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Winfield Scott

THE LIFE

OF

WINFIELD SCOTT.

BY

J. T. Headley
J. T. HEADLEY,

AUTHOR OF "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS," "WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS,"

&c., &c., &c.

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER, 124 GRAND STREET.

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P R E F A C E .

FOR nearly half a century General Scott has occupied a prominent position in the history of the nation, but never one on which the eyes of men were fixed with such intense absorbing interest, as on that which he at present holds. After a man has reached seventy-five, nothing more can ordinarily be written of him than his obituary notice, but the most important portion of Scott's history is yet to be written. Though he has passed his threescore-and-ten, his great work is yet to be done. Had his lot been similar to that of ordinary mortals he, to-day, would be like a noble old vessel which, after having long battled with the elements and carried her country's flag triumphantly over every sea, was at last quietly anchored in a peaceful haven, to go no more out on the troubled deep. Instead of this, however, he is like that vessel set afloat on a last desperate voyage, and with all sail crowded upon her, launched forth amid the wildest storm that ever blew, whose destiny at best, even if it survives the tempest, will be to sink in the subsiding swell, but never more to reach the peaceful haven it has left. Be

this as it may we trust and believe that he will live to see the great scheme he has devised for the suppression of this unnatural rebellion successfully carried out and the flag of the union waving over an undivided country.

In view of the struggle on which he has entered I have thought it desirable to trace his past history up to the present time, on which such momentous destinies hang, to refresh our memory with an account of his gallant deeds, and to contemplate from the new point we occupy, the man to whom we have committed our destiny.

A grateful people will soon be called to close up the record of his glory, and place him beside Washington, while one epitaph will answer for both, "SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY."

Those who are interested in the military career of the chief leaders of the rebel army, who won all their laurels under the Stars and Stripes and leadership of the noble old patriot they are now in arms against, will find some account of them in the latter part of the work.

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WINFIELD SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

Scott's Birth and Parentage—Became a Lawyer—Enters the Army—His Trial by Court-martial and Suspension—His Studies—Re-enters the Army—Battle of Queenstown—Scott a Prisoner—Conflict with Two Indians—Protection of his Irish Soldiers—Attack and Capture of Fort George.

WINFIELD SCOTT was born on the 13th of June, 1786, near Petersburg, Virginia. His ancestors were Scotch. The elder brother of his grandfather fell on the field of Culloden; and the latter, involved in the same rebellion, emigrated to this country, and commenced the practice of law in Virginia. He lived, however, but a few years, leaving two sons and several daughters. Winfield was the youngest of the sons, and was only five years of age at the time of his father's death. Twelve years after, the wife followed the husband to the grave, and young Scott, seventeen years old, was left an orphan in the world. It was determined by those who had the charge of him, to give him an education, and he was placed at a High School in Richmond, under the charge of Mr. Ogilvie,

a man of distinction. Thence he went to William and Mary's College, and attended law lectures for a year or more. He finished his legal studies under Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, and in 1806 was admitted to the bar. He had galloped through his course at a pace that precluded thoroughness, and proper fitness for his profession. Preparatory studies, college, law course, and all, occupied only three years, and at the age of twenty he was a practising lawyer. The rapidity with which he disposed of the piles of learning, ordinarily deemed essential to a finished lawyer, remind one of Goldsmith, who went through the whole circle of sciences in Edinburgh in six months.

Not succeeding very well around his native place, young Scott removed to Charleston, in the hopes of establishing himself there; but the laws of the State forbade any one to practise law within its limits who had not been a resident for at least one year, and failing to obtain an exemption in his favor, he abandoned his project, and returned to Virginia. At this time the troubles with England began to assume a more serious character, and the expectation became general that they would end in war. Scott shared in this expectation, and like many other gallant young men of the south, turned from the profession of law to the army. In the spring of 1808, a bill for the enlargement of the army passed Congress, and Scott,

who had applied for a commission in the new regiments, was appointed a captain of light artillery. During this year the purchase of Louisiana from France was effected, and General Wilkinson was stationed there to protect New Orleans from any hostile acts on the part of Great Britain. Scott belonged to his division. The next year Hampton assumed the command, though Wilkinson remained on the field of operations. Scott, coinciding with those who believed that Wilkinson was in Burr's confidence, and hence involved in the conspiracy of the latter, indulged rather freely in remarks on his superior officer. As a natural consequence, he was arrested and tried by court-martial. The first charge, intended as a mere rider to the second, that he had intentionally withheld money from his troops, was declared groundless. The second, of unofficer-like conduct in using disrespectful language towards his superior officer, was sustained, for Scott acknowledged it, and attempted to justify it. Failing in this, he was suspended from the army for one year. To a sensitive, ambitious young officer, panting for distinction, this arrest of his footsteps on the threshold of his career, was painful in the extreme; yet he lived to be thankful for it. Returning to Virginia, he cast about to see how he should spend the interval of idleness. His fortunate star guided him to B. Watkins Leigh, who advised him to devote himself to the study of his pro

fession,—especially military tactics. He offered him his library and his house, and Scott spent the year in mastering his profession. The knowledge of military art he gained during this period of his disgrace, the caution and skill it taught him to mingle with his chivalric feelings and boiling courage, laid the foundation of his after brilliant career.

The cloud at this time along the political horizon gathered thicker and darker every hour, and the young captain of artillery feared it would burst before he should assume his place and rank. The hollow, disgraceful peace, however, continued, and at the close of the year he again took his position in the army.

The next year, war was declared, and a month after, in July, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the 2d artillery, then under the command of Izard, and was ordered to the Niagara frontier to assist the army of invasion. The two companies of Towson and Barker were under his command, with which he was to protect the navy yard at Black Rock.

At this time the northern army, numbering between eight and ten thousand soldiers, was principally concentrated in two points. One portion lay near Plattsburgh and Greenbush, and was under the direct command of General Dearborn, who was also commander-in-chief of all the forces on the northern

frontier. The other portion was congregated at Lewistown, under the command of General Stephen Van Rensalaer, of New York, while 1,500 regulars, under General Smythe lay at Buffalo, a few miles distant. There were a few troops stationed also at Ogdensburg, Sackett's Harbor, and Black Rock.

