

port was circulated "the captain was a pirate, and he intended to take us into some Mexican port." This only increased the trepidation of the Son of Esculapius, and made him feel much more like "hugging his wife." A formal protest was drawn up by one of the passengers, which we made the doctor head, enumerating our grievances, and calling upon the captain "to run for Galveston, under penalty of his life." The captain was let into the secret; we put the protest in the doctor's hands, and all followed up to see its delivery. The captain was on deck, took it, and read it. We had previously cautioned him that it would give great offense; that the captain would rip and tear about, but that he must stick to him like a good-fellow. The captain read it, put himself into a towering passion, pocketed the protest, and swore he'd put us in irons.

"No, you'll not, captain," we exclaimed; "if you'll behave yourself and take us to port, we'll let you alone; but if you don't, we'll take the vessel."

"That's the way to talk it, boys!" cried the doctor. "I'm the boy to hold him and give him h—ll, while you take possession of the vessel! Oh, that I was back home, hugging my wife!"

The captain pretended that, as we outnumbered him, he would have to obey, but that he would keep the document, and, when we arrived at port, have us tried for mutiny on the high seas.

With the assurance he would run us into port, our victim was slightly quieted for that day; not, however, sufficiently so to insure sleep. He was up and down all night, examining the leak, and repeatedly did I hear the exclamation come from his innermost soul, "*Oh, that I was at home, hugging my wife!*" He looked perfectly haggard the next morning for want of rest; his

eyes were actually popping out of his head, and when he came to the table he looked more like a maniac than a sane being. By this time the joke had reached the hands of the boat.

"Well, doctor, how does the leak get on?"

"Leak, sir! my God! the boat is *rotten*; the *niggers* told me they *put their feet through* it last night! Oh, gents, if I was *only* home, hugging my wife!" and away he bolted from the table to re-examine the leak, the bare reflection depriving him of his appetite.

The next morning the scare still continued, and the number of *saws* at work increased. He was so nervous, I became alarmed about him; with hat off, his long yellow hair streaming, and eyes expressive of utter terror, he was seen rushing in every direction, with despair imprinted on his face. Sympathizing friends he found in numbers; every one to whom he went was willing to give him all the comfort they could; invariably ending their advice by expressing their fears for their own situation, and asking *his* advice in the premises. Poor doctor! when thoughts of self for one moment left his mind, imagination flew to *that* wife and *those* children; every inward prayer for their happiness was *outwardly* ended by the oft-repeated ejaculation of, "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" It was the burden of his story.

Shortly after breakfast a schooner was seen making for us; "a long, low, black, rakish-looking craft." Such a chance was not to be lost; the cry of "pirate! pirate!" went from stem to stern. Out rushed the doctor: "Where! where!" Our worthy captain, who had fully entered into the sport, pointed it out, and remarked, "He was afraid he would attempt to take us, but that he would fight to the last, and requested all

hands to arm themselves;" and then, calling to the mate said,

"Mr. Richards, load the swivel, sir! prepare for action! A suspicious-looking craft!"

The doctor gave one look at the preparations for loading a swivel, about *a feet* long; and then, when, by the expression of his countenance, we saw that the joke took, we all rushed aft, crying, "To arms." The Louisiana delegation were on board, returning from their complimentary visit to General Taylor, and had brought with them some of the lances, escopets, and sabers taken from the enemy on the 8th and 9th of May. Each one supplied himself with some kind of weapon; a saber was offered to the doctor, but, true to his education, he scorned the proffered arm, and swore he would "take the native bowie." Thus armed and equipped, forward we all rushed.

By this time the schooner was nearly abreast; excitement was in every countenance—an expression of firm determination of fight to the last. The doctor had evidently worked himself up to the boiling point, when, as the vessel came abreast, with stentorian voice, the captain cried,

"Port helm! fire!"

"*Bang*" went the swivel, loaded to the muzzle. Just at that moment the doctor's heart failed him, and his thoughts flew back to home and all its endearments; for clear above the swivel's roar, with a *falsetto screecho* accent, we heard, "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" He was overjoyed when he found one shot had driven off the "d—d pirate;" and made the captain quite a complimentary speech about the excellent management of his boat, his coolness and daring, and said "he'd have it put in the papers."

About this time some of the gentlemen tried to make him believe he had been fooled; that, of course, he would not listen to: he was one of your obstinately credulous men. By questioning a good-natured pilot, he discovered, if we *were* lost, that we were now right, and that we would make the Balize next morning. The captain now thought it *his* turn for a "saw." Saw ye ever one so *sawed*?

