

2d Brigade, { Mackall's battery,
 Commanded by { 5th Infantry,
 Col. P. F. Smith. { 7th Infantry,
{ Blanchard's Company of La. Volunteers.

Third Division, GENERAL BUTLER.

Brigade of { 1st Ohio regiment,
 Gen. Hamer. { 1st Kentucky regiment.

Brigade of { 1st Tennessee regiment,
 Gen. Quitman. { Mississippi Rifle regiment.

Gen. Henderson. { 1st Regiment Texan Rangers,
{ 2d " " "

Webster's battery (two 24-pound Howizers) 1st Artillery.

It was evident from the first that there would be a vigorous defense. The enemy made no petty sallies, or boastful displays of strength, but lay quietly behind their walls, awaiting the attack for which they were so well prepared. The greatest difficulty, that of breaking the exterior line, and effecting a lodgment within the city, was to be encountered at the outset. That accomplished, the enemy's superiority of artillery would be no longer felt, and the rest of the work would be comparatively easy to our skillful troops. Had we possessed a correct knowledge of the Mexican works, there can be no question, it is presumed, but that a night attack would have been advisable under the circumstances. In the want of all reliable information, the battle promised, as indeed it proved to be, a headlong assault of infantry columns over an open plain, within full view and range of the

enemy's batteries. It has been remarked by a popular American historian that, "to defend walls, a body of sharp-shooting militia may be as serviceable as the oldest and best trained troops, but to attack them, requires that perfect discipline, and unyielding courage, which neither pain, nor death itself, can unsettle or subdue." Yet courage and discipline alone will not always insure success in such contests. The assailants should have a sufficient weight of numbers to enable them, after deducting the loss necessarily suffered in the long charge, to overcome the force against which the blow is directed.

By the reconnoissance on Sunday morning, September 20th, it was discovered that the enemy's defenses on the west, were not as strong as at first glance they had appeared to be, General Ampudia having placed a delusive confidence in the natural advantages he possessed in that quarter. The commanding general at once determined to seize the Saltillo road, by which route, on the day before our arrival, a *conduca* with a large amount of money and provisions had reached the garrison. The roads on the north and east were already ours, and our cavalry swept the intervening country. By this movement to the west, therefore, we should cut off all communication with the beleaguered city, except by the laborious foot-paths across the steep Sierra in its rear. Brevet Brigadier General Worth, whose splendid division, increased to a force of 2000 men by the addition of Hays' regiment of Rangers, immediately got under arms, was instructed, "to endeavor, by a detour to the right, to reach the Saltillo pass, effect a thorough reconnoissance of the approaches to the city

from that direction, to cut off supplies and reinforcements, and, if practicable, carry the heights."

The whole army united in commending General Taylor, for assigning this hazardous and honorable service to Worth, not only on account of the pre-eminent qualifications he possessed for it, but because it gave that distinguished officer an opportunity of healing his fame, which had been so "shrewdly gored," at the commencement of the war. General Worth promptly and cheerfully accepted the important commission, with the remark, it is said, that it should bring him a "grade or a grave." He marched from the main camp at El Bosque de St. Domingo, at 2 o'clock, P. M., September 20th, in high spirits, and at the head of one of the finest bodies of troops ever arrayed under the standard of the United States. A Mexican prisoner, with a hempen cravat about his neck, was led by the Texans as a guide. It was hoped that the circuitous march of the division through the chaparral would not be perceived by the enemy, and Generals Twiggs and Butler were ordered to display their commands in front of the city, in order to divert attention from the seriously menaced point. This *ruse de guerre*, however, was unsuccessful. The large bodies of infantry that were soon seen pressing up the heights to reinforce the garrison of the castle, indicated that Worth's movement had been discovered. Owing to the difficulties of the ground, and the consequent delay in making the route practicable for artillery, the division was occupied the whole afternoon in its march from the camp to the pass. About dark, the Mexican cavalry, which had been favorably posted on the slope

of the Miter mountain, charged and forced back some reconnoitering detachments of the Texan regiment. After a brief skirmish between the Lancers and Rangers, the increasing darkness compelled the division to halt, and bivouac for the night, just without the range of the battery of the Independencia. At nightfall also, the troops on the north side of the city were withdrawn to camp, leaving only the 4th Infantry upon the plain, to guard our famous mortar battery, which, some credulous individuals supposed, would, on the morrow, blow the enemy's citadel higher than the Saddle mountain. Thus terminated the operations of the 20th of September.

