

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

properly dashed up the road, firing their escopetts as they passed, at the Texians; they in turn sustaining a murderous fire, which dropped them in great numbers from their horses; yet they gallantly rushed on, their colonel commanding attracting universal attention by his chivalrous conduct.

The regular skirmishers, under Capt. C. F. Smith and Capt. Scott, now opened upon the approaching Lancers, two companies of the Eighth regiment at the same time charging upon them, while a portion of McCulloch's men, under Capt. Walker, who had remained mounted, engaged them in a hand to hand conflict.

Never was there an enemy more vigorously assailed; parties of the regulars entered the corn-fields, and opened upon such of the Mexicans as were in the road leading to the town; our sharpshooters were possessing themselves of every point that would annoy; and dismounted Texians crept like stealthy Indians in their pathway, and, unseen, shot them down. Duncan, with his battery and a section of McCall's, was at work in one minute after the action commenced, pouring over the heads of our men a shower of grape, that struck the Mexicans to the earth, knocking horses and riders together in confused heaps, and rolling others headlong down the neighbouring steep. The enemy faltered, wheeled, and rushed down the road, again receiving the terrible fire of the Texians, who were protected behind the fence, and of the infantry posted along on the sides of the hills. Their charge and repulse was marked by the dead, nearly all who were in their advance being killed. The noble colonel, whose gallantry attracted so much attention, was last to retreat; he reined in his horse, and leisurely rode down the Texian line, one of whom raised his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired; the spirited cavalier fell, regretted by all who witnessed his bearing and his death. Ere the close of the combat, which lasted less than fifteen minutes, the First brigade had formed to the front, on the right and left, and delivered its fire; the Second brigade being held as a reserve, the ground not permitting its deployment. The enemy was pursued until Gen. Worth got possession of the gorge, where all the *debouches* from Monterey unite, whereby the forces just defeated, and also

reinforcements and supplies were excluded from entrance into the west side of the city.

Such was the brilliant end and important result of what has been termed the "Lancers' charge," of the morning of the 21st,—a charge in which the enemy displayed a readiness to face death, yet a perfect inability, in spite of their numbers, to make any impression on our troops. It is probable that one hundred Mexicans were here killed and wounded; more than thirty bodies were, on the following morning, buried in one pit, while the chapparel was known to conceal many wounded, who had crawled away hopelessly to linger and die. The loss on our side was one man.

At the gorge Gen. Worth halted, but finding that he was within effective range of the enemy's batteries, which not only opened upon him from Independence hill, but also from a heretofore unknown one, of two heavy pieces from a summit directly overhanging his position, he gave orders to move up the Saltillo road; our light artillery taking position and opening upon the fort on Palace Hill, but without effect; while the plunging fire of the enemy became so well aimed, that Capt. Duncan moved up to where Gen. Worth had established his quarters, and towards which the whole of the division moved.

Gen. Worth, upon examination, found that it was impracticable to effect any operations against the western side of the city, until the exterior forts and defences were in his possession. Aside from ulterior objects, the occupation of the heights became indispensable for the restoration of a line of communication with head-quarters, necessarily abandoned for a moment, to secure the gorge of the Saltillo road. The entrance to the city of Monterey, from the west side, as we have before described, leads along the margin of the San Juan, and is hemmed in on either side by high mountains. Across the San Juan, and opposite to the Bishop's palace, are two lofty eminences, on the crest of the nearest of which was the battery called *Federacion*, and on the same ridge, some six hundred yards eastward, was *Soledad*, the two commanding the slopes and roads in either valley, and consequently the approaches to the city. The discharges from *Federacion* hill were constant, the balls often

falling in the midst of our men. It was under this fire that Capt. McKavett of the Eighth Infantry was shot through the heart, and a private of the Fifth was mortally wounded. Without farther loss the division deployed into the various positions pointed out, beyond the reach of the enemy's guns; the excitement of the occasion being increased, by hearing at intervals a heavy firing at the other end of the town, plainly denoting the assault that had commenced there.

