

196 THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

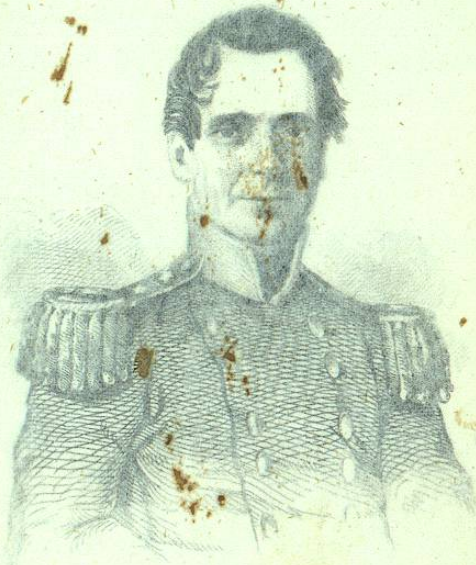
They are wavering—sinking—
So fire—fire away!
Fire away!

'Tis over—the thunders
Have died on the gale—
Of the wounded and vanquished
Hark! hark to the wail!
Long the foreign invader
Shall mourn for the day,
When Ringgold was summoned
To fire—fire away!
Fire away!

THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

THE fight was fairly commenced on the 18th April, by General Twiggs and Colonel Harney, and it was concluded on the next day, about noon, by General Worth's and General Patterson's divisions. The enemy could not have had less than 15,000 fighting men, while our force was not over 12,000. The position of the Mexicans was one of the strongest imaginable, and our brave troops had a hard task to perform in routing them. They were entrenched upon several large heights, upon which no less than seven batteries were planted, mounting 24 guns in all. One by one they fell into our hands.

At about 10 o'clock, a charge was made at several points by the regulars, the two Tennessee, and two Pennsylvania regiments, which, for a time, was strongly op-



W. A. Harney

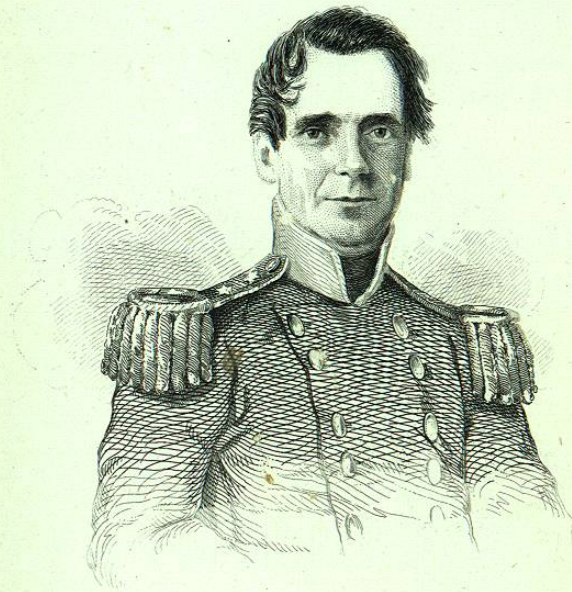
They are wavering—sinking—
So fire—fire away!
Fire away!

'Tis over—the thunders
Have died on the gale—
Of the wounded and vanquished
Hark! hark to the wail!
Long the foreign invader
Shall mourn for the day,
When Ringgold was summoned
To fire—fire away!
Fire away!

THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

The fight was fairly commenced on the 18th April, by General Twiggs and Colonel Harney, and it was concluded on the next day, about noon, by General Worth's and General Patterson's divisions. The enemy could not have had less than 15,000 fighting men, while our force was not over 12,000. The position of the Mexicans was one of the strongest imaginable, and our brave troops had a hard task to perform in routing them. They were entrenched upon several large heights, upon which no less than seven batteries were planted, mounting 24 guns in all. One by one they fell into our hands.

At about 10 o'clock, a charge was made at several points by the regulars, the two Tennessee, and two Pennsylvania regiments, which, for a time, was strongly op-



La Suid's

posed by the Mexicans, who fought desperately; but finally their trumpet sounded a retreat, and away went Santa Anna and the larger portion of his army as if "Old Nick" himself was after them! Not so, however, with General La Vega, and 5000 of his command, including four other generals, all of whom surrendered, and are now prisoners of war in camp, with all their arms, ammunition, &c.

General Santa Anna, in his retreat, was so hotly pursued by Colonel Harney, who had command of the 7th infantry and mounted rifles, that he was forced to leave his splendid carriage, trunks, some \$70,000 in silver, and one of his cork legs! They are also in camp, and attract much attention, and cause no little merriment.

Our loss in killed and wounded is severe, while that of the enemy is very great. Among those killed and wounded on our side, may be mentioned the name of General Shields, who fell at an early hour in the day.