A gentle shower fell upon us in the night, pattering most melancholy music through our leafy camp. But the morning of the 21st was calm and clear. A fresh and balmy breeze played in the tree-tops, and the sun sent many a warm and kindly glance through the long aisles of the majestic grove. How many then beheld, for the last time, that most common, yet most magnificent and ever joyous spectacle, the opening of "the bright eye of the universe!"

It was understood that General Taylor did not then meditate a serious assault, but wished to make a strong diversion upon the center and left of the town, to favor Worth's distant and detached enterprise against the heights on the right. As soon as breakfast was eaten, the drums called to arms, and the regiments were quickly formed. One company was detailed from each to serve as a camp-guard. This, while it materially reduced our effective force, formed a corps of no great strength. Had there been any union or energy among the country people, they could, while our army was engaged

in a distant conflict with the city, have overpowered the guard and plundered the camp. The loss of our stores would have resulted in great inconvenience and suffering, if, indeed, it would not have placed the army *hors du combat*.

A march of twenty minutes brought us to the hill in front of the town, where our columns were deployed; the Regulars (Twigg's division) on the left of the line of battle, and the Volunteers (Butler's division) on the right. The order and calmness which characterized the movements of the former, were in striking contrast with the excited step and irrepressible enthusiasm of the latter. A short time after our regiment had taken its position in the line, and while every eye was fixed upon the frowning citadel, whose time-worn towers were decked with many gaudy flags, a cloud of smoke was seen to rise suddenly from its walls. The next moment, a deafening roar broke upon our ears, and in the next, a shower of round shot came bounding up the hill and crashing over our heads. Startled by this thrilling and unfamiliar melody, this piercing "music of the spheres," our people, much to their subsequent amusement, made an involuntary obeisance to the volley as it hurtled past. The Mexicans managed the heavy guns of the citadel admirably, and their practiced artillerists had been wise enough to obtain the exact range of every part of the plain before our arrival. They had one long and excellent piece, mounted on the north-east bastion, which seemed to carry death in every discharge. "That infernal barbette gun shoots like a rifle," said a friend to me, as one of its balls thumped through the side of an orderly's horse, a short distance from us. A few

men were killed and some wounded on the hill. The surgeons, who had already, with their usual professional nonchalance, displayed their glittering instruments and bandages on the grass a few yards behind the line, then commenced their merciful labors. It was remarked that, after the groans of the first sufferers were heard, but few of the soldiers seemed inclined to commit the offense of Lot's wife.

To describe the events of the 21st of September as they occurred, it should be stated that, even before our line was formed in front of the city, Worth had brilliantly commenced operations among the hills and gorges on the right. Leaving his bivouac before "the blabbing eastern scout" had returned to advise the enemy of his movement, he had, at the hamlet of San Jeronimo, encountered the cavalry of Generals Romaro and Torrejou, covered by the batteries on the heights. After a fierce conflict of fifteen minutes' duration, the enemy was completely routed, and driven in disorder up the pass, or compelled to take refuge among the mountains. The Mexican loss in the affair was about one hundred killed and wounded. Among the former, the Lieutenant Colonel of the Jalisco Lancers, Don Juan N. Najera, whose conspicuous gallantry and death-defying courage, elicited the admiration of friend and foe. General Worth, having thus become the master of the Saltillo road, prepared to launch his columns against the batteries on the heights—of which hereafter.