"Look here, my young man, I'm mighty good hearted—have a heap of the milk of human kindness, and am inclined to think well of your wife and children; but all this can't have any effect upon me. I have the reputation of the "Fashion" to sustain. You have attempted to excite a mutiny on board my boat; said you would hold me and "give me h—ll," while the others took possession; I've got your signature as ringleader, and when I get in port I'll have you tried for mutiny, and you may count upon a comfortable birth in the penitentiary."

If a thunder-bolt had struck the poor fellow he could not have been more alarmed; he even forgot wife and children, and commenced begging for mercy; declaring he was only "in fun"—that the boys knew it. The captain remained inexorable, and fully determined upon trial. The doctor had a likely negro boy with him; he was very anxious to know what the captain would take to let him off—offered his boy to any one who would undertake to defend him; but finding there was no hope, retired to his state-room—not "to sleep," nor, "perchance, to dream"—but to exclaim, "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" Just before he retired it was suggested that we were again lost, merely to give him an additional incentive to sleep.

The next morning, as we shoaled water, it changed

color; as soon as he saw it, he wished to know the reason. One of the passengers exclaimed,

"Now I know the captain to be a rascal! Gentlemen, he is taking us to Havana!"

"To Havana! how do you know that?"

"Know it! don't I know it by the *color of the water*? and is not this very color a *certain sign* the *yellow fever* is raging, and are not the chances ten to one we die of it?"

Here was more matter for the poor fellow's imagination. He began again to talk of taking the vessel, but was soon relieved from all anxiety by crossing the bar and getting into the "Father of Waters." The only thing now was to avoid prosecution for mutiny. Many earnest conversations about it did he have with us all, and many deputations waited upon the captain to settle it, but with no success. In furtherance of our sport with the unsophisticated Georgian, the bearer of the order for the *Fashion* to go to Mobile was the deputy-sheriff of New Orleans. Were ever saws so lucky? The moment he arrived, it was whispered about the "sheriff was on board." The poor doctor was aghast. The sheriff was let into the secret, and he, being as big a devil as any of us, entered into the joke with all his heart. A deputation waited upon the sheriff to see if he could not accommodate this matter; he, with one or two others, shut themselves up with the doctor in a state-room, and kept the poor fellow in a state of suspense for nearly an hour. Repeated ejaculations were heard issuing from that room, "not loud, but deep," of "Oh, that I was home, hugging my wife!" It was at last accommodated by the doctor writing a very humble letter of apology to the captain.

I left the *Fashion* at the Balize, and the doctor went

to Mobile. Meeting the sheriff a few days after, I felt anxious to know the fate of our friend, and asked him how he was disposed of.

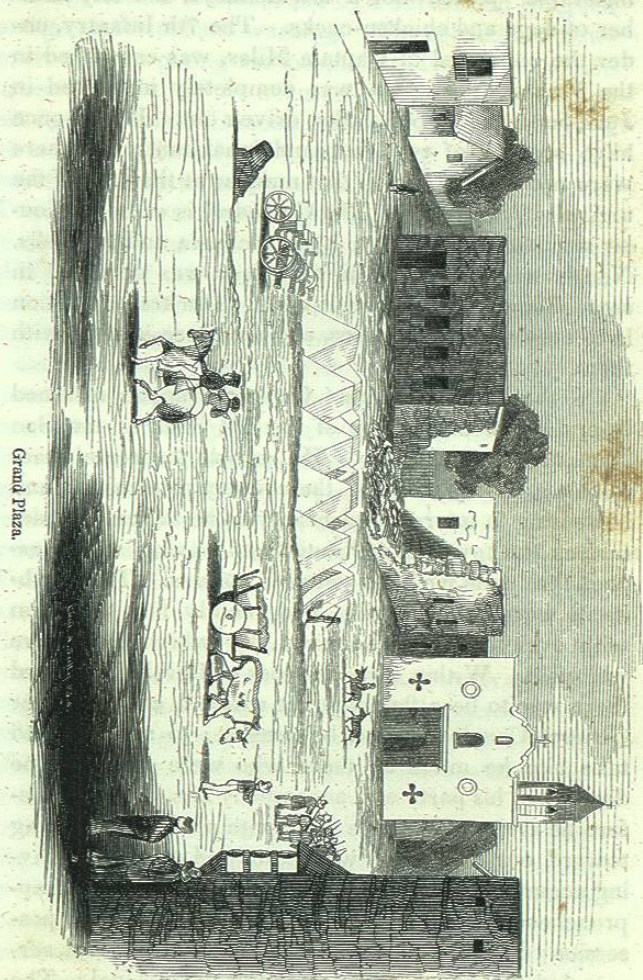
"Disposed of! he took good care to *dispose of himself* very well, and of *our money* a great deal better. Thinking he was a *green 'un*, he was invited to play poker; after a great deal of persuasion, he consented, with manifest reluctance. The biters were bitten. If there was any thing he *could* do better than practice medicine, it was *playing poker*! There he had us; he won his passage, and fobbed lots of 'the tin' besides. As soon as we landed at Mobile, he bolted on shore, telling the captain 'he did not think sea-voyaging was so d—d bad, after all.' So anxious was he to get home and 'hug that wife,' that he took the stage in preference to waiting for a boat; swearing, 'by all that was holy,' if he was ever again *caught in Texas*, you might put him down for a stark natural."