The discontent produced by Hull's surrender, and the loud complaints against the inaction of the northern army, together with the consciousness that something must be done to prevent the first year of war from closing in unmixed gloom, induced General Van Rensalaer to make a bold push into Canada, and by a sudden blow attempt to wrest Jamestown from the enemy, and there establish his winter quarters.

The cutting out of two English brigs* from under the guns of Fort Erie, by Lieutenant Elliot with some fifty volunteers, created an enthusiasm in the American camp of which Gen. Van Rensalaer determined to avail himself.

Giving the command of the expedition to his cousin, Col. Solomon Van Rensalaer, a brave and chivalric officer, the latter on the 13th of October, at the head of three hundred militia, accompanied by Col. Chrystie with three hundred regular troops,

* One of those, the Caledonia, afterwards did good service as a part of the fleet of Perry on Lake Erie. The other having gone aground, was burnt, to prevent recapture.

began to cross the river. It wanted still an hour to daylight, when the two columns stood in battle array on the shore. Through carelessness or inability to obtain them there were not sufficient boats to take all over at once, and they were compelled to cross in detachments. The boat which carried Col. Chrystie being badly managed, was swept away by the current, and finally compelled to re-land on the American shore. This gallant officer was wounded while thus drifting in the stream, yet soon after he made another attempt to cross, and succeeding, led his troops nobly until the close of the action.

Col. Van Rensalaer having effected a landing, formed on the shore and marched gallantly forward. The whole force at this time did not exceed one hundred men. These, however, were led up the bank and halted to wait the arrival of the other troops that kept arriving, a few boat loads at a time. But daylight now having dawned, the exposed position of this detachment rendered it a fair mark for the enemy, who immediately opened their fire upon it. In a few minutes every commissioned officer was either killed or wounded. Col. Van Rensalaer finding that the bank of the river afforded very little shelter, determined with the handful under his command, to storm the heights. But he had now received four wounds, and scarcely able to stand,

gave the command to Captains Ogilvie and Wool,* who gallantly led on and swept everything before them. The fort was carried and the heights occupied, amid the loud huzza of the troops. The enemy were driven into a strong stone house, from which they made two unsuccessful attempts to regain the ground they had lost. Brock flushed with the easy victory he had gained over Hull, rallied them by his presence, and while attempting to lead on the grenadiers of the 49th, fell mortally wounded. This for a time gave the Americans undisturbed possession of the heights, and great efforts were now made to bring over the other troops. Gen. Van Rensalaer, after the fall of his cousin, crossed over and took the command, but hastening back to urge on the embarkation of the militia, the command fell on Gen. Wadsworth, who, however, cheerfully gave the control of the movements to more experienced officers.

Daylight had seen this brave little band form on the shores of the river under a galling fire, the morning sun glittered on their bayonets from the heights of Queenstown. The victory seemed won; and the day so gloriously begun would have closed in brighter effulgence, had not the militia on the farther side refused to cross over to the assistance of their hard-pressed comrades. A stone house near

* Now General Wool.

the bank defended by two light pieces of artillery, still played on the boats that attempted to cross, and the Americans on the Canada side, having no artillery, were unable to take it. The firing from this, and soon after the appearance of a large body of Indians on the field of battle, so frightened the militia, that neither entreaties nor threats could induce them to embark. Through utter want of orderly management, half of the twenty boats had been destroyed or lost, still it was not the want of the means of transportation that held them back, but *conscientious scruples about invading an enemy's territory*. Attempting to mask their cowardice under this ridiculous plea they stood and saw the dangers thicken around their comrades who had relied on their support, without making a single effort to save them from destruction.

Lieutenant-colonel Scott by a forced march through mud and rain, had arrived at Lewistown with his regiment at four o'clock in the morning, and just as the troops were embarking. He begged permission to take part in the expedition, but the arrangements having all been made, his request was denied. He therefore planted his guns on the shore and opened his fire on the enemy. But seeing how small a proportion of troops were got across, and perceiving also the peril of Van Rensalaer's detachment, his young and gallant heart could no longer allow him to be an

idle spectator, and taking one piece of artillery he jumped into a boat with his adjutant Roach, and pushed for the opposite shore. Wadsworth immediately gave the command of the troops to him, and his chivalric bearing and enthusiastic language soon animated every heart with new courage. Six feet five inches in height and in full uniform, he presented a conspicuous mark for the enemy. Had his regiment been with him, Queenstown would have been a second Chippewa.

Considerable reinforcements, however, had arrived, swelling the number to six hundred, of whom three hundred and fifty were regular troops. Those, Scott, assisted by the cool and skilful Capt. Zitten, soon placed in the most commanding positions, and waited for further reinforcements. Just before, a body of five hundred Indians, whom the firing had suddenly collected, joined the beaten light troops of the English. Encouraged by this accession of strength, the latter moved again to the assault, but were again driven back in confusion. Still the enemy kept up a desultory engagement. On one occasion, the Indians, issuing suddenly from the forest, surprised a picket of militia, and following hard on their flying tracks, carried consternation into that part of the line. Scott, who was in the rear, showing the men how to unspike a gun, hearing the tumult, hastened to the front, and rallying a

few platoons, scattered those wild warriors with a single blow. But while the day was wearing away in this doubtful manner, a more formidable foe appeared on the field. General Sheaffe, commanding at Fort George, had heard the firing in the morning, and a little later the news of the death of Brock was brought him. His troops were immediately put in motion, and soon after midday the little band that had from day dawn bravely breasted the storm, saw from the heights they had so gallantly won, a column eight hundred and fifty strong, approaching the scene of combat. Not in haste or confusion, but with slow and measured tread, they continued to advance. The three hundred Americans watched the approach of this new force with undaunted hearts, and turned to catch the outlines of their own advancing columns, but not a bayonet was moving to their help. At this critical moment news arrived of the shameful mutiny that had broke out on the opposite shore. The entreaties of Van Rensalaer, and the noble example of Wadsworth, and the increasing peril of their comrades, were wholly unavailing—not a soul would stir. This sealed the fate of the American detachment. Three hundred, sustained by only one piece of artillery against the thirteen hundred of the enemy—their number when the junction of the advancing column with the remaining troops and the Indian allies should be effected—