The enemy, after the morning combat of San Jeronimo, finding all his communications cut off, prepared, with undaunted courage, to resist the closing of the fatal coil so

rapidly and dexterously thrown around him. The citadel maintained a deliberate fire upon our line in its front, which was as steadily returned by Webster's howitzers and the mortar, but without making the least impression upon the enemy. Meantime, the light field batteries of Bragg and Ridgely were compelled to remain inactive in the line, (for they were as useless as muskets in that position,) their strong and courageous horses pawing and neighing with delight at the well-known roar of battle. The preponderance of metal being evidently with the Mexicans, the game of artillery was becoming a decided bore, when Taylor, advancing his left wing, brought on the action.

Lieutenant Colonel Garland commanding a brigade of Twiggs' division, was ordered, with the 1st and 3d infantry, the battalion of Baltimore volunteers, and Bragg's battery of horse-artillery, to make a strong demonstration upon, and, if it could be done without too heavy loss, carry one of the enemy's advanced works in the *north-east* corner of the town.* Major Mansfield, of the Engineers, accompanied Garland's column to direct the attack, which, doubtful and desperate as it seemed, was yet undertaken by the troops with a cheerful and resolute spirit. With what breathless interest did we watch the progress of that devoted column! Though the withering fire of the citadel was at once concentrated upon

* This column of attack included all the infantry of Twiggs' division, except the 4th regiment, which soon followed it into action. The 2d Dragoons (also of Twiggs' division) with Colonel Wood's regiment of Texan cavalry, had been ordered to scour the country on our right flank, and to support Worth if necessary. The writer has never seen a report of Garland's command; but, after deducting the company left by each regiment at the camp, his entire force could not have exceeded seven or eight hundred men.

it, it moved firmly and rapidly down the slope. Undisturbed for the time by the enemy's balls, a profound silence reigned through the volunteer division. The same objects filled every eye, the same sentiment every heart. The tranquil courage of the commanding general was not without its influence on our troops. Motionless as an equestrian statue, he occupied the highest point of the hill, his bronzed face turned steadfastly toward those well-known battalions of Regulars, whose courage and discipline were now about to encounter a trial such as they had never before known. Disregarding, and as if proudly disdaining, the galling fire which was unintermittingly poured upon them from the citadel, they pressed heroically forward upon the Teneria, a redoubt of five guns, full of men, and flanked by other strong works. Now an intervening field of sugar-cane conceals the brigade from our view. Again it appears, still moving rapidly toward those ominously quiet walls, behind which are kindling the fires of death. Now the distance between the head of the column and the Teneria is so short that the cannoners of the citadel suspend their labors to gaze, like ourselves, in silent expectation on the issue of the charge. Another moment, and—

"The pause is o'er; the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke;
The air grows thick; the mountains rock;
Red ruin rides triumphantly."

Artillery and musketry opened furiously and together from the enemy's well protected line, shattering the leading companies, and striking down a number of distinguished officers. The open area in front of Fort Teneria, to which our troops

had advanced, was swept with grape and musket balls. So great and sudden had been the loss, especially of officers, that the column was, for the moment, checked and stunned. Had Garland or Mansfield luckily been informed of the enemy's positions, they could then undoubtedly have rushed upon the front of the Teneria with the bayonet. But with the hope of taking the redoubt in reverse, the direction of the column was unfortunately changed to the right, and led immediately into the focus of fire from several batteries. The torn and bleeding ranks, unable to make head against that terrible storm, and unwilling to retreat, halted there, and set the smoke in which they were wrapt ablaze with their volleys. The Mexicans, greatly outnumbering Garland's brigade, being aided by artillery, and concealed behind intrenchments, had every advantage in the combat. The rank and file of the 1st and 3d regiments, and also of the 4th, which had soon advanced to their assistance, was badly cut up. Among their officers slain were, Morris, Field, Barbour, Hoskins, Terret, Irvin, Hazlett, and Woods; for whose precious blood a hecatomb of Mexicans would be but a paltry propitiation. Among those wounded in this assault, some of them mortally, were, the gallant Williams, of the Engineers, Lear, Abercrombie, Bainbridge, Lemott, Graham, and Dilworth. Failing in their attack upon the Teneria, the regular troops, dividing into small parties, and sheltering themselves as much as possible behind some scattered cottages in the vicinity, kept upon an annoying fire upon the advanced works of the enemy.