August 13th. Reveille at 12, marched at 1 A.M.; the march was performed by a lovely moon; the heavens were studded with stars, and none but one entirely devoid of feeling could resist the pleasure derived from so glorious a scene. The land was high bottom, and the growth of the mesquite still larger. Passed thirty crosses within ten miles. A very celebrated robber some years ago infested this district; after committing several murders, was taken at Reynosa, and paid the penalty of his crimes. Day dawned before we reached Camargo. As we approached, the Valley of the San Juan was marked by the distant hills; the landscape was quite a pretty one. We skirted the town, the cupola of whose Cathedral was visible for a mile, and reached our camp by 7 A.M., just in time for breakfast. The distance marched from Matamoras

was one hundred and twenty-seven miles. Found the army encamped, in line of battle, along the banks of the San Juan. General Worth has the *immediate* command of the camp; all those who know his qualities as a rigid disciplinarian must be aware that duty was performed strictly according to regulations.

The Texas Rifle Regiment, the Baltimore Battalion, and some of the Louisville Legion have arrived. Every boat brings up volunteers. The Texas Regiment of Rifles, commanded by Colonel Johnson (a graduate), determined to take their discharge: he addressed them in a patriotic strain, to induce them to remain; but not more than fifteen out of sixty were willing. The government, therefore, lost the services of six hundred men, for whom they have incurred the expense of clothing, subsistence, and transportation, and have not received one iota of service in return; within one hundred and fifty miles of the enemy, where the great majority of the army expected battle, they took their discharge. Before this war is terminated, the people will feel, by applying their hands to a very sensitive part of the person—the pocket—the difference between carrying on the war by volunteers and regulars. The president was correct in discharging the six months volunteers. At the time, I thought the patriotism of the Americans was so strong, that in the face of the enemy they, to a man, would have enlisted for twelve months; experience has proved their patriotism not equal to their self-interest.

Camargo is a dilapidated-looking town, situated upon the River San Juan, a few miles above its junction with the Rio Grande. It boasts, like all Mexican towns, of a grand Plaza and a Cathedral, a few low stone buildings, of very thick walls and flat roofs, a great many



Grand Plaza.

miserable "jacals," not a few donkeys, and any number of dogs and chicken-cocks. The 7th Infantry, under the command of Captain Miles, was encamped in the Plaza. The town was completely inundated in June last, and the population driven out. It may once have boasted of two thousand inhabitants, but there were not more than half that number at the time of the arrival of our army. The Cathedral is of no particular architectural beauty; it has a cupola and two bells. Nearly every building in the place was occupied in some manner by the government. Our transportation is to consist of pack-mules, and the place is alive with them.

On the 17th of August Captain Duncan returned from his reconnoissance of the left bank of the San Juan, as far as Ceralvo. He reports the route practicable and well watered, the country picturesque, and increasing in interest and beauty as he advanced; describes the town as well built, and having a tidy aspect, that none we have yet seen possess. The inhabitants were very friendly, and readily furnished him with every thing he required, for which they were well paid. Within three leagues of Ceralvo he heard there was to be a fandango, at which a colonel under General Canales was to be present; to surprise and take him, he made all those who were going to the dance join his party and accompany him. Shortly before he arrived he met a man, with some mules, going toward our camp: he was permitted to pass. Having accurately informed himself of the avenues and approaches to the ranch, upon his arrival he took possession of them, and, to the surprise of all present, surrounded the house and demanded the colonel. The bird had flown. The man who was driving the mules

was a *brother* of Canales, and by a detour had returned and given the colonel warning. The colonel left, however, without giving the people any intimation of the cause: the fear of the accusation of cowardice sealed his lips. Captain Duncan informed the gay dancers he was on a friendly visit, and would injure no one; but if any made an effort to escape, they would be shot. Two unfortunate devils tried it; one was killed, and the other had his arm broken. Pretty good shooting in the dusk of the evening. The death of their comrade affected not the hilarity of the party; the dance and merry laugh continued until the dawn of day.

