camps, and the order is given "By heads of companies to the rear into column—march!" when the companies file back, stack arms, and encamp upon the ground where they stand. Camp fires are then lit; the guards are posted, and when tattoo sounds, the rolls are called, and the men make their beds upon the hard earth, and sleep till three in the morning, when the reveille is sounded, the waning camp fires are relit, and breakfast is dispatched, Then comes the "General," when the baggage is packed, the men are drawn up, and daylight finds the line in motion. A regular alternation ensues each day among the companies and regiments. The regiment that moved in front yesterday, falls in the rear to-day, and the company that is in front of its regiment to-day will be to-morrow in the rear, and thus until each regiment and company is successively in front and rear. It is a magnificent spectacle to see a large army put in motion: to stand upon some height in advance and watch the decampment. There come the advance guard, the artillery, and the long line of infantry, with their white haversacks, their shining belts and canteens glistening in the rising sun beams, while the rattle of their armor and trappings, and their heavy measured tread breaks sullenly upon the ear: far behind, the white tops of the wagons may be seen debouching from the camp.

like some huge serpent unrolling from its coil and winding its way along the sinuous road with its vast unwieldy length.

Crossing, on the 19th, the Rio Folorne, the largest tributary of the Santander, we entered upon a country quite different in appearance from that we had previously passed over. Extensive rolling prairies stretched away off to the right and left, and were covered with a long, coarse, dry grass, which being fired afforded us that magnificent spectacle of a prairie on fire. Occasionally half a day would be spent in traversing an immense grove of tall palmettos, sixty feet in height; their tall, bare stems were crowned by fanning crests, while birds of gaudy hues flitted to and fro in the foliage, and tuned their mellow notes to nature's sweetest melodies. Here and there were deer bounding through the long waving grass, while the sharp crack of the rifle told too plainly that the hunter was not an idle spectator in this Elysian scene. Passing through these groves, the prairies would again appear, with herds of wild horses galloping away over their mazy knolls in native freedom.

The 20th brought us in view of the lofty Sierra de La Vaca y Cabra, (Mountain of the Cow and Goat,) the most singularly fantastic mountain that we had ever seen. Springing from a level plateau, its huge base rose up at first with a gentle ascent, like the pedestal of a pyramid, till at length a tall column shot perpendicularly upwards for a thousand feet, with its top carved and scolloped into scores of curious beaks, displaying in its *tout ensemble* one of nature's most capricious vagaries. At the foot of this lofty mountain, to the right lay the plain of Los Gallos, in which is situated the town of Santa Barbara,

famous in Mexico for its manufacture of leather and saddles.

Passing through the beautiful village of Alamitos, we discovered far away to our left a romantic looking town situated upon the precipitous ledge of a lofty hill, forcibly recalling to mind the castellated cities of Ariosto Ludovico. At length we reached Altamira, one of the oldest towns in Mexico, and with Mr. Bullock, an English traveller, I could not help exclaiming, "What a place to be called Altamira!" A few tolerable houses, a church, a number of adobe huts and cane-jacales, are all that is left of this once flourishing commercial town. Altamira, however, from its proximity to the coast, afforded us delicacies and luxuries, such as we had not seen since leaving the States.

Leaving Altamira, we marched along the borders of the large lake of Esteros, through a dense forest of tropical trees, and at length encamped upon the edge of the lake, within ten miles of Tampico. Here we encamped at the hacienda of Encarnacion, a beautiful spot, situated upon a high point of land that overlooks the bright waters of the placid lake, while tall forests of bay, oak, palm, caoutchouc and other trees of the tropics, were growing in indigenous luxuriance around. Here it was concluded to halt and allow us a few days to recuperate after our long march of seventy leagues from Victoria.

After four days rest, we were again ordered to strike our tents and resume the march. Entering a low sandy bottom, our road led us along the edge of a lagoon, and through a forest of peculiar beauty and density. This march was terrible to the infantry; at every step the foot sunk to the ankle in the sand, and being weighed

down with their armor, it was no easy task for the men to toil through such a heavy and unstable soil. But, notwitstanding the labor, this was by far the most pleasant march we had ever made; for scenes of surpassing loveliness lay around on every side. Here lay the glassy bosom of the lucid lake, studded with a thousand emerald islets, each belted with zones of variegated hues, one after one they came in view, and as the eye gazed upon them in dreamy pleasure, they appeared to rise, as if by magic, from the mirrored lake, and bright as the fabled island of Atlantis. Scores of long, narrow *peroguas*, each scooped out from some huge tree-trunk, and laden with rich and luscious fruits were gliding hither and yon upon the limpid lake. Myriads of widgeons, teal and wild-fowl were disporting around the flag-bound islands, while far away over-head were flights of geese and cranes, wending their way southward—still southward, even in the tropics, and their wild sonorous notes, which we had so often heard in other latitudes, were forceful reminiscences of our far distant homes.

Here spread out a vast, dense forest, dark with perennial verdure. There was the great bay tree with its varnished leaves, the wide spreading banyan tree, (*ficus religioza.*) supported by a hundred bough-shot trunks, the live oak with its vast, ponderous branches, and the plum-leafed palm with its peculiar cortical structure. Beneath is a rich dendritic undergrowth, springing up from a vast and impervious waste of barbed *lechugas*, or flag-leafed aloes. Innumerable varieties of orchides and other parasites are clinging and blooming upon the trunks and branches of the trees. Scores of chatoyant lizards, some

four feet in length, are frolicking and basking in the sun-lit spots. Thousands of parrots, parroquettes, and mackaws of all hues, shapes and sizes, are screaming and chattering in noisy conclave overhead in the topmost boughs.

Occasionally a species of raccoon, the *mapache*, with its long, large tail, and prehensile snout, may be seen feeding tamely in the tree tops. There, in some small, woody hollow, is a neat little ranch, with its patches of maize, cane, and bannanas, and with reeking kilns of charcoal, preparing for the market in the city. Far away, beyond the farther borders of the lake, can be seen the blue hills in the distance, the last of the Sierra Madre chain, which, for five hundred miles, we had followed up, until gradually depressing they at last bore away to the southwest, and were lost in a succession of low peaks upon the banks of the Panuco.

There was not a heart that was not cheered and invigorated by this lovely prospect, the softness of the scenery, the luxuriance of the forests, and the perpetual spring that reigned everywhere forced upon us the consciousness that we were indeed in the garden of the tropics. And then the soft, salubrious sea-breeze moistened our brows and hair, and the wild roar of the surges, mellowed by distance, swelled up their welcome music to our ears. Winding through the forest, we at length reached the top of a low hill, when Tampico, the queen city of Mexico, broke upon our view ; and it was with difficulty the soldiery could repress a shout as their glad eyes fell upon the stars and stripes waving in proud triumph over the white walls and green gardens of the city. Yonder flows the slow, sluggish Panuco, in bold leisure, like some rich

cacique, traversing in luxuriant ease his large domains. Now, it flows through green hills and woody slopes: now vast, cultivated fields skirt its banks: and now wild, unbroken forests stretch along its borders, till at last it sweeps lazily before the city, where its broad bosom is bristling with spars and masts, and then it rolls along to disembogue itself into the gulf, whose white-capped breakers are seen rolling seven miles away. Marching through the main street of the city, we reached a large, level plain, and encamped a half mile below the city.

CHAPTER XXII.

Tampico and the surrounding country—Its harbors—Its climate—Its commercial advantages—Its market—Tampico Viejo or Old Tampico—Laguna de Jamaihua and Gen. Cos—Wreck of the Ondiaka and narrow escape of Col. De Russey from Gen. Cos—Expedition against Soto La Marino.

Tampico is situated seven miles from the Gulf, on the Panuco river. The present town, containing some fifteen thousand inhabitants, has sprung up since the revolution, and is built upon an admirable site just below the junction of the large lake of Esteros with the Panuco.

With the broad river, twelve hundred yards in width in its front, the Lake of Estero above it, and the smaller one below, Tampico stands upon a peninsular elevation most eligible for defence; and indeed since it has fallen into American hands posts have sprung up on every side, and one cannot approach the city from any quarter

without having a dozen black-mouthed dogs of war grinning in his face.

For league on league in every direction around Tampico, the country is clothed with the most exuberant growth of tropic timber, and the soil, a rich sandy loam, is of surpassing fertility and produces all the staples of the States almost spontaneously, and the sugar cane attains a growth unequaled in any other part of the world. And yet, notwithstanding its unsurpassed advantages for the culture of this product, scarce a sugar farm is to be seen.

Tampico is the only spot I have ever seen where the mind could fully realize its conception of a tropic clime. On every side the beauties of nature vie with the picture that the most imaginative fancy may have painted of tropic scenery. The moment the stranger sees the lake-locked city, with its shrubs and flowers, the perennial spring that reigns in the unfading verdure of the forests, the fairy islands freckling the limpid lakes, and feels the balminess of the perfumed air, the involuntary confession steals from him, that here his eye hath found his fancy's tropics. Tampico is the most American town to be seen in Mexico—its inhabitants have that active business air of American city population, and as an inevitable consequence, signs of prosperity may every where be seen. The shelves of the merchants are well stored with goods, and the active and increasing trade with the interior affords ample field for extensive commercial schemes; and the market, unsurpassed by any in the States in point of variety, is well stocked with all kinds of fish, flesh and fowl, and with innumerable varieties of vegetables and esculent herbs unknown in our markets. If this city

could once come under the regulation of a more enlightened policy than the present system of government in Mexico is capable of affording, it would become the most commercial and valuable port on the whole shores of the great American Adriatic.

Tampico is said by Humboldt to be the best harbor on the Gulf, and it is certainly far preferable to Vera Cruz. The bar, at the mouth of the river, offers a considerable obstruction to vessels entering the river, but this might be easily obviated, by proper dredging machines, as even under the action of our steamers, the depth of the water on the bar has been increased from fifteen to seventeen feet. Once over the bar, and the Panuco affords safe and commodious moorings for the largest vessels, and is navigable for small steamers nearly two hundred miles above its mouth. If Tampico is the best harbor on the Gulf, it has likewise the most salubrious climate of any city on the shores of the Gulf, and it is less prejudicial to strangers, since the vomito rages here with less malignance than in any other city it visits. It has always been a cause of astonishment to travelers, that the Mexicans have preferred Vera Cruz to Tampico as a port of entry. It is said that the road from Tampico to the city of Mexico could have been constructed far more easily and at far less cost than the great National road leading from Vera Cruz to the valley of Anahuac. Indeed, it was once proposed to construct a canal from the valley of Mexico to Tampico, and the route was actually surveyed for that purpose, but the scheme was finally relinquished, not because it was impracticable, but because, in the unstable state of Mexico, it would have proved unprofit-

able. The difference in the distance from Tampico and Vera Cruz to Mexico is scarcely ten miles; yet, by some strange infatuation, the Mexicans, since the days of Cortes, have obstinately persisted in conducting strangers to their capital through Vera Cruz, the most deadly district of the Tierra Caliente, where the *vomito prieto*, like some fell Harpy, rages with insatiate spite, breathing its infectious poison in the air and scattering death from its pestilential wings. No wonder the yet unchristianized and superstitious Mexicans recognized in this fearful visitant their great god, Huitzilopotchli, who has returned to avenge the wrongs of his ill-fated country, and now in the form of this lethiferous plague stands the uncompromising guardian of her shores, visiting with jealous and implacable hate, a fierce retribution on those strangers who dare set feet upon her strand.

Tampico, from its geographical position, its vast commercial advantages, its climate, and its fertility of soil, will, in less than half a century, rival New Orleans as a commercial city. Its resources and peculiar advantages, have hitherto lain dormant, owing to the unprogressive character of its owners. That trait of Spanish character, that pride which makes them adhere with such obstinate tenacity to old and antiquated customs, has clogged them in their career, and in the modern march of advancement it has so far prevented them from keeping pace with the improvements and progress of the age that for a century the Spaniards have remained stationary; and it is a well-established political principle that that nation which, for any considerable length of time, ceases to advance must necessarily recede in the scale of civilization. It is to

this spirit that we are to attribute the decay of all the Spanish institutions on this continent, as well as their domestic debility in Spain; and it is this, combined with the averseness with which the Indian races receive the instruction and adopt the arts of their more cultivated neighbors, which has made the Mexicans as a people, unequal to any of the great enterprises which characterise the present age. But it is contrary to the genius of the Yankee to suppose that when once his greedy eyes have fallen upon so extensive a tract of fair and fertile country, he will be long finding the means to possess himself of its soil.

