

themselves to the bliss of rest in such a spot after a toilsome march. Officers enjoyed their cigars *in otio cum dignitate*, while the men, reclining in groups, chatted merrily with each other, or were quietly engaged in bathing their swollen and heated feet in the cool ripples of the brook. In good time, however, tents were pitched, fires kindled, and guards posted, the rustic deities flying the spot as Mars asserted his sway.

Those who have seen large bodies of troops in the field, can not have failed to observe how rapidly and strangely rural scenes are transformed by encampment. There is, perhaps, some favorite landscape which you may have known from childhood. Let yonder army, whose banners and bayonets you descry in the distance, approach and halt upon the familiar spot, the artillery on that broad hill-side, the cavalry in the plain, and the infantry down by the stream, and along the skirts of the silent and shadowy woods. In a brief half-hour an extensive camp is established with a celerity, quietness, and precision, that recall the story of Aladdin's lamp. Rows of tents arise as if by enchantment; these, with batteries, wagons, horses, fires, arms, and men, so metamorphose the scene, that your eyes wander over it almost in vain for a single familiar object.

Soon after encamping at Marin, we learned that the enemy's corps of observation had been seen leaving the town as our pioneers approached it. The absence of any hostile demonstration during so long a march, had induced many of our impatient young soldiers to discredit the report that there was a Mexican force in our front. A lance-head, found in the road, was the only "sign" which our Texan scouts had

discovered until reaching the vicinity of Marin. The intelligence, therefore, that a considerable body of the enemy had actually been seen, and had even halted on one or two occasions to exchange shots with our van-guard, satisfied the most incredulous. When, moreover, they were *kindly* informed by copies of a Proclamation,* which the enemy, before evacuating Marin, had industriously scattered about the village, that one Pedro de Ampudia, and certain battalions with long and formidable-looking names at least, might be found at Monterey; all were happily agreed that a fight would be the sequel of the march; and, full of confidence in their brave old General and in themselves, regarded the capture of the city as *un fait accompli*.

While our army lay at Cerralvo, I had heard it stated that the Mexicans intended to fight us at some favorable point on the route; no one seemed to know exactly where. But as we afterward marched to Monterey without opposition, I

* "ARMY OF THE NORTH.

"General-in-Chief, Head-Quarters,

"Monterey, September 15, 1846.

"It is well known that the war carried on against the republic of Mexico, by the United States of America is unjust, illegal, and anti-Christian, for which reason no one ought to contribute to it.

"The federal government having been happily re-established, a large number of battalions of the national guard in the States of Coahuila, San Luis Potosi, Guanajuata, Tacatecas, Queretaro, and others, are ready to be on the field and fight for our independence.

"Acting according to the dictates of honor, and in compliance with what my country expects of me, in the name of my government, I offer to all individuals that will lay down their arms and separate themselves from the American army, seeking protection, that they will be well received and treated in all the plantations, farms or towns where they will first arrive, and assisted for their march to the interior of the republic by all the authorities on the road, as has been done with all those that have passed over to us.

"To all those that wish to serve in the Mexican army, their offices will be conserved and guaranteed.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA."

continued to regard the statement as one of the many groundless rumors of the camp, until recently informed by the Mexican history of the war, that General Ampudia at one time *had* decided to leave his intrenchments.* My surviving companions in arms will unite in regretting the counsels by which he was induced to change his plans; for, if on the beautiful plains around Marin, he could have advantageously employed "his well-appointed and numerous cavalry," he would there also have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing some judicious combinations on our part; and have received gratis, a few West Point lessons, which he might have turned to good account in his subsequent professional career. But the Mexican General, it seems, was overruled by his *prudent* chiefs of brigade, who doubtless entertained a lively recollection of the manner in which our light artillery was handled at Palo Alto, and so—knowing that we brought no siege train—determined to await the issue behind his walls. A wise conclusion certainly, since from the advantageous posi-

*"He (Ampudia) decided to receive the invaders at Marin, by availing himself in the movement of his well-appointed and numerous cavalry. In the event of a reverse he still had a point of defense in Monterey. The advantages which the country from Papagallos to Marin afforded, and other circumstances, confirmed his hopes. With the object of adopting this plan he called a *junta*, composed of the chiefs of brigade. In it he espoused the project, and it was perceived that in Monterey could be counted, *beyond the corps already mentioned*, the 3d and 4th Light, 3d of the Line, the active battalions of Agua Calientes, Queretaro, and San Luis Potosi, *of infantry*; and the regiments of Guanajuato, San Luis and Jalisco, *of cavalry*.

