

GENERAL TAYLOR'S VISIT TO ARISTA'S  
HACIENDA.

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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.

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Taylor, Major Genl  
U.S. Army.

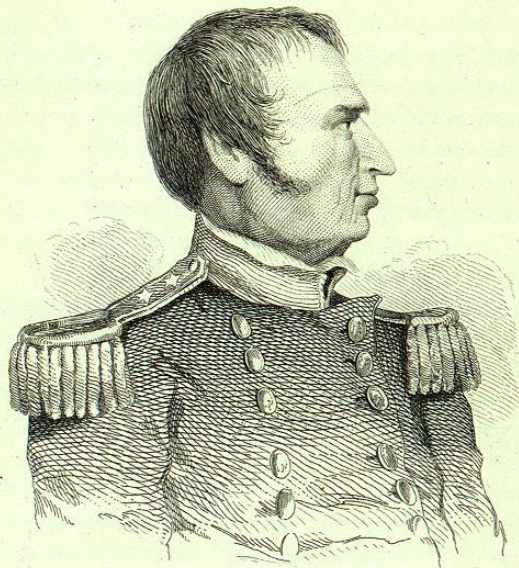
From an original Drawing by Major Vinton.

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From an original Drawing by Major Watson

July, attended by his staff. This voluntary *leave of absence*, for the purpose of recreation, is so unusual with the General, that it was regarded by the army as most remarkable, if not ominous. The party passed through several small villages, the sight of which seemed to afford the hero great pleasure, and arrived at Salinas in the afternoon. The alcaide of the town received his visitor with demonstrations of cordial respect, and before leaving, the party were revelling at a feast of the fat things of Salinas. These were figs and green water-melons.

Upon hearing of the approach of General Taylor the administrador of the estate began unheard-of preparations for his reception. Plans of feasts, balls and soirees, were projected *immediately*. Of the motives of the worthy deputy, we are not informed. Perhaps gratitude to the General for services to his master at Palo Alto, by which he himself had been in a measure *enfranchised*, was one. Perhaps, with a prophetic eye, he scanned the future, and determined to serve him best, to whom he might be one day indebted most. Perhaps he had a mind above the common grade, and, like the barons of romance, poured forth generosity equally to friend and foe.

Whatever may have been the feelings of the worthy representative, they were certainly praise-worthy, if we may gage them by his actions. He met the General at some distance from the plantation, offered him the hospitalities of the estate, and assisted in arranging the tents amid a delicious shade of pecan trees, about half a mile from the main building. These small favors were but a prelude to weightier subjects. When the General had adjusted himself, in true Rough and Ready style, a grand

talk was held, which, although not chronicled, was no doubt rife with "war's dread story" and camp anecdotes. All parties forgot that they were enemies—indeed they were not so. A more friendly circle rarely meets in Mexico.

In the evening the Americans were invited to a grand fandango (evening party) provided especially for their benefit. The invitation and Order of Exercises were presented to the General orally, it being somewhat difficult to find a scrivener in Mexico. They were somewhat novel to the commander. Orders from Washington, orders from *Arista*, general orders, marching orders, and some others he could understand; but orders to attend a Mexican fandango—what military code ever provided for such an emergency? By the help of the brother officers, however, the nature of the affair was gradually unfolded to him; and the happy Mexican was given to understand that in the evening his roof would cover General Taylor.

Evening came. General Taylor, "Whitey," and suite, repaired to the halls of *Arista*. In front of the house three rows of benches were arranged, forming three sides of a square, and leaving a large space between. Upon them were seated the male and female tenantry, the dancing-ground being lighted by two torches of split pine wood. We are not told of the General's reception, but he was doubtless the observed of all observers, the very *lion* of that social company. About sixty "ladies" were present, all of them extremely brown, extremely ugly, and extremely eager for action. The dance begun, notwithstanding, and each one seemed de-

termined to make the rest happy. It was a gay time—a bright relief to war's black page. The orchestra consisted of two violins, two guitars, and a double chorus of men's bass, boys' alto, and shrill soprano. The music was various—an Indian chaunt, then a symphony, then a national air, then a quadrille, then a condensation of singing, chaunting, dancing, shrieking, and fiddling. The General was a looker-on.