constituted hopeless odds. General Van Rensselaer, from the opposite shore, saw this, and sent word to Wadsworth to retreat at once, and he would send every boat he could lay hands on to receive the fugitives. He however, left everything to his own judgment. Colonels Chrystie and Scott, of the regulars, and Mead, Strahan, and Allen of the militia, and officers Ogilvie, Wool, Totten, and Gibson McChesney, and others, presented a noble yet sorrowful group, as they took council over this message of the commander-in-chief. Their case was desperate, yet they could not make up their minds to retreat. Col. Scott mounting a log in front of his troops, harangued them in a strain worthy of the days of chivalry. He told them their condition was desperate, but that Hull's surrender must be redeemed. "Let us then die," he exclaimed, "arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall, and our country's wrongs. Who dare to stand?" a loud "ALL" rang sternly along the line.* In the meantime Gen. Sheaffe had arrived, but instead of advancing immediately to the attack, slowly marched his column the whole length of the American line, then countermarched it, as if to make sure that the little band in front

* Vide Mansfield's Life of Scott.

was all the force he had to overcome. All saw at a glance that resistance was useless, and retreat almost as hopeless. The latter, however, was resolved upon, but the moment the order was given to retire, the whole broke in disorderly flight towards the river. But there were no boats to receive them, and a flag of truce was sent to the enemy. The messenger, however, never returned; another and another shared the same fate. At last Scott tied a white handkerchief to his sword, and accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, crept under one of the precipices, down the river, till he arrived where a gentle slope gave an easy ascent, when the three made a push for the road, which led from the valley to the heights. On the way they were met by Indians, who having fired on the officers, rushed forward, with their tomahawks, to kill them. They would soon have shared the fate of the other messengers, but for the timely arrival of a British officer, with some soldiers, who took the officers to Gen. Sheaffe, to whom Scott surrendered his whole force. Two hundred and ninety-three were all that survived of the brave band who had struggled so long and so nobly for victory. Several hundred militia, however, were found concealed along the shore, who had crossed over, but skulked away in the confusion.

The entire loss of the Americans in this unfortunate

expedition, killed and captured, was about one thousand men.

General Van Rensalaer, disgusted with the conduct of the militia, soon after sent in his resignation.

Brock was next day buried "under one of the bastions of Fort George," and at the request of Scott, then a prisoner, minute guns were fired from Fort Niagara during the funeral ceremonies. Above the dull distant roar of the cataract, the minute guns of friends and foes pealed over the dead, as with shrouded banners the slowly marching column bore him to his last resting place. Cannon that but a few hours before had been exploding in angry strife on each other, now joined their peaceful echoes over his grave. Such an act was characteristic of Scott, who fierce and fearless in battle, was chivalrous and kind in all his feelings.

While a prisoner in an inn at Niagara, Scott was told that some one wished to see the "tall American." He immediately passed through into the entry, when to his astonishment he saw standing before him two savage Indian chiefs, the same who would have killed him when he surrendered himself a prisoner of war, but for the interposition of a British officer. They had come to look on the man at whom they had so often fired with a deliberate aim. In broken English, and by gestures, they inquired where he was hit, for it was impossible that out of fifteen or twenty shots

not one had taken effect. The elder chief, named Jacobs, a tall, powerful savage, grew furious at Scott's asserting that not a ball had touched him, and seizing his shoulders rudely, turned him round to examine his back. The young and fiery Colonel did not like to have such freedom taken with his person by a savage, and hurling him fiercely aside, exclaimed, "Off, villain, you fired like a squaw." "We kill you now," was the quick and startling reply, as knives and tomahawks gleamed in their hands. Scott was not a man to beg or run, though either would have been preferable to taking his chances against these armed savages. Luckily for him, the swords of the American officers who had been taken prisoners, were stacked under the staircase beside which he was standing. Quick as thought he snatched up the largest, a long sabre, and the next moment it glittered unshathed above his head. One leap backward, to get scope for play, and he stood towering even above the gigantic chieftain, who glared in savage hate upon him. The Indians were in the wider part of the hall, between the foot of the stairs and the door, while Scott stood farther in where it was narrower. The former, therefore, could not get in the rear, and were compelled to face their enemy. They manœuvred to close, but at every turn that sabre flashed in their eyes. The moment they came to blows, one, they knew, was sure to die, and although it was equally certain that

Scott would fall under the knife of the survivor before he could regain his position, yet neither Indian seemed anxious to be the sacrifice. While they thus stood watching each other, a British officer chanced to enter, and on beholding the terrific tableaux, cried out at the top of his voice, "The guard," and at the same instant seized the tallest chief by the arm and presented a cocked pistol to his head. The next moment the blade of Scott quivered over the head of the other savage, to protect his deliverer. In a few seconds the guards entered with levelled bayonets, and the two chieftains were secured. One of them was the son of Brant, of revolutionary notoriety.

The prisoners were all taken to Quebec, whence they were sent in a cartel to Boston. As they were about to sail, Scott, who was in the cabin of the transport, hearing a noise on deck, went up to ascertain the cause, and found that British officers were separating the Irishmen, to exclude them from mercy due to the other prisoners, and to have them taken to England and tried for treason. Twenty-three had thus been set apart when Scott arrived. Indignant at this outrage, he peremptorily ordered the rest of the men to keep silent and not answer a question of any kind, so that neither by their replies or voice they could give any evidence of the place of their birth. He then turned to the doomed twenty-three, and denounced the act of the officers, and swore most solemnly that

if a hair of their heads was touched, he would avenge it, even if he was compelled to refuse quarter in battle. The officers interrupted him again and again, and fiercely ordered him below. Boiling with rage, Scott indignantly refused to obey, high words and threats followed, but, though unarmed, he boldly maintained his ground.

Soon after he reached Boston, he was sent to Washington, and in a short time was exchanged. He then drew up a report of the whole affair to the Secretary of War, and it was presented the same day to Congress. The result was the passage of an act of retaliation (March 3d, 1813). Scott never lost sight of these unfortunate Irishmen, and at the capture of Fort George, in the latter part of May, having taken many prisoners, he selected out twenty-three as hostages, to receive the same punishment which should be meted out to his brave soldiers. This led to similar acts on the part of the English in return, which caused much unnecessary suffering. Scott's decision, however, saved his Irish troops. Two years after, as he was passing along the East River in New York, he heard loud cheers on one of the piers, and turning his footsteps thither, found they proceeded from those very soldiers, just landed after a long imprisonment. They quickly recognized their old commander and friend, and crowded around him with enthusiasm and clamorous gratitude, nearly crushing

the still weak and wounded General in their arms. He immediately wrote to Washington, claiming in their behalf full pay, and soliciting patents for land bounties. Both were granted, and twenty-one out of the twenty-three lived to praise their benefactor in their adopted country.

