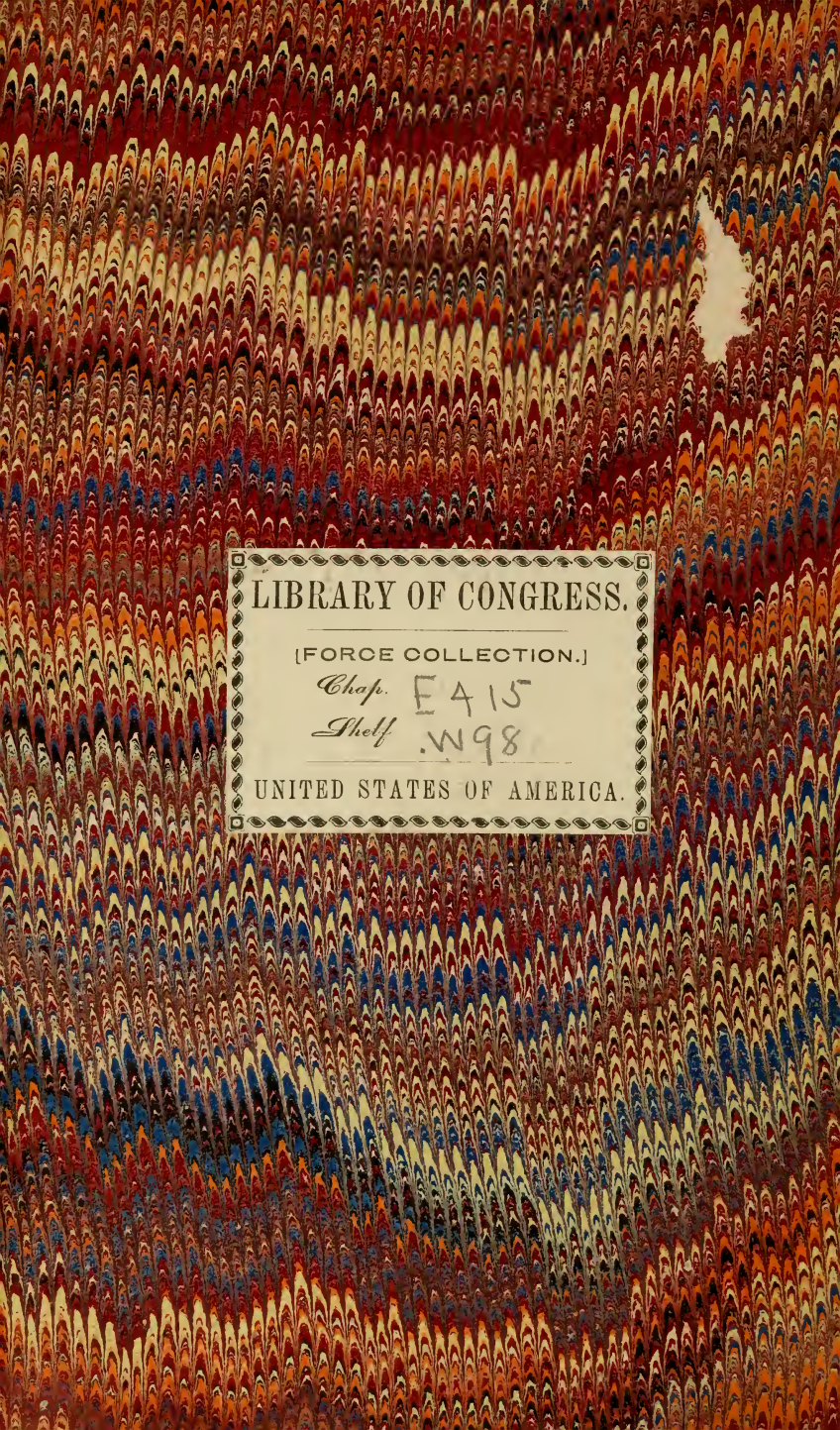


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS:

COMPRISING

DARING EXPLOITS,

PERSONAL AND AMUSING ADVENTURES

OF THE

OFFICERS AND PRIVATES OF THE ARMY,

AND

THRILLING INCIDENTS

OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

EDITED BY J. M. WYNKOOP,
LATE OF 1ST OHIO REGIMENT.

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P R E F A C E .

THE brilliant operations of both divisions of the American army in Mexico have been themes of universal admiration, and the acclaim of the world has rendered a deserving tribute to the masterly qualities of our generals. Buena Vista stands upon the page of history as one of the most gallant defences of modern times; while the rapid and successful movements of General Scott are; perhaps, unparalleled. To mention this, however, is a work of supererogation; it can add nothing to the laurel wreath that encircles the brows of our officers and soldiers, whose patriotism is only excelled by their gallantry on the field of battle.

No war has been more prolific in interesting personal detail and thrilling incident than that between the United States and Mexico. The Peninsular War affords, perhaps, the only parallel; and even the heroic and brilliant exploits of that era have been fully equalled by our gallant army; while the peculiar character of Mexican fighting has rendered personal daring and sacrifice absolutely necessary. The interest excited in the minds of the American people, to know and learn all that is

possible of their soldiers, who are either their personal friends, or have left homes contiguous to their own, led the editor to undertake the compilation of these pages. And, he believes, that, by mingling the "grave and the gay," as he has done, the public have the most interesting view of the war that has yet been presented them.

The present volume purports only to contain the personal adventures of the officers and privates of our army, together with the most brilliant exploits of the war. It is, of course, no attempt at an historical record; though, doubtless, most if not all of the incidents are authentic. The volume, it will be easily perceived, is chiefly a compilation, yet the editor has not deemed it necessary to give his authorities in every instance. He hopes that it may prove acceptable, and that the discrepancies and deficiencies, which a hurried compilation may easily occasion, and which doubtless exist in the present volume, may meet with the indulgence of a liberal and candid public.

THE EDITOR.

Zanesville, O. April, 1848.

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ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Burning of the Creole.

The most brilliant exploit of the war was, doubtless, the burning of the Mexican Schooner "Creole," under the walls of the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, by Lieutenant Parker, since deceased. It was boldly and gallantly done, and evinced the ripeness of our navy for deeds of utmost daring. There was a touch of downright "devil may care" courage about the transaction which is as refreshing as the adventures of ancient knight errantry.

The United States Brig Somers lay about four miles from the Castle; having been left by the rest of the squadron, (which was absent on the Tampico expedition,) to keep up the blockade of Vera Cruz. The inactive and monotonous life of those on board the Somers, led them to form enterprizes to relieve themselves from the excessive *ennui* of their situation; and the feasibility of burning the Creole at her moorings, as she lay within pistol shot of the Castle, had been frequently discussed, and it was finally executed in the most brilliant and successful manner, by three officers and five men, in a single boat.

The officers engaged were Lieutenant J. L. Parker, and Passed Midshipmen J. R. Hynson and Robert C. Rogers. The affair was finally started on the impulse of the moment, without the cognizance of either the Captain or the first Lieutenant. Several officers of the vessel, who were in the secret of the plot, were extremely anxious to participate in its execution, but the limited accommodations of the

boat, united with the probability of having prisoners to bring back, besides her own crew, precluded more than three officers going with prudence.

When the little party left the Somers at Sacrificios, they counted upon the setting of the moon before the moment of attack; but as the boat's crew approached a point where the proximity to the enemy made it as hazardous to pause as to proceed; the queen of the night was still beaming just above a cloudless horizon. When within three or four boat lengths of the Creole, however, she sank behind the distant highlands, but her disappearance only served to disclose another in the large revolving beacon light of the castle, which, at the distance of less than one hundred yards, threw its intense glare directly upon the boat. One of the officers, in describing its appearance as he gazed upon the apparently innumerable dazzling panes, as they turned one after another, remarked that they looked to him like ten thousand illuminated wheelbarrows going round and round. Thus they could hardly hope to escape detection, supposing it was feasible to board at any point.

The little party ran upon the larboard beam of the Creole, and passed within about seventy-five yards of the British mail steamer Clyde, from which vessel they were repeatedly hailed. The Clyde was, fortunately, to windward, however, and was not at all incommoded or endangered by the operations about to be undertaken.

There were three men leaning on the railing of the Creole as they came alongside, to whom Lieutenant Parker, who spoke their language like a native, represented himself as sent upon business by a friendly merchant vessel lying at Sacrificios. This quieted the Mexicans for a moment, but a clashing of the arms of the party, as they clambered up the vessel's sides, alarmed them again, and they at once hailed their brother sentinels on the castle walls. The alarm bell was rung, there was a rapid passing to and fro on the battlements,

and a display of lights in different parts of the town ; yet the little party persevered in their efforts, mounted the decks of the schooner, and secured every man on board, to the amount of seven, prisoners, and proceeded to lay the train for setting her on fire ; the first attempt failed ; the light was then accidentally extinguished—everything looked ominous of failure. The use of firearms would have provoked the fire of the castle. One of the Mexicans was forced to find fire with a pistol at his head. It was a bright coal, and it was on the point of going out. To save the last chance, Mr. Hynson then poured powder from his hand and succeeded, but he was considerably burned. After getting into the boat, it was feared that the fire would not burn, when the officers returned to make all sure by making a second fire ; and, it is said, that having no other material, they tore up their shirt tails, which burned remarkably well. The American shirts have been put to a good many uses during the present war ; at Tuspan a part of one was a flag of truce, at the Resaca they served to bind up wounds, and at Vera Cruz assisted in burning the Creole.

As they cast off from the burning vessel, and when still within pistol shot of the castle, and with the muzzles of the huge guns plainly visible, the party gave three hearty cheers. These failing to provoke a single gun, the impatience of the gallant tars vented itself in curses. It would appear that the Mexicans from the incessant ringing of bells, must have apprehended a general attack, and were too intently engaged in mustering and flying about to discover the little boat's crew. The whole affair appears afterwards to have annoyed them immeasurably, while, at the same time, it would go far to shew that the guns of San Juan de Uloa offered little protection unless the garrison have vigilance to discover an enemy, and presence of mind enough to fire upon him after he is seen.

The suspicions of the Mexicans, as might be expected,

under the first impulse of exasperation, and reckless of reason or truth, they are said to have gratuitously charged the English with aiding the Americans by hoisting a light—a light—a falsehood hardly deserving of contradiction. A light was hoisted by the Somers, which the alarm of the enemy must have magnified into two. The Mexicans have, however, become very vigilant since the occurrence, and a few nights afterwards fired upon what must have been some prominent rocks of the reef close by, mistaking them for boats!

Giving the Countersign.

One of that *fine* regiment, popularly spoken of as Colonel Stevenson's California boys, was put on guard by way of initiating him into the mysteries of a sentinel's duties. With the pass-word—"Newport"—were given to him strict injunctions to shoot the first man approaching or departing from the island, who did not pronounce the shibboleth of the hour.

The raw youth shouldered his musket, and soon all sounds were hushed save the echo of his own solitary walk, as monotonously he trod the beaten path. But anon and the sound of footsteps, and then a heavy plunge into the water caught his ear, and running to the spot, he hailed in the direction of the sound, "Holloo—who goes there?" "A friend," was the prompt reply. "Then if you be a friend *say Newport*, or I'll shoot."

Great was the laughter, and not small the vexation of the sergeant of the guard, who was in a tent near the speaker. Of course he had to call in the whole of the guard, and change the countersign.

Making a Priest Drunk.

Mendicant Priests are constantly going about the streets of all the cities of Mexico, begging alms for the "Holy Virgin," carrying a little tin box to receive the gifts of the benevolent. One of these entered a restaurant just after a score or more of American officers had dined; all in that peculiar mellowness of humor which a good dinner seldom fails to excite in a set of fellows who are not epicures, but, still admirers of "wot is good;" and this, added to the gurgling of the wine that was hissing around, besides numerous other strong drinks, embracing the whole vocabulary of punch and toddy, had placed the drinkers in what might be termed the quintessence of a jolly state; not drunk, Oh, no! Gentlemen never get drunk! Gentlemen only get merry! Very merry, sometimes, however!

The tin box was protruded. The reverend father raised his pious visage toward heaven, muttering several words that nobody understood; though, quite likely, invocations to scores of saints (whose pronunciation would be more difficult than the pronunciation of Webster's unpronounceable Dictionary,) to hear his pious prayers, and open the hearts of these sinning rascals who came to rob the church, and cause their purses to pour like a golden shower into the reception box of the lord! Praiseworthy occupation, truly! And the priest seemed desirous of testing the belief or benevolence of his company, for he immediately petitions in a mixture of English and Spanish to "give a mite for the souls of the wretched."

Captain —— who generally undertook to be spokesman of the party, in trying circumstances, being peculiarly gifted with the properties of blarney. In proof of which properties of blarney, it is related, that said Captain stopped the entire fire of a Mexican battery of six 8 pounders, at Cerro Gordo, by running up to the gunners as they were applying the match to the touch-hole, and telling them in Spanish that "they were d——d fools, frightening themselves so, firing

off cannon, wasting so much powder, just to blow to flinders the heads of those good fellows coming up the hill, yonder, who would give each one of them a flask of good liquor, a knapsack of pork and crackers, and safe quarters to boot! He'd pledge his word to that! that he would! and he would cut his own noddle off just so, if there was any failure in the treaty." At the same time clipping a Mexican's head in corroboration of his assertion. His men coming up in the meantime, enabled the courageous captain to give the Mexicans *safe* quarters, and the extras too, that is, if his men *would ratify the treaty!*

"Mr. Priest Sackcloth! you're a priest, you are! I'm a soldier, I am! You want some "rhino!" I've got the article damme! At the same time producing a handful of "picayunes" "bits" "etc." Now, Sir Sackcloth, I venerate your calling! so much like our own—robbing d—n fools! But, you're a Catholic—we "is'nt!" We like a horn—you "dos'nt" Now, if you'll take a horn, we'll take a little Catholicism; that is, pay the dimes, the quintessence of Catholicism." The Priest was no drunkard, not he indeed; though the usual prescription for monkish head-ache is a little brandytoddy made hot—very hot, with a nun to pour it.—But, "here was an honorable compromise,"* it was no harm, surely, to drink in the cause of the Virgin? So thought the priest, and swallowed a stiff horn. The benevolent feelings of the entire company were awakened, and "picayunes" and 'bits' chinked into the box, and 'horn' after 'horn' flowed down the pious father's throat, calling forth, as it gurgled in his mouth, myriads of blessings on the patrons of the holy saints. The priest's visage warmed into a natural glow; and the liquor ran down his throat as if there had been a stream run-

* Here was an honorable compromise,
A halfway house of diplomatic trust,
Where they might meet in much more peaceful guise,
And Juan now his willingness exprest—

Don Juan.

ning that way all his life, as the pence had into his tin box. The pious father became jolly, and went around the company dancing a jig, rather than a saintly walk, and singing his prayers to the Virgin in good round numbers.

And he now took the 'horn' not caring much whether the 'bit' went into the can or not. He had got round the company, and was pretty full of 'horns' and 'bits', but still he seemed loth to depart. He did not find such philanthropists every day.

"More—hic—tod—hic—dy!—hic—more—hic—bits—hic!" Essayed the priest.

"Jolly old Friar!"

Began one of the company. 'The priest caught the strain, and sallied into the street, with his tin box in one hand, and with the other donned his canoed beaver to his generous patrons; yet in replacing it, he could not get it to ride otherwise than aslant, and thus he wielded his tin box, singing as he went along, his beaver topling on one side—

"Jolly old Friar!"

*The grief of an old Soldier at the death of his Commander,
Col. Martin Scott.*

Passing over the battle-field of Molino del Rey, immediately after our victorious standard had been planted on the enemy's works, where lay the dead and wounded mingled together, my attention was attracted to different places, by the scenes of grief and sorrow—scenes which pained my feelings and shocked my sight—there I found many acquaintances, dead and wounded, whom I had seen but a short time previous full of health, and with buoyant spirits, marching at the head of their commands, in the strong hope of soon, by their noble deeds and heroic valor, achieving fame for them-

selves and honor for their country. But, alas! how uncertain are the ways of life; there I found the strong youth and the aged veteran, who fell side by side, to rise no more. Many of the most noble souls of the army, and the pride of the country's chivalry, there performed their last gallant acts on the stage of life. After going over a portion of the ground, and finding here and there a valued acquaintance, my attention was attracted to a grey headed veteran, who was standing by the side of one who had fallen. He leisurely took his blanket from his back, and spread it over the corpse with great care. I rode up to him, and asked him whether that was an officer. He looked up, and every lineament of his face betokening the greatest grief, replied, "You never asked a question more easily answered; it is an officer." I then asked him who it was. He again replied, "The best soldier of the 5th infantry, sir." I then alighted from my horse, and uncovering the face, found it was Col. Martin Scott. As I again covered the face, the soldier continued, without apparently addressing himself to any person in particular—"They have killed him—they will be paid for this—if it had only been me—I have served with him almost four enlistments—but what will his poor family say?" And as he concluded thus, the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and the swelling of his bosom showed how deeply he was affected by the death of his veteran and gallant commander. Could there have been anything more affecting than the grief of this soldier on the battle-field? And how truly sublime and eloquent was his reply to me, that it was "the best soldier of the 5th infantry." If the greatest orator of the age had dwelt upon the memory of a departed friend until he had exhausted his eulogy and eloquence, he could not have said anything which would make a greater impression on our feelings than did the reply of this soldier. Col. Martin Scott was among the "bravest of the brave." He fought his way into the army in the last war with Great Britain; since that time

he has been one of the brightest ornaments, and has signally distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, for which he has been promoted and brevetted.—*Letter from an Officer.*

Camp Ventriloquism.

Gen. Wool's strict principles of discipline are frequently of great annoyance to the officers and soldiers of the army, especially to the volunteer corps, who have but little respect for their officers, and still less for determinate sticklers to discipline.

A private in the Indiana regiment had frequently felt the effects of Gen. Wool's discipline; and, of course, conceived that it was aimed particularly at himself; he, therefore, was actuated by no very friendly feelings towards the general. Upon one occasion, as the general passed the regiment in review, he was saluted with the unusual sound of "*Old Wooley!*" The fiery little general turned round on his saddle, when immediately from the other side of the horse arose a gruff voice, "*Old Wooley!*" "Who dare"—commenced the general, in an enraged tone of voice, but he was interrupted by a different toned voice from the former,—"Old Wooley!" The general's choler was up; his 'Ebenezer was fairly riz!' He turned the head of his horse so as to face the line of soldiers, and was about to give utterance to some expression of rage, when a voice, apparently just by his horse's tail, squeaked "*Old Wooley!*" This was too bad. The little general was boiling with rage; his horse cut a quick caper, that fairly beat the renowned ponies in their polkas. But no one was by the horse's tail. The general looked at his staff—the staff looked at the general. "Some trick," essayed Colonel —; "Trick or no trick, it's"—here the general was cut short by the old sound, "*Old Wooley!*" "Arrest the offender!" shouted

the general. Very good; but the offender was not to be found. The officers looked along the line, behind, around, in every direction. The general was almost bursting with rage—universal silence again reigned—he raised himself in his stirrups, as if about to read a disciplinarian lecture to the corps of soldiers, but was again interrupted by a low chuckling voice, close by him, “Give’t up, old Wooley!” The officers could contain themselves no longer; a universal roar of laughter saluted the disciplinarian, who was forced to smile in spite of himself. “It must be the devil himself,” said Wool to an officer near by. “Perhaps some Ventriloquist?” The mystery was solved! But who was the guilty character? No one knew; all the officers were interrogated, but none knew of a Ventriloquist in their ranks. “Did n’t I give it to him?” whispered the Indianian to one of his messmates. “You did nothing shorter! But I’ll be hanged, Ned, if I did n’t think that awful visage of yours was goin’ to bust; you pulled such darnation queer faces!”

Origin of “Rough and Ready.”

We have all heard that the *soubriquet* of Rough and Ready had its origin in the Florida war, in which General Taylor treated the red-skins in the roughest way and readiest manner. It was first used in the present war during the May Battles. After the memorable battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto, the old general directed the men to be brought up before him in review, which was of course done. While reviewing them to see, no doubt, how they looked after their scrimmage with the yellow bellies; an old soldier, who served under him in the Florida war, proposed, at the top of his voice, “Three cheers for Old Rough and Ready!” which were given with all the honors. As soon as they had subsided, the old general, every feature of his open countenance

speaking volumes, gracefully took off his chapeau, and returned thanks, and added, "Gentleman, I would be happy to treat you all, but I have got nothing except some Rio Grande water with which to do it!"

"Yankee Doodle."

The *Teatro de Santa Anna*, assumed the name of "National Theatre" after the entrance of the American army; and, of course, was liberally patronized by the Americans. One evening, as usual the orchestra, after having played several airs, finished with a Mexican National Air. The audience, being chiefly American, called for "Yankee Doodle"; but the orchestra paid no attention. They stamped and rapped as if they would bring the house down over their heads, but still the orchestra heeded not. At length the bell rang, and up went the curtain. The audience seemed for an instant as if they were willing to give it up; but at this moment, a tall, slab-sided-looking genius, who bore the appearance of being a real thorough-bred volunteer, of the first water, raised himself about "half straight," and said—"I often heard that Yankee Doodle was the American fightin' tune, but as the darned eternal greasers keep us so busy while we are fightin', that we could n't have time even to whistle a little, I think we might have a little touch of Uncle Sam's favorite, if it's only to make a feller think of the white settlements." This acted like an electric shock upon the audience, and they recommenced their calls for Yankee Doodle. The actors appeared upon the stage, but still they continued to stamp and haloo. Señora Canette bowed gracefully, and smiled bewitchingly; but it was no use; they had determined upon hearing our national air, and nothing could persuade them from it. The actors withdrew, the curtain fell, the orchestra complied with their demands,

and the balance of the evening's entertainment passed off in excellent order. "Ah," said a Mexican gentlemen to an American officer, "It is no longer a source of surprise to me that we have been so easily conquered. Soldiers, who place love of country before the smiles of the fair sex, would conquer the world!"

Lieut. Morris.

In the late conflict near Mexico, soon after Major Twiggs, of the Marines, was killed, Lieut. Morris, of the Rifles, was ordered to make a charge, in order to attain a certain point. Deeming his men too few for the undertaking, and seeing the Marines without an officer, he ordered them to help him. They replied, that he was no officer of theirs, and refused—he remonstrated, and they still refused. Finding authority and remonstrance of no avail, he shouted to them—"Marines, I am the son of Com. Morris—if you have any veneration for his memory, follow me." The appeal was irresistible—their sailor hearts were touched, and with a cry of joy, they bounded forward, and shared his dangers and his perils, until success was obtained.

Charley Bugher.

There are but few persons in Boston who do not remember Charley Bugher. He was noted for his remarkable success in every enterprise he undertook. Charley was the first to present the citizens of Boston with the late Foreign papers. By boarding the steamer at an early hour, he was enabled to have his budget sold long before the City press had issued their extras, reaping at the same time a very handsome profit.

But what yankee ever staid at home all his life? Charley went to the wars for the fun of the thing, though not as a

soldier, but as a “volunteer on his own hook;” who chose to fight where the game was most promising. He was noted for his coolness and self-possession. Before the works of Valencia, near the capital, he was calmly loading his gun, in a position separated from the main body of the army, and picking off at least one Mexican at every shot. His peculiar sang froid attracted the attention of Gen. Worth, who was, doubtless, much surprised to see a man fighting in that outlandish fashion. The general rode up—“What regiment do you belong to, Sir?” “None, Sir! I’m one of the Printer’s craft, from *Bosting!*” The next day Charley was invited to Gen. Worth’s headquarters, and there received a handsome present, accompanied by the general’s thanks for his gallantry.

