

Still sullenly the cannon roar'd, but died away at last,  
 And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast ;  
 And then above the mountains, spread the cold moon's silvery  
 shield,

And patiently and pityingly look'd down upon the field ;  
 And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,  
 Despairingly and sullenly in the night the foeman fled.

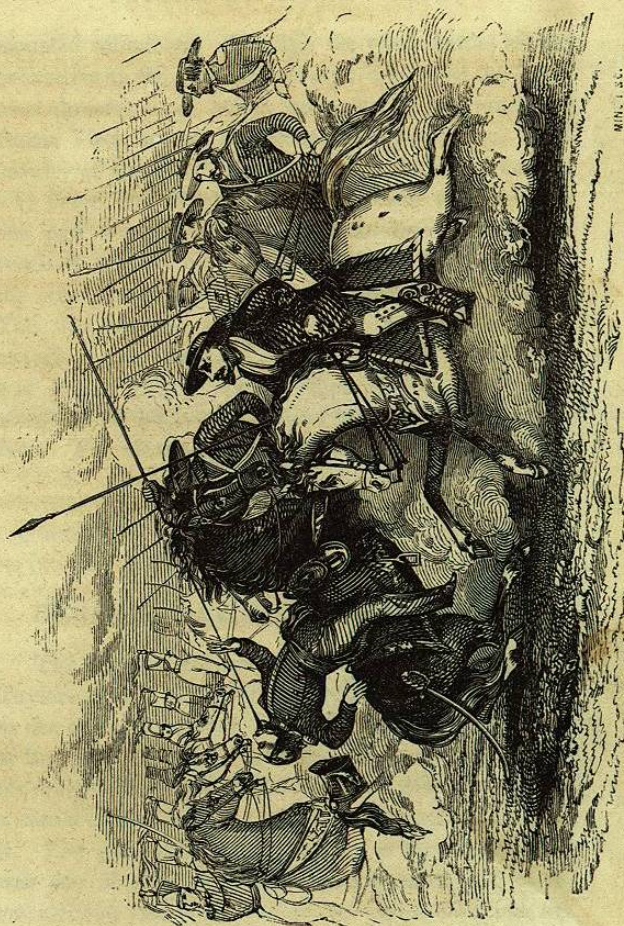
And thus on Buena Vista's heights a long day's work was  
 done,

And there our brave old General another battle won :  
 And still our glorious banner waves, unstained by flight or  
 shame,

And the Mexicans, among their hills, still tremble at our name.  
 So honor unto those who stood ! Disgrace to those that fled !  
 And everlasting glory to the brave and gallant dead.

#### THE DEATH OF COLONEL YELL.

THE loss of the Americans in officers, at the battle of Buena Vista, is a subject of sorrow and astonishment. *One-eighth of the slain were officers.* Many of these were young men—in the full flush of hope and ambition, and endeared to their country by their valuable services during long marches, and by their heroism on the fatal battle-field. One of these was Colonel Yell. He had accompanied General Wool in his march through New Mexico, and commanded the regiment of Arkansas



Death of Colonel Yell.

mounted volunteers. Through the whole battle, he had behaved with the greatest bravery; and when the Mexicans threatened an attack upon the wagon-train near Buena Vista, he was despatched to oppose them. The cavalry of the two armies met, and the short conflict was fierce and bloody. The Mexicans then divided, one part sweeping by the American depot, where they received a heavy fire from a force collected there; and the other, passing on toward the main body. Colonel Yell was engaged with the latter; and in the act of charging upon them, at the head of his regiment, he was killed with a lance, which entered his mouth, wrenched off his lower jaw, and crushed one side of his face. The Mexicans were repelled with heavy loss.

---

#### GENERAL TAYLOR AT BUENA VISTA.

THE most prominent event in the life of General Taylor—that which will forward his name to posterity, as one of the greatest of living Generals—is his conduct at Buena Vista. Palo Alto and Monterey had created his military fame; but it belonged to a fiercer conflict, to a season of unparalleled hardship and danger, to establish it. Few men could have conquered at that battle, for it was one of those that baffle scientific skill, and whose emergencies cannot be foreseen, nor its incidents met, except at the moment of their development. The nature of the ground, the mixed character of the assailing army,

together with the disparity in numbers, rendered it by far the most remarkable military event ever enacted on this continent.

But it is in such emergencies as this that General Taylor is *at home*. Here, as difficulty after difficulty crowds upon him, his genius gathers its powers, and rises like a giant to meet them. While the detached cavalry of Santa Anna were scattering before the volleys of artillery, he sat quietly on his horse, with his telescope in his hand, and one foot over the pommel of the saddle; but when from the roughness of the ground the Kentucky regiment, in whom lay all his hopes, appeared to be in disorder, his every nerve was alive with activity, and his face blackened with the intensity of excitement. Every manœuvre of the field was within his grasp, and every soldier felt that the eye of General Taylor was upon him. When he placed himself in the square of the Mississippians, they knew that victory was among them; and no one of them would for a moment have thought of retreating while *he* was there.