This love for his soldiers, care for their welfare, and rage at any neglect of their wants and rights, and stern determination to redress them, has always characterized General Scott through his long military career. Noble and magnanimous himself, he will not allow those under his protection to be treated with indignity.

The campaign of 1813 opened with the capture of York. Soon after Scott joined the army at Fort Niagara as adjutant-general to Gen. Dearborn. But though chief of the staff, he claimed the right to command his own regiment in battle.

The capture of York encouraged Gen. Dearborn to attack Forts George and Erie. Commodore Chauncey having at this time complete command of the lake, men and artillery could be easily transported across, and the vessels used to cover the landing of the troops and co-operate in any attack that might be made. Gen. Dearborn at the head of four or five thousand men, embarked on board the vessels and boats on the morning of the 26th of May. At three o'clock the following morning the signal was

given to weigh, and the little fleet moved silently toward the opposite shore. Col. Scott volunteered to lead the advance guard of five hundred men. These were the flower of the army, and when Gen. Dearborn placed them under his command he knew that no common obstacle would arrest their charge. Col. Moses Porter, with the field train, was close behind, followed by the brigades of Gens. Boyd, Sheridan, Chandler, and a reserve under Col. C. Macomb. Captain Perry volunteered to accompany Scott, and superintend the embarkation of the troops. In the mean time, Commodore Chauncey had anchored his vessels close in shore, and before nine o'clock the guns of the Governor Tompkins had silenced the fort, and Scott, with his fleet of boats, swept swiftly towards the shore. As they drew near they were met by volleys of musketry that sent the spray in a shower about them, but with loud cheers they pressed forward. They knew the army was watching them with the deepest anxiety, and each emulating his comrade, and all filled with the spirit that animated their gallant young leader, could scarcely wait for the boats to reach the land, and many leaped over and waded to the shore. Having reached the beach, Scott drew up his little band under cover of the bank that rose eight or ten feet over their heads; from the top of which bristled some fifteen hundred bayonets. Undaunted

by this formidable array and the bank that opposed his progress, Scott ordered the charge. The men, with loud cheers, sprang up the steep ascent, but when near the summit were met with such overpowering force that they were hurled back. Gen. Dearborn standing on the deck of Chauncey's ship, and watching through his glass the result of the charge, saw the tall form of Scott fall backward down the bank upon the beach. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "He is lost, he is killed!" The next moment, however, Scott sprang to his feet, and cheering on his men, led them again to the charge. Knocking up the bayonets as they clambered to the feet of their foes, they steadily pushed them back, and stood at last on the summit. Their shout of triumph was echoed from the boats below and from the ships in the distance. Scott having dressed his line, ordered the charge, and closing fiercely and at once with the enemy, drove them, after a sharp action of twenty minutes, in every direction before him. Some fled to the woods pursued by Forsythe, who had effected a landing, while others took refuge in the fort. This was immediately abandoned, but not till the trains and magazines had been fired. Scott was at this time opposite the fort, and immediately wheeled two companies from the head of his column to arrest the flames. When within about eighty yards, one of the smaller magazines

blew up, sending its fragments in every direction. A piece of flying timber struck Scott and hurled him from his horse. Though much hurt, he pressed on with his men—ordered the gates to be forced, and was the first to enter. Capts. Hindman and Stockton snatched away the matches which had been applied to two other magazines, and the works were saved. Col. Porter who commanded the field artillery, had effected a landing directly in rear of Scott, and coming to his assistance at the close of the battle, followed close on his heels in pursuit of the enemy. When the former turned to enter the fort, the gallant colonel rushed after, to be the first to pull down the British flag. But finding Scott ahead of him, he exclaimed, "Confound your long legs, Scott, you have got in before me." No sooner had the latter lowered the English colors, than he again put himself at the head of his column, in swift pursuit of the fugitives. Disregarding the order to halt, he pressed forward five miles, when he was arrested by General Boyd in person. This ended the battle. The loss on both sides is differently stated. Gen. Dearborn in his report makes it on our side but seventeen killed and forty-five wounded, while that of the British was ninety killed, sixty wounded, and one hundred prisoners. Among the latter was an English colonel, who, the year before, at a supper party of British officers where Scott was pre-

sent just after his capture at Queenstown, asked the latter if he had ever seen Niagara Falls. Scott said that he had, from the American side. "But you must have the glory of a successful fight before you can view the cataract in all its grandeur," replied the officer in a sarcastic tone. "Sir," retorted Scott, if it be your intention to insult me, honor should have prompted you first to return me my sword."

Scott, now the captor, repaid this insult by every attention in his power, returned the prisoner his horse, supplied all his wants, and finally obtained his return to England on parole. The British officer humbled at the contrast such conduct presented to his own, said to him one day, "I have long owed you an apology, sir. You have overwhelmed me with kindness. You can now, at your leisure, view the Falls in all *their glory*."

In July, Scott resigned his post as chief of the staff, and received the command of a double regiment.

In the beginning of autumn of this year, the grand campaign for the conquest of Canada, under the control of Wilkinson, was set in motion. Kingston and Montreal were both to be taken, and thus both the Canadas fall into the hands of the Americans. In the meantime Scott was left in command of Fort George, which he instantly set about repairing, and soon put in a complete state of defence. The com-

mander of the British force, stationed near, imitating the course pursued by other British officers to intimidate the American troops, sent a summons to him to surrender, otherwise he should be compelled to storm the Fort, in which case he would not be responsible for the Indians. Scott replied to the messenger—“tell your general to come on and storm the Fort, *I will be responsible for the Indians.*” The enemy, however, whom he was left to watch, breaking up his camp and following Wilkinson in his passage down the lake, he was ordered to join the commanding general with the regular troops under him. He expected to have his regiment transported in Commodore Chauncy’s vessels down the lake, but Wilkinson refusing to let the fleet be absent several days for that purpose, he was compelled to start on foot for Sackett’s Harbour, and march by way of the Genessee river, Canandagua, and Utica. Heavy rains had made the roads intolerable, and the slow and wearisome march did not keep pace with his anxiety to join the army of invasion. Meeting the Secretary of War, not far from Utica, he obtained permission to reach it on the St. Lawrence, wherever he could. Resigning his command to Major Hindman, he pushed on through storm and mud, and finally overtook General Wilkinson at Ogdensburg. He immediately received the command of a

choice battalion, under Colonel Macomb, and led the advance guard down the St. Lawrence.

