

square, with walls of sufficient height to make it private. The water is not sufficiently impregnated with sulphur to make it disagreeable, but enough so for medical purposes. The bath is truly delicious; every thing is so perfectly rude and uncivilized about it, you can hardly apply the term *luxurious*, for you miss the many things requisite to make it so; such as dressing-rooms, and all the other little et ceteras, to make it perfection; but such as it is, it creates an additional enjoyment for those who may sojourn at Monterey. The man who owns the bath requires a small compensation for its use. When I visited it, women were washing clothes in the water as it flowed from the bath. What a fashionable resort an American would make this spring. If well managed, the lovely scenery alone would insure a full house. There was a goodly number of people in the village; but the dogs outnumbered them, and made a desperate attack upon mine host. Sabers and whips were put in requisition for his defense, and by dint of great exertion we kept him from being devoured. All the Mexican dogs have their ears cropped, and a surly looking set of devils they are.

On the 11th of October Lieutenant Armistead, bearer of dispatches from Washington to General Taylor, arrived. Their contents have not transpired, but it is surmised that some movement is on foot for Tampico. Lieutenant-colonel Clay, of the 2d Kentucky regiment, is performing the duties of aid to General Taylor.

On the night of the 12th of October, Lieutenant R. H. Graham, of the 4th Infantry, died from wounds received while gallantly leading his company in the assault on Monterey, September 21st. He passed unconsciously from life to death; his gentle spirit sighed itself away. All who knew the amiable and gentle-

manly qualities of the deceased will drop a tear to his memory. A moment before he passed to that unfathomable world, he complained of feeling very faint, turned aside, and the vital spark had fled. It must be a great consolation for his family and friends to know that, to the last, he was surrounded by warm and devoted friends, who did all they could to ease his pain and administer to his wants. On the 13th of October his remains were consigned to the tomb, with appropriate funeral honors. Being a Roman Catholic, he was buried with all the forms of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Rey officiating.

On the 16th of October we heard the enemy had evacuated Saltillo. We also hear that Ampudia was ordered not to risk a battle here, unless *positive of success*. Santa Anna rebuked him for *fighting*, and stated the loss of Monterey had complicated the settlement of our difficulties. I can not imagine what are the additional complications, but the inference is that Ampudia was *certain* of victory. Under these circumstances, the glory attending our triumph is greatly enhanced. I am safe in stating the enemy at twelve thousand. Monterey was, in fact, a walled city; for every approach to it was fortified. The attacking force never exceeded six thousand. There remains for history to record the successful assault of a fortified city, strong in natural as well as artificial defenses, by a force one third less than the besieged, at the point of the bayonet.

On the 17th we had a great change in the weather—a visit from a *young* norther; not a Corpus Christi one, but yet sufficiently like it to remind us of our old visitors. During its continuance, it was enough to give you a chill to visit the houses in the city. Heavens! how

cheerless they are! Stone floors; stone walls; no furniture; not the first sign of a fire-place; not even a painted one. It makes the chills run through one to think of it. I much prefer being in camp, to enjoy the luxury of a glorious camp-fire. The Mexicans were bundled up in their ponchos, and looked frozen to death. Their ideas of comfort are very limited; for, although I presume they never have frost, yet there are many days in which the luxury of a fire would be acceptable.

I have had several hunts; blue-winged teal and snipe, for a few days, gave us some fine sport. On one of our hunts we followed a slash until we reached the small village of San Francisco. There we put it to the vote whether we should make an effort to get a dinner; the dinnerites carried it, and D., with his smattering of Spanish, was appointed spokesman. Passing through a crowd of crop-eared curs, all looking as if they would like to make a meal of us, we rode up to a hut where we *happened in* most opportunely. A very tidy-dressed woman was busily engaged at the metatstone making tortillas. To our inquiry whether they could give us a dinner, they replied they had something already cooked. They produced a sort of olla podrida (half hash, half soup) in a soup-plate, and, to assure us it was good, one of the men *stuck his fingers* in it and tasted it, exclaiming, "Mui bueno!" The fingering of it I did not consider any recommendation; so, getting D. to venture first upon it, and he deciding it was really "mui bueno," two more plates were ordered. I must confess, good as it tasted, recollecting in Gil Blas the "civet de maton," rendered some Cayenne necessary to make it *stick*. Expressing a wish for pepper, one of the men ran to a neighboring fence and picked a handful. So eager was he to be of service,

it was with difficulty I could prevent his *mashing* it with his fingers. Such a thing as a spoon they had not thought of. The olla podrida, combined with some warm tortillas, made us a capital meal.

