

## CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the 21st—An express from Gen. Worth—The reconnoissance—Formation of the line of battle—Gen. Taylor's orders—Col. Garland's advance—Lieut. Dilworth—Battle commences—Volunteer divisions ordered forward—Tennessee regiment—Col. Garland's command—Major Lear—Col. Watson—Major Barbour—Lieut. Terrett—Capt. Williams—Capt. Bragg's battery—Capt. Bacchus—Gen. Quitman's division—Lieut. Hoskins—Lieut. Woods—Charge of the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments.

THE morning of the 21st dawned upon the First and Volunteer Divisions; they formed full of excitement. It was felt that the time had arrived when ditches were to be crossed, batteries stormed, and honor won at the cannon's mouth. The hearts of the Volunteers throbbed with emotion; they felt as if the eyes of the civilized world were upon them: the Regulars pursued their duties as stoically as if in the ordinary routine of discipline.

In the course of the night, Gen. Taylor had received an express from Gen. Worth, which informed him that he had arrived in position in his march toward the Saltillo road, and that he should, in the morning, storm two designated heights commanding the Bishop's Palace, as preliminary to his attack on that strong position.

The ground which divided the city of Monterey from our main camp was, to a very great extent, a limestone flat, the gorges and uneven surfaces of which were filled with a rich loam; this was divided into small fields, where grew the most luxuriant corn. Nothing could more impede the progress of our advancing army, than ground thus cut up; yet over it both Volunteers and Regulars clambered with alacrity, as soon as orders were given for the march upon the city. But little was known of the batteries to be assailed; that they were strong, was well understood; the appearance of the country suggested such a belief, and the slight observations that had been made confirmed it.

All the day, and a part of the night, previous to the 21st, the engineering corps, under the immediate command of the indefatigable Major Mansfield, had been engaged in such reconnoissances as were possible. Lieut. Pope was fortunate in discovering a battery, and becoming well acquainted with its position. Capt. Williams exposed himself to the greatest peril, by his near approaches to the enemy's lines, while all, engaged in the arduous duty, displayed the most noble courage. The engineers often passed within five hundred yards of the defences on the western side of the town, and pursued their examinations frequently under heavy discharges of grape.

Such were the circumstances under which the infantry and artillery of the First Division, and the field Division of Volunteers, were ordered under arms, and took up their march toward the city, leaving one company of each regiment as a camp-guard. The Second Dragoons, under Lieut. Col. May, and Col. Wood's regiment of mounted Texan Volunteers, under the immediate command of Gen. Henderson, were directed to the right, to support Gen. Worth, and, if practicable, make an impression upon that part of the city.

Nothing could exceed the inspiring circumstances attending the formation of the line of battle; at early dawn had been heard the distant discharges of musketry, and the booming of cannon, that told most eloquently that the Second Division had begun its work, while, as the First and field Divisions extended their long lines over the plain, the mortar, under Capt. Ramsey, and the twenty-four pounder howitzer, under Capt. Webster, opened upon the citadel and town. The Mexicans, prompt in their replies, used their pieces with astonishing accuracy; amid this roar of cannon, orders were given for the advance.

Lieut. Col. Garland was in the van; as soon as the brigade reached the plain, he was directed to proceed with the Third Infantry to the left, while the Fourth Infantry remained in its position to support the mortar battery. At the suggestion of Gen. Taylor, Gen. Twiggs ordered the First Infantry and the Baltimore battalion to sustain the Third. As Col. Garland was moving off



with his command, Gen. Taylor rode up to him, at the same time telling him to make his way to the left, and, if a good opportunity offered, take, with the bayonet, some one of the enemy's forts in that direction; he added, moreover, that Major Mansfield would be found "down that way," engaged in making observations, and that he would indicate to him the point of attack and the line of operations.

The quarry-holes, the chapparel, the strong hedges, and the tall waving corn that clustered so abundantly in the suburbs of the town, made it impossible to see any thing ahead; but Col. Garland proceeded on, and finding Major Mansfield, reported to him that he had a force at hand to attack wherever he should direct. Captains Haslett and Field, each with companies of the Third, were first detached from the main body to protect Lieut. Pope, while making a reconnoissance of the Mexican cavalry, that continually threatened the engineers. A brief consultation was then held between the commander of the troops and Major Mansfield, when the latter advised an immediate advance into the city. Col. Kinney, who was with the Major, suggested the hazard of the experiment, with the then limited knowledge of the enemy's force, and of the strength of the defences of the place. Major Mansfield, as he cast his eye along the glittering arms of his fellow soldiers, said—that he thought the enemy would run the moment that our troops were seen. Accordingly, with Col. Kinney by his side, he moved toward the town.

