

posterity, will include in 'the going out and coming in' of the Missouri Chihuahua volunteers, the water voyage as well as the land march; and then the expedition of the One Thousand will exceed that of the Ten by some two thousand miles.

"The last nine hundred miles of your land march, from Chihuahua to Matamoras, you made in forty-five days, bringing seventeen pieces of artillery, eleven of which were taken from the Sacramento and Bracito. Your horses, travelling the whole distance without United States provender, were astonished to find themselves regaled on their arrival on the Rio Grande frontier, with hay, corn, and oats from the States. You marched further than the farthest, fought as well as the best, left order and quiet in your train, and cost less money than any.

"You arrive here to-day, absent one year, marching and fighting all the time, bringing trophies of cannon and standards from fields whose names were unknown to you before you set out, and only grieving that you could not have gone further. Ten pieces of cannon, rolled out of Chihuahua to arrest your march, now roll through the streets of St. Louis, to grace your triumphal return. Many standards, all pierced with bullets, while waving over the heads of the enemy at the Sacramento, now wave at the head of your column. The black flag, brought to the Bracito, to indicate the refusal of that quarter which its bearers so soon needed and received, now takes its place among your trophies, and hangs drooping in their nobler presence. To crown the whole—to make public and private happiness go together—to spare the cypress where the laurel hangs in clusters—

this long and perilous march, with all its accidents of field and camp, presents an incredibly small list of comrades lost. Almost all return! and the joy of families resounds, intermingled with the applauses of the state."

Colonel Doniphan responded in eloquent terms, and admitted that Colonel Benton's speech gave a glowing, eloquent, and faithful account of the expedition. He said that, if peace is to be secured to Mexico, it must be the result of a vigorous prosecution of the war. The armies must be immediately reinforced, and not kept paralyzed on a field where their presence counted for nothing upon the termination of the war.

(From Park Benjamin's Western Continent.)

THE RIO GRANDE.

THERE are sounds of mighty conflict by a peaceful river's shore,
 And the tranquil air is shaken by the deaf'ning cannon's roar;
 By the deaf'ning roar of cannon, like the rolling thunder peal,
 And the rattling sharp of musketry, the clash and clang of steel,
 And the shouts of conquering squadrons, the groans of dying
 men,
 And the neighing of affrighted steeds, swift scouring o'er the
 plain;
 For the sons of young Columbia are battling hand to hand,
 With the legions of proud Mexico, beside the Rio Grande.

Amid the thickest of the fray a gallant chief flies fast;
 His swarthy foes before him bend, like reeds before the blast;

On right and left, on left and right, he wields a trusty sword,
 And blood upon the trampled turf, like ruddy wine is pour'd.
 His clarion voice rings loudly, his arm is stout and strong,
 And none are readier to avenge his slighted country's wrong ;
 But ah ! the death-shot, lightning-winged, has struck amid his
 band,
 And the gallant chief lies bleeding, beside the Rio Grande.

Dismay and consternation on that little squadron fell,
 For there were none but loved him right faithfully and well ;
 They fly with swift alacrity, to aid him, and to cheer,
 And the eyes of lion-hearted men shed many a briny tear.
 But while, with sad solicitude, his mangled form they rais'd,
 His proud eye flashed unearthly light, as o'er the field he gaz'd—
 "Rush on, my men, ye've work to do," he cried in loud com-
 mand,
 And bade them to the fight again, beside the Rio Grande.

They are speeding like the hurricane, they've left him, they are
 gone,
 And pillowed on the verdant turf, the soldier lies alone ;
 The battle's tide has rolled away and none are near him now,
 To soothe his agony, or wipe the cold drops from his brow ;
 But from his breast escapes no sigh, no murmur from his lips,
 And while his sight grows dim beneath the gath'ring death
 eclipse—
 As in a dream, the soldier's heart is with his native land,
 And little recks he of the strife beside the Rio Grande.

He is sitting now, her darling boy, beside his mother's knee,
 The wild fawn 'mid the free blue hills not happier than he ;
 Or roaming through the meadow grass to pluck the early flow-
 ers,
 Whose perfume lingers round us e'en to life's remotest hours.

A bright-eyed girl, more beautiful than morn's first rosy beam,
 His fond enraptured spirit stirs with love's enchanting dream ;
 She chides his warm caresses not—he clasps her gentle hand—
 Ah ! thrill'd with pain, he wakes again, beside the Rio Grande.