"General Mejia answered to the project of Ampudia, that he was ready to execute it, but the answers of the chiefs of brigade not being equally satisfactory, frustrated the plan. It was then agreed to prosecute the fortifications of the first line, and to undertake the second or interior intrenchments, and to so distribute the work that all could labor with indefatigable strength. The enemy, with their characteristic energy threatened us with a strong indication of a quick advance."—*Mexican "Notes of the War."*

tion of the enemy, do the scenes at Monterey, which I shall presently attempt to describe, derive their sanguinary coloring. The same numbers, in a fair, open field, could scarcely have withstood the first charge of our impetuous and enthusiastic battalions.

At *Retreat*, at sunset, on the evening of our arrival at Marin, the following orders were read to the troops, from which it will be perceived that the order of march was prudently changed as we approached the point of resistance:

Orders, } *Head-Quarters, Army of Occupation,*
No. 119) } *Camp near Marin, September 17, 1846.*

1. The corps of the army will march to-morrow in the direction of Monterey. The following will be the order of march:

The advance, consisting of McCulloch's and Gillespie's companies of rangers, and a squadron of dragoons, will march at 5½ o'clock. The pioneer party will be broken up, and the pioneers will return to their regiments.

The 1st division will march at 6 o'clock, followed immediately by its baggage and one half of the ordnance train. The head-quarters will march with the 1st division.

The 2d division will march one hour after the 1st, followed in like manner by its baggage, and the remainder of the ordnance train.

The 3d division will march one hour after the 2d, followed by its baggage and the general supply train. The rear guard to be composed of two companies of regulars, one from each division, will follow the supply train, and close the march.

2. In case the Texan volunteers, under Major General Henderson, should arrive in time, they will be thrown in advance, except four companies, which will form the rear-guard instead of the infantry above indicated. The dragoons in that case will march with the first division. Four men from Captain Gillespie's company will be attached to each of the rear divisions—2d and volunteers—to be employed as expresses, etc.

3. The habitual order of battle will be as follows: The 1st division on the right, the 2d division on the left, and the volunteer division in the center. The chiefs of divisions will organize such reserves as they may deem necessary. The above order is not invariable, but may be controlled by the nature of the ground.

By order of Major General TAYLOR,

W. W. S. BLISS,

Assistant Adjutant General.

At dawn on the 18th of September, the slumbering camp was aroused by the gay notes of the *reveille* from drum and bugie. In a few minutes, the thousand tents which had checkered the verdant little valley disappeared, the morning meal was eaten, and the foremost troops began to cross the stream and march toward Monterey, still eight leagues distant. It was an animating spectacle, that gallant little army of ours, pressing boldly forward to the mountain peaks that had long guided our steps, and which stood like giant sentinels around the city that was soon to rock and ring with the shock of contending arms. But doubtless there were some

sad countenances and heavy hearts among the villagers, who, from their lofty situation, watched the column as it uncoiled from the valley, and stretched, like a huge serpent over the hills. Far away to the south-west, a moving cloud of dust told the position and progress of the advance corps. For a long distance, the road could be traced, by the bright bayonets that heaved and flashed like breaking waves, over the dark, green thickets, while near at hand, battalions and batteries were wheeling successively into column, as prompt to execute, as to hear the loud, quick words of command.

Hamer's brigade being the last to march that day—the brigades of the volunteer division led by turns—we did not get in motion till 9 o'clock. Just before that hour, and while the companies were standing at ease, awaiting further orders, a fat, greasy-looking Mexican, mounted upon a little sway-backed mule, came galloping up the valley toward us. Though the animal was goaded to the top of its speed with whip and spurs, the rider yet continued to use his arms and legs so industriously, that it was evident that his progress was not satisfactory, or at all equal to his notion of the importance of his errand. As he drew near, it was perceived that the man was badly frightened. The mule, too, seemed to participate in his master's fears, and was honestly doing his *petite possible* in the race. To the many questions, in mingled English and Spanish, with which he was greeted as he came within ear-shot, his only reply was, "*Canales! Canales!*"* ycleped at every jump, as he dashed

* The name of a partisan leader of some celebrity among the border Mexicans, and who, according to their many and conflicting rumors, was *ubiquitous*. He owes the newspaper notoriety which he gained during the war, more to the extra-

through the camp, and splashed across the stream, not pausing for explanation, in his anxiety to place as many troops as possible between himself and the dreaded pursuer.

