

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.

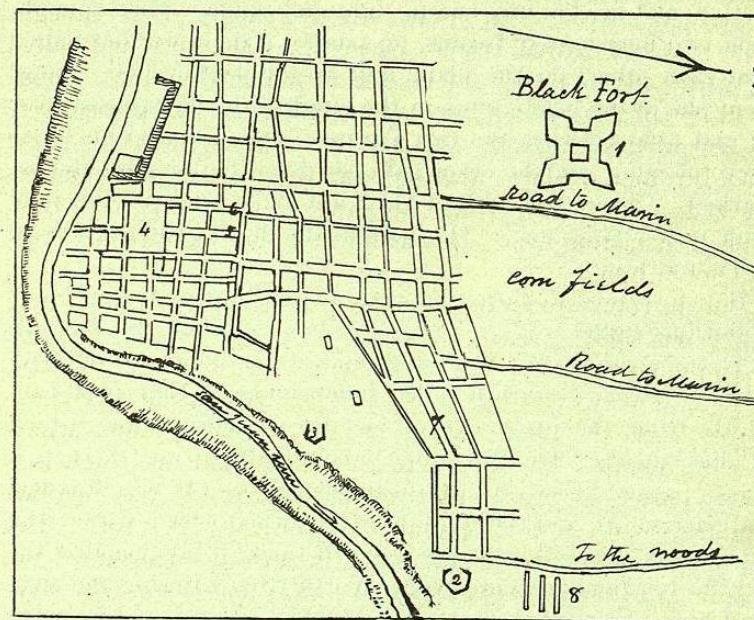
MONTEREY, an old city, the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon, contained about forty thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the left bank of the San Juan, a small stream that empties into a larger one of the same name.

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

cavalry, and our battery, down to the northeast part of the city. As is often the case, this demonstration terminated in a fight, and the capture of the fort or redoubt called Tanaria and buildings adjacent. Our battery penetrated by a street some distance into the city. The houses were mainly built of soft stone or adobe, and the shot from the batteries in the town passed through the buildings, covering the men, horses, and guns with lime and dust, blinding us so that we could see nothing. From this situation we were ordered out. In passing an opening in the works a shot killed the two wheel horses to one of the caissons, and Lieut. Reynolds and I with the men threw, or pushed, the horses and harness into the ditches on either side, and after we had done this and gone some distance, another shot passed through two horses of one of the guns. These horses were loosed, and with their entrails dragging, in agony of pain, I suppose, commenced eating the grass.

Having gotten out, Bragg ordered me back alone to the ditch in the edge of the town to save the harness that was on the horses. I met Gen. Taylor, who inquired where I was going. When told, he said, "That is nonsense," and ordered me to go to camp, where the battery had been sent. My ride back was rather exciting. For the distance of a half mile or more I was on the plain in open sight of the Black Fort, or the citadel. The gunners must have become quite vindictive, for they opened fire on me, a lone horseman. I had to watch the smoke of each gun, check my horse, and as the shot would cross ahead push on, stopping to allow each shot to pass in front. I think the smoke prevented the gunners from discovering that I halted at every discharge of a gun. At any rate, every shot passed in front of me. I never forgave Bragg for that picayune order, and it was supplemented on the 23d by another equally as wild. As we were withdrawing from the city, we had to go up a straight road leading from a four-gun battery. A shot struck a driver on the elbow, carrying away his forearm. He fell *dead* from his horse, singular but true, and Bragg directed me to dismount and take off the man's sword. I did so; and took from his pocket a knife, for I thought I might be sent back if I did not save that too. I presented the sword to Bragg, and desired him to take charge of the knife, but he declined, as it was not *public* property. I write down these little things, for they give in-



PLAN OF MONTEREY, MEX.