There was something singular in this scene. It was wild and picturesque; and amid the grand sublimity of a Mexican prospect, filled the mind with emotions strange and powerful. The Genius of War was waving his bloody sword over that land, and the shock of mighty armies had scarcely ceased its echo from the distant mountains. Yet here was the favored one of that Genius, unbending his mind from the din of battle, to enjoy the festivities of those whom he had conquered. A little more than a year ago, while *Arista* was rusticated on this same hacienda, he received the notification of his being placed in command, and his very first order, on assuming his authority, was dated from Mamaleque. Now he is vanquished, disgraced, stripped of command and estate, and his vanquisher has penetrated to his secluded home, to be entertained and honored by his dependants.

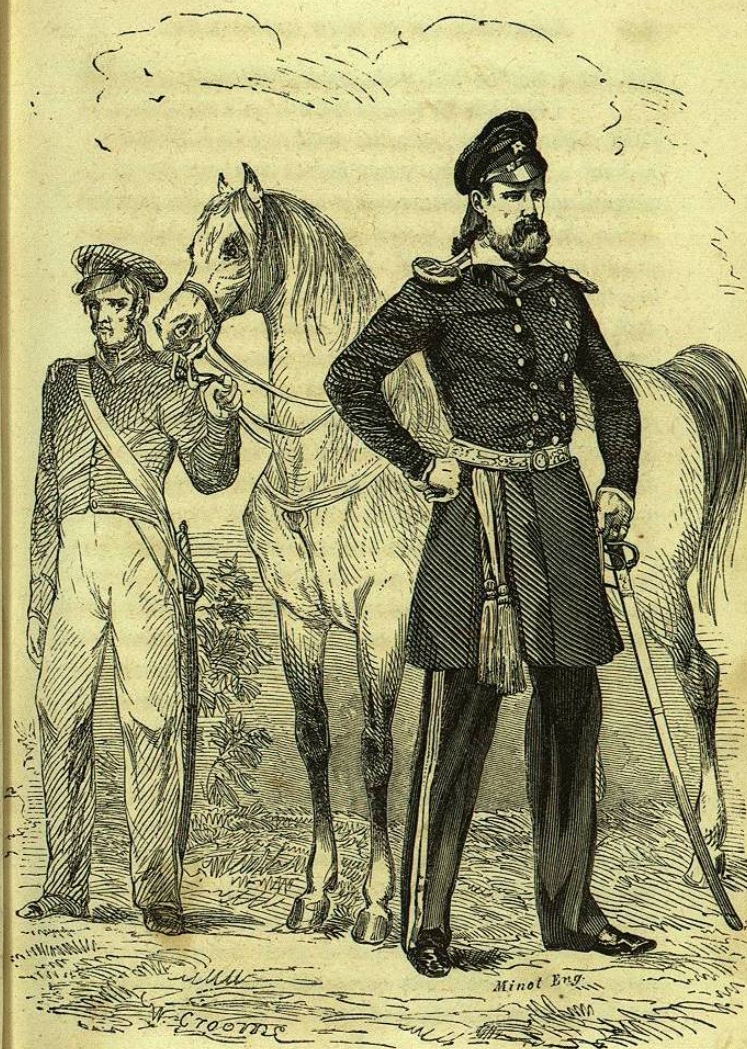
The General remained at the hacienda during the night, and early on the morning of the 8th he was quietly trotting towards Monterey.

## OLD TOM, COLONEL MAY'S WAR-HORSE.

AMONG the distinguished characters of the Mexican war, history must do "all honor" to "OLD TOM," whose scars, brought from many a "*well-trodden field*," attest the war-worn and aged veteran; although he has, in fact, but attained his sixteenth year.

It is not known that his hair has turned gray, indeed, at his years, the warrior seldom has much to boast of—on his chin, at least. Jet-black, long, and ample, however, was our hero's supply in his fifth year, when first we hear of him emerging from the *folds* of Kentucky, to join our *troop* in the Florida war. Arrived there, by *May*, his *cheval-ry* was first discovered and brought to light; and true it is, that since then, with every emergency of travel, flood, and battle-field, it hath ever *kept pace*, until now, when age and honorable wounds entitle him to repose on his laurels—though neither he nor other heroes can fatten on them entirely, however *graminivorous* they *May* be.

