

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

that conquest without the loss of a man or the fire of a gun. That work finished, and New Mexico, itself so distant, and so lately the Ultima Thule—the outside boundary of speculation and enterprise—so lately a distant point to be attained, becomes itself a point of departure—a beginning point for new and far more extended expeditions. You look across the long and lofty chain—the Cordilleras of North America—which divide the Atlantic from the Pacific waters; and you see beyond that ridge a savage tribe which had been long in the habit of depredating upon the province which had just become an American conquest. You, a part only of the subsequent Chihuahua column, under Jackson and Gilpin, march upon them—bring them to terms—and they sign a treaty with Col. Doniphan, in which they bind themselves to cease their depredations on the Mexicans, and to become the friends of the United States. A novel treaty that! signed on the western confines of New Mexico, between parties who had hardly ever heard each other's names before, and to give peace and protection to Mexicans who were hostile to both. This was the meeting and this the parting of the Missouri volunteers, with the numerous and savage tribe of the Navaho Indians, living on the waters of the Gulf of California, and so long the terror and scourge of Sonora, Sinaloa, and New Mexico.

“This object accomplished, and impatient of inactivity, and without orders, (Gen. Kearney having departed for California,) you cast about to carve out some new work for yourselves. Chihuahua, a rich and populous city of nearly 30,000 souls, the seat of government of the state of that name, and formerly the residence of

the captains general of the Internal Provinces under the vice-regal government of New Spain, was the captivating object which fixed your attention. It was a far distant city—about as far from St. Louis as Moscow is from Paris; and towns, and enemies, and a large river, and defiles, and mountains, and the desert whose ominous name portends death to travellers—*el jornada de los muertos*—the journey of the dead—all lay between you. It was a perilous enterprise, and a discouraging one for a thousand men, badly equipped, to contemplate. No matter. Danger and hardship lent it a charm, and the adventurous march was resolved on, and the execution commenced. First, the ominous desert was passed, its character vindicating its title to its mournful appellation—an arid plain of ninety miles, strewed with the bones of animals that had perished of hunger and thirst—little hillocks of stone, and the solitary cross, erected by pious hands, marking the spot where some Christian had fallen victim of the savage, of the robber, or of the desert itself—no water—no animal life—no sign of habitation. There the Texan prisoners, driven by the cruel Salazar, had met their direst sufferings, unrelieved, as in other parts of the country, by the compassionate ministrations (for where is it that *woman* is not compassionate?) of the pitying women. The desert was passed, and the place for crossing the river approached. A little arm of the river Bracito (in Spanish), made out from its side. There the enemy, in superior numbers, and confident in cavalry and artillery, undertook to bar the way. Vain pretension! Their discovery, attack, and rout, were about simultaneous operations. A few minutes did the

work! And in this way our Missouri volunteers of the Chihuahua column, spent their Christmas day of the year 1846.

"The victory of Bracito opened the way to the crossing of the river Del Norte, and to admission into the beautiful little town of the Passo del Norte, where a neat cultivation, a comfortable people, fields, orchards and vineyards, and a hospitable reception, offered the rest and refreshment which toils and dangers and victory had won. You rested there till artillery was brought down from Sante Fe; but the pretty town of the Passo del Norte, with all its enjoyments, and they were many, and the greater for the place in which they were found, was not a *Capua* to the men of Missouri. You moved forward in February, and the battle of the Sacramento, one of the military marvels of the age, cleared the route to Chihuahua, which was entered without further resistance. It had been entered once before by a detachment of American troops; but under circumstances how different! In the year 1807, Lieutenant Pike and his thirty brave men, taken prisoners on the head of the Rio del Norte, had been marched captives into Chihuahua: in the year 1847, Doniphan and his men entered it as conquerors. The paltry triumph of a captain-general over a lieutenant, was effaced in the triumphal entrance of a thousand Missourians into the grand and ancient capital of all the *Internal Provinces!* and old men, still alive, could remark the grandeur of the American spirit under both events—the proud and lofty bearing of the captive thirty—the mildness and moderation of the conquering thousand.

"Chihuahua was taken, and responsible duties, more delicate than those of arms, were to be performed. Many American citizens were there, engaged in trade; much American property was there. All this was to be protected, both lives and property, and by peaceful arrangement; for the command was too small to admit of division, and of leaving a garrison. Conciliation and negotiation were resorted to, and successfully. Every American interest was provided for, and placed under the safeguard, *first*, of good will, and *next*, of guaranties not to be violated with impunity.

"Chihuahua gained, it became, like Santa Fe, not the terminating point of a long expedition, but the beginning point of a new one. Gen. Taylor was somewhere—no one knew exactly where—but some seven or eight hundred miles towards the other side of Mexico. You had heard that he had been defeated—that Buena Vista had not been a *good prospect* to him. Like good Americans, you did not believe a word of it; but, like good soldiers, you thought it best to go and see. A volunteer party of fourteen, headed by Collins, of Boonville, undertook to penetrate to Saltillo, and bring you information of his condition. They set out. Amidst innumerable dangers they accomplish their purpose, and return. You march. A vanguard of one hundred men, led by Lieut. Colonel Mitchell, led the way. Then came the main body (if the name is not a burlesque on such a handful), commanded by Colonel Doniphan himself.