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| 1. Black Fort. | 5. French's gun. |
| 2. Fort Tanaria. | 6. Thomas's gun. |
| 3. Redoubt. | 7. Bragg's battery—first day. |
| 4. Main Plaza. | 8. United States troops advancing on Fort Tanaria. |

stances of the observance of details, characteristic of this officer, not obtained from history.

The day following, the 22d, our battery was ordered to occupy, in reserve, a depression in a plain north of the citadel. But they knew we were there, and searched for us with shot. As I have observed already, the garrison of the citadel was vindictive, and fired at any one in sight and range. Sure enough, soon two long-haired Texans, on ponies, rode down and halted near each other, on the plain, and we watched events. Bang! went one of the heavy guns in the citadel; the ball passed over us and went between the two Texans. One wheeled his horse back for camp, and the other galloped down to our guns and remarked: "Them darned fool Mexicans shoot mighty wild; they came near hitting me." He thought the shot was directed at us, and not at him.

But, to return to more important proceedings. Behold, now a glorious sight!

To the northwest of Monterey, and in the suburbs of the city, there is a very high hill called Independencia, that swells abruptly from the plain, except on the southern slope, which is more gentle. On this slope, about halfway up, there is a massy palace, known as the bishop's palace. It was fortified and garrisoned, and the summit was crowned with a fort. The capture of this hill was necessary because it commanded the Saltillo road and prevented Gen. Worth from entering the city. As I have observed, our battery was put in reserve, and we were in open sight of the hill Independencia.

Early in the morning when the fog rose, the battery on Independencia hill opened, and a solitary gun responded from a distant one, which our troops had captured the day previous. And now the base of Independencia hill was encircled in smoke, and almost simultaneously a wreath of smoke above it burst into view. The attack on the hill with infantry had begun. Our men could be seen climbing up from rock to rock, and the smoke from every musket indicated whether it was fired *up* or fired *down* the hill. Gradually the circles of smoke moved higher and nearer, as our men ascended, and when, near the top, they commingled into one the excitement was intense. Troops on both sides looked on in silence, with hearts throbbing, now with hope, and now stilled with fear, as the line of battle advanced or

receded. But soon it was seen that higher up the hill the combatants struggled, until with one wild shout and rush the lines closed, and the top smoked like a volcano. And then through the rifts of smoke we saw our men leaping over the parapets, and the Mexicans retreating down the slope. We clap our hands with joy, and wave our caps! Now, the scene changes. From out the bishop's palace swarms of men issue and rush up the hill to retake the fallen fort. They are met halfway. Our hearts are hushed as we look on. The enemy recede, break and run for the palace, where foe and friends commingled, enter together, and all is still. A heavy gun flashes, and a shell bursts *over* the city from a captured cannon. The flag descends, the stars and stripes go up and wave over the bishop's palace, and the battle is won; and then arose a shout of joy so loud, so long, it seemed to echo from the sky.

There was not much progress made on the 22d, in the eastern part of the city, except to gain a firm footing on the edge of it, by troops under Gen. Quitman. On the morning of the 23d our battery was ordered to the eastern end, and remained inactive while the infantry steadily advanced from house to house. The dwelling houses all had flat roofs, surrounded by walls about three feet-high forming so many small fortresses. The house tops were filled with the enemy, and they commanded the streets; besides, the streets leading to the main plaza had been barricaded, and they crossed others at right angles. Gen. Quitman, about noon, ordered Bragg to send a piece of artillery to drive the enemy from a main street running the whole length of the city. To my surprise, instead of sending Lieut. George H. Thomas, a second in command, he ordered me with the twelve-pound howitzer to report to Gen. Quitman, who instructed me to clear the street.