“*Wooling*” *General Wool.*

In honor of the marriage of the daughter of the alclade of Saltillo, a dancing party was got up, to which three of the Mississippi volunteers were invited, Saunders, Bertha, and Pat O’Rourke. Application was accordingly made to Gen. Wool for permission to go, but the General not having found any thing about dancing in his books on tactics and discipline, and not deeming it a very necessary accomplishment of a soldier, promptly refused the request. Now here was a dilemma. Our messmates were equally as determined to see some of the fun, and enjoy some of the dancing with the girls at the party, as General Wool was that they should stay in the camp that night. But how to effect their object was a matter of profound though somewhat vexatious study. In the midst however of their plans and schemes, none of which promised to secure the objects so dear to them, Pat was taken suddenly ill, and swore by all the saints in the calendar that he must be carried to the hospital, or he would die entirely; and immediately poor Saunders and Bertha, with

sad hearts, rolled Pat up, all dressed as he was in his best apparel, in a blanket, and taking a corner in each hand, with the watchword of "a sick man for the hospital," they soon passed the sentry. When out of hailing distance, Pat exclaimed, "boys, let me down aisy, we've pulled wool over ould Wool's eyes, and now let's be after the dance," and away they scampered to the wedding, where the adventure was soon told, which rendered the boys, and Pat in particular, the lions of the evening. They returned to camp next morning, reporting their sick comrade well, and the whole of them ready for duty. It is said, however, that General Wool, having some inkling of the trick that was played off on him, determined that, for the future, when there is any fun going on in town, there are to be no sick men, particularly from the Mississippi regiment, taken to the hospital.

Napoleon's Veteran.

The first discharges of the Mexican batteries upon the opening of the first engagement of Palo Alto killed a French veteran of Napoleon. He was serving as a private in the fifth regular infantry, and while bravely doing his duty as an American soldier received a cannon shot that carried off both his legs. He had witnessed the different phases of Napoleon's fortunes. He had passed unhurt through the bloody conflicts of Austerlitz and Jena, and had borne a manly share of the horrors and privations of the disastrous Russian campaign. He had seen the proud nodding of the plumes of the imperial guard, as they advanced to the charge led by the gallant and lamented Ney, and, when repulsed by the British square, he viewed their broken ranks hurrying to protect the Emperor, their gallant charge covering with glory the fall of the Empire at Waterloo. He had survived all these and lived to fall by a shot from a Mexican battery upon

the field of Palo Alto! His comrades gathered around him, and as they saw his lamentable wounds would fain offer him consolation; but the brave fellow, as his eyes were waning in death, waved his hand, and pointed to the enemy, exclaiming with his last breath, "Go on, comrades! I have only got what a soldier enlists for!"

An Adventure with a Nun.

Two American officers, having remained in the cathedral of Puebla after the services, were accosted by a Mexican Nun, who had lingered behind the sisterhood, with "You are an American?" addressed particularly to one of them; the officer bowed. His companion stepped a few paces ahead, and left him to enjoy the singular and unexpected adventure.

"Are you a man of honor?" began the nun.

"Such is the natural trait of an American soldier," replied the officer, again bowing.

"I wish you to render me an important service. Can I expect you to assist me?"

"Anything in accordance with my principles as a gentleman of honor, and my duty as an American soldier, I will willingly render in your service."

"I believe I may trust you." And, as a pledge to his sincerity, she offered him her hand, to which the officer respectfully bent his lips.

"When the bell of the convent tolls the hour of midnight, be at the western gate—more anon—adieu!"

At the appointed hour, the officer was ready at the convent walls, together with a few friends; who, at his desire, had accompanied him, to witness the upshot of what they supposed to be an innocent love adventure. As the hour of twelve was tolled, a small wicket opened, and a figure in a dark mantle, entirely concealing the form, appeared.

The officer approached, when the figure saluted him in a whisper,—“Accept my gratitude!” He immediately recognized the voice of the nun of the morning service, and did not hesitate to obey her injunction, “Be silent! Follow me!”

At a quick pace, she threaded through the darkened paths the officer following close behind; and presently opened a small door under a low archway, with a key she carried suspended from a ribbon around her neck; and, catching the officer by the hand, passed quickly through a dark passage, to a small door to which she applied another key, when the officer found himself in a lady’s chamber, the absence of every thing but a bed and chair giving sufficient evidence of its occupant. The nun turned the lock on the door, placing the key in her pocket, then turning to the officer exclaimed, “There is yet another and severer trial of your courage and honor, sir! Uncover that bed!” The officer obeyed, when, to his utter horror and amazement, he discerned the dead body of a monk, besmeared with gore. She noticed the sickened disgust of his countenance, and, in voice of rage addressed him, “What! are you startled at the sight of a dead body! you, who have slain hundreds of my countrymen! The favor you are to do me is to take that body upon your shoulders to the outer walls of the convent!”

“Madam! I promised nothing that was dishonorable. I cannot obey you.”

“Ha! she exclaimed, in a smothered voice of rage, drawing at the same time a pistol from her person, and levelling it at the officer’s head, “Refuse, and I have two dead bodies in my room! Nay, three, for this dagger, snatching one from a table, shall be bathed in my own blood, as it has already pierced the breast of that miserable monk!”

The officer was irresolute. But the pistol near his head quickly decided his questions of honor. He essayed to place the body on his shoulders, when the nun stopped him—“One

parting pledge!" filling at the same time two glasses of wine from a flask that was upon the table; the officer with a forced bow quaffed the wine, though he noticed that the nun put down her glass untasted. She now assisted him with his burden; and directed him to follow her through the same dark passage. She opened the outer wicket, and thrust the officer quickly through, closing it behind her, locking it upon the inside.

The officer narrated his adventure to his comrades, when it was thought advisable to make immediate report to the commanding general. They had proceeded but a few paces however, when the officer fell a lifeless corpse upon the flagged pavement. The nun's glass of wine had done its work.

A few days after a long procession of priests and common people followed the body of a nun to her grave. She had died suddenly in her bed. So said the priests. But suspicion whispered that the double murderess had added suicide to her other crimes.

The Repulse at Buena Vista, and fall of H. Clay.

The Kentucky, Illinois and Mississippi regiments were placed by order of the General in chief in front, while O'Brien's artillery was placed on the right, to meet the charge of the Mexican lancers, who rode gallantly forward upon the American ranks, with every appearance of a desperate effort to gain the day. O'Brien's battery was the only one upon the field. Sherman's and Bragg's not having yet come up from the left were they had contributed to the repulse of the enemy. O'Brien fought until nearly all his men were killed, then retiring abandoned his guns to the enemy. At this moment the batteries of Sherman and Bragg and Washington appeared on the field, and a destructive fire was opened from all sides upon the body of lancers. This action was to de-

cide the fate of the day, and the efforts of both parties were consequently redoubled.

At length the Mexicans began to waver, when the Kentuckians and Illinoisians charged forward, driving the immense masses of infantry and cavalry before them. The Illinoisians passed around the head of a ravine in front, while the Kentuckians crossed its deep bed. As they rose on the opposite bank they formed and delivered several fires, when finding themselves beyond supporting distance, and being raked in their right flank by a battery, they were unable to support the Mexican columns which had rallied and returned, charging on them with fury. The Kentuckians and Illinoisians also, retired down the banks of the ravine, where they were overwhelmed with a shower of balls. Here fell Colonel John J. Hardin of the first Illinois volunteers, Col. R. W. M'Kee of the Kentucky regiment, and also the gallant Lieut. Col. Henry Clay, jr. the son of the distinguished statesman of Ashland. He had graduated at West Point as the second in his class; and, having resigned his commission, was practicing law at Lexington, when the call for volunteers was made. With a patriotic devotion, not unworthy of his sire, and which has ever been the distinguishing trait of his native state, he enrolled himself under his country's banners, and joined Gen. Taylor, having been made Lieut. Colonel of the Kentucky Regiment. He was shot through the legs, during the last charge made by the regiment to which he belonged. He fell though not mortally wounded, in the bed of a ravine, and three of his men were bearing him from the field up the slope of the hill, when, being pressed by the enemy, the generous Clay begged them to leave him and save themselves, and at the same time handing to one of them his pistols, said, "Take these and return them to my father. Tell him I have no further use for them." The men seeing that all must be lost unless they quickened their pace, dropped their charge and fled. Col. Clay was last seen lying on his back, fighting

with his sword a squad of Mexicans, and was found pierced with ten bayonet wounds.

“*General Taylor never surrenders!*”

Upon the field of Buena Vista, the successful fire of the Mississippi Rifles and Third Indiana, together with the brisk cannonade of Capt. Bragg, joined by the cavalry of Capt. May, enclosed, almost in walls of fire, a large party of Mexican cavalry, that had attempted to force the brigade of Gen. Lane. Santa Anna immediately sent an officer to know what Gen. Taylor wanted. Gen. Wool attempted to carry an answer, but was prevented by the fire of the enemy. The general-in-chief despatched Lieut. Crittenden to demand the surrender of the body of cavalry detached from the main body of the Mexican army. The officer, pretending not to understand the message, conveyed the lieutenant blindfolded to the headquarters of Santa Anna; who inquired of him what Gen. Taylor wanted. The lieutenant replied, “He has sent me to demand your immediate surrender.” When this extraordinary demand was translated to the Mexican, he raised his hands and eyebrows in utter astonishment at the temerity and presumption of such a message, and replied, that he would expect Gen. Taylor to surrender in an hour, or he would destroy all his forces. Lieut. Crittenden’s reply was, “*General Taylor never surrenders!*”

Santa Anna effected his object by this *ruse de guerre*, for the suspension of firing enabled the body of cavalry to return to the Mexican army.

Death of a Soldier.

A soldier, by the name of Victor Galbraith, a bugler in Captain Mier’s company of volunteer cavalry, was shot at Saltillo, for threatening his captain’s life. The poor fellow

had, in a moment of passion, or when gloating over some real or imaginary wrong, given utterance to an expression that brought him before a court martial; and, according to the regulations of the service, was condemned to be shot. The troops were all mustered to witness the dreadful scene. The unhappy prisoner was brought forward under the charge of the provost marshal and guard. Sixteen men were detailed, and formed in single file. The prisoner calmly sat down on his coffin at a few paces distance, and looked the executioners firmly in the face. His sentence was then read to him; he threw his head back, and said to the men,—“Take good aim: I am ready to die!” They fired; he fell immediately, having received three balls in his body; but in a few moments he again arose, resting on his elbow, and asked for water, and drank. He then said, “Kill me at once, and relieve me of my misery;” when four of the men, who had reserved their fire, advanced; and, placing the muzzles of their guns to within a few inches of his body, fired, almost cutting him asunder. Though he had, doubtless, merited his fate, yet the resolution and firmness with which he faced death, excited tears of sympathy, from all who witnessed the sorrowful scene, that one, endowed with such manly resolution, had not met a nobler death than that of a condemned criminal.

The Man that spoke Mexican.

Gen Wool, the brave and heroic soldier of Buena Vista, is a strict disciplinarian as well as a gallant and accomplished officer. The following “good ’un,” which Capt. Tobin tells us happened in camp, must have excited the fiery little general to a high degree. While sitting in his marquee, a Mexican was ushered into his presence whose demeanor denoted the importance of some important communication which he wished to deliver.

The General could not speak Spanish, and his interpreter was sought in vain. A long specimen of a sucker, who from the *outré* style of his dress, the General took, perhaps, for a ranger, happened at that moment to straggle past.

"Come here my man," called out the General. With an air of perfect nonchalance, the sucker doffed his battered castor and entered the tent.

"Do you speak Mexican?" inquired the General.

"Why, General, I rather guess not."

"Well, can you tell me of some one who does?"

"Yes-sir-ee—I jist can," answered the man.

"Quick, then, and let me know where he is," demanded the irascible commander,

"Why, here," drawled the imperturbable sucker, laying his hand on the Mexican with whom it was desired to communicate, *he can't speak any thing else.*"

Scenes at the Quartermaster's.

Those who wish to see the effects of the war, should visit the Quartermaster's department at New Orleans. Early in the day numbers of returned soldiers throng around the entrance, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the officers connected with the department. When the doors are opened, they all rush up to have their accounts adjudicated. Here you will see a colonel, who has just returned from Mexico. His epaulets are faded and his countenance is bronzed with exposure. He has mounted the heights of Monterey—served at Churubusco, Chapultepec, and like a lion, sprung through the gates of the city of Mexico. With his martial cloak thrown carelessly around him, he does not seem to think he has done any thing, but only comes to get the accounts of his regiment settled. He thinks of his home, where his loved ones are. It may be, that for months he has not received a single letter

from his friends, and he longs to meet them. After having sought the "bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth," he returns to his homestead—and who can tell the greeting that he will receive! His friends will cling around him, and look upon him as the oak that has been scarred, though not blasted by the lightnings of war. Who would not envy his feelings when he finds himself in the bosom of his family! Again, here enters a stalwarth captain, with an air that shews that he is bravery itself. He, too, has been to the wars, and bears the marks of honorable wounds. His company, to him have been a family, and he is as careful of their wants as though they were his own children. When he gets their accounts settled, and furnishes them with transportation to their homes, scenes will take place that none but those who can dive into the depths of human nature can imagine. "Captain," one soldier will say, "I bid you good bye! I'm going to the west, for I've got enough of the war. When I deserved it, sir, you treated me purty hard, as I thought then, but I do not think so now, sir. God bless you, sir." Another soldier came up—may be with too much brandy in his brain, Captain, said he, "how are you old boss! Well, we got through it all didn't we? You would'nt let me have my licker down 'here at Vera Cruz; but now I'm discharged, and I'm going on a regular bender!" Then again, a staid, sober young man, with an almost healed wound on his cheek, and his arm in a sling approaches his captain. His officer turning round and seeing his face, grasps his hand—"William, my dear fellow, you saved my life at Molino del Rey. I shall never forget when a swarthy Mexican brought his escopeta to bear upon my breast, you rushed in between us and received the ball in your arm. And then, William, when I was wounded by a lance, and you were sabred, you crept up to me, whilst the blood was gushing from your cheek, and endeavored to take me off the field. William, we are both going to our homes—perhaps never to meet again—what can

I do for you?" "Captain," answers the young soldier, as he wipes his eye with his unwounded hand, "as you say, I did all I could for you. When I enlisted I swore in my heart that I would never desert you. When the balls were coming on in showers, I didn't care for myself, but I thought of you. Death was nothing, then, sir; but I thought of one who was far away. I promised her when I left my home in Dayton, Ohio, that I never would desert the banner of the stars and stripes. Captain, give me a line to my dear old mother, and in it please say that I have done my duty."

The Military Tailor.

The following rather ludicrous scene took place on board one of our men of war, while the army was encamped around Vera Cruz:—Captain——, and a very valiant captain he has proved himself, in many a hard fight—but the captain's bravery is no part of our story. Well, then, Captain—— was on board one of our men of war, on a visit, while the army was encamped around Vera Cruz, and having complimented the commander of the craft on the appearance of his vessel, he added—"Captaine, you doesh'nt sheem to rememberish me." The commander replied that he certainly did not remember ever having had the pleasure of seeing him before. "Vy, I knowsh you in —— ven I vash tailorsh, and I tinksh you owesh me for a coat; but never mind dat now; for we are all gallant tailors and zoldiers togeder." The commander assured him that he was mistaken in the person, and begged to be excused, as duty required his presence elsewhere. The commander then left the captain to the care of his first lieutenant, who, (seeing the same, and knowing that there was a party in the ward-room, than whom none liked fun better,) invited Captain—— below. As soon as the officers had talked and laughed awhile, and stowed away a few slugs of brandy, in the soldier's locker, they asked the

green horn how it came he happened to be captain of the company. Capt. — looked suspiciously around, but his entertainers appeared too serious and sincere to allow of his supposing that they were asking for amusement, or attempting to run a rig on him. He, therefore, replied, "Vell, den, you must knowsh dat I was tailorsh, and ven the volunterish want the uniforms, dey come to mine schtore, and I makes the uniformsh for dem. I makesh great many uniformsh for all one companish, but ven I vant to get my monish, de d—d volunterish had no monish at all to pay me. Vel, you shee, dat vas bad, so I vent home to mine vife, and I say to mine vife, I cannot get mine monish from de d—d volunteersh, and mine vife, too, say dat was bad; and mine vife and I ve vent to bed on it. Vel, after a little, ven I was laying in bed alongshide of mine vife, and shinking how I should get mine monish, my vife poked me in de shide and say, 'dis ish not right.' Vell, I did not know vot vas not right, and I ask mine vife, as she lay in bed. Mine vife say, 'you must get de monish from de d—d volunteersh,' (no, mine vife did not say d—d; mine vife doesh not swear.) Vell, I say I shall be glad to get de monish; but if dey have not got de monish, how can I get it? Den mine vife say to me, 'You are one fool; you must go to dem volunteersh, and you must tell dem dat dey must make you captaine of de companish, or you vill put dem all in de jail, and den dey cannot go to de halls of de Montezumash; and den mine hushband—mine goot hushbund—ven you are captaine, you vill get de monish to pay de zoldirsh dare vages, and den you can pay yourself.' I shumps up in de ped, for I see dat mine vife vas right; so de next day I vent to de volunteersh and I tell dem vat mine vife say; and de next day dey elect me captaine, and I paysh mine self." The officers could no longer restrain their laughter, but burst out into one simultaneous shout. The Captain sloped as well as he was able, and has never ventured on board a man of war since.

Dan Murphy.

Shortly after the entrance of the American army into the capital of Mexico, there died one of those remarkable men, whose lives appear more like romance than history—Daniel Murphy, a Texan Ranger.

The following is a brief sketch of his eventful life, as it appeared in the American Star, city of Mexico.

After participating in the capture of San Antonio de Bexar, when Cos surrendered that fortress, and a well appointed army, to a handful of Texans, he joined the Georgia Battalion under Fannin, near Victoria, and was with them when they surrendered to Urrea, and was marched to Goliad. On the morning of the famous massacre of that noble band, and after the first discharge from the enemy, Dan, with two or three others, succeeded in making his escape, and reaching the Texan camp. He was again found in the Texan camp when Bowles, the Cherokee chief, had combined the twelve tribes to exterminate the whites and drive them from the country. The result of this campaign was the complete expulsion of the Indians from the settlements. He next joined the ill-fated Santa Fe expedition, and was again made prisoner, and again escaped to Texas; and coming upon the Rio Grande frontier, like the lamented Cameron, was the terror of those robbers and butchers under Canales, &c., who were the annoyance of the scattered settlers. When the war broke out between the United States and Mexico, Dan came to the Rio Grande, and has been present in every fight we have had with the Mexicans, from that place to this. His fights are now over! Twelve years ago, he swore to be revenged for the massacre of his comrades at Goliad, and well has he kept his oath. He died in the capital of his enemies, with the flag of his country waving over their conquered battlements.

Charge of Captain May.

Gen. Arista, after his defeat in the two successive engagements of Palo Alto, had fortified himself in a much stronger position, that of Resaca de la Palma. His troops were placed in position with consummate skill. He had selected a point of the road, upon each side of which lay a deep and impassable ravine. His front line of infantry was posted on the exposed side of the ravine, while that opposite to the American army was lined with his batteries. The Mexican ranks were quickly driven over the ravine, but the deadly fire of the enemy's batteries prevented the American force from making a further advance: while the road was rendered still more impassable by a strong battery of large fieldpieces, placed directly in its centre, together with flanking batteries. The infantry had stopped upon the edge of the ravine; though not idle, as they were keeping up a brisk fire upon the Mexican lines; while Ridgely's battery was engaged with the enemy's in a sharp cannonade, yet with no ulterior hopes of victory. The crisis had arrived. The sagacity of the general-in-chief perceived that the main battery of the enemy must be taken. He gave an order to an aid by his side, and in a few moments, Captain May, of the dragoons, galloped towards him. "Sir," said General Taylor, "you must take that battery." "I will do it!" replied the gallant Captain, and returned to his command. "Men, follow!" And away sped eighty-four dragoons, four abreast, with their leader four yards in front; raising a shout as they swept along, that rang above the din of battle, while their horses' hoofs seemed to shake the ground.

But May's moment had not yet come. The gallant Ridgely obstructed his onward progress. "I am ordered to charge those batteries," said May, coming to a halt. Ridgely, begrimed with powder, and laboring in the humblest offices about his pieces, turned to his brother officer, and knowing the dangerous duty he had to perform, said, "Wait, Charley,

till I draw their fire." The next instant the match descended, and ere the sharp report of Ridgely's batteries had fairly broken on the air, the enemy replied, and the copper hail came whizzing and crushing among the brave artillerists. Quick as thought Ridgely limbered up, and deployed from the road, his men jumped on their pieces and cheered the dragoons as they passed. The dragoons were stripped of every unnecessary encumbrance, and brandished their weapons with their naked arms, that displayed the well-filled muscle, glittering like the bright steel they wielded. May, far in advance, seemed to be a living messenger of death that Ridgely had sent from his battery at its last discharge. There followed in his lead the long dark line of his squadron; and as his charger rose upon the enemy's batteries, the rider turned to wave on his men. That instant the enemy poured a destructive fire of grape and cannister from their upper battery, bringing eighteen horses and seven men to the ground. The Mexicans were completely driven from their guns, and their fire silenced. But, though repulsed, they were not yet conquered. Back they rushed to their guns, and commenced loading for another discharge upon the gallant squadron. May charged upon the gunners in the act of firing their pieces; they fled, one officer alone remaining, who vainly endeavored to rally his men. Despairing of success, with his own hand he seized a match, when May ordered him to surrender. Discovering that the demand came from an officer, the Mexican touched his breast, and said, "General La Vega is a prisoner."

Lieut. Newman.

At Churubusco, Lieut. Newman, of the "Green Mountain Boys" lost his left arm, while charging with his regiment (the 9th,) the ranks of the enemy.

It was on this occasion that, a report having reached Gen. Scott that the 9th had fallen back, he rode towards the position occupied by Col. Ransom's men—and meeting an Aid of Gen. Pierce, eagerly inquired if it was so. “No, sir,” replied the Aid; “the 9th has charged—it has not fallen back.” “Then” exclaimed the General, “the day is ours!”—thereby expressing that unbounded confidence in the New England bayonet, which is a favorite sentiment of the Hero of Lundy's Lane.

Anecdote of Captain Mason.

Captain Mason, in reconnoitring one of the enemy's works near the capital, advanced to within a short distance of the enemy's batteries, when a Mexican officer with a small escort rode towards him. Captain Mason drew his revolver. The Mexican then in Spanish saluted “Good morning.” The captain responded. The Mexican then said, “You seem to be very curious: suppose you come a little closer.” “No I thank you, sir, I can see very well where I am.” “Walk inside, sir; we will endeavor to treat you as well as the accommodations of the camp will enable us.” “I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness, but prefer partaking of your hospitalities on some other occasion; and, holding his spy glass to his eye, he continued, “I only want at the present to see how you are situated. I can see two guns in embrasure, one in barbet, and I think you have one in embrasure a little further to the left. That gun I see your men loading, I do not think you will be able to bring it bear on me, as I will keep you between it and myself;” and moving a little to the right, he continued his observations. One of the escort then spoke in English, and said, “You d——d rascal, you know better than to come in here. If I was to get hold of you, I'd cut your d——d throat.”

The Captain quietly finished his reconnoissance, and offer-

ing his salaam to the Mexicans, wheeled his horse and rode off; the Mexicans returning to their ranks much chagrined at not being able to decoy the daring officer into the net they had spread for him.

An attempt to capture Santa Anna.

Late in the evening, a secret expedition set out from the city of Puebla, about three hundred and fifty strong, under the command of Brigadier General Lane. The object of the night march was known only to the general; yet the officers and troops felt, having unlimited confidence in their commander, that it was more than worthy of the sacrifice of comfort they were called upon to make, by a night ride and during a cold rain. On leaving La Puebla the command took the Vera Cruz road; but after riding about twenty miles it turned into a track, but little better than a mule path, covered with broken and jagged limestone rock, that rendered the rapid travelling extremely painful to both horse and rider. They, however, bore it admirably; and, at about 5 o'clock, in the morning, the troops took up their quarters at a hacienda, near the village of Santa Clara, after having accomplished a march of over forty miles.