Our drummers immediately beat "to the color,"* and the companies ran quickly into line. Those who had heretofore complained of their tedious position in the rear, then rejoiced at being in the post of honor. All were anxious for an encounter with the much talked of Canales, the Bayard of the Greasers, and every eye was turned in the direction whence the flying Mexican had come. Soon the tramp of horses, and the clatter of arms, informed us that a large mounted force was rapidly approaching. A few moments of anxious interest and unbroken silence ensued, terminating not, as all expected, in the shouts of angry defiance that hung upon every tongue, but in cheers of friendly welcome, as the advancing party was recognized to be the Texan regiments of Colonels Hays and Woods. They passed us at a rapid trot, to gain their position in the column. The terrified Mexican, not knowing that the principal part of our cavalry was advancing on the lower or China road, had taken General Henderson's brigade for the troops of Canales, an interview with whom, he, being a muleteer in our service, reasonably supposed would not be very agreeable just at that time.

ordinary fear with which his name inspired some of the country people, and the hyperbolical representations of our letter-writing corps, than to any success as a *guerrilla*. As, for a long time after our arrival in the country, we had only *heard of him*, and almost of *him alone*, I had begun to regard Senor Canales as a "man in buckram," and every Mexican account of his audacity and courage as a mere myth.

* The signal to form by battalion.

The army marched five leagues on the 18th, and before dusk had encircled, with its camp, the little village of San Francisco, which, like all others on our route, was nearly deserted. During the day, the men traveled merrily and briskly, their ardor increasing at every step which brought them nearer to the foe. The jest and repartee flew rapidly from rank to rank, and the songs were more frequent and vociferous. The few old campaigners, in the regiment, had already taught their young comrades some merry, marching-ballads, the measure of which chimed well with the swinging route step. Thus they went on, laughing and singing, over hill and plain; and, in the light-heartedness and unconcern of youth, extracting mirth from every trivial incident or accident of the march. Of course, in such a campaign, laughable as well as lamentable events were of frequent occurrence; and the former, by affording amusement, served to lessen the fatigues of duty. A scene, so ludicrous that it has not yet escaped from my memory, was witnessed between Marin and San Francisco. It was one of those that should be seen to be enjoyed; and which the pencil of Hogarth or Cruikshank could describe more faithfully than the pen of Dickens or Thackeray.

In the progress of the march we came to a creek, or rather what our western woodsman call a *swale*; the boggy banks and muddy bottom of which had been much cut up by the trains in advance. It was a sluggish stream of disgusting mire, which the wheels and feet of preceding battalions had scattered far along the road, causing it to look, as a sergeant remarked, "like the slimy track of an army of mud-tur-

ties." A short halt was necessarily made, in order that the men might cross as comfortably as possible, during which the companies successfully passed over under a lively cross-fire of wit and ridicule, drawn forth by the little accidents which befell many in the ford. One of the first to scramble up the opposite bank, was a stout, good-natured son of the Emerald Isle, who possessed a full share of all those qualities which have given the Irish a deservedly high reputation as soldiers in all quarters of the globe; for what land has not witnessed their constancy and courage? After attempting to shake off the brown mud that incased his legs, he turned and shouted to those behind: "Ah! my jolly chaps, ye'll all be Quakers by the time yez get through that swate bog-hole?" Then, after another survey of his nether integuments, "upon me sowl, it's as lovely a drab as ever was dyed!" "Come on, boys," he continued "never fare the Red Say; sure, and was'nt it the Israelites thimselves that made yer pantaloons?" This allusion to the Jew tailors of Cincinnati—who, it was supposed, had *taken in* some of the companies in their clothing contracts—and the idea that any such saving virtue as that insinuated, should linger in their threadbare garments, convulsed all with laughter. A short man, whose uniform was exceedingly ragged, waded the creek at my side, holding to my stirrup-iron, while I carried his musket. He, less fortunate than his long-legged comrades, was plastered from waist-belt to brogans, *usque ad nauseam*. On taking his gun he remarked: "that's first rate mud, sir it's patched all the holes in my trowsers." But the odor, I suggested, might not be quite as agreeable as that of spring

flowers. He laughingly replied that he thought it would not be so bad when it became dry, and with great good humor turned away to take his place in the ranks.