And now returning lustre for a moment lights his eye—
 Oh ! is it not a glorious thing thus on the field to die ?
 For well he knows that after years shall venerate his name,
 And crown his deathless mem'ry with the laurel wreath of fame ;
 And youth, and sober manhood, and hoary-headed age,
 Shall dwell with rapture o'er his deeds upon the historic page,
 And patriot mothers tell their babes how well his valiant hand
 Did battle in its country's cause, beside the Rio Grande.

The film is spreading o'er his eye—the ashen hue of death
 Steals swiftly o'er his features now, and fainter grows his
 breath.

Hark ! hark ! the cry of victory the dying man has reach'd :
 He raised his head exultingly and wide his arms outstretch'd ;
 A smile played round his pallid lips, then sank he on the sod,
 And freed from its frail tenement, the spirit sought its God.
 And now the green grass o'er him, by the southern breeze is
 fann'd,
 And the gallant hero slumbering lies beside the Rio Grande.

THE PRISONERS OF ENCARNACION.

DEEPLY INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTURE, ADVENTURES, SUFFERINGS, ETC., OF MAJORS GAINES AND BORLAND'S PARTY IN MEXICO.

From the New-Orleans Delta, July 16.

THERE arrived yesterday in our city, by the schooner Home, from Tampico, John Swigert, John Scott, W. Holeman, of Captain Milam's company of Kentucky cavalry; P. Tunk, of Captain Pennington's, and W. P. Denowitz, of Captain Heady's company, all of whom belonged to the command of Major Gaines, which was captured last February, near Encarnacion, by a large Mexican force under General Miñon.

These gallant fellows, who are very young men, escaped from their guard at the town of Huequetla, about forty leagues from Tampico; and reaching the latter place in safety, after a most perilous and trying march, embarked for this port in the schooner Home.

In a very gratifying interview with Mr. Swigert, one of these young men, we have learned many interesting particulars of the capture, sufferings, trials, and adventures of Major Gaines's party. To relate all the interesting and romantic incidents, so modestly and forcibly detailed to us by this brave young Kentuckian, would swell our narrative quite beyond the compass of our paper. We trust that the task of snatching from oblivion and handing down to posterity a faithful record of the stirring incidents connected with the capture and march of this party, will be assumed and discharged by

some of the very capable officers or soldiers who participated in these eventful scenes. The genius of Cassius M. Clay, would, no doubt, do full justice to the subject; and we ardently hope he may soon be in a situation to fulfil the hopes of his countrymen in that regard.

The principal events of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's parties are well known to our readers.— These officers, with three companies of Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, were out on a scouting party. It was thought that there were small bodies of the enemy's cavalry prowling about the country; but no one had the slightest apprehension, that a large force could be so near General Wool's camp.

Major Gaines having joined Major Borland at a rancho near Encarnacion, the two commands went into quarters for the night, after posting sentinels some distance in advance and on the top of the house in which they were encamped. That night the officers, who, tired by a very long march, had laid down to sleep, were several times aroused by the alarms of the sentinel, who declared that he saw an armed Mexican approaching the rancho. But the sentinels on the top of the house declared that they could see nothing; and the man who gave the alarm, was treated as rather a nervous and dreaming individual. The officers thereupon retired again to their blankets, but had scarcely fallen asleep when they were aroused by another alarm from the sentinel, who declared that he had again seen an armed Mexican and had pulled trigger on him, but, his gun being wet, the cap did not explode. Other alarms were also given by other sentinels picketed some distance from

the rancho. The night was now waning fast. It was very dark and misty. The officers bestirred themselves, and arousing the men, prepared to meet an attack, thinking that the enemy consisted of a force of four or five hundred, which Major Gaines had already been in pursuit of, and which he considered a force about equal to his own.

Our men were all collected on the top of that rancho, with their guns ready for action, full of courage and zeal, and warmly desirous of a handsome brush with the enemy. The morn broke slowly. The mist hung heavily around them; and although they could hear very plainly the approach of horsemen, they could see nothing. At last the light began to break through the mist immediately in their front, and the faint outline of a strong body of armed horsemen was perceptible in the distance. And as the mist rolled and gathered up into huge clouds, and gently ascended toward the neighboring heights, it revealed, with most painful distinctness, a whole regiment of splendidly equipped Mexican lancers drawn up in line of battle, and occupying a commanding position within three hundred yards of the rancho occupied by Major Gaines's party.

Undauntedly surveying and counting this strong force before them, our men prepared for action, crying out, "Oh, there are only six hundred of them—it's a fair fight, and we will see it out!" But stop! Look on the right as the mists leave that side of the rancho, there is another regiment, just as strong as that in front.