At this place the general informed the officers, that his immediate object now was to capture Santa Anna, who, he had information, was at Tehuacan, with about one hundred and fifty men. In order that the Mexican chieftian might not obtain information of the presence of his troops in this section of country, the general ordered every Mexican in the hacienda, and every one found on the road during the day, to be arrested and kept close until he left in the evening. The order was strictly enforced; and at about dusk, the march for Tehuacan, distant about forty miles, was taken up, in the full expectation that the wily Mexican would soon be within their grasp.

Shortly after leaving the hacienda, at a part of the road where it runs through a deep and narrow cut, and before the moon rose, the general and his staff, riding in advance, came upon a party of Mexicans, armed, before either saw the other, at a distance of twenty feet. The Mexicans, eight in number, were instantly disarmed; but in the rear of them was found a carriage, from which stepped a Mexican, with a passport from Gen. Smith, allowing him to travel from Mexico to Orazaba and back, with an escort of eight armed servants. This being discovered, the arms were of course returned, and the cavalcade permitted to go on.

Within eight or ten miles of Tehuacan, the guide received information that Santa Anna was, without doubt, at that place, and had with him from one hundred to two hundred men. With renewed hope every man now spurred his 'jaded steed,' and on they went quick enough until within five miles of the town, where a halt of half an hour was made, and the plan of attack and capture disclosed by the general to his officers. The party mounted; orders were given to observe the strictest silence during the remainder of the march. The order was obeyed, for every man had an intense anxiety to obtain the prize ahead.

At early dawn the troops had arrived within half a mile of Tehuacan. The town was in sight; and the flitting to and fro of lights, together with the discharge of a solitary gun, gave hopes of meeting the enemy. As the command came to the entrance of the town, the dragoons and rifles dashed to the right and left, and in a few minutes every outlet was stopped; the rangers galloped ahead toward the plaza, with their six-shooters cocked, glancing an eye on every side, with the belief that the enemy was on the rooftops. The rangers in the plaza, in a moment squads were galloping through the streets; but no enemy was to be found, and in a few minutes the general had the mortification to learn that the great object of his search had fled two hours

before he had arrived, and had taken the road to Oajaca, with an escort of seventy-five mounted men. The national flags hung out from the residences of foreigners, and white flags from the houses of Mexicans in every part of the town, told that the approach of the troops was known in advance; and it was with chagrin that the general learned that the Mexican, whose coach and escort was stopped shortly after leaving the hacienda, sent by a short route across the mountains one of his servants to communicate to Santa Anna, that American troops were on the road, and, as he believed, with the intention of capturing him.

Though General Lane's deportment throughout this expedition was that of an accomplished officer, yet, had he have held the Mexican with his escort under arrest for a few hours, without the possibility of dishonoring the passport of an American general, Santa Anna would, most probably, have been a prisoner of war. As it was, the object of the expedition failed; and the only solace the Americans had for their disappointment was the appurtenances of Santa Anna's military wardrobe, which he had left in his hurry to escape. A richly gold laced coat, worth about seven or eight hundred dollars, fell to the lot of Col. Hays. The numerous other articles were divided among the officers, Gen. Lane only reserving to himself an excellent field-glass, as a trophy of the self-styled "Napoleon of the West."

Captain Jo.

During Col. Doniphan's march from El Paso to Chihuahua, the black servants of the different officers of the regiment formed themselves into a company. There were twelve of them, of which number eleven were officers and one high private. Jo. —, servant to Lieut. —, was elected Captain. He was the blackest of the crowd, and

sported a large black feather, with a small black hat; also a large sabre, with an intensely bright brass hilt; which same sabre was eternally getting involved in the intricate windings of his bow legs. With Jo for captain, they were a formidable body; and to hear them talk, they would work wonders.

During the battle of Sacramento, however, the company was not to be seen; but after the action was over, they were espied breaking out from the wagons, and joining in the pursuit. That evening one of the officers attacked Jo about his company.

“ Well, Jo, I hear your men were hid behind the wagons during the fight? ”

“ Massa, I’s e berry sorry to say it am de fact. De men wouldn’t fight. I called on de patriotism ob de company. I injoked dem by all dey hold near and dear in dis world and de next. But it was no use; de cowards would get on de wrong side ob de wagon’s. ”

“ But what did you do, Jo, when you found your men would not fight? ”

“ Why, de fact am dis, de fire kept gettin’ hotter and hotter, and dis nigga kept gettin’ cooler and cooler; so, de best thing I thought dis nigga could do, was to get behind de wagons his self! ”

The Soldier’s Bible.

After the storming and capture of Chapultepec, the gallant 9th infantry, under Major Seymour (the brave and lamented Ransom having just before fallen on the heights of Chapultepec,) found himself with others at the aqueduct, under the walls of the city. Here it sustained a most deadly fire from the enemy’s balls and escopetas. Bomb shells, grape, canister and musket balls flew thick and fast around them, killing and wounding a number of his best and bravest men. Lieut.

Jackson, company F, of the 9th, during the melee, received an escopeta ball in his breast, which, glancing off, whizzed upon the ground for a great distance, and must have killed him dead upon the spot but for a fortunate incident,—he carried in his vest pocket a small copy of the bible, a precious volume, the gift his sister, just before leaving his New England home. The ball struck the book and made a deep hole in it, but it proved as good a breastwork on the occasion as the cotton bags did at New Orleans to the troops of General Jackson and saved the life of its owner.

Anecdote of Santa Anna.

The following is copied from the *Diario*, the official paper of the Mexican government: “During the action of the 20th inst., while our troops were retiring from the bridge of Churubusco to Candelaria, still combating with the forces that charged after them, four dragoons, and a captain of the enemy threw themselves forward into our column with such rapidity, that they were not observed till they arrived at the works of Candelaria. They were there first recognized as enemies, and fired on by the garrison, by which the four dragoons and the captain’s horse were killed. The captain, on regaining his feet, was surrounded by some of the President’s aids, and other officers who came with his column. They were about to kill him, when the President interposed, and ordered them only to disarm him. His excellency, after taking a turn along the embattled ranks, returned to the place where they had their prisoner, when one of the officers said to him, “General, this man ought to be shot; he has himself confessed that he came here for the purpose of killing your excellency.” “How so, what says he?” inquired the President. “He says,” was the reply, “that learning from one of the prisoners that your excellency was with this column,

he, with the four soldiers that followed him, took the resolution of reaching and slaying your excellency; for if they accomplished this it would be a most glorious act, and still more so if they should perish in doing it." Admiring their daring bravery, the President replied: "Now, less than ever, will I allow any harm to be done him. He is prisoner of war; and let him who lays hands on him beware. Alas! if I had many officers like him, Scott would not now be so near us."

"Ten strike! Set 'em up!"

During the battle of Monterey a detachment of volunteers were ordered forward to protect Bragg's battery, while dragoon horses could be procured to supply the places of those shot down by the enemy. Marching hurriedly out they were in some confusion, which was observed by a party of Mexican lancers, who, supposing them to be retreating, instantly charged upon them. The officer, seeing their approach, drew up his men in order behind a chaparral fence and awaited their charge. On they came, full tilt, expecting to dislodge the volunteers by their furious onset; but at a proper distance they received a volley from the volunteers, which tumbled fifteen or twenty in the dust. Not relishing this unexpected reception, they turned and fled; in the mean time a howitzer had been brought to bear on them from the battery, the first shell of which cut down ten of the hindmost of the retreating lancers. "Good lick!" shouted one of the b'hoys, "*a ten strike, by G—d! Set 'em up!*"

This anecdote reminds us of an old Texan, who, on the afternoon of the 23d September, got strayed away from his comrades, by some accident, in the streets of Monterey, and fell in with a company of the regular infantry. These he half joined, fighting partly on "his own account" while at the same time he endeavored to conform as much as possible

to the discipline of his new acquaintances. In addition to a heavy fire of grape from the batteries, there was an incessant rattling of small arms from the tops of the neighboring buildings; but the worst customers our troops had to contend with were an old man and a boy, upon the nearest house, who were loading and firing their escopetas as fast as possible, and with an accuracy of aim that killed or crippled at every shot. The regulars had discharged their muskets at them several times, yet without effect; but now came the turn of the old Texan. Watching his chance, he waited until the old man and the lad raised themselves above the parapet. No sooner did he get them in range than he cracked away, and with such unerring aim that the same ball pierced both. “*Dubs*” ejaculated the old veteran, as the twain staggered and fell, and as he said it he brought the breech of his rifle to the ground with a jerk that well nigh broke the stock. Those who have not yet forgotten their marbles, will be more than half inclined to laugh at the earnestness of the Texan, in his anxiety to count “*dubs*.”

“Give them H—ll!”

Late in the day at Buena Vista, during the last charge of the Mexican Lancers, the Kentucky regiment, after having crossed a deep ravine, were nearly surrounded by the enemy. An officer was despatched to General Taylor, to know whether they must retreat, as it was almost impossible to stand their ground against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. In a few moments the officer, Capt. —, returned. “Boys,” said he, “Old Rough says to give them H—ll!” It acted like an electric shock. The regiment raised a scream of joy, and rushed on to the charge, roaring in the ears of the ‘yellow bellies,’ “Hurrah for old Kentuck!”

Serenading vs Discipline.

Old Rough and Ready is as much noted for his contempt of unnecessary discipline, as Gen. Wool is for his strong observance of every point of military regulations. An amusing incident illustrative of the prevailing traits of the separate commanders occurred while the army was encamped at Agua Nueva.

Some of the officers were in the habit of whiling away part of the night in a sort of uncouth serenade of a medley of instruments, the best the camp afforded. One evening they repaired to the plain tent of Gen. Taylor, and fairly "waked an echo of the spheres" with the heartiness of their serenade to the popular "Rough and Ready." The old general appeared before his tent, with a broad smile upon his features, and invited the 'band' to "step into his tent and 'wet their whistles' with some of his Madeira or Monongahela!" The company were delighted with their reception, and, after playing "Hail Columbia" and "Taylor's march," left the hospitable old 'Rough and Ready' and proceeded to the quarters of Gen. Wool, the second in command. They played several airs before there was the least intimation that the General was within hearing; but they soon had a taste of his hospitality, for a Corporal's guard, by command of Gen. Wool, marched them off to the guard-house, in violation of the 571st rule of the service against playing musical instruments in the camp.

Ludicrous Picture of General Pillow.

The general's plan of battle, and the disposition of his forces, were most judicious and successful. He evinced on this, as he has done on other occasions, that masterly military genius and profound knowledge of the science of war, which has astonished so much the mere martinetts of the profession.

His plan was very similar to that by which Napoleon effected the reduction of the fortress of Ulm, and General Scott was so perfectly well pleased with it that he could not interfere with it, but left it to the gallant projector to carry it into glorious and successful execution. In this battle, with about 4500 men, our army engaged an enemy with a force of 16,000, occupying a position which could only be reached with extreme difficulty by infantry, with entrenched works commanding the approach to it for a mile round in every direction, with, as I have before observed, twenty-nine pieces of artillery. The victory was most brilliant and complete. Nothing could have been better planned than this battle. I must relate an interesting and exciting incident that occurred during the rage of the battle. A Mexican officer being seen by one of General Pillow's aids to leave the enemy's lines, and to advance several yards nearer our position, the general, as soon as he heard of the impudent rashness of the Mexican, put spurs to his charger, and galloped at full speed towards him. As soon as he got near to the Mexican, the general called out, in Spanish, "Saque su sabel para defenderse—let the honor and prowess of our respective countries be determined by the issue of this combat." Straightway the Mexican drew his sword with one hand and balanced his lance in the other, and rushed towards our general, who, with a revolver in one hand and his sabre in the other, waited the onset of the Mexican. The combat was a long and severe one. The Mexican was a large, muscular man, and handled his arms with great vigor and skill, but our general was his superior in dexterity and coolness. At last the Mexican made one terrible charge at our general with his lance, which the latter evaded with great promptitude and activity, using his sword, he tossed the weapon of the Mexican high in the air, and then quietly blew his brains out with his revolver. Both the American and Mexican armies witnessed this splendid effort.*

*Extracted from the famous Leonidas Letter, attributed to Gen. Pillow.

Death of Major Ringgold.

At the battle of Palo Alto fell Major Ringgold, a valuable and accomplished officer, whose death has been universally lamented. The flying artillery, adapted by him to the American Army, has proved of great utility in every engagement in which it has borne a part; and, in fact, may be termed the life guard of our army. Upon the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma it proved of eminent service, and saved the day at Buena Vista.

His death is thus described by an able writer in one of the eastern papers.

Major Ringgold having rode a little to the rear of the eighteen pounders, checked his horse in range of the Mexican batteries whose fire at this moment was concentrated on this point. At the same instant, Lieut. Col. Payne, inspector general of the army and acting as aid to Gen. Taylor, came up and got of Churchill permission to sight his pieces. This he did, and sent forth a thundering volley, opening a view of the sky through the Mexican ranks. A cloud of smoke enveloped Ringgold from their view, and instantly from the Mexican guns several large shot passed over Churchill's battery, throwing up a cloud of dust in the rear. In a moment a soldier rushes forward towards Col. Payne exclaiming, "Colonel, look there!" He points to where Ringgold lay bleeding on the neck of his dying horse. A six-pound shot had first struck his right thigh and passing through his horse cut his left thigh in the same line in which the ball first struck him, exposing but not breaking the bones. Payne, Churchill, and several soldiers cluster around him, and to them, amid the rattling hail of the enemy's artillery, he said; "Leave me; there is work for you yonder. You must drive the Mexicans before you and save our comrades at Fort Brown!" Then taking a chain from his neck, and with it his gold watch, he handed them to Col. Payne, saying; "Give that to my sister!" He took out his purse and handed that to Col. Payne also, with the same request.

Gen. Taylor's Good Things.

If Gen. Taylor did not say the good things that are ascribed to him, we must give the gentlemen who have put them in his mouth, credit for an admirable perception of what is becoming in the mouth of a great commander. A collection of his reputed sayings in times of emergency, would be as fine an 'ana' as there is in print anywhere. His abrupt close of the conference with Ampudia, for instance, when treating for the surrender of Monterey, is as much to the purpose, and as full of meaning as anything in Wellington's despatches—"Sir, I hold you, and your town, and your army, in the hollow of my hand, and you know it. The conference is closed—in thirty minutes you shall hear from my batteries."

Of course Gen. Taylor would not have said this to a gallant and respected enemy. He would have spoken in a very different vein to a brave and gallant general, who had maintained his position as long as it could be maintained, and now having satisfied the demands of honor and duty to their full extent, was ready, with the frankness of a soldier and a gentleman, to accept the necessity of his position. But to Ampudia, neither brave nor gallant, and whiffling over a capitulation which he knew to be inevitable, the response was as fitting as it was well-timed and effective.

There was, on the other hand, a delicious touch of humor in the old General's acknowledgement to the 'boys' who laughed at him for dodging. In the thickest of the fight, at Buena Vista, when the balls were flying 'considerable,' Gen. Taylor saw some of the men ducking their heads as the missiles whizzed by, and called out, "No dodging, gentlemen, soldiers never dodge." But in a few minutes a twenty-four pounder came humming so near the old gentleman's nose, that he involuntarily ducked his own head—whereat some of the 'boys' "snickered out." "Dodge the balls, gentlemen," exclaimed old Zach, as grave as a mustard pot; "dodge the balls, gentlemen, but don't run."

In the same style was his quiet remark at Resaca de la Palma, where the balls made lively music, too. One of them cut off a piece of his coat-tail; whereupon he dryly remarked to one that was near him, "These balls are getting excited."

But the best thing he is said to have said, was also at Buena Vista. It was not only quaint, but grand; there was a sort of heroic largeness about it, in conception and expression, than which, we know of nothing that more fills the mind's eye. It was when the last, desperate, almost overwhelming charge was made on Capt. Bragg's battery. The Captain saw the mighty cohort coming, with an anxious gaze, for there was no infantry at hand to sustain him. Placing his pieces in position, he hurried to the general, who was not far off, to represent that his little band would be ridden over, and to beg for a reënforcements. "I have no reënforcement to give you," answered the general, "but Major Bliss and I will support you."

"Major Bliss and I" accordingly put spurs to their horses and took post by the cannon. We all know what the result was.

A thrilling Incident.

Gloomy foreboding pervaded the American squadron stationed off Vera Cruz at the time the battle of Buena Vista was reported to be in favor of Santa Anna. It was about dusk when this news so joyful to the Mexicans, was made known within the wall of Vera Cruz. The firing of cannon, the blaze of rockets bursting in mid air, the rolling of drums, the displaying of flags from every prominent point, and the loud huzzas of the population, struck dismay among the brave tars composing our navy. These rejoicings of the Mexicans, however, were to perish by the rising northern blast, like budding flowers which sometimes fall before they ripen to perfection of beauty in the early spring time. For, whilst the

rejoicings were progressing, a speck much whiter than the crested wave appeared bobbing up and down in the far distance. The glasses were soon in requisition, and the little speck was magnified into a sail, above which floated in glorious triumph the stars and stripes of America. The fierce norther freshened every moment, and the foaming billows succeeded each other in mad and powerful array.

Great solicitation was felt by every one in the squadron for the safety of the frail craft which bore aloft the flag of our country. Now she was seen, and then to disappear; presently she arose "once more upon the waters," and came dashing proudly on. She soon became an object of universal attraction. The bright galaxy of stars, shedding their lustre from an 'enormous' flag at her mast head, cast so much light upon the real character of the little skipper of the seas, that the attention of the Mexicans was alarmingly attracted. Sounds of rejoicing within the walls seemed to cease, and a big gun was elevated at the castle of San Juan de Ulua, to give the stranger rather a warm reception. As she came dashing through the spray, every heart in the squadron beat quicker and quicker with indescribable emotion; all was breathless attention and anxiety; it was, so to speak, like the calm which is the usual precursor of the storm.

The news must be of a cheering nature, thought they on board our gallant navy, or such an enormous flag would not be unfurled to the gale. The launch came on before the breeze, and did not deviate from a given point, inside the vessels. To have gone to leeward she never could have made the vessels. Her course was straight, and when within three hundred yards of the fortress a cannon was fired therefrom, and the ball passed across her bow. It made no difference to the stout hearts on that little craft. Her course was steady; and, when within one hundred and fifty yards of the castle, immediately in front, another cannon, much

larger than its predecessor, was fired, but it only gave the crew a good drenching, which, however, they had become familiar with by this time. So far the little craft escaped, and the valiant heroes at the castle determined to sink her. They fired another gun, but its huge messenger of death fell harmless. It was the parting gun. The launch soon hauled up alongside the flagship of the navy, and gave the joyful news that General Taylor had a rough and ready fight with Santa Anna at Buena Vista, and had put wooden-leg and his army to flight. What a glorious reaction immediately took place! The good news was spread through the squadron by means of naval telegraph, and every stripe of bunting was flung to the breeze; every sailor manned the rigging, and such hearty cheering was never heard before. It was our turn; long-toms were brought out, which sent the news of the glorious victory into the very heart of Mexico.

That little Texas launch was manned only by two men and a small boy, all of whom hail from Texas. The little fellow had the helm at the time of the firing from the castle, and his steady and devoted attention to the commands of the two men reflected the highest honor upon his head and heart.

The Lame Drummer.

Whilst a regiment of volunteers were marching through Camargo, a captain, a strict disciplinarian, observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered a lieutenant to inquire the reason. The fellow, on being interrogated, whispered to the lieutenant, "I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for the captain." This being revealed to the captain, he exclaimed, "Why didn't the drummer *say* he was *lame*? I don't want men to do their duty when they are not able."

Capt. Baylor's Fight with Guerillas.

The frequent depredations of numerous guerilla parties upon the wagon trains of the American army, passing between Cerralvo and Monterey, were of so annoying a nature, that Col. Abbott, commandant at the former place, ordered Captain Baylor, with a small detachment, to proceed to several of the ranches in the neighborhood, and arrest all who bore the appearance of having participated in the assaults upon the trains; and also to burn and destroy their habitations: thus taking summary vengeance upon those who carried on this barbarous kind of warfare.

The captain accordingly proceeded, in obedience to his orders, and scoured the country for several miles around Cerralvo, taking some half-dozen or more prisoners. When about to return to the main road, the captain suddenly found himself surrounded by about two hundred Mexican guerillas. His own force numbered but twenty-seven, all told; yet the gallant captain determined upon giving the enemy battle. But he did not attempt such fearful odds without first consulting his men; who, to a man, being all Texans, declared for fight. "Follow me, then,"—exclaimed the heroic captain—"we must cut through the enemy, or die in the attempt!" The little band sent up a shout, and swore to "stick to him to the death!"

The large body of the enemy had now entirely surrounded the devoted band; yet every eye that gleamed in fiery hate around them seemed but to add another nerve to their heroism. The Mexicans threw their deadly lances* and fired their escopetas, which told fearfully upon the little band; yet they were not idle, every shot brought a Mexican in agony to the dust. But soon they come hand to hand.

* The Mexican Lance is attached to the saddle bow by means of a lasso, which enables the rider to regain his weapon after having hurled it at the enemy. The Mexican Lancers' dexterous use of his lance has been a source of wonder and admiration to all who have witnessed the evolutions of their brilliant squadrons.

The brave Baylor was foremost in the thickest of the fight; his sword dealt deadly blows upon his enemies. But the unequal conflict could not last long. Already had half of the little band fallen. Captain Baylor, seeing that all would be lost unless an effort—a tremendous effort—was made to cut through the enemy's ranks, waved his sword to bid his remaining comrades follow, and made a dash through the lines. Terrible was the onslaught! The lances were thrust in myriads against the breasts of the brave Texans, but with their swords they dashed them aside, and reached the open field; they were no longer hemmed in, but only six men of the gallant twenty-seven remained; three, partially wounded, escaped into the chapparal, and afterwards bore the lamentable news to Cerralvo. They last saw the brave Baylor with two of his men unhorsed, though still with sword in hand manfully combatting the enemy.

Swappin' Hosses.

General Taylor's marque at Victoria was about a mile above that of General Patterson's, and between the two the Tennessee cavalry was encamped. General Taylor was riding from his quarters to Gen. Patterson's one day, upon a beautiful Mexican pony, and on his route passed close to a Tennessee trooper, who was rubbing down his horse. Totally ignorant of the rank of the plainly dressed old man, and struck by the beauty of his animal, he accosted him with "Look here, stranger, would'nt you like to swap that ar pony?"

"No, friend," quietly responded the general, "he is a favorite nag of mine, and I do not desire to part with him."

A comrade of the trooper's, recognizing the general, said to him in an under tone, "Bill, you d——d fool, don't you know who you're a talkin' to? That's General Taylor!"

Now, Bill, regarding General 'Old Rough and Ready' as the greatest man on the face of the smiling earth, was terrified at finding that he had put his foot in it, and stammered out—"G-g-gineral, I-I-I didn't know it was you—I beg p-p-pardon, gineral." The old commander kindly offered his hand to the trooper to relieve him from his embarrassment, inquired his name and residence, complimented the Tennesseans, telling him he found them the bravest the brave, and rode quietly on.

Bombardment of Fort Brown.

At noon, on the 28th of March, 1846, Gen. Taylor encamped opposite the city of Matamoras, and gave orders for the commencement of the fortifications which were subsequently called "Fort Brown."

