

ion, Colonel Watson; 1st Ohio, Lieutenant Hett; 1st Tennessee, Captain Allen, Lieutenant Putnam; Captain Gillespie, Texas Rangers. Wounded: Major-general Butler, Major Mansfield; 1st Infantry, Major J. S. Abercrombie, Captain J. H. Lamotte; 3d Infantry, Major W. W. Lear, Captain H. Bainbridge; 4th Infantry, Lieutenant R. H. Graham; 5th Infantry, Lieutenant N. B. Rossell; 7th Infantry, Captain R. C. Gatlin, Lieutenant J. H. Potter; 8th Infantry, Lieutenant G. Wainwright; 1st Ohio, Colonel Mitchell, Captain George, Lieutenants Armstrong, Niles, Morter, M'Carty; 1st Tennessee, Major Alexander, Lieutenants Allen, Scudder, and Nixon; 1st Mississippi, Lieutenant-colonel M'Clung, Captain Downing, Lieutenants Cook and Arthur.

The battle is over: the army, both regulars and volunteers—or, more properly speaking, Americans—have proved themselves invincible. Both officers and men, with death staring them in the face, did their duty without flinching, and with a bravery worthy of all praise.

## CHAPTER XV.

SEPTEMBER 26th. I rode to that city which has been the object of our hopes and fears since the 8th and 9th of May. On my way there, the first point of interest was the citadel, from which issued those spiteful cross-fires over the plain. It is a regular bastion-work, with revetments of solid masonry, having thirty-four embrasures. If the ditches had been dug out in front of the curtains, it could only have been taken by regular approaches. In its interior are the remains of an un-

finished Cathedral, which of itself is a work of defense. Two magazines, filled with ammunition, were discovered, enough to have kept them shooting at us for a month.

The city is situated in a plain, open toward the south, and almost at the base of the Sierra Madre, whose towering peaks appear to overhang it. Directly north of the city, and between it and the mountains, flows the Arroyo Topa. Entering the city, I was immediately struck with the number of persons moving and getting ready to move. Every thing that bore the name of an animal was packed, and all appeared to be making their way out of the city as speedily as possible. In every street we passed works of defense, nearly all barricaded, the barricades lapping each other, and ditches in front of each. Every house was a fortification.

I rode to the Plaza, in which many of General Worth's division were comfortably quartered. The streets are well paved, and the sidewalks have flat stones. In the center of the Plaza there is a neat fountain; the houses are better built than any I have yet seen; each one has its garden inclosed by high stone walls, filled with oranges, pomegranates, grapes, and a profusion of flowers. The quantities of beautiful trees scattered about the city, the domes and minarets, give it a fairy-like aspect. A great deal of fruit is exposed for sale in the Plaza; the grapes are delicious. The market-men and women, with their quaint dresses, are already on the move, and every thing betokens an ample supply of vegetables.

Attracted by the sound of that everlasting *Mexican bugle* (whose first notes were given to us at the Colorado), I discovered the Mexican troops were marching.



ing out. I saw many of them pass. The infantry were miserably clad, brawny, thick-set fellows, chiefly shod with sandals; one regiment of Lancers were as fine looking men as I ever saw. Their horses were inferior animals; *one* of ours could ride over *three* of them. The streets were filled with the followers of the army, mounted on every thing, from a decent mustang to an humble, uncomplaining donkey. Some of the officers' wives, picturesquely wrapped in their gay-colored ponchos, were slowly riding after their chivalric husbands. The main Plaza is still occupied by the enemy, to which we have no access. General Ampudia left on the 25th, with two divisions of his army.

