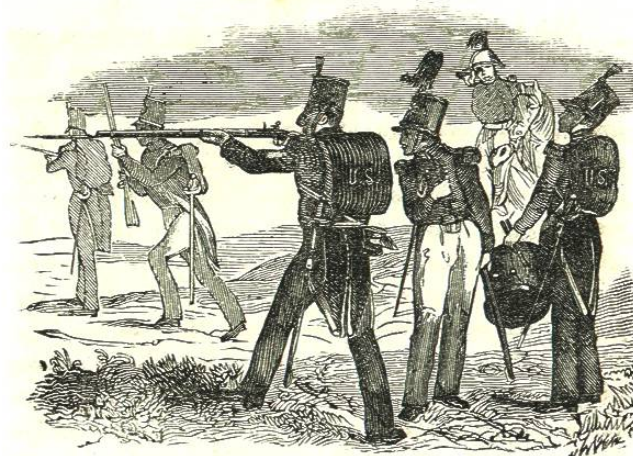
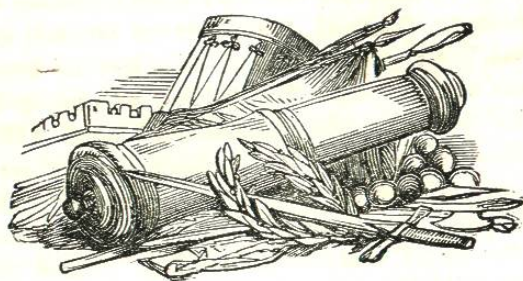


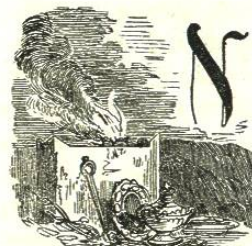
ber of jokes, the general succeeded in crossing the train in an hour and a half."

In the estimation of General Scott, General Twiggs evidently holds a very exalted position. The tributes paid to his valour and conduct in the despatches of the general-in-chief, are of the most warm and decisive, as well as respectful character.

General Twiggs's family has long been famous in the military history of the country. His father, General John Twiggs, rendered services in the revolutionary war, of such importance as to gain him the title of "Saviour of Georgia." His brother, Major Twiggs, and his nephew, Lieutenant Twiggs, son of the major, both fell in the recent operations before the city of Mexico.



GENERAL JOHN A. QUITMAN.



No officer has deserved a higher character for all the qualities which constitute a good soldier than General Quitman. He has carved his name in bold characters upon the military records of our country; connected it indissolubly with the victories of Monterey, Cerro Gordo, and the battles of Mexico. At Monterey he was particularly distinguished, and there and in the city of Mexico, his bravery in penetrating the town contributed greatly to secure and hasten victory. The following description of the taking of Fort Teneria at Monterey by his command, will give an idea of the nature of the services he is called on to perform, services only asked of those who know not how to fail,



"The battle now became furious—the incessant roar of cannon, and the rattling of musketry, told how desperate was the conflict. The cross fire was indeed *terrible*. On marched Quitman's brigade, led by four companies of the 4th infantry, about four hundred yards in the advance, breasting the dreadful storm which made them stagger, and at once struck down one-third of the officers and men, rendering it necessary for the remainder to retire and effect a junction with the two other companies then advancing. Lieutenant Hoskins, the adjutant, and Lieutenant J. S. Woods, of the 2d, but serving with the 4th, were killed; and Lieutenant R. H. Graham fell mortally wounded. Thus the 3d and 4th both lost their adjutants, who were two of the most noble and accomplished officers in the army. The Mississippians and Tennesseans steadily advanced, braving the galling fire of copper grape, which swept through their ranks, until the centre of the Mississippi rifle regiment rested about three hundred yards in front of the fort, with the Tennessee regiment formed on the left. It was the crisis, and the storm of battle was now at its height. The order was given to "*advance and fire*." For thirty minutes their fire was kept up, while the men continued to push forward. The long lines moved until within about one hundred yards of the fort, when they became lost in the volume of smoke that enveloped them. The Mexicans had run up a new flag in exultation, and in defiance of the assault, which was now being made in front and rear, while the deafening fire of their artillery, and the rattling of musketry, seemed more deadly than ever. The brave and chivalric Lieutenant-Colonel McClung then ordered a charge; and calling on the "Tom-

bigbee volunteers," a company he formerly commanded, and the "Vicksburg Southrons," of Captain Willis, to follow him, he rushed forward to the attack. Colonel Davis also gave the order to charge nearly at the same time, or shortly after, anticipating General Quitman, who was just on the point himself of issuing the same order. With desperation the lines came down upon the fort, and the escalade was made with the fury of a tempest. Burning for revenge, the men faced the terrible fire, and marched up to the very mouths of the enemy's cannon, while their daring recklessness made the Mexicans quail, and fall back terror-stricken from their guns. Forward sprang the gallant McClung and leaped the ditch; with sword in hand, and brandishing it over his head, he mounted the ramparts and entered the fort, while the regiment rushed after him, cheered on by the gallant Colonel Davis, and followed by the brave Tennesseans of the noble Campbell. Lieutenant W. H. Patterson, of Captain Rogers's "Tombigbee volunteers," was the second man in the fort, to whom a Mexican officer surrendered and gave up his sword, and but an instant passed before the undaunted Captain D. H. Cooper with his high-souled corps of "Wilkinson county volunteers," and the whole brigade had entered, when a yell and shout of triumph rose above the din of battle, and a wild hurrah rang over the scene of strife, which sent forth the "harbinger of victory."