Shortly after, Gen. Taylor left the fort for Point Isabel, to prepare himself for battle, as well as to secure that position. The Mexicans, feeling that the small body left in the fort would be unable to resist them, commenced a bombardment on Sunday morning, May 3, from a seven gun battery stationed at the outskirts of Matamoras. The fire was answered with effect by Major Brown, and in less than twenty minutes time one of the Mexican guns was blown twenty feet into the air, accompanied by torn and bleeding bodies. This had the effect of silencing the battery. The cannonading was resumed with few intermissions till midnight. During the day the Americans had one man killed, (Sergeant Weigart) and an artillery soldier wounded. The Mexicans took to themselves great glory for this day's achievement. An official despatch was forwarded to the Mexican government, setting the loss of the Americans at *fifty-six*, and their own at one Sergeant and two artillery-men. The firing on the fort was heard by Gen. Taylor at Point Isabel, and he immediately

despatched Captains May and Walker to ascertain the condition of Major Brown; they returned with intelligence that he could resist any force that might be brought to bear against it.

The firing continued, with but casual intermissions, until about 6 o'clock on Wednesday. Major Brown ordered the signal guns to be fired, as agreed upon between himself and the general-in-chief. The firing recommenced and continued until ten o'clock A. M. just before which time the gallant Major Brown received a mortal wound from a falling shell, which took off one of his legs, and otherwise mangled him in a shocking manner. He was taken to the hospital and his leg amputated above the knee. He lingered until Saturday the 9th, when he died, lamented by the army and the whole country. The command then devolved on Captain Hawkins. About this time parties of infantry and mounted men appeared in the rear of the fort, but a few rounds from Capt. Bragg's battery sent them back in hot haste. For several hours that brave and devoted band received a continual shower of shot and shells, which, for want of ammunition, they dared not return. At half past four o'clock a parley was sounded, and Gen. Arista sent a summons to the commander of the fort to surrender "for the sake of humanity," offering him one hour to return an answer, and threatening to put the garrison to the sword in case his demand was not complied with. This was a trying emergency. The garrison scarcely numbered three thousand men; their enemy several thousands! Captain Hawkins called a council of war, composed of the several company commanders in the fort, and laid the subject before them. They had neither time nor disposition to deliberate, "*Defend the Fort to the Death!*" broke forth almost simultaneously from the lips of that devoted band. The firing was renewed and continued until sun-set.

The tremendous fire of the enemy's batteries, continued throughout the entire day, and frequently part of the night, seemed to intimate to the besieged that there was but little

hope for them. The brave defenders of the fort became exhausted, and began to be indifferent of life; when, during one of the intermissions, at about half past two, a heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Point Isabel, which revived the drooping spirits of that heroic band. It was the firing where Gen. Taylor was engaged with the Mexicans at Palo Alto. The Americans welcomed the sound with a tremendous shout. They knew that for Taylor to fight was to conquer. The enemy recommenced their bombardment with redoubled energy; but the continuous and exulting shouts of the Americans finally silenced the bombardment. At sun-set, a Mexican deserter brought the news of the victory of Palo Alto; and the wearied garrison felt that their labors and dangers were nearly closed.

On Saturday the 9th of May, the 7th and last day of the bombardment, at about ten o'clock, a heavy discharge of shells, canister, and round shot was received from the Mexican batteries, which continued to pour out shells until about half past two, when a rather severe cannonading was heard in nearly the same direction as that of the preceding day. It was the guns of Resaca de la Palma. The defenders of the fort again raised such shouts as seemed to paralyze the Mexican batteries, for they ceased their action until about 6 o'clock, when they fired their last shots and joined the retreating cavalry and infantry that were escaping from the disastrous field of Resaca de la Palma.

The defence of the "Alamo," and that of Croghan at "Fort Erie," afford, perhaps, the only parallel to this glorious defence. And they stand upon the pages of history as memorable instances of what may be accomplished by the determined bravery of a few, against an opposing force greatly superior in numbers. How different might have been the result, if the ten thousand troops within the walls of Monterey had been actuated by one jot of the indomitable spirit of the heroes of the Alamo, Fort Erie, or Fort Brown!

An American Matron.

When the afflicting intelligence was conveyed to the mother of Lieut. B—— of his death, (on the 9th of September, in the battle of Molino del Rey,) not a tear fell from her eyes, not a sigh escaped from her breast—"Is he dead? Did he do his duty? Thank God, he left no widow!" were the only words she uttered. What a sublime illustration of a woman's heart was this—"Thank God, he left no Widow!" How perfectly free from selfishness the thought that prompted the expression! Even when she felt that the ties of love were severed, and knew that her life was rendered a barren winter, instead of the joyous summer it had been before, warmed by the sunny smiles of her darling boy, yet a generous feeling for her sex drove every thought of selfishness from her breast, and she was thankful that no widow's or orphan's wail would mourn a husband or a father, and that a mother alone was left to sorrow over his loss! "*Did he do his duty?*" Patriotism was paramount to affection—Love of country, and anxiety for her child's honor, stood proudly forth before the throbbings of a breaking heart!

Anecdote of Gen. Urrea.

Four or five privates of the 2nd Ohio regiment were taken prisoners by General Urrea, having straggled from the main body of a train guard passing from Cerralvo to Monterey. They were afterwards marched to San Luis Potosi, and treated with considerable rigor. On their being brought before him, General Urrea expressed himself as follows: "The Americans are *mumal*, (very bad,)—that no more than 200 or 300 of them (alluding to Col. Morgan's command, on the 20th of Feb.) fought 1500 of his men—that they stood up in an open plain, and received his fire for half a

day, and had the impudence to wave their caps and yell like wild Camanches, and bid defiance to the whole Mexican world!"

This anecdote was related by Dr. Bullock, an American resident at Cadaretta. General Urrea also told the doctor that "he did not believe these *voluntarios* fought for love of country, but for mere love of fighting. And that he believed they would as lief shoot a Mexican as some wild animal; and he considered these *soldados Americanos no bueno—mucho diablo!*"

Anecdote of Captain Coffy.

The 2nd Illinois Regiment received, with the 2nd Indiana, the first and heaviest fire of the enemy on the morning of the 23d, on the field of Buena Vista. The 2nd Indiana retreated in disorder, and left the 2nd Illinois with two pieces of light artillery, commanded by Lieut. French, who was shot down by his gun, the only force at this critical moment to resist the advancing line of the enemy, more than ten times their number.

At this time, Captain Coffy, who commanded a company in the Illinois Regiment, received a severe wound in the left arm, fracturing it; the lieutenant colonel was standing near, the gallant captain came up to him and said—"Colonel, I am wounded, but must stick to my company." In a few minutes he returned to the same officer, and exclaimed—"Colonel, they've shot me again." He had then received a ball in his left shoulder. "I am sorry for you—stay with your company as long as possible," was the reply to him. Captain C. returned to his company, and in a few moments an 18-pound shot struck the ground a few feet before him, ricochetting over his head, and covering him with sand and gravel, and stinging him severely with the pebbles thrown

into his face. Faint with the loss of blood from his two wounds, and under the impression that the explosion of a shell had severely wounded him, he returned a third time to the same officer, exclaiming—"Colonel, I am now torn to pieces, and must get away if I can, but never yield the day to them." And yet he was neither a Mississippian or a Kentuckian, but a plain, straight-forward Illinois man, that required to be *shot twice and torn to pieces once* before he gave up.

Storming of Chapultepec.

On the evening of the 12th, about 5 o'clock, General Pillow came to our regiment, 15th infantry, saying that this post, Chapultepec, must fall by the next morning, and that we could not advance without its possession, and that he had the selecting of a storming party, from the different regiments, men who would be daring enough to engage in this arduous undertaking, and who would either seal their devotion to their country with their hearts' blood, or gain immortal laurels. He called upon those who were willing to join this dangerous expedition to step forward; and how many do you think there were ready? Only one man, and he was our leader, and he offered his whole regiment, man for man; not a single man would stand back, although the castle lay before us, on an almost perpendicular rock, and bade defiance all day to our artillery, shewing us seventeen open-mouthed cannon, and thousands of Mexicans crouched on its bastions. Nevertheless, every one of the boys wanted to be of the party, and with impatience they begged of the general to go at the work that same night. This was a great moment. A tear stole down the cheek of General Pillow, expressive of the feelings which took possession of his breast. With but few heartfelt words, he thanked us for our readiness, and called us, as he

has done ever since, his "gallant 15th." The attack could not, however, take place that evening, but we moved silently into the great corn magazine, immediately at the foot of the rock, to be ready for the work at break of day. Pillow himself took quarters in our midst.

* * * * *

We advanced, after three or four more shots from the enemy, so far that the walls of the castle protected us completely, while the Mexicans blazed away with their small arms over our heads. Now the call was made for ladders, a few of which made their appearance; but several times the carriers were either killed or wounded, and the ladders tumbled half way down the hill again. On a sudden the fire of our battery ceased, and a lieutenant of the New York Rifle Regiment, with a flag in hand, attempted to mount a ladder, when the heads of a dozen Mexican rascals popped over the walls, and fired their muskets—and the gallant lieutenant was wounded in the head; haply, however, not mortally. This was the grand finale, and the retreating of the enemy commenced in right good earnest. But, oh, God! the one ladder, which was near where I stood, was not enough, nor were the six or eight more which were soon procured. Despairing of our chance to be the first upon the walls of the castle, we commenced lifting each other up, by climbing on one another's shoulders, and soon the walls were crowded with Uncle Sam's boys. Onward, over death, we wended our way to the interior of the castle, which the Mexicans defended step by step, while in the rear of a platform they once more posted themselves and continued the fight. Soon, however, they began to give way, and hundreds took to their heels towards the city; our men followed quickly from building to building, and in less than three quarters of an hour from the time of the commencement of the attack, the banner of the free waved in triumph from the main turret of the castle. The colors of

three regiments were nearly at the same time on the spot; but the colors of the New York regiment were first unfurled.

With tears in his eyes, General Scott expressed his thanks to us. "Had I millions of thanks to give you, it would not be enough. Oh, that I had a thousand arms to press you to my bosom!" were some of his words, while he embraced the officers, and shook hands with such of the others as were within his reach.—*Letter from an officer.*

Lessons at "Single Stick."

Two of Lieut. Burford's men had been engaged in settling a little difference by the approved method of knocking one another down and pummelling each other's faces; and so hard did the blows resound on the empty pates of the dragoons as to attract the attention of the commander. He immediately hastened to the spot, when the combattants desisted and were about separating, but the lieutenant stopped them, and ascertaining the cause of the quarrel, informed them he was willing to gratify their desire to thrash each other, but that it must be done in a better and fairer manner. He accordingly despatched the sergeant of the guard for three good stout sticks, and upon their being brought, he gave one to each of the men, and the third to the sergeant, and placed the two men within fair striking distance. "Now," said the lieutenant, "Smith, you are number one, and you, Jones are number two. When I say number one, Smith will strike Jones, and when I call out number two, Jones will strike Smith. Now, then, make ready. Number one." Whack! came the stick of Smith upon the shoulders of Jones. "Number two." Crack! came down number two's stick on number one's head, and as "one, two,"—"one, two," were called in rapid succession, the dust flew out of the combatant's jackets in fine style. At length number one began to

think that what was fun for the company, who were all giggling or grimly smiling or watching the curious combat, and for the lieutenant, who conducted the exhibition with a face as stern and unmoved as a marble monument, was all but death for him, and raising his stick as number two was coming down upon him like "ten hundred bricks," he warded off the blow. "Stop!" cried the lieutenant sternly. "How dare you guard off his blow, Smith? Such a proceeding cannot be tolerated, and you must receive a double blow. Hit him again, number two." The order was obeyed.

"If the lieutenant please," murmured the discomfitted Smith, as he winced under the flagellation of number two' "I don't think that's fair, sir."

"No matter what you think," replied his superior, "I think it is, and that is all-sufficient. Make ready; number—" "If the lieutenant please," hastily interposed number one, "I'm perfectly satisfied."

"Oh, you are; and what are your views on the same subject, Mr. Jones?" blandly enquired the officer.

"The same, sir, if the lieutenant please," said number two, rubbing his shoulders.

"Very well, then, you can go; but let me hear of no more quarrelling or fighting in the company for the next six months. The scene was so perfectly ridiculous, and the poor fellows were so thoroughly laughed at by their comrades, they soon shook hands and became friends.

Battle of Huamantla and death of Captain Walker.

On the evening of October 8, the train halted at a hacienda two and a half leagues from Nopaluca. General Lane sent out a spy to the town of Huamantla that night, having received information that Santa Anna had gone thither during the day before. The next morning he returned, and reported

that the cavalry of the enemy had left the town, leaving behind six pieces of artillery. Orders were immediately issued for the cavalry under Captain Walker, Col. Gorman's regiment, Major Lally's battalion, Colonel Wynkoop's regiment, Captain Taylor's battery, and Captain Heitzelman's battalion to be in readiness to march for the town, leaving the train with about eleven hundred men and two pieces of artillery, under the command of Colonel Brough.

At eleven o'clock the whole moved off in fine style. The cavalry were ordered to keep some distance in advance. They had gone about two miles when Captain Walker determined to push on at a gallop and surprise the enemy. For five miles the cavalry moved at a very rapid pace until they reached the outskirts of the town, when Captain Walker gave the orders to form fours and close up. He then entered a very narrow lane, both sides of which were lined with thick maguey, so narrow in many places that the sets of fours had to be broken and the column moved by twos. On they went at a trot, until the lane opened into the main street leading into the plaza, when, in column of four, the order was given to draw sabres and charge. Then rose a wild yell and such a charge! The flashing of the sabres, the thundering of the horses' feet over the paved streets, were enough to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. Two of their cannon were pointed up the street, another pointed down a cross street and the fuse was burning in it. The terrified artillerymen moved merely to the sides of the houses, at whom our men made their thrusts and right and left cuts, killing many in this manner. The cavalry rushed over their cannon; the lancers, about three or four hundred, fled, and the men separated into small parties, pursuing them beyond the town, on the outskirts of which a good many were killed. Captain Walker went beyond the town for the purpose of overtaking the artillery which had left the place. Captain Lewis went in another direction for the same purpose. Captain Besançon was ordered to follow

the road to see if the artillery could be overtaken. In the meantime, most of the men having gone in pursuit, Captain Loyall with a few men, assisted by Adjutant Claiborne, secured some fifty or sixty prisoners at their quarters, together with their arms, &c. Lieut. Claiborne then proceeded to secure and bring up to the Plaza the cannon, (three pieces,) that had been captured. Captain Walker returned about this time, and going to the Plaza, was collecting the men. Lieut. Anderson of the Georgia volunteers, pursued and captured Major Iturbide and Colonel La Vega, (a brother of the General,) and a lieutenant; these he delivered to Captain Walker. Lieutenant Claiborne, assisted by Corporal Hescocock and private Myers, and one or two others, limbered up the six pounder and brought it to the Plaza; leaving it limbered up and the mules standing in it, and returning to get the four-pounder, the lieutenant was in the act of bringing it up when he was forced to leave it by the appearance of all Santa Anna's cavalry, two thousand five hundred strong. Corporal Tilghman, of company C., (rifles,) brought up a small howitzer. Private Dusenbery took a lieutenant of artillery prisoner, and turned him over to Surgeon Reynolds. By this time a good many of the men had returned, and were in the Plaza in scattered groups, when the lancers charged them suddenly and unexpectedly. The troops received them with great bravery, and kept the plaza, with the exception of a few under Captain Walker, who retired by a street leading west from the plaza; they were joined by Lieutenant Claiborne and his party, who were approaching the square. Captain Walker led them from the plaza—the enemy close on them at a charge; he turned the next street to his left, while the enemy seeing the four-pounder, rushed to it to retake it. It was fortunate for the few men with Captain Walker that the Mexicans saw this piece, for at the very next corner a still larger force met him; he wheeled, and dashing swiftly past the rear of those who had cut him off from the plaza, again

entered it. Here the men dismounted and occupied the convent yard, together with a large house on the corner of the square.

At this juncture, Captain Walker, while examining the approach of the enemy, and looking at the four pounder on our right, was shot from behind, from a house displaying the white flag. He sunk down immediately, and was borne into the yard, the men bursting into tears as the cry spread amongst them, "Captain Walker is killed."

Camp Hydropathy.

While the army was encamped at Buena Vista, the soldiers frequently amused themselves by getting 'corned'; One day a dragoon rode into camp so drunk as to be scarcely able to keep a straight seat on his horse. One of his comrades seized his horse's bridle and endeavored to hold the animal, but the rider was obstinately drunk and digging his spurs into his horse, he sprang from the grasp of his comrade and dashed off at a terrific pace. After driving up to a thick wall and striking his head against it violently, he wheeled, and bolting off in a different direction, the rider was thrown forcibly to the ground, and it was thought killed. Upon examination, however, he was found to be only stunned, and to have received no injury of a serious character. "The big drunk" was upon him very strong, though, and the lieutenant ordered buckets of water to be brought, and the drunken man to be stripped. After half a dozen buckets of water had been dashed over him, the operators withdrew, and the man began to "come to." He raised himself up and stared vacantly about, but almost immediately lay down again and relapsed into his drunken fit. A few more pails of water nearly restored him, and upon the lieutenant's calling him by name, he uttered a very thick and puddingly "S-w-r!"

“Get up, sir,” said his officer. After several ludicrous and ineffectual attempts, he raised himself and braced up against a tree. “Where are your clothes, sir?” demanded the lieutenant, sternly. The poor wretch surveyed himself from top to toe with the most bewildered expression of countenance, as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming, and, apparently not perfectly convinced of the reality of his being in a most complete state of nudity, he passed his hand over his breast and shoulders, and then turning to his officer with a most indescribable air, he replied, “It makes no difference,” taking another survey of his person, and then of the soldiers who stood about him, he cried out in a most ludicrous tone of command, “Bring another bucket of water,” amidst a roar of laughter. A frequent application of the pure element, not in infinitesimal doses, soon restored him sufficiently to admit of his being ‘bucked’ under the waggon for several hours.

Colonel Wynkoop and Captain Walker.

I heard a touching incident of Colonel Wynkoop and Captain Walker yesterday, which I fear I cannot give as I received it. It is known, probably, in the United States, that difficulties had existed between these officers, which their mutual friends always regretted. They had, I believe, preferred charges against each other; but when Colonel Wynkoop heard that Captain Walker was seriously wounded, and not likely to live, he sent a staff officer to request an interview with the dying officer. Before the return of the messenger, the Colonel hastened to where the captain lay, and found him dead. The shock to him was overwhelming, and he could scarcely utter a word. In a few moments, however, he said, with much emotion, “I would have given six years of my life for one word with that man!”—and

turned from the corpse to ask of General Lane the command of Walker's troop, that he might dash upon the retreating enemy, and revenge the death of the gallant trooper. The General refused his request, as Walker's men had been greatly reduced, and those not killed were much exhausted; the colonel returned to his command with a heavy heart.—

Letter from an officer.

The night after the battle of Buena Vista.

The night after the battle of Buena Vista was one of the most intense anxiety to the participators in the bloody fight. After twelve hours of obstinate fighting, with the final result yet unknown, nothing but water having passed the lips of those gallant men for the last twelve hours, the flower of their respective corps dead or wounded, and the certainty of a renewal of the onslaught the next day, it is hard to imagine a period more calculated to "try men's souls" than that night. After the cessation of the fight, came the lassitude superinduced by the extraordinary excitement of the day: men fell exhausted, and bivouacked in line—"the weary to rest and the wounded to die." The depression of physical energy was so great that neither hunger nor danger could incite them. That bloody field was at eight o'clock as silent as the grave. It can only be surmised what were the feelings of that "great old man" upon contemplating the results of that day's work. No officers sought repose, and the camp fires, which on other occasions had been the scene of jest and merriment, were now still, and the deep anxiety depicted on the faces of the various groups of officers impressed you with a solemnity, a foreboding of ill, that was truly painful. All eyes were turned ever and anon to the tent of one upon whom all their hopes were placed, but not a light, not a movement could be discerned. The occasion made that single tent an

object of intense solicitude. Some wondered if he was alone, others would have given their earthly wealth to have known the thoughts, the hopes, the wishes, and the intentions of the old hero ; but all was dark and silent as the tomb. Capt. L., of the Topographical Engineers, had visited the battle ground at night. He had made some discoveries he thought important to be communicated to the commander-in-chief. On approaching the general's quarters, he overtook his servant, who had been attending to his master's *cavalry*, and inquired if the 'old man' was alone and awake. "I spec he fast asleep Captin, for he eat a monstrous hearty supper, and when he eat a big supper he sleep bery hard and sound, and I reckon you wont see 'de old hos' 'fore four o'clock in de mornin. Listen, you hear him snore clean out here." When the Captain made a report of this last reconnoissance, joy and satisfaction were diffused throughout the camp. They knew that all was safe.

Capture and death of a Mexican Fanatic.

While at Camargo, that gallant Texan officer, Colonel Cooke, first heard of the inhuman massacre near Ceralvo. He started in pursuit of the murderers, to rain down retributive justice on their heads for their dastardly conduct. He succeeded in capturing one of Urrea's officers, whose fanaticism no doubt instigated the atrocities, too revolting to decency and manhood to be described. He was identified as the murderer of Burns, and was seen to mangle most horribly the dead bodies of the American teamsters. Moved by the spirit of a demon, he attempted, and would have murdered the grief distracted daughter of the unfortunate Burns, but for the interference of a brother officer in the same division. After he was taken and bound by thongs around the wrists he sprang, seized a pistol which Colonel Cooke had laid

down, and fired at and wounded him in the knee. Enraged for an instant, he drew his sword, but his anger melted away at the sight of the cords which confined his arms, and he desisted from his hasty purpose. He was then placed in a wagon, with a sick soldier, guarded by a file of men, and was thus conveyed until they reached the spot where the massacre had taken place. A halt was called until the rites of burial could be performed. One of the company who had lost a brother in the fight, stole with his rifle, unperceived, to the distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the wagon, where he secreted himself behind a bush, and waited until his comrades left an open space between him and the butcherer of his brother, when he fired and drove a ball through his bosom. The desperate man, feeling that the thread which bound him to life was cut, snatched the gun of the sick soldier and made an almost superhuman effort to shoot one of the guards, which he came within a hair's breadth of accomplishing, and then expired.

Incident at Buena Vista.

After the battle I was ordered with sixteen men to escort Major Bliss with a flag of truce to Santa Anna. When we arrived within about one hundred yards of a regiment of lancers, which seemed to be the rear guard, we were halted. Major Bliss was blindfolded and conducted to Santa Anna. On the departure of the Major, a platoon of lancers was ordered from the regiment, and took post facing my platoon, and within ten steps of me. The lieutenant in command dismounted his men; I did the same. He was a fat, good-looking fellow; wore a short sack coat, neatly trimmed with lace, and seemed quite pompous. As he dismounted he handed the bridle rein to his orderly, and commenced strutting before his platoon, in a very haughty manner. Presently

he called his orderly, who handed, from a pocket in the side of his saddle, a bottle from which he took a drink, without saying a word to me, much to my astonishment, and commenced strutting as before. I just then recollected I had in my holster a small bottle of whiskey, and that it would not do to be outdone by this Mexicano: so I handed my rein to the right file of my platoon, and commenced playing the peacock in front of my men. In a few minutes I halted short, and ordered my bugler to hand me the bottle out of the holster, and I took a drink, curled my mustache, and continued peacocking it. As soon as my Mexican friend saw my imitating movements he walked faster—I increased my pace—he halted and took a drink; I halted and took a drink. Thus we performed for some time, until I actually bluffed him off, for he walked to the rear of his platoon—when I halted and sat down on the grass.—*Letter from an Officer.*

Rum vs. Soldier.

“Yes, sir, I’m a volunteer. I’m proud to say I’m one of ’em—one of those patriotic sons that have left the comforts of a home, the delights of a fireside, hove down the implement of the husbandman, and chucked the tool of the mechanic into the chimney place, buckled on the cartridge box, and taken up the musket to go into the heart of an enemy’s country, and all for the honor of mine. Yes, *sir*, the flame of patriotism was kindled in my breast, and went off in a light blaze at the very first shot which was fired on the mortal plains of Paler Alter, and it is a consuming me with its terrible violence.” Such were the “neat and appropriate remarks,” which emanated from the lips of an individual in a very war-worn and dirty suit of half-military clothes, after the Recorder had addressed him blandly as Mr. Peagrim and inquired of him whether he was a soldier.

