

boggy for wagons, or horses, or an army to pass. Over these bogs and wet grounds the great causeways are cut, and over them only can the city be approached. The entrances of these causeways are defended by the bastioned gateways: and finally, around the city is a canal, or ditch. It was now the wet season, and the ground was marshy and the lakes high. Such was the series of obstacles, natural and artificial, which, on the 9th of September, presented themselves to the experienced eye of General Scott. He saw himself with a small army, reduced by bloody battles and severe sickness, in the heart of the valley of Mexico. In front, a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, an army of twenty-five thousand men, and defences, which in other hands would seem impregnable; and finally, with the line of his communication, connecting the army with the base of its supply, cut off! This position was one, which can only be equalled in military history by the conquest of Egypt by Bonaparte, when his retreat was cut off by the English victory of Aboukir Bay. The difference is, that Napoleon was foiled, but the American general was not. Mexico had no St. Jean d'Acre for the general who had conquered at Niagara, at San d'Ulloa, at Cerro Gordo, and Churubusco! He marched on, and marched victoriously through all the obstacles of nature and of art!

On the 11th of September, Scott had completed all his reconnaissances, made his arrangements, and now had determined on the final assault. The general determined to attack the western, or southwestern gates, by the Chapultepec causeway; but, to deceive the enemy, and economize our own soldiers, he arranged a masked movement against the southern gates, while the real one was on the

other side. The point of attack was Chapultepec. The mask movement was made by the divisions of Quitman and Pillow, *in daylight*, on the 11th, marching from Coyhoacan to manoeuvre and make false attacks on the San Antonia road, before the gates of the south side. In the same manner Twiggs, with Riley's brigade, and Taylor's and Steptoe's batteries, was left in front of the same gates to threaten and act according to circumstances. The former divisions (Pillow's and Quitman's) were to return *by night* to Tacubaya, while Twiggs still remained on the southern front; Smith's brigade was posted at San Angel; Worth's division remained with the general-in-chief, at Tacubaya. This was the position of the several corps on the afternoon of the 11th.¹ That night, the divisions of Pillow and Quitman moved up to Tacubaya, according to the orders of the general-in-chief, previously given; Twiggs, with his brigade and batteries alone remaining, to keep up the appearance of attack on the south side:

All things were now ready for the full development of the assault. The point *d'appui* for the enemy was the Castle of Chapultepec, and constituted the point of attack for the American army—commanding with its cannon, the Chapultepec and San Cosmo causeways. We have already described the hill of Chapultepec, a steep, bluff, rocky height, rising one hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding grounds, and defended by a strong castle of thick stone walls. The whole fortress or work of defence, is about nine hundred feet in length; and the *terre-plein* and main buildings, about six hundred feet.

The following account is given by an officer of the army

¹ Scott's Official Report, dated Sept. 18th, 1847, No. 34.

"The Castle is about ten feet high, and the whole structure, including the wings, bastions, parapets, redoubts, and batteries, is very strongly built, and of the most splendid architecture. A splendid dome decorates the top, rising in great majesty about twenty feet above the whole truly grand and magnificent pile, and near which is the front centre, supported by a stone arch, upon which is painted the coat-of-arms of the republic, where once floated the tri-colored banner, but is now decorated by the glorious stars and stripes of our own happy land. Two very strongly-built stone walls surround the whole; and at the west end, where we stormed the works, the outer walls are some ten feet apart, and twelve or fifteen feet high, over which we charged by the help of fascines. It was defended by heavy artillery, manned by the most learned and skilful gunners of their army, including some French artilleryists of distinction. The infantry force consisted of the officers and students of the institution, and the national guards, and chosen men of war of the republic—the whole under the command of General Bravo, whom we made prisoner. The whole hill is spotted with forts and outposts, and stone and mud walls, which were filled with their picket or castle guard. A huge high stone-wall extends around the whole frowning craggy mount, and another along the southeast base, midway from the former and the castle. A well-paved road leads up in a triangular form to the main gate, entering the south *terre-plein*; and the whole works are ingeniously and beautifully ornamented with Spanish fastidiousness and skill."¹

¹ Letter of Lieut. Satten, of the 15th Infantry, in the *Union*.