Among the foremost to reach the stream was the bugler of one of our flank (rifle) companies. He had obtained a donkey somewhere and somehow on the route; one of the most deformed of its ugly species. Its head was nearly as large as its body, and supported a pair of ears that the prince of asses or of darkness might have envied. The little animal was quite a pet with the men, and had been made to play a part in many comic scenes. It was unusually lively and musical withal, and seldom failed to lend its melodious vocal accompaniment to the instrumental performances of its master. The wags of the regiment pretended to regard it as the chief musician of the corps, and to incense the drum-major, sometimes offered mock obedience to its bray. This wonderful production of the animal kingdom the bugler had been permitted to ride during the march, much to his own satisfaction, and the amusement of others. When near the bank of the muddy creek, the donkey "smelt a rat"—a muskrat, perhaps, in that situation—and halting, suddenly braced himself back in the usual manner of his stubborn race; and which graceful attitude was understood to signify: "here's one donkey that won't go it." Without pausing—in the words of a popular comic song—"to give him some hay, and ax him to go," the rider, by the prompt application of a stout cudgel, compelled him to enter the water and advance a few steps from the shore. While in that situation, one of the heaviest men in the battalion mounted behind the

musician, and humorously insisted upon being "toted" across. The little animal, already overladed, sank deep in the mire under the additional weight, and becoming seriously alarmed, stretched its head toward the dry land and brayed both loud and long. In vain did the merry bugler coax, or the soldier *en croupe*, prick with his bayonet. The beast of Balaam was not more immoveable. The predicament of the pet donkey, naturally enough, elicited many amusing remarks from the men, as they waded across. "Well, Bob," said one to a comrade, "I always did admire music on the water, and that ere jackass is a full brass band—he is." Another hailing the bugler, politely desired to be informed "whether he intended to run all night?" A third ventured to tell him that if he wished to stop, he could do so by "pulling the strings." The hind quarters of the poor animal were, by this time, setting rapidly in the bog, while its ears stuck out like the masts of a stranded ship. "Twig him now," shouted some one, "he's going down stern foremost." "Throw your guns overboard!" "Take to the life boats!" and many other such exclamations were made by the crowd. The bugler's donkey was finally brought over, as were the wagons, by dint of much laborious pushing and pulling. After a general scraping off we again moved forward, and though halting "to noon" at the village of Agua Frio, reached camp at San Francisco before sunset.

Such scenes as that I have attempted to describe, often enlivened our march to Monterey; and toward the close of it, the regiment was in excellent health and cheerfully encountered every labor and difficulty. To our young troops,

even the dangers and the duties of the service had a romance in them that was particularly fascinating. Owing to the absence of sufficient means of conveyance, or the negligence of the rear-guard, many tents and much private baggage—mine included—had been left by the muleteers at Cerralvo; and it was not until many days after the battle of Monterey that we recovered them. My friends made themselves merry over my misfortune, especially as they knew that the mule which I had purchased at Camargo had been claimed for the public service, and probably had aided in the transportation of their own baggage. But I had remaining a good saddle-blanket, and as the ground was dry and the weather clear, suffered no great hardship.

The scenery, which daily became more interesting and charming, was an ever-present source of pleasure to some of us. Before reaching Marin, the road, deflecting to the west, had brought us almost imperceptibly into a broad valley which was inclosed on the one side by the gigantic Sierra Madre, and on the other by the Cerralvo range. The mountains, first seen from Mier, floating like clouds in the distance, now reared their bold and rugged peaks far into the sky, showing

"How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

These massive palaces of nature increased in height and grandeur as we advanced; the gorge or pass through the Sierra Madre, at the mouth of which Monterey is situated, expanding as we approached, daily, almost hourly, disclosed new beauties to the eye.

"Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene,
More pleasing seems, than all the past hath been."

The mountain scenery of Northern Mexico is singularly striking and grand. The Sierra Madre chain differs from all that I have seen, in the abruptness with which it rises, like a vast wall, from the bosom of the plain. And a most suitable boundary it is, for the wide and wild expanse that lies between it and the coast. The great Appalachian range of the United States, having its feet buried in numberless broad and high-rolling hills, does not so fill the eye or the heart. Unlike our mountains, too, the Sierra Madre wears no forest drapery around its majestic form; a few pines and cedars alone fringing its summit, or crowning the pinnacle of some jutting crag. Yet the rough, weather-stained rocks upon its sides, deeply set in moss, and half overgrown with shrubs, vines, and the bright-flowering cacti, make it a beautiful object, and one which the lover of scenery will ever "clasp firmly in the mind's embrace." I have gazed upon it at all hours and seasons, and always with increased delight. View it when you will—and 'tis ever attracting *the musing eye*—either when night melts into morn, and the growing light disrobes it of the cloudy garment it sometimes wears; when glowing at midday in the soft light of serenest skies; when twilight lingers o'er its craggy sides, "beautiful as dreams of heaven;" or when the silvery moon, at evening bright, walks o'er its dewy crest; it is always grand and enchanting. Even now, it rises before the mental vision, its towering peaks and richly tinted slopes looming through the mellow haze of that entrancing climate like a shadowy specter, called up by some magician's incantations.

At San Francisco, after taking a hearty supper, composed,

as usual, of coffee, hard biscuit, and tough beef, (the stereotyped bill of fare, to which sometimes was added a kid or chicken,) a friend and myself climbed upon the flat roof of one of the village houses, to enjoy the view and evening breeze from the mountains. The prospect was an agreeable one, and amply compensated us for all the bruises and scratches attending the ascent, caused by thrusting the hands and feet into the holes which Mexican masons leave in the outer walls, as the only means of reaching the roofs of such buildings. The surrounding country was flat and uncultivated, slightly descending toward the Sierra Madre in our front. We turned our eyes in that direction, hoping to obtain a glimpse of Monterey, knowing its position between the now prominent *Saddle* and *Miter* mountains*—peaks which had long been to our march, as the cloud to the path of Israel. But the advancing shadows from the Sierra, and the dense foliage of the shallow valley in which it is situated, concealed it from view. In the gardens and streets of the hamlet, and in the few green fields around it, lay our army, just then busied with the last labors of the day. On one side of us were the quiet and systematic blue-clad soldiers of the old line; on the other, the gay and rollicking volunteers, diverse in their uniforms as their states. Many of these last seemed unusually merry, and little thought or cared for the

* These lofty mountains, jutting from the main range of the Sierra Madre, flank the city on the east and west, and obtain their names from the very strong resemblance which their peaks respectively bear to the deep-seated Spanish saddle, and a Bishop's miter. They are correctly and beautifully represented in the lithographed views of Monterey, taken from pictures by that accomplished artist, Captain Whiting, of the 7th Infantry.

morrow, on which some of them were to make their last march on earth.

Though the hostile armies were then almost within sound of each other's drums, the Mexicans continued to practice their policy of "a masterly inactivity," and had evidently concluded, rather than get into any disagreeable scrapes, to let us have our own way. An invading army in the United States, I take it, would have fared somewhat less comfortably. The boasted light cavalry of Ampudia, must have been composed of apathetic and most unenterprising fellows, or methinks they would have preferred a dash into our lines, some pleasant night, to the dull amusements afforded by the *fondas* of Monterey. Though there were many favorable positions for ambuscades along our route, yet nothing more formidable than the natural difficulties of roads and climate harassed our march; nothing more alarming than the howl of greedy wolves disturbed the repose of our camps. These animals, by the way, are very numerous throughout the country, and were induced, by the savor of our mess-pans, to give us frequent serenades. They are very bold, too, and great pests to the shepherds and herdsmen. I have occasionally seen them at dusk, prowling within the suburbs of large towns, a temerity encouraged by the absence of a rural population in Northern Mexico; for there, the whole country without the walls of the villages, is surrendered to the beast and bandit. The season was exceedingly propitious for both these animals. The robber accepted a pardon from his government, and took, in addition to his plunder, the pay of a guerrilla; and the wolf not only obtained an unusual share

of ox, mule, and horse flesh, but many a human corse found its way into his rapacious maw.

