

manded respectively by Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant-colonel Johnstone—the latter mostly in the lead, accompanied by Major Caldwell; Captains Barnard and Biddle, of the same regiment—the former the first to plant a regimental color, and the latter among the first in the assault; the storming party of Worth's division, under Captain McKenzie, 2d artillery, with Lieutenant Seldon, 8th infantry, early on the ladder and badly wounded; Lieutenant Armistead, 6th infantry, the first to leap into the ditch to plant a ladder; Lieutenants Rodgers of the 4th, and J. P. Smith of the 5th infantry—both mortally wounded; the 9th infantry, under Colonel Ransom, who was killed while gallantly leading that gallant regiment; the 15th infantry, under Lieutenant-colonel Howard and Major Woods, with Captain Chase, whose company gallantly carried the redoubt, midway up the acclivity; Colonel Clarke's brigade (Worth's division) consisting of the 5th, 8th, and part of the 6th regiments of infantry, commanded respectively by Captain Chapman, Major Montgomery, and Lieutenant Edward Johnson—the latter specially noticed, with Lieutenants Longstreet, (badly wounded, advancing, colors in hand,) Pickett, and Merchant, the last three of the 8th infantry; portions of the United States marines, New York, South Carolina, and 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, which, delayed with their division (Quitman's) by the hot engagement below, arrived just in time to participate in the assault of the heights—particularly a detachment under Lieutenant Reid, New York volunteers, consisting of a company of the same, with one of marines; and another detachment, a portion of the storming party, (Twiggs' division, serving with Quitman,) under Lieutenant Steele, 2d infantry, after the fall of Lieutenant Gantt, 7th infantry.

In this connection, it is but just to recall the decisive effect of the heavy batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, commanded by

those excellent officers, Captain Drum, 4th artillery, assisted by Lieutenants Benjamin and Porter of his own company; Captain Brooks and Lieutenant Anderson, 2d artillery, assisted by Lieutenant Russell, 4th infantry, a volunteer; Lieutenants Hagner and Stone of the ordnance, and Lieutenant Andrews, 3d artillery; the whole superintended by Captain Huger, chief of ordnance with this army—an officer distinguished by every kind of merit. The mountain howitzer battery, under Lieutenant Reno, of the ordnance, deserves, also, to be particularly mentioned. Attached to the voltigeurs, it followed the movements of that regiment, and again won applause.

In adding to the list of individuals of conspicuous merit, I must limit myself to a few of the many names which might be enumerated: Captain Hooker, assistant adjutant-general, who won special applause, successively, in the staff of Pillow and Cadwallader; Lieutenant Lovell, 4th artillery, (wounded,) chief of Quitman's staff; Captain Page, assistant adjutant-general, (wounded,) and Lieutenant Hammond, 3d artillery, both of Shields' staff, and Lieutenant Van Dorn, (7th infantry,) aid-de-camp to Brigadier-general Smith.

Those operations all occurred on the west, southeast, and heights of Chapultepec. To the north and at the base of the mound, inaccessible on that side, the 11th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Hebert, the 14th, under Col. Trousdale, and Capt. Magruder's field battery, 1st artillery—one section advanced under Lieut. Jackson—all of Pillow's division—had, at the same time, some spirited affairs against superior numbers, driving the enemy from a battery in the road, and capturing a gun. In these, the officers and corps named gained merited praise. Colonel Trousdale, the commander, though twice wounded, continued on duty until the heights were carried.

Early in the morning of the 13th, I repeated the orders of



the night before to Major-general Worth, to be, with his division at hand, to support the movement of Major-general Pillow from our left. The latter seems soon to have called for that entire division, standing momentarily in reserve, and Worth sent him Col. Clarke's brigade. The call, if not unnecessary, was at least, from the circumstances, unknown to me at the time; for, soon observing that the very large body of the enemy, in the road in front of Major-general Quitman's right, was receiving reinforcements from the city—less than a mile and a half to the east—I sent instructions to Worth, on our opposite flank, to turn Chapultepec with his division, and to proceed, cautiously, by the road at its northern base, in order, if not met by very superior numbers, to threaten or to attack, in rear, that body of the enemy. The movement, it was also believed, could not fail to distract and to intimidate the enemy generally.