Meanwhile the division of volunteers had remained quietly

on the hill watching the fierce conflict that raged on the left, at the north-eastern angle of the town. The roar of artillery, mingled with rapid volleys of musketry filled our ears, but the scene of action, at first partially hidden by fields and trees, was soon completely enveloped in smoke, in the midst of which the work of destruction went wildly on. Again did the batteries of the citadel open upon our line. The fire was promptly returned by our *gameful* little mortar, which, if it damaged not the enemy, served at least to diversify the spectacle, for its shells exploding high in the air, formed beautiful circles of smoke that continued to enlarge themselves "till, by wide-spreading, dispersed to naught." The scene, even before the introduction of Butler's division into the affray, was one never to be forgotten by those who so anxiously witnessed it.

Soon from out the dark cloud on the left, reeled solitary soldiers, wounded and bleeding; then came small parties, bearing back officers or comrades gasping and groaning in agony; then staggered out from the fiery edge of the fight, broken and discouraged ranks of men, chiefly volunteers. The appearance of these, and of mounted messengers, whose haste betokened evil tidings, assured us that the attack of the 1st division had failed, yet the continued but irregular rattling of small arms told too, that our gallant troops were obstinately maintaining their ground. Considering the disparity of numbers in favor of the enemy, and his advantage in position and artillery, it is not surprising that some of our troops yielded to that destructive fire. The veterans of Wellington and Bonaparte have faltered in like situations.

General Taylor finding it necessary to support the attack, made at such sacrifice by the Regulars, now ordered General Butler, with three regiments of his division, to march at once by the left flank toward the scene of battle. The Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, constituting General Quitman's brigade, and the Ohio regiment of General Hamer's brigade were selected, leaving the 1st Kentucky regiment, which had been posted on the extreme right of the line, to cover the mortar battery. Our men, hitherto the excited spectators of the conflict, and standing "like grayhounds in the slips, straining upon the start," received the order with loud hurrahs.

The three regiments above named, moving left in front, advanced together in the same direction. Before proceeding far, the Ohio regiment was ordered "to the right," and instructed to enter the town at a more central point, nearer the citadel. Generals Butler and Hamer rode with us to the attack, while General Quitman with his brigade, continued to advance upon Fort Teneria. Profiting by Colonel Garland's experience, that general avoided any movement calculated to expose his command to the cross-fire on the right, and marched steadily upon the front of the redoubt. Arriving within musket range of the work, he extended his column and advanced firing. A terrific and incessant discharge of all arms was encountered from the Mexican defenders, but it neither checked nor changed the direction of that blazing line. Manfully breasting the storm, the brigade moved firmly on till within a few yards of the fort, when the order to charge was given. Then the troops rushing forward

through the smoke, scaled the low earthen walls, and took the work as Joshua took Jericho, "with a shout."

Captain Backus, of the 1st infantry, who, with a portion of his own and other companies, had previously gained the roof of a house overlooking Fort Teneria, by pouring a destructive fire into the work just at the time when the charge was made by Quitman's brigade, contributed largely to its capture. Too much credit, however, can not be awarded to the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments, for the unyielding courage they exhibited in the attack. In spite of a resistance hardly less vigorous and formidable than that encountered by Garland's brigade, they carried in handsome style, a strong and important position, and thereby secured to us that foothold within the enemy's line of defenses so necessary to our operations on that side of the city. In this assault, the brave Tennesseans suffered a loss of twenty-five killed, and seventy-four wounded. Of the Mississippians, seven were killed, and forty-two wounded. The garrison of the work fled precipitately as our troops entered it, yet about thirty prisoners, including three officers, five pieces of artillery, and a considerable supply of ammunition, fell into our hands.