On the afternoon of the 17th there was a grand review of the regulars. It was one of the most magnificent military displays we have had since the last war. There were seven regiments of infantry and two batteries of horse-artillery under review; the line of battle occupied three fourths of a mile. General Taylor, accompanied by his staff, was attended by General Worth with his staff, and Generals Pillow and Quitman. The review was commanded by General Worth. The general's advance from the right was announced by a salute from Duncan's battery, and each corps in succession saluted as he passed. The troops were afterward passed in review, and presented quite a creditable appearance. General Taylor never looked in better health or spirits.

On the 18th of August an order was issued, organizing the regular army: it is divided into two divisions, the brigades retaining the same denominations as at Corpus Christi. General Twiggs's column, the 1st Division, consists of the 2d Dragoons, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Regiments of Infantry, and Bragg's and Ridgely's batteries. General Worth's column, 2d Division, consists

of the Artillery Battalion, the 5th, 7th, and 8th Infantry, Duncan's battery, and Captain Blanchard's Volunteers: the latter is attached to the 2d Brigade, the command of which is assigned to Colonel P. F. Smith. Captain Blanchard and his Phoenix Company are the solitary representatives of the State of Louisiana. He marched from his camp to join the brigade on the 18th, with drums beating and fifes playing. The appearance of the company reflected credit upon himself and state. He is a resigned graduate; but the shrill trump of war awakened within his breast early military impulses, and he found it impossible to tear himself away from his first love.

General Worth's division commenced the movement to Cerralvo on the 18th, and he is ordered to push forward and occupy it as a depôt for supplies. Captain Duncan reports the military are actually lariatting the "peones" into service; they will be used in throwing up fortifications at Monterey. From all the reports, we have to conclude great efforts are being made to resist us; and large levies of men, such as they are, are being collected. We are all delighted the advance has commenced, and are equally ready for peace or war: in one hand we hold the olive branch, in the other the sword. Let Mexico take her choice. In any event, under all circumstances, she may rest assured the latter will force her to take the former. For the sake of humanity, I hope her choice will be the former.

On the 20th we received information of a revolution in Mexico; that General Alvarez had overthrown Paredes and had taken him prisoner. That looked more like peace than any event that had occurred. When the subject of peace is advanced, the question invariably arises, "With whom are we to negotiate?" The

president of to-day is a prisoner to-morrow; his views and intentions are totally changed in that brief period by a successful military aspirant seizing the reins of government. Were ever a poor, wretched people so situated? Was ever a duplicate of such a government known in the world? I really think there is a *dim* light of peace breaking through the darkness. God grant it! Although my profession is that of arms, and we may gain glory and honor by the exercise of it, yet I can not help thinking it would be more honorable and satisfactory to the people and the government to have this war brought to a speedy and peaceable termination. Then, again, the question arises, With whom *are we to treat*? If we make a treaty, what assurance have we it will be respected for a day? View it in any light, I see a long series of trouble and annoyance on this frontier.

A rumor comes to us that Colonel Harney, with a mixed command of Dragoons and Texans, has left San Antonio on an expedition into the interior. General Twiggs, with four companies of Dragoons, Ridgely's and Taylor's batteries, arrived to-day. The latter battery is assigned to Worth's division. Every one is now purchasing mules. The transportation is so limited, that most of the officers have purchased one to carry along some few comforts. Our attempts at speaking Spanish are truly amusing; talk it you must, in some shape or other, or you fail making your bargain. The laughable attempts we make remind me of an anecdote which I heard at Corpus Christi. A man by the name of Clifton, a vagabond "leg," had lost his horse; going to look for him in the chaparral, he met a Mexican upon a similar expedition. Thinking he might be of service to him, he accosted him with

"Look here, my man, have you seen any thing of a d—d *caballo*, a *barnosing* about here, with a *cabrista* on his neck?"

"No entiende, señor."

"Don't understand! Why, the d—d fool don't know his own language!"

As an instance of some of the wonderful escapes which occur in battle, I must mention that of private Moore, of Company J., 3d Infantry. While Captain Barbour was gallantly resisting a charge of the enemy's Lancers, on the 9th of May, a ball passed through Moore's cartridge-box and exploded all his cartridges, tearing his box to pieces, and setting his clothes on fire. At first he was not aware his clothes were burning, and, finding that his box was torn to pieces, he borrowed a cartridge from his next file, and, as he was in the act of "tearing cartridge," his sleeve caught fire and exploded it, singing off his eyebrows, and otherwise burning his face. How the passage of the ball could have exploded the cartridges, is beyond my ken; but of the fact there is no doubt. Private Chissem, of Company H., 3d Infantry, was particularly distinguished for his gallant conduct in the battle of the 9th. He fought with a courage and pertinacity rarely equalled, killed many of the enemy, and when *completely riddled* and shot down, he still continued firing. The "lead messenger" of death which sent his soul into eternity met him with a *cartridge in his fingers, in the act of tearing it*. In this position the gallant fellow was found, surrounded by a pile of "*his own dead*."

