

ter;" but before he got back a gunner slipped in a shell, and on top of that in went the canister. I could not prevent it, so great was the din of muskets. I fired the gun myself. The wheels were lifted from the ground. Two more canisters were fired before the regiment broke; but at that moment our infantry opened on them, and all was over in our immediate front. The second gun had horses killed, drivers and men shot, and it locked a wheel in the same way. Ridgely sprang from his horse and leaped into the dead driver's saddle, straightened the team, and that gun came into action. What the other two did I know not. Just as our firing ceased up rode Gen. Taylor with his staff, and complimented us. As he sat there on his horse May's men began to come back. A sergeant came up first and reported that he had captured Gen. La Vega; next an infantry officer came and reported La Vega was his prisoner; and then May returned and, riding up to Gen. Taylor, drew from a scabbard a sword. Taking it by the point, he presented it to the General with these words: "General, I have the honor to present to you the sword of Gen. La Vega. He is a prisoner." It was gracefully done. Taylor looked at it a moment and returned it to May. While we were all there in a group down the road came Duncan's battery and crossed the ravine. Ridgely could not stand that, and said to me: "French ask the General if we cannot cross over too." The reply was: "No, you have done enough to-day." Ridgely laughed, saying, "I can't receive orders from you;" and away he went with the guns after Duncan, leaving me to follow as soon as I repaired the damage to my gun. In a few minutes I crossed. No one halted me. I found Duncan firing away to the left and front, where it was reported troops were retreating. We soon moved on. At this time I saw a man hiding behind some bushes about twenty yards from the roadside. I went to him, and as my knowledge of Spanish had not been cultivated, I undertook to ask him his rank (seeing he was an officer), and tried to say to him: "¿Teniente o capitán?" It must have been badly pronounced, for he replied, "Si, señor," and, suiting action to the word, he put his hand in his pocket and handed me a biscuit. At that moment up rode Dr. Barnes and Capt. Kerr, and Barnes exclaimed: "Great heavens! French asked this gentleman for bread." No doubt the officer, who was an aid to Gen. La Vega, understood me to say: "¿Tiene usted pan?" ("have you

any bread?"). Barnes, who afterwards became surgeon general of the United States army, declared to the end I asked that gentleman for bread, and never failed to tell the story on me in company.

Well, on we went for over four miles to Fort Brown. What a welcome we received! They had heard the sound of battle on the 8th, and again on the 9th, and had seen the Mexicans crossing the river in great haste and confusion. Great was the commotion in Matamoras that night. Now when darkness came, Ridgely remembered that he had come on without orders—in fact, pretty nearly against orders—and he told me to ride back and see Gen. Taylor and ask for orders. So I rode back over the road alone. Gen. Taylor was glad to hear from the garrison; said Ridgely could remain on the Rio Grande until further orders. J. Bankhead Magruder\* was at headquarters, and de-

\* Gen. John Bankhead Magruder was known in earlier days as "Prince John." When stationed on the Canadian frontier the British officers and ours were on good social terms. John was indeed a princely fellow, and the officers at his mess dined always in a rich, gay dinner jacket. His servant was Irish and a jewel, and knew well "Prince John's" foibles. One day at dinner, to which some English officers were guests, there was a considerable display of taste, and one of them had the temerity to ask his host what was the pay of a lieutenant of artillery, and obtained for an answer: "Well, bless you, my dear fellow, I do not remember; my servant always gets it. What is it, Patrick?" And Pat, well knowing the ways of Magruder, replied: "Your honor must perceive the captain is a gentleman, and too generous to ask me for it."

When the city of Mexico was captured by Gen. Scott "Prince John" obtained quarters in the bishop's palace. Sending for the butler, he asked him: "At what hour does the bishop dine?" Answer: "Four P.M." "How many courses does he have?" Answer: "Four." "How many bottles of wine does he order?" Answer: "Two." To impress the butler that he was an officer of high dignity, he gave orders that he would dine at 8 P.M. and require eight courses and four bottles of wine, doubling the courses, etc.