Worth promptly advanced with his remaining brigade—Colonel Garland's—Lieut. Col. C. F. Smith's light battalion, Lieut. Col. Duncan's field battery—all of his division—and three squadrons of dragoons, under Major Sumner, which I had just ordered up to join in the movement.

Having turned the forest on the west, and arriving opposite to the north centre of Chapultepec, Worth came up with the troops in the road, under Col. Trousdale, and aided, by a flank movement of a part of Garland's brigade, in taking the one gun breastwork, then under the fire of Lieut. Jackson's section of Capt. Magruder's field battery. Continuing to advance, this division passed Chapultepec, attacking the right of the enemy's line, resting on that road, about the moment of the general retreat consequent upon the capture of the formidable castle and its outworks.

Arriving some minutes later, and mounting to the top of the castle, the whole field, to the east, lay plainly under my view.

There are two routes from Chapultepec to the capital—the one on the right entering the same gate, Belen, with the road from the south, via Piedad; and the other obliquing to the left, to intersect the great western, or San Cosmo road, in a suburb outside of the gate of San Cosmo.

Each of these routes (an elevated causeway) presents a double roadway on the sides of an aqueduct of strong masonry and great height, resting on open arches and massive pillars, which together afford fine points both for attack and defence. The sideways of both aqueducts are, moreover, defended by many strong breastworks at the gates, and before reaching them. As we had expected, we found the four tracks unusually dry and solid for the season.

Worth and Quitman were prompt in pursuing the retreating enemy—the former by the San Cosmo aqueduct, and the latter along that of Belen. Each had now advanced some hundred yards.

Deeming it all-important to profit by our successes, and the consequent dismay of the enemy, which could not be otherwise than general, I hastened to despatch from Chapultepec—first Clark's brigade, and then Cadwallader's, to the support of Worth, and gave orders that the necessary heavy guns should follow. Pierce's brigade was, at the same time, sent to Quitman, and, in the course of the afternoon, I caused some additional siege pieces to be added to his train. Then, after designating the 15th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Howard—Morgan, the colonel, had been disabled by a wound at Churubusco—as the garrison of Chapultepec, and giving directions for the care of the prisoners of war, the captured ordnance and ordnance stores, I proceeded to join the advance of Worth, within the suburb, and beyond the turn at the junction of the aqueduct with the great highway from the west to the gate of San Cosmo.



At this junction of roads, we first passed one of those formidable systems of city defences, spoken of above, and it had not a gun!—a strong proof, 1. That the enemy had expected us to fail in the attack upon Chapultepec, even if we meant any thing more than a feint; 2. That, in either case, we designed, in his belief, to return and double our forces against the southern gates—a delusion kept up by the active demonstrations of Twiggs and the forces posted on that side; and, 3. That advancing rapidly from the reduction of Chapultepec, the enemy had not time to shift guns—our previous captures had left him, comparatively, but few—from the southern gates.

Within those disgarnished works, I found our troops engaged in a street fight against the enemy posted in gardens, at windows, and on house-tops—all flat, with parapets. Worth ordered forward the mountain howitzers of Cadwallader's brigade, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with pickaxes and crowbars, to force windows and doors, or to burrow through walls. The assailants were soon in an equality of position fatal to the enemy. By eight o'clock in the evening, Worth had carried two batteries in this suburb. According to my instructions, he here posted guards and sentinels, and placed his troops under shelter for the night. There was but one more obstacle—the San Cosmo gate, (custom-house,) between him and the great square in front of the cathedral and palace, the heart of the city; and that barrier it was known could not, by daylight, resist our siege guns thirty minutes.

I had gone back to the foot of Chapultepec, the point from which the two aqueducts begin to diverge, some hours earlier, in order to be near that new depot, and in easy communication with Quitman and Twiggs, as well as with Worth.

From this point I ordered all detachments and stragglers to their respective corps, then in advance; sent to Quitman ad-

ditional siege guns, ammunition, intrenching tools; directed Twiggs' remaining brigade (Riley's) from Piedad, to support Worth, and Captain Steptoe's field-battery, also at Piedad, to rejoin Quitman's division.