The volunteers, as they landed at the Brásos, were forced, before moving into the interior, to encamp upon that barren, sandy island. The sand drifts in such clouds, you stand not only a chance of swallowing

more than man's allotted share, but of becoming blind likewise. A volunteer who thought he had swallowed his full share of it, thus accosted the doctor:

"I say, doctor, have you any thing that will remove a *sand-bar*?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I am a *gone sucker*. I've got a sand-bar in my innards, upon which every thing grounds, and I can't get any thing up nor down."

The volunteers continue arriving by every boat. They have suffered a great deal at their encampments near the mouth of the river. Diarrhœa, dysentery, and fevers have been very fatal. They must suffer much more than the regulars, for they have no idea how to collect around them those nameless comforts the old soldier always has; besides, campaigning is entirely out of their line; and my only surprise is, that people so suddenly transported from a high to a low latitude, in the middle of summer, should have so few cases of disease. They may consider themselves very fortunate.

Discharges are numerous, and the great majority are pretty well disgusted with the service. It is no sinecure—it *isn't*; and, before they are through with it, some other animal worse than "the elephant" will make its appearance. They *do* say the animal has been seen by a few, and a certain medical gentleman told me he took it for a *walrus*! Before this war is over, the government will be forced to confess, and the volunteers freely acknowledge, without any charge against their patriotism or efficiency, that the volunteer system is one of the most outrageously expensive and inefficient with which any government could undertake a *war of invasion*. No one could have con-

ducted the expenses with a more rigid eye to economy than General Taylor; but when the bill is footed the people will open their eyes, and be forced to acknowledge that their worthy citizens had better remained at home, and the regular army been increased.

Owing to the deficiency of transportation, the number of volunteers to be taken forward to Monterey is necessarily limited. The general has organized a division to be commanded by Major-general Butler, the brigades of which will be commanded by Brigadier-generals Hamer and Quitman. The Dragoons, Taylor's, Ridgely's, and Bragg's batteries, crossed the San Juan on the 27th, to encamp at some point where grass could be obtained for their debilitated animals. Colonel Hays arrived at China from his southern tour. Did not meet with any of the enemy. Captain Benjamin M'Cullough's and Gillespie's companies of Rangers have gone with the advance. For the last few days before our departure rumors of every kind and description have reached us. To any that coincide with our wishes for peace, we naturally give credence; but he who believes a Mexican report must be truly gullable.

On the 28th we received something tangible from the city of Mexico. The report of the civil revolution is confirmed. Paredes is a prisoner; Gomez Farias declared provisional president; Santa Anna invited to return, and probably by this time in the country. Santa Anna! Through what a strange, up-hill, down-hill series of events has he not passed? Twice president by means of his military popularity; banished from his country, and every thing connected with his name scorned and trampled upon, he lives to see himself recalled by the same fickle beings, placed at the head of

their army, and will no doubt reascend the presidential chair! Fate! what hast thou yet in store for him who is as faithless to his promises as he is devoid of honor?

The 1st Division are ordered to cross the river on the 31st of August, and take up their line of march on the 1st of September; the Volunteer Division to follow as fast as transportation arrives. General Taylor remains behind for a few days to see every thing en route.

The inclosure which marks the grave of the lamented Ringgold, at Point Isabel, is made of two uprights and cross-pieces, the opening filled in with the gun-barrels and bayonets of the captured arms of the Mexicans. They are sawed off to produce a regular slope from the head to the foot of the grave. I can not conceive of any thing more appropriate. We are indebted to Captain Ramsey, of the Ordnance, for so much taste in ornamenting the gallant soldier's grave.

CHAPTER XIII.

August 31st, 1846. The 3d Brigade, composed of the 3d and 4th Regiments of Infantry, and Captain Shivers's company of Volunteers, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Garland, crossed the San Juan and encamped. We relieved the 2d Brigade, who immediately took up their line of march for Ceralvo. The Baltimore Battalion was brigaded with the 1st Infantry (the 2d Infantry not having arrived); this brigade constituted the 4th Brigade, under command of Lieutenant-colonel Wilson and were to follow our movements,