And here is another story I will relate as I heard it:

After the battles around Richmond had been fought Gen. J. B. Magruder was sent to command the Department of Texas. As I have formerly related, he was a *bon vivant* and rejoiced in the pleasures of the table, and dined with much ceremony. To keep this up, as far as he could, he would send, like the popes of Rome, a courier in advance to arrange for his comfort. On one occasion a staff officer was sent ahead as usual. Coming to a good residence, he arranged for comfortable quarters and a sumptuous supper. When the General arrived and the usual preliminaries were over

clared it was very imprudent for me to return by myself, and insisted that he should send me under the protection of an escort. I accepted two men, but as they were not mounted, the progress was too slow. I dismissed them and galloped back safely. Duncan, who was an ambitious man, was much disappointed that he never got sight of the enemy on the 9th; but it is true, history to the contrary notwithstanding.

You now have the true history of the circumstances that led May to be sent to charge that battery; it originated in the brain of Ridgely. Duncan, who was not in the action, was made a brevet major for Palo Alto, and lieutenant colonel for *Resaca*. Ridgely, who was distinguished for his gallant conduct in both battles, was rewarded only with a brevet captaincy, which he declined, for the two battles. Capt. May was, if I remember aright, rewarded with two brevets without any distinguished service, or special service at all in the first battle. There is nothing like blowing a horn and having friends at court. I mention this without any reflection on those two good soldiers, and reference is thus made to point out that true service and just merit does not always meet with its proper reward. Such is the way of the world.

The conduct of our troops in this battle was courageous in the extreme. Banners were captured by gallant old officers from the hands of the enemy and held aloft in the front during the conflict that was in some instances hand to hand. And yet the loss would not indicate such resistance, for our killed were only thirty-nine, and the wounded about eighty.\* It certainly shows less

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he was ushered into the dining hall, and there sat at the table a ragged "Reb" helping himself to the supper all alone. Magruder, however, took his seat at the table, and, eying the "Reb" demolishing the viands, he exclaimed: "Do you, sir, know with whom you are eating supper?" "Reb" replied: "No, I don't know, and I don't care a d—mn; before I went into the army I was very particular as to whom I ate with, but it makes no difference now; just help yourself, do."

\*Riding over the battlefield the day after the fight we came to the camp where the surgeons were attending to the wounded. A German prisoner was there *standing up*, holding on to the limb of a tree resting himself. he had been shot crosswise in the rear, the ball tearing away the seat of his breeches, that were very bloody. One of our *Irish* soldiers was passing by with canteens filled with water, and the German asked for a drink. Pat surveyed him, and replied: "Never a drop of wather

stubborn resistance on the part of the Mexicans than was found in the civil war. Col. McIntosh was pinned to the earth with bayonets, one entering his mouth and passing through his neck; he was rescued, and lived only to give his life for his country at Molino del Rey. The day following was spent in burying the dead and caring for the wounded, and in an exchange of prisoners. Our battery, with some infantry, constituted an escort for the prisoners to Point Isabel. On the way there I rode over the field of Palo Alto. I saw a number of the dead that had not been buried. The flesh of the Americans was decayed and gone, or eaten by wolves and vultures; that of the Mexicans was dried and uncorrupted, which I attribute to the nature of their food, it being antiseptic. I observed this also at Monterey.

Again I was where I could see the wild waves of ocean play and come tumbling on the shore; but like most pleasures it was short, for we were soon on the march back to Fort Brown.

If we remember that Taylor had been given twenty-four hours, out of distinguished consideration for his character, to get away from before Matamoras, or take the consequences, and was so impolite in not obeying; and if we consider that when we did leave it was regarded as a flight; and if we call to mind the rejoicings of the people that we had fled, we can in a measure realize the sudden change from high hopes to despondency, from expected joy to overwhelming sorrow when they saw their soldiers returning, not with captured flags and the spoils of war, not with waving banners and triumphant shouts of victory, but fleeing when no one pursued, and madly plunging into the river to gain the shore which they lately left with expectations not realized.

