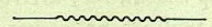




General Worth at the Siege of Monterey—Bishop's Palace in the distance.

throw them. He is a firm friend, an agreeable companion, and possesses a sort of chivalric frankness and kindness of heart, which, notwithstanding his strict discipline, endear him to the whole army.



#### GENERAL WORTH AT MONTEREY.

Few who saw General Worth march toward the Bishop's Palace, on the morning of the 20th, ever expected to see him return. He had missed Palo Alto and Resaca Palma; and his feelings were known to be sad and chafed at the late unfortunate differences between himself and government. It was well understood that General Taylor had given him the responsibility of a separate command mainly out of delicacy to his misfortunes; and all supposed that he would establish his reputation as a general, by pushing forward, through uproar, confusion, and death, to the cannon's mouth. As the brave fellows filed by their comrades, many a pitying glance was cast upon them, and many a brave heart ached as it sighed forth an involuntary farewell. The General was silent. He appreciated the magnanimity of his brother veteran, and burned to prove that it was not misplaced; but no doubt thoughts were then crowding upon his mind which were never permitted to pass the lips, and he knew and felt that something dearer than life was resting upon the possibility of capturing a seemingly impregnable fortress.



The division marched to a hill, and passed the night almost within range of the Palace guns. Long before daylight the rolling of drums and the loud shouting of the sentinels roused the soldiers to arms, and they soon recommenced their toilsome march. After winding in silence up the steep ascent, they arrived at a ridge, dimly seen through the twilight, projecting over their heads. They turned it, and directly in front were the muzzles of the enemy, frowning with seeming impatience upon them. But it was too late to pause. On they went, sweeping up the rocky path, their artillery echoing from hill to hill, as the horses galloped over the hard ledge. Suddenly the enemy burst forth, and ere the thundering discharge had rolled away in the distance, storms of iron hail came battering over the rocks, and scattering broken bushes and flinty stones in all directions. Still the troops bore on, winding along a deep gorge, till they reached another ridge about three-quarters of a mile from the first, and under the summit of a high hill. Upon reaching this, they beheld in advance a body of cavalry, splendidly mounted and caparisoned, with their lances sparkling in the early sunbeams, and preparing for a charge. Immediately Captain Gillespie galloped along the flank of his Texan rangers, ordering them to dismount and place themselves in ambush. They obeyed, and the next moment the enemy swept within a few yards of them. All at once the rangers poured forth their fire, and man and horse plunged headlong over the rocks. McCullock's troops now dashed into their broken ranks, and closely following came the 8th infantry, led by the gallant Longstreet. The enemy fought furiously, and

hand to hand the fierce cavalry charged each other, rolling backward and forward upon the rocky height.

Meanwhile Colonel Duncan had been preparing his battery, and soon its heavy discharges, and the rushing of the terrified horses, announced that the conflict was about to terminate. The enemy fled up the hill, in wild confusion, followed by the infantry of the Americans, who, as they moved, fired volleys of musketry at their foe. The Mexicans lost thirty men killed; among them a captain, who fell under three wounds, while fighting with the most determined bravery.

About noon, Captain C. F. Smith, with two companies of the artillery battalion and four of Texan rangers, was ordered to storm the second height. The undertaking was a fearful one. Five hundred yards intervened between them and the foot of the hill, their way lying over perpendicular rocks, heaps of loosened stones, and thorn bushes; while on every peak and thicket above were glittering rows of Mexican infantry, prepared to pour upon them showers of musket balls. The party, however, did not for one moment dream of danger. Under their gallant leader, they were prepared for any service and any danger; and after the command to march was given, they were soon out of sight, behind a ridge of rocks. Their companions watched, with beating hearts, for their re-appearance; till at length, fearful for their safety, Captain Miles with the 7th infantry, was detached to their support. Instead of taking the same route as the first party, they moved rapidly toward the hill in the very breast of the redoubt, until they arrived at the shores of the San Juan, which winds along a



ledge. They paused a moment; and the next were wading across the swift current, which was plunging and foaming with the showers of balls that incessantly ploughed its surface. They landed, marched to the hill, and detached Lieutenant Gantt, to arrest the attention of the enemy, and if possible discover Captain Smith's party. They pushed up the hill, while shells and round shot flew in all directions, tearing up the shrubs and stones, and filling the air with showers of dust and gravel; and overhead, the sharp crack of musketry, echoing from cliff to cliff, announced that the infantry were not idle. Suddenly, the quivering bayonets of the first party glittering in the sunbeams, broke upon their sight. They arrived, rushed up the hill, and the next moment were sweeping the Mexicans from the summit.

The enthusiasm of the troops now became irresistible. Company after company marched up the rocky ascent, cheering and shouting until their voices arose above the roar of cannon, and confusion of battle. The Mexicans, unable to resist the fierce shock, deserted their works, and fled, to the number of a thousand, down the steep ascent towards their second fort. As they passed the rear gate, the Americans entered in front; and in a moment the national flag was playing in graceful folds over the breastworks, while the guns found in the fort commenced thundering away at the Bishop's Palace.