It is unnecessary to chronicle the feeble and inefficient conduct of Wilkinson, or the memorable fight at Chrysler's farms. Scott as leader of the advance guard, had several skirmishes with the enemy, but nothing of importance occurred, and on the 12th of November, this grand army of invasion was ordered to retreat before a shadow and abandon its project.

The ostensible reason, the refusal of Hampton to join him with his division as agreed upon, was not sufficient to justify Wilkinson's conduct. Had Scott been placed over that army, the American flag in a few days would have waved above Montreal.

CHAPTER II.

Scott Superintends the Camp of Instruction at Buffalo—Drills the Army—Crosses the Niagara—Pursues the Marquis of Tweeddale behind the Chippewa—Battle of Chippewa—Company of Backwoodsmen—Battle of Niagara—Charge of Miller—Scott's Wound, and Last Orders—Journey to Washington—Reception at Princeton—Black Hawk War—Scott amid the Cholera—Is Challenged by Jackson—Becomes interested in the cause of Temperance—Takes Command in South Carolina, to Crush the Disunionists—Settles the difficulties on the Northern Frontier—Pursues the Cherokees.

THE army went into winter quarters, and Scott was sent to Albany to beat up recruits. In the spring, though only twenty-eight years old, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and ordered to Buffalo, under General Brown, who soon after left him there to superintend the camp of instruction. Like the revolutionary war, the tide of reverses was not fairly to turn until discipline was introduced into the army. The troops under him, at this time were his own, Ripley's brigade of the regular army, and Porter's of the militia, together with Hindman's battalion of artillery. For more than three months, Scott subjected these immortal

brigades to the severest discipline. The system of tactics in use had been handed down from the Revolution, and was not fit for the improved mode of warfare. Scott here for the first time introduced the French system. He first drilled the officers, and they in turn the men. So severe and constant was this drill that in the short space of three months these regular brigades became intelligent, steady and invincible as old veterans.

General Brown having returned from Sackett's Harbor in the latter part of June, he immediately began to prepare for an invasion of the Canadas. The 3d of July the army crossed the Niagara river and took Fort Erie without a struggle. The main British army, under General Riall, lay at Chippewa, towards which Scott pressed with his brigade, chasing the Marquis of Tweesdale for sixteen miles, who said he could not account for the ardor of the pursuit until he remembered it was the 4th of July, our great anniversary. At dark the Marquis crossed the Chippewa, behind which lay the British army. This river enters the Niagara nearly at right angles. Two miles farther up, Street's Creek joins the Niagara also, and behind it Gen. Brown drew up the American forces. This two miles of interval between the streams was an open plain, skirted on one side by the Niagara river and on the other by a forest.

Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the 5th, when Gen. Brown determined to advance and attack the British in their position. The latter had determined on a similar movement against the Americans, and unbeknown to each other, the one prepared to cross the bridge of Chippewa, and the other that of Street's Creek.

The battle commenced in the woods on the left, and an irregular fight was kept up for a long time between Porter's brigade and the Canadian militia stationed there. The latter were at length driven back to the Chippewa, when General Riall advanced to their support. Before this formidable array, the American militia, notwithstanding the noble efforts of General Porter to steady their courage, broke and fled. General Brown immediately hastened to the scene, merely saying to Scott as he passed on, "The enemy is advancing, you will have a fight." The latter ignorant of the forward movement of Riall, had just put his brigade in marching order to cross the creek for a drill on the open plain beyond. But as the head of the column reached the bank, he saw the British army drawn up in beautiful array in the open field, while a battery of nine pieces stood in point blank range of the bridge over which he was to cross. Swiftly yet beautifully the corps of Scott swept over the bridge and deployed under the steady fire of the battery.

The first and second battalions under Majors Leavenworth and McNeil, took position in front of the left and centre of the enemy, while the third, under Jessup, obliqued to the left to attack their right, stationed in the woods, and which threatened to outflank the American line. It was a bright, hot July afternoon, the dusty plain presented no obstacle behind which either party could find shelter, and the march of the steady battalions over its surface led on by bands of music, presented one of those stirring scenes which makes man forget the carnage that is to follow. The heavy monotonous thunder of Niagara rolled on over the discharges of artillery, while its clouds of spray rising from the strife of waters, and glittering in the sunbeams, contrasted strangely with the sulphurous clouds that heaved heavenward from the conflict of men beneath.

Both armies halting, firing, and advancing in turn, continued to approach until they stood within eighty yards of each other. Scott who had been manœuvring to get the two battalions of Leavenworth and M'Neil in an oblique position to the British line—the great object in an open attack—at length succeeded, the two farther extremities being nearest the enemy. Thus the American army stood like an obtuse triangle of which the British line formed the base. While in this position Scott wishing to pass from one extremity to the other and being in too

great a hurry to go back of his lines *around* the triangle, cut directly across it, taking the cross fire of both armies, as he spurred in a fierce gallop through the smoke. A loud cheer rolled along the American lines as they saw this daring act of their commander. Riding up to Towson's battery, he cried out, "a little more to the left, captain, the enemy is there." This gallant officer was standing amid his guns, and enveloped in smoke had not observed that the British had advanced so far that his fire fell behind them. Instantly discovering his mistake, he changed the direction of his two remaining pieces and poured a raking, destructive fire through the enemy's ranks, blowing up an ammunition wagon, which spread destruction on every side. At this critical moment, Scott rode up to M'Neil's battalion, his face blazing with excitement, and shouted, "The enemy say that we are good at long shot but cannot stand the cold iron. I call upon the Eleventh *instantly to give the lie to that slander, Charge.*"

Just as the order "charge," escaped his lips, came that destructive fire from Towson's battery. The thunder of those guns at that critical moment, was, to Scott's young and excited heart like the shout of victory, and rising in his stirrups and swinging his sword aloft, he cried, "CHARGE, CHARGE THE RASCALS." With a high and ringing cheer, that gallant batta-

lion moved with leveled bayonets on the foe. Taking the close and deadly volleys without shrinking, its torn and shattered front never for a moment losing its firm formation, it struck the British line obliquely, crumbling it to pieces, as it swept on with resistless power.