In its mixed assemblage of strange buildings, Tampico might well be called the Moscow of America; here may be seen a cane or picket jacale; there a splendid structure of polished stone; here a lowly adobe hut beside the large brick store-house of some rich merchant; there the neat frame cottage, beside a strange uncouth building of cement and pebbles, forming walls of artificial conglomerate. And the roofs are as various and anomalous as the style and structure of the buildings. The streets are strait, wide and at regular intervals. There are two good quays of wood, where vessels which lie at anchor in the river discharge their burdens. The city has two large plazas, each surrounded by elegant stores well filled with elegant goods. In the Plaza de Commercio is the market, which is constantly thronged from dawn till dark by the industrial Indians, who bring in their fruits, fowls, fish and vegetables from the lakes in long pirogues. In the plaza is the American flag-staff, erected in the centre of a large circular platform of stone, which was intended as the pedestal

of a colossal statue of Santa Anna, which the good people of Tampico were about to erect in commemoration of the victory which Santa Anna gained here in 1828, over the Spanish troops under Gen. Barradas. If Santa Anna deserves a statue for any thing, it is for this battle; for with seven hundred men he crossed from Tuspan to Tampico, over the lake Jamaihua, in canoes, and by the execution of a remarkable strategy, defeated Barradas and four thousand men, and by this effective blow, put an end to the Spanish pretensions in Mexico. Methought the stars and stripes were a more fitting decoration to the plaza than would have been the statue of the pseudo-republican.

When our flag was first unfurled from this staff, an aged Spaniard was heard inveighing, with lugubrious earnestness, against the pertinacity with which that flag had pursued his fortunes. In broken English he exclaimed, "I was de Spanish consul in de Louisiane when dat dam flag was raise dere. I go to Pensacola, but soon dat dam flag wave over me dere. I live den in de Texas, but quick dat dam flag still follow me dere; says I by de Holy Virgin I go where dat dam flag never come—I come to Tampico, but here is dat dam flag again. I believe if I go to h—l dat same dam flag will follow dere." And the old man wept as he turned away his eyes from that flag which, like his evil genius, had haunted him through life, and was now mocking his heartfelt misery.

On the other side of the Panuco, opposite to Tampico de Tamaulipas, or New Tampico, is the dilapidated town of old Tampico, in the State of Vera Cruz. Its only objects of curiosity are some old buildings and fountains, which have

almost defied the tooth of time, and its groves of cocoa and banana trees, with its fine springs and beautiful gardens furnish a delightful retreat during the sultry days of a tropic summer. From old Tampico, the large lake of Jamaihua, a salt inland sea, stretches away towards Tuspan. Over the extensive region along the borders of this lake, Gen. Cos, the son of the great patriot, with his partisan troops, rules with almost undisputed sway. While our troops were rendezvouing at Tampico, the ill-fated Ondiaka was wrecked on the coast between Tuspan and the Panuco, with Col. De Russy, and a battalion of Louisiana troops on board. Gen. Cos, with eight hundred men, was immediately at hand and demanded a surrender. Colonel De Russy, though without ammunition, and almost without arms, obtained a night to consider on the proposition, when, burying his baggage in the sand, he succeeded, under cover of the darkness, in escaping by a forced march from the hands of the wily Mexican.

Soon after our arrival at Tampico, Gen. Patterson sent out an expedition against Soto La Marino, situated up the coast from Tampico, and near the mouth of the Santander. The vessel was wrecked, and the troops being compelled to return, the expedition was relinquished. Soto La Marino is the post where the unfortunate Mina and his associates landed in 1816, and where the Emperor Iturbide, after landing in 1824, was seized and shot.

CHAPTER XXII.

Embark for Vera Cruz—Storm at sea—Approach Vera Cruz—Anchor at Anton Lizardo—General Scott's reconnoisance—Preparations for landing—Morning of the 9th—Fleet moves up to Sacrificios—Gen. Worth's division debarks—Magnificent spectacle—Other troops follow—Superstition—Review of the 10th—General Worth gains his position—Gen. Pillow takes Malibran, the magazine, and the sand-hill, and secures his position.

By drilling five hours each day, the troops were prepared for the fatigues and dangers they were expected to incur before Vera Cruz. By the last of February affairs were ripe for the attack on Vera Cruz, and the transports having arrived, the six thousand troops at Tampico were embarked about the first of March, and put *en voyage* for Anton Lizardo.

On the 1st of March, the 1st Tennessee regiment embarked on the steamship Alabama, and on the 2d put to sea. Early on the 3d we lay to for an hour off the island of Lobos, which had been a rendezvous for the new regiments of volunteers and a portion of the regulars, but finding that Gen. Scott had gone down the coast, we weighed anchor and continued our voyage with a fine sea until the morning of the 4th, when a violent norther blew up, and, though very near Vera Cruz, we were obliged to put the ship about, and stand out to sea to gain an offing. The storm continued for fourteen hours with terrific fury. But the men had now become so hardened that they ceased to regard a storm with any feelings of fear. And even in the worst blasts

of the storm, when the spray would sweep wide over the decks, parties were here and there seated on the leward side of the ship's boats, gambling and blaspheming, without one thought of fear. In the midst of the storm I heard some one exclaim, "A man overboard!" From a party of gamblers near me I heard, "Yes, there he is, poor devil, holding up his hands and calling for help!" "You need not call, old fellow, we can't come to you—come, boys, that's my deal." Without having risen from their seats, they resumed their play; and as our vessel sped rapidly away, I could ever and anon see the form of the unfortunate wretch as he floundered in the waves, and looked vainly at the fast receding ship for some effort to be made to save him.

The morning of the 5th of March broke clear and unclouded; the storm had ceased; the sea, though nearly run down, was still waving in long, measured swells; a light breeze was blowing, and the air possessed that clearness and transparency only to be seen upon this coast. It was just such a morning as displays this coast in its most fascinating aspect. There was the long line of coast, displaying alternately white sand hills and green crested knolls. Far away in the distance of ninety miles, the white, snow-capped peak of Orizaba stood boldly out against the blue sky. Away off in the south-east the blue peak of San Martin loomed up beneath the rising sun. As we stood upon the deck of our vessel, and caught object after object as they came in view, our eyes fell at length upon the white walls of Vera Cruz. As we approached nearer the objects grew more and more distinct, until rising up from their island foundations, the

dark seaward battlements of San Juan de Ulloa frowned on us in sullen silence. The frigate John Adams, with her black rows of teeth, was tacking to and fro before the city, maintaining the blockade. There lay Green Island, where the ill-starred Somers capsized and sunk with all her crew. Nearer in towards shore the foreign men-of-war lay at anchor under Sacrificios. Thirteen miles down the coast was the strangely formed harbor of Anton Lizardo; where the American fleet lay at anchor. As we moved on a small gun boat dashed along side to ascertain our character, and then steaming down towards the fleet, we were soon at anchor in the harbor. Within an hour after our arrival the army flag ship Massachusetts hove in sight, with the Commander-in-chief on board. As the old General entered the harbor, he was greeted by the army and navy with cheers and salutes.

During the evening of the 5th, the offing was white with sails, and vessel after vessel of the American fleet, dashed into the harbor of Anton Lizardo. This strange harbor is formed by a sunken reef of madrepose, which running nearly parallel with the shore, encloses a large field of sea some three miles in width and several leagues in length; and it has been famous as the harbor of Medelin since the time of Cortes.

On the 6th, Commodore Connor, with General Scott, and the Generals of divisions, embarked in the steamer Petrita, and made a joint reconnoissance ef the coast, and after venturing under the very guns of the castle, selected the harbor of Sacrificios, some two and a half miles below the castle, as the most suitable point to effect a landing. Orders were issued throughout the fleet to make preparations to debark on Sunday,

the 7th, but the barometer on that day indicating the approach of a norther, the execution of the order was postponed until the 9th. The morning of the 9th dawned with a sky most fitting for our enterprise. Signal after signal was thrown out and answered by the line-of-battle ships; boats were bounding back and forth, bearing orders from the flag-ships to the various commanders. The monotonous stillness of the bay was broken by the sound of oars, as the ready tars of the squadron launched and manned the surf-boats and rowed along side the transports.

On board the vessels, an activity of unmistakable significance prevailed: the salt-sea rust was cleared from the arms; rations were issued, canteens were filled, ammunition was distributed, and the men were formed upon the decks with arms in hand. The plan of operations had been disclosed only to the senior commanders; the men knew nothing, save their duty. They strove, by a thousand surmises to interpret the marked pennons that were flung from the flag-ships; but the bustle and busy action in the fleet needed no interpretation—their hearts knew too well that this betokened the first move against the Gibralter of America.

Rumor had talked loudly of a large opposing force ready to dispute our landing. The long line of low beach, with its bulwarks of sand hills receding from the shore, presented a hundred spots to which conjecture pointed as the scene of coming action. Yet every heart was firm, every nerve was strung, and every eye flashed with the excitement of anticipation. The decks of the frigates had been cleared, and they had received the troops from the smaller transports.

At length, 11 o'clock, A. M. came; a signal

was hung from the flag ship Raritan, the vessels cleared their anchors, a light breeze was stirring, the steamers were in motion, the unfurled canvass of the sails grasped the wind, and the whole fleet of full fifty first class vessels moved almost simultaneously from their moorings, and with their decks dark with soldiery, bore down on Sacrificios.

Three hours had elapsed, and the harbor of Sacrificios was crowded with the anchored fleet. One by one, the vessels had come in and heaved anchor without the slightest accident or disorder. The sixty-five surf boats being numbered and brigaded were moved along side the proper transports, and filled with men. The Musquito fleet, consisting of the steamers Spitfire, Vixen, and five gun boats, were run close into the shore, and formed in line of battle parallel to the beach, to cover the landing. The surf boats, as they were separately loaded, formed in regular order in rear of the steamer Princeton. Towards sunset, a signal gun from the Musquito fleet announced that all was ready. Simultaneously the surf boats, with flags flying, loosed their cables, and, wheeling into line abreast by regular regiments and brigades, struck out for the shore, a mile distant. Surely a more magnificent sight could not be imagined than this scene presented. Even to an uninterested spectator, it would have been a scene of surpassing magnificence; but to those who participated in the excitement, the suspense, the anxious longing for the issue, lent to the scene a glorious grandeur that can never be remembred without strange feelings of aching ecstacy. The sky was clear and serene—not a breath of air was stirring—the surf, with slow and measured swell, was sweeping lazily upon

the shore—the sinking sun, tipping the far-off peak of Orizaba, flashed with golden light on the burnished arms and white trappings of the troops, who, in their broad line of boats, were striving with emulous excitement to be first on shore. From the decks of the vessels, the remaining troops watched the scene with intense anxiety and painful suspense, their eyes glancing alternately from the boats to the shore, from whence they expected each moment to see the flash of arms. As they watched, every ear distending for the thunder of artillery, every eye watching the issue, and every heart burning with suspense, a boat shot from the line, and, dashing through the surf, approached the shore, when, some officers leaping into the sea, waded through the surf towards the shore. This was General Worth and staff. Following the example of their gallant leader, the division leaped into the sea, and each standard bearer strove first to plant his colors on the beach. It was but a minute ere four thousand five hundred men simultaneously gained the shore and planted the stars and stripes upon the neighboring heights without one hostile gun. Those in the fleet gave vent to their suspense and pent up feelings in one wild burst of sympathetic joy. A long and loud huzza went up and ceased as the last sunbeam died upon the waters; the brass bands upon the vessels struck up the "Star Spangled Banner."

The surf boats soon returned to the vessels, and the brigade of General Pillow, consisting of the three Tennessee and the two Pennsylvania volunteer regiments, were disembarked; then followed Generals Quitman, Shields, and Twiggs,

and by 10 o'clock, P. M., ten thousand troops were formed upon the shore.

Thus terminated the landing of the American troops at Vera Cruz, which, in the various circumstances attending it, has its only parallel in history in the landing of the British at Aboukir which, by a rather singular coincidence, happened on the 9th of March, 1799. General Pillow's brigade landed just at dusk, the men leaping into the water and wading some some hundred or more yards to the shore. Gen. Worth had posted his pickets and formed his division along the sand hills. The "Bloody First," being the senior volunteer regiment, was ordered to the extreme left to guard against any night attack in that direction. Moving down the beach, we ascended a sand hill, sinking to the knees at every step, and, forming in line of battle, rested on our posts with fixed bayonets and loaded guns. Frequent alarms called us to our feet, and thrice during the night our pickets upon the right encountered those of the enemy, when a sharp skirmish ensued. It was during one of these alarms, that I observed among our men one of those strange superstitious thrills to which the stoutest hearts at times are liable. The firing upon the other end of the line had been quite brisk, but becoming more and more scattering, it at last ceased entirely. Our men were standing in line, each with this finger on his trigger, and momentarily expecting the enemy to make an attack upon our end of the line; while thus laboring under apprehensions of a night attack, and at no time could the mind be more easily imbued with superstition than when, in such a state, the loud, plaintive wail of a night hawk broke the breathless silence. Scarce had it died away, ere it

was answered by another more wild and plaintive than the first. This call and its reponse woke a score of echoes, and for a few moments the whole chaparral seemed alive with moaning spirits; a kind of magnetic sympathy had been excited, which stole along our line in a vague, undefinable feeling of awe.