The more I ride over this region, the more I am struck with its fertility. Field after field of the finest corn and sugar-cane stretch out for miles and miles. All this luxuriance is the spontaneous gift of nature; for, compared with ours, there is really no cultivation. Their ground is broken up by a primitive wooden plow, made of the crotched limb of a tree, shod with iron: the seed is barely stuck in, and if it gets one hoeing, it is about all; and yet, with all this neglect, they make magnificent crops. What would not the land produce by our preparation, and our care and attention during the early growth of the plant?

A most interesting incident connected with the fall of Monterey I have nearly forgotten to record. It is stated, and generally believed, that a company of Lancers was commanded by a woman. Her name was Dos Amades. Seized with a patriotic spirit, she unsexed herself, and dressed in the full suit of a captain of Lancers; she desired to be led against the foe, and swore she would never yield until the "northern barbarians" were driven from her natal land, or until she had shed her last drop of blood in defense of her native country. Previous to our attack, she was paraded before the troops, and greatly excited and augmented their courage. She harangued them, and desired to be posted at that spot where the first shot would fall and where the thickest of the battle should rage. It is reported that on the 21st she led the charge of Lancers which proved fatal to some of our command, among the number the lamented Field. There's an example

of heroism worthy the days of old! It has remained for Mexico to produce a second Joan d'Arc, but not, like her, successful. She is reported to have been a daughter of one of the former governors of Nueva Leon, and after the battle retired to the walks of private life.

On the 23d of October a Spanish officer arrived direct from the city of Mexico. He states he passed Ampudia's army between Saltillo and San Luis Potosi, in a most disorganized and broken-down condition; that Santa Anna was at the latter point, actively engaged organizing an army, but without money and subsistence; that the government had only sent him eighty thousand dollars for current expenses. It does seem that, reduced to so low an ebb, the enemy should accept the olive-branch.

On the 25th of October, as Captain Ridgely was riding along the streets of Monterey, his horse blundered and fell, the captain's head coming in contact with a rock. He remained in a state of perfect insensibility until the night of the 27th, when he expired. His body was brought out to the camp of his company, and buried with funeral honors on the evening of the 28th of October. His company escorted the remains, and the Baltimore Battalion attended as mourners. The procession was swelled by nearly all the officers of the army. Colonel Childs read the service for the dead, and three guns were fired over his grave. Dark clouds hung o'er the mountain-tops; mists were in the valleys; and all nature seemed in mourning for the departed hero. Captain Ridgely graduated from West Point in 1837. He was a native of Baltimore, and from a family identified with the State of Maryland. He served with distinguished credit in the battles of

Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and in the storming of Monterey. For his gallantry in the action of the 9th of May he was brevetted a captain, and appointed an assistant adjutant-general: the latter appointment he accepted, the brevet he declined. He, as well as his friends, thought if he was deserving of a brevet for the 9th, he was equally so for the 8th of May. It seems strange he should die by such means, after passing through three battles.

If any officer has *particularly distinguished* himself, it is the lamented Ridgely. His dauntless courage and reckless exposure of person, combined with the most perfect coolness and judgment in the hottest fire, won golden opinions for him from all. Those who knew him in the social circle can well appreciate his loss. A bright star is extinguished! He will never return to pluck fresh honors for, and add new luster to, the gallantry and chivalry of the service. Strange and unfathomable fate! He died from a fall from a horse, than whom none could ride with more grace and fearlessness, nor manage with more judgment and dexterity. He was probably the best rider in the world, an accomplished and polished gentleman, and one of the most heroic and gallant officers of the army.

On the 29th of October we received a new *batch* of reports. General Bravo is said to be marching on Tampico with fourteen thousand men; General Bustamente, with eight thousand, upon Chihuahua, to give General Wool (of whose march General Taylor received information) a friendly reception; and Santa Anna, with twenty thousand, at San Luis Potosi. Should General Wool meet with such a force, he may have something to amuse him. Major Lear died from the effects of his wound received on the 21st, on the 30th

of October. His remains were brought out to the camp of his regiment, and interred with funeral honors on the 1st of November. Four companies of the 4th Infantry, under the command of Major Buchanan, were his escort, and the 3d followed as mourners. Major Lear was appointed from the army as second lieutenant of 4th Infantry, February, 1818. Serving his country faithfully for more than a quarter of a century, he received his mortal wound while gallantly leading his regiment in the storming of Monterey. Who of his regiment will ever forget the cool and calm manner in which he took the regiment into action, marching it with the same precision as if on the drill field? He was a man of iron nerves, a strict disciplinarian, and a warm friend. He is the *sixth* officer of the 3d Infantry who fell at Monterey.