At noon Gen. Worth having completed his plans, determined upon the daring manœuver of carrying the different heights by storm. He ordered out four companies of the Fourth Artillery, and six companies of Texas riflemen, under Major Chevalier, in all about three hundred strong. Gen. Worth honored Capt. C. F. Smith with the command, ordering him to carry the batteries on Federation hill. Capt. Smith proceeded promptly to the execution of his allotted task. Under cover of some corn fields, he followed up the banks of the San Juan in search of a ford; upon finding one he dashed into the water, his men following him. The current was strong and deep, and it was with some difficulty that a foothold was kept, particularly when holding the heavy musket and cartridge box over the head, in places where the stream was more than waist deep. The Mexicans seemed to know that an attack was contemplated, for there was an evident bustle upon the heights, and light troops were seen descending, and arranging themselves upon the slopes. Gen. Worth presuming from this that they would make a determined resistance, ordered the Seventh regiment, under Capt. Miles, to support the storming party. Capt. Miles took a direct course to the foot of the mountain, making no attempt to conceal the movement. The river was forded directly under the battery, amid most literally a shower of balls, which, as they struck in the water, dashed the spray over the faces of the men. After crossing, the regiment formed at the base of the mountain, and in full view of the enemy, who poured down its sides musket, grape and round shot, which in their course cut through the matted chapparel, and sent fragments of rock into the air, yet not a single man was wounded during these continual discharges. Capt. Miles

was thus entirely unprotected while waiting for Capt. Smith to come up, who had from his circuitous route not yet arrived at the base of the mountain. In the meanwhile, to divert the attention of the Mexicans, Lieutenants Garrett, Gardner and Little, with small parties, clambered up the sides as skirmishers. The most intense excitement prevailed among those who witnessed, from the headquarters of Gen. Worth, the progress of the storming party. Midway in air, the enemy could be seen in force, their arms glittering, while their thundering cannon seemed to have annihilated our little band, who, hidden by the chapparel, had, by an hour's silence, awakened the deepest anxiety. Soon, however, Capt. Smith having come up and taken the lead, a rattling fire commenced from below, at first broken, then circling around the base, then wreathing up the hill. Occasionally glimpses were caught of the gallant fellows, as they sprang from cliff to cliff; rock after projecting rock developed itself as the smoke still ascended, and the enemy moved higher and higher up. The whizzing rifles of the Texians could be distinguished from the muskets of the regulars, that were discharged as regularly as if by machinery. Alarm wrought its work upon the heights, and dark lines of reinforcements were seen deploying towards the Mexican hosts, and thousands stood ready to meet the little band that still pressed upward. Gen. Worth, with eagle eye, perceived and executed. He ordered the Fifth, under Major Scott, and Blanchard's Louisiana boys, with Col. P. F. Smith, to the scene of strife. They dashed across the river, and with hasty strides reached the base of the mountain. Its perpendicular cliffs frowned upon them as they circled round to the eastern side, and began to ascend. They seemed to tread down the uneven surface, to fly across the yawning chasms, and crush the matted thorn beneath their feet. Capt. C. F. Smith's command, the while, had met the enemy, and their shouts mingled with the roar of the artillery. The cliffs had become so steep that the wide-mouthed cannon that had been belching forth their murderous volleys could no longer be depressed, and sent their shot harmlessly into the air. The voice of the noble Gillespie was heard in the van, the cruelties of Mier and San Jacinto glared before the eyes of the Texians, and nerved

their arms to invincibility, while all, surrounded by ten thousand glorious associations and hopes, rushed forward, eager to contend with the innumerable hosts that opposed them. The enemy wavered in their strongholds, the victors mounted the walls, and the stars and stripes were unfurled mid-heaven, in such shouts of triumph, that the reverberations that had heretofore come like distant thunder from the tongued valleys of the Sierre Madre, now fairly leaped along its eternal cliffs, and as if in exultation echoed back the cry of Victory! Victory!

The Fifth and Louisiana boys, perceiving that the first work was carried, pressed obliquely up the mountain to the second fort, while those already on the height hastened to their support; never was there a more glorious rivalry; the Seventh and Fifth quickened their speed. The Mexicans, still vigorous in defence, turned their guns upon the advancing columns, and poured upon them one sheeted flame; they seemed to have roused themselves to do or die. They fought valiantly; their skirmishers retreated step by step, but they could not long withstand the heavy onslaught of our troops, as they swept all before them. The three commands mingled together upon the blood-stained battlements. The Mexicans, although in multitudinous strength, were helpless with terror; they abandoned their strongholds, and precipitately rushed down the steep slopes of the mountains. The heavy muskets of Blanchard's men rattled upon the walls, and were among the first to open a way for the Americans, into the heart of the Soledad. The deserted flag of the Mexicans was torn down, and upon the ramparts the colors of the Fifth were given to the breeze; but ere their silken folds had fairly stretched upon the wind, the standard of the Seventh was unfurled in emulation. Upon the high mountain peaks that immediately overlooked Monterey, was now displayed our eagle, from beneath which, upon the proud palace of the Bishops, and the devoted city, our artillery plunged a galling fire. The bird was in his eyrie, and pluming himself to stoop, upon the morrow, for his final victory.