It was impossible to sleep for a longer time than a few minutes. Every mind was burdened with an intense feeling of suspense; the firing upon our right indicated that the enemy were in our neighborhood, and we knew not what moment they might make an attempt upon our end of the line, so it is impossible to conceive a more disagreeable position than the one our regiment was placed in on the night of the 8th. The night passed off with only the loss of two men, wounded in the picket skirmishing. Sunrise on the 10th found the whole army, eleven thousand men, drawn up on the beach opposite Sacrificios, to receive orders and undergo a brief review before proceeding to take up their several positions in the investment. The division of Gen. Worth was on the right; the volunteer division under Gen. Patterson in the centre; and Gen. Twiggs' division on the left. The Tennesseeans, but particularly the "Bloody First," presented in their garb quite an unenviable contrast to the other troops: scant pay and hard service had long since banished all traces of uniform from our ranks, save nature's, strong traces of which however, might be seen through the huge rents of old shirts and tattered trowsers which, hanging in rags of every stripe and hue, rendered us as famous in our army as Falstaff's shirtless corps; while the other regiments around us were

"neat, trimly dressed." It was not a little mortifying to our pride to find that our beggarly, tatterdemalion aspect was the subject of unworthy comment; but we were repaid for these reflections when the passers-by, on hearing what regiment we were, would exclaim: "Ah! that the 1st Tennessee! they've seen hard times. They are the Monterey boys, and they do look like they'd fight."

After remaining drawn up on the beach for some time General Worth began to defile his troops, and throw them in position. Resting his right upon the beach, he extended his left into the interior, towards the rear of the city. The enemy's skirmishers had been driven beyond General Worth's line by a small battery placed upon a sand hill overhanging the beach, and General Worth gained his position without firing a gun. Gen. Pillow, commanding the first brigade in Gen. Patterson's division, next took up the line of march. Our regiment being the senior regiment of the volunteers, was placed on the right of the brigade. Taking our course through the sand hills, we moved beyond Worth's position, and, by a difficult and flexuous route, gained the ruins of Malibran, some large, old buildings, situated in a ravine, and at the lower extremity of a large lagoon which stretches away along a narrow plain up to the very gates of the city. Our skirmishers had been driving the enemy before them, but when we reached Malibran, the enemy were occupying the magazine, a large building some half mile above us to our left; from this point, they threw out a strong body of skirmishers, who attacked our light troops as they ascended the hill above the ruins. These being repelled, Gen. Pillow moved

forward the first Tennessee, and, climbing the hill, drove the enemy from the magazine. Leaving Col. Campbell to hold this position, he headed the other regiments, and threw them beyond the railroad. and commenced the ascent of a high sand hill, which overlooked the city, and upon which a large force of the enemy were stationed. Scarcely had he commenced the ascent ere a large body of skirmishers attacked him from the chaparral. Though doubly exposed from being the only one on horseback, he dashed at the head of his men into the thickest of the fire, and, driving the enemy from their cover, pursued them up the hill, and soon dislodged those that were stationed there, and the gallant 2d Tennessee unfurled their banner upon the height. The enemy immediately greeted them with a shower of balls from their heavy artillery, from the batteries along the city walls. This was the last point of our position, and here ceased the labors of the day. The magazine height was the first position which we had obtained from whence a good view of the city, and the scene of our operations could be gained, and the prospect was now most magnificent. We had been all day buried in the hollows and ravines, wading through a waste of deep, dry sand, while the vertical sun heated the motionless air almost to suffocation; but now a cool sea breeze had sprung up and lent a delicious temperament to the atmosphere. The setting sun as it sunk upon our left threw up in bold relief along the horizon the blue outlines of the cone of Orizaba, and the Coffre of Perote. Before us lay the city two miles distant, esconced within its green skirt of suburban groves; its red domes, white steeples, and turrets lit up by the rays of

the setting sun, towered up from amidst the white walls in truly oriental beauty. To the right of the city the dark bulwarks of San Juan de Ulloa, with the towers, battlements, and bastions could be discerned; while here and there along the walls, the white wreaths of smoke and the red flame revealed, the presence of the huge artillery whose howling missiles came ever and anon whizzing or bursting near us.

Upon our right, the spars and masts of the fleet, looming up in bold tracery, could be seen rocking to and fro with the billows; and on the intervening sand hills, numbers of men were incautiously looking down upon the city and its environs. At the foot, and to the left of the height upon which we stood, a railroad issuing from the city extended far into the campaign in our rear until it was lost to the eye amidst a succession of hills green with the richest foliage.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The several brigades move into position and invest the city—Character of the country about the scene of our operations—Obstacles encountered in the investment and siege—Opening of our batteries—The Musquito fleet stand in and fire into the city—Scene at night—Erection of new batteries—Affair at Medelin—Cessation of hostilities and capitulation of the city.

Gen. Pillow, through encountering the light troops of the enemy, and skirmishing at every step had gallantly carried and secured every point upon his position on the 10th, and early on

the 11th Gen. Quitman began to throw forward his brigade for the farther extension of our lines. Resting his right upon Pillow's left, he was about to deploy into position, when a brisk fire was opened on his line from the escopets of a party of light troops and lancers. A sharp skirmish ensued, but the steady advance of our troops soon dispersed the enemy and drove them in full flight towards the city, and Gen. Quitman secured his position without farther molestation. Gen. Shields following immediately, moved past Gen. Quitman's left, debouching from the hollows, formed his brigade, without opposition, along the crests of the sand hills beyond General Quitman.

The veteran Twiggs now advanced with his division of regulars, to extend the line over the yet unoccupied country, and thereby complete the investment. Moving in rear of the line already formed, he made his way through the tangled brushwood, lifting his artillery over the steep loose sand hills, and drawing the enemy's fire as often as his line appeared within range of the city's guns, Thus encountering a thousand obstacles and impediments, his progress was slow and tedious, and it was not until the 13th that he finally succeeding in gaining the beach above the city, and completed the investment.

Having thus encompassed the city with a huge semicircle, with a radius of two and a half miles, and having cut off all communication with the interior, our army sat down before the city, and commenced the preparations for its reduction by siege.

It would be impossible to conceive a country more unfitted for military operations than the region circumjacent to Vera Cruz. Encom-

passing the city on every side are low, steep sand hills, varying from thirty to two hundred feet in height. Some of these hills are bare, half covered with a dense chaparrel, from ten to twenty feet in height; while many are completely bare and formed of fine white sand, deep, loose, and rolling. In the narrow and numerous intervening valleys and ravines the same sandy soil occurs, mostly shaded with a dense copse-wood, composed of matted mangles, ferns, the styrax, the heliconia, the caoutchouc, the jalapa, the spice myrtle, and a multitudinous variety of other tropic plants, so locked and interlaced with vines and creepers as to be almost impervious to an advancing force. There are but few roads leading through the rough, uneven tract, and these traverse it at long intervals.

It was over such a region as this that our army had to force its way before it could sit down before the city; and then came a protracted round of hardships and privations. Trenches had to be dug, breast works thrown up, batteries erected, and roads cut at night, while the utmost vigilance and silence had constantly to be exercised to avoid surprise or discovery. The enormous pieces of artillery had to be dragged through the ravines and lifted over the sand hills, at night, by the men. They were compelled to remain by reliefs twenty-four hours at a time in the trenches and on the heights, without water. Day and night they lay upon their arms, and were constantly harassed by the enemy's guns and shells. During the day the heat was overpowering and scorching hot, for the *meganos* or sand hills, as Humboldt says, were but "so many ovens where the ambient air was heated." These hardships were farther heightened by rains and

the northers, which, accompanied by clouds of drifting sand, like the sand winds of the desert, rendered the atmosphere suffocating, and at night completely buried the sleepers beneath the sand. In addition to the obstacles thus opposed, the season too was most ill-suited to the enterprise we were undertaking. It was now approaching the vernal equinox, when those periodical winds, the northers, sweep the shores of the Gulf with almost continuous violence. And now, at intervals of scarce a day, norther succeeded norther with such fury as to strew the whole beach with broken wrecks and the bodies of mules and horses. During their continuance, and for hours after their subsidence, it was impossible to hold any communication between the vessels and the shore, and all our operations were suspended. Owing to such a multitude of difficulties and obstructions, our operations were greatly retarded, and for twelve consecutive days the enemy poured his shot and shells into our line, without our returning a single retaliatory fire. However, during this time our batteries were in course of erection, and we suffered but little loss from the enemy's fire.

Gen. Worth, by the 22d, had by regular approaches succeeded in erecting three mortar batteries within good range of the city, and mounting in all seven ten inch and four six inch cohon mortars.

Gen. Scott, being now prepared to commence the siege, in conformity to the courtesies of war, sent a summons to the city to surrender; but the commanding general of the enemy, Gen. Morales, declined to surrender, and signified his intention of holding out to the last. About four o'clock in the evening of the 22d, a flame and

cloud of smoke shot upwards from our batteries; another and another followed in rapid succession, and as the bursting bombs exploded above the city, a loud yell of frantic joy rose simultaneously from our whole line, and the men laughed as they shouted "It has begun." Scarce had the reverberations of the first bomb died upon the air, ere a sheet of flame ran along the whole battlements of the castle and the city walls, and the angry missiles from more than a hundred guns howled hideously around the ramparts of our opening batteries. It seemed sufficient to have leveled the ramparts to the earth, but steadily the flashing flame mounting from our mortars' mouths told that the gallant spirits in charge were unflinchingly at work.

At the same time that our batteries opened, Capt. Tatnal, with the Musquito fleet, advanced under cover of a small promontory within effective range of the city, and for two hours poured into the city a shower of shot and shells. Towards sunset he hauled off for the night. At night the enemy silenced their round shot batteries and opened a heavy discharge of ten and fourteen inch shells. During the whole night the mortars on both sides were in constant activity. The contest now presented a splendid spectacle of grand and awful sublimity. There was the red flash as the belching flame shot upwards from the mortar's mouth; then the dull, heavy boom broke on the ear, and the bomb with its flaming fuse rose high in the air, rapidly at first, then slower and more slow till reaching its greatest height it bends and moves down, like a shooting meteor, until hid within the city walls, when up bursts the fitful, lurid glare, and anon the convulsing. crashing, and terrific thunder of

the explosion comes up followed by a thousand echoes and reverberations through the walled streets of the city. Again and again, at scarce a moment's interval, may be heard and seen the boom, the death-star, and the awful exenterating explosion. The earth quaked and the air trembled as mortar echoed mortar, and the death-charged projectiles crossed each other in their fiery ascent, and descended with their dreadful detonations and pealing repercussions. Rocket after rocket shot from the walls, and leaping high in the air, burst with a loud report and and illuminated the night with a hundred vari-colored scintillations. Congreve after congreve, leaving its long luminous train, hissed like a fiery serpent along the earth and scattered its missiles spitefully around.

At day-light on the 23d, the Musquito fleet weighed anchor and stood in towards the town; having advanced to within 700 yards of the city and three-fourths of a mile of the castle they hove to, in line of battle, with springs upon their cables, and opened in fine style upon the town and castle, but the enemy opened such a brisk fire in return that Com. Perry hoisted the recall signal, and the fleet, after an hour's constant firing, stood out under short sail and withdrew from the attack having sustained but slight injury. The town and castle again renewed their fire on Worth's batteries, and the firing continued with but little intermission throughout the day. At the suggestion of Gen. Scott, Com. Connor had landed three heavy thirty-two pounders and three heavy sixty-eight pound Paixhan guns from the navy, and by the morning of the 24th these were placed in battery opposite Gen. Pillow's position, and in the works thrown up by

his brigade. Though the battery was on a height within six hundred yards of the wall, yet the work was so masked by the chaparrel, and the operations had been conducted with such secrecy that the enemy did not discover the work until the sailors who manned it unmasked it to open on the city. The moment, however, the enemy discovered the battery, they concentrated a terrific fire upon it, and for several hours kept it up with unabated vigor; but the intrepid tars worked their guns with equal alacrity and every shot told with terrible effect upon the city. During the action the flag staff of a spiteful Mexican battery was thrice shot away by the guns of the naval battery, but its intrepid commander as often mounted the parapet, and in the very teeth of our guns, held up the flag with his hands until a new staff could be rigged up. Gen. Worth, in the meanwhile, had made accessions of several new mortars to his batteries, and having regularly advanced his parallel, succeeded in placing in battery during the night of the 24th a large battering train, consisting of two long twenty-fours and two eight inch Columbians or siege howitzers. Early on the 25th this battery, within five hundred yards of the walls, opened a destructive fire upon the adjacent portion of the city. All our batteries were now in full blast, and the crushing walls, the burning buildings and piles of smouldering ruins, witnessed with what destructive effect our shells and shot were falling in the city.