The Mexican forces on the height of Sierra Gordo, were the 3d and 4th light infantry, the 3d and 5th regiments of the line, and six pieces of artillery, with the requisite number of cavalry. Colonel Obando, chief of artillery, was killed, also General Vasques, general of division. Many of our officers were of opinion that this general was no other than Governor Morales.

Our forces consisted of the 2d, 3d and 7th infantry and mounted riflemen, and Steptoe's battery. Captain Mason, of the rifles, was severely wounded—having lost his left leg. Lieutenant Ewell, of the 7th infantry, was severely wounded. Captain Patten, of the 2d—left hand shot off.

On the 17th, Lieutenant Jarvis, of the 2d infantry, was wounded in ascending the first hill.

On the top of Sierra Gordo, the scene was truly horrible;—from the Jalapa road, dead bodies of the enemy could be seen on every spot where the eye was directed, until they literally covered the ascent to the height. There is about half an acre of level ground on the top of the mountain, and here was collected together the wounded of both armies, and the dead of our own. Side by side was laying the disabled American and the Mexican, and our surgeons were busy amputating and dressing the wounds of each—lotting them in turns, unless the acute pain of some sufferer further along caused him to cry out, when he would be immediately attended to.

The pioneer parties of our men were picking up the wounded, and bringing them in from every part of the ascent to the height. From the side towards the river, where the storming party of General Twiggs' division made the charge, most of our men suffered, and many of the enemy also, for they made a desperate stand—but when they gave way, and started in confusion down the hill, was the time they most suffered—many of them receiving the balls of our men in their backs.

The charge on Sierra Gordo was one of those cool yet determined ones, so characteristic of the American soldier. From the time that our troops left the hill nearest that prominent height, the fire was incessant, and they had to fight their way, foot by foot, until they gained the summit, from which place the enemy gave way, after a very short resistance.

The second in command to Santa Anna is a man as

black as the ace of spades, with a name something like Stinton.

All Santa Anna's plate was taken, and his dinner, already cooked, eaten by our own officers.

The writer states that Generals Patterson and Smith were both confined to their beds by sickness, and were unable to go into the fights with their commands.

THE FRIAR JARAUTA,

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM VERA CRUZ.

THE city is perfectly quiet. No guerillas have been seen in the neighborhood for several days, and I believe all the "gray friars" have left for their respective divisions in the mountains and on the roads. I have not seen one since the night on which the row was kicked up in searching for Jarauta.

This fellow has become quite a lion in Mexico—in-
deed he already finds himself famous; and some one in this city has attempted his life; not to take it, but to write it—and the result of this effort was, a few days since, given to the admiring world in an extra of *El Arco Iris*, which I enclose with this. From this document we learn that "Padre Pedro Caledonio Jarauta" is a native of the city of Catalayud, in Aragon, and is now from thirty-two to thirty-four years of age. At the commencement of the revolution in the Peninsula in 1834, he

ran away from the convent of San Francisco, in which he was a student, and joined the faction of Carnicer. In the action between the command of this chieftain and the forces of the Government at Mallals, in Catalonia, Jarauta was severely wounded, and, together with a number of the Carlist party, was taken prisoner, and confined in the hospital prison at Valencia. From this place he managed to escape by scaling the walls, but, together with the companions of his flight, was recaptured, and transferred to safer quarters. He was subsequently sent to Cadiz, where he and the celebrated Isidro Ejea planned an escape from the St. Helena prison, in which they were confined, but were discovered in the act. In August, 1835, he, with one hundred and thirty of his fellow-prisoners, was sent to Havana, where he arrived on the 4th of the following October. Here he was confined in the Moro Castle, until Tacon issued an order for all the friars amongst the Spanish prisoners to retire to the monasteries of their respective orders in Havana. Jarauta was, consequently, sent to that of San Francisco, where he resumed the habits and followed the religious pursuits which he had abandoned for those of the field. Here his indomitable spirit and turbulent disposition brought him into trouble, and in bad odor with his confrères, who repeatedly complained of him, until the Governor ordered him to be confined in the new prison, where he found himself in 1838. From this place he managed to escape, and made his way to Mexico. In Vera Cruz he is well known, having been for some time a curate of the church of San Francisco.

Jarauta has an extremely ready and lively genius,

possesses a warm and generous heart, while, as an enemy, he is implacable. Possessed of an enterprising and energetic character, nothing daunts him; and when he engages in an undertaking, it is with the fixed purpose of desisting only upon success or death. In the midst of his greatest misfortunes, he is never sad nor depressed, but his happy and daring genius is always found equal to the emergency of the occasion. His stubborn and powerful will has won for him the well-merited soubriquet of the "Aragonese." His figure is good—his stature five feet three or four inches, and he has but little beard.