Col. Garland had conceived his orders to be, to attack wherever the chief engineer directed; and not being informed that his movements were only intended as a diversion in Gen. Worth's favour, he pressed onward with his troops. As soon as he was out in the open plain, and within reach of the enemy's guns, a triangular fire was opened upon him; round, grape, and canister-shot burst at once from the dark citadel on the right, the fort on the extreme north-east, and from a battery in the town. For a considerable distance, Col. Garland's command had to face this sweeping fire.

Shot frequently passed between the staff officers and through

the solid columns of the men, killing and wounding many. Among the mortally wounded fell Lieut. Dilworth, of the First Infantry; the ball that carried away his leg killed many of the men about him. Anxious to cross the bayonet with the foe, the column steadily advanced, regardless of the destructive fire. They finally reached the edge of the limestone ridge, and descended into a ravine defended on the opposite side by dead thorn hedges, enclosing corn-fields, which were intersected by narrow lanes. Across the ravine, over the thorn, and up the lanes, the men rushed; when suddenly they were checked by discovering, immediately before them, a breastwork and deep trench. This breastwork held such a commanding position, that if its batteries opened, the destruction of all who were approaching it seemed inevitable. The soldiers, however, pressed forward, and passed the battery to the right, when, to the surprise and relief of all, it was found to have been abandoned. After the brigade, Bragg followed with his artillery. The suburbs of the city were now passed, and the narrow streets, peculiar to Mexican cities, began to present themselves. As soon as the troops were within striking distance, *they opened with heavy discharges of small arms.*

While these events were transpiring, the Volunteer Division had taken position near the mortar battery. The instant that the report of small arms was heard, Gen. Taylor knew that Col. Garland had engaged with a heavy force of the enemy, and he issued immediate orders for his support. The Fourth Infantry went forward to join the other two regiments; and Gen. Quitman's brigade, composed of Col. Davis's Mississippi riflemen and Col. Campbell's Tennessee volunteers, were ordered to march in the same direction as the Fourth, followed by the Ohio regiment of Harmer's brigade, the whole commanded by Gen. Butler. The Kentucky regiment remained on the plain, to protect the mortar and howitzers. The Volunteers, for more than a mile, pressed forward under a fire so heavy that the veteran Col. Croghan is said to have pronounced it as *unprecedented in his experience*. The wind of passing balls and bombs continually fanned their faces, and men and officers continually fell around; still there was no flinching. A twelve



pound shot literally passed through the closed ranks of the Tennessee regiment, throwing fragments of human beings into the air, and drenching the living with gore.

As the Volunteers neared the city, the Ohio regiment, under the immediate command of Gen. Butler, bore to the right, while the Tennesseans and Mississippians followed the "Fourth."

Col. Garland had entered the city about two hundred yards to the right of the first battery: he found the houses of solid masonry, on the tops of most of which were parapets pierced for musketry, from which there poured down a continued fire of small arms, which mingled with the shot from the citadel, and the canister, grape, and round shot from the numerous works in front. Suddenly the van came upon a battery that opened a deadly fire from all of its embrasures, while the intervening houses seemed glowing hot. Our troops entirely exposed, and ignorant of localities, received this murderous fire, the officers, the while, cheering on their commands.

But death was busy; every instant noble forms fell prostrate; so terrible, indeed, was the fire that the dead and wounded actually lay in pyramids. Major Mansfield, in his dangerous office of seeking for available places of attack, accompanied by Col. Kinney, was seen, as if with a charmed life, amid the concentrated fire.

Col. Garland pressed on; the First and Third Infantry fought their way from house to house, from street to street. Major Lear, commanding the "Third," fell mortally wounded, a ball passing through his neck. In the midst of the hottest of this fire, Col. Watson rode up to Col. Garland, at the same time expressing his satisfaction at having joined him. Col. Garland mentioned the necessity of having the Baltimore battalion to support the regulars. Col. Watson dashed off—at that moment his horse was shot from under him; the noble soldier sprang to his feet and ran towards his men, exclaiming that he was not hurt, and urging them on to the advance: while thus engaged, his voice actually sounding above the din of battle, a musket ball from the north-east fort severed his jugular vein; he fell, and died almost instantly, (Lieut.