On the morning of the 26th, a rumor having reached head quarters that a strong force of Mexicans were lurking in rear of our line, Col. Harney, a gallant son of Tennessee, with a squadron of dragoons, was ordered out to scour

the country in search of them. It was at the same time reported to Col. Campbell, of the 1st Tennessee regiment, that three of his men, while beaving, had been cut off by the Mexicans in rear of our camp. Capt. Cheatham, with two companies, was ordered to pursue the Mexicans and if possible rescue the men who were reported captured. Capt. Cheatham soon found the men, who had made their escape, and coming up with Col. Harney, they agreed to act in concert, and the Colonel ordered him to scour the chaparrel along the edge of the prairie, while he proceeded farther down the prairie in search of the enemy. The Colonel soon discovered them posted in strong force behind a barricaded bridge. After a short skirmish, Col. Harney fell back in order to reconnoitre the enemy's position. Captain Cheatham, with his two companies of infantry, now came up, and Col. Harney determined to send back for artillery before he renewed the attack. In about two hours Lieut. Judd, with two pieces of artillery and Col. Haskell's 2d Tennessee regiment, reached the ground, followed by Col. Campbell and Gen. Patterson with the 1st Tennessee infantry and a portion of the Tennessee cavalry dismounted. Col. Harney now ordered Capt. Cheatham, with Col. Haskell following, to deploy to the right and draw the enemy's fire, so that the artillery might be run up to bear upon the bridge. The other troops were formed on the left of the road. When the enemy expended their fire upon Cheatham and Haskell, Lieut. Judd dashed up with his artillery and fired several well directed rounds upon the head of the bridge, when the gallant Harney ordered the charge. Cheatham, being nearest the bridge, emerged from the cover, and with

his company gallantly carried the bridge, and having fired on the retreating enemy, was tearing away the barricade for the dragoons to pass, when Col. Haskell came up, and with his aid the barricade was soon torn away. Col. Harney charged down at the head of his sqaudron, and clearing the breast-work dashed after the flying enemy, and pursuing them to Medelin, overtook and sabred fifty.

While this brilliant side scene was being enacted, our batteries had silenced nearly all the enemy's guns, and at day-light on the 26th the enemy sounded a chamade and propositions were made for capitulation. Gen. Scott appointed a commission consisting of Gen. Worth, Gen. Pillow, Col Totten, of the Engineers, and Capt. Aulick, of the Navy, to meet with the Mexican commissioners and agree upon the terms of surrender. After two day's parley it was agreed that the town and castle, with all their arms and stores, should be surrendered to the possession of the United States, and that the Mexican troops should evacuate the city, lay down their arms, and be dismissed on the parole of their officers. The officers to be admitted to parole or remain prisoners.

These terms were executed on the 29th, and the enemy having laid down their arms on a large plain south of the city, in the presence of Gen. Worth's and Gen. Pillow's brigade, took their way towards Alvarado and Medelin. As the last of Mexican troops emerged from the city, the tri-colored flag sunk upon town and castle with a national salute, and then the proud stars and stripes rose upon the captured ramparts amid the peaceful thunders of artillery from

Thus terminated this eventful siege, and it may well be ranked as one of the most brilliant achievements ever accomplished by American arms. The city and castle were in the most thorough preparation for defence, and had long been deemed impregnable. The city was garrisoned by five thousand troops, and the obstinacy with which they maintained the siege gave evidence that had we resorted to any other mode of attack than the bombardment, our loss would have swelled from fifty to one thousand. So varied were the operations in the reduction of Vera Cruz, that a field was afforded for every branch of the service, and that each and every one conducted their respective duties with zeal and alacrity, is established by the complete success which crowned every separate enterprise.

To the general officers especial praise is due, for the ardor with which they performed their laborious duties. And the conduct of no one is more worthy of admiration than that of our much persecuted Pillow, and when the murky clouds of party rancor and political animosity shall have been dispelled by the revelations of time, truth and justice, history will give due praise to the actions of this gallant officer in this and subsequent engagements, and his name will yet be placed high in the storied rolls of fame.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa—The city walls and fortifications—Capture of Alvarado—Preparations for marching into the interior—Gen. Twiggs sets out upon the march—Gen Patterson follows—Scenery along the road—Reach Plan del Rio—Orders for attack—Gen. Scott arrives—Gen. Twiggs turns the enemy's left—Battle of the 17th.

The present town of Vera Cruz was built by the Count de Monterrey, about the latter part of the sixteenth century. The city stands upon the open sea, and the surge laves its seaward walls. A thousand yards in front of the city, and completely covering its island foundation, looms up the stupendous castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the boasted sentry of the city, serving not only to repel the attacks of men but to repulse the fury of the waves. This enormous fortress, overspreading an area of seven acres, was commenced sixty-one years after the conquest, and and under different viceroys, was perfected at a cost of forty millions to the Spanish crown. Though it has always been held as impregnable, yet I believe it has scarcely ever offered a successful resistance. In 1603, an English corsair, despite the resistance of the castle, sacked the city and carried off seven millions of money, and confined three hundred prisoners upon the island of Sacrificios. This castle was the last foothold of the Spaniards upon Mexican soil; and although for nearly three years they held the Mexicans at bay, they were finally driven from it in 1825, and it fell into the hands of the Mexicans. Again, in 1838, the castle was attacked

and captured by the French squadron, and it was with difficulty Santa Anna repelled the attack upon the city. But notwithstanding these repeated captures of this fortress, if in proper hands and in a proper state of defence it would be utterly unapproachable by any navy that rides upon the waters. Nearly three centuries have passed away since its first foundations were laid, and the furious winds and waves have beat pitilessly upon its outer walls, but it has resisted unscathed the combined attacks of time and tide, and there it stands with its grim battlements black with the gaping mouths of four hundred heavy cannon, ready yet to resist the warring of a thousand years.

The city of Vera Cruz contains an area of about 595,770 square yards, and enclosed by a brick wall, varying from ten to twenty feet in height, of two feet in thickness, and looped at every two and a half feet for musketry. Around the city are ten or twelve strong lozenge shaped forts, projecting from the wall of which they form a part, and each mounting from five to eight guns. At the two angles which the wall makes with the sea are two very strong fortifications; the one on the northern angle is called Fort Conception—the one on the opposite angle Fort St. Jago, each mounting some thirty heavy pieces of artillery. Outside the wall a shallow-dug ditch surrounds the whole city, and between the ditch and the wall the whole space is thickly set with prickly pears, a most formidable impediment to a storming force. So completely was the city fortified at all points against an assault, that it would have been almost impossible to have carried it by escalade.

The area of the city being so small, great

economy in space is rendered necessary. The streets are narrow, and the buildings, several stories in height, rise square up from the streets, and nearly every foot of ground not occupied by the streets is covered with some building.

The whole city is built of a white marigenous substance, a kind of efflorescing coral, called madrepore, or by the Spaniards *piedra mucara*.

The city, like all others in Mexico, wears the aspect of decay. No new buildings are in progress, and no repairs are made upon the old; all seem wearing away, a fit type of the race that inhabits them. Here are old buildings which have born the shocks of centuries, with the bricks half worn away and the firmer mortar jutting from the joints. Here are old churches, with the date of by-gone centuries upon their carved facades, the elaborate mouldings upon their fronts falling away piece by piece, while their scarred roofs and domes, and crumbling cornices bear the marks of other wars than those of the elements and time, yet the lethargic race around look passively on at the prophetic ravages of decay without raising a hand to avert them. The only mark of improvement is the splendid Custom House, recently erected by the government, and the mole, which extends some two hundred yards beyond the walls into the sea. This mole is an elegant structure of stone, and is mounted by excellent cranes to facilitate the unlading of vessels. But nothing can more forcibly illustrate the want of energy and enterprise in the Mexicans than the fact that this mole is built of granite from Quincy, Massachusetts, while a material equally as good could have been procured within ten miles of Vera Cruz.

The climate of Vera Cruz, owing to a multiplicity of causes, has been long considered the most fatal to strangers of all climates on the globe.

The *vomito prieto* and the northers are the boasted bulwarks of Mexico, and it so happens that during the four months when the vomito is absent the northers prevail, so they almost entirely shut out strangers from the coast. The vomito did not make its appearance in Mexico until 1726, when it was then produced in some English sailors by excessive indulgence in fruits. There is not a doubt if the walls were torn down from around the city, the streets kept clean, and the large marshes or lagoons in the vicinity drained, the health of the city would be greatly improved and the vomito almost entirely obviated. The country immediately circumjacent to Vera Cruz is covered with drifting sand-hills for several miles in every direction. But once beyond these hills and the soil assumes a different character, and numerous cultivated tracts are here and there espied amidst the dense forests, and the cocoa nut, the pine apple, the banana, the orange, the lemon, and the citron, are seen growing in native luxuriance; while the whole forest is fragrant with the perennial bloom of the indigenous lime, and a thousand other grateful odors exhaled from innumerable flowers and blossoms peculiar to this voluptuous clime.

Four leagues south-east of Vera Cruz is the small volcano of Tuxtla, joining with the Sierra San Martin; it had an eruption in 1799, covering the towns of Vera Cruz, Jalapa, and Oaxaca with cinders and ashes.

The day after the surrender of Vera Cruz, General Scott ordered Gen. Quitman to proceed

with a brigade of volunteers against Alvarado, thirty miles down the coast, and dislodge the Mexican garrison stationed there. Com. Perry, at the same time moved down a portion of the fleet to act conjointly with Gen. Quitman. The expedition was completely successful, and, leaving a man-of-war in the harbor, the forces returned to Vera Cruz without loss.

By the 8th of April, a sufficient supply of mules and wagons had been landed for the transportation of ten thousand men, and Gen. Scott having determined to advance into the interior, Gen. Twiggs, with his division of regulars took up the line of march for the table-lands along the main road leading to the city of Mexico.

On the 9th, Gen. Patterson, with the brigades of Generals Pillow and Shields, set out for the march. Our road lay for three miles along the sea beach, above Vera Cruz, until we reached the village of Bergara; we then diverged from the seaside and struck into a deep sandy road, which for seven miles led through the sand hills, or *meganos*, where not a breath of air was stirring, and it being mid-day the sun poured down on the reflecting sides of the arid sand hills, until the atmosphere became as hot as the suffocating simoon of the desert—men fainted at nearly every step of this journey, until the road side was strewed with those unable longer to to continue the march. But still we continued the steady advance, and after a most oppressive march, encamped at the Puente de San Juan, which is a quarter of a mile in length, and is thrown over two small streams, near their junction.

The next day, we resumed the march under better auspices, and soon passing the fine estate

of Mango de Clavo, belonging to Santa Anna, our way led us through varied and diversified scenes—now our course lay through a rich forest of date palms and mock cocoa, with their long feather-leafed branches waving luxuriantly around us, while beneath were myriads of limes in native verdure, intermingled with arborescent ferns. Now we dived into a shady forest of pink catalpas, Abyssinian locusts, wischitas, and mimosas, where scores of noisy toucans were screaming vociferously from their ponderous beaks. Emerging from these valley scenes, we crossed a beautiful tract of undulating country, which occasionally stretched away in gently waving prairies, partially sprinkled with ferns and low mimosa, and dotted with innumerable herds of cattle from the estate of Magno de Clavo. Passing thus successively through the overarching arbors and arcades of luxuriant verdure, or over the easy slopes of the rich prairies, we soon came upon Passo de Oveja, a famous rendezvous for guerrilleros; crossing the splendid stone bridge, a few miles brought us within view of a strong fort upon a high hill. As we approached it, the road turned downwards by an abrupt declination and deflection, and we found ourselves under the strong forts that command the Puente Nacional. The stronger of these forts is situated upon a high and precipitous point formed by the approximation of two streams, which flow into each other at the foot of a high precipice on the opposite side of the ravine. Over the largest of these streams, just above its confluence with the other, is thrown the Magnificent Puente Nacional, four hundred yards in length, with its seven arches of sixty feet span. A quarter of a mile beyond the bridge

is another fine residence of Santa Anna, who it is said owns all the land lying between Vera Cruz and Jalapa.

One cannot but remark the strange contrast this residence presents to the miserable cane jacales or huts of the *peones* that surround it.