I could see no troops in this street, except those on the house tops two or three squares in advance: so I moved on down until the musket balls began to clip and rattle along the stone pavement rather lively. To avoid this fire, I turned my gun to the left, into a street leading into the plaza. To my astonishment, one block distant was a stone barricade behind which were troops, and the houses on either side covered with armed men. They were evidently surprised, and did not fire at us. We were permitted to unlimber the gun, and move the horses back into

the main street. I politely waved my hand at the men at the barricade, which should read I shook my fist at them, and gave the command to load. Instantly the muskets were leveled over the barricade and pointed down from the house tops, and a volley fired at us that rattled like hail on the stones. My pony received a ricochet musket ball that struck the shoulder blade, ran up over the withers, and was stopped by the girth on the other side. I dismounted, and turned back to the gun. The two men at the muzzle were shot. One poor fellow put his hands to his side and quietly said, "Lieutenant, I am shot," and tried to stop the flow of blood. I had the gun run back into the street by which we entered the city. I now resorted to a device once practiced by a mob in the city of Philadelphia; two long ropes were made fast to the end of the trail, one rope was held by men on the lower side of the barricaded street, and the other by the men above. The gun was now loaded, and leveled in safety, then pushed out, and pulled by the ropes until it pointed at the barricade, and then fired. The recoil sent the gun back, and the rope brought it around the corner to be reloaded. In this manner the gun was worked for two hours, and with all this protection, four out of the five gunners were killed or wounded.

We had not been at this cross street very long before Texans, Mississippians, and regulars began to arrive and cross under cover of the smoke of the gun to the other side, and gain possession of the house tops. Next Gen. Taylor and staff came down the street on foot, and very imprudently he passed the cross street, escaping the many shots fired at him. There he was, almost alone. He tried to enter the store on the corner. The door being locked, he and the Mexican within had a confab, but, not understanding what was said, he called to Col. Kinney, the interpreter: "Come over here." The Colonel said —, and went over at double-quick, and made the owner open the door. The store was empty. Here Gen. Quitman joined him with some troops and a gun in charge of Lieut. G. H. Thomas. Quitman directed me to take my howitzer down to the next cross street, but to save my men and horses. I suggested that Thomas should put his gun in position first, and let us pass over through the smoke. Comprehending the matter at once, he said: "No, you remain here, and let Thomas pass over when you fire." Thomas moved to the next street, and turned his gun into it. His street

was barricaded also, and defended by a piece of artillery. The infantry and riflemen now made good progress in gaining possession of the houses, and driving the enemy toward the plaza.

The command of Gen. Worth was all day working toward the plaza from another direction, by breaking through the walls from house to house, so that when night came, the Mexican troops were pent up in the main plaza. Before dusk, the Mexicans being driven back, our two pieces of artillery were withdrawn and ordered to camp at Walnut Springs.

I have gone into these details to show the simplicity of character and coolness of Gen. Taylor which endeared him to his soldiers. No one discussed depots of supplies, base of communications, lines of retreat, or strategic positions; but every one knew that the brave old soldier would fight the enemy, wherever he found them, to the end. During the night some pieces of artillery, and a large mortar were put in position and opened fire on the heart of the city, now so very crowded with people.

Early on the 24th Gen. Ampudia sent a communication to Gen. Taylor, asking permission to leave the city, with his troops and arms unmolested. Of course this was refused, and finally resulted in the appointment of Gen. Worth, Gen. Henderson, and Col. Jefferson Davis commissioners to meet Gens. Requena and Ortega, and M. M. Llano, commissioners on the part of the Mexican army, who arranged the terms of the capitulation. I went to see the poor fellows depart. As they marched by, the soldiers each carried his musket in one hand, and a long stalk of sugar cane in the other, off of which they were regaling themselves.

They were permitted to retain their arms. In connection with the capitulation, an armistice for two months was agreed to, subject to ratification by the respective governments; and now came rest. Our loss was nearly five hundred, and among the killed was another classmate, Lieut. Robert Hazlitt. I should have mentioned that when the expedition for the capture of Monterey started Gen. Robert Patterson was left in command of the district of the Rio Grande.

After the departure of the Mexican troops, a friendly intercourse was established between our officers and the most respectable families in the city, noted on their part for gracefulness of

movement, gravity of manners, extreme politeness, and genuine hospitality.