*The Mexican historians give us the following account of the capture of the Teneria in their "Notes for the History of the War." Their complaint of the scarcity of cartridges is altogether unfounded. We certainly thought they possessed a tolerably good supply throughout the battle; and upon taking the town we found many well-filled magazines; even the cathedral contained several tons of ammunition. But to the extract:

"Then there broke forth to the north-east, a vivid flash of musketry and artillery, on the points of the line of General Mejia. A rude, sustained and desperate shock took place in the redoubt of the Teneria, whose limited garrison, with only four pieces, was multiplied by their glowing heroism. The attacks were renewed.

We now return to our own regiment, which, though then numbering less than four hundred, rank and file, was ordered, as the reader will remember, to attack the center of the northern front of the city. Its line of march was over the open plain, within grape range of the citadel, on our right flank; but the guns of that fortress, which had hitherto been trained upon more distant columns, were not soon brought to bear upon ours. The air above us was turbulent with whizzing and bursting shells, and more than once we distinguished a sharp cracking, as of balls driven violently in contact. The regiment advanced in excellent order, but not without loss from the heavy flank fire. Near the edge of the town we passed Bragg's battery, already in very bad plight, apparently indeed, a perfect wreck. A few of his artillerymen, and more than a dozen of his horses, were down in the same spot, making the ground about the guns slippery with their gasped foam and blood. The intrepid Captain and his men, though exposed the while to a galling fire, were deliberately engaged in re-fitting the teams and in stripping the harness from the dead and disabled animals, deter-

The impulse of the invader was vehement. The general-in-chief sent the 3d Light to reinforce us. The enemy came close upon the work when we had not one cartridge for the cannons. The assault was plain; but a reinforcement came up, with an order for the Lieutenant Colonel of the 3d Light, to sally forth and charge the enemy. The word to handle the bayonet was answered by enthusiastic *vivas*; to form column and then * * *. The parties say, and different witnesses do not satisfactorily deny it for this officer—with whose name we do not wish to defile these pages—that rushing out through the gorget of the work, he threw himself into the river, taking to flight among cries of scorn and indignation. By the desertion of the Chief of the Light, the enemy took the Teneria. Our soldiers retreated to the 'Rincon del Diabolo,' within musket range of the Teneria, whence they made a courageous resistance, distinguishing among others Lieutenant Colonel Bravo, and Captain Arenal of the artillery."

mined that not a buckle or strap should be lost upon the field. For the safety of this battery, the advance of our regiment was most opportune, as we immediately attracted the fire to which it had previously been exposed. On entering the suburbs, Lieutenant Colonel Watson, commander of the Baltimore Battalion, with two or three of his officers joined our column. That high-spirited and worthy gentleman was killed soon afterward, while bravely fighting in our midst.

We moved rapidly through a labyrinth of lanes and gardens, without knowing or seeing upon what point of the enemy's line we were about to strike. At every step the discharges from the batteries in front became more deadly, while we had no opportunity for burning a cartridge. Nothing discouraged, the regiment went boldly forward, until it had reached a point in the suburbs north-west of the "Puente Purisima," and nearly on a line between it and the citadel. There we met Major Mansfield, who had conducted the first assault upon the Teneria, and who had since been closely examining the defenses in front. He informed General Butler of the failure of that attack, and advised the withdrawal of the Ohio regiment, "as there could no longer be any object in advancing further, warning him at the same time, that if he advanced he must meet a fire that would sweep all before it."* The command was thereupon halted in a broad street, parallel with, and not more than two hundred yards from the enemy's works, at the stream heretofore described. Though screened from view by a dense

* From General Butler's Report

hedge of pomegranate, the Mexicans seemed well informed of our position, and, during the few minutes we stood quietly yet impatiently there, sent some terrific rounds of canister into our ranks. Among those then killed was Lieutenant Hett, commanding Company H, whose captain had been left sick at Cerralvo. To stand still and be thus tamely and unresistingly slaughtered, was a severe trial for volunteers. Had the order been given they would willingly have cleared the hedge, and have stormed the barricades in front with indomitable fury.