Continuing our course over a splendid graded road, we reached, on the 12th, the picturesque region about Plan del Rio, where we found Gen. Twiggs encamped, after having a slight skirmish with the enemy. We found the road in our front in possession of the enemy, who were posted in strong force along every commanding height. Orders were immediately issued to prepare for an attack, and the volunteers were ordered to assault the front works of the enemy before daylight on the 13th, while the regulars should, at the same time, bring on an attack upon the rear works. Owing, however, to the fatigue of the volunteers, the order was revoked during the night. It was repeated the next night, and again revoked, owing to information that Gen. Scott was moving up with General Worth's division as reinforcements. On the 15th, Gen. Scott came up, and the engineers were for two days kept in active reconnoissance, when it was ascertained that the enemy were strongly fortified in an admirable position. Their front line of works, some two miles from our camp, were thrown up across the crest of a narrow ridge which overlooked the road on one side, and on the other was banked by a rugged barranca, eight hundred feet deep. Some two miles in the rear of this line, a strong battery was placed in the road which raked the only approach for a mile. Above this battery another work was erected upon a high conical hill. In

rear of this latter work was the main camp of the enemy, protected by another battery.

On the 17th, General Scott, having made his dispositions for battle, renewed the orders for attack. Gen. Twiggs, supported by General Shields, was ordered to attain, by a circuitous route, the enemy's rear and secure a suitable position for the erection of a battery. The column under Twiggs was soon in motion; following the National road for some two miles, until it came within range of the enemy's guns, the column deflected to the right, and by a road cut for the purpose cautiously kept beyond the enemy's guns, succeeded in avoiding all the fortifications, and turning the enemy's left. Perceiving this movement, the enemy threw forward several thousand troops to encounter our advance. This was commanded by the gallant Col. Harney, who, with the rifles in front, moved forward to the attack, and in a few minutes became hotly engaged with the enemy; but our troops steadily advanced, and repulsed the enemy at all points until their whole force fell back upon their entrenchments, and left our column in quiet occupation of a strong height within a short distance of the enemy's main height. Our loss in this action was about sixty killed and wounded; that of the enemy was more. It was now night, and Gen. Twiggs had now gained an admirable position from whence to commence the general attack on the morrow. During the night, a strong battery was erected to play upon the enemy's line and facilitate our attack upon the main or Telegraph height.

CHAPTER XXV.

Cerro Gordo and its adjacent country—Orders for battle and disposition of the forces—General Pillow's operations against the enemy's front—Charge of the Second Tennessee regiment—Gen. Twiggs turns the enemy's left, and drives them from their forts—Gen. Shields attacks Santa Anna's headquarters—Total route and capture of the enemy.

The country about Cerro Gordo is of the wildest and most rugged character, the lofty and precipitous hills intersected by deep ravines and dark cavernous barrancas; the stupendous cliffs and high impending precipices, with the bright mountain streams of crystal transparency leaping over a hundred cascades and waterfalls, give to this region an air beautifully wild and picturesque, and at the same time render it admirably susceptible of fortification.

The National Road as it approaches Cerro Gordo from Vera Cruz descends by an abrupt declivity into a deep valley or ravine, at the bottom of which two streams enter from different gorges, and as they approach each other form a small level plat of ground which gives the place the name of Plan del Rio. The largest of these streams flows between high and precipitous bluffs, the farther of which was crowned by the batteries on the enemy's right. The road crosses these streams a short distance above their confluence, and ascending the farther side of the ravine by an oblique slope leaves the *tierra caliente* and enters the verge of the *tierra templada*. Having reached the summit of the rise, some two miles below the enemy's right it winds through the chaparrel until some rugged

hills force it into a narrow gorge, overhung on the left by the left work of the enemy's front line of fortifications, and raked from the front by a strong battery near the base of the main height, where the road again comes upon the ravine or barranca of the river; the road now leaves the Cerro Gordo height to the right, and emerging from the gorge comes upon the enemy's head-quarters, where another strong battery was placed. Here was the limit of the enemy's operation, covering in all an area some five miles in length, and forming a complete concatenation of forts, so arranged as to enfilade every approach with a most devastating fire.

It is difficult to conceive a position which nature has more strongly fortified than Cerro Gordo, and which with slight assistance from art could be so easily rendered tenable by a few thousand troops against the assaults of a vastly superior force. The enemy, conscious of the natural strength of their position, had never dreamed of the possibility of our turning it; and having learned from some German deserters, on the 17th, that we intended to make our main attack upon their front works, they threw strong reinforcements into these works, and looked upon the movement of General Twiggs as a mere diversion.

General Scott issued his orders for attack to the separate commanders on the 17th, and early on the 18th, we moved forward to the general attack. The division of Gen. Worth, accompanied by Gen. Patterson (who had been for several days confined to bed,) was to follow the movement against the enemy's left, and to be held as a reserve with the cavalry. General Twiggs from his position was to direct his forces

against the main height of the enemy, and carry it by storm. Gen. Pillow, with the two Tennessee and the two Pennsylvania regiments, was to advance upon the enemy's front line of works and to obtain a position from whence he could assault the works as soon as the firing commenced upon the left of the enemy's line. In order to second this move by Gen. Pillow an eight inch siege howitzer had been lifted along the opposite side of the ravine, and planted on a height opposite the works of the enemy, so as to fire across the ravine upon the enemy's line.

Gen. Worth, following the route opened by Gen. Twiggs, easily obtained his position. Gen. Pillow, with his brigade, numbering two thousand men, having followed the National road some two miles beyond our encampment, struck into a narrow path to the left, at right angles to the road, a mile and a half in front of the enemy's works. These works of the enemy, it had been impossible to thoroughly reconnoitre, owing to the vigilance of the Mexican outposts; but from the imperfect observations that had been made, a very erroneous estimate had been placed upon the strength of the fortifications. The enemy were here posted along the summit of a broad ridge which was intersected by two parallel ravines which formed the hill into three smaller heights. Upon each of these smaller heights was a strong fort—each supporting and supported by the others; while another, in rear of the centre work, commanded all the others.

These works were manned by four thousand choice troops under Gens. La Vega and Jerrero, and mounted nineteen pieces of artillery, all within point-blank range of an assaulting force. The ground in front of these works descended

by a very slight yet rough declivity for more than two hundred yards, and then fell off abruptly into a wooded hollow; all the intermediate space from the edge of this hollow to the forts had been cleared up and the brush had been scattered over the ground so as to impede a charge and mask the batteries; and it was on this latter account that we had been unable to discover the real strength of the batteries.

In Gen. Pillow's order of attack, the 2nd Tennessee regiment, supported by the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, was to move in advance and charge the centre battery of the enemy, while the 2nd Pennsylvania regiment, supported by the 1st Tennessee, was to follow and assault the enemy's extreme right, or the battery which overhung the river.

Having made the preliminary formations for attack, General Pillow proceeded cautiously through the dense chaparral by a pathway so narrow that we were forced to advance by a flank movement, and frequently by single file. Owing to this and the other difficulties of the ground, we had proceeded but little way into the chaparral before the signal gun was fired and the action commenced on our right. Moving forward with as much rapidity as the nature of the ground would admit, Gen. Pillow succeeded in gaining the hollow in front of the enemy's line, and rapidly formed Col. Haskell's regiment, and having ordered Col. Wynkoop to support it with his regiment, gave the order to charge, while he himself dashed to the left to place Col. Roberts' regiment in position, and lead it to the charge.

The enemy had now discovered us and opened a tremendous fire upon our columns, which swept

through the chaparral like a terrific hail storm. The column of Haskell, now in motion, emerged from the chaparral, and with a shout of fierce defiance dashed gallantly forward to the charge; instantly the converging fires of the enemy poured upon them with resistless fury; the batteries from right to left enfiladed their ranks with devastating showers of balls, while from the fort in front a perfect cataract of canister, grape and bullets poured down the front with with annihilating force. It was in vain the gallant regiment bore up against the iron storm and dashed up to the very walls of the fort, over the impeding rocks and brush, unsupported by the Pennsylvania regiment, which had been thrown into confusion, their numerical force, already stripped of every field officer save the Colonel, and nearly one-third of the men, could poorly countervail the hurricane of balls and the bristling bayonets of two thousand men. Seeing the utter hopelessness of the task, the few officers left reluctantly ordered the men to fall back and wait for support. The gallant Pillow had been shot down by a disabling wound at almost the first discharge, while he was about to form Col. Roberts' column for the charge; but, though wounded, he ordered, through his aid, Col. Roberts to form and charge; but from some misconstruction of the order, Col. Roberts' regiment was unfortunately thrown into confusion.

The 1st Tennessee, though placed in the rear of all, as soon as the firing commenced pressed hurriedly forward, but owing to the confusion of the other regiments, could not reach the field until Haskell's men, bleeding and broken, were falling back into the ravine. Stung with disappointment and mortification at the unpropi-

tious turn of affairs, our old regiment, seeing the disorder that prevailed, moved forward with unbroken line and assumed the front, while the trees above were yet trembling and crashing with the pattering balls; cheering up the other troops, and receiving in turn the compliments of our wounded General as they passed, our men called loudly to their officers to lead them to the charge. Col. Campbell, finding Gen. Pillow disabled, assumed the command of the brigade, while the noble Anderson, whose chivalric soul would not allow him to hear brave men beg in vain for battle, led on, and bade us follow; catching the welcome sound, the men dashed forward after their brave leader with a desperate zeal. The gallant Campbell, proud of the conduct of his regiment, yet loth to see them march alone into the jaws of death, strove vigorously, but vainly, to form the disordered troops and bring them up to our support. It was a noble sight thus to see two hundred and seventy men rushing consciously upon their fate, ready to assail, uncoverd and alone, the protected thousands of the enemy. I never shall forget the stern faces of these men; every muscle was rigid, every feature was firm set as marble, and every eye glared with fierce desperation.

Knowing that our regiment, unsupported, would only be sacrificed, Gen. Pillow assumed command, and ordered us to fall back and await the formation of the other regiments. Another moment and it would have been too late—a few steps more would have brought the "Bloody First" upon the open area and under the concentrated fire of all the forts. Obeying the order our regiment fell back, and Gen. Pillow soon formed his brigade again, and was moving

into position to renew the assault, when the enemy run up the white flag and surrendered, as the division of Gen. Twiggs had fairly turned the enemy's left, carried their works, and completely routed all their forces in that direction, and had cut off all retreat to those in front.

At the signal for battle, the battery erected by Gen. Twiggs, consisting of two twenty-four pound howitzers and a long twenty-four pounder, opened with fine effect upon the main height of the enemy, while the brigade of light troops, under the Chevalier Bayard of the army, the chivalric Colonel Harney, dashed rapidly forward and commenced the assent of the height amid a hurricane of bullets and grape shot, which but for the steepness of the height would have swept away the gallant troops ere they could have made the ascent; but on they pushed with their leader at their head, climbing the steep hill side, and cheering up his men. At the same time, the light brigade of the dauntless Riley, moving to the right along the base of the hill, commenced their ascent at nearly right angles to Col. Harney's course. A scene of animating emulation occurred, each column strove for the honor of first carrying the works; upwards they rushed, heedless alike of balls and fatigue. The light troops of the enemy formed along the brow of the hill to oppose our troops. Their fire was returned with a fearful effect by our rifles. The two lines were enveloped in a sheet of smoke and flame, and the thunders of battle swelled up in terrific waves of sound; but firmly and steadily our gallant troops advanced, until, driving the enemy within their walls, they charged bravely up, and carrying the work, turned the five pieces of artillery upon the twenty-

five hundred retreating Mexicans. In the meanwhile, the gallant Shields, leading his brigade around the base of the height, bravely bore down upon the enemy's headquarters and carrying the battery, fell severely traversed with a grape shot, while his troops, the two Illinois regiments and the New York battalion, put Canalizo's five thousand lancers to flight, and forced the doughty "Benemerito de la Patria," Santa Anna himself, to leave his coach and make his escape upon the back of a draught mule.

The enemy were now in complete route, and those in the front works, finding themselves surrounded on all sides, threw down their arms and surrendered as prisoners. The gallant division of Gen. Worth now came forward and joined with Gen. Shields' troops in the pursuit, and for twelve miles the cavalry strewed the road side with slain fugitives. Gen. Patterson, who lead the pursuit, halted the troops at Encerro, after having dispersed every considerable body of the enemy that could be found.

Thus resulted to our arms one of the most complete victories ever obtained over an enemy so well prepared for opposition. Of Santa Anna's twelve thousand troops, between four and five thousand fell into our hands; nearly four hundred were killed, and a large number wounded, while the remainder were dispersed in every direction. Forty two pieces of artillery, with a vast amount of ammunition, small arms, and provision stores, fell into our hands. The whole plan of the battle was admirably arranged, and succeeded in every particular, save the attack of Gen. Pillow, and it was unfortunate that with the weakest force the gallant General should have been sent against by far the strongest and best

manned fortifications of the enemy. But to no one can blame be attached for the failure, as it originated in an unavoidable miscalculation of the enemy's strength in that quarter. But this attack had the usual effect to render the resistance of the enemy in the rear less obstinate than it would have been, as both attacks were nearly simultaneous.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The advance of Gen. Worth and the capture of La Hoya and Perote—Advance of the other troops on Jalapa—Leave Plan del Rio—The Battle Field—The National Road—Encerro and its scenery—Entrance into Jalapa—The maidens of Jalapa—Encamp beyond the city.