Bowie and a few of his men being near him.) Major Barbour of the Third, and Lieut. Terrett of the First, were killed while nobly doing their duty. Capt. Williams of the Topographical Corps, fell, mortally wounded, upon the pavement, and was dragged, for protection, into the doorway of a house, by Lieut. Pope.

Capt. Bragg here dashed up with his battery, but he found himself in a street lined with heavy stone walls, and so narrow that he could not bring more than one of his pieces into action without hitting our own troops, or wasting his shot against solid masonry. The gun he was able to use, raked the street without doing injury to the enemy, while he was himself singularly exposed. A large number of his horses had been disabled, and the men were falling about their pieces; reporting therefore his situation to his commanding officer, he was ordered to withdraw, which was accomplished with the greatest difficulty, as he was obliged to unlimber his carriages in order to reverse them, and in returning was again exposed to the cross-fire of the citadel.

Capt. Backus of the First Infantry, with a portion of his own, and other companies, succeeded, by using the bayonet, in getting possession of a shed some one hundred and twenty yards in the rear of the north-east battery. The shed which faced the gorge of the battery was surmounted by a wall about two feet high, which proved an excellent breastwork for the men. Southward was a distillery enclosed by thick walls, and bag embrasures on the roof protected the infantry behind them. Capt. Backus drove the Mexicans, with considerable loss to them, from this building, and took possession of it.

Meanwhile, Col. Garland, finding that his command was becoming scattered in every direction, and that whenever a man or officer showed himself he was instantly shot down, and also feeling that it would be impossible to collect a sufficient quantity of troops to effect any thing by a *coup de main*, by Major Mansfield's advice, ordered his men to retire; intending, however, to re-form them for effective duty, having then learned, although at great cost, something definite of the enemy's positions.

Capt. Backus, who with his command was separated from his



regiment, perceived that the firing on our side had ceased, although his men were still keeping up an effective one, in the midst of which he received orders to retire; when about to do so, he heard a discharge of small arms *in front* of the fort, and at the same time the heavy pieces opened in the same direction.

The Volunteer Divisions under Gen. Quitman, preceded by two companies of the Fourth, had now gained the front of the redoubt; the regulars far in the advance, and not more than ninety strong, received its concentrated fire, which in an instant struck down one-third of their number, among whom were the noble Lieuts. Hoskins and Woods, who were instantly killed; Lieut. Graham, while in advance of his men, and with uplifted arm waving them on, fell, mortally wounded.

Capt. Backus, who had ceased firing, at once determined to remain in his position. Re-posting his men on the stone-roofed shed, and on the distillery, he commenced a deliberate and destructive fire upon the gorge of the fort, killing the enemy at their guns. At the same time that the Mexicans found themselves assailed so hotly in their rear, they perceived the Volunteer Division, twelve hundred strong, approaching in order of battle, and upon this extended line they dissipated the fire of their artillery.

The ground immediately in front of the fort was level, and the Volunteers coolly formed under the guns. Meanwhile, the Mississippi regiment, on their right, was led on by Gen. Quitman, who commanded in person. The Volunteers, as they advanced, used their rifles with great effect, and as they neared the fort, charged in gallant style, it being a matter of rivalry between the two attacking regiments, which should be first upon the walls. The Mexicans, assailed, at once, with musketry in the rear, and the rifles of the Volunteers in front, abandoned their works precipitately, and fled. But few remained to dispute for the mastery, with the gallant spirits who first mounted the ramparts. Col. Davis's men were fortunate in finding, immediately in front of them, an open embrasure, into which they poured as if driven by a storm. Lieut. Col. McClung leaped the ditch, and was probably the first man on the parapet, sword in hand, and brandishing it over his head, he sprang

among the enemy; his regiment rushed after him, thus gallantly cheered on by their colonel. A Mexican officer presented his sword to Lieut. Col. McClung, who, while in the act of accepting, received a severe wound in his hip. Whether the Mexican officer inflicted the wound or not, will never be known, but the Mississippians, supposing that he did, in the excitement and indignation of the moment slew him on the spot. Col. Campbell's regiment, in the mean time, had successfully assaulted the left, and almost simultaneously with the fall of Lieut. Col. McClung, unfurled their colors to the breeze, as a signal of success, thus having had the honor of raising the first American flag that ever waved upon the embattled walls of Monterey.