“You are charged here, sir, with being intoxicated last night, and of disturbing the peace of the city.”

“Is it possible that such a charge as that has been fetched against me?” said Mr. Peagram.

“Well, it aint the fust time. My persecutors follers me everywhere. I was accused of being drunk afore I ’listed, I was accused of being drunk when I ’listed, and I was discharged for being drunk. In Mexico I fought the battles of my country, and I poked it into the Mexicans lively. I was in four battles, and distinguished myself in every one of ’em. At the sound of the first gun I fell back, in good order to the rear, to protect the baggage, but unable to appreciate my great military skill and courag e, they accused me of running away, and my captain gave me fits. The physicians said I had been cupped too often, and recommended my discharge. I came home, sir,”—here he became very much affected—“but when I landed on the levee, I didn’t hear ne’er a cannon thunderin’ out my welcome. There wasn’t no loud shouts of the populace when I arived, except when I fell into the water in getting ashore. I didn’t see no military turned out to escort me through the streets, and I was compelled to walk alone in the place de armys and go through the magnificent arch, that had been built for my reception expressly, with all them green things and signs on it. For a moment I felt my heart was too full for utterance, but I thanked the people, that was about, for the compliment, but they only laughed at me and hove stones. With a broken heart I went straight off and liquored.—*N. O. Pic.*

Captain Henrie.

Captain Henrie was with the scouting party of Majors Gaines and Borland at the time of its capture by the Mexicans. It was composed of three companies of the Kentucky

and Arkansas cavalry, and numbered about seventy. At a considerable distance from camp, they were surrounded by about two thousand horsemen, under General Minon, and induced to surrender, on promise of being treated as prisoners of war. The whole party were then conducted under a strong escort toward the city of Mexico. One officer, however, escaped—he was Captain Henrie.

He was very anxious for a fight, and, with Capt. Cassius M. Clay, strongly dissuaded Major Gaines from surrendering. He told the men to count their bullets, and if they had one for every two Mexicans, it was a fair game and he would go it. He also cautioned them to hit the Mexicans below their beards, that they might frighten off the others by their groans, and to give them as much misery as possible. One of the Mexican officers, recognizing him, cried out in Spanish, "I shall have the pleasure of your company to the city of Mexico, Captain Henrie!" "Excuse me, señor, I generally choose my own company;" replied the cool and courtly captain.

It was the second day after their capture, and near the town of Salado, famous in Texan history as the place of the decimation of the Mier prisoners, that Major Gaines's high-spirited mare showing considerable restlessness, the major requested Captain Henrie, who is a famous rider of the Jack Hays school, to "mount her and take off the wire-edge of her spirit." The captain did so, and riding up to Captain Clay, carelessly remarked, "Clay, I am going to make a break." The Mexican commander, half suspecting his design, placed additional forces at the head and rear of the column of lancers, within which the prisoners were placed, and rode himself by the side of Henrie, who would pace up and down the line, cracking jokes with the boys, and firing up the spirit of the mare by various ingenious manœuvres. At last, Henrie, seeing a favorable opportunity, plunged his spurs deep into the sides of the noble blood, and rushing

against, and knocking down three or four of the mustangs with their lancers, started off in full view of the whole party, at a rate of speed equal to the best time that Boston or Fashion ever made. After him rushed half a dozen well-mounted lancers, who, firing their escopetas at him, started off in close pursuit. But it was no race at all—the Kentucky blood was too much for the mustang. The lancers were soon distanced, and the last view they got of Henrie, he was flying up a steep mountain, waving his white handkerchief, and crying out in a voice which echoed afar off through the valley. “Adios, señores—adios, señores!”

The prisoners, forgetting their situation, gave three loud cheers as they saw the gallant Henrie leaving his pursuers far behind, and safely placed beyond their reach. The subsequent adventures and sufferings of Henrie are well known. After many narrow escapes from the enemy and starvation, and after loosing his noble mare, he arrived safely at camp, and gave the first authentic intelligence, of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland’s party.

Magnanimity of General Shields.

On the 19th of August, the army approached the position of Contreras, a strongly entrenched camp, defended by twenty large cannon. On that day our advanced troops suffered much from the constant fire of the enemy’s artillery. The night closed gloomily. The rain poured down in torrents, and the darkness was so great, that many of our troops were dispersed over the country, unable to find their camps and head-quarters. The suffering and depression which prevailed throughout the whole army that night cannot be well described. Before them, and on the road to the city, Santa Anna had, by incredible exertions, fortified a position of great natural strength, and collected behind it an immense

and well-equipped army. And here was our little army, without quarters, exposed to a merciless storm of cold rain, with most inadequate means, and insufficient ammunition, brought to a stand by one of the enemy's outposts. But there were two men, at least, in our army, who, amid all these discouragements, preserved their confidence and courage unshaken. They were Winfield Scott and Persifor F. Smith. The latter, with the eye of a true soldier, had surveyed the field, and conceived the plan by which he was confident of carrying that important position. Through his Aid, he communicated his plan to Gen. Scott, who was three miles off, and who, with a map before him, was engaged in tracing the operations which he had determined to be the order of the next day. Gen. Scott was struck with Smith's strategy, approved it fully, and sent Shields to aid him. That night Shields' brigade was under arms, and commenced a night march over a strange and horribly rough country, and under an unceasing shower of rain. Over the rough pedregal, through the corn-fields, wading ditches, and ascending and descending ravines where the men would have to cling to every hanging root or tree to save them from falling, Shields' gallant volunteers proceeded to join Smith. When the latter saw Shields coming up, he turned pale, and could not conceal the mortification and disappointment he felt in being ranked just on the eve of the great battle he had so skilfully matured. "Make yourself easy, General Smith," remarked the generous and magnanimous Shields, as he saluted him,—“You missed your chance at Cerro Gordo, but you shall have it now. I will assist, but not command you.”

Texan Ranger.

A small party of Colonel C. F. Smith's police guard of the city was fired on by a band of robbers or guerillas occu-

pying a house in the suburbs of the city. Not deeming their force sufficient to assault the house, they took a position that would prevent escape, and sent for a reinforcement. The doors were then forced, and all its inmates captured except one, who jumped out of a window, mounted a horse and dashed off at full speed. As he started off, he drew a pistol and fired it off into the crowd—without however, injuring any one. There was one of Jack Hay's Rangers standing close by, apparently a silent spectator of the whole affair; but as soon as the Mexican fired his pistol, he leisurely drew his revolver, remarking, "Ah, ha, my larkey, that's a game that two can play at!" and at the crack of the pistol down came the Mexican.

The Texan then mounted his own horse, and after running four or five hundred yards, lassoed the horse and returned with him, saying to the officer present, "Well, Captain, as I knocked the centre out of that fellow, I s'pose I'm entitled to his pony." The officer replied in the affirmative, and the Texan rode off as cool as though it was an every day business with him. The Mexicans who were taken in the house were sent off to the guardhouse, and tried by a military commission.

"I couldn't help it."

General Quitman relates the following incident: "Within a mile of the city of Mexico, where you know we had hard fighting, I was standing talking to General Shields as to the mode of action. Before us the Mexican cannon were belching forth fire and smoke and the musketeers were not idle. General Shields left me. I took out my pocket glass to reconnoitre, to see where we could make the most effective attack, and while I had it to my eye, I heard something fall heavily near my feet. I looked down and behold it was one

of my men. A ball had struck him in the knee and he was bleeding profusely. His wound was tied up with a handkerchief, and he was removed about five feet from me. I was interested for the man. He was unable to sit even. He had twisted himself around, and was feeling for his musket, which he finally caught by the bayonet, and drew it to him. Occasionally I glanced in the direction of the soldier. While I had been attending to other matters, he had turned on his side and had actually his gun in shooting position. He fired at the enemy! I approached and remarked to him, "My good fellow haven't you had enough of fighting yet?" He looked at me, and in a tone which seemed to ask forgiveness, replied, "Why, General—I—couldn't help it."

Applying to the Head Boss.

"Plaze, sir," said an Irish soldier, touching his hat to his captain, "whin will we be paid off, sir?" "In a few days, Patrick," replied the officer. "Yis, sir," continued Pat, "and whin, sir, will we be after Santy Anny, the black-guard?" "That's more than I can tell you, Patrick; its rather hard to tell when or where he will show himself," replied the officer. "Yis, sir, thank you kindly, sir, we'll be paid off in a few days any ways, however," said Pat, as he touched his hat again and retired. In a few days he again appeared and opened the conversation with,— "If ye plaze, sir, divil the copper have we been paid yet, sir!" "I know it, Patrick," was the reply of the officer, "but I can't help it; they are waiting for the paymaster to arrive." "Oh, it's the paymaster we're a waiting for, is it? and what the divil's the excuse he has for not bein' here when he is wanted? What's the use of havin' a paymaster, if he isn't on the spot whin he's wanted?" said Pat, beginning to wax indignant at having to wait so long for his 'tin.' The circumstance

caused him much uneasiness, and after cogitating the matter over and over, he was struck with a luminous idea, and announced to his comrades that he'd have his money before you could say "thread on my coat." One morning immediately after breakfast, off posted Pat to General Taylor's camp, and approaching his tent, enquired of a soldier standing by, where the General's 'shanty' was. "That's his tent," said the sentinel, pointing out the general's quarters. "And is that the General's tent?" said Pat, taking off his hat and rubbing his hand over his hair, which had been cut to that degree of shortness peculiar to the natives of Erin's green isle. "And where's the General's old grey hoss?" inquired Pat. "There" replied the soldier, indicating the spot, where the old horse stood lazily whisking the flies away with his tail. "And is that the old hoss?" again inquired the sprig of Erin, with great awe, "an' where, if you plaze sir, is the old gintleman himself?" continued Pat. "There he sits under that awning," answered the soldier. "What!" exclaimed Pat, in almost a whisper, and in a tone amounting to reverence, "an' is that the old gintleman?" "Yes," said the soldier walking away, "that's General Taylor." After gazing upon the 'war-worn veteran' in silent admiration for a while, he at last mustered sufficient courage to approach him. "I beg your pardon General, but you'll plaze to excuse the bit of liberty I'm taking in presuming to call on your honor, but if you plaze, sir, I come on a little mather of business, bein' as I thought maybe you might be afther helpin' us out of a little bit of a scrape." "Well," said the General kindly, "what is the trouble, and what do you wish?"

"If you plaze, sir, I'd like to know when the hands will be paid off, sir?"

"When the hands will be paid off?" repeated the General a little puzzled.

"Yis sir, if you plaze to have the goodness. The hands have had divil the cint of wages since they've been in the country."

Oh, I understand, you're a volunteer, and wish to know when you'll be paid off. Well, my good fellow, you must apply to your company officers for that information, I have nothing to do with it."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I did ax the *boss* about it, but he didn't give me no sort of satisfaction about it, and so I told the other hands I would fix it; and bein' as you're the *head boss*, I thought I'd be comin' over here to see if you couldn't give us some satisfaction."

The 'head boss' being unable to relieve the anxiety of Pat, the latter retired to the 'other hands,' having the satisfaction of saying, that although he had failed in the object of his mission, he had seen the 'head boss' and his 'shanty' and 'the old grey horse' which was "glory enough for one day."

An Affecting Scene.

Jesus Pico (brother of Pio Pico, governor of California,) was condemned to be shot, for breaking his parole, and also for heading an insurrection. Twelve was the hour fixed for execution. At eleven, the wife and children of Pico, with a crowd of Ladies rushed into the room of Lieut. Col. Fremont, (at that time commandant,) and fell upon their knees, beseeching in the most piteous accents to pardon the husband and father. The children of Pico clung to Col. Fremont's knees and prayed for their father's life. The wife, with an agonizing look, begged him not to render her children fatherless and herself a widow. Shrieks and groans were mingled with their supplications. Col. Fremont was unable to look upon the heart-rending scene, and hid his face in his hands; and the word *pardon* involuntarily escaped from his lips. He was not formed to resist the supplications of those in distress, and the warm feelings of his nature prompted him to pardon Pico.

The tumult of feelings took a different turn. Joy and gratitude broke out, filled the room with benedictions, and spread to those without. Blessings were showered upon Fremont's head in myriads; every tongue vied in thankfulness. To finish the scene, the condemned man was brought in; and then the whole impulsiveness and fire of the Spanish character, when excited by some powerful emotion, was fully developed. He had been calm, composed, quiet, and almost silent, under his trial and condemnation; but, at the word 'pardon,' a storm of impetuous feeling burst forth, and, throwing himself at the feet of Col. Fremont, he swore to him an eternal fidelity, and demanded the privilege of going with him and dying for him!

But it was not yet over with Col. Fremont. His own men required the death of Pico; he had done them much harm, and, in fact, was the head of the insurrection in that district, and had broken his parole. The Colonel went among them, and calmed the ferment in his own camp. But others, who were not there, have since cried out for the execution of Pico, and made his pardon an accusation against Col. Fremont. The pacified state of the country will answer the accusation, and show that it was a case in which policy and humanity went together.

Santa Anna's Gamecocks.

A party of dragoons, while exploring the premises of Santa Anna, at Mango de Clavo, came upon the building where he kept his gamecocks. (Santa Anna is well known for his propensity to fight cocks, though he is not quite so keen to fight 'Los Yankees'.) There was an immense deal of cock-fighting in that neighborhood for several days. The opportunity of fighting Santa Anna's cocks was too rare to be allowed to pass away unhonored; so the officers

had rare sport. One particular fight created great excitement. A fierce looking fellow, which they dubbed 'General Taylor,' (not so large as some, but with the game sticking out all over him,) was pitted against a long, gangling chicken, that bore his owner's name—a heavy but clumsy bird, with but little fight in him.

Well, General Taylor and Santa Anna, as represented by the cocks of the latter, were set upon one another, and after a few heavy hits from the former, the latter 'bamboosed' out of the fight as fast his two legs would carry him, leaving General Taylor's representative upon the ground, crowing quite lustily. Cheers, of course, were raised for 'Rough and Ready,' both cock and man; but a dragoon cried out "Licked on his own dunghill, by G—d!"

The Rifles

I rejoice in the glorious laurels which the rifles have won. It is, as all acknowledge, the fighting regiment of the army. It entered Chapultepec simultaneously with the storming party. It was first in all the enemy's works from Chapultepec to the citadel. It was the first that entered the city, and first planted its triumphant banner on the palace of the Montezumas. Wherever bloody work was to be done, "the rifles" was the cry, and there they were. All speak of them in terms of admiration. Let me give you but a single instance. Some of the officers and men were standing together when General Scott happened to ride by. Checking his horse, he returned their salute, saying with great energy and emphasis, "Brave Rifles! veterans! You have been baptized in fire and blood and have come out steel!" Had you seen the unbidden tears stealing to the eyes of those rough but gallant spirits, whose hearts knew no fear, and who had never yet, in their long trial, faltered or fallen back, while their flashing eyes

and upright forms bespoke its truth, you would have felt with me that such words as those wiped out long months of hardship and suffering. But what told still more the tale of suffering and death were the deserted ranks and scanty numbers of that gallant regiment. Five hundred sturdy men left Jefferson Barracks for the plains of Mexico—one hundred and fifty-nine have met us here, and now one hundred and seventy alone are left to tell the tale. The fate of the rest you know already. Chapultepec's bloody hill, Mexico's capital, have cost us an hundred noble fellows, while seven officers have felt that the rifles were doomed. Our gallant major lost his arm early in the day. Palmer has a grapeshot in the thigh. One of our captains saved his life by half an inch, while the rest, whose slighter wounds permit them to be about, attend to duty from necessity.—*Letter from an officer.*

Capture of Alvarado.

One day Mister Perry wanted to have a chowder of *Mexicano, à la Alvarado*, and was going to let all the school go down and see him eat it, and he asked Mister Scott to go down with his school too; but Mister Scott had just been eating soup *a la Ulua*, and he did not care a pin for *Mexicano, à la Alvarado*; so he told Usher Quitman he might take some of the boys and go. Then Mister Perry told Master Hunter, who had just come to school, to go down and watch the Alvarado, and keep anything from getting into it till he could come—for Mister Perry could not go fast.

But Master Hunter was a greedy boy, and had not been well brought up, and did not care; and a saucy boy and had no respect for his betters, and his parents should have been whipped for not whipping him more—for so soon as he got where it was, he ate up all the Alvarado and more too. He was very hungry, and had gone a good ways; but he hadn't

orter done so—for when Mister Perry and Usher Quitman came, they could get nothing to eat, and had to go back, feeling worse than any body ever felt before or ever will feel again. Then Mister Perry shut Master Charley up, till he and the ushers could find out what to do with him; and one usher thought they ought to put a piece of rope round his neck and tie him up to the yard-arm. But Mister Perry did not dare do that, for little Charley had twenty millions of friends who would have done so to him, had he done so to Charley—so that all Mister Perry could do was to send him away from school; but he gave a smart man two shillings and sixpence to write a reprimand on Master Hunter, and told all the ushers to read in their divisions.—*Yankee Doodle.*

The Eloquence of Action.

We rejoice that we are able to relate one good thing that occurred while Gen. Shields was in our place. A good honest laboring son of the Green Isle, had been standing round waiting for an introduction to his countryman, the General. Our committee, however, being men of exalted minds, at least about that time, did not see the honest Hibernian, who was too modest to ask an introduction, but followed the crowd to the railroad depot, where some of our citizens had prepared a cannon to give a loud farewell to Gen. Shields. On arriving at a point near the door of the car, Gen. Shields halted and seemed, for a moment, to be in solemn thought, as if the roaring cannon reminded him of other scenes. Our honest Irish friend during the time, had kept near his person as if spell-bound, until about the time the general was in the act of taking his final leave. Poor Pat could stand it no longer; he rushed forward to the general, caught him by the hand, exclaiming, “How are you my countryman? I am prouder of you than you are of yonr-

self!" Gen. Shields, with a manner that showed his heart was in the act, taking off his cap, caught the hand of the poor laborer, and gave him such a shake as none but a noble heart in an Irishman's breast could give, exclaiming at the same time, "How do you do, my worthy countryman? I am indeed glad to meet you! thank you, thank you." Pat stepping back, and standing some inches above his usual height, exclaimed; "And faith, you're the boy under whom I would like to fight!"—*S. C. Paper.*

Charge of the Mississippians at Buena Vista.

When a portion of the troops, panic struck, were fleeing before the shot of the enemy, at Buena Vista, the Mississippians were ordered to advance. Scarcely three hundred in number, with their rifles without bayonets, they advanced to the charge against a superior force, outnumbering them so far that they might be regarded almost as a forlorn hope. Steadily and unwaveringly they pressed on, loading and firing with terrible effect, and utterly regardless of the deadly fire of the enemy, which was creating fearful havoc in their own ranks. All know the result of that charge, and what effect it had upon the enemy. Of this small, noble band, no less than *ninety odd* were stretched upon that bloody field in one charge. Such a charge has never been equalled in modern warfare. Just before their departure, a drizzly unpleasant rain set in, in the midst of which the regiment, under the command of Capt. Hooper, marched in front of General Taylor's tent and presented arms. The General was in his tent, but came out and shook hands with Capt. H., and then addressed the following remarks to them with much feeling: "My friends, I part from you with great reluctance. You are about returning to your homes and your families, covered with honors scarcely ever equalled. You have won honor

for yourselves, your state and your country, and I can only express a sincere hope for your health and future happiness." He then shook hands with the officers, and as the regiment filed off, they gave three hearty cheers for the brave old general, under whom they have won such green and unfading laurels.

Incident at Cerro Gordo.

I continued attending to the various stages of the amputation in the midst of balls and the cry of the enemy, and at last finished an operation that seemed to have lasted an age. The serenity and resignation of my companions in this crisis were admirable, and is above description. All remained around the patient, attending to that part of the operation which fell to their share, in the midst of the whistling of balls and the cries of death; and when we rose, looking to heaven with gratitude for our salvation, as we thought, a new peril came to dismay us. A number of volunteers presented themselves in front of our entry, and seeing our uniform, cried—"Death to the Mexican officers," and presented their guns to our breasts. I do not know what sentiment inspired me in the resolution which I took, but I rushed to the muzzles of their rifles—and showed them my hand, dripping with blood, and holding a piece of the mutilated leg, cried—"Respect humanity or a hospital of blood—we are surgeons." My words produced a magic effect. In an instant, an officer whose name I have since learned to be Pion, stepped between the volunteers and ourselves, raised their guns with his sword, and these men, animated by victory, thirsting to avenge the loss of their general, (General Shields,) mortally wounded, as I have since learned, became from that moment our friends, our protectors.—*Letter of a Mexican Surgeon.*

Alexander Kunze.

In the same part of the field, and about the same time with Clay, McKee and Hardin, another fell, pierced by a lance, whose name is worthy of a place on the rolls of fame—Private Alexander Kunze of Company H, 2d Regiment of Illinois. The writer was honored with his friendship, and had an opportunity of knowing him well, being a member of the same company and his tent mate. His conduct on the field was most soldierly, cool, calm, deliberate and prompt in obeying orders. His courage was conspicuous, even in the moment of his death, when he refused to surrender. Except a brother in South America, he left no relatives on this continent. His widowed mother lives in Bueckeburg, in Hanover, near his native city, Hamburg. He received a splendid education at the universities of Jena and Goettingen. He had been but a year in the United States, when he joined our regiment at Alton, whither he had come to volunteer from Wisconsin. His motives in taking this step, were, that he might serve the country, whose constitution he respected before all other systems of government, and to gratify his curiosity in a new mode of life, by seeing Mexico and observing, as he did, with a philosophic eye, the character of her people and institutions. The writer promised himself much pleasure in travelling with him through this country. He was twenty seven years of age, and probably the most learned man in the army. His knowledge of philology was accurate and profound. Such was his familiarity with the Latin, that by one day's examination of a Spanish grammar, he was able to read the cognate language with facility. Many pleasant hours have we spent together in rambling over the mountains and plains of Mexico, while he filled his haversack with new plants to send to Germany, and which his knowledge of botany often enabled him to class in the several genera and species. A better and a braver heart than his never beat its last upon a field of battle.—*Letter from a Private.*

Execution of Deserters.

On the morning of the 9th September, was hung at San Angel, sixteen deserters from the American army, who had taken up arms against their government.* Immediately after some ten or twelve were whipped, and branded on the cheek with the letter D. Riley, the chief of the San Patricio crowd, came in for a share of the whipping and branding; and right well was the former laid on by a Mexican muleteer, Gen. Twiggs deeming it too much honor to the major to be flogged by an American soldier. He did not bear the operation with that stoicism expected.

The next morning four others of the same company were executed at Mixcoaca, and on the 13th thirty more were hung upon one gallows at the same place. The thirty were brought out for execution about the same time that Chapultepec was being stormed; and Col. Harney, pointing to that place, told them that they should live long enough to see the American flag hoisted upon the battlements of that fortress, and no longer. In a few moments our colors were raised, and after it was shown to them they were launched into eternity.

The clergy at San Angel plead hard to save the lives of these men; but it was in vain. Gen. Twiggs told them that to Ampudia, Arista and Santa Anna did these men owe their deaths; for they had stooped to the low business of soliciting desertion from our ranks, and had succeeded in seducing from duty and allegiance the poor wretches who had to pay so dearly for their crimes.

According to our military laws, Riley could not be hung, he having deserted from the army before the commencement of hostilities, but all that could be awarded him was well administered.

* These formed a part of the "Legion of St. Patrick," which was composed of deserters from the American army, chiefly Irish, having been tempted by the bribes held out by Santa Anna to fight against their country.

Appearance of Gen. Taylor.