I had been, from the first, well aware that the western or San Cosmo, was the less difficult route to the centre, and conquest of the capital, and therefore intended that Quitman should only manœuvre and threaten the Belen or southwestern gate, in order to favor the main attack by Worth, knowing that the strong defences at the Belen were directly under the guns of the much stronger fortress, called the Citadel, just within. Both of these defences of the enemy were also within easy supporting distance from the San Angel (or Nino Perdido) and San Antonio gates. Hence the greater support, in numbers, given to Worth's movement as the main attack.

These views I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Major-general Quitman; but being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and ably supported by Brigadier-generals Shields and Smith, Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire, as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman continued to press forward, under flank and direct fires, carried an intermediate battery of two guns, and then the gate, before two o'clock in the afternoon, but not without proportionate loss, increased by his steady maintenance of that position.

Here, of the heavy battery, (4th artillery,) Captain Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin were mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Porter, its third in rank, slightly. The loss of those two most distinguished officers the army will long mourn. Lieutenants J. B. Morange and William Canty, of the South Carolina volunteers, also of high merit, fell on the same occasion, besides many of our bravest non-commissioned officers and men, particularly in Captain Drum's veteran company. 1



cannot, in this place, give names or numbers; but full returns of the killed and wounded, of all corps, in their recent operations, will accompany this report.

Quitman within the city—adding several new defences to the position he had won, and sheltering his corps as well as practicable—now awaited the return of daylight under the guns of the formidable citadel, yet to be subdued.

About 4 o'clock next morning, (Sept. 14,) a deputation of the *ayuntamiento* (city council) waited upon me to report that the federal government and the army of Mexico had fled from the capital some three hours before; and to demand terms of capitulation in favor of the church, the citizens, and the municipal authorities. I promptly replied, that I would sign no capitulation; that the city had been virtually in our possession from the time of the lodgments effected by Worth and Quitman the day before; that I regretted the silent escape of the Mexican army; that I should levy upon the city a moderate contribution, for special purposes; and that the American army should come under no terms not self-imposed: such only as its own honor, the dignity of the United States, and the spirit of the age, should, in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose.

For the terms, so imposed, I refer the department to subsequent General Orders, Nos. 287 and 289, (paragraphs 7, 8, and 9 of the latter,) copies of which are herewith enclosed.

At the termination of the interview with the city deputation, I communicated, about daylight, orders to Worth and Quitman to advance slowly and cautiously (to guard against treachery) towards the heart of the city, and to occupy its stronger and more commanding points. Quitman proceeded to the great plaza or square, planted guards, and hoisted the colors of the United States on the national palace, containing the halls of Congress and executive departments of federal Mexico.

In this grateful service, Quitman might have been anticipated by Worth, but for my express orders, halting the latter at the head of the Alameda, (a green park,) within three squares of that goal of general ambition. The capital, however, was not taken by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the prowess of this entire army. In the glorious conquest, all had contributed, early and powerfully, the killed, the wounded, and the fit for duty, at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonia, Churubusco, (three battles,) the Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, as much as those who fought at the gates of Belen and San Cosmo.

Soon after we had entered, and were in the act of occupying the city, a fire was opened upon us from the flat roofs of the houses, from windows and corners of streets, by some two thousand convicts, liberated the night before by the flying government, joined by, perhaps, as many Mexican soldiers, who had disbanded themselves, and thrown off their uniforms. This unlawful war lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of the exertions of the municipal authorities, and was not put down till we had lost many men, including several officers, killed or wounded, and had punished the miscreants. Their objects were to gratify national hatred, and in the general alarm and confusion, to plunder the wealthy inhabitants, particularly the deserted houses. But families are now generally returning; business of every kind has been resumed, and the city is already tranquil and cheerful, under the admirable conduct (with exceptions very few and trifling) of our gallant troops.

This army has been more disgusted than surprised, that by some sinister process on the part of certain individuals at home, its numbers have been, generally, almost trebled in our public papers, beginning at Washington.