## CHAPTER VII.

The Ohio regiment—Gen. Butler—Mexican Cavalry—Bragg's, Ridgely's, and Webster's batteries—Col. Garland's command—*The tête du pont*—Destructive fire—Capt. L. N. Morris—Major Graham—Capt. Bainbridge—Mexican Lancers—Gen. Henderson's Texans—Brutality of the Mexicans—The battlefield—The wounded—Lieut. Skerrett—The close of the day—Gen. Taylor in the battle.

WHILE the events recorded in the previous chapter were transpiring, Major Gen. Butler, with the First Ohio regiment, entered the town on the right of the first battery, and pursuing the instructions of the commander-in-chief, felt his way into that part of the city, under the fire of a continuous line of batteries in front and flank. After traversing several squares in this manner, Gen. Butler came up with Major Mansfield, who advised the withdrawal of the command, stating, that in the advance were works, the fire of which would sweep all before them. Gen. Butler, knowing that Gen. Taylor was but a short distance in the rear, galloped back and communicated the information, in consequence of which, an order was given for a retrograde movement. Almost instantly afterward, one of Gen. Taylor's staff informed him that the north-east fort had been taken, when he countermanded the order for the withdrawal of the Ohio regiment, being determined to hold the batteries and defences already gained. Gen. Butler was then directed to enter the city farther to the left, in the direction of the second battery, in the line running along the San Juan, and, if it was practicable, carry it by storm. The work was a strong one, flanked by a stone wall ten feet high; in front was a deep ditch, while the rear was covered by a strong force of musketry under complete shelter. Two other batteries on the right swept the ground leading to it, while it was impossible to obtain an exact knowledge of them until immediately upon them.

As the Ohio regiment continued on, the concentrated fire became overwhelming. Col. Mitchell, commanding the regiment, fell from his horse severely wounded; at the same time a musket-ball struck Gen. Butler below the knee, which caused such a loss of blood that he was compelled to retire. The regiment was then ordered into open ground in the suburbs of the city, where it was less exposed than in the streets, yet in a favorable place for obtaining the actual position of the enemy's strongholds.

A large body of Mexican cavalry that had been hovering under the guns of the citadel, and occasionally making a demonstration upon the rear of our troops, where small and unsupported parties of our men were collecting the killed and wounded, were seen approaching the Ohioans. The regiment took position in line under cover of a brush fence, and repulsed the Lancers, not, however, until they had speared several of our wounded who lay upon the ground. The Mexicans soon returned with reinforcements to the charge, the whole forming a body supposed to be at least one thousand strong. Gen. Taylor, observing the movement, ordered Capt. Bragg, and Capt. Miller of the First Infantry, with a mixed command to support him, to advance and open their fire upon them. The attention of the Lancers being directed toward the Ohio troops, Capt. Bragg was enabled to pour upon them an unexpected and destructive fire, which caused them to retreat with confusion and precipitation to the protection of the walls of the citadel.

Fragments of the various regiments engaged were now under cover of the captured battery, and the buildings on its front and right. The field-batteries of Capts. Bragg and Ridgely were also partially covered in the same way, although an incessant fire was kept up upon their position from the second battery, from other works near it, still in the possession of the enemy, and from the citadel. One twelve pounder of the captured artillery was placed in battery and directed against "No. 2," until the arrival of Capt. Webster's howitzer battery which took its place.

Gen. Taylor was still determined to take, if possible, the second fort, which, from its spiteful and incessant fire, was called by our



men, "the devil's own;" to accomplish which, he ordered the Baltimore battalion, with such men as could be collected of the First, Third, and Fourth regiments, the whole under command of Col. Garland, to enter the town and carry the work if possible. The moment the command had left the cover of the captured battery, it was exposed to a galling fire, from almost every point, of musketry, escopets, and artillery. Down every street they crossed, was poured a hail-storm of missiles; batteries with fiery embrasures were met in every direction; yet, on they pushed in spite of the doings of death about them; the officers in the lead showing a spirit worthy of the ardor of their men. Several gardens were passed through, the command then marched up a street that ran parallel with the fort; hoping by this means to approach its rear as nearly as possible, and also to find a crossing over a deep canal that was between them and the work; as they progressed they discovered that over this canal was thrown a splendid bridge, its lower works serving as a dam. The *tête du pont* was strongly fortified by walls, with embrasures for two cannons thrown across the streets leading to it. The whole was still farther strengthened by deep ditches in front. This work was full of Mexican infantry, who also swarmed upon the house-tops in the vicinity. Upon the opposite end of the bridge were placed two pieces of artillery, and the whole of these defences, of which our soldiers previously knew nothing, opened simultaneously upon them, while crowded into a narrow street. Here officers and men were again literally mowed down. Detached parts of companies succeeded in getting into many of the houses and yards, and discharged their pieces whenever an enemy could be seen. Here it was that the undaunted courage of the American soldier displayed itself. Under this sweeping storm they continued to advance by file, steadily deliver their fire, retire and load, and then return to the attack, as deliberately as if it were mere holiday practice. It was at this time that so many gallant spirits fell. Capt. L. N. Morris was shot down, and Lieut. Haslett, while dragging him into a house, was mortally wounded. At this critical moment, the command of the Third devolved upon Capt. Henry, who had in the morning entered the