Gen. Worth then issued orders for the removing of our wounded and the burial of the dead. Of both, our loss was but fifteen,—

a loss singularly small; while the enemy suffered severely, and great numbers of their killed were found at different points where combats had taken place. To keep possession of the heights taken, Capt. C. F. Smith, with his regulars, was ordered to pass the night in the stronghold he had carried, while Capt. Miles, with the "Seventh," remained at El Solado. Major Scott, with the "Fifth," moved down toward the city. The sun sank behind the mountains; the dark, murky clouds that had, throughout the day, obscured its brightness, rolled upward in masses, and spread over the heavens. Without food or shelter our troops bivouacked for the night, many of them within reach of the enemy's guns. The cold winds pierced through their wet clothing, but neither cold nor the hunger of a two days' fast could destroy their enthusiasm and energy. All was cheerful and animated; not a murmur was heard, and the day to come was looked forward to as opening a field for new victories, and for adding new glories to the American arms.

CHAPTER IX.

Morning of the 22d—Gen. Worth's division—Storming of the heights above the Bishop's palace—Lieut. Col. Child's command—Independence hill—Discovery of the storming party—Scene from the heights—Gillespie and Thomas—Lieut. Roland—Preparations for assaulting the Bishop's palace—Mexican cavalry charge—The retreat—Taking of the palace—Operations of the First division—Close of the day.

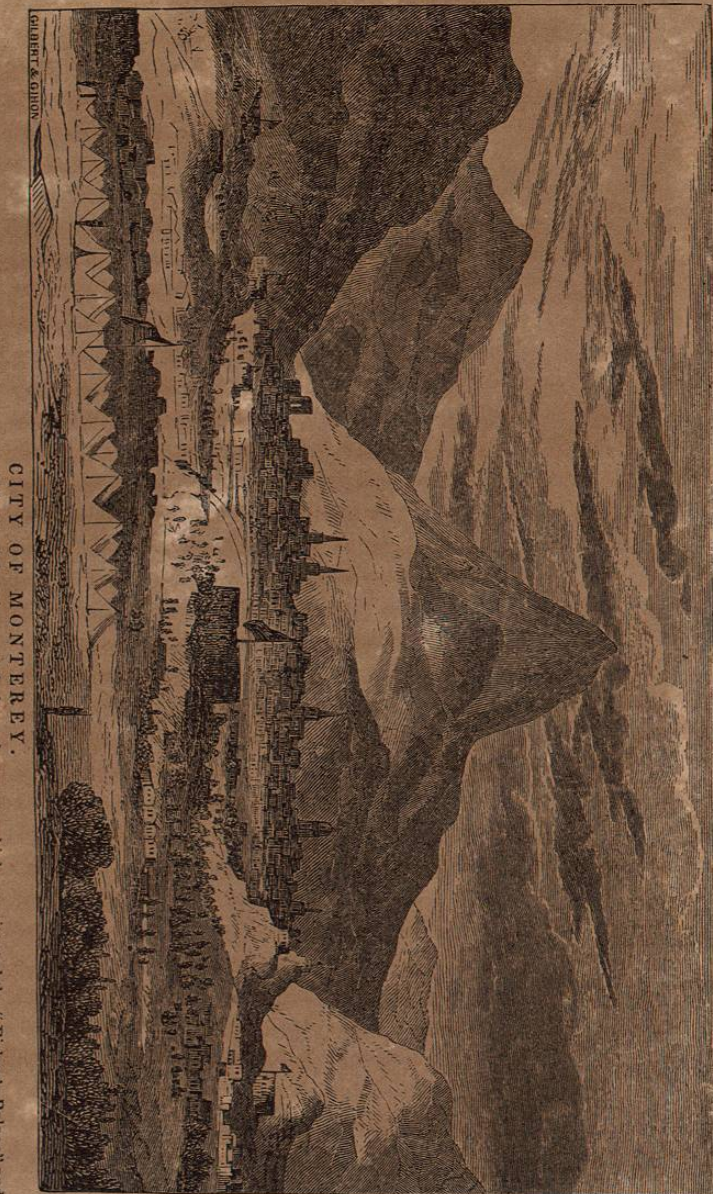
LONG before the break of day, on the 22d, the party intending to storm the heights above the Bishop's palace, took up their line of march. It consisted of three companies of the artillery battalion, under Capt. Vinton; three companies of the Eighth Infantry, under Capt. Screven; and two hundred Texan riflemen, under Colonels Hays and Walker, Lieut. Col. Childs having the command. Capt. Sanders and Lieut. Meade, Topographical Engineers, led the way.