Thus was this important post taken, almost without loss on the part of the Americans; but it was only the commencement of the drama—the *Palace* was still

before the soldiers, with its massive frowning walls that seemed to bid haughty defiance to the utmost effort of any army. Rows of cannon and files of musketry bristled along its ramparts, and its very height was fearful to look upon. Yet the man who led the assailants was not to be deterred by difficulty. He had determined to accomplish, what he had marched for—to take the palace.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, Colonel Childs left the camp, with three companies, on his way to the palace. Their road lay over steep rocks, covered with loose fragments, or hedges of chapparal. They marched rapidly, but with muffled tread, until at day-break they found themselves within one hundred yards of a Mexican breastwork of sand-bags. Here, being discovered, they paused to await reinforcements. Three privates, however, had advanced ahead of their comrades, and were surprised by a party of Mexicans, to whom they surrendered. They were shot with their own muskets. Major Scott and Colonel Staniford now advanced to the support of Childs, toiling up the steep ascent, and obliged to carry a heavy howitzer upon their shoulders. When these reached the summit, the loud bursts of the howitzer, and the renewed firing of the palace, announced that the conflict had begun in earnest. All at once the Mexican force collected, and poured toward the howitzer in full gallop. The brave Rowland saw them coming, and prepared for the encounter. Another leap, and their horses would almost have touched the Americans, when a loud burst rang upon the air, and the dense mass rolled backward as though struck by



an earthquake. Then followed a peal of musketry, and the broken cavalry fled in terror from the unequal contest. In a little while the Americans followed them, rushed upon the palace, and entered it by a small aperture in the wall. The Mexicans were soon driven from the works, the guns secured, the star-spangled banner hoisted, and the Bishop's palace was our own.

On the 23d, General Worth entered Monterey with his whole division, and was soon involved in the stirring events attending its assault. As he rode from post to post, amid the shots that were flying thick and fast around him, his fine form seemed to grow with the danger, and the sadness of a previous day was entirely absorbed in the excitement of action and flush of victory. Here he remained in the very heart of the city, until news reached him that terms of capitulation were about to be offered, when he ceased all further operations.

No event in the life of General Worth has ever added more to his reputation as a general than this fine assault. It was conducted under peculiar circumstances—those which in some measure would have excused or palliated rashness. But he forgot self. The safety of his men was more dear to him than his personal fame; and with a feeling allied to that of the martyr, he determined to perform nothing but his duty, totally regardless of consequences. His disinterestedness was rewarded; and the post where all thought that slaughter would be wildest, was scarcely stained with American blood. How gratifying must have been the feelings of the general, as he reflected on the magnitude of his services, his little loss, and complete success!

## MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day—  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if he but could  
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed  
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them wailed  
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept,  
Through walls of flame its withering way;  
Where fell the dead, the living slept,  
Still charging on the guns that swept  
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
When, striking where he strongest lay,  
We swooped his flanking batteries fast,  
And braving full their murderous blast,  
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play;  
Where orange boughs above their grave  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.



We are not many—we who press'd  
Beside the brave who fell that day ;  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest,  
Than not have been at Monterey ?

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### FALL OF COLONEL WATSON,

#### AT THE STORMING OF MONTEREY.

In order to obtain a correct idea of the fierce assault on Monterey, we must withdraw ourselves from the pomp and formality attending the operations of the main armies, and follow individual companies, as they advance to the attack. Of these none were more conspicuous than that led by the gallant Colonel Wilson, who marched through the city during the hottest part of the conflict.

On the night of the 20th of September, his troops lay on their arms, and arose early in the morning, wet with heavy rains, and exhausted by fatigue and fasting. In this condition they advanced to the attack. Directly across their road was a field of corn, and as the men passed between the bending stalks, they knew not but that at each step they would hear the burst of the enemy's cannon, or a roar of musketry from thousands of concealed riflemen. For an hour they toiled through weeds and brambles, until emerging from the field, each soldier involuntarily started to see before him a huge battery frowning with artillery, and lined with thousands

of infantry. Its guns opened at once, and the blood of the youthful volunteers rushed thrilling through their veins, as they heard the whistling of balls; and felt that, for the first time, they were standing in the march of death. All was confusion and uncertainty, some were advancing to assault the redoubt, others were marching a different way to the city. Suddenly a single horseman swept across the field, and with a voice that arose above the peals of artillery, called the assailants from their line. It was Colonel Watson. He dismounted, and the next moment his noble steed reared high in air, and fell dead. "Men, shelter yourselves," shouted the colonel, and as though by one impulse, each one fell flat upon the ground, while around and behind them balls were falling like showers of hail. It was a moment of terror. The man is brave who can face an opposing army, even when he has the hurry of march and resistance to excite him; but to lay inactive while thousands of balls from a sheltered foe are ploughing the ground around you, is something *more* than brave.