This was now to be assaulted—and the next step was, on the night of the 11th, the erection of batteries which would command the fortress. The ground for these was traced out by Captains Huger and Lee, and they were thus placed:

Battery No. 1, mounted two eighteen-pounders, and one eight-inch mortar, and was commanded by Captain Drum. This battery was about six hundred yards from the castle, just to the left of the Tacubaya road.

Battery No. 2, mounted one twenty-four pounder, and one eight-inch mortar, and was commanded by Captain Hagner, of the Ordnance. This battery was placed to the front and to the left of Tacubaya, a little further from the castle.

Battery No. 3, mounted one eighteen-pounder, and one eight-inch mortar. This was placed half way between Tacubaya and Molino del Rey, and was commanded by Captain Brooks and Lieutenant Anderson, of the 2d artillery, alternately.

Battery No. 4, was placed near Molino del Rey—was commanded by Lieutenant Stone, of the Ordnance, and mounted one large mortar.

The object of these batteries was to cripple the defences of the castle, preparatory to an assault. Accordingly, the next morning, (the 12th,) these batteries being in position, commenced firing at daylight. The air was filled with blazing fuzes and whirling balls. Every ball went through the building, and every shell tore up the ramparts—while from the bastions and batteries of Chapultepec, the enemy rained down an incessant fire upon the assailants below. Such was the work of the 12th—closed only when daylight disap-

peared, and left the troops to darkness and to a short repose.

The divisions of Pillow and Quitman were in position on the night of the 11th, waiting for orders. Twiggs was still firing away at the southern gates, to divert and deceive the enemy. On the afternoon of the 12th, Smith's brigade (stationed at San Angel) was moved up to Piedad, a small village two miles from Chapultepec. General Scott had appointed the momentary cessation of fire from our batteries, as a signal of assault. This was to take place in two columns, commanded respectively by Generals Quitman and Pillow, each preceded by a storming party of two hundred and fifty select men; and the whole supported by Worth's division in reserve. The storming party for Pillow, was furnished from Worth's division, and commanded by Captain McKenzie, of the 2d artillery. The storming party of Quitman's column was furnished by Twiggs' division, and commanded by Captain Casey, of the 2d infantry.

At 8 A. M., on the morning of the 13th, the general-in-chief sent word, by his aids, to Pillow and Quitman, that the concerted signal was about to be given.¹ The brigade of General Smith had left Piedad, at 6 A. M., and was now arrived on the ground. It was to act with the column of Quitman. The column of Pillow was to advance on the west side, that of Quitman on the southeast. The reserve under Worth was to turn the castle, and come into the road on the north, there either to assist in the assault or cut off the retreat of the enemy.

This entire plan was successfully carried out. Both

¹ General Scott's Official Report.

columns charged with alacrity at 9 A. M. of the 13th Pillow advanced through an open grove on the west, filled with sharpshooters. These were speedily dislodged, and the column emerged into an opening at the foot of the rocky acclivity. Here General Pillow was wounded, and the command devolved on General Cadwallader.¹ The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a redoubt half-way up to be carried. Bravely led by gallant officers, bravely did the men advance. Slowly, but surely did they advance; step by step the ground is gained. Now the first battery is taken! Now the soldiers march over mines!² Now the match is lighted to fire them! The man is shot down, and the assailants are safe, from all but this terrible shower of balls! Now they reach the ditch, and the stone wall is beyond. The fascines³ are applied—the ditch is bridged. The scaling ladders are applied to that massive wall, and they mount! they mount! The castle is carried, and now the flags of these brave regiments fly on its ramparts! The loud hurrah resounds through the ranks!

But what is doing by the column of the brave Quitman? Have they no part? As bravely, and as actively, and successfully did they storm the rock-built castle of Chapultepec.

¹ Official Report.

² General Scott, in his Official Report, says that men in attempting to fire the mines were shot down. General Bravo, who commanded, says that the engineer who had charge of them disappeared, and they could not be fired. Both statements are no doubt true.