A cardinal element of this victory was the mutual confidence of army and leader. Most of the soldiers had never fought under the General; they knew him only as the hero of Resaca and Monterey, and as the companion of their hardships. But they had associated his name with victory, and during every peril of the battle, never dreamed of defeat. "*They didn't know when they were beaten.*" Perhaps no one idea was so prominent in the minds of those brave men during the whole conflict, as a desire to serve their commander—their reward was victory.



D. S. Twigg  
1/ Br. Gen. U.S.A.

Such was General Taylor at Buena Vista. When the excitement ever attending a recent great event shall have subsided, and posterity will weigh the battle in the scale of history, Taylor will be assigned a place by Wellington, or Bonaparte himself. He may fight on other fields, and win for himself fresh laurels; but they cannot add to the zenith of his military renown.

## GENERAL TWIGGS.

THE services of General Twigg, prior to the Mexican war, were rather solid than showy. He entered the army as captain, March 12th, 1812, and served with ability until its close. A blank then intervenes in his history until May 14th, 1825, when he was promoted to the rank of major; after which we again hear little of him until he was made a colonel, on the 8th of June, 1836.

Like Worth, Colonel Twigg marched with General Taylor from Corpus Christi, to take occupation of the department of Tamaulipas. When the army had crossed the Rio Colorado, and were approaching Point Isabel, the command was waited on by a delegation, protesting against the march. While the conference was going on it was discovered that Point Isabel had been fired, and immediately Colonel Twigg was despatched to arrest the conspirators and capture the perpetrators. Some of the latter were killed, and General Garcia with his Mexicans made a very narrow escape from being captured.



*D. S. Twiggs  
1 Br. Gen. U.S.A.*

Such was General Taylor at Buena Vista. When the excitement ever attending a recent great event shall have subsided, and posterity will weigh the battle in the scale of history, Taylor will be assigned a place by Wellington, or Bonaparte himself. He may fight on other fields, and win for himself fresh laurels; but they cannot add to the zenith of his military renown.

---

GENERAL TWIGGS.

THE services of General Twiggs, prior to the Mexican war, were rather solid than showy. He entered the army as captain, March 12th, 1812, and served with ability until its close. A blank then intervenes in his history until May 14th, 1825, when he was promoted to the rank of major; after which we again hear little of him until he was made a colonel, on the 8th of June, 1836.

Like Worth, Colonel Twiggs marched with General Taylor from Corpus Christi, to take occupation of the department of Tamaulipas. When the army had crossed the Colorado, and were approaching Point Isabel, the commander was waited on by a delegation, protesting against his advance. While the conference was going on it was ascertained that Point Isabel had been fired, and immediately Colonel Twiggs was despatched to arrest the conflagration, and capture the perpetrators. Some of the houses were saved, and General Garcia with his Mexicans made a very narrow escape from being captured.

On the field of Palo Alto, Twiggs led the whole right wing of the army, and performed the most efficient service; and on the following day, the greater part of the whole force was by turns under his eye. He commanded the van in crossing the Rio Grande; and after the capitulation of Matamoras, was appointed governor of that city. For his valuable services in these trying scenes, government promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general.

The opportunity offered by the siege of Monterey, for the exercise of so much distinguished talent, was not lost to General Twiggs. He was ordered by the commander, to make a diversion to cover the attack of General Worth upon the Heights of Independence, and the execution of this duty brought him into close quarters with the batteries of the enemy. The conflict in the streets of the city was terrible, and no man behaved more bravely, or suffered greater loss, than did General Twiggs. Under his immediate direction, the troops of the 1st division fought heroically, and captured an advanced battery of the enemy, the guns of which were turned against them.

The good conduct of General Twiggs during the whole of this siege, is noticed by General Taylor in terms of high commendation; and after the capitulation, he was honored with several posts of importance and responsibility. He continued to afford efficient aid to General Taylor, until the demand upon that officer for troops, when he was sent to the army of General Scott.

At Vera Cruz, Twiggs displayed the same coolness and bravery which had distinguished him at Monterey.

In taking the position allotted to him, he was obliged to march up a most difficult ridge, over a great part of which the cannon had to be lifted by the men. Having gained the height, he remained there until the surrender.