The formation of Independence hill, upon which was situated the Bishop's palace, is well known. It presented an abrupt precipice from its crest, looking towards the mountains; but it descended towards the city gradually, until the suburbs encroached upon its base. More than midway up were reared the walls of the Episcopal edifice. By the gradual ascent, a quarter of a mile still further up, on the very crest of the mountain, was a strong breastwork of sand-bags, immediately resting upon a precipice of sixty feet perpendicular. To storm this stronghold was Col. Child's orders.

The approaching day was favorable; a dark mist hung like a cloud over the mountain, under the cover of which and the darkness, our troops were enabled to gain its base and climb far up its sides, before the enemy was aware of it, although their troops were stationed as if anticipating an attack.

With the dull light of morning Col. Childs was discovered, and the advanced pickets opened upon him from the clefts in the rocks,

In the centre is the "Cladell"; on the right are the hills Confederation and Independence, on which are situated the "Bishop's Palace" and other forts; on the left, the forts defending the town. The volunteers approached the city between the cladell and the forts on the left, the regulars under Gen. Worth, cautiously moved round to the right.



at the same time the troops in the intrenchments fired volleys wildly down the descent. Regulars and rangers quickened their steps, the latter opening with their rifles; presently the regulars gave one united shout, and charged with their bayonets. The skirmishers of the Mexicans faltered, and fell back to their breastworks. The assailing party went on, seizing hold of the chapparel that grew from the perpendicular rocks. In spite of the encumbrance of heavy muskets, the natural obstacles of the ground, and the rolling fire of the enemy, the members of it made their way to the base of the fort, over which they rushed, the Texians clubbing their rifles, and the regulars using their bayonets. It was in vain that the enemy endeavored to check the charge. The gray of the morning had not yet fairly appeared; in the mists that rolled about, our troops were exaggerated in size and numbers, and seemed pouring upon the cloud-crest hill from the very heavens. The Mexicans, in confusion, retreated down the sides of the mountain to the protecting walls of the Bishop's castle; a shout so loud announced the success of our arms, that it must have been heard in the very heart of Monterey.

What language can describe the feelings of officers and men, when the view presented from the heights fairly opened in the sunshine? Victors, they stood under the flag of their country, and found the frowning walls of the castle at their feet; below that still nestled the devoted, but beautiful city of Monterey. Looking northward up the valley of the San Juan, the mists of the opening day were seen rolling over the sides of the hills and mountains, kissing the luxuriant corn and cane-fields; while far in the vista the picturesque town of Mérida nestled among the fastnesses. Southward, the silver line of the same river seemed to have opened its way through the defiles of the mountains, blessing its banks with orange-groves and flowers, as if to dispel the eternal shadows that rest upon its pellucid waters. Across the river were seen the batteries of the Federation hill; the stars and stripes hung quietly over the ramparts, while their captors paced lazily as sentinels, or sat listlessly enjoying the scene.

But there were eyes that saw not all this beauty, but stared

wildly into the vault of heaven, yet with smiling lips that seemed to indicate that there were beauties in another world, far more transcendent than ever burst upon the vision in this—Gillespie and Thomas were among the dead.

Col. Childs had been ordered to gain the crest at any sacrifice, and wait for farther instructions. It was soon discovered that nothing could be effected against the stronghold of the Bishop's palace, the next place of assault, without too great a loss of life, unaided by artillery. Whereupon Gen. Worth ordered Lieut. Roland, of Duncan's battery, from the main camp, with a twelve-pound howitzer. This piece, in two hours, under the direction of Capt. Sanders, with a force of fifty men, was dragged up precipices, and literally lifted over yawning chasms, until it reached the perpendicular elevation of over eight hundred feet. The instant it was in position, it opened briskly with shell and shrapnel upon the outworks of the Bishop's, four hundred yards distant. The first discharge of the piece produced visible consternation in the enemy, for, besides its deadly effects, it took them by surprise—the howitzer having been previously covered by an epaulement of the captured works. As the shells went bursting into the very windows and openings of the building, the enemy retreated from the loop-holes, and hid behind the parapets.