I visited Arista's Palace, which is directly under the hill on which the Bishop's Palace is situated. It is a long, low, white stone building, beautifully finished, claiming no particular order of architecture, with flat roof, thick walls, and stone floors. At the back of the house is a portico twenty feet in width, and a garden that rivals Oriental magnificence. Double walls of white masonry, about three feet high, filled in with earth, laid out in fanciful figures, with fountains in the center, roses, and numerous other plants, apparently growing out of the walls, and also in the inclosed space; vases, with choice exotics, arranged round them; a bold stream of water, running through a plaster raceway, leads to a marble bath, covered with trellis-work, over which the grape and other vines clamber. In the rear of this are beautiful groves of orange-trees and pomegranates, and a fine vegetable garden. Imagine the whole tastefully laid out and kept in the neatest order, and you can form some idea of one of the retreats of this Mexican nabob. It has been turned into a hospital, in which the wounded of Worth's

division are lying. The oranges in the garden were kept for the wounded; but immediately outside there was a wilderness of them, where every one picked what they pleased. Some of the houses occupied by the officers are very neatly, but simply furnished; many of the walls are hung with mirrors and choice paintings.

After riding over the city and examining minutely its defenses, my only astonishment is how they could yield it. It is a perfect Gibraltar. At the eastern extremity, where so many of our brave fellows fell, my wonder is that *any* escaped. There is a system of batteries, the one defending the other. General Worth conducted his movements with judgment and skill. His motto on starting was, "*A grade or a grave.*" He escaped the latter, and it is to be hoped he will obtain the former. The army soon settled down, changed and regulated their camp-ground, so that in a few days there was no trace of the recent contest.

Leaving the diary, I will give a connected account of our sojourn in the vicinity of Monterey; and if my readers will follow me, will try to give them a more minute description of the city. After passing Arista's Palace, do you see, to the west, that venerable-looking building upon a high hill? That is called the Bishop's Palace. The enemy occupied it. Toward the city some two or three heavy pieces were mounted in barbette. It is a quaint old pile, and gives one quite a good idea of some of the smaller castles in Spain. Some seventy or eighty years ago it was the archbishop's residence, and many a gay cavalier and lady fair has been entertained at his hospitable board. It is now a ruin, fast crumbling away: more interesting, perhaps, in its decay than its glory.



Directly back of the castle, do you see that height which towers above it? That is Fort Independence, which was stormed on the morning of the 22d. Take it easy, for it is quite steep, and we will ascend. What a surpassingly lovely view bursts upon you, and how extensive! It is charming! You are perfectly captivated! To the north the whole Valley of the San Juan and its tributaries lie before you, with all its rich fields of corn and sugar-cane; and far off in the distance the little town of Marin is indistinctly visible; and at your feet, embowered in orange groves, lies the fairy city of Monterey. Across the valley to the south, on the other side of the Topa, do you see two heights of less elevation than this, and which exhibit signs of having batteries erected upon them? They are the heights taken by General Worth on the 21st. But look! look to the southwest, through that opening in the stupendous cliffs of the Sierra Madre; there lies the sweetest, dearest little valley in the world, through which the road to Saltillo runs. It is a rich garden, surrounded by magnificent, towering mountains, with the Arroyo Topa meandering through its center, looking in the distance like a thread of silver light. What a lovely, gorgeous scene! how completely language fails in its description! one can never tire of it; view it as often as you will, new beauties will be discovered. But what are these two mounds upon the apex of the hill? Tread lightly; they are the graves of those who fell in battle. Here lie Captain Gillespie and Private Thomas (from Maryland) of his company. Can one conceive of a more appropriate spot for the brave and gallant dead to rest?

But let us hasten down, and we will be in time to see the Cathedral and Plaza. Here we are at it, after a

pleasant gallop of three fourths of a mile. Into this large square most of the enemy had been driven before they sent in a flag of truce. On one side is ranged the captured artillery. Some twelves and nines were beautiful pieces, of English manufacture, and of as late date as 1842. On the eastern side of the Plaza is the Cathedral. It is an immense pile, of no particular order of architecture. Its front is richly ornamented with elaborate stucco-work; its chime of bells is melodious, and an excellent clock warns the citizens of the flight of every quarter of an hour. Its interior is magnificent. The lofty pillars, groined arch ceiling, paintings and altars, with the gentle, soft light issuing from windows some thirty feet from the floor, can not but strike the visitor with admiration and religious awe. There are several minor altars, the ornaments of which are very chaste, being carved and gilded work; but the grand altar is really magnificent. It is composed of one immense piece of rich carving and gold gilding, with many figures, heads of saints, and other holy personages. The effect is grand. It must have cost much time and money in its construction. The floor is made of panels of oak, each panel lifting up and disclosing a vault for the dead.