On the 10th we stood on our bank of the river, the other shore so near and yet so far! An army with no pontoon train! no bridge whereon to cross a deep, narrow river! Where was the great organizer that makes war successful? For one week the troops remained in front of the city unable to cross for the want of adequate means.

On the 18th, when the advanced squadron of dragoons was swimming across the river, Lieut. George Stevens was drowned.

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will ye get from me, ye bloody hathen. If ye had stayed in your own country, where you belong, ye would now be well and have a sound seat to sit down on."

Balance such a man's life with the cost of a pontoon bridge! Two of my classmates, brave men, were now released from war. T. L. Chadbourn was killed at Resaca, and now Stevens drowned! both men dear to me. I saw poor Stevens

"Beat the surges under him, and ride upon their back,"

then sink and rise no more.

We crossed the river unmolested, and took possession of the town. Gen. Twiggs was appointed governor of the place, and under his police system perfect order was maintained. Many pleasant families remained and to some of us a cordial welcome was given at all times.

My time was passed pleasantly in the city during the months of June, July, and part of August. Our battery was in camp near the headquarters of Gen. Twiggs. A path leading to the city passed close in front of his office tent, and many persons went to and fro.

One day I was sitting with the General. It was a beautiful afternoon. We were under the shade of some trees, and soldiers and strangers passing by so near would salute or otherwise recognize the General. However, at this time a Mexican came along with a tall sombrero on his head and passed without noticing the General. He was hailed by the General, came back, and was asked: "What is your name?" He took off his sombrero politely, and answered: "Jesus Maria." Twiggs raised both hands above his head and exclaimed: "Go away! go away from me! go away!" and the surprised Mexican passed on. I inferred from the great excitement the General exhibited at the name of the Mexican that his ancestors may have worshiped in the Temple of Jerusalem, or fought with the Maccabees in defense of their religion.

Whilst the forces under Taylor were resting in camp at Matamoras, the quartermaster's department was busy in procuring light-draft boats to navigate the Rio Grande, it having been determined to establish a depot of supplies at Camargo, a town on the river nearly a hundred miles above Matamoras, preparatory to an advance on Monterey.

Under the act calling for volunteers there were appointed to command them two major generals, W. O. Butler, of Kentucky, and Robert Patterson, of Pennsylvania; and G. J. Pillow, of Ten-

nessee, T. L. Hamer, of Ohio, John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, Thomas Marshall, of Kentucky, Joseph Lane, of Indiana, James Shields, of Illinois, were commissioned brigadier generals, and men to the number of near six thousand were, as volunteers, added to Taylor's force, increasing it to nine thousand.

This force was organized into three divisions: the first under Gen. Twiggs, the second under Gen. Worth, and the third under Gen. W. O. Butler, who was with Gen. Jackson at New Orleans when he defeated the English under Pakenham. Nearly fifty years after, another Butler, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, figured at New Orleans, and I would not that you mistake them, for they were one to the other as "Hyperion to a satyr."

In June I was promoted to the high rank of second lieutenant of the Third Artillery, and sometime during the summer was assigned to Bragg's company of artillery, whose lieutenants were George H. Thomas, John F. Reynolds, and myself. They were all agreeable officers, but even to this day I recall, like a woman, my first loves, Ringgold, Ridgely, and Shover.

Early in August the first division started for Camargo. It was an uninteresting march, hot and dusty beyond conception. By the middle of August the forces started for Monterey. We now left the alluvial lands of the Rio Grande, and the country was free from dust. From Seralvo we obtained the first view of the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre range of mountains, seventy odd miles distant, and they created much discussion as to whether they were mountains or clouds. From Seralvo to Monterey the country was beautiful, rich, and fertile. We passed groves of ebony, Brazil wood, oak, pecan, mesquite, etc. The fields of corn were in silk, melons and vegetables of every variety were ripe; and later on in the season we had oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates, bananas, and grapes.