On the morning of the 15th, Gen Worth moved up from Encerro, and entered Jalapa without opposition. The enemy had fortified at La Hoya, a dark, defensible barrancc, twelve miles beyond Jalapa, but as Gen. Worth advanced they retired from their works and fell back upon Perote, leaving fifteen pieces of artillery to be captured by the American commander.

Without stopping at La Hoya longer than was necessary to secure the captured articles, Gen. Worth pushed rapidly forward, and by the 21st compelled the enemy to evacuate Perote, and Col. Velasquez, on the part of the Mexican Government, formally surrendered, with all its arms and appurtenances, the strong castle of Perote, scarce second to San Juan de Ulloa, and so famous in the history of Mexican perfidy and oddıession.

The division of Gen. Twiggs, moving on as far as Jalapa, remained encamped until active service should call them forward.

On the 20th, Gen. Pillow's brigade, with the exception of Col. Haskell's regiment, which was left to destroy the captured arms and ammunition, was put in motion. Leaving Plan del Rio, we ascended the slope, and after winding for five miles through the defiles and gorges through which the road here passes, we came upon the brink of a deep chasm, at the bottom of which, nine hundred feet below, flowed the stream upon which we had previously encamped. Diverging from the chasm, we came upon the main height of the enemy. Here had been the brunt of the battle, and the lifeless victims strewed on every side, were evidences of the fury with which the contest had been waged. The whole surface of the hill was dotted with the blackened and bloody corpse s of three hundred dead. On the side where our troops had ascended, the slaughter had been terrible, and whole scores lay piled in heaps with the black and clotted gore exuding from their death-wound. The stench from the mouldering bodies had begun already to taint the air, and we were happy when the last of our column filed past the height and the ghastly spectacle of the multitudinous slaughter was shut out from our view. A few rods brought us upon Santa Anna's head quarters, the scene of Canalizo's rout, and here too the slaughter had been terrible, and horsemen and horses were were stretched in a common death. Beyond this scene were the cane jacales or huts which contained the wounded. Here, with a humanity second only to that of Victor at Talavera, our surgeons had bestowed indiscriminate attention

upon friend and foe; side by side they shared the same quarters and partook of their fare from the same kindly hand. This was the most affecting scene incident to the battle. The dead were beyond the pale of bodily suffering, but the wounded, with their lopped off limbs, their pierced and broken bodies, racked with a thousand excruciating pains, were enduring a hundred deaths. The poor friendless Mexican mortals were forced, though in their own country, to depend on the charities of a humane enemy to dress their wounds and sustain their miserable lives. As we passed the scene, a small body of Mexican soldiers, without pomp or parade, crossed our lines, bearing off for interment the dead body of Gen. Vasquez from the field where he had fallen. These concurring scenes, taught us a reflective lesson that we can never forget.

A few of us had seen the day before, a sight that touched every heart and made the warm tear-drop start to the eye of the stern soldier.

We were upon the battle-field, and a woman came groping among the heaps of dead, turning over the blackened bodies and anxiously scrutinizing the features of each half putrid corpse. She was a widowed Indian mother, and the routed fugitives flying from the battle field had borne her the sad news that her son, her only child had fallen in the conflict with the Yankees, and she had now come from her home twenty miles away to reclaim his dead body for its burial. Little divining the object of her search, we watched her long with repulsive feelings in her strange task, until at length, discovering the object for which she sought, she eagerly lifted a manly corpse from its bloody bed, and lashing the body upright upon a chair, she strapped the

lifeless burden to her back, and with tottering step set out to bear the bones of her last child to her distant home, that she might give it burial in the grave of her fathers. When she passed with her strange but precious burden, she cast upon us a look so full of pleading and reproachful sorrow that we were forced to ask her story; and then, in wild Indian accent, she poured forth her tale of sorrow, and though we could but half comprehend her half Indian and half Spanish tongue, yet the simple sympathies of the human heart interpreted the wild gestures of her struggling grief, and taught us the vehement pathos of her bereavement until our hearts o'erflowed with pity at her touching grief, and we turned away from this example of maternal affection with a keener admiration for those tender traits that gentle woman, whether Indian, African, or European, never fails to possess and exhibit.

After we pass Cerro Gordo, and debouche from its hills, the National road changes its appearance. Heretofore the road had been made of firm cement and with strong walls flanking its whole extent; but here the cement route ceases, and the gradual and continuous ascent which now commences is paved with hewn stone; and I must say that altogether it is the finest road that I have ever seen, and its bridges for stability and beauty are said to be unequalled by any in the world. As we ascended the long slope towards Jalapa, we encountered the dead bodies of men and horses at almost every step, and the occasional ranchos formed of large upright canes, with others matted in like wicker-work, were filled with wounded men. A few hours climbing brought us to the hacienda of Encerro, the favorite residence of Santa Anna. The premises

were under the safeguard of the army, and every thing was as yet undisturbed. The dinner of the generalissimo was still unserved in the culinary vessels just as the General had left it when he was forced to fly.

Encerro, as its name indicates, is in the high land, and is in a most romantic situation: situated on a crowning point, it commands an extensive and magnificent prospect in every direction except towards Jalapa, where an intervening hill shuts out the view. Here the ex-President retires when the deadly vomito drives him from his estate of Mango de Clavo in the *tierra caliente*, and as altitude in this favored country compensates for latitude, he breathes the fresh mountain air of the *tierra templada*, while his broad pleasure grounds, dotted with herds of cattle, spread out in gentle undulations beneath his eye, with the snow capped peak of Orizaba decking his distant horizon, and the range of the porphyritic Cordilleras hedging in the distance the green and fertile valleys of this heaven-favored clime. The dwelling at Encerro is an ordinary building, two stories in height, and containing eight or ten apartments, and fronted by a fine portico, shut in by glass windows. The whole interior is elegantly fitted up with rich curtains, splendid furniture, and paintings and cartoons from the first masters. In the rear of the dwelling are the servants' dormitories, in a large building, the ground floor of which is occupied as a stable. There is an unfinished chapel near the dwelling, of capacious dimensions. Though this site is upon the summit of a high eminence, a large and deep lagoon, fed by hidden springs and formed by throwing a dam across a narrow ravine, and the water, pouring in a large

sheet over an artificial cascade and meandering through the woody islands that skirt its banks, is used to irrigate the fertile meadows of the hacienda. The mountain air of Encerro was to us cold and chilly, and the copious dew completely saturated our blankets during the night; but sunrise brought a pleasant morning, and we journeyed on towards the far famed city of Jalapa. It was called two leagues to the city, but we climbed on for eight or nine miles, when as we turned a high point in the rear, we were suddenly in the suburbs of the city, and the white walls of the buildings peeping through the rich foliage that skirted the suburbs, told us that a beautiful city lay beneath us. We entered the city with lines dressed and fixed bayonets, while Jalapa, famous for the beauty of its maidens, poured forth a full tide of *donnas*. From every grated window were peering the dark-eyed donzellas, with their fair faces exhibiting every phaze of which the human physiognomy is capable, when agitated by the various emotions. Some were smiling, others lauging downright at our ragamuffin and tatterdemalion appearance, and a few red heads amongst us, provoking successive peals of laughter, met with no mercy at their hands; some stood pensively gazing upon us as we passed; others, with wounded pride, hurled their indignant glances upon us, and revealed in the flushed cheek, the flashing eye, and the supercilious curl of the lip, strong traces of the haughty implacability of the Castilian character; while we saw not a few tear drops twinkle and tremble within the jetty lashes of many a dark eye. But of all, one deserves particular mention. Seated in a window on a low

chair, she held a richly embossed book upon her lap, ostensibly for the purpose of reading, but really to shield her maiden modesty, while she looked at the sturdy forms and sun-browned faces of the Americans. She was a perfect picture of beauty, There she sat, neatly and richly clad, with her light and gracile form bending in the symmetrical curves of graceful beauty; her dark, luxuriant hair passing along her forehead and falling in a shower of raven tresses upon a fair neck, slightly brunetted with the Castilian tinge. Her eyebrows, with pure Grecian curve, darkly penciled her fine forehead. From beneath the rich folds of her dress, half hid, yet designedly half visible, peeped out a witching little foot, cased in a satin slipper, and so exquisitely small and neatly turned that Venus might have envied it. Her head was slightly bent, as though she read; but her tiny little fingers, covered with rings, played coquettishly with the leaves, and the furtive glances that flashed from the lustrous depths of her dark, voluptuous eye, told too plainly that "Los Americanos" were of stronger interest than the book. But suffice it to say that the bright beauty of that black eyed brunette made the eye of every beholder glow with admiration, and many an older heart than mine leap and tremble with irrepressible emotion.

Passing through the main streets of the lovely city, we continued our march and encamped several miles beyond the suburbs, on the National road, and near the large cotton factory of Don Luis Garcia. Our camp lay in a rich and fertile valley, beside a dark and shady barranca, into which a stream precipitated itself down a

falls seventy feet in height. The mountain stream from which we drank, flowing from the snow-capped Cofre of Perote, was of icy coldness, and the rich balmy air of the perpetual spring revived us from our fatigues, and the toils we had passed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jalapa—Its position—Its climate, etc.—The Indians—Their condition.

There are some spots upon the earth which combine so many elements of natural beauty, that they stand first upon the list of every traveler who sees them, and ever after fill his memory with pleasing pictures of Elysian loveliness. Such a spot is Jalapa. Possessing every requisite for beauty, it has in addition the most genial and salubrious climate, with the richest soil and a peculiar locality, where every production of the globe can be procured in the utmost abundance. It is situated upon the first bench of the mountains, four thousand two hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and at a distance of fifty miles from the gulf, though seventy by the road. The scenery which environs the city combines every feature that could charm the eye, and is lovely beyond description. On every side, save that which looks towards the sea, the eye ranges over a landscape of fertile valleys, cultivated meadows, and the shaggy sides of waving hillocks which rise up, step by step, until they are lost in the gigantic grandeur of the

Cordilleras, which sweep round the city at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles. Towards the West, at the distance of twenty-five miles, though owing to an optical delusion, apparently scarce a stone's cast off, looms up the colossal cone of Pajautocate or Orizaba, with its gaping crater seventeen thousand five hundred feet in height. For three centuries the snowy mantle of its summit has been unbroken by an eruption of lava. The last eruption occurred in 1545, and lasted for twenty years. To the north-west the Cofre of Perote rises from its base of porous amygdaloid and lifts up its huge head of shattered porphyry to the height of thirteen hundred feet. Upon the topmost pinnacle of its summit rests a vast rock of many thousand tons weight, which, from its resemblance to a trunk or coffer, gives the name of Cofre to this mountain, which is so near Jalapa that the snow from its summit is brought down to the city for various refrigerating purposes.

Towards the gulf, the country slopes by a gradual and easy declivity for twenty miles, where it enters the *tierra caliente*, or hot region, which is a strip of low land twenty to fifty miles in width, skirting the shores of the gulf and reeking with hot *meganos*, or sand hills, and teeming with tropical fruits and forests. Jalapa, situated just upon the upper verge of this slope is above the pestilential influence of the vomito and the epidemic plagues of the low lands; and the warm sea-breze sweeping up the long ascent to the *tierra templada* tempers the cool air of the snowy mountains, and forms for the inhabitants of this favored region the softest and most equable climate to be found upon the globe. The thermometer seldom varies here more than

twelve degrees, and consequently the inhabitants are almost totally exempt from those pulmonary, bronchial, and biliary diseases which elsewhere constitute the principal aggregate of human ills.

No one who has never felt and breathed the exhilerating atmosphere about Jalapa, can have any appreciation of its purity and its invigorating influence on the spirits and the constitution. But it requires one to experience the contrasts which are to be met with in its proximity, to fully enjoy the fine effects of the climate; for whether ascending from the close and sultry air of the *tierra caliente*, or descending from the bleak and bracing winds of the *tierra frica*, or cold lands, this delicious medium is alike acceptable. The traveler, as he comes up from the feverish oven-like breath of the *meganos*, finds the fresh and healthful air of this region exceedingly grateful to his relaxed and debilitated energies, and as he descends from the chilling gales that sweep over the barren wastes of *pedregal* beyond La Hoya, the mild temperature of Jalapa affords a gentle relaxation to the braced system, and is doubly welcome.

The atmosphere possesses here a transparency no where else to be met with, and which lends a peculiar beauty to the landscape; as the most distant objects are as plainly visible as if viewed through a telescope; and the distant mountains, unshaded by misty blue, stand out in bold relief with their green sides and shattered cliffs. When the sky is clear after a norther on the Gulf, the white caps of the billows may be seen as they break on the beach fifty miles away.