There are some very fine paintings and some rascally daubs. When I first visited it, religion had fled from its walls; it was used as a depôt for ammunition; the quantity is immense, of every kind and description. The shells had their fuses driven, ready for firing, proving to us that the enemy must have calculated the distance at which they expected to use them. Two of our shells exploded in the Plaza on the night of the 23d, and killed and wounded many. Had one exploded in the church, there is no describing the terrible loss



that might have ensued. On the 3d of October service was held in the Cathedral; our chaplain, Mr. Rey, officiated. It was a strange, yet interesting sight, to see an American minister officiating at the altar of the enemy, and around him, kneeling, men and women of the country; on the battle-field we may be opposed, but before the altar of our Redeemer all bow in mute adoration.

Before the expiration of the first week in October, the troops of the enemy had left the city. Several medical officers remained to attend to their wounded. In going over the eastern extremity of the city, and seeing the number of barricades, fortified houses, and redoubts, it is inconceivable how so many escaped the first day's fight. It was here the fierce battle raged, and all around are the graves of the noble dead. Strange that some of the brightest flowers of the army should have been selected! Morris, Barbour, Field, Irwin, Hoskins, Woods, Hazlitt, Terrett, Dilworth, Williams! Brave and gallant spirits! Each of you have a soldier's sepulcher, and a page in the history of your country's glory.

General Worth, with his division, occupied the city, and Captain Miles was his executive officer. A rigid system of police was instituted, and every means taken to preserve order, which, however, proved at times unavailing, as many riots and murders occurred, which were not only disgraceful to the participators, but to the American name. These disgraceful scenes were chiefly, if not wholly, enacted by the same few evil-disposed volunteers, for whom the weak discipline of that arm had no terror. The filthy condition of the streets soon gave place to cleanliness; the stores were opened, and, by their exposure of gay goods, gave the city

a more cheerful appearance. Very few of the better class remained; at least, if they did, they kept themselves housed.

I have yet to see a pretty girl; but in their place, at every corner, you meet with old women, whose wrinkles claimed for them an *intimate* acquaintance with the last century. It is to be hoped the more genteel class will return when all is settled—when they find their rights are protected, and their municipal regulations not interfered with.

The governor of the city called upon General Taylor to see what was to be his policy. He was told the military would not interfere, and he might pursue the even tenor of his way. The general told him he should call upon him for supplies, and should expect him to cause them to be promptly furnished. The governor was rather averse to that arrangement. The general told him he took that plan, it being the one pursued by the Mexican generals; that have it so he must; he was willing to pay for every thing, and that he called upon him to save the sufferings that might be occasioned the people by his seizing his supplies; that we did not come here to war upon them, but to obtain an honorable peace, and that cash should be paid for all supplies. The sound of the word *cash* overcame all scruples, and I have no doubt all supplies called for will be promptly furnished. Our *cash* and their *promise to pay* are entirely different things. The general and the governor separated with a very good understanding.

Several of our deserters were recognized in the ranks of the enemy, the most conspicuous of whom was an Irishman by the name of Riley, who has been appointed a captain in the artillery of the enemy. He was recognized by his old mess-mates, and passed them



amid hisses and a broadside of reproaches. The dastard's cheek blanched, and it was with difficulty he retained his position on his gun. Even the enemy looked upon him with disgust, and one tall Mexican looked down upon him with an expression of countenance, as if he had said, "You are being paid for your rascality; you have to stand it, old fellow!" Some few of our men were taken prisoners during the action. General Ampudia had them brought to him, and questioned them himself; after asking one of them our strength, number of cannon, &c., he wanted to know what effect his proclamation had made among our men; whether some of them had not been inclined to desert. "Oh, no!" replied he, "they were not so *green* as that." The expression *green* being rather above the general's English, another interpreter was brought in to explain this monstrous word. This interpreter was a captain, who six months ago was a private in our ranks. When questioned to explain the word, "Why," said he, "they were not such *d—d fools*." (Mem—"Green," an Americanism, not well understood by Mexican generals, signifying *d—d fool*.)