"Well," cried a stalwart Kentuckian, who kept all the while a bright eye on his long rifle, "this is coming

it rather strong; the thing looks serious, most decidedly, but I reckon we can lick a thousand Greasers, and throw in two hundred for good measure." "Can't we?" was the unanimous cry of the party.

"But, oh cranky," cried the tall sergeant, "here's more of the varmints." And there, sure enough, on their left was another regiment about six hundred strong, whose bright helmets, flaming pennons, and showy uniforms, loomed out conspicuously in the dark horizon. And there, too, just a few hundred yards in their rear, was still another regiment. Thus was this small party of one hundred and twenty Americans entirely surrounded by a Mexican force of about three thousand cavalry, the finest in the country, and commanded by one of their best officers.

Undismayed, our men prepared for action, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Never did men go more calmly and coolly to work than this little Spartan band, as with many a careless jest and the most imperturbable *sang froid*, they re-loaded and re-capped their rifles, looked to their cartouch-boxes, felt the edge of their bowie-knives, and glanced a proud defiance at their legion foe.

In the mean time the enemy preserved the most perfect military order, and presented a display of martial magnificence, such as our men had never before witnessed. Their officers, covered with gold and splendidly mounted and caparisoned, rode in front, while their buglers blew the Mexican charge, and made the hills around resound with their loud and exulting blasts.

Major Gaines ordered his bugler to respond to their

threatening flourish, by blowing, with all his might, the American charge, and directed the men to follow up the blast with three loud cheers. The order was cheerfully and heartily obeyed. The Mexicans, who were advancing upon the rancho, were so awed by the loud yells and terrific huzzas of our boys, that they halted, and looked at our little band in mute terror and astonishment that so small a party could make such a tremendous noise. "Give them three times three," cried out Capt. Cassius M. Clay, and the huzzas were prolonged to the full complement until they made the welkin ring for miles around, and so frightened the Mexicans, that their general, to prevent his men from running away, had to order his fine brass band to stike up the Polka, and to wheel his men into column and put them on the march. In open order, and with military precision, the Mexicans marched around the rancho to the tune of the Cracovienne; and seemed, like the cat with its little victim, to be sporting with their captive before they destroyed him.

An officer with an interpreter and white flag was sent to Major Gaines to demand his unconditional surrender. "Never," replied the gallant American. "Then no quarters will be given," remarked the Mexican. "Very well," exclaimed Captain Clay, "remember the Alamo; before we surrender on such terms, more than five hundred of your yellow-belly scoundrels shall be left to bleach on yonder plains." This remark, the interpreter did not think he could do full justice to in the translation, and he left the officer to guess at its meaning, which, however, was no difficult task, as the captain accompa-

nied his declaration with very emphatic and expressive gesticulation.

It was finally agreed that Major Gaines should have an interview with General Miñon. From him the Major received very courteous treatment, and was assured that in surrendering himself and his party they would be treated with all the consideration of prisoners of war.

Major Gaines, on communicating the result of his interview with General Miñon to his officers, took a vote whether they should fight or surrender, and Captains Clay and Danby, and Lieutenant Davidson, were for fighting, and Majors Gaines and Borland were for surrendering. While they were parleying with the Mexicans, Major Gaines observed that their men were approaching near the rancho. He immediately ordered his men to fire upon the Mexicans if they approached a foot nearer, and told their officers he should not continue the parley until their men fell back to their original position, which they did in very quick order when a few rifles were levelled in their direction. They finally, Captain Clay giving in to Majors Gaines and Borland, agreed to surrender on the most honorable terms as prisoners of war, the officers to retain their private property and side-arms. They delayed the surrender, however, as long as possible, with the expectation of being reinforced from General Wool's camp. It was an express condition in the capitulation that the Mexican guide, who had been forced by Major Gaines to act in that capacity, should have a fair trial, and if he was acquitted, he should be released. The Mexicans at first objected to this, but Captain Clay said he would die before he would surrender the unfortunate

guide without assurances of his safety. As soon as he was surrendered, the faithless Mexicans immediately murdered the poor fellow. The prisoners were then marched, without food or water, for thirty or forty miles on the road to San Luis, under an escort of eighty lancers. Major Gaines, having been allowed to ride, selected, in preference to his own charger, a blooded mare belonging to Sergeant Payne.