Leavenworth did the same on the right with the same success, while Jessup in the woods, ignorant how the battle was going in the plain, but finding himself outflanked, ordered his troops "to support arms and advance." They cheerfully obeyed and in the face of a most deadly fire charged home on the enemy, and obtaining a better position poured in his volleys with tremendous effect. From the moment these charges commenced, till the enemy fled, the field presented a frightful spectacle. The two armies were in such close proximity, and the volleys were so incessant and destructive, and the uproar so terrific that orders could no longer be heard. But through his two aids Lieutenants Worth and Watts, who galloped to and fro and by their presence and gestures transmitted his orders in the midst of the hottest fire, Scott caused every movement to be executed with precision, and not an error was committed from first to last.

The enemy driven over the Chippewa, tore up the bridge and retired to his encampment.

The sun went down in blood and the loud requiem of Niagara which had been drowned in the roar of battle, sounded on as before over the gallant dead, while the moans of the wounded; loaded the air of the calm summer evening.

Nearly eight hundred killed and wounded, had been stretched on the earth in that short battle, out of some four thousand, or one-fifth of all engaged.* A bloodier battle was scarce ever fought. The British having been taught to believe that the American troops would give way in an open fight, and that the resort to the bayonet was always the signal of victory to them, could not be made to yield, until they were literally crushed under the headlong charge of the Americans.

Gen. Brown, when he found that Scott had the whole British army on his hands, hurried back to bring up Ripley's brigade; but Scott's evolutions and advance had been so rapid, and his blow so sudden and deadly, that the field was swept before he could arrive.

M'Neil's battalion had not a recruit in it, and Scott knew when he called on them to give the lie to the slander, that American troops could not stand the

* The British were 2100 strong. American troops actually engaged, 1900.

British killed 138. Wounded and missing 365. Americans killed 68. Wounded and missing 267.

cold steel, that they would do it though every man perished in his footsteps.

Maj. Leavenworth's battalion, however, embraced a few volunteers, and among them a company of backwoodsmen, who joined the army at Buffalo a few days before it was to cross the Niagara.

An incident illustrating their character, was told the writer's father by Maj. Gen. Leavenworth himself. Although a battle was expected in a few days, the Major resolved in the meantime to drill these men. Having ordered them out for that purpose, he endeavored to apply the manual; but to his surprise, found that they were ignorant of the most common terms familiar even to untrained militia. While thus puzzled with their awkwardness, Scott rode on the field, and in a sharp voice asked Maj. Leavenworth if he could not manage those soldiers better. The Major lifting his chapeau to the General, replied, that he wished the General would try them himself. The latter rode forward and issued his commands—but the backwoodsmen instead of obeying him, were ignorant even of the military terms he used. After a few moment's trial, he saw it was a hopeless task and touching his chapeau in return to Leavenworth, said, "Major, I leave you your men," and rode off the field. The latter finding that all attempts at drill during the short interval that must elapse before a battle occurred, would be useless; ordered them to their

quarters. On the day of the battle he placed them at one extremity of the line where he thought they would interfere the least with the manœuvres of the rest of the battalion. He said that during the engagement, this company occurred to him, and he rode the whole length of his line to see what they were about. They were where he had placed them, captain and all, obeying no orders, except the orders to advance. Their ranks were open and out of all line; but the soldiers were cool and collected as veterans. They had thrown away their hats and coats, and besmeared with powder and smoke were loading and firing, each on his own hook. They paid no attention to the order to fire, having no idea of "shooting" till they had good aim. The thought of running had evidently never crossed their minds. Fearless of danger and accustomed to pick off squirrels from the tops of the loftiest trees with their rifle-balls, they were quietly doing what they were put there to perform, viz., kill men, and Maj. Leavenworth said there was the most deadly work in the whole line. Men fell like grass before the scythe. Not a shot was thrown away—ten men were equal to a hundred firing in the ordinary way.

The American army rested but two days after the battle, and then advanced over the Chippewa, Scott's brigade leading. The British retreated to Burlington Heights, near the head of Lake Ontario

Thither Brown resolved to follow them. But on the 25th, while the army was resting, preparatory to the next day's battle, word was brought that a thousand troops had crossed the river to Lewiston, for the purpose, evidently, of seizing our magazines at Fort Schlosser, and the supplies, on the way to the American camp, from Buffalo. In order to force them to return, Brown resolved immediately to threaten the forts at the mouth of the Niagara river, and in twenty minutes, Scott, with a detachment of twelve hundred men, was on the march. He had proceeded but two miles, when he came in sight of some British officers, evidently reconnoitering. The force to which they belonged lay behind a strip of wood, which prevented him from seeing them. Supposing them, however, to be the fragments of the army he had so terribly shattered at Chippewa, he ordered the march to be resumed. But as he cleared the road he saw before him an army of two thousand men drawn up in order of battle. He paused a moment at this unexpected sight, and his eye had an anxious look as it ran along his little band. To retreat would endanger the reserve marching to his relief, and destroy the confidence of the troops. Besides, Scott never had, and never has since, learned *practically*, what the word "retreat" meant. He determined, therefore, hazardous as it was, to maintain the unequal contest till the other

portion of the army arrived. Despatching officers to General Brown with directions to ride as for life, he gave the orders to advance. The sun, at this time, was but half an hour high, and unobscured by a cloud, was going to his lordly repose behind the forest that stood bathed in his departing splendor. Near by, in full view, rolled the cataract, sending up its incense towards heaven, and filling that summer evening with its voice of thunder. The spray as it floated inland, hovered over the American army, and as the departing sunbeams struck it, a rainbow was formed, which encircled the head of Scott's column like a halo—a symbol of the wreath of glory that should encircle it forever.