Winding down a hill, our column was halted to let a troop of horse pass. Do you see at their head a plain looking gentlemen, mounted upon a brown horse, having upon his head a Mexican sombrero, dressed in a brown olive colored loose frock coat, grey pants, wool socks, and shoes? From under the frock appears the scabbard of a sword; he has the eye of an eagle, and every lineament of his countenance is expressive of honesty, and a calm, determined mind. Reader, do you know who this plain looking gentleman is? No? It is Major General Zachary Taylor, who with his military family, and a squadron of dragoons as an escort, is on his way to Victoria. He never has around him any of the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' but when victory hangs upon a thread, when even the bravest dread the galling fire, you will find foremost among them all that brave and gallant general, whose presence alone ensures a victory.—*Letter from an officer.*

Bob Walker.

While crossing the plains to Santa Fé, General Kearny was some distance ahead with the advance guard. One of the officers belonging to the rear division singled Bob out and sent him ahead with a letter to the general. When he came up with them he found them encamped, and Bob sauntered up to the general's marque.

"We're gettin' along right sharp, general," said he.

"Yes, Sir!" answered the commander.

"I wish you'd jest look at that horse of mine, general," said Bob, "and give me your 'pinion how he'll stand the racket clar through to whar we're goin'."

"Have you a captain at the head of your company?" inquired the general.

“ Well, we hev, hoss, and he’s some punkins, too,” answered Bob.

“ Whenever you wish to learn anything in regard to your movements,” said the general, “ inquire of him.”

“ That’s military, is it?” inquired Bob.

“ That’s military, Sir,” answered the general.

“ Well, general, they gin me a letter for you, but cuss me, if I know whether I oughter gin it you in pusson or send it through your orderly, and so I’ll go back and ask the captain!”

And back he went, sure enough, with the letter in his possession, to the great annoyance of General Kearny.

A noble Recruit.

In 1846, the Baron Van Winckle, a captain of artillery in the service of the king of Saxony, arrived in this country, in the ship *Barens*, Capt. Flores, from Hamburg; he was an accomplished officer and gentleman. At the time of the Ronge riots in Leipsic, he was in command of the citadel, and was instructed to summon the Rongites to disperse, and if they declined doing so, he was ordered to fire upon them. They refused to abide by his summons, when he fired, and some two hundred defenceless people were killed. For this act of obedience he was censured by many people, and by some of his associate officers was insulted. For these insults he sought redress: challenged several of his companions in arms to mortal combat, and killed two of them. Finding himself in an unfavorable position, and acting in accordance with the advice of the Minister of War, he took shipping for the United States, and with the intention of remaining here till the excitement at Leipsic growing out of the Ronge riots should subside. He arrived here in March, was unhappy and discontented, because of the absence of

active life, and had resolved to migrate to the copper mines of Lake Superior. While waiting, the war with Mexico broke out. He immediately proceeded to a rendezvous, enlisted in the army as a private, was despatched forthwith to Texas, and at the battle of Palo Alto was the first man killed in the gallant charge made on the enemy. He had many influential friends in the Eastern cities, but he sought no other station in our army than that of a private soldier.

How they died in Battle.

The following incidents were related by General Pierce, at a reception dinner given him by the citizens of Concord, New Hampshire, upon his return from the Seat of War:—There was Sergeant Stowell, who was shot through the heart at Churubusco. As his last breath flowed, he whispered to me, “Do the boys say I behaved well? If they do, write home to my people.”

Then, there was Sergeant Pike, who had his leg shot off while advancing alone on a causeway swept by three batteries. Two amputations, which did not answer the purpose, were performed, and a third was deemed hopeless. Die he must, it was thought. “I know better than they do,” said he, “I’ll try another, and when they cut it again I hope they will cut it so that it will stay cut.” A third amputation was performed, and he lived through it. He, with several others in the same regiment, were printers. In the new levies the printers exceed by twenty per cent. those of any other vocation; and, on account of their intelligence and high spirit, have proved the most efficient soldiers in the field.

Another cause of the success of our troops, new and old, was the conduct of our officers; who, from the highest to the lowest, led and cheered on their columns. Hence the disproportion in the loss of officers and men. Hence the loss

of that brave and accomplished officer, Col. Ransom. He kept pressing up, pressing up, till he was shot dead at the head of his column. The same was true of Col. Martin Scott, the best marksman in the army—a son of New Hampshire. He raised himself above the protection of a wall—a brother officer begged him not to expose himself unnecessarily,—he replied, “Martin Scott has never yet stooped.” The next moment a shot passed through his heart. He fell upon his back, deliberately placed his cap upon his breast, and died. Col. Graham, after receiving six severe wounds, continued at the head of his men, and upon receiving a seventh, slowly dropped from his horse, and as he fell upon the ground, said, “Forward, my men! My word is always Forward!” And so saying he died.

The late Levi Gantt.

Among those who have cause to mourn over the losses of our army in Mexico are the relations and friends of the late Lieut. Levi Gantt, who was killed in the attack of the castle of Chapultepec. This young officer, a graduate of West Point, took part in every battle fought during the present war by Generals Scott and Taylor, excepting that of Buena Vista, and in each won the approbation of his superiors, and the admiration of his equals in rank, by his gallantry and daring. At Monterey he volunteered, with thirty men to make a diversion on the side of one of the fortified hills, near the Bishop's Palace, opposite to that on which the real attack was to be made. So great was his thirst for distinction that nothing but the positive orders of his commanding officer prevented him from converting the feigned into a real attack. While clambering up the steep ascent a cannon ball fired at his party came within a foot of his head, and covered his face with sand and gravel. He was among the first to

enter the Mexican fortifications on the summit of Cerro Gordo. It is believed that the only officer in advance of him was his cousin, Lieut. Thomas Ewell of the Rifle regiment, who died on the field the next day from the effects of a wound. For his bravery in this action Lieut. Gantt, was recommended to be brevetted. The storming party at Chapultepec was made up of volunteers from the different corps and regiments of the army. Lieut. Gantt was a volunteer from his own gallant regiment, the 7th Infantry. In marching to the attack, and while under shelter from the enemy's fire, Lieutenant Gantt stepped out to discover whether an approaching party were friends or foes, when he was struck in the middle of his breast by a musket ball, and expired in a few minutes. He was buried the next day in the church yard at Tacubaya. He died a brave soldier and an upright man.

“Crowd ’em.”

The following good story is told of Bob Walker, one of Doniphan's battalion, the advanced guard that opened communication with Gen. Wool's column at Buena Vista. Gen. Wool, among other things, remarked to Bob that that was quite a brisk little skirmish they had at Sacramento. “Yes,” said Bob, “but we didn't lose any of our cannon, if it was a *skirmish!*” “That's right, my man,” said Gen. Wool, seeing that the Missourian was a little huffed, “that's right, never allow any one to underrate your victory—you fought against great odds, and a greater disadvantage, than the enemy have been met during the war, and more successfully, too.”

Bob, emboldened by this flattering speech, remarked with much sang froid, “I don't think you fight 'em right down here, no how, General.” “Why not?” said Wool, smiling,

“how do you fight them?” “Why, d—n it all, *you don't crowd 'em enough,*”—said Bob—“By G—d, we've tried 'em two or three times now, and we've always found it best *to crowd 'em from the jump!*”

Inhuman Massacre.

Occasional murders of our men have been perpetrated ever since we have been in the country—all killed by the lasso. The Arkansas regiment of horse, from their having been employed as scouts and occupying the outposts, have been particularly exposed to this guerrilla warfare, and have lost four or five of their men. The day before yesterday it was reported that one of their number had been killed by the Mexicans, as he had been missing from the camp since the day before, when he went out to look for his horse. Search was made for the body, and it was found about a mile from our camp, with a lasso around the neck, tied to a prickly pear, having been dragged some three hundred yards upon the face through the chaparral. It presented a horrible sight! The name of the young man was Colquitt, a nephew of the senator.

The Arkansas men vowed vengeance deep and sure. Yesterday morning, a number of them, some thirty perhaps, went out to the foot of the mountain, two miles off, to an *arroyo* which is washed in the sides of the mountain, to which the ‘*pisanos*’ of Agua Nueva had fled upon our approach, and soon commenced an indiscriminate and bloody massacre of the poor creatures who had just fled to the mountains and fastness for security. A number of our regiment being out of camp, I proposed to Colonel Bissell to mount our horses and proceed to the scene of carnage, where I knew, from the dark insinuations of the night before, that blood was running freely. We hastened out as rapidly as

possible, but owing to the thick chaparrals the work of death was over before we reached the horrible scene, and its perpetrators were returning to camp glutted with revenge.

God knows how many of the unarmed peasantry have been sacrificed to atone for the death of poor Colquitt. The Arkansas regiment say not less than thirty have been killed. I think, however that twenty of them have been sent to their eternal rest.—*Letter from an officer.*

Incident related by Gen. Shields.

I will state one thing that was very singular at the battle of Buena Vista, though I was not there. It has been stated by the best military men that no man but General Taylor would have fought after his flank and rear had been turned, for, according to the best military writers, he had then only to retreat or to surrender. But he disregarded science, and fought and defeated them. At the battle of Churubusco, I happened to be placed in very nearly a similar position. On my front was a line three times the length of my own; there was a line on each flank, and the Mexican cavalry in my rear. Books and military science lay down rules for extricating troops in difficulties; but I never thought of extricating myself in any other way than by breaking through their centre. And on that occasion, after seeing myself surrounded by what I said in my report was three or four times, but which I afterwards found was ten times greater than my command, I determined to break through their centre. I rode along the column, and I stated that the only way to extricate ourselves was to break their centre, and that I should lead the charge myself, and I called on the whole command to follow me. A Colonel in that command, now no more, (Colonel Butler,) stepped in front of his regiment, raised his cap, and said, "General Shields, every South Carolinian will follow you

to death." The cry was responded to by every Carolinian ; the New Yorkers responded to that cry ; the residue of my command followed ; I wheeled them into line, rushed on the enemy, and routed and broke them."

Captain Burgwin.

Captain Burgwin, of the Dragoons, who fell at Taos, was a native of North Carolina ; he graduated at West Point in, 1830, and at the time of his death was high upon the list of Captains. He was one of the most popular officers in the army, from his high toned gentlemanly character. His conduct and courage in the late battles are the theme of universal praise. After being wounded, Col. Price rode up to him, and told him that whether he recovered or not he would bear testimony to his gallantry. Captain B. replied "I hope, Colonel, that you will also bear witness that my company did its duty."

Horrors of War.

The bombardment (Vera Cruz,) was perfectly terrific for three days and night. Such a sight I hope never to see again. It was sublime and awful ! When our shells fell you could hear the crash two miles off. Day before yesterday, having nothing to do in the trenches, I went up on the sandhills in front of our camp. Our battery of six 24-pounders, a navy battery of six 32-pounders, and fourteen 10-inch mortars, were in full operation, while the enemy were returning the fire with nearly an equal number. The day was magnificent—the sky perfectly clear, the air fresh and balmy. Before me lay the beautiful but doomed city. The firing was incessant—the blaze one continuous sheet of

flame, as if two volcanoes were belching forth red-hot lava at each other, while the smoke gathered into a funeral pall over the devoted town.

I looked on for some time, but the sight made me sick, and I returned to my tent. The reflection came over me, "What a horrid trade is war!—what a dreadful spectacle to see man thus marring the work of God, and turning into a pandemonium that which seemed a few moments before as lovely as a paradise!" When shells and rockets were bursting around me, I had no such feelings, for I was then in hot blood; but looking coolly on, and out of the way of danger, it seemed to me truly awful!—*Letter from an officer.*

I went over the battle-field (Buena Vista,) after the fight, and of all the shocking and most horrible sights I ever witnessed this exceeded. Hundreds of dead, wounded and dying—some with their heads, arms, and legs off, and some torn literally to pieces by shell and shot. I never wish to witness such a horrid and awful spectacle again. You could see the mark of a cannon ball through a regiment, leaving a column of dead showing the trace of the shot.—*Letter from an officer.*

Not too good to be looked at.

A few days since, one of the cleverest members of the medical staff was in conversation with a friend in the Grand Plaza, when he was interrupted by the approach of one of the newly arrived volunteers, who stopped short and looked him straight in the face, apparently as though (and this was probably the case) he thought he recognized him. As the man continued his fixed stare, without speaking, the doctor turned to him and asked—

"Do you want any thing?"

The man looked steadily for a moment, and answered, "No."

The doctor continued the conversation with his friend, but in a little time noticed that the man had passed round him, and was taking another look—probably still unsatisfied as to whether he knew him or not.

"Do you *want* any thing?" inquired he again with emphasis.

"No," was the response of the imperturbable volunteer.

"Well, do you know me?"

"No."

"Well, why the devil don't you pass on?"

The volunteer without relinquishing his stare, answered, after a moment—

"Why, you aint too good to be *looked at*, are ye?" and sauntered on without moving a muscle of his face.

Lieut. Col. Graham.

Among the officers who it appears were lost to their country in the assault upon the city of Mexico, was the gallant Lieut. Colonel William Montrose Graham, of the 11th regiment U. S. Infantry. Colonel Graham was about 47 years of age, and was a brave soldier. He entered at the West Point military academy in 1813, and graduated in 1817, as 3d Lieutenant of Artillery. Another brother, James D. Graham, of the Topographical Engineers, one of the most scientific, accomplished and valuable officers in the service, entered and graduated the same year. They were the sons of Dr. Wm. Graham, of Prince William county, Virginia, who served, as did others of the family, with distinction, as officers in the revolutionary struggle. Colonel Graham, whose fall we are now noticing, was, soon after he graduated at West Point, selected by his commander General Jackson,

to perform some arduous and responsible duties, among the southwestern Indians, which he did so satisfactorily, that he was highly complimented by the General. Having been transferred to the 4th regiment of Infantry, under Colonel Clinch, which was in Florida, he joined it, and was placed in command of Fort King, for a long time in the very heart of the troublesome Miccosakies. The writer of this notice knew him well during that period, and can bear full testimony to his possession of all the qualities that ennoble a gentleman and a soldier. He was in Florida, in 1835, when the Seminole war broke out, and bore the brunt of the first battle, at the Withlacoochee, where his gallant and final charge upon the Indians with the bayonet, dispersed the savages, and aided greatly in securing the victory. Governor Clinch, in his official report, spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of Colonel, then Captain Graham. He fell in that charge with two severe wounds from the Indian rifles, (one received early in the fight,) and his brother, Lieutenant Campbell Graham, of the artillery, (now Cap. of Top. Engs.) also received at the same time two severe wounds, at first believed to be mortal, but from which he recovered after a long time. Throughout the whole of the Florida war 'the Grahams' were distinguished for their intrepidity and soldierly conduct. Col. G. was in every battle on the Peninsula of much note, and at Okechubee he gallantly led one wing of his regiment, and was complimented in the despatches of his Colonel. His brother, Brevet Major Lawrence Pike Graham, of the 2d dragoons, also served in Florida with great credit, as a young lieutenant in Twiggs' regiment, and was severely wounded in 1840, while scouting in the night, being fired upon by a party of militia by mistake. He is the same officer who was brevetted by the President and Senate a major for the gallant charge at Resaca de la Palma, with May, Inge, and others of the dragoons. Lieutenant Colonel Graham was distinguished at Palo Alto

and Resaca de la Palma, where he was with the 4th regiment of infantry, to which he then belonged. At Monterey he was selected by General Taylor to lead his regiment to the assault, and it was for his daring and chivalrous gallantry on those occasions, and especially that so signally displayed at Monterey, that he was selected as Lieutenant Colonel of the 11th, one of the new regiments, by the President and Senate. He was not at Buena Vista, having been ordered to join General Scott; but at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras and Churubusco, he bore a prominent part in the conflicts, and won his share of the glory of those brilliant achievements. And he fell as became a brave American soldier.—*Eastern paper.*

Anecdote of Gen. Taylor.

A great many anecdotes have been related of General Taylor's remarkable coolness and sagacity on the field of battle; but the following is more than twenty-four hours in advance of its cotemporaries.—The general is in the habit of riding with very short stirrups. Well, in the heat of the battle at Buena Vista, the old veteran saw a cannon ball making toward him, from one of the Mexican batteries, with terrific speed. Rough and Ready eyed it for a moment with great interest, during which time he ascertained, with mathematical precision, the exact spot it would hit him if he remained still. But at the same time he satisfied himself that with a little finesse, he could avoid the danger. So, waiting with great patience until the ball was about to strike him, he deliberately raised himself in his stirrups, and the ball passed between him and his saddle, leaving him quite unharmed! This the Doctor saw with his own eyes, and therefore there can be no doubt of its truth.

Lieut. Burbank.

This young and gallant officer belonged to the 8th regiment of infantry, "Worth's Own," and was engaged with his comrades in the desperate attack upon the Molino del Rey. Precisely how he was wounded, we are not yet advised; but it appears certain that he survived his mortal injuries until the subsequent day. Lieut. Burbank was a graduate from West Point, and entered the army immediately after his probation at that institution was at an end. He was stationed for some time in Florida, and accompanied his brave associates when they were ordered to Corpus Christi. At the fiercely contested battle of La Palma, Lieut. Burbank was wounded in the right arm, so as to be effectually disabled. In consequence of this casualty he received a furlough, and was assigned to the recruiting service. His friends were privileged to meet him then for the last time. For, in the urgent necessity for reënforcements to save the army of Gen. Scott from repulse, officers and recruits were hastily summoned from their respective rendezvous, and despatched to Vera Cruz. And so, after passing through the early perils and hardships of the war, he has fallen in full view of that gorgeous capital, which he was not destined to enter. He was one of the many who poured out their life-blood upon that congenial plain, yet, among them all, was none whose fame will be more carefully cherished by the admirers of brave and chivalrous demeanor.

Anecdote of General Smith.

At a dinner given to Generals Shields and Quitman the latter related the following anecdote of General P. F. Smith. "After the final charge on the garita, believing it to be my duty to be in the advance on that occasion, for the purpose of determining on future movements, I heard a very mild

voice addressing me. I looked, and amongst the many gallant soldiers there assembled, I saw the person of General Smith, his mild but noble face exhibiting great composure, in contrast with the scene through which he had passed. He stood with his watch in his hand and said—‘General, there have been many disputes about time before, let it be remembered that we enter the garita at twenty minutes past one!’”

General Quitman.

It is right to give publicity to an incident in the storming of the city of Mexico, which illustrates the bravery and patriotic enthusiasm of this officer, but which his modesty had suppressed from the knowledge of the country. The following is an extract from the gallant leader of the mounted rifle regiment, (Major Loring) who fell at the head of his regiment on the eve of entering the city of Mexico, by a wound which deprived him of one of his arms. The extract is an eloquent tribute from a gallant soldier to the bravery of his distinguished commander. The letter was addressed to a friend in private correspondence :

“General Quitman was at the head of my regiment at the time I was shot. We were the nearest American soldiers to the city of Mexico and their army at the time I was wounded. After I fell, he armed himself with one of my rifles, joined the rifles in their attack upon the Garita de Belen, fired his last cartridge, then tied his handkerchief to its muzzle, and waved his gallant soldiers over the breastwork—being the first to mount amid the terrible carnage that followed. I’ll venture to say there are few instances in history where one so high in rank, and advanced in life, has thus had, and availed himself of the brilliant opportunity of wreathing around his brow so distinct a title to the honor of being regarded as the ‘bravest of the brave.’”

•Characteristic.

The following anecdote of Gen. Taylor, is related by one who was present. It is characteristic of "Rough and Ready." When Gen. Taylor arrived at the Brasos, there was but one boat ready to start for New Orleans. Gen. Taylor inquired if he could get a passage for himself and suite. He was answered that there was room plenty for all who desired to go over in her; but that as it was an old boat, there was some danger of her blowing up; and that he, General Taylor had better delay for a day or two for a better and a surer boat. To this the old white horse of Palo Alto replied: "Let her blow up! Put my baggage on board! and let her blow up, if she wants to!"

Jarauta, the Guerilla.

Father Jarauta, the famous Guerilla chief, whose frequent depredations upon American trains passing between Vera Cruz and the capital, has raised him to an unenviable notoriety, barely escaped being captured by Colonel Hays, at Teothuacan. some twelve leagues to the northeast of the city of Mexico, on the 12th of January, last

Colonel Hays with about one hundred Rangers and a few of the Illinois volunteers, reached that place in pursuit of the padre. Whilst his men were reposing themselves at a hacienda, their horses all unbridled and unsaddled, Jarauta came suddenly upon them with a party of Mexicans. A sharp and severe contest for some minutes ensued. About one hundred and fifty shots were fired by the rangers, and a hundred by the Mexicans—the balls of the latter all going over and not taking effect. Eight Mexicans were killed, and not an American was killed or wounded. Father Jarauta fled on his horse, having received several wounds. When last seen he was reeling in his saddle, and in a few moments afterwards

his horse came back, saddled and bridled and the blood running down his side. A lieutenant was taken prisoner, who states that the padre was severely wounded. It was a very narrow escape for him, and, if living, we think he cannot hold out much longer. In the present instance had not the Rangers been "caught napping," their horses without bridles or saddles, very few of the Mexicans would have escaped to tell the story.

Execution of Mexican Officers.

Lieut. Alcalde and Adj't. Garcia, had violated their parole of honor: having been taken prisoners by the American army and released on parole, when they were again captured, with arms in their hands, in the lines of the enemy. A court martial was convened, and, according to all rules of civilised warfare, they were condemned. The 24th of November was set as the day of execution.

The sympathy awakened among all parties for the unfortunate prisoners, who were the victims of a perverted custom, rather than a natural criminality, was so great, that for several days before the execution, the Governor of Jalapa, Col. Hughes, was besieged by petitions for a mitigation of their punishment. Women and men thronged to the Governor's quarters, and blended tears with their supplications for the condemned. But the Governor must see that the rules of the service were effectually carried out, and therefore refused. How strange that people professing to be free, should so far demean themselves as to plead for those who have basely forfeited the highest pledges of honor! Yet, in Mexico, it is considered no disgrace to violate a parole of honor; and this was urged in defence of their supplications for the prisoners.

At twelve o'clock M. the escort moved to the plaza, (selected as the place of execution,) in solemn order. The prisoners marched blind-folded to the plaza, accompanied by a priest, and a friend holding them by an arm. They were in the full uniforms of their respective ranks. They were led to the side of the plaza near the barracks, and seated on their coffins. After continuing their devotions aloud for some time, they embraced a few friends, when the word "fire!" was pronounced;—they fell back, scarcely moving a muscle. The bodies were handed over to their friends, and were honored with an appropriate burial.

A Brilliant Exploit.

It appears that a Mexican, named Luis Salazar, had been suspected of conveying an express from Chihuahua to Santa Fe, for the Mexican authorities, and it was deemed necessary to arrest him. His residence was ascertained to be at San Miguel, fifty-five miles northeast of Santa Fe. Sergeant Cable was charged with this delicate and dangerous mission, which he executed with admirable presence of mind, traversing one hundred and twenty-six miles, as he says, of hostile country, with only two military companions and a Mexican guide. The man was arrested at his father's residence, in the midst of a large population, who appeared to be so subdued by the daring of the young American Sergeant, as not to offer the least molestation to him in going or coming. Sergeant Cable was handsomely complimented in orders by Col. Easton, on his arrival at Santa Fe. The father of the man thus addressed is the identical captain of the Mexican escort that conducted the Texan prisoners from Santa Fe to Mexico, some years ago, among whom was our friend and cotemporary, Mr. G. W. Kendall.—*Southern paper.*

Capt. Roberts.