On one occasion, after dinner, a handsome Mexican saddle elicited the attention of the guests, and to my surprise the next day a servant came to my tent with a note, and the saddle, "begging me to accept it with consideration," etc. A few days afterwards I returned the saddle, with a small present, upon the grounds that it was too handsome for daily exposure in service, etc.

Lieut. Randolph Ridgely brought with him a fine old setter dog, and, as partridges were abundant, I found exercise and amusement in hunting. Lieut. J. F. Reynolds was generally with me, and we would return with all the game we could carry, as the birds were tame and numerous. We also enjoyed the waters of the hot springs near by, now quite a resort for invalids.

On the 27th of October, Capt. R. Ridgely was killed by his horse slipping and falling in the main street of the city, where the smooth natural rock was the pavement. He was, in my estimation, "the fearless and irreproachable knight," the Bayard of the army. What a ball is to a young lady, a fight was to him; it made his step light and his eye radiant with delight, while joyous smiles beamed from his face. It seemed the very irony of fate that he, who had raced his steed on the sea wall of Charleston, and leaped over into the ocean unharmed, should meet an untimely end from a horse falling in an open street. His father lived on Elk Ridge, near Baltimore, a gentleman of the olden school, of an age of the courtly past, and as John Randolph, of Roanoke, was a frequent visitor there, Randolph Ridgely was named for him.

The death of Capt. Ridgely promoted Bragg to his company, and Capt. T. W. Sherman to Bragg's company. Thus Bragg now became the commander of the late Maj. Ringgold's battery of artillery.

It would appear as if some State governor, or some idle general would issue a "Pronunciamento" every new moon in Mexico, in hopes of becoming President of that republic; and thus it was that half the people of Mexico could not tell who was President. And now Paredes was deposed, and Santa Anna, who was permitted to enter Mexico by the United States authorities

as a man of peace,* reigned in his place. About the middle of September he arrived in the city of Mexico, and hastened soon after to San Luis Potosi to assume the command of the army thrice defeated by Gen. Taylor.

To carry out the wishes of the War Department, to have Tamico captured, Gen. Taylor started for Victoria, a small town, the capital of the State of Tamaulipas, on or about the middle of December, with the troops commanded by Gens. Twiggs and Quitman, leaving Gen. Worth in Saltillo with his division.

On reaching Montemorelos he received information from Gen. Worth that Santa Anna was marching on Saltillo, and turned back with all the troops except those under Gen. Quitman and our battery. Gen. Quitman was to continue on to Victoria. The march was uninterrupted down this beautiful and fertile valley. On our right towered the lofty range of the Sierra Madre Mountains in one unbroken chain and sharp serrated edge, that looked thin enough for a man to sit astride of. In fact, at Santa Catarina, there is a vast hole through this ridge near a thousand feet below the crest, through which clouds, as if in another world, could be seen moving by day, and stars by night.

The town of Linares is in a rich, wide, and beautiful valley or plain divided into large sugar estates cultivated by peon labor. The orange trees were very large, and all the citrus fruits abundant. As we journeyed on, one day Christmas came, and as usual it came on time, and, although we were in the land of the saints, we had not faith enough to believe that Santa Claus would make us a visit. So I went into the mountains in quest of a wild turkey for dinner, and failed to kill one. What were we to do? Reynolds or our servants had succeeded in procuring some eggs. With them visions of pudding and "eggnog" arose. We could get "pulque," get "aguardiente," from the maguey plant, but it was villainous fire water. In this dilemma I sent my servant in quest of our doctor—Dr. C. C. Keeney, I think it was—to tell him to call immediately. The eggs were all beaten up ready. The doctor arrived. We made him a prisoner, and told him that he could not be released until

* It was understood that Santa Anna was to end the war by making a treaty of peace, but he deceived President Polk.

he wrote a note to his steward to send him a bottle of brandy and a bottle of rum. He did it on the ground that we all were in want of a stimulant, and on this occasion the doctor took his own prescription. When Plymouth Rock smiles, wonder not that we, far away from home, tried to make the service suit the day, and the day to be one of rejoicing that immortality was brought to light.