The British, two thousand strong, were posted just below the Falls, on a ridge at the head of Lundy's Lane. Their left was in the highway, and separated from the main body by an interval of two hundred yards, covered with brushwood, etc. General Drummond had landed a short time before with reinforcements, which were rapidly marching up to the aid of Riall. Scott, however, would not turn his back on the enemy, and gallantly led in person his little army into the fire. His bearing and words inspired confidence, and officers and men forgot the odds that were against them. Major Jessup was ordered to fling himself in the interval, between the British centre and left, and turn the latter. In the

meantime, the enemy discovering that he outflanked the Americans on the left, advanced a battalion to take them in rear. The brave McNeil stopped, with one terrible blow, its progress, though his own battalion was dreadfully shattered by it. Jessup had succeeded in his movement, and having taken the enemy in rear, charged back through his line, captured the commanding-general Riall, with his whole staff. When this was told to Scott, he announced it to his army, and three loud cheers rang over the field. A destructive discharge from the English battery of seven pieces, followed. It was dark, and though there was a moon, its feeble light struggled in vain to pierce the smoke that curtained in the combatants. The flashes from the battery that crowned the heights, and from the infantry below, alone revealed where they were struggling. Scott's regiments were soon all reduced to skeletons—a fourth of the whole brigade had fallen in the unequal conflict. The English battery of twenty-four-pounders and howitzers, sent destruction through his ranks. He, however, refused to yield a foot of ground, and heading almost every charge in person, moved with such gay spirits and reckless courage through the deadliest fire, that the troops caught the infection. But the British batteries, now augmented to nine guns, made frightful havoc in his uncovered brigade. Towson's few

pieces being necessarily placed so much lower, could produce but little effect, while the enemy's twenty-four-pounders, loaded with grape, swept the entire field. The eleventh and twenty-second regiments, deprived of their commanders, and destitute of ammunition, were withdrawn, and Leavenworth, with the gallant ninth, was compelled to withstand the whole shock of battle. This single regiment appeared amid the darkness to be enveloped in fire—with such energy and superior numbers, did the British press upon it. Its destruction seemed inevitable, and in a short time one half of its number lay stretched on the field. Leavenworth sent to Scott, informing him of his desperate condition. The latter soon came up on a full gallop, when Leavenworth pointing to the bleeding fragment of his regiment, said, "Your rule for retreating is fulfilled," referring to Scott's maxim that a regiment might retreat when every third man was killed. Scott, however, answered buoyantly, cheered up the men and officers by promising victory—pointed to the flag that still waved in the dim moonlight, and though bleeding from a wound, spurred where the balls fell thickest, and animated them by his daring courage and chivalric bearing to still greater efforts. Still he could not but see that his case was desperate, and unless aid arrived soon, he must retreat. Only

five or six hundred of the twelve hundred he at sun-down had led into battle, remained to him.

General Brown, however, was hurrying to the rescue. The incessant cannonading convinced him that Scott had a heavy force on his hands; and without waiting the arrival of a messenger, he ordered Ripley to move forward with the second brigade. Meeting Scott's despatch on the way, he learned how desperate the battle was, and immediately ordered Porter with the volunteers to hurry on after Ripley, while he, in advance of all, hastened to the field of action. The constant and heavy explosions of artillery, rising over the roar of the cataract, announced to the excited soldiers the danger of their comrades; and no sooner were they wheeled into marching order than they started on a trot along the road. Lieutenant Riddle, who was off on a scouring expedition in the country, paused as he heard the thunder of cannon, and waiting for no despatch, gave orders to march, and his men moving at the *charge de pas*, soon came with shouts on the field. At length the head of Ripley's column emerged through the gloom, sending joy through those gallant regiments, and a loud huzza rolled along their line. Brown, seeing that Scott's brigade was exhausted, ordered Ripley to form in advance of it. In the mean time, Drummond had arrived on the field with reinforcements, swelling the English army to four thousand men. At this moment

there was a lull in the battle, and both armies prepared for a decisive blow. It was evident the deadly battery on the heights must be carried, or the field be lost, and Brown, turning to Colonel Miller, asked him if he could take it. "I WILL TRY, sir," was the brief reply of the fearless soldier, as he coolly scanned the frowning heights. Placing himself at the head of the 21st regiment, he prepared to ascend the hill. Major M'Farland with the 23d was to support him. Not having arrived on the field till after dark, he was ignorant of the formation of the ground or the best point from which to commence the ascent. Scott, who had fought over almost every foot of it since sunset, offered to pilot him. Passing by an old church and grave-yard, that showed dimly in the moonlight, he took the column to the proper place, and then returned to his post. In close order and dead silence the two regiments then moved straight for the battery. It was only by their heavy muffled tread that General Drummond detected their approach. In an instant that battery of nine guns opened with terrific effect. The Twenty-third staggered under the discharge, but soon rallied and pressed forward; smitten again, it reeled backward in the gloom; but the Twenty-first never faltered. "Close up, steady, men," rung from the lips of their leader, and taking the loads of grape-shot unshrinkingly into their bosoms, they marched sternly on, their bayonets gleaming red in the fire

that rolled in streams down the slope. Every explosion revealed the whole hill and that dark column winding through flame and smoke up its sides. At length it came within range of musketry, when the carnage became awful ; but still on through the sheets of flame, over their dead comrades, this invincible regiment held its stubborn course towards the very vortex of the battle. The English gazed with amazement on its steady advance. No hesitation marked its movement ; closing up its ranks after every discharge, it kept on its terrible way, till at last it stood face to face with the murderous battery, and within a few steps of the gunners. A sudden flash, a deafening explosion, and then “ *Close up, steady, charge,*” rung out from the sulphurous cloud that rolled over the shattered regiment, and the next instant it swept with a thrilling shout over guns, gunners, and all. The struggle became at once close and fierce,—bayonet crossed bayonet,—weapon clashed against weapon,—but nothing could resist that determined onset. The British were driven down the hill, and the remnants of that gallant regiment, together with M’Farland’s, which had again rallied, formed between the guns and the foe. Ripley then moved his brigade to the top of the hill, in order to keep what had been so heroically won. Stung with rage and mortification at this unexpected defeat, Drummond resolved to retake that height and his guns, cost what it might ;

and soon the tread of his advancing columns was heard ascending the slope. Shrouded in darkness, they came on at the charge step, and in dead silence, until within twenty yards of the American line, when they halted and delivered their fire. "Charge" then ran along the line, but the order had scarcely pealed on the night air before they were shattered and torn into fragments by the sudden and destructive volley of the Americans. Rallying, however, they returned to the attack, and for twenty minutes the conflict around those guns was indescribably awful and murderous. No sounds of music drowned the death-cry; the struggle was too close and fatal. There were only the fierce tramp and the clash of steel,—the stifled cry and wavering to and fro of men in a death-grapple. At length the British broke, and disappeared in the darkness. General Ripley again formed his line, while Scott, who had succeeded in getting a single battalion out of the fragments of his whole brigade, was ordered to the top of the hill.