In the closing operations before the city of Mexico, the name of this officer has been prominently placed before the public. He was selected by Gen. Smith to command the storming party from his brigade, and led 125 picked men and officers in the assault upon the strongest position of Chapultepec. His services in this desperate assault were so distinguished, that Gen. Quitman in his report says, he "selected Capt. Roberts, who had greatly distinguished himself in leading the advanced storming party at Chapultepec, to plant the star-spangled banner of our country on the National Palace." This compliment was not an unmeaning one, and was richly earned by Capt. Roberts. The honor of planting the first flag of our country on the national palace of Mexico, and of having been the first American officer to enter the halls of the Montezumas, will be a passport for life, to the hearts and gratitude of his countrymen.

Although this officer has been prominent in every battle fought by his regiment, and selected by Gen. Smith for every position where skill and courage were most demanded, he has thus far escaped without a wound. At Cerro Gordo more than half his company were killed or wounded. At Contreras he led the advanced guard and commenced that glorious action. At Churubusco he also escaped, and although 66 of the 125 of his storming at Chapultepec, were killed or wounded, he was untouched. Besides his hairbreadth escapes where his regiment has been engaged, his good fortune has favored him in several of the most successful and daring attacks on the guerillas. At Puerto del Media, near Vera Cruz, he was specially noticed by Gen. Smith for his skill and gallantry, At San Juan de los Ilanos, he commanded the main storming party, and was specially commended by Capt. Ruff, who commanded the expedition. He attacked the guerillas, Rea and Torrejon, at Tclasca, and recaptured a train valued at \$50,000, they

had stolen from Mexican merchants. This attack was one of the most successful and daring of the war. Capt. R. had but 120 men, and charged the town, held by 600 lancers and guerillas, captured the train and a large number of horses and mules, before the arrival of a large infantry force, under Gen. Lane, had come up. The General in his report commended Capt. R. in the highest terms.

Capture of Gen. Valencia.

Col. F. M. Wynkoop, of the first Pennsylvania volunteers, having learned by a Mexican friend that Padre Jarauta, and Gen. Rea were at Tlalnepanatla, about five leagues from Mexico, applied to Gen. Scott for permission to take twenty men and capture them. Permission being granted, the Col. set off on the first, with thirty-eight Texan Rangers, under command of Lieuts. Daggart, Burkes, and Jones. Upon arriving at and charging Tlalnepanatla, and finding no one there, they learned that Rea and Jaruata had left for Toluca a few hours previous, to their arrival. Col. Wynkoop here learned that Gen. Valencia and his staff were at a hacienda, some six leagues distant. He immediately set off with his party, and arrived at the hacienda, which they surrounded. Admittance into the house was demanded by the gallant little party, but it was for a time refused, when Col. Silea, a wounded Mexican officer on parole, opened the door and assured Col. Wynkoop that Gen. Valencia had departed that day for Toluca; but this was not credited, and lights were demanded to search the building. Col. Silea then proposed to deliver Gen. Valencia the next day, if the party would retire. To this the Colonel would not assent, and proposed to send an officer and eight men, with him, to await their return. This proposition completely nonplussed Col. Silea, and convinced Col. W. that Valencia was really in the house. Search

was accordingly made, but nothing could be found of him. Col. W. declared he would not leave the hacienda without him, and that if Valencia would give himself up, he would be perfectly safe, but if he attempted to escape, he would not answer for his life. At this moment a person stepped up, and said, "I am Valencia." He then said that it was against the usages of civilised warfare to attack a man in the peace and quiet of his family, at the dead hour of the night. The Col. answered that "*It was the only way he could be captured.*" Col Arreta was also captured in the same hacienda on that night.

Gen. Valencia and Col. Arreta were afterwards released on their parole.

A Palmetto Soldier.

In December, 1846, at Columbia, in S. C., the fair daughters of that town held a fair; it was at the time the troops were encamped at Columbia, and about to march. Among the specimens of beauty's handiwork, was a very handsome miniature American flag, on a staff. This little flag was presented to a young soldier, by a lady who at the same time exacted a promise from him, that if he lived to return, he should bring the flag home with him.

The young soldier returned, and true to his word, as every palmetto boy is, has honorably redeemed his pledge. But the flag bears unmistakable evidences that it has been amidst scenes of blood and carnage. The tiny staff was crushed, and its silken folds stained—no, not stained, but richly crimsoned with jets of gallant blood. The young soldier himself was wounded, and two, at least, of his noble companions, occupying with him the same tent, surmounted by this little emblem of their country's honor, have been brought home lifeless corpses. The lady who has the flag, prizes it highly, and intends treasuring it up as an interesting historical memento, for the instruction and imitation of her sons.

Baron Von Grone.

This Prussian officer has lately returned to Prussia to his duties in the service of the king of Prussia, after a year's absence, on leave, with our army in Mexico. He entered that country about the time the train of Major Lally was leaving Vera Cruz, and took an active part in all the operations consequent upon its long and bloody march. His gallantry at Puente Nacional, and Cerro Gordo, was a source of the greatest approbation. It is said, that the rapidity with which, at the latter place, 600 chosen troops drove 2500 of the enemy from their different positions, was owing, in a great measure, to the plan of battle he suggested; and his conduct at the bridge, was marked by equal skill and gallantry.

Many incidents are related of the cool daring of the Baron on those occasions, by officers attached to the expeditions; among which may be related the following:—

It seems that the command having advanced beyond the reach of the castle, and upon the bridge, in rather an incautious manner, were attacked in front and on both flanks, and a few minutes after, in the rear. The fire was so severe that a retrograde movement was ordered, and a new position assumed some quarter of a mile in the rear. To gain this point the troops had to encounter another severe fire from the castle, which at one time threatened their entire annihilation. The Baron was one of the last to leave the bridge, and returning on foot and alone, received a rather irregular but heavy volley. At the first shot, he turned his face to the enemy, and when they had finished and were reloading, he walked backwards, in a very deliberate manner, up the hill to the head of the pass; here he received a wound. Some one alluding to the circumstance, enquired why, when the fire opened, he had acted thus? The Baron replied, "Ah, that was very natural; the balls began to grow thick, and I turned, for a gentleman does not like to be shot in the back."

After the castle was taken, it was found that there was a

large breach in the wall; the Baron observing it, and that there was a large body of men hovering near, with the apparent purpose of renewing the attack, insisted that the breach should be secured. The young officer in command remonstrated, stating that the men, having been fighting all day, were tired and wanted rest. "Tired, sir; want rest? What is tired? A soldier is never tired!"

Having been rather hasty in entering the city of Jalapa, he was taken prisoner by the Mexican commander, (Capt. Nunen,) who, after asking him a variety of questions concerning his name, rank, &c., proceeded, "Well, sir, if you are merely a foreigner, on a visit to this country, what do you with these vile Americans?" "Ah," said he, "that is your own fault; one cannot travel in your country without a sword and escort!" "But then, sir," persisted the Capt. "you were seen to draw and use your sword in their behalf." "It was but right," said the bold Baron, "for they were assisting me on my journey; and for the fight, that I could not help, for fighting is my trade." The American troops were now, after a stout resistance, entering the city, when the valiant Captain *vamosed* the room, and made his escape on the Baron's horse.

The Baron was also present, and a volunteer aid to Gen. Lane, at the battle of Huamantla, where the gallant Walker was killed; at the bombardment of Atlixco, and various other places, where his bravery, composure, and military skill, were the subject of frequent remark; while his gentleness and suavity in garrison, have endeared him to all with whom he has ever been associated.

Capt. Johnston.

Nearly a year has elapsed since was fought the battle of San Pasqual, in which fell some of the choicest spirits of that

little band which accompanied Gen. Kearny in his arduous march to California. One of the fallen was Captain Abraham Robinson Johnston, the second son of Col. John Johnston, one of the earliest settlers of the State of Ohio, a companion in arms, in the seventeenth year of his age, of the impetuous Wayne, in his expeditions against the hostile Indians of the then distant frontier of the northwest, and for many years the faithful Agent for Indian Affairs in Ohio and Indiana; he was born at Piqua, Ohio, on the 23d of May, 1815, and entered as a cadet the Military Academy at West Point, in 1830, at which noble institution, he in due time graduated with distinguished honor. While at the Academy, he was remarkable for his fondness for the study of the natural sciences, particularly geology and mineralogy, and while engaged in the pursuit of his favorite study, among the almost inaccessible mountains surrounding the Point, he was precipitated, by the breaking of a root, by the aid of which he was endeavoring to reach an elevated position, in search of mineralogical specimens, into a deep and rugged chasm below, by which fall, he had the misfortune to fracture a leg, in which situation he was compelled to drag himself along, though suffering the most excruciating agony, until he reached a point where those sent in search would be likely to find him. By this accident, he was confined to the hospital until after the graduating of his class; but a private examination having been given him, he was, soon after, appointed to the 1st regiment of dragoons, which regiment he joined, as soon as his leg had become sufficiently strong to bear the fatigue of the journey; and continued with it almost uninterruptedly until the day of his death, either on the frontier of the West, or among the distant Indian tribes beyond—in summer, making excursions among them, in winter, attending to the arduous and annoying duties of a cavalry officer in garrison. On the promotion of Col. Kearny to his present rank of Brigadier, he was selected by the General, having

been the adjutant of his regiment, as his Aid-de-camp, in which capacity he accompanied him in his expedition to California, when, meeting the enemy at San Pasqual, Johnston was selected to lead the advance, which he did in the most gallant style, until, receiving a ball in the head, he fell from his horse, and expired without a groan. He was remarkable for his extreme benevolence, and the generally high tone of his character, which united to a mind of superior order, endeared him to all. He was known but to be loved. When his sad fate was announced, there was grief throughout the army. Had he lived to have prepared for publication the rough notes taken by him on the march to California, a work would have been produced, which would have been an ornament to literature and an acquisition to science.

Anecdote of the Indiana Regiment.

When the new Indiana regiment was on its way to Camargo, it evinced no disposition to obey the officers of the steamer, although prompt to yield submission to its military superiors. As the steamboat was breasting the current, under full head of steam, the volunteers placed themselves on the shady side of the boat, listing her so as to make her rather unmanageable. The engineer called out "trim boat," but no one obeyed. The request was repeated, but the volunteers stood their ground, determined to meet the danger of bursting boilers or collapsed flues, rather than forego the comfort of the moment. The engineer thought that if the volunteers would keep shady, he might test their courage, and at the same time force them to keep cool. As the lead showed that there were only four feet of water in the channel, he suddenly raised the mud-valve, and let loose a current of steam upon his military heroes, who were in an instant overboard, and up to their arm-pits in the water. The lord of

steam had routed nearly a whole regiment, which fled ingloriously at the first charge. The boat was kept 'trim' for the remainder of the trip without the least difficulty.

Capture of Midshipman Rogers.

The successful exploit of burning the *Creole*, a fast sailing vessel supposed to be fitting out as a privateer, and moored alongside of the very walls of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, emboldened the officers of the *Somers* to undertake fresh enterprises. One of these was a reconnoissance of Vera Cruz itself, with the intention of ascertaining the locality of the magazine and the feasibility of an attempt to blow it up, and on this hazardous undertaking a little party, which Midshipman Rogers and Surgeon Wright volunteered to conduct, was made up.

For two nights, favored by the darkness, the party pursued its reconnoissance; on the third, after having obtained a most complete and satisfactory knowledge of the localities about Vera Cruz, and ascertaining that their object could be accomplished, the little band was surrounded by a small body of Mexican lancers, while returning to the boat. Rogers, and the only sailor along with him were at once taken prisoners—Mr. Wright, by presenting a pistol to the horsemen, succeeded in keeping them off until he reached his men at the shore, when they at once shoved off and succeeded in gaining the vessel in safety. Mr. W. did not dare to fire, thinking it might bring a large force upon him: as it was, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had saved the boat and her crew.

Midshipman Rogers was immediately marched off to the castle of Perote, and experienced very rigorous treatment while on the road. Before leaving Vera Cruz, however, the British Consul, with a praiseworthy generosity, furnished him

with a change of clothing, besides one hundred dollars in cash. After being confined in the dungeons of Perote for some time Midshipman Rogers was removed to the city of Mexico, when he was allowed to wait upon the General-in-chief, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, who, with his usual dissimulation promised Midshipman Rogers every convenience and comfort, a promise which however, he did not fulfil. Midshipman Rogers was thus left friendless in the city of Mexico, the Mexican gaoler having eased him of the donative of the British consul. He was exposed to many hardships, but finally, upon the approach of Scott, he succeeded in making his escape, and joining the American army, and afterwards served in the battles under the walls of Mexico as an aid to the General-in-chief.

Cutting out the Mexican Brig Condor.

The United States Sloop of War, Cyane, Com. Dupont, anchored about a mile from the town of Guaymas, situated in the Department of Sonora, halfway up the Gulf of California, east side, on the 3d of October, and discovered two Mexican gunboats, which she had been in search of, lying in front of the town, dismantled, and their guns landed. The Mexican brig Condor was hauled close in, and the Mexicans were busy in dismantling her. A large number of citizens and soldiers had assembled on the shore to watch the movements of the Cyane, and to resist any attempts that might be made to land.

Com. Dupont sent a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the two gunboats. The Mexican commandant refused compliance, as not comporting with the Mexican national or military character. Com. Dupont immediately prepared for bombarding the town. The Cyane, on the 7th, hauled up to within about a thousand yards of the town,

being as near as she could get at high tide. Com. Dupont was then waited upon by four persons, representing themselves as neutral merchants, who requested him to defer hostilities for three days, to allow them, as well as others, time to remove their effects. This he promptly refused, as he believed them to be colleagued with the Mexicans, which eventually proved to be the case. They left the sloop in anger, and no sooner had they reached the shore, than the two gunboats were immediately set on fire. Com. Dupont fired two Paixhans at the gunboats, which dispersed those who were setting fire to them. The boats, however, were soon destroyed, and as the ostensible object of the expedition was now fulfilled, (the destruction of the gunboats, though it would, doubtless, have been much more agreeable to the feelings of the Americans to have captured them, yet, when they reflected upon their small numbers, greatly reduced by sickness, compared with the force of the enemy, who were over five hundred strong, they considered the affair as fortunate as was desirable,) Com. Dupont ceased the bombardment, and gave orders for cutting out the brig *Condor*, lying under the Mexican batteries.

Part of the *Cyane's* crew were now drafted for the expedition, perhaps one of the most perilous undertakings since the burning of the *Philadelphia* under the walls of the Bashaw's castle at Tripoli. The launch, with a 12 pound carronade in her bows, together with the third cutter, with their crews properly armed and equipped, formed the cutting out party, under the command of Lieut. G. W. Harrison, assisted by Midshipman Crabb and Acting Boatswain Collins, in the launch, and Lieut. Higgins and Midshipman Lewis, in the cutter.

The boats lay to for a few moments, while Com. Dupont addressed the crews in few pertinent remarks, setting forth the necessity of his sending them on so hazardous an expedition; wishing them to show the enemy, from the manner

in bringing out the brig from her more protected position, how they would have handled the gunboats. The officers and men in the boats, envied by all those on board, (for such was the enthusiasm that every one was disappointed who was not selected to participate in the attack upon the brig,) gave three cheers, and pulled for the brig.

It was mid-day when the launch and cutter left the ship, in full view of the batteries of the enemy. The Condor lay within pistol shot of the town, and was in complete range of their musketry, stationed in perfect safety in the turning of a hill; while one of their batteries could rake the entire deck of the brig. The guns of the Cyane immediately opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy to protect the boarding of the boats; but it was discovered, as they drew near to the brig, that there was great danger of her fire injuring those in the boats, and Com. Dupont instantly checked his fire. The enemy reserved their fire until the crews of the boats had mounted the decks of the Condor, which they gallantly did, raising with an accompaniment of three cheers the American ensign at her flag staff. With a deafening yell the enemy now poured a dreadful fire upon the decks, from an 18-pounder, charged with grape and round shot, and a culverine, together with sharp volleys of musketry. The fire of the Cyane was now resumed, and it was so efficiently kept up that it prevented the enemy from making a nearer approach to save the brig. The launch returned the fire of the battery, while the marines poured a sharp fire in range of the musketeers.

Her cable, though of iron, was soon cut with an axe, and the crew began heaving cheerily upon the hawser running to the kedge anchor, which they had dropped as they approached the brig, with "Off shē goes, and off she must go." In the meantime the enemy's fire became so hot that Lieut. Harrison ordered the brig to be fired, fearing the boats might be disabled. This work was done under showers of

balls, as they were receiving the fire of at least five hundred muskets. When she was warped up to the kedge, she was taken in tow by the boats. It was at this moment that the enemy had some exultation; seeing the boats pulling away from the brig, and not observing the hawser, which was slack, they thought the boats were beaten off; but they soon saw the hawser tighten, and the brig follow the boats.

The brig was soon towed out of range of the enemy's musketry, and as she was burning fast, she was towed to leeward and abandoned. The gallant little crew were joyously received by those on board the *Cyane*, who had witnessed their perilous and successful adventure. Not a man was injured, which seems miraculous, as they were exposed to an almost overwhelming fire for about thirty minutes; and it can only be attributed to the incapacity of the Mexicans in aiming their guns, a characteristic of theirs, which they have faithfully preserved in every engagement which they have had with American troops.

Eating a Mexican.

A scouting party arrived late one evening at the village of Mineral del Monte, near the city of Mexico, and put up at the house of Don Pedro, one of the first citizens of the place, who received them very kindly. The people of the village had been told that the Americans were in the habit of feasting upon children; and, fearful that some of the dragoons might want a Mexican child for his supper, they had removed all those "pledges of love."

Lieut. M. having heard this story, thought of amusing himself with the fears of the Mexicans; and accordingly accosted a man in the street, if he knew where he could get a *nice fat boy* for supper; adding that he was very hungry.

The astonished and frightened Mexican answered with a doleful shake of the head, "*hay* no."

"Well," said M. "as I'm hungry, I ain't particular—let's have a little girl then."

The poor man, still more horrified, declared that there were none of those in the village.

The Lieut. then said, "Well, if you can't let me have a boy or a girl, be so good as to show me a market where I can get a choice piece of a full-grown man, as I'm dreadful hungry, and must have something to eat!"

This was too much for the Mexican, and he took to his heels in the twinkling of a jack-knife.

Costly Uniform.

Gen. Valencia, who was so badly whipped by Gen. Smith, at Contreras, possesses one requisite, and the chief requisite of a great Mexican general, he has a most splendid and costly uniform. It is said that when in full dress he bore upon his distinguished person at least \$20,000 worth of gold, diamonds, and precious metals. What a splendid capture he would have been to some of our ragged boys! No wonder he ran so fast when Riley charged his batteries. He had something to run for, though how he made such good time under such a heavy load, was a wonder to everybody. We understand, however, that the general was in very bad spirits—we mean nothing against the quality of the spirits with which he quenched the valor of his soul, and kept the cold off his stomach—on the memorable night of the 18th of August; but he was disheartened by the absence of a magnificent jewelled sword, which cost \$10,000, and which, under a monied pressure, he had left "in soak" at the *Monte Pio*. This sword is now to be seen in Mex-

ico, and was pawned for \$1,500. Its absence at Contreras has been assigned by Valencia's friends as one of the causes of his defeat in that battle.

It would be an interesting contrast to estimate the comparative value of the respective uniforms of Gen. Valencia, the conquered, and Gen. Smith, the victor, at Contreras. The result will throw much light upon the great leading distinctive traits of the American and Mexican character. Without meaning to impugn the richness and extent of Gen. Smith's wardrobe, we do not think it extravagant to estimate the value of the old dark blue coat and lightish blue pants, six-bit glazed cap, cork-soled boots, and service sabre, worn by the hero of Contreras, on that memorable day, as of the value of \$15. We doubt whether any of our little Jew tailors would not think that amount enormous.

But the inward man of these two generals is not less striking in contrast than their outward man. The showy and costly exterior of the one covers a vain, faithless, cowardly heart—whilst the plain, simple, and unpretending appearance of the other gives token of the dauntless heart and indomitable character, that made him the Conqueror and Hero.

Mexican Cavalry Officers.

CORTAZAR is a member of one of the first families of Guanajuato—a family that has always taken a leading part in the affairs of Mexico. He received the rank he now holds in 1841—being then the Governor of Guanajuato. In the year just mentioned, Santa Anna pronounced against President Bustamente, who, doubting the loyalty of Cortazar, sent him the General's sash as an inducement to be faithful. But the present had not the desired effect; or rather, as some say, it arrived at Guanajuato a day or two too late.

GUZMAN. There is scarcely a cavalry officer in the Mexican army, who has seen more service than he has. It was in 1839, or in 1840, that Guzman received the rank of General of Brigade, which was not the reward of political intrigue or tergiversation. It was won by hard fighting. In the department of Morelia he maintained for nearly three years—and with but little assistance from the Government—a harassing war with the Federalists; defeated them in several engagements, and finally compelled them to sue for peace. More than one act of daring has been attributed to this officer. It is said that during an *emeute*, he galloped towards a gun which the artillerymen had deserted, and for a few minutes alone kept the insurgents at bay.

TORREJON is a mestizo, or half-breed; and, like most mestizoes, is by no means distinguished for personal beauty. Like Guerrero, and other Mexican officers who have had a large admixture of Indian blood in their veins, Torrejon is very cunning. In laying traps for an adversary, he is remarkably expert; and, as will be remembered, it was he who surrounded and took prisoners Captain Thornton's command of sixty men.

General **JOSE MARIA MINON** is in most respects the opposite of Torrejon. Both are men of courage; but there is something chivalric in the courage of Minon;—nothing in that of Torrejon. Torrejon rarely attacks an enemy, except by means of an ambuscade. Minon would almost scorn to vanquish an enemy in that way. They are as unlike in person as they are in mind. Minon has a fine figure and expressive features. He is a great favorite in the Mexican army, who like him for his chivalric courage—and style him the “Murat of Mexico.” He is now forty-six or forty-eight years of age—or in the prime of life. He was made a General of Brigade in 1828, having distinguished himself at the battle of Acajete. He served during the campaign in 1836, but was not present at the battle of San Jacinto. When con-

versing with Englishmen or Americans, he descants in the highest terms, upon the valor displayed by the Texans throughout the campaign in question. Amongst the instances of that valor which he relates as having come under his own observation, is the following :

During a skirmish, Minon saw a Texan pursued by five Mexican foot soldiers. The Texan finding his pursuers gaining upon him, turned suddenly round and shot the foremost Mexican dead. Then clubbing his rifle, he withstood the assaults of the others. Two of them he struck dead ; but in doing this he broke his rifle, and at that moment the remaining Mexican stabbed him in the back and killed him.

Capture of Captain Thornton's Command.

On the evening of the 23d of April, Gen. Taylor received intelligence that the Mexicans had crossed the Rio Grande ; about twenty-five hundred men above and fifteen hundred below the American Fort. Two squadrons of dragoons were the next day despatched, one in each direction, for the purpose of reconnoitering the Mexican advance. The squadron ordered above was in command of Captain Thornton, and composed of Captain Hardee, Lieutenants Kane and Mason, and sixty-one privates and non-commissioned officers, who found that the Mexicans had crossed over the river in great numbers. Captain Thornton had proceeded but about twenty-four miles, and as he supposed to within about three miles of the Mexican camp, when his guide refused to go any further, stating for his reason that the whole country was infested with Mexicans.

Captain Thornton, however, proceeded on with his command about two miles, when on the 26th he came to a farmhouse, which was enclosed entirely by a chapparel fence, with the exception of that portion of it which bordered on

the river, and this was so boggy as to be impassable. He entered this enclosure through a pair of bars, and approached the house for the purpose of making some inquiry, his command followed. They had no sooner entered than from the chapparel there sprung out some two thousand Mexicans, completely surrounding him and opening a severe fire. He wheeled his men for the purpose of charging the enemy, when his horse having received a shot, ran away with him, and leaping the chapparel fence, plunged down a precipice and fell, Captain Thornton under him, who remained insensible for several hours. Captain Hardee, who succeeded to the command, attempted to effect an escape, but finding it impossible, prepared to resist to the last extremity, when a Mexican officer rode up and asked him to surrender, promising to treat him and his force as prisoners of war according to the custom of civilized nations. Captain Hardee then surrendered.