³ Fascines are bundles of withes, or sticks, tied round and filled up with earth, to fill up ditches.

Moving over a causeway from Tacubaya, flanked on either side by deep ditches, and cut in several places, Quitman had little room to manœuvre, while in front was a strong body of the enemy, and two or three small pieces. All these obstacles were overcome, the enemy routed, and the volunteers of Quitman, of New York, of Pennsylvania, and of South Carolina, arrived in time to join the storming parties, as they scaled the walls of Chapultepec. Here, too, the "Rifles," so often distinguished, joined the assault, and shared in the bloodiest adventures of the day. An officer of that gallant corps thus describes the scene:

"After about an hour's hard firing, the enemy's fire began to slacken, and the word was given to charge. We rushed forward, and in three minutes we carried the first battery. The rifles entered the battery with the storming party, which was commanded by one of its captains. We followed the fugitives close up to the aqueduct, and, turning to the left, clambered up the steep path to the castle. The enemy were running down in crowds, and the slaughter was tremendous in the road and orchard. Our men were infuriated by the conduct of the Mexicans at Molino del Rey, and took but few prisoners. The castle was completely torn to pieces; nearly every part was riddled by our shot, while the pavements and fortifications were completely torn up by the shells. In it were crowds of prisoners of every rank and color; among whom were fifty general officers, and about a hundred cadets of the Mexican military academy. The latter were pretty little fellows, from ten to sixteen years of age. Several of them were killed fighting like demons, and indeed they showed an example of cour-

age worthy of imitation by some of their superiors in rank."¹

Thus was Chapultepec taken. Its rocky heights—its strong batteries—its military college—its mines—its succoring army—were all in vain. The heroes who had stormed the hill of Contreras, the intrenchments of Churubusco, and the King's Mill, failed not here. Chapultepec is taken, and the great causeways to Mexico are no longer defended by fortresses. The gates alone remain.

Just at this time the general-in-chief arrived at the castle, and took a *coup d'œil* view of the whole field, as it lay around the city of Mexico. His determination was instantly taken. On the right, the road passed on to the Belen gate; on the left, it passed to the San Cosmo causeway and gate. Worth had *turned* the castle during the conflict, passed round to the north centre of Chapultepec, and there attacked the right wing of the Mexican army on the road. Now he had already pursued the enemy, and was marching on the San Cosmo road. Quitman on the other hand was pursuing the enemy by the causeway to the Belen gate. Scott knew that the San Cosmo gate was easier taken than the Belen, and therefore ordered Cadwallader's brigade and other forces up to Worth, intending his to be the main attack. He garrisoned Chapultepec with the 15th regiment of infantry, and after sending guns and ammunition to both Worth and Quitman, and taking care of the ordnance and prisoners, he followed Worth's division on the San Cosmo road. This corps soon came to a suburb, just in front of the gate of San Cosmo, and there found the enemy again prepared

¹ Letter in the New York Courier and Enquirer.

for battle, behind ditches, and on the flat roofs of houses, making the village a fortification, and defending it inch by inch. The pioneers, with picks and crowbars, soon made their way through windows and houses, burrowing their way. The mountain howitzers began to play, and by 8 P. M. the positions were carried, and Worth quietly rested his troops in the suburbs of Mexico. A single gate, unable to make successful resistance now, alone raised its feeble barrier between the northman and the now humbled conquerors of the Aztecs.

On the other causeway the scene was yet more remarkable. Quitman, reinforced with Smith's brigade, in the ardor of pursuit had carried an intermediate battery, and actually entered the Belen gate, after a hard battle. The capture of the Belen gate is thus described by an officer of the "Rifles."

"Again we commenced our slow and deadly march, as we gradually approached the *garita*, or gate of the city, the enemy retreating slowly before us. As soon as they crossed the gate a tremendous fire of artillery opened upon us on both sides of the aqueduct as well as from two flanking batteries on both sides the road. Here our loss was very great. Slowly creeping from arch to arch, we lost many men by the batteries in front, while the fire from flanking batteries coming through the arches killed many who were safe from that in front. About noon we got close up to the *garita*, and the enemy's fire being partly silenced by our artillery in the road, and thus being driven out of the cross-battery on the left, we once more gave the rifle yell, and charged the *garita*. Again we were first, and at twenty minutes past one, of the 13th of September, the regiment entered the city of Mexico.