"Something too much of this."—The dignity of the subject requires, perhaps, a graver strain; not that it is here meant to impinge on the province of History, by entering into minute and learned detail, plentifully sprinkled with philosophical and political reflections, but rather to give some characteristic sketches and prominent incidents of the *Life of Lieutenant-Colonel May's war-horse*—which more appropriately belong to biography. (By the by, this ought to be *auto-biography*; but



LIEUTENANT COLONEL C. A. MAY,

From a Daguerreotype by Van Loan

let the critics concentrate their fire on this point, and they may have no powder or shot for the rest.)

*Old Tom*, as we have intimated, left his native fields of Kentucky some eleven years ago, among a herd of similar natives, designed to recruit the files of the dragoon troop, then in Florida. By way of a parenthesis, again, it must be said, that the Hon. Wm. Cost Johnson claims for *Old Tom* a Maryland origin—but it is now believed to be abundantly settled, that he was sired in "*old Kentucky*," by the celebrated "*Whip*." *May's* eagle-eye quickly selected him from the mass—"ignobile vulgus." Trained and tutored in the menage, *Tom's* noble qualities spoke a blood and spirit far excelling his colleagues. The delight which the ambitious animal displayed in every feat of daring or activity, seemed only equal to his astonishing powers; and it happened, occasion sufficing, before the Florida war was over, that he had won, like his master, laurels which will endure beyond the natural lives of the two friends—for Colonel *May* loves well his gallant steed, and in all things does him full justice.

In Florida, *Old Tom's* amazing leaps and unflinching spirit became notorious to officers and men. But one of his many achievements—THE CAPTURE OF KING PHILIP—particularly deserves historical notice.

The action of *Dunlawton* was still raging, and *Old Tom's* vigor and ardor for the fight had carried the gallant *May* ahead of his troop into the midst of the *Seminoles*, when their daring leader sprung forth, with upraised rifle, to oppose horse and rider. *May's* sabre quickly swept the air, but the agile Indian avoided the

blow as the fiery charger passed on. Instantly, however, did "*Old Tom*," turn on his haunches (as his master has said, with all the spirit and purpose of his rider), and rearing high, plunged both his front hoofs into the breast of the Indian warrior, knocking him full ten feet (as is well avouched) senseless, and thenceforth a captive.

*Coa-co-chee*, or *Wild Cat*, then became the "*head devil*" of the real "*Seminoles*," and swore vengeance on his father's captor. One of his attempts was as follows: May, in the habit of riding alone from his near post to St. Augustine, was returning over the sandy road, unsuspecting of danger, one very dark night, when he and *Old Tom* found themselves suddenly among a drove of horses. May's pistol was instantly cocked, for he then knew that "Indians were about;" and he determined to go ahead and get his men out of the fort. *Old Tom* made his way through, but the Indians did not fire, for fear of alarming the post. About half a mile from where they passed through the herd, was a wooden bridge which *Old Tom* always jumped; this, as usual, he did, when, a minute after, a horse's hoof was heard in the black darkness of the night to touch the boards. May then knew he was followed, and instantly reined up. The treacherous horseman came on to meet the discharge of the pistol. The Indian appeared to fall from his horse and escape, as May rode into his post with the horse following. In the morning, the captured animal was found to have on him the trappings known to be *Wild-Cat's*—with a ball through his neck, and "the worse kind" of a kick from *Old Tom's* heels.

The theatre of *Old Tom's* renown next shifts itself to

Mexico, where he quickly won the admiration of the "*rough and ready*" riders of our army, and the profound respect of the enemy. At first, the Texans were inclined to brag a little of their horses. On one such occasion, May, knowing there was nothing "*Old Tom*" would not "*try*," shouted to a mounted band—"Now follow me"—pointing at the same time to a ravine which no horse could possibly clear. *Old Tom* dashed on—but at the brink each Texan halted. His leap was unhesitatingly made, and all thought, for the moment, that horse and rider had been dashed to atoms; *Old Tom*, however, had fallen unhurt in the soft earth of the chasm.