contest, with five seniors in his regiment, Brevet Major Graham commanding the Fourth; and Capt. Bainbridge had already been wounded, and compelled to retire. In spite of these continued losses, Col. Garland determined to hold his position, and, accordingly, despatched two officers to bring into the action the artillery batteries. Notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances under which we attacked the enemy in these strongholds, our fire told with great effect; and they often faltered at their batteries, but the constant arrival of reinforcements to them, joined with the fact that the ammunition of our men was nearly expended, and the artillery had not come up, caused Gen. Taylor to order the troops to retire, which they did in the greatest good order; although they bore off with them many of their killed and wounded, and suffered under a fire severer, if possible, than before.

On arriving at the captured redoubt, both men and officers were ordered to protect themselves, by lying flat upon the ground, under cover of a slight embankment. Here, although exposed to bullets and shells, they remained until ordered into the fort. That was a dark moment in the history of the first day's assault on Monterey, when Col. Garland returned. Very many of the flower of the army, both regulars and volunteers, had been cut down. The First Division that had in the morning so proudly entered the city, was thinned in numbers, and surrounded by the dead and dying.

Gen. Taylor had, throughout the day, been in the thickest of the fight; coolly, on foot, he directed the different movements, but at this time had remounted his horse. His face was noticed to wear an expression that told too plainly how deeply he felt the responsibility of his situation. As he was riding a short distance from the fort, an express dashed up, with information from the Second Division. The old general's dark eye lit up with pleasure; he rode up to the redoubt, and removing his cap, said: "Fellow-soldiers, I have heard from Gen. Worth, he has already carried two of the enemy's batteries. Who will join me in three cheers for him and his brave comrades?"



The arch of heaven resounded with the response, and many a poor fellow expended his last breath to join the animated huzzas. The Mexicans for a moment ceased playing their guns, but only to commence anew with increased ardor.

At this time, a body of Lancers, who had been stationed on the opposite side of the river, advanced to within six hundred yards of the captured battery, and commenced a destructive fire with their escopets, which wounded several of our men. Gen. Taylor ordered Ridgely to get a howitzer in position and give them a few shells; this order was promptly obeyed. At the third discharge a shell exploded in their very midst, killing horses and men, and causing them to fly in panic, a cheer from our side accelerating their speed. A body of Mexican sharp shooters advanced on the right, and commenced firing from that point. Capt. Cheever's company of Claiborne volunteers, attached to the Fourth Infantry, was ordered to drive them back. This was done, although in the face of a raking fire from the fort.

While Col. Garland's command was at the *tête du pont*, Gen. Taylor sent an express for Gen. Henderson, who, with his second Texan regiment, was a considerable distance to the right. Gen. Henderson hastened to obey the order; when a mile from the captured redoubt, he dismounted his men, and they proceeded on foot. When the regiment reached the fort, it was, with the first division, ordered back to camp. The march of the Texans was over the whole length of the plain, across which, the enemy had during the afternoon directed their guns at every living thing. Sometimes at the moving columns, but oftener at those who were busy succoring the wounded, or removing the dead. Often did a party of our men, even while in the act of rendering some kind office to suffering humanity, find the twelve-pound shot ricocheting over their heads, or striking among them, adding numbers to the already suffering whom they were endeavoring to relieve. Appalling indeed were the scenes on that field of carnage. Many of the wounded writhed in agony, and others, quiet in their last hour of life, gazed with anxious eyes toward the sinking sun; their faces, in the morning glowing with health, were now wan as