On the 3d of April, General Twiggs left Vera Cruz with 2500 troops, and marched toward the city of Jalapa. He was preceded by 500 men under Colonel Harney, and soon after starting, was followed by Colonel Bankhead with the 2d artillery regiment and a large train. On the 11th, the general reached the Plan del Rio, at which place the advance under Colonel Harney encountered and dispersed a body of Mexican lancers. On the following day he was joined by detachments under Generals Pillow and Shields. The same day he received notice that Major-General Patterson was sick, and the command of the whole thus devolved upon him. In the great battle of Sierra Gordo, his division performed as valuable service as any engaged. Colonel Harney was particularly distinguished. He pushed his command within full range of the enemy's guns, on the night of the 17th, and on the following day carried one of the strongest redoubts amid a heavy fire, and subsequently pursued the Mexicans to a considerable distance. At the same time Colonel Riley and General Shields crossed a deep ravine and took position on the Jalapa road, in order to cut off the retreat of the Mexicans. In this service Shields was severely wounded, and his command devolved upon Colonel Baker, who conducted it with ability for the remainder of the day.

On the 19th, Twiggs took undisputed possession of

the town of Jalapa, which was his last military achievement.

The subject of our sketch is a native of the state of Georgia. His excellent talents as a soldier and officer seem not to have been well understood, prior to the Mexican war; but he has now earned for himself an enviable reputation in military operations, and one which renders him worthy of the marks of distinction by which he has been honored from both public and private sources.

---

#### CAPTAINS O'BRIEN AND BRAGG,

AT BUENA VISTA.

THE artillery was the arm which won the battle of Buena Vista; and none distinguished themselves more in its management, than the two officers who form the subject of our sketch. They sustained, singly, the charge of the whole body of the enemy's lancers, a force numbering some thousands more than their own; and although each moment expecting that the crushing avalanche would sweep over guns and horses, yet they remained firm at their post, until victory was certain. The situation of O'Brien was peculiarly trying. A tremendous cross-fire of the enemy swept across the field, whistling and rattling on the stony surface, and driving back the small body of infantry which had been ordered to support him. At that moment he paused, and looking

behind, the danger of his situation burst upon him. Before him were the heavy columns of lancers, their trampling horses crowding upon each other, and the long rows of lances glittering and dancing in the sunshine; in the rear and flanks were the infantry, whose artillery had already driven away his only support. If he yielded, the day was lost; if he stood, he might be crushed to pieces. Two horses had fallen under him, and he had received a wound in the leg. Most of his cannoneers were dead or wounded, and some of the guns perfectly idle. He resolved to stand. Riding round and round his guns, he cheered his men for the terrible encounter, and exhorted them not to fire until the cavalry were within a few yards of the muzzles. On they came, shaking the earth under the gallop of their horses. Nearer and nearer they drew, until the raised hoof almost struck the cannon, when a roar like thunder burst forth, and scores of steeds and riders reeled back upon their startled companions. Then for a moment all was confusion, and the huge mass swayed to and fro in fearful uncertainty. But they again formed, and prepared for a decisive struggle. This was the fearful moment; hundreds of anxious eyes were bent intently on the few devoted men, who were thus battling in the jaws of death. At this moment, the steadiness of the young cannoneers forsook them. They were unable to maintain their stations, and their captain grew pale with excitement, as he felt that victory was wrenched from his grasp. Slowly and sternly he left his guns, and retired to join the other artillery. But he was not unrewarded; he had remained long enough to

enable reinforcements to arrive; and to him, as much as to any man on the field, was the final victory owing.

Equally perilous was the service of Captain Bragg. All day his force was moving over the field, engaged at every point where it could be of any avail. When we remember that all his movements were across rocks and gullies where it was almost impossible to travel, we will have a better idea of their importance. Charge after charge was made upon him, and often he was forced to leave his heaviest artillery in some unprotected position, in order to arrive at a threatened position in time to be of service. He thus describes his last encounter with the enemy: "Knowing the importance of my presence, I left some of my heaviest carriages, and pushed on with such as could move most rapidly. Having gained a point from which my guns could be used, I put them in battery and loaded with canister. Now, for the first time, I felt the imminent peril in which we stood. Our infantry was routed, our advanced artillery captured, and the enemy in heavy force coming upon us at a run. Feeling that the day depended upon the successful stand of our artillery, I appealed to the commanding general, who was near, for support. None was to be had; and, under his instructions to maintain our position at every hazard, I returned to my battery, encouraged my men, and, when the enemy arrived within good range, poured forth the canister as rapidly as my guns could be loaded. At the first discharge I observed the enemy falter, and in a short time he was in full retreat. A very heavy loss must have been sustained by him, however, before he got beyond our range. My guns

were now advanced several hundred yards, and opened on a position held by the enemy, with a battery of heavier calibre than our own—the same from which our left flank had been driven in the afternoon. Under the support of the Mississippi regiment, I continued my fire until convinced that nothing could be effected—the enemy holding an eminence from which we could not dislodge him without a sacrifice which might compromise the success of the day. About sunset I withdrew my battery into the ravine in rear of our line, and took a position for the night from which I could readily move to any assailable point. Here I remained, officers and men on the alert, and horses in harness."