But our work was not yet ended. Directly in front was still another battery, with flanking batteries as before. Our regiment again went forward, and assisted by some others we occupied a house and some of the arches, and not only kept them off, but repelled four attempts at charges which they made. Meanwhile we had constructed a battery of sand-bags at the *garita*, and kept up a sharp fire in front. Towards dark those in front were recalled, and all retired behind the batteries. That night the battery was completed, and the men slept on their arms in the arches of the aqueduct."¹

Thus closed the 13th of September in the valley of Mexico. The morning had found the armies of the North and the South in a yet undecided position. It is true that victory had constantly granted her favors to the army of Scott; but that army was small, and the columns of the enemy were numerous, and his defences strong. Chapultepec looked down from almost impregnable heights. The rays of the risen sun glanced from the plumes and swords and guns of twenty thousand men. Mexico poured out her throng to defend her gates and walls, and ditches and causeways raised their obstacles and embarrassments in the way of the American general. Night had now come, and all these arms, and fortresses, and soldiers, and obstacles had disappeared, as if charmed away by the magician's wand, before the triumphant energy of the northern soldier. The flag of the republic of the North waved in the evening breeze from the rock-built castle of Chapultepec, and now as the clouds of night gather in darkness round its summit, some famished dog may find

¹ Letter in the New York Courier and Enquirer.

his meal on the cold flesh of its brave but unfortunate defenders. The clouds will break away, and the stars beam out upon that lonely hill; but from those cold bodies no cloud will break, no stars beam out on earth for the loved hearts who wait and watch for them.¹ The victor rushes on! Batteries are taken, causeways passed, and his cannon thunder and batter at the gates of Mexico. Night has found him too, and the sentinel alone keeps watch round the wearied soldier of America, who sinks to rest with his garments yet rolled in blood. Neither the glorious drama of such a day, the grandeur of such a scene, nor the strange novelty of such events, can repel the weariness of fatigue, or prevent the necessity of repose. He sinks to rest as softly and calmly as the innocent child, and welcomes to his aching limbs and drowsy eyes,

“Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

Daylight of the 14th of September had scarcely arrived, when the *Ayuntamiento* (city council) of Mexico waited upon General Scott, informed him that both the Mexican government and army had marched out of the city some hours before, and demanded terms of capitulation.² The general replied that the city was virtually in his power the night previous, and that the American army would come under no terms not *self-imposed*. About daylight he gave his orders to Worth and Quitman to advance and occupy the city. The corps of Quitman rushed forward,

¹ Intercepted Mexican letters show that many of the Mexican officers were anxiously awaited by sisters, wives, and mothers.

² Scott’s Official Despatch.

and soon the colors of its regiments were planted on the far-famed palace of Mexico. Worth’s division had been delayed at the Alameda; that the men who had entered the Belen gate the night before, might be first in the grand plaza. At 7 A. M., on the 14th of September, 1847, the flag of the American Union was hoisted on the walls of the national palace in the city of Mexico. Soon after this event, at 9 A. M., a “tremendous hurrah” broke from the corner of the plaza, and in a few minutes were seen the towering plumes and commanding form of our gallant old hero, GENERAL SCOTT, escorted by the 2d dragoons. The heartfelt welcome that came from our little band was such as Montezumas’ Halls had never heard, and must have deeply affected the general.¹

Soon after this a firing was heard, and it appeared that the *Leperos*, or mob of the city, with some liberated convicts, had made an insurrection. A fire was opened on our men from the flat roofs of houses, from windows and corners of streets, by the vagabonds of the city, liberated convicts, and disbanded soldiers. This was not put down till twenty-four hours had passed, and till many were killed and wounded. The object was as much plunder, as hatred.²

We insert here the official report of the commander-in-chief, General Scott.