At Resaca de la Palma, in the charge which took General La Vega, *Tom's* courage shone gloriously. The Mexican guns were not only advantageously posted, but had a breastwork thrown up, with a ditch in front of it—in fact an actual battery. So soon as General Taylor perceived it, he rode up to May and told him he must take it at any cost; and off he dashed at the head of the dragoons, going forward like a tornado. "*Old Tom*" went steady at the enemy, all the time making tremendous leaps, as he bounded over ditch, breastwork, and every thing else that came in his way. In this charge, an escopette, or grape shot, struck *Old Tom* in the neck, and there it now remains; yet so steadily and unswervingly did "*he go the pace*" that it was not known till after the battle that he was wounded. Eighteen of the dragoons, among them the first lieutenant of May's troop, fell, or were dismounted by the fire of the battery, in this charge. The gallant *Inge's* fate has been much

attributed to the want of that steadiness and vigor in his charger which distinguished "*Old Tom*."

At Monterey, a spent grape shot keeled *Old Tom* over. May thought him dead—spoke to him in sorrow and in grief, but the old fellow in a few moments sprung up, shook himself heartily, and began to return his master's caresses as if "*nothing to speak about*" had occurred. All the "damage" was a large welt on his flank—perhaps the first time *Old Tom* had been "*out-flanked*."

This one of the heroes of all Taylor's battles in Mexico, fought his last fight at Buena Vista. He had been under the saddle for four days and nights, when on that bloody field this "creature of heroic blood" began to show a failing strength, which his devoted master and friend would not o'ertask. May had *Old Tom* withdrawn—much against *Old Tom's* free consent; and henceforth our hero is destined, by the interest and affection of his master, to pass down the vale of life through paths of peace and plenty. May they ever be strewn with flowers!

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#### AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

DR. LINDEN, a Mexican physician, in his report of his operations at the battle of Cerro Gordo, relates the following:

"I continued attending to the various stages of the amputation, in the midst of balls and the cry of the enemy, and at last finished an operation which appeared to me

to have lasted an age. The serenity and resignation of my companions in this crisis were admirable, and is above description. All remained around the patient, attending to the part of the operation which fell to their share, in the midst of the whistling of balls and the cries of death; and when we rose, looking to Heaven with gratitude for our salvation, as we thought, a new peril came to dismay us. A number of volunteers presented themselves in front of our entry, and, seeing our uniform, cried—'Death to the Mexican officers!' and presented their guns to our breasts. I do not know what sentiments inspired me in the resolution which I took, but I rushed to the muzzle of their rifles—I showed them my hand, dripping with blood, and, holding a piece of the mutilated leg, cried—'Respect humanity, or a hospital of blood—we are surgeons!' My words produced a magic effect. In an instant, an officer, whose name I have since learned to be Pion, stepped between the volunteers and ourselves, raised their guns with his sword, and these men, animated by victory, thirsting to avenge the loss of their general, mortally wounded, as I have since learned, became from that moment our friends—our protectors.

"While these events were passing in my hut, which will never be erased from my memory, our firing had ceased; the troops in the redoubts, finding themselves cut off from the public road, surrendered or capitulated; those on the slope of the Cerro Gordo retired through the ravines, and the enemy remained master of all our positions, and of an immense *materiel*.

"The volunteers of the enemy commenced bringing



in, without distinction, their own and our wounded, and we dressed their wounds according to the dictates of humanity and our instructions. We performed various amputations on some real giants, which succeeded in gaining their good will to such an extent that they refused us nothing that could be useful to us or our wounded.

“Although two of their own surgeons had arrived, the body which I have the honor to command had the satisfaction that from their number was chosen one member to assist in some grave cases, even in that of General Shields, who had been traversed by a grape-shot.”