At sunrise on the 19th of September, General Taylor with the mounted troops marched from San Francisco, followed, at intervals of an hour, by the three infantry divisions. The order of march being the same as that of the previous day, we were again in the rear. We had scarcely left the village, when a cannon-shot was heard in the direction of Monterey. Every man instantly, and almost involuntarily, stopped to catch the sound. It was the first hostile gun many of us had ever heard, and for the moment arrested every word and thought.

"But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
On! on! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!"

The first solitary and rather indistinct report was soon followed by the unmistakable booming of distant artillery, which rolled, on the morning breeze, far over the wide-spreading plain. "Column, forward! *Quick*—march!" shouted the chiefs of battalions, and away the men went at a stride which kept the mounted officers in a trot. Every heart beat high with new and strong emotions, and the most desirable enthusiasm pervaded the various companies and regiments, as they dashed, with their rattling accouterments, through the chaparral, like a swollen and angry torrent through some mountain glen. All supposed that the advance guard had encountered the enemy in force outside the city walls, and, knowing the value of minutes on such occasions, we pressed forward for some miles at the greatest speed compatible with order. The heat and extraordinary

exertion were beginning to tell upon the men, when a dragoon—his horse covered with mud and foam—came dashing to the rear, to inform us that the firing was from one of the Mexican forts upon General Taylor and the Texan troops, who had ventured within range of the enemy's guns.

This intelligence allowed a most welcome halt, after which the march was renewed and finished at a more comfortable pace. The road, as we approached the city, had been much broken up by the enemy, and in some places flooded by the damming of little streams that crossed it, so that the soldiers were again compelled to push the wagons through the mire. The army encamped in the beautiful grove of Santo Domingo, two miles from Monterey. A slight elevation, about midway concealed the city from our view. This delightful camping-ground was erroneously called, by the letter-writers, "the *Walnut Springs*." The grove contains perhaps more than one hundred acres, and is composed chiefly of live oak and pecan trees, whose spreading boughs are thickly covered with the funereal drapery of Spanish moss. It is watered by many clear, gushing springs, the moisture of which has probably caused the remarkable growth of forest trees, so uncommon in that country. The shade and water it afforded, made it a charming spot—just the place, indeed, in which to refresh a travel-worn army for battle.

CHAPTER VI.

THE reconnoissance.—Beautiful view of the city and valley of Monterey.—Description of the fortifications.—Worth's division sent to seize the Saltillo road, and attack the western defenses.—Skirmish with the Mexican cavalry.—The action of San Jeronimo.—Divisions of Twiggs and Butler advanced on the north.—Attack of Garland's column upon the north-east corner of the city.—Its result.—Advance of Quitman's brigade.—The Teneria captured.—The 1st Ohio regiment enters the town.—Its operations.—Charge of lancers.—The repulse.—Loss and gain of our army on the 21st of September.—View of Worth's operations on the 21st and 22d.—The heights are stormed, and the castle carried.—The Mexicans retire upon their second line during the night of the 22d.—Street fights on the 23d.—The capitulation of the 24th.—Taylor's letter vindicating it.—Ampudia's proclamation.

THE city of Monterey derives its name from the Conde de Monterey, one of the earlier Spanish viceroys of Mexico. It is the capital of the State of Nueva Leon, and the most beautiful city in the northern section of the republic. Say the Mexican historians of the war*—"The houses of Monterey are sufficiently handsome. Buildings of hewn stone, streets regularly intersecting, specious plazas, and a cathedral of magnificent architecture. A river, clear as crystal, flows on one side of the city, on whose borders there are romantic rural cottages, and gardens with thick foliage. The city from its origin had enjoyed repose; even the civil revolutions had many times spared it, sacred to the frontier. After the misfortunes on the Rio Bravo, the whirlwind of war menaced it closely, and the inhabitants anticipated the grievous and mournful conflict." Situated in a fertile valley, in the midst

* "Notes of the War," p. 65.