¹ Letter of an officer of the Rifles.

² Scott’s Official Report.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY. }
National Palace of Mexico, Sept. 18, 1847. }

SIR:—At the end of another series of arduous and brilliant operations of more than forty-eight hours' continuance, this glorious army hoisted, on the morning of the 14th, the colors of the United States on the walls of this palace.

The victory of the 8th, at the Molino del Rey, was followed by daring reconnoissances on the part of our distinguished engineers—Capt. Lee, Lieuts. Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower,—Major Smith, senior, being sick, and Capt. Mason, third in rank, wounded. Their operations were directed principally to the south—towards the gates of the Piedad, San Angel, (Nino Perdido,) San Antonio, and the Paseo de la Viga.

This city stands on a slight swell of ground, near the centre of an irregular basin, and is girdled with a ditch in its greater extent—a navigable canal of great breadth and depth—very difficult to bridge in the presence of an enemy, and serving at once for drainage, custom-house purposes, and military defence; leaving eight entrances or gates, over arches—each of which we found defended by a system of strong works, that seemed to require nothing but some men and guns to be impregnable.

Outside and within the cross-fires of those gates, we found to the south other obstacles but little less formidable. All the approaches near the city are over elevated causeways, cut in many places (to oppose us), and flanked on both sides by ditches, also of unusual dimensions. The numerous cross-roads are flanked in like manner, having bridges at the intersections, recently broken. The meadows thus checkered, are, moreover, in many spots, under water or marshy; for, it will be remembered, we were in the midst of the wet season, though with less rain than usual, and we could not wait for

the fall of the neighboring lakes and the consequent drainage of the wet grounds at the edge of the city—the lowest in the whole basin.

After a close personal survey of the southern gates, covered by Pillow's division and Riley's brigade of Twiggs'—with four times our numbers concentrated in our immediate front—I determined on the 11th to avoid that net-work of obstacles, and to seek, by a sudden diversion, to the southwest and west, less unfavorable approaches.

To economize the lives of our gallant officers and men, as well as to ensure success, it became indispensable that this resolution should be long masked from the enemy; and again, that the new movement, when discovered, should be mistaken for a feint, and the old as indicating our true and ultimate point of attack.

Accordingly, on the spot, the 11th, I ordered Quitman's division from Coyoacan, to join Pillow, by daylight, before the southern gates, and then that the two major-generals, with their divisions, should, by night, proceed (two miles) to join me at Tacubaya, where I was quartered with Worth's division. Twiggs, with Riley's brigade and Captains Taylor's and Steptoe's field batteries—the latter of 12-pounders—was left in front of those gates, to manœuvre, to threaten, or to make false attacks, in order to occupy and deceive the enemy. Twiggs' other brigade (Smith's) was left at supporting distance, in the rear, at San Angel, till the morning of the 13th, and also to support our general depot at Miscoac. The stratagem against the south was admirably executed throughout the 12th and down to the afternoon of the 13th, when it was too late for the enemy to recover from the effects of his delusion.

The first step in the new movement was to carry Chapultepec, a natural and isolated mound, of great elevation, strongly for-

tified at its base, on its acclivities, and heights. Besides a numerous garrison, here was the military college of the republic, with a large number of sub-lieutenants and other students. Those works were within direct gun-shot of the village of Tacubaya, and, until carried, we could not approach the city on the west, without making a circuit too wide and too hazardous.

In the course of the same night (that of the 11th) heavy batteries, within easy ranges, were established. No. 1, on our right, under the command of Capt. Drum, 4th artillery, (relieved late next day, for some hours, by Lieut. Andrews of the 3d,) and No. 2, commanded by Lieut. Hagner, ordnance—both supported by Quitman's division. Nos. 3 and 4 on the opposite side, supported by Pillow's division, were commanded, the former by Capt. Brooks and Lieut. S. S. Anderson, 2d artillery, alternately, and the latter by Lieut. Stone, ordnance. The batteries were traced by Capt. Huger and Capt. Lee, engineer, and constructed by them with the able assistance of the young officers of those corps and the artillery.