"The whole table-land of Mexico, in all its breadth, from west to east, was to be traversed. A numerous and hostile population in towns—treacherous Camanches

in the mountains—were to be passed. Every thing was to be self-provided—provisions, transportation, fresh horses for remounts, and even the means of victory—and all without a military chest, or even an empty box, in which government gold had ever reposed. All was accomplished. Mexican towns were passed, in order and quiet; plundering Camanches were punished; means were obtained from traders to liquidate indispensable contributions; and the wants that could not be supplied were endured like soldiers of veteran service.

“I say the Camanches were punished. And here presents itself an episode of a novel, extraordinary, and romantic kind—Americans chastising savages for plundering people who they themselves came to conquer, and forcing the restitution of captives and of plundered property. A strange story this to tell in Europe, where backwoods character, western character, is not yet completely known. But to the facts. In the muskeet forest of the Bolson de Mapimi, and in the sierras around the beautiful town and fertile district of Parras, and in all the open country for hundreds of miles round about, the savage Camanches have held dominion ever since the usurper Santa Anna disarmed the people, and sally forth from their fastnesses to slaughter men, plunder cattle, and carry off women and children. An exploit of this kind had just been performed on the line of the Missourians' march, not far from Parras, and an advanced party chanced to be in that town at the time the news of the depredation arrived there. It was only fifteen strong. Moved by gratitude for the kind attentions of the people, especially the women, to the sick of General Wool's

command, necessarily left in Parras, and unwilling to be outdone by enemies in generosity, the heroic fifteen, upon the spot, volunteered to go back, hunt out the depredators, and punish them, without regard to numbers. A grateful Mexican became their guide. On their way they fell in with fifteen more of their comrades; and, in a short time, seventeen Camanches killed out of sixty-five, eighteen captives restored to their families, and three hundred and fifty head of cattle recovered for their owners, was the fruit of this sudden and romantic episode.

“Such noble conduct was not without its effect on the minds of the astonished Mexicans. An official document from the prefect of the place to Captain Reid, leader of this detachment, attests the verity of the fact, and the gratitude of the Mexicans; and constitutes a trophy of a new kind in the annals of war. Here it is in the original Spanish, and I will read it off in English.

“It is officially dated from the Prefecture of the Department of Parras, signed by the prefect, Jose Ignacio Arrabe, and addressed to Captain Reid, the 18th of May, and says:

““At the first notice that the barbarians, after killing many, and taking captives, were returning to their haunts, you generously and bravely offered, with fifteen of your subordinates, to fight them on their crossing by the Pazo, executing this enterprise with celerity, address, and bravery, worthy of all eulogy, and worthy of the brilliant issue which all celebrate. You recovered many animals and much plundered property, and eighteen captives were restored to liberty and to social enjoyments, their souls overflowing with a lively sentiment of joy and

gratitude, which all the inhabitants of this town equally breathe, in favor of their generous deliverers and their valiant chief. The half of the Indians killed in the combat, and those which fly wounded, do not calm the pain which all feel for the wound which your excellency received defending Christians and civilized beings against the rage and brutality of savages. All desire the speedy re-establishment of your health; and although they know that in your own noble soul will be found the best reward of your conduct, they desire also to address you the expression of their gratitude and high esteem. I am honored in being the organ of the public sentiment; and pray you to accept it, with the assurance of my most distinguished esteem.

“God and Liberty!”

“This is a trophy of a new kind in war, won by thirty Missourians, and worthy to be held up to the admiration of Christendom.

“The long march from Chihuahua to Monterey was made more in the character of protection and deliverance than of conquest and invasion. Armed enemies were not met, and peaceful people were not disturbed. You arrived in the month of May in General Taylor's camp, and about in a condition to vindicate, each of you for himself, your lawful title to the double *sobriquet* of the general, with the addition to it which the colonel of the expedition has supplied—ragged—as well as rough and ready. No doubt you all showed title, at that time, to that third *sobriquet*; but to see you now, so gayly attired, so sprucely equipped, one might suppose that you had never, for an instant, been a stranger to the virtues of

soap and water, or the magic ministrations of the *blanchisseuse*, and the elegant transformations of the fashionable tailor. Thanks, perhaps, to the difference between pay in the lump at the end of service, and driblets in the course of it.

“You arrived in General Taylor's camp ragged and rough, as we can well conceive, and ready, as I can quickly show. You reported for duty! you asked for service!—such as a march upon San Luis de Potosi, Zacatecas, or the “halls of the Montezumas,” or any thing in that way that the general should have a mind to. If he was going upon any excursion of that kind, all right. No matter about fatigues that were passed, or expirations of service that might accrue; you came to go, and only asked the privilege.

“That is what I call ready. Unhappily the conqueror of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, was not in exactly the condition that the lieutenant-general, that might have been, intended him to be. He was not at the head of 20,000 men! he was not at the head of any thousands that would enable him to march! and had to decline the proffered service. Thus the long-marched and well-fought volunteers—the rough, the ready, and the ragged, had to turn their faces towards home, still more than two thousand miles distant. But this being mostly by water, you hardly count it in the recital of your march. But this is an unjust omission, and against the precedents as well as unjust. “The Ten Thousand” counted the voyage on the Black Sea as well as the march from Babylon; and twenty centuries admit the validity of the count. The present age, and