Had the Mexicans managed their artillery with the same bravery as did these two intrepid officers, the American army must have been cut to pieces. Captain Bragg discharged *two hundred and fifty* rounds of ammunition from each of his guns; and during the whole battle, the ground seemed to reel with the incessant peals of heavy cannon. As the batteries poured forth their fiery showers, whole companies sunk shrieking to the ground; and in the morning, the masses of dead and dying, piled upon one another, told a fearful narrative of the artillery of the preceding day.

---

#### THE FIELD OF BUENA VISTA.

We find the annexed verses, by Don Jose Ho Ace de Saltillo, a Mexican poet, in a recent North American. It may be well to remark, for the information of our English and Canadian readers, that



the battle of Buena Vista is that in which General Taylor ("Old Zack") last defeated the Mexicans, and that the Mexican poet calls his own country Aztec, its ancient name, while he gives to the Americans the name of Alleghan or Alleghanian. The "sun" of Aztec and the "stars" of Alleghan are the banners of the respective combatants. The "patriot chief" is Santa Anna, the President of the Mexican Republic, and commander of the Mexican troops.

WE saw their watch-fires through the night,  
Light up the far horizon's verge;  
We heard at dawn the gathering fight,  
Swell like the distant ocean surge—  
The thunder-tramp of mounted hordes  
From distance sweeps—a boding sound—  
As Aztec's twenty thousand swords  
And clanking chargers shake the ground.

A gun!—now all is hushed again—  
How strange that lull before the storm!  
That fearful silence o'er the plain—  
Halt they their battle-line to form?  
It booms again—again—again—  
And through its thick and thunderous shock  
The war-scream seems to pierce the brain,  
As charging squadrons interlock.  
Columbia's sons—of different race—  
Proud Aztec and brave Alleghan,  
Are grappled there in death-embrace,  
To rend each other, man to man!

The storm-clouds lift, and through the haze,  
Dissolving in the noontide light,  
I see the sun of Aztec blaze  
Upon her banner, broad and bright!

And on—still on, her ensigns wave,  
Flinging abroad each glorious fold:  
While drooping round each sullen stave  
Cling Alleghan's but half unrolled.

But stay! that shout has stirred the air!  
I see the stripes—I see the stars—  
O God! who leads the phalanx there,  
Beneath those fearful meteor-bars?  
"OLD ZACK"—"OLD ZACK"—the war-cry rattles  
Amid those men of iron tread,  
As rung "Old Fritz," in Europe's battles,  
When thus his host great Frederick led!

And where, O where is Aztec?—where,  
As now the rush of Alleghan  
Resistless tramples to despair  
The ranks of our victorious van?  
Still charging onward ever—ever,  
They shatter now our central might,  
Where half our bravest lances shiver,  
Still struggling to maintain the fight!

Still struggling, from the carnage dire  
To snatch our patriot chief away—  
Who, crushed by famine, steel, and fire,  
Yet claims as his the desperate day;  
That day whose sinking light is shed  
O'er Buena Vista's field, to tell  
Where round the sleeping and the dead,  
Stalks conquering TAYLOR'S sentinel.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S VISIT TO ARISTA'S  
HACIENDA.

THE present war is emphatically a war of chivalry. True it has its dark spots—retaliatory murders, killing of the wounded, and robbing the dead. But most of these may be considered atrocities on individual responsibility, rather than the general character of the whole warfare. After the battle is over, it is a well known fact that the soldiers, especially of the American army, spread themselves over the field, to afford assistance to the wounded and burial to the dead, both friend and foe, and it cannot be denied that the Mexicans have conducted themselves far more humanely toward the wounded and prisoners in this war, than they have ever been known to do before.

We have a refreshing instance of this feeling in a late visit paid by General Taylor to the plantation of General Arista. The *hacienda*, as it is called by the Mexicans, is very extensive, comprising more than forty square miles, and containing several large buildings of the old Spanish architecture. Many miles of it, however, are said to be waste and overgrown with thickets of chapparal, and the whole has that wilderness-like appearance, so usual among the plantations of Mexico. The estate is managed by an administrador, who has under him an overseer, and about ninety men and boys (*peons*), with as many females. The latter, with the *peons*, are nominally servants—actually slaves.

General Taylor set out for this place on the 7th of



Taylor, Major General  
U.S. Army.

From an original Drawing by Major Vinton.