Near the spot where Major Lear was wounded fell the gallant Barbour. The latter, a native of Kentucky, graduated at the Military Academy in 1834, and joined the 3d Infantry as a brevet second lieutenant in that year. He was promoted to a second lieutenant in 1836, and a first lieutenant in 1838. In the latter year he was appointed adjutant of the regiment, which office he held until the fall of 1845, discharging its duties with great ability and distinguished credit. As an adjutant, he had not his equal in the service. He accompanied his regiment to Florida, and performed the arduous duties connected with his staff appointment, not only of the regiment, but of assistant adjutant-general of the army for a short time, and of the western district for more than a year, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all. For meritorious services in Florida he was brevetted a captain, and in November, 1845, was promoted to that grade. For gallantly resisting,

on the 9th of May, a charge of cavalry which threatened the recapture of a battery, he was brevetted a major. He fell, gallantly leading his company, on the 21st of September. He was one of the most accomplished and finished soldiers in the army; he had not his superior in his grade. He was essentially a military man in all his thoughts, words, and actions. He was a rigid disciplinarian; dignified without reserve, exacting prompt obedience, but affable and courteous to all. He was a fond husband, a warm and devoted friend, and eminently calculated to shine in all the social relations of life; his high and honorable soul scorned all meanness. In whatever circle he moved his influence was ever felt, and his departure always regretted. By his death the service and his regiment have sustained an irreparable loss; both have been deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. Soldier! friend! peace to thy noble ashes! Thou hast fought bravely, and died nobly upon the battle-field. Many tears will be shed over thy grave. Thy noble form and generous disposition will long be missed by crowds of admiring friends; thy goodness and thy deeds are engraven upon the hearts of thy comrades, and thy name will be handed down in the annals of thy country.

We hear it rumored that fault is found with General Taylor for the armistice and the terms of the capitulation. I can not imagine upon what ground. The more I reflect upon it, the more I am convinced that, under the circumstances, they were the best terms that could have been made. Take it for granted we could have forced the Mexican army into an unconditional surrender, what was to be gained by it? We encumbered ourselves with ten or twelve thousand men we could not have fed, and would have been forced to turn loose.

The policy of our government has, thus far, been *humanity*. Humanity has been particularly inculcated upon the commanding general; and when could he have had a better opportunity of giving a practical exemplification of our feelings and policy than in the present instance? Under all the circumstances, better terms should not have been wished; they not only reflect credit upon our brave chief, but prove to the world that this war is not a war of conquest for conquest's sake; but that, in the height of victory, humanity, and a strong desire to obtain an honorable peace, characterized the capitulation. The country will assuredly support General Taylor. At best, we were unprepared to advance beyond this point, and to have encumbered ourselves with a large army of prisoners would have been the extreme of folly, more particularly as the army who had bravely defended the place marched out with only their personal arms and six pieces of artillery. Every thing else fell into our hands; in the article of ammunition alone we captured more than *has been sent for the use of the "Army of Occupation."*

The troops on the Rio Grande, during this period, were under the command of Major-general Patterson, whose headquarters were at Camargo. The following are the different regiments, and the mode of their distribution:

At Camargo, 2d Brigade, General Pillow commanding, composed of 2d Tennessee, Colonel Haskell; Alabama, Colonel Coffee; Ohio and Kentucky Brigade, General Marshall commanding, composed of the 2d Kentucky, Colonel McKee, 2d Ohio, Colonel Morgan; Illinois Brigade, General Shields commanding, composed of 3d Illinois, Colonel Forman, 4th Illinois, Colonel Baker, 2d Infantry, Colonel Riley.

At Reynosa, Company H, 2d Artillery, and two companies of the 1st Indiana, Captain Swartwout commanding.

Matamoras, 3d Ohio, Colonel Curtis, Captains Louds, Vanness, and Norman's companies of Artillery, Colonel Clarke commanding.

Camp Belknap, Indiana Brigade, General Lane commanding; 2d Indiana, Colonel Bowles, 3d Indiana, Colonel Lane.

Mouth of the Rio Grande, 1st Indiana, Colonel Drake.

Brasos Island, Captain Porter's company of Artillery.

Point Isabel, one company of Artillery, Major Gardner commanding.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the 2d of November Major James Graham arrived from Washington as bearer of dispatches to General Taylor. Of course, all was excitement until their contents were divulged. The government directed General Taylor to announce to the Mexican authorities that the armistice was broken up, and that we were to commence hostilities with renewed energy. It was rather a matter of astonishment to those who knew the actual state of affairs how that was to be done. It is announced that General Taylor has twenty thousand men at his command. At this date our returns only show thirteen thousand, and I question whether, from the great sickness and discharges among the volunteers, the general could raise an efficient army of ten thousand men. To carry out these instructions, Major Gra-