Walking through the streets, and perceiving a barber's sign, I thought I would indulge in the luxury of a shampoo. I entered, and told him to shampoo me. I saw by his look that he did not *exactly* understand me, and as I could speak no Spanish, and he no English, I had to resort to signs, and flattered myself I had made my wants known. I sat me down, and in a moment discovered he had never performed the operation. Being in for it, I thought I would see what the fellow would do. He brought a basin, scooped to fit my neck, and commenced washing my head with water. To explain to him that I wanted it well scratched, I

had to operate myself; and as, by this time, he had wet my shirt, I jumped up in utter disgust, dried my head, and, without the first drop of perfume, paid my quarter and "traveled," determined to let the first trial satisfy me that the barbers of Monterey had not become sufficiently civilized to understand the refined art of shampooing.

Early in October we were luxuriating in fruit and *green corn*; the latter is of the third crop. All the Texas troops were discharged immediately after the battle. One company of the 2d Infantry, under Captain Anderson, arrived on the 3d of October, as an escort to Colonel Taylor, who arrived with a large amount of subsistence funds. The advance guard of the Georgia Regiment, under Colonel Jackson, arrived the same day. General Lamar, who is as young and active as the best of us, has raised a company, and will be stationed at Laredo.

The question often arises with us, Are we to have *peace* or *war* at the end of the armistice? By a great majority it is deemed folly to prosecute it in this quarter. Peace, not territory, is certainly the aim of our government; this can not be obtained by slightly wounding the *extremities* of the body; we have not touched the *heart*, nor can we by this route. Until there is a government established which has the power to treat, I do not see that we are any nearer the settlement of our difficulties than previous to the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. We may go on and expend millions, and sacrifice the lives of thousands, without any good result. It strikes me an advance from this point can have no effect upon the settlement. Our better plan is to take Tampico, fortify and keep possession of the Sierra Madre and the Valley of the Rio



Grande, until they come to terms. Let them come and take it, if *they can*. If the war is to be prosecuted, let Vera Cruz be taken, and march directly upon the capitol, batter its walls down, and see if some sense can not be *battered* into the people. The victories on this frontier, as honorable and glorious as they have been to our army, are mere *flashes in the pan* as regards the question of peace. The humane and liberal policy pursued by the government in the prosecution of this war has a tendency to prolong it. It is the first war of which I ever heard which was an *actual benefit to the enemy*. Wherever we go, we pay for what we get at two or three times the usual price of the country, and both their civil and religious rights and property are protected. What more *prosperous times* can they desire? Their cry is, "Come along, gentlemen! very glad to see you! come from city to city; you spend your money freely—put us to very little inconvenience, and, really, times are first rate!" I must confess I am tired of this work, and long to see an honorable peace.

The wounded are doing very well—as well as they can, with the few comforts and conveniences our medical department are enabled to supply. Nothing can exceed the devotion of our medical officers; they are literally fatigued to death. There was culpable negligence somewhere in not sending more medical officers into the field, but I presume the government, hugging unto themselves the chance of peace, thought there would be no more necessity for their services. The number was reduced so low immediately after the battle, that *one* surgeon attended *two* regiments, *four* being the usual number in peace.