It is not a little singular that within the short ascent of fifty miles may be found every peculiarity of soil, temperature, and product that

belongs to all the different latitudes of the earth. Jalapa, occupying a mean position with regard to this altitudinal apportionment of clime, enjoys all the products found in various portions of the globe; and its market displays a greater variety of fruits, vegetables and other esculent articles, than can probably be found in any other market in the world.

The character and appearance of the people of this region are almost as varied as the products. Here may be seen the swarthy Zambo, with his fierce robber-looking aspect, who has in a few hours come up from the torrid district of Vera Cruz, driving his asses loaded with the peculiar products of his own region. By his side, is the well-mounted Vachero, or herdsman, from the mountains, and the dark Ranchero from the valleys, whose sinister visage and mischief-lurking eye proclaim him as ready for service in the barranca as the field, as willing to wield the carbine and stilletto as the hoe or plow.

But there are no objects more calculated to arrest the attention and awaken the sympathies of the observer than the miserable Indians. The abject servitude to which they have been so long reduced has quite broken the proud spirit which this race is represented to have possessed at the Cortesian conquest. They are the remnant of one of those tribes which had resisted the tide of conquest with which the Montezumas had overwhelmed this ill-fated country. But since the conquest the gloom which has reigned over their political history seems to have impressed itself upon the minds of this people, until from an habitual tendency to despondence, it has fixed itself as a constitutional and national characteristic; for even in his features there is a dark,

settled and mysterious gloom, which is seldom lit up by a smile. They shrink from the observation of the passer, and their dark, unreadable eyes cower beneath the glance of the stranger. Their only food is a little maize, pulse, and pepper; and their only beverage the *pulque*, or juice of the aloe. From their infancy both sexes are trained to carry the heaviest burdens, which are supported on the back by a band passing along the forehead; and they may be seen approaching the market, clad in their coarse, blue cassock of cotton, and pacing beneath their heavy loads as patiently as the ox. Their feet are deformed from carrying these heavy burdens; the toes are wide apart and curved downward as if for climbing steep ascents. This class of people constitutes the principal population of Mexico, and though bowed down by the odious system of peonage are yet the most industrious portion of the people of Mexico.

The city of Jalapa is built upon the ancient site of that name. It contains many old and antique buildings; among others an old church built by Cortes, which, owing to the substantial nature of the materials, is almost unimpaired by the tooth of time, and bids fair yet to outlive centuries. Owing to the broken and uneven surface of the site there is very little order or regularity in the arrangement of the streets. They are narrow, tortuous, and angular, and but few are sufficiently wide for wagons to pass; from these larger streets the smaller ones diverge at irregular angles and with a flexuous propensity that displays a most sovereign contempt to every thing like right lines. Jalapa differs from other Mexican cities in this, that all

the houses have sloping, tiled roofs, with long projecting eaves that extend quite over the side walks, and thereby protect the large bar-windows which look out upon the street. Though the streets are narrow and often very precipitous, yet they lend an additional charm to the city and impress the stranger with strong feelings of romance; for, as one plunges into the dark streets, threads their labyrinthine mazes, breathes the rich aroma of the flowers and fruitage interspersed throughout the city, peeps into the voluptuous *camaras* of the rich, and catches the tender glance of some Leah-eyed donzella peering from her balcony, he cannot but ask himself if it is not half a dream.

The city is kept unusually clean, but this is not effected without the aid of the police auxiliaries which are found in every Mexican city, the dogs and *zopilotes*; but they are here upon such terms of intimacy that they perform the joint duties of scavenger and sentry without any inharmonious difference; for the dogs watch until night-fall calls the vultures to their airy perch upon the roofs where they stand during the night, silent as pickets on their posts.

Jalapa is famous for the excellence of its *banos publicos*, or public baths, and I observed there a novel establishment in municipal economy. It was a large public wash-house, or *teckacupia*, where the poor wash their clothes. It consists of two rows of stalls containing properly constructed basins, into which water may be let at pleasure. The whole establishment is under the direction of the city authorities and is doubtless a great convenience to the poorer classes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Mexicans—Desultory remarks upon the Mexicans, their habits, &c.

In Mexico, whatever may be the legal enactments to the contrary, there exists about as great a distinction among the different classes of population as is observed among the Hindoo castes. Nature has made a distinction in mankind, and it is idle for legislation to attempt to destroy this difference. It may be politically true that "all men are born free and equal," yet they can never be in reality so as long as nature endows one race of the human species with intellect superior to others. In so mixed a society as Mexico contains, these distinctions are most manifest; the Castilian, or pure Spaniard, here assumes and obtains a complete superiority over all the other classes. It is a mark of honor to carry none other than white blood within the veins.

The Creole, or Mexican born Spaniard, stands upon the same footing as to caste, with the native Castilian. The Creole and Castilian here wear all the characteristics of their transatlantic brethren. They are proud, arrogant, and bigoted; and they sustain themselves in this by combining not only aristocracy of blood, but of wealth. They usually own the large estates, and live in a style of the greatest splendor and magnificence.

The Indian race which composes four-sixths of the population of Mexico are a most abject race of beings, and the greater portion of them

are oppressed by a system of servitude more odious and degrading by far than the negro slavery of the United States. The proprietors of the landed estates employ them to work, and cultivate their farms or *haciendas* at certain wages, which are to be paid in kind and clothing, and such articles as are requisite for the maintenance of life. An account is kept of these things, and as the *peon* is perfectly ignorant, the proprietors always manages to keep the poor wretches in their debt, and the law provides that no peon, or his family, shall leave an estate until all the debts due to the proprietor shall be paid. By these means the owners of estates, when they have once a peon in their employ, manage to keep him there until he grows too old and decrepit to work, or until some accident shall have rendered him useless, he is then cast off upon the world to beg or starve.

The mixed races are divided into Mestizoes, or the Spanish crossed upon the Indian blood; the Mulatto, the cross of the Spanish and Negro races, and the Zambo, or offspring of Indian and Negro parents. And it is usual for them to take precedence in society according to their color.

There are very few negroes in the interior of Mexico, they are confined to the sea coast about Vera Cruz and Tampico, and comprise an exceedingly small portion of Mexican population. And here, as elsewhere, the unfortunate sons of Canaan are the most degraded class, and sunk lowest in the scale of humanity.

The condition of the Indian race throughout Mexico is most pitiable; they are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. One cannot look upon this race of people without feelings of commiseration. Like their red brethren of the

North they are melting away before the Caucasian race. Three centuries ago they peopled a vast continent with swarming tribes, but they have strangely passed away; though here the most prolific of all the human species, yet their thousands cannot now equal their former millions. Who cannot discern in the condition of this people the mysterious hand of God? Who cannot read in their history the fulfilment of holy writ? "Blessed be Japhet, for he shall dwell in the tents of Shem."

There is a remarkable difference between the population along the upper portion of Mexico, and that in the central portion. There is a difference in the dialect as well as in the habits and customs. The dialect in the central portion is more smooth and pure; while that along the Rio Grande is harsh and ineuphonious. Those in the upper portion appear to be more cautious and treacherous, and every road side is dotted with crosses placed upon the graves of unfortunate wretches where they have been robbed and murdered.

No nation is so universally polite as the Mexicans; even among the lower classes they practice the most courteous comity in their ordinary intercourse. If a Mexican asks to light his cigaritto by that of another, the one who has the lighted cigaritto removes it from his mouth, and handing it to the other, stands with his hat off until the cigar is returned. They are even more polite towards strangers. This affability has been by some ascribed, but I know not with what justice, to a desire to hide their treachery. But there is one custom that, let it emanate from what feeling it may, is nevertheless a beautiful one. Ask a Mexican, but especially a woman,

for a drink of water, and when you return your *mil gracias*, you are answered by a soft "*A Dios sean dados*," Let it be a gift to God.

Notwithstanding the lower and middle class of Mexicans are far from being cleanly in their habits, yet one is astonished at the cleanliness of their dress. You seldom see a female without a snowy chemise, and a ranchero may be seen emerging from a hut bedaubed with mud, and with a floor of earth, where it would be impossible for one to remain an hour without being besoiled with dirt, yet, though his only seat has been upon the earth floor, his drawers, which are exposed by the outside seams of his pants being unsewed, are of stainless whiteness, and his cotton jacket, if he has one, is equally neat. It must require a great deal of care and washing to keep those garments thus white and clean, and more especially as the lower classes have no soap to wash with; however, they use as a substitute the pith of the maguey, and the roots of a species of the palm, which possess considerable saponaceous properties.

The *peones* and lower classes of Mexicans live in the most abject state of poverty, and one is puzzled to conceive how they can sustain life with so small an allowance of food as they are usually accustomed to eat. A few *tortillas* or thin corn cakes, a small quantity of beans or *frijoles*, with a few strips of beef, dried and boiled with a considerable quantity of pepper, form the daily articles of food for a large family. It is not exaggeration to say that an American eats in one day what would last a Mexican five. Notwithstanding they thus stint themselves in their diet they enjoy a greater proportion of good health than do the Americans generally. Mr.

Thompson states that the bills of mortality in Mexico would show but few cases of remarkable longevity. This may be true with regard to the table lands of Mexico, but I am confident that I saw in the parts of Mexico through which our army passed, a far greater population of aged persons than can be found in any portion of the United States. We frequently met with persons of a hundred years age; and in the hospital at Vera Cruz there were quite a number of persons above a hundred. All the Mexicans have fine pearly teeth; and though instances of blindness are not unfrequent, yet these might be almost totally prevented with proper care, and spectacles are never seen in Mexico.

In no country in the world, where any pretensions to civilization are made, could the mechanic and agricultural arts be at a lower degree of imperfection than in Mexico. All their agricultural implements are of the rudest and most primitive construction, and the mode of culture is guided by no rules drawn from science. Indeed they seem to have declared war against advancement and progression in every form. With a country possessing the most varied and remarkable agricultural resources, they scarcely sustain themselves, even at the most stinted allowance, upon its soil. No country in the world possesses so many advantages to an industrious population. It is capable of yielding every production to be found upon the globe, and that too, with probably a smaller amount of labor than in the native region of each separate production. The principal staples of the earth grow here almost without culture; corn, wheat, barley, oats, sugar, coffee, rice, and tobacco, with cotton, hemp, flax, indigo, and the nopal which nourishes the cochineal, are produced

wherever the least industry is bestowed upon them. Its fruits are of the finest and most saporific character. And indeed in no other country can human life be so easily sustained. In the tierra calienta the fruits succeed each other so regularly, that many of the poorer classes subsist almost entirely upon them. The banana, which can not be be raised at a greater altitude than four thousand five hundred feet above the sea, grows here in native vigor, and is estimated to be the most nutritious of all vegetables. Humboldt says that the same quantity of ground which sowed in wheat would support one man, would, if planted with the banana, sustain twenty-five men. The maguey, which grows in nearly every part of Mexico, combines more useful properties than any other known vegetable. It was to the ancient Mexicans, meat, drink, and raiment. From it the Mexicans extract their principal beverage, the pulque, which resembles cider, and this when fermented and distilled produces a most intoxicating liquor, the *mescal*. The pith of the stem is applied to a variety of uses; it affords when boiled an excellent article of food; it is used for soap, and possessing considerable suberous properties, it is used for any purpose that cork can be applied to; and the stem is used in building the *jacales* of the ranchero. From the leaves, a strong kind of coarse thread is extracted by splitting the fibres, while the exterior of the leaf is stripped off after *maceration* into sheets of white paper resembling parchment; and the spines or prickles on the leaves are used for pins.

When nature has thus placed within the reach of man the means of so easily satisfying nearly every want, and where a people have no motive to acquire property; where the government is

of so unstable and faulty a character, and offers no encouragement to advancement in art, it is no wonder that the people are idle, ignorant, and servile.

Mexico abounds in the richest mines of every metal, yet but few, even of the most precious mines, are worked by Mexican proprietors; and though there are iron beds of the richest quality, yet one never sees a horse or mule shod in Mexico, and it is only on the wheels of the government wagons and the carriages of the rich that tires can be found; and it appears as though the idea of an iron plough never once occurred to them. A steamboat was never seen upon their waters until the invasion of the Americans, except the the one that Gen. Austin, I think, attempted to run on the Rio Grande, in which he met with the most decided opposition from the Mexican government. Indeed they did not know that any of their streams were navigable for steamboats until the Americans found it necessary to navigate them.

The country is sadly deficient in the means of transportation; almost all the commerce with the interior is carried on by means of pack mules. We captured a number of government wagons at Cerro Gordo, they were huge and clumsy vehicles, nearly or quite three times the size of our wagons, and I have not unfrequently seen from twenty to twenty-five mules attached to one of them.