The Mexicans fled in dismay, and ran to the strong fortified building, called the distillery, about seventy-five yards in the rear, whence they opened a heavy fire of musketry. Without pausing, the heroic McClung, followed by the brigade, rushed on in pursuit, charged



and entered the work, which immediately surrendered. While a Mexican officer was praying for quarters, and calling out to McClung that he had surrendered, the gallant colonel received two severe wounds, being shot through the hand and body, and was caught by Lieutenant W. P. Townsend, of the Mississippi regiment, who supported him from falling. As the men rushed in, they beheld McClung and the Mexican officer, and thinking that the latter had shot him, the Mexican was immediately slain. On the arrival of Colonel Davis, who reached the distillery at the same time with McClung, by another entrance, he received the sword of another Mexican officer, who surrendered his command to him. Five pieces of artillery, a considerable quantity of ammunition, and thirty prisoners, including three officers, here fell into our hands; the prisoners were placed in charge of Lieutenant Armstrong. The brigade did not halt here, but moving on with rapidity, led by Colonel Davis, they prepared to charge the second fort, called El Diablo, about three hundred yards in the rear of the last work, when General Quitman ordered them to fall back, and they retired.

Thus, after a most desperate and bloody conflict, of more than two hours, was one of the enemy's strong works carried by storm, notwithstanding the obstinate resistance they maintained. Considering that it was the first time that the troops of General Butler's division were ever brought into action—sustaining, as they did, a desperate struggle against a sheltered and inaccessible foe—unprotected and bared to the storm of the murderous artillery of the enemy, which, although it swept one-fifth of their number from the ranks, caused them

not to shrink for an instant from a steady advance, proves to the world the undaunted gallantry of our citizen soldiers, who have won for themselves the reputation of veteran troops—the charge led by the Mississippi rifle regiment upon Fort Teneria, without bayonets, has gained for the state a triumph which stands unparalleled.

The spirit of the general was infused into the hearts of his men, and so devoted were they to their duty, that when once they had entered upon an achievement its accomplishment was certain. One of his men, a private, was wounded by a cannon ball. An orderly passing by him complied with his request for water, and asked if he could do any thing more for him. "Yes, my friend," said the poor fellow, "you can take my musket back to the 3d. I am a dead man, but I would like my piece to go back to my old regiment." The musket was delivered, and the soldier died contented.

It was General Quitman's glory to enter the city of Mexico by the most difficult pass, that of the gate of Belen, and to raise the star-spangled banner, for the first time, over the "Halls of the Montezumas." General Scott says,

"I had been, from the first, well aware that the western, or San Cosme, 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 south-western gate, in order to favour the main attack by Worth—knowing that the strong defenses at the Belen were directly under the guns of the much stronger fortress, called the citadel, just within. Both of these defenses of the enemy were



also within easy supporting distance from the San Angel (or *Nino Perdido*) and San Antonio gates. Hence the greatest support, in numbers, given to Worth's movement as the main attack.

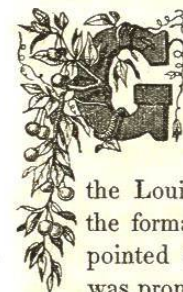
Those views I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Major-General Quitman; but, being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and supported by Brigadier-Generals Shields and Smith—Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire—as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman 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.

Quitman, within the city—adding several new defenses 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.

In the night the Mexican army fled from the city, and 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 colours of the United States on the national palace—containing the halls of Congress and executive departments of federal Mexico."



GENERAL PERSIFER F. SMITH.



GENERAL PERSIFER F. SMITH, "of Louisiana," as he is generally designated, is a native of Philadelphia, and one of the bravest men and best soldiers in the army. He served in command of the Louisiana troops in the Florida war, and on the formation of the volunteer division was appointed colonel of the rifles. In six months he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general by brevet. This was for his services at Monterey. He led the right wing of Worth's division at the entering of that city, and fought his way through one street while Worth was engaged in the next with the other part of his division. This terrible warfare is thus described by S. C. Reid, Esq., in his work on the Scouting Expeditions of McCulloch's Texas Rangers.

"Every street was barricaded with heavy works of masonry, the walls being some three or four feet thick,