Captain Henrie, whose name is familiar to all who have read the stirring history of Texan warfare and adventure, and who accompanied Major Gaines as an interpreter, had rendered himself extremely useful on the occasion of their capture, by his coolness, sagacity, and knowledge of the Mexican language and character. Captain Henrie was very anxious for a fight, and strongly dissuaded Major Gaines from surrendering. He told the men to count their bullets, and if they had one for every two Mexicans, it was a fair game, and he would go it. He also cautioned them to hit the Mexicans below their beards, that they might frighten off the others by their groans, and to give them as much misery as possible. One of the Mexican officers, recognizing him, cried out in Spanish, "I shall have the pleasure of your company to the city of Mexico, Captain Henrie!" "Excuse me, señor, I generally choose my own company;" replied the cool and courtly captain.

It was the second day after their capture, and near the town of Salado, famous in Texan history as the place of the decimation of the Mier prisoners, that Major Gaines's high-spirited mare showing considerable restlessness, the major requested Captain Henrie, who is a

famous rider of the Jack Hays school, to "mount her and take off the wire-edge of her spirit." The captain did so, and riding up to Captain Clay, carelessly remarked, "Clay, I am going to make a burst." The Mexican commander, half suspecting his design, placed additional forces at the head and rear of the column of lancers within which the prisoners were placed, and rode himself by the side of Henrie, who would pace up and down the line, cracking jokes with the boys, and firing up the spirit of the mare by various ingenious manœuvres. At last, Henrie, seeing a favorable opportunity, plunged his spurs deep into the sides of the noble blood, and rushing against and knocking down three or four of the mustangs with their lancers, started off in full view of the whole party, at a rate of speed equal to the best time that Boston or Fashion ever made. After him rushed a dozen well mounted lancers, who, firing their escopetas at him, started off in close pursuit. But it was no race at all—the Kentucky blood was too much for the mustang. The lancers were soon distanced, and the last view they got of Henrie, he was flying up a steep mountain, waving his white handkerchief, and crying out in a voice which echoed afar off through the valley, "Adios, señores—adios, señores!"

Our readers may fancy the intense excitement which this scene produced among the prisoners, and will, no doubt, excuse them for so far forgetting their situation as to give three loud cheers as they saw the gallant Henrie leaving his pursuers far behind, and safely placed beyond their reach. The subsequent adventures and sufferings of Henrie are well known to our readers.

After many narrow escapes from the enemy and starvation, and after losing his noble mare, Henrie arrived safely at our camp, and gave the first authentic intelligence of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's party.

CAPTURE OF TABASCO.

FROM THE GRAPHIC PEN OF AN "OFFICER OF THE NAVY."

Off Tabasco, June 22, 1847.

LONG ere this, you have no doubt received my letter giving an account of the Tuspan affair. Since then, this ship has been constantly on the move; in fact, nearly the whole squadron has been very actively employed since Commodore Perry took the command; he is at present *certainly the man for the navy*; in many respects, he is an astonishing man—the most industrious, hard-working, energetic, zealous, persevering officer, of his rank, in our navy; he does not spare himself, or *any one* under him. *This I like.* His great powers of endurance astonish every one. All know he is by no means a brilliant man; but his good common sense and judgment, his sociable manner to his officers—no *humbuggery*, no *mystery*—make him respected and esteemed.

When here a few weeks since with his squadron, for the purpose of filling up our water, he understood the Mexicans were making great preparations to *receive him*

at Tabasco, should he visit them. He could not then do so, as *I know* he was *obliged* to be at Vera Cruz with his squadron at a certain time on important business. He sent them word, however, that he would return in a few days and visit them; that his delay would give them more time to prepare for him. This notice they took advantage of to sink obstructions in the river, about five miles from the city, opposite which (the obstructions) they threw up a strong breastwork, concealed by the bushes and chapparal. Their fort near the city was also much improved, and mounted three 32-pounders and four field-pieces; it was built on a high hill, commanding completely the channel to the city as far as the guns could range. On the 12th and 13th inst., as if by magic, nearly all the squadron assembled here from various points on the coast. Where dull-sailing vessels were stationed, and had *bars* to cross on coming out of the rivers, steamers were sent to tow them. In this way the commodore concentrated his squadron with astonishing rapidity.

The commodore arrived in the "Mississippi" on the 13th, having stopped at the river Guasacualcos to despatch this ship and the Stromboli. I will give you some details, by way of showing the rapidity of his movements.

The day he arrived we were ordered by telegraphic signal to "report the number of officers, seamen, and marines prepared to land to-morrow." You must know that every ship had a brass *field-piece* on board, with a portion of the crew regularly trained to them, and the rest of the crew drilled as infantry, always ready for service, boats prepared, and *haversacks* for each man's