In a little while the fire of the enemy slackened; and taking advantage of it, the colonel leaped from the ground, and called to his men to follow him. They hurried into the city, and entered a lane, apparently secure from the artillery. They had advanced a little distance, when a roar of cannon, succeeded by another and another, awakened them to a knowledge of their fearful situation. Three full batteries glared upon them from the distance of but one hundred yards, raking the street from one end to the other, while two twelve-pounders, opened upon them from the castle in front, and every



house, and every wall was bristling with rows of musketry. All at once this tremendous train opened. Then there was a pause, and as the echo rolled fainter and fainter in the distance, it was succeeded by the startling tones of command, the shrieks of the wounded, and the deep moans of the dying. On the devoted line marched, when a second discharge scattered their ranks like a whirlwind, and men and horse leaped in the air, and fell writhing beneath the hurrying feet of their companions. The earth shook under this heavy cannonade, and the strong old walls of Monterey toppled as though in an earthquake.

Over the space of two hundred yards the soldiers were exposed to this awful fire, without the possibility of resisting it. At length they halted at a cross street, and turned to survey the line of march. It was a sickening spectacle. Their track was traced with blood; and here and there groups of man and horse, dead and wounded, told of the points where they had received the discharges of artillery. Some were calling piteously to their companions, others raving in the agonies of death, and their last thrilling appeals, rendered more awful than battle itself the interval of death. Then the artillery re-commenced, sweeping the whole street, and crossing and re-crossing at every corner. Each man fled to a place of safety. Some leaped into ditches, others fell flat upon the ground, a few concealed themselves behind an old wall, and a large number sat down with their backs against the houses. On came the iron showers, rattling and crashing like hail, and sweeping soldier after soldier before it. The dead and wounded were lying at every spot. The

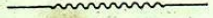
wretch who once fell, had no hope; ball after ball would riddle him, until he was torn to pieces. Now a cannon-ball would strike one, and scatter the bleeding fragments in every direction; and the next moment another would start from his bloody couch, utter a piercing shriek, and fall back dead. None that witnessed that terrible scene ever expected to escape unhurt. How they did is unaccountable. Balls were continually pouring around, above and beneath them; under the arms, through the locks and clothing, and falling at their feet after striking the walls above. Thus the troops remained for a quarter of an hour, and then arose and formed, preparatory to making an attack upon the fort.

In the march, Colonel Watson became separated from his men, and soon after joined another column. The battle was still raging, but he rode from rank to rank, cheering and encouraging his men as calmly as though in a parade. Animated by his example, they forgot danger and weariness, and pressed on with alacrity. A flush of excitement—proud and patriotic—passed over his cheeks, as bending forward, he spurred his steed toward the head of the column. A moment after, the same steed was coursing wildly through the street, and his intrepid rider lay cold in death. He was shot in the neck by a musket ball.

Thus fell the pride and idol of the Baltimore volunteers, no less distinguished for his generosity and goodness of heart, than for his bravery and chivalry. Amid the well deserved praises bestowed upon the generals of that assault, little mention is made of his brave battalion, who with himself enacted so conspicuous a part; but



were the complete history of their chivalric struggle on that day written, posterity would be proud to award them a share of glory not inferior to any corps who were battling with them.



#### ARMY SCENES IN MEXICO.

THE name of Mexico has long been associated with nothing but scenes of bloodshed and misery. Now and then, a passing remark is made, on the beauty of her scenery, or the splendor of her climate; but this is soon forgotten, or, perhaps, overlooked in the eager appetite after the news of battle. But, to the contemplative mind, the one that is glad to remove from the sickening din where man is spilling the life-blood which may never be gathered, Mexico is replete with wonder and instruction. Like Spain, she is the country of romantic associations, and her history is a tale of mournful interest.

In the mother-country, the marbled fountains, and deep-tangled gardens of the Alhambra, tell of a high-spirited and enlightened people, who have passed away from the places that will never know them again; and in Mexico, the same sad mementoes, the same lonely and deserted structures, guard in stately grandeur the tombs of a race, better than their conquerors. The once haughty Spaniard is now degraded and pusillanimous; while the poor Indian, whose empire he wrested in the hurry for wealth, although moving as a slave among the

palaces of his ancestors, is his superior in every thing but rank; and, as the Moors still fondly dream of recapturing their terrestrial Eden, so do the descendants of Montezuma; and, under a skillful leader, who would dare affirm that they could not burst their fetters, and revel once more in the halls of Aztec?

A prospect on one of the plains of Mexico, is a sublime and subduing sight. Often the ground is as level as a floor for many miles, and covered with high grass, which waves backward and forward like the undulations of the ocean. Far in the distance, high trees vary the scene, and farther still the mountains seem to rear their round heavy summits into the clouds—and, over all, the sun beams with that yellow, mellowed softness, so peculiar in southern regions. Buffaloes, jackals, and prairie-dogs infest the plains, and add a strange, *unhuman* appearance to the landscape. But that which particularly arrests the attention of the traveller, and assures him that he is far from home, is the innumerable variety of birds and insects, glittering with every tinge of beauty, and filling the air with their ceaseless humming. No country is richer in natural history than Mexico, and among her specimens are thousands unknown to other portions of the world.

There are some ruins in Mexico of buildings established by the Spaniards, which are rarely mentioned.—Of these are the stations of the Jesuit priests, soon after the conquest, which are scattered, in different numbers, through every State of the Republic. Several are on the Rio del Norte, and were subjects of frequent remark among the American soldiers, whenever observed.—