While Roland was thus engaged, preparations were making to carry the palace by an assault. The Eighth Infantry, under Col. Staniford, the Fifth under Maj. Scott, and Blanchard's volunteers were ordered from the opposite heights. They, with the troops not engaged in the morning, were employed taking their positions. A number of them passed from the south to the north side of the mountain, and formed into columns in the ravines and hollows that stretch up its sides, where they were partially protected and concealed. On the southern side there was also a large force ready to move at a moment's warning. The time consumed in these preliminaries was so well employed by Lieut. Roland, that the enemy, driven to desperation, at the time of their completion, fortunately resolved on a charge—encouraged no doubt by the fact of seeing our forces, heretofore supporting our artillery, move down

towards the palace. The Mexicans, seeing the force was small, sallied out of the palace walls with a strong force of cavalry, joined at the same instant by another large body heretofore concealed behind the hill. Thus strengthened, the body charged up the height upon our troops, who stood their ground until the enemy came quite near; they then kept falling back. The Mexicans gained confidence by this apparent retreat, and imagining the moment had arrived when they could recover the captured work, dashed on with animation. No sooner had they got fairly beyond the protecting walls of the palace, than our concealed columns rapidly advanced up the sides of the mountain. The retreating column suddenly stood firm, and delivered a murderous fire. The enemy, although severely handled, still pushed on, when, to their consternation, they discovered our troops in their rear endeavoring to surround them, with a wall of bristling bayonets. They gave a yell of surprise, wheeled their horses, and confusedly broke for the protecting walls of the palace. The descent gave them terrible speed as they fled. Many precipitately rushed into the sally port, but a majority continued their wild flight into the city. Our troops entered the palace walls pell-mell along with the enemy, and soon cleared it of any who remained to dispute with them for its possession. A moment after, a tremendous climax of explosions from the guns of the fort and castle, mingled with the roar and rattle of small arms, and the exulting shouts of victory, high above all, announced that the Bishop's palace was ours. The American flag, by the hands of Lieut. Ayres, was made to take the place of that of Mexico, and the guns of the stronghold were turned upon the suburbs of the city.

Capt. Duncan soon arrived with his flying artillery, and posting it in front of the palace, poured a storm of iron into the barricades below, driving their defenders in confusion from them. Thus was the west end of the city possessed by Gen. Worth, with all its strongholds, and commanding positions. It was accomplished by a series of brilliant exploits, which will shed a never dying lustre upon his name, and upon Gen. Taylor's nobleness of heart, who

assigned to him in the assault on Monterey a distinct and independent command.

The day passed without any active operations in the lower part of the city. The citadel and other works in possession of the enemy kept up a constant firing. Towards noon a strong demonstration was made upon the plain. May's dragoons, Webster's battery of artillery, the First, Third and Fourth Infantry, the Baltimore battalion, the Kentucky and Ohio regiments, appeared in battle array. Thus situated, they were passive spectators, although distant ones, of the taking of the Bishop's palace. The atmosphere was clear, and the incessant fire of musketry and cannon was distinctly heard, while our troops and the enemy's, in masses, could easily be distinguished. In the midst of the excitement naturally induced, a piece of artillery opened from the height above the palace, and by its rapid discharges showed it did good execution. "Was it the enemy," or "our friends?" was asked by a thousand anxious voices. An express from Gen. Worth explained the mystery. It was Roland's well-served piece.

CHAPTER X.

Morning of the 23d—Fort Diablo—Order of Battle—Gen. Quitman's division—Gen. Henderson's command—Gen. Lamar and Col. Wood—Terrible assault—Its effects—Letter from Governor Morales—The second division—Entrance into the city—East end of the city—Major Munroe—Gen. Ampudia—The plaza—Nightfall.

ON Tuesday night the enemy abandoned Fort "Diablo," which being discovered at daylight the following morning, (the 23d,) it was reported to the commander-in-chief, who immediately ordered Gen. Quitman to take possession of it, which was promptly done by a portion of the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments. The enemy having withdrawn their artillery during the night, nothing of value fell into our hands. A report at this time became prevalent that the enemy was retreating in great numbers by the Caderita road. Gen. Henderson was promptly ordered to mount the second Texan regiment for pursuit. Simultaneous with the march of the Texan regiment, Twiggs's division, composed of Wilson's and Garland's brigades, Hamer's brigade of volunteers, Bragg's artillery, and May's dragoons, moved in order of battle towards the town.

The moment Gen. Quitman's troops had taken possession of the abandoned fort, the enemy still holding possession of the strong houses in the vicinity, and particularly of a horn work, two hundred yards distant, giving them, under cover, an opportunity to fire into the gorge of the fort, it was found necessary to dislodge them. Gen. Taylor at this time arrived at the field of operations, and gave Gen. Quitman orders to advance in the direction of the horn work, and, if practicable, to occupy it. It was evident that the approaches to the city in that direction were all strongly fortified. Gen. Quitman proceeded with great prudence; he first sent out a party of riflemen under Lieut. Groves, to reconnoitre, sup-