To prepare for an assault, it was foreseen that the play of the batteries might run into the second day; but recent captures had not only trebled our siege pieces, but also our ammunition; and we knew that we should greatly augment both by carrying the place. I was, therefore, in no haste in ordering an assault before the works were well crippled by our missiles.

The bombardment and cannonade, under the direction of Capt. Huger, were commenced early in the morning of the 12th. Before nightfall, which necessarily stopped our batteries, we had perceived that a good impression had been made on the castle and its outworks, and that a large body of the enemy had remained outside, towards the city, from an early hour to avoid our fire, and to be at hand on its cessation, in order to

reinforce the garrison against an assault. The same outside force was discovered the next morning, after our batteries had reopened upon the castle, by which we again reduced its garrison to the minimum needed for the guns.

Pillow and Quitman had been in position since early in the night of the 11th. Major-general Worth was now ordered to hold his division in reserve, near the foundry, to support Pillow; and Brigadier-general Smith, of Twiggs' division, had just arrived with his brigade from Piedad, (2 miles,) to support Quitman. Twiggs' guns, before the southern gates, again reminded us, as the day before, that he, with Riley's brigade and Taylor's and Steptoe's batteries, was in activity, threatening the southern gates, and there holding a great part of the Mexican army on the defensive.

Worth's division furnished Pillow's attack with an assaulting party of some 250 volunteer officers and men, under Capt. McKenzie, of the 2d artillery; and Twiggs' division supplied a similar one, commanded by Capt. Casey, 2d infantry, to Quitman. Each of those little columns was furnished with scaling ladders.

The signal I had appointed for the attack was the momentary cessation of fire on the part of our heavy batteries. About 8 o'clock in the morning of the 13th, judging that the time had arrived by the effect of the missiles we had thrown, I sent an aid-de-camp to Pillow, and another to Quitman, with notice that the concerted signal was about to be given. Both columns now advanced with an alacrity that gave assurance of prompt success. The batteries, seizing opportunities, threw shots and shells upon the enemy over the heads of our men, with good effect, particularly at every attempt to reinforce the works from without to meet our assault.

Major-general Pillow's approach, on the west side, lay through an open grove, filled with sharp-shooters, who were

speedily dislodged; when being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space, at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The immediate command devolved on Brigadier-general Cadwallader, in the absence of the senior brigadier (Pierce) of the same division—an invalid since the events of August 19. On a previous call of Pillow, Worth had just sent him a reinforcement—Colonel Clarke's brigade.

The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below, as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties; some of the daring spirits first in the assault were cast down—killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

Major-general Quitman, nobly supported by Brigadier-generals Shields and Smith, (P. F.,) his other officers and men, was up with the part assigned him. Simultaneously with

the movement on the west, he had gallantly approached the southeast of the same works, over a causeway with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. Those formidable obstacles Quitman had to face, with but little shelter for his troops or space for manœuvring. Deep ditches flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows, and these again were intersected by other ditches. Smith and his brigade had been early thrown out to make a sweep to the right, in order to present a front against the enemy's line, (outside,) and to turn two intervening batteries near the foot of Chapultepec. This movement was also intended to support Quitman's storming parties, both on the causeway. The first of these, furnished by Twiggs' division, was commanded in succession by Captain Casey, 2d infantry, and Captain Paul, 7th infantry, after Casey had been severely wounded; and the second, originally under the gallant Major Twiggs, marine corps, killed, and then Captain Miller, 2d Pennsylvania volunteers. The storming party, now commanded by Captain Paul seconded by Captain Roberts, of the rifles, Lieutenant Stewart, and others of the same regiment, Smith's brigade, carried the two batteries in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support. The New York and South Carolina volunteers (Shields' brigade) and the 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, all on the left of Quitman's line, together with portions of his storming parties, crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec just in time to join in the final assault from the west.

Besides Major-generals Pillow and Quitman, Brigadier-generals Shields, Smith, and Cadwallader, the following are the officers and corps most distinguished in those brilliant operations: The voltigeur regiment in two detachments, com-