Leaving, as we all feared, inadequate garrisons at Vera



Cruz, Perote, and Puebla, with much larger hospitals; and being obliged, most reluctantly, from the same cause (general paucity of numbers) to abandon Jalapa, we marched (August 7-10) from Puebla with only 10,738 rank and file. This number includes the garrison of Jalapa, and the 2,429 men brought up by Brigadier-general Pierce, August 6.

At Contreras, Chyrubusco, &c., [August 20,] we had but 8,497 men engaged—after deducting the garrison of San Augustin, (our general depot,) the intermediate sick and the dead; at the Molino del Rey, (September 8,) but three brigades, with some cavalry and artillery—making in all 3,251 men—were in the battle; in the two days—September 12th and 13th—our whole operating force, after deducting, again, the recent killed, wounded, and sick, together with the garrison of Miscoac (the then general depot) and that of Tacubaya, was but 7,180; and, finally, after deducting the new garrison of Chapultepec, with the killed and wounded of the two days, we took possession, (September 14th,) of this great capital with less than 6,000 men. And I reassert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that, in not one of those conflicts was this army opposed by fewer than three-and-a-half times its numbers—in several of them, by a yet greater excess.

I recapitulate our losses since we arrived in the basin of Mexico.

AUGUST 19, 20.—Killed, 137, including 14 officers.—Wounded, 877, including 62 officers. Missing, (probably killed,) 38 rank and file. Total, 1,052.

SEPTEMBER 8.—Killed, 116, including 9 officers.—Wounded, 665, including 49 officers. Missing, 18 rank and file. Total, 789.

SEPTEMBER 12, 13, 14.—Killed, 130, including 10 officers. Wounded, 703, including 68 officers. Missing, 29 rank and file. Total, 862.

Grand total of losses, 2,703, including 383 officers.

On the other hand, this small force has beaten on the same occasions in view of their capital; the whole Mexican army, of (at the beginning) thirty-odd thousand men—posted, always, in chosen positions, behind intrenchments, or more formidable defences of nature and art; killed or wounded, of that number, more than 7,600 officers and men; taken 3,730 prisoners, one-seventh officers, including 13 generals, of whom 3 had been presidents of this republic; captured more than 20 colors and standards, 75 pieces of ordnance, besides 57 wall pieces, 20,000 small-arms, an immense quantity of shots, shells, powder, &c., &c.

Of that enemy, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, &c., twenty-odd thousand have disbanded themselves in despair, leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments—the largest about 2,500—now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living at free quarters upon their own people.

General Santa Anna, himself a fugitive, is believed to be on the point of resigning the chief-magistracy, and escaping to neutral Guatemala. A new President, no doubt, will soon be declared, and the federal Congress is expected to reassemble at Queretaro, 125 miles north of this, on the Zacatecas road, some time in October. I have seen and given safeconduct through this city to several of its members. The government will find itself without resources; no army, no arsenals, no magazines, and but little revenue, internal or external. Still, such is the obstinacy, or rather infatuation, of this people, that it is very doubtful whether the new authorities will dare to sue for peace on the terms which in the recent negotiations, were made known by our minister.

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In conclusion, I beg to enumerate, once more, with due commendation and thanks, the distinguished staff officers,



general and personal, who, in our last operations in front of the enemy, accompanied me, and communicated orders to every point and through every danger. Lieutenant-colonel Hitchcock, acting inspector-general; Major Turnbull and Lieutenant Hardcastle, topographical engineers; Major Kirby, chief paymaster; Captain Irwin, chief quartermaster; Captain Grayson, chief commissary; Captain H. L. Scott, chief in the adjutant-general's department; Lieutenant Williams, aid-de-camp; Lieutenant Lay, military secretary; and Major J. P. Gaines, Kentucky cavalry, volunteer aid-de-camp; Captain Lee, engineer, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me, (September 13,) until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries. Lieutenants Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower, all wounded, were employed with the divisions, and Lieutenants G. W. Smith and G. B. McClellan, with the company of sappers and miners. Those five lieutenants of engineers, like their captain, won the admiration of all about them. The ordnance officers, Captain Huger, Lieutenants Hagner, Stone, and Reno, were highly effective, and distinguished at the several batteries; and I must add that Captain McKinstry, assistant quartermaster, at the close of the operations, executed several important commissions for me as a special volunteer.