We had been but a short time in that position when General Butler, who, on receiving Major Mansfield's communication, had galloped back to consult the general-in-chief, returned and gave the order to retrograde, and the movement was accordingly commenced in no very good humor. General Taylor, however, who was near at hand, animating, directing, and watching every shock and charge in the fight, "presenting himself even in the aim and very flash of danger," learning almost immediately afterward that Quitman's brigade had carried Fort Teneria, countermanded the order. At once and again the direction of the column was changed, and we re-entered the streets further to the east, striking at a point in the enemy's line between the tete-de-pont of the Purisima and Fort Diabolo. Upon the withdrawal of the regiment from the point to which it had first penetrated, the Mexicans had been encouraged to throw out parties of light troops, who, being familiar with the ground, followed us with a close and annoying fire. The order to countermarch, therefore, was obeyed with alacrity by our

men, who hoped to encounter these skirmishers outside their walls. But the skulking sharpshooters knew not only how "to fall on pell mell," but, as we perceived, how "to fall back and retreat as well." They retired in haste before our men, whose impetuosity the officers were directed to restrain, in order that the companies might be kept well in hand for the deadly struggle just before us.

Passing now near that quarter of the suburbs which had already been fought over by Twiggs' division, we occasionally heard, amid the roar of combat, the deep groans of the dying, and the cries of the wounded for water.* But in consequence of the oppressive heat of the day, and the quenchless thirst which seizes all in the fever of battle, every canteen was dry, and we were painfully compelled to witness, without the means of relieving,

"The panting thirst, which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave."

Among mangled bodies, and these melancholy sounds, the regiment marched quickly on, with shouts that were heard above the din of the fight. Thus for ten or fifteen minutes we groped our way through the streets, turning many corners, and crossing the northern suburbs diagonally toward Fort Diabolo.

At length a large open lot was reached within full view of

* General Hamer informed the writer, in a conversation touching these sad scenes, that he saw a soldier of Company G, (from Brown county, Ohio) climb an orange tree, the branches of which were being momentarily torn and severed by the enemy's shot, and pluck some of its juicy fruit for a wounded comrade.

that battery, which at the time was engaged in a spirited contest with Fort Teneria, then in the possession of our troops. The artillery captured in the last named work was being skillfully served by Captain Ridgely, and as these now opposing batteries were not more than two hundred yards apart, the cannonade just in that vicinity was deafening. This lot or square was separated from the broad area around El Diabolo by a wall and a ditch. Between these two obstacles was a lane, leading, (as we too late discovered,) from an angle of the *tete-de-pont* on the right. As the regiment entered this open place, we observed a number of the enemy's skirmishers hurriedly taking position behind the wall. The next moment a line of flame flashed above it, and almost at the same instant the diabolical battery in its rear saluted us with a terrible discharge of grape. A few men of the leading companies were killed or disabled, and our colors riddled and cut down by this first discharge. We were now evidently "in for it." There, within sixty yards of us, were some of the olive-colored gentlemen with whom an interview had been so long and earnestly sought. The appearance of the regiment in the square was followed by startling explosions from every house and battery in that part of the town. There, and then, by that bloody baptism, did the 1st Ohio regiment obtain a name to which no pen has yet done justice. Never will the writer forget the gallant bearing of those courageous and obedient young troops at that place and period of the battle. There was no hesitating or wavering, no turning, or even looking to the right or left. A few of the foremost files discharged their pieces at

the enemy, and then the whole corps made a dash at the wall, determined to dislodge the foe with the bayonet. No orders were heard in that indescribable din and uproar. The officers, first among whom were Generals Butler and Hamer, led, and the soldiers followed, as American volunteers I trust will never fail to do. One had but to look at their countenances, their set teeth and expanded nostrils, to be assured that those men so recently taken from the gentle pursuits of peace, were now ready for the wildest work of war.