For the benefit of those who are puzzled to pronounce Spanish names, I would say that his is pronounced Harrowtah—the *ow* sounded as in "brow."

"THE TWO POLLIES."

THE U. S. Steamers *Vixen* and *Spitfire*, originally built for the Mexican navy, were purchased by our government and despatched to the Gulf, about the close of August, 1846.

Commanders *Tatnall* and *Sands*, as intrepid, brave, and active officers as our service can boast, cheerfully accepted the command, though inferior to their grade. The *Vixen* carried three twenty-four-pounders, and the *Spitfire* one sixty-eight and two thirty-two-pounders—otherwise the little beauties were much alike, and soon, through scenes of usefulness and danger, so endeared themselves to our tars, that they were familiarly and lov-

ingly christened "THE TWO POLLIES." They had taken the lead at the first attack on Alvarado—were at the taking of Tabasco, Tampico, Laguna, and Tuspan—had assisted in covering the debarkation of our army at Vera Cruz—in fact, were present wherever activity or daring could hope to win honor; but it is some of their mad pranks at the *Siege of Vera Cruz* that we are now about to chronicle. Indeed, if for a moment the gallantry and heroic emulation of our tars could be forgotten, the narrative of some of the exploits of the "*Two Pollies*," and of their colleagues among the "*Musquito fleet*," would partake not a little of the ridiculous—thus these small steamers boldly arraying their comparative insignificance against the terrific battlements opposed to them, might appear Quixotic, and their escape hopeless. Nevertheless, they caused much destruction in the town of Vera Cruz, and annoyed the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa considerably by their shells. But we know nothing of "*the log*"—"the Commodore's orders"—or "*official despatches*"—all we have the run of is some of the capers of the "*Two Pollies*," and of our fellows aboard, which we guess were not served up in the "*Report to the Secretary*," but are, notwithstanding, "as true as preaching."

On the 22d, the *Spitfire* and *Vixen* had a regular blow out. All that night they lay under Punto de Hornos, within range of the batteries of both city and castle, pouring in broadsides till their ammunition was expended, and had been supplied from the fleet again and again, when, early in the morning, the gallant *Tatnall*, regardless of all odds, proposed to his friend and comrade,

Sands, closer quarters, and that they should stand out right in front of the town and castle—so as to show more of "*The Two Pollies*," and of their behavior. "*Agreed! with all my heart*," says *Sands*—and away they dashed down the middle. *Tatnall* had a great swaggering ensign at his fore, awfully bigger than his vessel—as if just to show who was admiral on this occasion. "*The Two Pollies*" went it strong over the waters—but with imitable grace, though they had to puff and blow a little before they brought up "all standing"—as if their ladyships were taking their places in a quadrille "vis-a-vis" to *Fort Santiago* and to the castle. Now this was "*a hot place*," especially for small fry. The ladies saluted, led off—"forward two"—*Fort Santiago*, like a gentleman, immediately returned the compliment, but the castle, surly, overgrown brute as he was, looked grim and gruff as a bear, and it was not until "*The Two Pollies*" had let out a little of the *Spitfire* and *Vixen* of their nature, that, with a tremendous roar, all sorts of missiles showered—sweet as sugar plums in Carnival—around the apparently doomed little wretches. "The poetry of their motion," however, was undisturbed except by the acceleration of their own "music." The jig lasted more than an hour, during which time, it is but justice to the Mexican gallants to say that they were as "*bloody politeful*" as they could be, unceasingly showering their favors around our *Two Pollies*. Still, it must be confessed that their civilities were awkward enough, for they took not the least effect on any of the tender sensibilities of the two ladies. "*Zounds—what shooting!!*" Poor *Tatnall* was in utter despair—he had waited with perfect serenity

for them to take good aim—to make one decent shot at least—but such *unscientific peppering!*—never was the like, it was entirely unbearable, he could not stand it, and strode about the deck, out of all patience, exclaiming: “*What! nothing—nobody hit yet!—Zounds—nobody killed!—not an officer killed or wounded!!—nothing hurt!!!—The d—l take such fun!*”

Seriously, this adventure was one of the most gallant and daring events of naval warfare. We repeat that it was almost a miracle the ships were not blown “sky high,” or our “*Two Pollies*” sent prematurely to “*Davy’s locker*”—but it is not our province to discuss *grave* matters, nor to write by “the log.” Mr. Secretary Mason may look out for himself. *We are going it on our own hook.*

The *Two Pollies*, what with a regular hail-storm of round shot and of shells, and some of them of the biggest kind—fire without and fire within—boilers to burst—shoals and rocks to bilge on—powder in the ugly little magazine—powder in the wheel-houses—fire and powder every where on their crowded decks, were certainly in what “Mr. Secretary” might call “a bad fix.” Three hearty cheers from the officers of our army ashore had greeted them as they stood in, but who could say they ever would stand out? Nothing disturbed them, however. The music was being kept up, when the gallant *Lieutenant Parker** (the same who had, a few months before, so daringly destroyed a vessel under the very walls of the castle) was taken all aback with the

* Lieutenant James L. Parker, one of the heroes of the Creole exploits, &c., fell a victim to the fever, afterwards.