Surgeon-general Lawson, and the medical staff generally, were skilful and untiring, in and out of fire, in ministering to the numerous wounded.

To illustrate the operations in this basin, I enclose two beautiful drawings, prepared under the directions of Major Turnbull, mostly from actual survey.

I have the honor to be, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

The Hon. WM. L. MARCY, Secretary of War.

On the morning of the 18th of September all was quiet. MEXICO, the capital of the ancient Aztecs—the seat of the Spanish-American empire in America—had passed from Aztec and from Spaniard, to the Anglo-American—the Northman of the Goths, the Saxon of Germany, the Englishman of America—the same bold, hardy, energetic, ingenious, invincible, ambitious, and adventurous being, whose genius the forms of civilization cannot confine, and to whose dominion continents are inadequate! In what hour of time, or limit of space, shall this man of the moderns—this conqueror over land and seas, nations and governments—find rest, in the completion of his mighty progress? Commencing his march in the cold regions of Scandinavia, no ice chilled his blood—no wilderness delayed his steps—no labor wearied his industry—no arms arrested his march—no empire subdued his power. Over armies and over empires—over lands and over seas—in heat and cold, and wilderness and flood—amidst the desolations of death and the decays of disease—this Northman has moved on in might and majesty, steady as the footsteps of Time, and fixed as the decrees of Fate!

How singular—how romantically strange is this—his wild adventure and marvellous conquest in the valley of valleys! How came the Northman and the Moorish Celt here to meet, and here to battle, in this North-American valley? Look at it! Inquire! Ask yourself how they came here? Are they the citizens, by nature, of this continent? Are they the aborigines of these wild and wonderful forests? Never! How came they then to be contending for the lands and groves of those whose children they are not?

In the beginning of the 16th century, Hernando Cortez



landed on the coast of Mexico, and, at the head of Spanish troops, marched on to the conquest of Mexico, over whose effeminate inhabitants the Spaniard has, for three hundred years, held undivided dominion. Not many years after, the Anglo-Saxon landed on the coasts of the northern Atlantic. He, too, marched on to conquest. The native citizens of the forest disappeared before him. Forests, mountains, and Indians, were ineffectual to oppose him. From the banks of the St. Lawrence to the Sabine of Texas, he is a conqueror over nature. In the south, the natives die, or become slaves to the Spaniard. In the north, they fade and perish before the Anglo-American. The one spreads his empire from the Gulf of Mexico to the far shores of California; the other, from the hills of St. Francis to the mountains of Oregon. Both extend over breadths of land, and power of resources, unknown to the widest empire of antiquity. Egypt, and her millions, with the famed valley of the Nile, fade before the broad magnificence, the mighty growth, of these American empires! Even the terrible and far-seeing eagles of Rome grow dizzy and dim in their sight, as they look down from the summits of history upon these continental nations—these colossal giants of the modern world! And now, this Spaniard and this Northman meet, in battle-panoply, in this valley of volcanoes, by the ancient graves of unknown nations, on the lava-covered soil where nature once poured forth her awe-inspiring flames, and the brave Tlascalan once sung of glory and of greatness! Three centuries since, these warrior nations had left their homes beyond the wide Atlantic. Two thousand miles from each other, they had planted the seats of their empire; and now, as if time in the moral world had com-

pleted another of its grand revolutions, they have met in mortal conflict. Like the EAGLE and the VULTURE, who had long pursued different circles in the heavens, and long made prey of the weak tenants of the air, their circles have been enlarged till they cross each other. They shriek! They fight! The victorious eagle bears the vulture to the earth, and screams forth through the clouds his triumphant song! Has the bold bird received no wound? Has no blood tinged the feathers of his wing? Is there no secret flow of life from the portals of his heart? Will he continue to look, with unblenched eye, on the blazing glories of the sun? Hid in the eternal decrees of God, is the life of nations; and not till He has drawn away the curtains of time, will mortals know the secrets of His will in the government of nations.