We encamped one night at a hacienda not far from Victoria. The owner was very civil and kind; invited us to his drawing-room, walked with us in his large orange grove laden with golden fruit, which was protected by a high stone wall. He possessed a vast sugar estate, and said that he had over five hundred peon laborers on it. As far as we could see there was only sugar cane.

On the 29th of December we marched into the great square, or plaza, of Victoria without meeting with any resistance. The troops were drawn up in line, the officers to the front and facing the alcazar.

The alcalde left his office, crossed the plaza, and after a short address presented the keys of the city to Gen. Quitman. The Mexican standard was hauled down, and as the United States flag was thrown to the breeze the band began to play, when all at once, in emulation, three or four jackasses began to bray, and bray, and drowned all proceedings, amidst roars of laughter that could not be restrained, especially among the volunteers.

We had been in camp but a few days when Gen. Taylor arrived with Gen. Twigg's division, and almost at the same hour Gen. Patterson came in from Matamoras with a large force.

Before I tell you any more I must inform you of certain proceedings and events that happened or took place in the past. One was that the President had ordered the commander in chief, Gen. Winfield Scott, to take the field as he desired, and to proceed to Vera Cruz, and advance on the City of Mexico from that place. Of course all the troops in Mexico were subject to his orders. Accordingly, when Gen. Scott came to the mouth of the Rio Grande, he made known to Gen. Taylor the particular troops that he wished him to order to Vera Cruz by duplicate dispatches. The letter sent to Monterey reached there after Gen. Taylor had started for Victoria. It was reported, and I presume it is true, that the letter was opened and read by Gen.

Marshall. If so, then he knew its importance. He committed two grave errors: First, he should have known that it was all important that the dispatches should be so sent as not to fall into the hands of the enemy; and secondly, he should not have required an officer to go to almost certain death when it was not necessary. What did he do? He placed these dispatches in the hands of Lieut. John A. Richey, and sent or permitted him to carry the dispatches *alone* through the enemy's country one hundred and fifty miles to Gen. Taylor at Victoria. The consequence was that as Lieut. Richey was leaving the town of Villa Gran he was "lassoed" by a Mexican, pulled from his horse, murdered, and the dispatches forwarded in all haste to Santa Anna, who learned how Gen. Taylor would be stripped of all the United States troops and most of his volunteer force, how Gen. Scott was on his way to Vera Cruz to capture that city, and then to march on his capital.

Santa Anna's decision was prompt and decided. It was what a great commander would have done. He decided to attack Gen. Taylor without delay, defeat him, if possible, recover all the territory lost, even to the Nueces river; then fly to the defense of his capital in time to meet Gen. Scott before he passed the strong defenses of Cerro Gordo.

He did not succeed in defeating Gen. Taylor, but he met Scott as he had planned to do. This was told by Col. Iturbide, a son of the last emperor of Mexico, whom I met after the war.

When Gen. Taylor received the duplicate of the orders from Gen. Scott at Victoria, and learned how he was to be stripped of nearly all the gallant men who had won for him the three battles, he gave the necessary orders for the departure of the troops called for, and this embraced the divisions of Gens. Worth and Twiggs, and most of Gen. Patterson's forces. In short, all the *regular* troops were sent to Vera Cruz, except four field batteries of artillery and two squadrons of dragoons, in all about six hundred men. I will not write here my opinion, as formed from observation or otherwise, of Gen. Taylor's equanimity of mind on that occasion. However, it was reported that by mistake he once put mustard in his coffee instead of sugar. Wonder not at his perplexity. He had enough to irritate him. He had some apprehension, no doubt, that the enemy might make an advance from San Luis Potosi on his now small force; but