if with months of consuming disease. All begged but for one drop of water to quench the thirst that consumed their vitals. Along the pathway of the shot that fairly raked through the solid columns of the Tennessee regiment, lay extended the dead in every conceivable position of horror, headless trunks, and limbless bodies cut in twain. The faces of some wore the placid smile of happiness; in others, the life-blood had ebbed away, leaving the expression of defiance and revenge marked upon the inanimate clay. The wounded strove to creep about, or thrown hurriedly into wagons, to be conveyed to the surgeons, were in despair; for they knew well that war permitted no care for their condition, no thought for their relief, no gentle sympathy for their pain, and before them was wasting disease, perhaps lingering death. Far from home, no assiduous friend, no affectionate sister, no living mother soothed their anguish. The poor private died unnoticed and unknown, yet by some quiet hearthstone, far from the tumult of cities, tears will be shed for his fall; the stern old father will nerve himself to his loss, by the thought that the sacrifice was made for his country, while the aged mother's heart bleeds with a wound time cannot heal. To such retreats must we go, if we would learn all the suffering that resulted from that scene before the walls of Monterey.

The day was already spent, when the regulars of the First Division, and Capt. Ridgely, were detailed as guards to the captured works; the whole under Lieut. Col. Garland. One battalion of the first Kentucky regiment was ordered to reinforce this command, and intrenching tools were procured, that additional strength might be given to the works. With the darkness, commenced a drizzling rain, rendered more chilling by a cold north wind. The poor fellows, who had fought all day without food, still worked on, while such as were permitted the luxury of repose, sought it upon the cold damp earth, without even a blanket to shield them from the storm. Lieut. Skerrett of the Engineers, with details of men from every regiment, labored all the night with the greatest assiduity. Several small houses were torn down, the walls of which were used for barricades, and to further strengthen the defences



of the place, the ditch of the fort was widened; so incessant was the labor, that by the morning a protection had been made from the fire of "the devil's own," and the fort rendered almost impregnable to assault. The Claiborne volunteers occupied the distillery, from the walls of which, the sentinel, as he walked his lonely rounds, by the light of the Mexican rockets that continually hissed through the air, to prevent surprises from a night attack, saw the enemy at his feet, looking mysterious and grim.

So closed, to the first and volunteer divisions, the memorable day of the twenty-first. On that day also had been witnessed a scene which has no precedent in military history. The Commander-in-chief was in the fiercest of the fight; where poured the thickest iron and copper hail, there was he seen apparently ignorant of danger; and wherever he appeared, new energies were created; the faltering column was nerved to giant strength, the remnant of a gallant company forgot its losses and pressed on; while officers who had nobly led their men, and seen them fall around them, under the sagacious eye of their great leader, aroused themselves to new exertions. Hard indeed would it be for the philosopher of the workings of the human mind to fathom the depths of care and anxiety that rested on Gen. Taylor on that day. He was far in an enemy's country, with but few troops, to whom he bore, by his great sympathy and constant intercourse, almost the relation of a father. It was no wonder that Capt. Henry and other officers so closely surrounded his person, as he passed through the streets of the city, upon which the fortifications around the *tête du pont* concentrated their fire. It seemed a miracle, that amid the dying and the dead, so thickly strewn around, he remained unharmed. An overruling providence shielded and protected him from the thousand perils with which he was surrounded.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The morning of the 21st—Gen. Worth's division—Charge of the Lancers—Death of the Mexican colonel—West side of Monterey—Capt. McKavett—Capt. C. F. Smith's command—Storming of Federation hill—The Eighth regiment—The Fifth, and Blanchard's Louisianians—Carrying the heights—Gen. P. F. Smith—Carrying the second fort—Nightfall.

AT daylight, on the morning of the 21st, the division under Gen. Worth was put in motion, with such formation as to present the readiest order of battle, at any point assailed. In a few moments only, as it was turning the point of a ridge that pushed the column towards the base of Independence hill, the battery upon its heights opened, firing shot and shell as fast as the pieces could be discharged, doing little execution, however, as they were principally directed at the baggage train, the enemy supposing the wagons were filled with troops. The winding road soon carried our men beyond the reach of the guns, although they continued an impotent firing. The head of the column approached near the Saltillo road, when, turning suddenly round the point of an abrupt hill, there was discovered a strong force of cavalry and infantry, while upon the ascending ground that lay between the road and the Bishop's Palace, were to be seen, waving above the growing corn-tops, the green and red pennons of another body of Lancers.

McCulloch's and Acklen's companies being in the advance, deployed to the right of the road, and dismounted under cover of the chapparel. They were, however, too distant to effect any thing with their rifles; and upon discovering it, they deliberately abandoned their concealment, remounted, with orders to come within reach of the enemy, dismount, and protect themselves under cover of a fence bounding a corn-field on the left of the road. This maneuver was accomplished without opposition, although performed in full view of the enemy, who then charged, or more