The Picayune says that Colonel Baker, who was on the spot in command of Shields' brigade, was a spectator of the scene described, and confirms its accuracy, but is unable to conjecture what officer is intended by Captain Pion, as there is no such name among the officers in that brigade or in the army. From various sources we hear praise of the professional skill of Dr. Vander Linden, and we think none, after reading the above report, will question the other admirable qualifications he possesses as an army surgeon. On the 21st, three days after the battle, the doctor went from Cerro Gordo to Jalapa, to solicit in person of the commanding general permission to move the wounded Mexicans thither. He, of course, received the permission asked for, and was to commence the removal the following morning.

## RIO BRAVO.

## A Mexican Lament.

BY DON JOSE MARIA JOAQUIM DE HOACXE DE SALTILLO.

AIR—*Roncesvalles.*

## I.

RIO BRAVO! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight  
 Since the field of Roncesvalles sealed the fate of many a knight?  
 Dark is Palo Alto's story—sad Resaca Palma's rout,  
 Ah me! upon those fields so gory how many a gallant life went  
 out!  
 There our best and bravest lances, shivered 'gainst the Northern  
 steel,  
 Left the valiant hearts that couch'd them 'neath the Northern  
 charger's heel.  
 Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! brave hearts ne'er mourned such a sight.  
 Since the noblest lost their life-blood in the Roncesvalles fight.

## II.

There Arista, best and bravest—there Raguena, tried and true,  
 On the fatal field thou lavest, nobly did all men could do;  
 Vainly there those heroes rally, Castile on Montezuma's shore,  
 Vainly there shone Aztec valor brightly as it shone of yore.  
 Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight  
 Since the dews of Roncesvalles wept for Paladin and knight?

## III.

Heard ye not the wounded coursers shrieking on yon trampled  
 banks,  
 As the Northern wing'd artillery thundered on our shattered  
 ranks?

On they came—those Northern horsemen—on like eagles toward the sun,  
Followed then the Northern bayonet, and the field was lost and won.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! minstrel ne'er sung such a fight,  
Since the lay of Roncesvalles sang the fame of martyred knight.

## IV.

Rio Bravo! fatal river! saw ye not while red with gore,  
One cavalier all headless quiver, a headless trunk upon thy shore!

Other champions not less noted, sleep beneath thy sullen wave,  
Sullen water, thou has floated armies to an ocean grave.—  
Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er wept such a sight,  
Since the moon of Roncesvalles kiss'd in death her own loved knight.

## V.

Weepest thou, lorn lady Inez, for thy lover 'mid the slain?  
Brave La Vega's trenchant sabre cleft his slayer to the brain.  
Brave La Vega, who all lonely, by a host of foes beset,  
Yielded up his falchion only, when his equal there he met.  
Oh! for Roland's horn to rally his Paladins by that sad shore!  
Rio Bravo, Roncesvalles, ye are names linked ever more.

## VI.

Sullen river! sullen river! vultures drink thy gory wave,  
But they blur not those loved features, which not Love himself could save.

Rio Bravo, thou wilt name not that lone corse upon thy shore,  
But in prayer sad Inez names him, names him praying evermore.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er mourned such a knight,  
Since the fondest hearts were broken by the Roncesvalles fight.

## KIT CARSON.

ONE of the most remarkable characters in Fremont's expedition is "Kit Carson," lately made a lieutenant by the President. The following description of him, though rather long, we insert, because it not only gives a very satisfactory view of the expedition itself, but may be considered a type of each of the hardy adventurers who conducted it.

"This singular man left Washington this morning, in company with Mrs. Fremont, for the West. On entering the War Office yesterday, we were asked: 'Have you seen Kit Carson? He has this moment left my room; and a singular and striking man he is! Modest as he is brave, with the fire of enterprise in his eye—with the bearing of an Indian, walking even with his toes turned in—I wish you could have seen him.' We were so unfortunate as to miss him, though our curiosity was greatly excited; but, in the course of two hours, a gentleman who had seen much of Carson, waited upon us and politely furnished us with the following description of this singular man. The portrait is admirably drawn, and it gives us great pleasure to lay it before our readers. It is the character of one of those bold and enterprising spirits of the West, whom the peculiar influences of the frontier settlements—between the white man and the red man—are so well calculated to produce. Carson, however, is a master spirit, whose habits we like to understand, and whose adventures we delight to hear.

"Kit Carson, within a few years, has become quite