In this engagement Lieutenant Mason and nine men were killed, and two wounded, who were sent by the Mexicans into the American camp. Captain Thornton was subsequently taken prisoner.

Captain Butler.

It has been already announced that Captain John Butler, of the 3d dragoons, U. S. A., died at Mier, on the 23d of December last. He sunk under a malady which has robbed the army of many brave spirits—himself of the bravest. He was the grandson of Pierce Butler, a delegate from the State of South Carolina to the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States. His father was distinguished for courage and patriotism during the revolutionary war, and has furnished bright names for the scroll of fame since the achievement of the independence of America. The imme-

diate subject of this notice inherited the wealth and spirit of a line of noble ancestry. He was of that joyous and generous turn of mind which tempers courage with the sweetest attributes of social excellence. He was wealthy and brave. A scholar, a gentleman, and a soldier. For many years he occupied a distinguished position in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia, where his residence was a pattern of elegant taste, and the resort of wit and learning. His fireside was adorned by his lady, whose accomplished manners imparted grace and dignity to the hospitalities of a polished and profuse household.

The war found Captain Butler thus surrounded by luxuries, blest with domestic comfort, and honored by troops of friends. Less than these would have been a sacrifice for the toils of a campaign. But the spirit of the Butlers of the Revolution was awakened in the breast of this their representative, and he at once sought a place under the flag of his country. He joined the 3d dragoons as captain; and though the chances of war have not thrown in his way opportunities of signalizing himself by such deeds as command the admiration of millions, his soldierly bearing and prompt spirit acquired for him the respect of his corps and the admiration of his commanding officer. His company acknowledged no superior in discipline and effectiveness. He was a soldier from choice. He entered the army from the impulses of a gallant heart, and whilst the most exemplary officers, he was yet one of the kindest and most generous of men. He was respected for his manliness, admired for his devotion to duty, and loved for the munificence of his disposition. The loss of such a man was a loss to the service. His place at the head of his column can with difficulty be supplied, his loss at the hearthstone can never be. It was one of the griefs of his friends that he was worsted by disease. They would have been prepared to hear of his falling in the midst of battle; for such men are born to return from the wars with honor, or to return not at all.

Fremont's Extraordinary Ride.

It was at day break on the 22d March, 1847, that Lieut. Col. Fremont, his friend Don Jesus (pronounced Haisoos,) Pico, and his servant Jacob Dodsons, set out from La Ciudad le los Angeles (the city of the Angels,) in the southern part of upper California, to proceed, in the shortest time, to Monterey on the Pacific ocean, distant full four hundred miles. The way is over a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited, with no other road than a trace, and many defiles to pass, and particularly the maritime defile of El Rincon, or Punto Gordo, fifteen miles in extent, made by the jutting of a precipitous mountain into the sea, and which can only be passed when the tide is out and the sea calm, and even then in many places through the waves. The towns of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, and occasional ranchos, are the principal inhabited places on the route. Each of the party had three horses, nine in all, to take their turn under the saddle. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required some attention to keep the track. When wanted for a change, say at distances of twenty miles, they were caught by the lasso, thrown either by Don Jesus or Jacob. None of the horses were shod. The usual gait was a sweeping gallop. The first day they ran one hundred and twenty-five miles. The next day they made another one hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses, part of near double that number which perished in the crossing of that terrible mountain by the California battalion on Christmas day, 1846, amidst a raging tempest, and a deluge of rain and cold more killing than that of the Sierra Nevada—the day of severest suffering, say Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed. At sunset the party stopped to sup with the friendly Capt. Dana, and at nine at night, San Luis Obispo was reached, the home of Don Jesus, and where an affecting reception awaited Lieut

Col. Fremont, in consequence of an incident that occurred there, which history will one day record; and he was detained till eleven o'clock in the morning, receiving the visits of the inhabitants, (mothers and children included,) taking a breakfast of honor, and waiting for a relief of fresh horses to be brought in from the surrounding country. Here the nine horses from San Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy added to the party to assist in managing the loose horses. Proceeding at the usual gait till eight at night, and having made some seventy miles, Don Jesus, who had spent the night before with his family and friends, and probably with but little sleep, became fatigued, and proposed a halt for a few hours. It was in the valley of the Salinas, (Salt River, called *Buena Ventura*, in the old maps,) and the haunt of marauding Indians. For safety during their repose, the party turned off the trace, issued through a *canada* into a thick wood, and laid down, the horses being put to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish boy in the saddle to watch. Sleep, when commenced, was too sweet to be easily given up, and it was halfway between midnight and day, when the sleepers were aroused by an estampedo among the horses, and the calls of the boy. The cause of the alarm was soon found—not Indians, but white bears—this valley being their favorite resort, and the place where Col. F. and thirty-five of his men encountered some hundred of them the summer before, killing thirteen of them on the ground. The character of these bears is well known, and the bravest hunters do not like to meet them without the advantage of numbers. On discovering the enemy, Col. F. felt for his pistols, but Don Jesus desired him to lie still, saying that “people could scare bears;” and immediately hallooed at them in Spanish, and they went off. Sleep went off also; and the recovery of the horses, frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making a breakfast from the hospitable supplies of San Luis Obispo, occupied the party

till daybreak, when the journey was resumed. Eighty miles and the afternoon brought the party to Monterey. The next day, in the afternoon, the party set out on their return, and the two horses rode by Col. F. from San Luis Obispo, being a present from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus,) desired to make an experiment of what one of them could do. They were brothers, one a grass younger than the other, both of the same color, (cinnamon) and hence called *el canalo* or *los canalos*, (the cinnamon, or the cinnamons.) The elder was taken for the trial; and the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey, the afternoon well advanced. Thirty miles under the saddle done that evening, and the party stopped for the night. In the morning the elder *canalo* was again under the saddle, for Col. F., and for ninety miles he carried him without a change and without apparent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed, and Don Jesus insisted that *canalo* could easily do it, and so said the horse by his looks and actions. But Col. F. would not put him to the trial, and, shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider. He did so, immediately taking the lead and keeping it all the way, and entered San Luis in a sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, snuffing the air, and neighing with exultation at his return to his native pastures, his younger brother all the while running at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on his bit and held in by his rider. The whole eight horses made their one hundred and twenty miles each, that day, (after thirty the evening before,) the elder cinnamon making ninety of his under the saddle that day, besides thirty under the saddle the evening before; nor was there the least doubt that he would have done the whole distance in the same time, if he had continued under the saddle. After a hospitable detention of another half day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles, on the same nine horses which they had

rode from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up, namely, at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles a day. On this ride the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley; but these horses, meaning those trained and domesticated, as the canals were, eat almost anything in the way of vegetable food, or even drink, that their master uses, by whom they are petted and caressed, and rarely sold. Bread, fruits, sugar, coffee, and even wine, like the Persian horse, they take from the hand of their master, and obey with like docility his slightest intimation. A tap of the whip on the saddle springs him into action; the check of a thread rein, on a Spanish bit, would stop them; and stopped short at speed, they do not jostle the rider or throw him forward. They leap on any thing—man, beast, or weapon, on which their master directs them. But this description, so far as conduct and behavior are concerned, of course only applies to the the trained and domesticated horse.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

The Man who was not born to be killed by a Shell.

During the bombardment of Fort Brown, the besieged troops were obliged to throw themselves flat upon the ground every time a shell from the enemy was fired at them. A shell exploding among men in a standing position, would be more apt to kill them, than if they were close to the ground. A knot of officers were standing together for a moment one day, resting and chatting, when the look-out man gave the word to dodge a shell. The officers were down in an instant, Lieut. H. prostrating himself face downward, and looking over his shoulder. The shell came fizzling down, close by them. "I wonder if she'll bust," remarked the waggish H.; "she's a d—l of a long while about it, any how." Hardly were the words uttered, when a tremendous explosion replied

to them, and H.'s head went down like a lump of lead. Pretty soon the pieces began to fall, with a pattering sound, around them.—“Now we'll catch it,” remarked H. inclining his head a little upward, but still keeping close. “There it comes!” said he, as he saw a large fragment descending rapidly, directly upon his back. His comrades saw it, and thought, sure enough, that poor H.'s time had come. 'Twas useless to dodge, for he might roll himself directly in the way of it, so he “lay and took it,” as he remarked afterwards. The piece hit him plumb between the shoulders. “Hoo!” grunted H., and his friends sprang forward to see if he was dead. “Are you hurt, H.?” “No;” said he coolly, rising and shaking his coat, “but a fellow might as well be, as to be scared to death!” It was a clod of dirt that hit him, the shell having penetrated the ground, in a hard place, throwing off clods in every direction.

“*A fire in the Rear.*”

Water was scarce during the heat of summer, at Brasos Island, and liquor not so plentiful, at times, as the necessities of the sojourners required. It was at one of these thirsty seasons that a Yankee, by some hook or crook, got hold of a barrel of tolerably fair cider and with this small stock in trade he at once “set up” business. To rake and scrape together a parcel of boards and odd bits of canvass, enough to build a small shanty, was the work of but a short hour; to set the barrel on a couple of skids, in the back part of the tent, to tap it, and to commence retailing it at a dime a glass, occupied but a short time more.

Customers flocked in by the dozens, the cider went off at a rapid rate, and the Yankee was making his “eternal fortin” at a stride that would have elated John Jacob Astor, in his early days. Some of his patrons complained that a dime a

glass for cider, which was not worth more than two dollars a barrel at the outside, was an outrageous price; but the times were hard, the retailer's conscience easy—he had all the cider in the market, and could not afford to sell any cheaper. This state of things went on for an entire day, the Yankee's quarters being beset by throngs of patrons. On the following morning, and before the cider was yet half sold, they began to thin off gradually, and by the middle of the afternoon it was only now and then that a straggling stranger visited the shade and cider of the retailer. What was the matter? What had caused this sudden falling off of custom? The reader will soon see.

Towards night a new face appeared in the shanty, and called for a glass of cider. It was drawn, swallowed, and the customer took out his purse and enquired the price.

“One dime,” said the Yankee.

“One *what*?” retorted the customer.

“One dime,” coolly replied the Yankee.

“One h—ll,” snarled the customer; “why, I can get just as good cider here for *five cents* a glass.”

“N-o y-o-u c-a-n-t,” drawled the Yankee. “There aint a pint of cider, 'cept what I've got in this here barril, this side of Orleans, I'll be darned if there is.”

“I know better,” ejaculated the customer, tartly. “I bought a glass of cider not two hours ago, and only paid five cents for it.”

“I'd like to know where you effected that small transaction,” queried the Yankee.

“Right round here,” was the answer.

“I guess it was ‘right round here.’ Right round *where*, I'd like to know?” continued the cider vender.

“Why, close by here, somewhere—just back of your place,” returned the customer.

“I'll bet you tu drinks you didn't,” spoke up the Yankee, “and we'll go right round and see.”

“Done,” said the customer, and off they started.

Sure enough, "right round here," they found another cider establishment in full blast. A second Yankee had rigged a small shade in the rear of the first Yankee's shanty, had tapped the other end of the latter's barrel of cider, through a board, and was retailing it at five cents a glass, to a perfect rush of customers.

Generals Taylor and Ampudia.

The interview between Generals Taylor and Ampudia, in relation to the capitulation of Monterey, has been described by a gentleman who was present, as a very rich scene, in which the two chiefs were in fine contrast. Ampudia was all courtesy and fine words, big speeches, great volubility, with an abundance of gesticulation, shrugs, nods, alternate smiles and frowns, and that whole catalogue of silent language with which persons of French origin are wont to help the expression of their ideas. Gen. Ampudia is of a French family, and was born in the West Indies. Gen. Taylor, on the other hand, was as dry as a chip, as plain as a pipe-stem, and as short as pie-crust. Dressed in his best coat, (which, by the by, looks as if it had served some half a dozen campaigns,) with his glazed oil cloth cap, strapless pants, and old fashioned white vest, he seemed more like an old farmer, lately elected militia colonel, who had put on his every day suit, with the slightest possible regard to military toggery, to distinguish him from the crowd of mere civilians. In his reply to Ampudia's long harrangues, he used such direct, blunt, and emphatic language, that the valorous Mexican was taken all aback, and "had nothing to say." Ampudia opened the interview by saying that his forces were too large to be conquered by Gen. Taylor's army—that he had an abundance of ammunition, 7000 infantry and 3000 cavalry, with 40 cannon, and the best artillerists in the world—that his loss was very small, and he felt confident that he could defend

the city against a much stronger force than that under Gen. Taylor's command ; but that, from motives of humanity—to save the effusion of blood—to save the lives of helpless women and children—he was willing so far to compromise the glory of the great Mexican nation, as to surrender the city, provided he was allowed to retire with the whole of his force, and carry the public property with him, and all the arms and munitions of war. When he had finished his magnificent oration, which, in the style of his celebrated proclamation, was garnished with numerous allusions to the stupendous power and unfading glory and renown of magnanimous Mexico, old Zack quietly stuck his hands deep into his breeches pockets, cocked his head a little on one side, and gently raising his grizzly eyebrows, that the bold little black eye lurking beneath might have full play upon the grandiloquent Mexican, replied in these few but expressive words ; “ Gen. Ampudia, we came here to take Monterey, and we are going to do it on such terms as please us. I wish you good morning.” And the old general hobbled off on his two short little legs, leaving the Mexican general and staff in the profoundest bewilderment.

Military Etiquette.

A story is told of an eccentric officer, on the banks of the Rio Grande, showing that he is inclined, occasionally, to overlook slight breaches of military etiquette. The officer had returned from a convivial party, and felt in a pretty good humor with himself and every body else. Being inclined to breathe the fresh air, and suffer the effects of good cheer to evaporate, he selected a patch of green sward in camp for a promenade, and commenced slowly walking backward and forward. Now it so happened that a sentinel on duty had post directly in the officers line of march, and every few minutes would encounter his superior officer, and, as in duty

bound, his musket would be presented to salute him, and when he had passed, brought to the shoulder again. This continued for a long time, till the sentinel was quite tired of saluting him, and at last said, "Colonel, if you pass this way again, sir, I shan't salute you." The officer paused, spread his legs, surveyed his man from his glazed fatigue cap to the toes of his brogans, and back to his cap again, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, exclaimed; "And if you think I *care* whether you *do* or *not*, you are most infernally mistaken, my fine fellow—that's all I've got to say;" and resuming his promenade, the officer and private passed each other with the utmost indifference.

Gen. Taylor and the Volunteers.

Gen. Taylor is singular in everything. I have reason to believe that he is, notwithstanding his austerity of manner when busy, as full of humor as an egg is of meat. Taking this for granted, he must have been greatly amused, the other day, at the manœuvres of some volunteers, who went to his "ranche" to take a peep at the old lion. The General's tent is just like those around it, only, perhaps, *a little more so*—and when he sits in it, with his farmer's clothes on, and spectacles on his nose, poring over some order or official document, he looks more like an honest yeomen trying to decipher the details of his merchant's account, than the man he really is. The volunteers, half a dozen in number, loitered about head quarters awhile, and seeing the old tarpaulin, that is stretched over a pole in front of the General's tent, they went under it and seated themselves on the wooden benches. They saw an honest looking elderly man seated in the tent, eight or ten feet off, and neither knowing or caring who he was, they chatted awhile rather loudly, canvassing the merits and demerits of "Old Zach," some saying that "he was a d—d tough old cock;" others that, "he was pretty d—d

tight on the Americans, sometimes," &c. Finally they struck up old Dan Tucker in real Kentucky style, beating time on the benches, not uproarously, but heartily. The General paid no attention to what was going on, and the free hearted fellows had no idea that they were within half a mile of "old Zach," thinking, probably, that he had "stepped out somewhere." The General rose, and went to Major Bliss' office, and spoke to him, and then started off towards town. "See here," said one of the volunteers, "I'll bet that yonder is old Zach!" "Oh h—ll, no!" exclaimed another, positively, "*that* old Gen. Taylor!" and he laughed the other into silence. But the first speaker thought he would make sure, so he stepped up to Major Bliss and asked—"Is that the old fellow, yonder?" pointing to the General. "What old fellow do you mean?" replied the Major. "Why, the old General that ain't him, is it?" "That is Gen. Taylor: yes, sir," replied the Major, highly amused at the scene. "The h—ll it is,!" exclaimed the fellow, stalking after old Rough and Ready—"come on boys! that's him, by Jupiter, I told you so!"—and the company started off in pursuit.—*Letter from an Officer.*

Lieutenant Colonel Duncan.

Lieut. Col. Duncan, of the battalion of artillery, as at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, signalized himself for his bravery at Monterey. Col. Duncan is known not to be very fastidious in his dress, rather negligent in matters of the toilet, and this led to a rather ludicrous error at the interview or parley between Gens. Taylor and Ampudia, at which, many officers, of both armies, were present; and Lieut. Duncan by the invitation of Gen. Taylor. He was unshaven—wore a shocking bad hat—and seemed to have much more of the "I-do-as-I-d—n please" air of the Texan Ranger, than he had of an officer of high rank among the regulars. As he

entered the audience chamber, with his usual air of *abandon*, the Mexican officers seemed to have been suddenly and simultaneously operated upon by an electrifying machine. They would look at Duncan and whisper to one another, and then look and whisper again. At length Don Jose Maria Negriti, a busy little Mark Meddle of a fellow, one of Ampudia's aids, who spoke English passing well, stepped up to one of Gen. Taylor's staff, and pointing to Lieut. Col. Duncan, begged to be informed "If that was not Capt. Walker?" "No." "Nor Hays?" "No." "Nor McCulloch?" "No." "Then is he not at least a Texan?" "No," The little Aid, having got this particular and general information that the gallant Duncan was not a Texan "no how," he breathed freer, and returned to his general and comrade officers, to whom he communicated this gratifying intelligence.*

Major General Pillow.

Upon his appointment to the Brigadier Generalship, G. J. Pillow hastened to join the army and assume the command allotted to him, where he has since gained such imperishable laurels. His stay in New Orleans is thus happily hit off by the editor of a southern paper;—He was dressed in a full suit of "regimentals," with the brass buttons and gilt lace pertaining to a "full brigadier," and wore his three cornered cocked hat after the most approved style of militia musters. He was accompanied by his aid, two servants, and had along the requisite number of prancing coursers, either for a charge or a retreat. The General gratified the citizens of N. O. with his horsemanship, frequently, during his stay. Every morning, his servants led out two of his chargers, elegantly caparisoned,

* General Ampudia had heard that the Texans, to a man, had determined upon cutting his throat the first opportunity they might have; and this accounts for his consternation, as Lieut. Col. Duncan was taken for one of the 'b'hoys.'

and walked them up and down the street, in front of the St. Charles; and, upon inquiry as to whose horses they were, always condescended to answer, "They are Brigadier General Pillow's, sir—Brigadier General Pillow is gwyne to take a ride, sir." The morning after his arrival, the Brigadier, accompanied by his aid, mounted his horse, it is said, without any other accident except twice tripping himself up with his spurs, and gallantly trotted up St. Charles, around into Magazine street, where he halted before the Picayune office. The publisher, in hot haste, rushed to the door, where, after receiving a military salute from the Brigadier, the following racy and unique dialogue took place;

"What is the price," says the Brigadier, "of twelve numbers of the Picayune, per annum?"

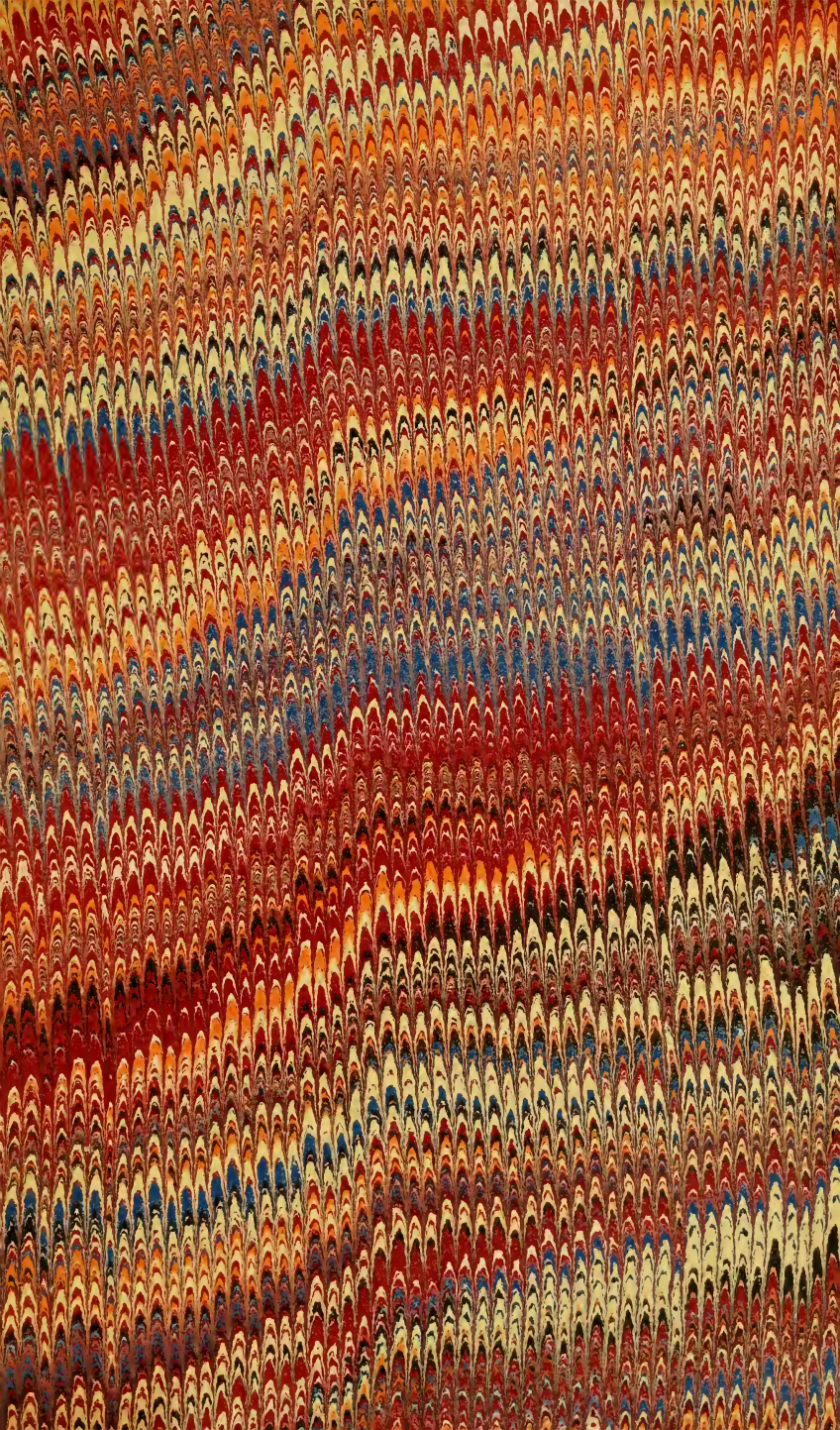
"Twenty dollars," said the publisher.

"That is pretty tall; however, send six numbers to Mrs. Brigadier General Pillow, at Columbia, Tennessee; and six to Mr. Brigadier General Pillow, wherever he may be on service, as he expects to be on active duty soon. And, by the way, you can announce in your paper, to-morrow, that Brigadier General Pillow has arrived in the city, in good health, and is, at present, staying at the St. Charles."

Overcome with the announcement, the publisher *retreated* to his room. The Brigadier and his aid travelled off in fine style, and, as they turned the corner of Magazine street, they met a brother soldier, belonging to the 51st regiment of ragged volunteers, singing the new popular military ballad of—

"The volunteers to the war have gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find 'em,
With their little caps their heads upon,
And no coat tails behind 'em."





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