The enemy's fire was, in my inexperienced judgment, particularly heavy. The guns of Fort Diabolo belched forth an unintermitting sheet of flame and smoke as we advanced, but owing to the short distance, overloading, or the excited haste of the cannoneers, they overshot us at times so widely, as to cut off the highest branches of some lofty trees growing thereabout. A thick smoke rolled over our men as they crossed the square, and to the mounted officers, their serried bayonets alone were visible, moving resistlessly on through the flickering canopy like an aerial stream. Before reaching the wall our progress was unexpectedly, though but for a moment, arrested by a wide ditch which was full of water. Into this the men, notwithstanding their ignorance of its depth, did not hesitate to plunge. The water was waist-deep, and flooded the cartridge boxes of some who unfortunately had neglected to raise them while crossing. By this misfortune a part of the corps was rendered temporarily unserviceable at a critical juncture. A few soldiers, who halted in the water to slake their thirst, were there shot. Adjutant Armstrong was severely wounded as he reached

its edge, a grape shot passing through his leg, and entering the side of his horse. The enemy retreated from the wall before we succeeded in clambering up to it, and commenced a race for life, which some of them lost. The greater number, however, succeeded in sheltering themselves behind the adjacent batteries.

We were now in the street which unites the bridge Purisima with the Fort Teneria, and which is inclosed at the point where we entered it, by a ditch on the one hand, and a wall on the other. Spreading rapidly to the right and left, the regiment opened a general fire upon Fort Diabolo, and the houses within musket range in front. The more numerous defenders of these poured such a storm of balls upon us that we could not have held our position five minutes, had it not been protected by the wall. Against it, the Diabolo and his imps kept up a knocking that would have put our modern spirit rappers to shame, if not to flight. Some of the Mexicans at first exhibited a daring courage, often leaping upon their barricades to deliver their fire. But the quick and true aim of our better marksmen soon extinguished that vaunting spirit. Of course, in such a fight, most of the wounds given and received were about the head and shoulders, many of them fatal. One of our men, Myers, a soldier of the Rifle company was shot in the mouth, which was fortunately closed at the moment, so that the ball after summarily extracting divers molars and incisors, lodged in the upper part of the throat, whence it was easily removed. The gallant Rifleman, spitting out the teeth and blood, and coolly remarking, (in a voice singularly changed,) that the pill had

salivated him, continued with his company for some time after receiving the wound.

Aided by the lively and effective fire still maintained by our friends in the Teneria, we were beginning to hope that we might ere long silence the guns of Fort El Diabolo, when, suddenly as the lightning's flash, and loud as the thunder's peal, a battery was opened close upon our right, and swept the regiment with grape shot from flank to flank. It took all by surprise, and taught some young soldiers a lesson they will not soon forget. It sufficiently explained, too, "why the Mexican engineers had suffered that garden wall in front of the Diabolo to remain for our *protection*." A question which I had asked myself more than once. So dense had been the smoke, and so intent had we been on engaging the enemy before us, that we had not observed on entering the street that it was enfiladed by the *tete-de-pont* of the Purisima on the right. The same causes, with the uninterrupted cannonade, had probably prevented the garrison of that formidable work from sooner discovering our exposed position. At the Purisima, General Mejia, who was charged with the northern defenses of the city, commanded in person, and his artillerists having us "in a string," kept the street so full of balls that the escape of the regiment from utter destruction seems now, in a calm retrospect of the affair, almost miraculous. But our men displayed much coolness and dexterity in the emergency, and dividing into small parties availed themselves promptly and prudently of such shelter from this new and angry cross-fire, as happened to be near.