The great and valiant General Ampudia, after reaching Saltillo, issued his proclamation explaining the fall

of Monterey. To condense matters, he states, on the 21st he repulsed us with the loss of *fifteen hundred*; on the 22d the Bishop's Palace fell, but not without great resistance; that, being scarce of ammunition and provisions, a conference was held on the 24th with the enemy, and such terms were made by which they saved their honor, and marched out with their arms; that General Santa Anna was coming, and then we would see who would be the conquerors. Was there ever such stuff and such lies? Mexican to the last. If you were to exterminate a whole army but the general, he would issue a bulletin claiming a victory. If these bulletins are salve to their wounded feelings, they are welcome to write and publish quires. Our loss of "*fifteen hundred*" is only magnified *ten times* our loss in the three days' fight. Their deficiency of ammunition is ridiculous. We found *cords* of it; but *they may* have thought a *month's* supply a deficiency. I hope they will always continue thinking so as long as they have that amount of "*materiel*" to present us with even at the cannon's mouth.

General Santa Anna arrived at Vera Cruz on the 16th of August. There can not be a moment's doubt that our government, in permitting his return to the country, believed that his best exertions would be used to effect a reconciliation. All those hopes were immediately crushed upon the promulgation of his proclamation to the people the same day of his arrival. It spoke war to the knife. He was immediately placed in command of the army, leaving Salas to perform the functions of president, while he repaired to the tented field to dream of winning fresh laurels, and driving the barbarians beyond the Sabine. He infused fresh energy and life into the people. With an activity char-



acteristic of the man, he repaired to San Luis Potosi, and strained every nerve for the purpose of collecting and disciplining a large army. On the 11th of October we heard he had arrived at San Luis with eight hundred men, and that Ampudia had left Saltillo to join him. Ampudia was ordered to Mexico to explain the fall of Monterey. We all think Saltillo will fall into our hands without a blow. General Ampudia decided upon fortifying the place, and the citizens would not permit it. They very justly told him he had spent much time and money in fortifying Monterey, a city whose natural defenses were much superior to theirs, and had failed to hold it, and they had no idea of having their property destroyed; a very just conclusion. Taking Saltillo, we have the key to this whole valley; we are then over three hundred miles from San Luis Potosi, the march to which is difficult, and part of the way over a desert. Having Saltillo, taking Monclova and Tampico, we can quietly settle down in as lovely a country as the sun ever shone upon, and tell Mexico to *come on*. Tell her we have taken enough to remunerate us for the expenses of the war, and will keep it if she does not grant us peace by a *certain day*; then import your families, give them the land for a mere song, and before one could realize it this valley would be teeming with an American population. We do not want the valley, nor would I, if it can be prevented, keep it; but I certainly would not put our government to any more expense than simply holding it, which, compared to an onward movement, would be nothing. From what we have seen, I question the feasibility of "dictating a peace at the cannon's mouth;" they are a stubborn, stiff-necked race; and I think the appearance of emigrants determined to *settle* this valuable

part of her domain would have more effect upon her than hard knocks. "*Mais nous verrons.*"

The Mexican merchants are packing up their goods and leaving for Saltillo, it being impossible to compete with our merchants and sutlers, who, with true American energy, are pushing their goods forward.

On the 10th of October a colonel of the Mexican army arrived from Saltillo; his object was to get from General Taylor the clothing that was left behind belonging to the Mexican army. They claimed it upon the ground that, in the armistice, the word "accouterments" meant "clothing," and every thing appertaining to the soldier. The general informed him the word had a different signification in English, and politely declined granting his request.

Colonel H. L. Kinney was General Taylor's general agent for obtaining transportation for the army. Every one who knows his activity of mind and body, his excellent management and perfect knowledge of the Mexican character, must be satisfied a better choice could not be made. He has proved his efficiency to the army, and his services are appreciated. On the ever-memorable 21st he performed, voluntarily, the duties of aid-de-camp, exposed to a most galling fire, with great promptness and distinguished gallantry. On the 23d he was exposed to the fire of the enemy during the animated street-fight of that day.

About four miles to the north of our camp there is a sulphur spring. Its temperature is a hundred and ten degrees. It is situated upon the outskirts of a small village, in a gorge, between two lofty mountains. A rude house has been constructed for the benefit of those who wish to bathe; out of it you walk into the bath, which is directly over the spring, about twenty feet