The coaches of the rich are quite a curiosity to an American; the distance between the two sets of wheels is seldom less than twelve or fifteen feet, and there is a great disproportion between the size of the fore and hind wheels; the body rests upon large lateral springs, ten or

twelve feet long, and the front is usually garnished with gilded serpents, dragons, or some other like device. Their stage coaches, which are of American manufacture, are drawn by eight mules, two next the wheels, four abreast in front of these, and two as leaders. To each set of mules there is a driver who is mounted upon one of them, whip in hand, and they dash down the descents of the road at a most perilous and break-neck pace.

The most comfortable method of traveling is in a *littera*, a kind of covered carriage, borne upon the backs of mules, in the bottom of which is a matrass, upon which the traveler can sit or recline at pleasure; and whatever may be the asperities of the road, yet in one of these vehicles the traveler suffers no jolts and jars. Traveling is performed by the middle classes principally upon horse-back. Though the Mexican women never use bonnets, yet when upon horse-back they wear a hat or *sombrero* similar to that worn by the men, and I must confess that I do not admire their style of equestrianship. They seldom ride alone, a husband, father, or brother is usually mounted behind them on the same horse, and carries the whip, which he administers at pleasure. If the lady has a lady's saddle she sits exactly upon the opposite side to that the American ladies are accustomed to ride upon; but most frequently they use the saddle of the men, and like the bolder sex place a foot upon each side.

The rancheros make all their journeys upon horse-back. As there are no taverns in Mexico, he sets out with provisions enough for the journey, with his inseparable companion a blanket; at night he uncoils his cabrista from the horn of

his saddle, and tethers his horse in some grassy spot, while he, after building his fire and dispatching his meal, wraps himself in his blanket and sleeps upon the ground. When a ranchero has a single beef to carry to the market, instead of driving it, he throws his lariet over his horns and attaching the other end to his horse's tail, mounts his horse and makes the poor beast drag the beef after him.

The poor Indians are trained to burthens from their youth, and if they are not rich enough to have a donkey, they transport all their articles of trade to the market on their backs, and it is not unfrequent for them to carry heavy burdens forty or fifty miles upon their backs. It is indeed astonishing to see what immense weights they are capable of carrying; I have seen porters in the cities carrying three and four hundred pounds, and it is said they often carry more.

I think that it is Madame Calderon de la Barca that said, music was the seventh sense of the Mexicans. I was prepared to receive favorable impressions upon this head, but I must say that I was greatly disappointed. It was seldom that a song ever fell upon our ear, and even the few that we could hear would emanate from *los hombres ciegos*, or the blind men, at the street corners, and to have discovered the first trace of musical talent in the songs, would have required the astute perception of the most analytical connoisseur in the art; they were far more like the screeching of a dry cart wheel than good music.

The people of Mexico are more oppressed with the priesthood than any other of the Pope's subjects. The Catholic religion here displays its

worst attributes; and Mexico can never be free until the church is made distinct from the State, and her people have emerged from the debasing superstition with which the Catholic priesthood have shackled their minds. Catholicism has has here degenerated into the basest species of idolatry. A religion of images, forms and ceremonies is not the religion for a people who have, for centuries, been imbued with a proclivity towards idol worship. Though in every house one may see the symbols of Catholicism, yet it is plain to see that the ignorant Indian, although he may tell his rosary and repeat his Aves and Paternosters, is unable to look beyond the mere outward forms; he sees nothing in the picture of Christ beyond an image for worship; and it is not a rare occurrence that the Ind ans are yet found paying their worship secretly to graven images of their ancient idols.

The priesthood of every country, in order to render their followers religious, must not only preach, but practice their precepts; but in Mexico the lower order of the priesthood are constantly guilty of the grossest and most heinous crimes; indeed, in proportion to their numbers, no one class of people in Mexico are so often found committing such fragrant acts against the laws of God and man. When their ministerial duties are over upon the Sabbath, they are first to seek the cock pit and the monte table.

Probably no other people in the world would be so free from drunkenness, with the same temptations to the vice, as the Mexicans. It is seldom that one meets with an intoxicated Mexican, and yet there are but few legal enactments to prevent it, and that, too, when the very plants

of the earth, as the maguey, exude vast quantities of intoxicating fluids. But if they are, in a great measure, free from drunkenness, yet the vice of gaming is almost universal. They are undoubtedly the coolest race of gamblers to be found; they are naturally of a plegmatic temperament, and they are capable of dissembling the strongest feelings, and under circumstances that would excite an American so far that it would be impossible for him to conceal his emotions, a Mexican would appear almost as passive as apathy itself. There is an unreadable inexpression in their countenances that defies scrutiny; their features are as little the index to their thought, as is the surface of the ocean an indication of its depth or contents. A Mexican will stake his last quartier of hundreds and lose it, without betraying the slightest perceptible emotion.

The extensive prairies and pastures of Mexico afford the finest ranges for cattle of every description, and sheep, goats and kine are everywhere to be met with. Swine, too, are easily raised, but it is seldem they are found in any considerable numbers. I saw, near Victoria, quite a number of hogs, whose hoofs were formed like the hoof of a horse. The cattle of Mexico are of excellent quality, and the beef is universally good, and in many parts of the country the atmosphere is so pure that fresh beef never taints, if exposed to the sun, and, indeed, this is the only method many of the inhabitants have of curing their animal food, for salt can hardly be procured at all, in many districts, by the poor people. It is a striking commentary upon the indolence and lack of ingenuity in the Mexicans that, notwithstanding their extensive

herds of cattle, they have never learned to make butter, and hundreds never think of milking their cows, but use, when they wish milk, that of the she ass or the goat.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Gen. Worth moves on towards the City—Marching orders—Set out for home.

After the capture of Perote, Gen. Worth left a small force to garrison the castle, and then moved on towards Puebla with the remainer of his troops.

The army at Jalapa was now burning with impatience to march to the city. The volunteers had already made up their minds to move on the city, and did not expect to be discharged until the last day of their service expired. The term of service of the 1st Tennessee expired on the 28th of May, nearly a month before any other regiment, and we confidently expected that we would be able to reach Mexico before the expiration of our term.

On the 4th of May, Gen. Scott issued the order for the troops to be in readiness to advance on the 6th. The baggage and provision trains were put in readiness, and every preparation was made for an onward move, but on the night of the 5th the order was countermanded, and contrary to our expectations, and I must say not without serious disappointment to many of us, who had indulged the dream of reveling in the "halls of the Montezumas," we were ordered to

take up the line of march, on the 6th, for Vera Cruz.

It is difficult to ascertain what motive could have prompted the commander-in-chief suddenly to alter his intentions, and adopt the short-sighted policy of discharging seven regiments of well drilled and disciplined troops before their term of service had expired, when the service imperiously demanded their advance into the interior. There is not a single argument urged in favor of the discharge of these troops that will not apply with equal force in favor of their retention. Had Gen. Scott advanced at this time, he could have done so at the head of thirteen thousand disciplined troops, nearly all of whom had seen service in the field, and after leaving garrisons at all the necessary posts on the line, he could have entered the valley of Anahuac at the head of nearly or quite ten thousand effective men, and that too at a time when the enemy had scarce even the name of an army to oppose him. It is sophistry to urge, in extenuation, that the twelve months troops would have incurred great dangers from fevers had they been compelled to return to the seaboard a month or two later; they had already passed through the severest ordeal of acclimation, and were thoroughly prepared to stand the climate; and not one would have died on their return where twenty died of these unacclimated troops who were compelled to fill their places. However, we will leave it to impartial history to animadvert upon this fatal error, which has been justly characterized as the greatest *faux pas* of the war.

The "generale" sounded early on the 6th, and we were soon in line and *en route* for Vera

Cruz. The seven regiments of twelve months troops, numbering about four thousand men, were placed under the command of Gen. Patterson, who was to conduct them to the United States and discharge them from the service of the Government. It was a bright morning when we set out upon our return to march; we were now homeward bound; our hearts were light and cheerful, and the landscape appeared never so lovely before. As we climbed the hill at the entrance of the city, we turned to take our last near view of Orizaba. The bold masses of white, rolling clouds that hung over the intervening valleys, drifted past in glittering volumes, and unveiled the huge volcanic pyramids as its coronet of virgin snow caught the first sunbeam. It was a magnificent and imposing spectacle, and we looked on it until the city walls shut out the prospect. Emerging from the city, we continued our march without any incident worthy of relation.

The guerrillas had now commenced their assassinations, and we found the way side strewed with the stragglers who had been murdered when the army came up to Jalapa. As we passed the field of Cerro Gordo, the bleaching bones of the dead were plainly visible from the road, and the flight of vultures around the hill top and the barking of the cojotes or wolves in the dark ravines told that they were battening o'er the dead bodies of the fallen.

We found the road full of *litteras*, a kind of palanquin or easy carriage, supported by long shafts on the back of two mules, the one before and the other in the rear of the vehicle. The road was thronged, too, with *arrieros* or muleteers, with their long train of pack mules. As

nearly all of the transportation in Mexico is performed by pack mules, the *arrieros* form a distinct and considerable class of the population. And as a class they are said to be far the most honest of any other in Mexico; indeed, their occupation renders it necessary that they should be; at any rate, whether it is through honesty or covin with banditos, they usually are faithful to their employers. The *arriero* is an original character in Mexico; he is gay and light hearted, and reminds one of the character of the Bedouin Arab, and like the Arab he delights to while away his evenings by the camp fire in the rehearsal of his strange, wild adventures and rencounters with the robbers of La Hoya, Barranca, Secca, and Rio Frio. The muleteers of Mexico have a remarkable facility in packing burdens of every unwieldy size or shape upon their mules. They use the same *tintinabulum*, or little bell, that Phœdus tell us the Romans used in guiding and governing their mules.

After a severe march we reached Bergara, three miles below Vera Cruz, on the 10th of May. The sun was now directly above head, and the weather was extremely warm, and the day would have been insupportable to us, had had it not been for the fine sea bathing in which we took occasion to indulge.

Those who visited the city during the day found that little had been done towards repairing the damages done to the houses by the bombardment, and the grass was growing still in the barricaded streets.

A survey of the ground occupied by our troops during the investment, showed that the northers, with their clouds of moving sand, had already begun to fill up the trenches, and conceal the

breastworks; a few years and all traces of our ditches and embankments will have vanished. The cemetery, beside which Gen. Worth had erected one of his batteries, had been terribly torn up by the enemy's bombs, multitudes of graves and vaults had been bursted open and the ground was strewed with bones and fragments of broken tombstones. In one corner of the grave yard was a Golgotha or chamber filled with skulls; the bombs and balls had nearly demolished this chamber, and revealed hundreds of ghastly, grinning, scalpless skulls to the eye. Everything around showed that not even the bones and ashes of the dead was allowed to rest in peace.

As the transports were waiting in readiness to receive the troops, it required but little time to make the proper assignments of troops to each vessel, and on the 11th we passed through the city and commenced embarking; by evening the "Bloody First" was on board the fine ship Henry Pratt, and ready to put to sea. We lay all night at our moorings just outside the castle, patiently awaiting the order to put to sea. At length morning came, and with it the cheering order to weigh the anchor. The decks now presented an animating scene, the sailors were actively engaged in preparing the ship for setting sail; the mate, with the greater portion of the hands was heaving at the large anchor; and he lighted the labors by a song, which, with the skill of an improvisatori he admirably adapted to the ears of Tennesseeans. He sung of the glory that Tennessee had gained under Jackson, and of the noble manner in which she had sustained her high reputation in the Mexican war. His verses displayed a good deal of ingenuity

and poetic talent; and though rude, yet when sung under such circumstances, and with the chorus of the hardy tars, made every heart swell with pride and pleasure. The only verse I remember of the song is the following:

"I wish I was old Jackson's son,
I'd whip those Mexicans, every one;
I'd fight like Jackson used to do,
And chase them o'er hill and mountain too.
So heave her up from down below,
A few more heaves and that will do—
A few more heaves and then we'll go,
And bid good-bye to Mexico."

At length the anchor was weighed, the sails were set, and clearing our moorings we bore out from beneath the walls of San Juan de Ulloa, and with a fair breeze upon our larboard beam stood out to sea. It was but a few minutes ere the domes and white walls of the city and the towers of the castle began to sink in the distance, until growing more indistinct, at length a dim speck upon the horizon was the last that we saw of Mexico.

We reached New Orleans after a short and pleasant voyage, and our regiment, now numbering but little over three hundred, were quartered in the same barracks, where but a few months before we had been quartered, when numbering more than a thousand. We were the largest regiment that ever entered the field; but war, disease, and death had left but few, very few to receive the praises they had so hardly gained.

After a few days of detention we were paid off and honorably discharged, and soon the remnant of our gallant regiment once more stood upon the genial soil of Tennessee.

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