Quixotism of the affair, and left his gun, for a moment, to inquire, with a most quizzical phiz, of the captain—whether he saw “*any windmills about*”—that they might tilt a lance with—“*No! no!*” sung out Sands—“*not yet—but we will catch one by and by.*” (They were not, however, as unfortunate as the Don, for they all came off with whole bones—but it was not their fault.)

From the captain to “the captain’s darkey,” it was impossible to keep the fight down. *Sands* had a bridge put across from the wheel-houses, and stood high and dry thereon to superintend the fun. He had his weather eye open, we guess, when he spied that fireman playing “*sodger*,” with belt, cartouch-box, musket and bayonet,—every now and then chunking the furnace, and then popping up, stiff as Cuffy, to take a hand himself. The captain made him “drop that, quick,” for it would not exactly do to burst a boiler at that stage of the game.

All hands, landsmen and boys, enjoyed the frolic. The boy *Tom*, “*captain’s darkey*,” couldn’t stay quiet, so they made a powder-monkey of him to the long gun, and the way he kept a supply a-going “was a caution.” *Tom*, like the chap who pulled the bellows of the organ, seemed then to think nothing could be done without him, but “the darkey,” afterwards, let fall some expressions, which, with uncharitable and evil-disposed persons, might militate against his courage; for he was understood to say that he thought “the harder he worked, the less he was afraid.”

The noise of the whizzing of balls, the thundering of the artillery, the queer rumbling of shells through the air—heaving and tossing the water, foam, and spray

about, as they fell around (for the enemy's shot and shell hit every where but in the right place)—was only comparable to forty congressmen "on their legs" at once, with the speaker's hammer calling to order in vain, except that things went on aboard the two Pollies as regular as clockwork, *only a little faster*. Jack Matthews, sick when he joined the Vixen, but always on duty, and ever ready for a fight, worked his gun beautifully, and with most philosophical steadiness; while with the other officers, Murray, Jeffers, Simpson, it was "Shoot, Luke, or give me the gun."—They cracked away as if they were "pigeon shooting," and were bound to hit "nine out of ten." Matthews, with his gun, had the last shot; he nursed it up tenderly, got the sweetest aim imaginable on him, and let fly. Sands had told Jack he would "get his answer," and sure enough, the biggest kind of a shell came screeching, whizzing, and whirling, but it was "no go."

For some time, it had, somehow or other, been intimated aboard, that there was a signal of recall flying from the commodore's ship. It is not known exactly, (and, perhaps, never will be known—at "the Department,") why Tatnall and Sands could not see it—mayhap Sands was looking at Tatnall, and Tatnall was looking at the enemy,—but so it was; an officer from the commodore, at last, had to bring a peremptory order recalling "The Two Pollies."—Perhaps the commodore thought, like mothers at a ball, that "the young ladies had staid long enough,"—certain it is, "The Two Pollies" came off, however unwillingly, in time to prevent having their good looks spoilt—making their "congé" so gracefully

and prettily that they were again cheered heartily from the land and sea forces around them.

Thus was wound up that "lark" of our "Two Pollies," and this winds up all we can tell, in this chapter, of the "Musquito fleet."—We had forgotten "the Moral,"—if our yarn ever had one;—it must be, however, something full as touching as this:—*Whenever "Two Pollies" are circumstanced as they were, and situated as they are, they must have the ——— own luck, to escape without a life lost, a wound received, or any injury whatever.*

COLONEL DONIPHAN'S MARCH,

DESCRIBED BY MR. BENTON.

ON Friday the 2d inst. Col. Doniphan and his command arrived at St. Louis. They were received in a most enthusiastic manner, by the ringing of bells, the pealing of cannon, and the shouts of a vast multitude of citizens.

Col. Benton was orator of the day, and pronounced the Address of Welcome. The address is published at length in the St. Louis New Era. We annex a few extracts.

"Your march and exploits have been among the most wonderful of the age. At the call of your country you marched a thousand miles to the conquest of New Mexico, as part of the force under Gen. Kearney, and achieved