One morning when we were between Seralvo and Marin I received an order to remain and assist Lieut. D. B. Sacket in having the mule train loaded. I thought it strange that an artillery officer should be put on that duty, and felt indignant; but I was repaid in a measure by what took place, for I sometimes enjoy a little "fun." After the muleteers had packed the old trained mules and started them one after another on their way, there remained a number of wild mules to have their packs put on, I believe for the first time. One was lassoed and thrown and the

pack saddle put on. Then, for his load, two barrels of crackers were securely put on. All being ready, the blind was removed from his eyes. He looked slowly around, showed the white of his eyes, took one step, humped himself, and kicked so high that the load overbalanced him and he fell on his back unable to rise, and brayed aloud. Soon a blind was removed from another; he surveyed the load from right to left with rolling eyes, squatted low, humped himself, sprang forward, stood on his forefeet and commenced high kicking, exploded the barrels of "hardtack" with his heels, threw the biscuit in the air with the force of a dynamite bomb, and ran away with the empty barrels dangling behind, as badly scared as a dog with tin buckets tied to his tail. A third, when his blind was removed, stepped lightly to the front, but casting his eyes on either side, made a loud bray, closed down his tail, and disappeared through the chaparral as quick as a jack rabbit, followed with loud Mexican denunciations that I cannot translate. In this manner four or five cargoes were lost, and the pack train moved on. I was sorry for the poor Mexicans, but I could not but laugh at the mules. My duty ended when the train started; so leaving it in the charge of Lieut. Sacket with his dragoons, I rode on alone and did not overtake my company until it had encamped.

We arrived at Monterey on the 19th. The dragoons and the two batteries of field artillery encamped with Gen. Taylor at his headquarters at Walnut Springs, three miles from the city.

## CHAPTER VI.

Monterey—Population—Gen. Ampudia—Gen. Worth—Capture a Fort—Battery in a Hot Place—Bragg's Order Countermanded—Two Long-Haired Texans—Capture the Bishop's Palace—Our Battery Ordered to the East End of the City—Gens. Taylor and Quitman—Street Fighting—Gen. Ampudia Surrenders—Gen. Worth, Gov. Henderson, and Col. Jefferson Davis Commissioners—Enter the City—Dine with a Mexican Gentleman—Death of Ridgely—Hot Springs—Santa Anna President—Victoria Surrenders—Gen. Scott—Vera Cruz—Return to Monterey—Death of Lieut. Richey—Investigation of Richey's Death—Monterey—Saltillo—Agua Nueva—Gen. Wool—Santa Anna Advances—Majs. Borland and Gaines Captured—Taylor Falls Back to Buena Vista—Mexican Army—Am Wounded—The Hacienda—Cavalry Fight with Mexican Lancers—Flag of Truce—Victory—Carried to Saltillo.

**M**ONTEREY, an old city, the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon, contained about forty thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the left bank of the San Juan, a small stream that empties into a larger one of the same name.

It had three forts. The main one, called the Black Fort, was out on the plain north of the city. Fort Tanaria was in the suburbs, in the northeast part of the city; and about two hundred yards distant south of it was a third fort, the guns of which commanded the interior of the Tanaria. The hill on the slope of which was the bishop's palace was also fortified; and strong earthworks surrounded the city on the north and east sides, with isolated works to the south and west.

Gen. Ampudia was in command, with a force of seven thousand regular troops, and a large volunteer force. A reconnoissance of the place by the engineer officers, having been completed, dispositions to capture the city were made by detaching Gen. Worth, with his division, and Col. Hays, with his Texas regiment, to gain the road to Saltillo, by storming its defenses, and thereby cutting off the supplies of the enemy and holding his line of retreat. To accomplish this part of Gen. Taylor's plan, Worth started late on the 20th, and on the 21st made the attack, and was successful in carrying the detached works and securing the road to Saltillo. By way of *divertisement*, or at most a diversion in favor of Worth, Gen. Taylor moved Garland's division of regulars and a division of volunteers, some