In about half an hour the sound of the returning enemy was again heard. Smote by the same fierce fire, Drummond with a desperate effort threw his entire strength on the centre of the American line. But there stood the gallant Twenty-First, whose resistless charge had first swept the hill; and where they had conquered they could not yield. Scott in the mean time led his column so as to take the

enemy in flank and rear, and but for a sudden volley from a concealed body of the enemy, cutting his command in two, would have finished the battle with a blow. As it was he charged again and again, with resistless energy, and the disordered ranks of the foe for the third time rolled back and were lost in the gloom. Here his last horse fell under him, and he moved on foot amid his battalion. Jessup was also severely wounded, yet there he stood amid the darkness and carnage, cheering on his men. The soldiers vied with the officers in heroic daring and patient suffering. Many would call out for muskets as they had none, or for cartridges as theirs were all gone. On every side from pallid lips and prostrate bleeding forms came the reply, "take mine, and mine, my gun is in good order, and my cartridge box is full." There was scarcely an officer at this time unwounded; yet, one and all refused to yield the command while they could keep their feet.

Jessup's flag was riddled with balls, and as a sergeant waved it amid a storm of bullets, the staff was severed in three places in his hand. Turning to his commander he exclaimed as he took up the fragments, "Look, colonel, how they have cut us." The next moment a ball passed through his body.— But he still kept his feet, and still waved his mutilated standard, until faint with loss of blood he sunk on the field.

After being driven the third time down the hill, the enemy for a while ceased their efforts, and sudden silence fell on the two armies, broken only by the groans of the wounded and dying. The scene, and the hour, combined to render that hill-top a strange and fearful object in the darkness. On one side lay a wilderness, on the other rolled the cataract, whose solemn anthem could again be heard pealing on through the gloom. Leaning on their heated guns, that gallant band stood bleeding amid the wreck it had made. It was midnight—the stars looked quietly down from their homes in the sky—the summer wind swept softly by, and nature was breathing long and peacefully. But all over that hill lay the brave dead, and adown its sides in every direction the blood of men was rippling. Still not a heart beat faint. Nothing but skeletons of regiments remained, yet calm and stern were the words spoken there in the darkness. “*Close up the ranks,*” were the heroic orders that still fell on the shattered battalions, and they closed with the same firm presence and dauntless hearts as before.

It was thought that the British would make no further attempts to recover their guns, but reinforcements having arrived from Fort George, they, after an hour’s repose and refreshment, prepared for a final assault. Our troops had all this time stood to their arms, and faint with hunger, thirst, and fatigue,

seemed unequal to a third conflict against a fresh force. But as they heard the enemy advancing, they forget their weariness and met the onset firmly as before. But this time the ranks of the enemy did not yield under the fire that smote them, they pressed steadily forward, and delivering their volleys as they advanced, at length stood on the summit of the hill, and breast to breast with the American line. The conflict now became fearful and more like the murderous hand-to-hand fights of old than a modern battle. Battalions on both sides were forced back till the ranks became mingled. Bayonet crossed bayonet and men lay transfixed side by side. Hindman whose artillery had done great service from the first, found the enemy amid his guns, across which he was compelled to fight them.

The firing gave way to the clash of steel, the blazing hill-top subsided into gloom, out of which the sound of this nocturnal combat arose in strange and wild confusion.

Scott charging like fire at the head of his exhausted battalion, received another severe wound which prostrated him—but his last words to Leavenworth, as he was borne to the rear, were “*charge again.*” “Charge again, Leavenworth,” were his last orders as he was carried apparently dying from that fierce foughten field. General Brown supported on his horse, was slowly led away. Jessup was bleeding from several

wounds, every regimental officer in Scott's brigade was killed or wounded. *Only one out of every four stood up unhurt.* The annals of war rarely reveal such a slaughter in a single brigade, but it is rarer still a brigade has such a leader. The ghosts of regiments alone remained, yet before these the veterans of England were at last compelled to flee, and betake themselves to the darkness for safety. Sullen, mortified, and badly wounded, Drummond was carried from the field, and all farther attempts to take the hill were abandoned. The Americans, however, kept watch and ward, around the cannon that had cost them so great a sacrifice, till near day-break, when orders were received to retire to camp. No water could be obtained on the heights, and the troops wanted repose. Through the want of drag-ropes and horses, the cannon were left behind. This was a sad drawback to the victory, and Major Ripley should have detailed some men to have taken them at least down the hill. Trophies won with the blood of so many brave men were worth more effort than he put forth to secure them.

A bloodier battle, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was never fought than this. Nearly eight hundred Americans, and as many English, had fallen on and around that single hill. It was loaded with the slain. Seventy-six officers were either killed or wounded out of our army of some three

thousand men, and not a general on either side remained unwounded.

Among the slain was young Captain Hull, son of the general who had so shamefully capitulated at Detroit. This young officer, who had fought one duel in defence of his father's honor, and struggled in vain to shake off the sense of disgrace that clung to him, told a friend at the opening of the battle, that he had resolved to fling away a life which had become insupportable. Where the battle was hottest, there his sword was seen waving his company on. For a long time he seemed to bear a charmed life, and the more he wooed death, the more she avoided him. But when the conflict was done, he was found stark and stiff where the dead lay thickest.

It would be impossible to relate all the deeds of daring and gallantry which distinguished this bloody engagement. Almost every man was a hero, and from that hour England felt a respect for our arms she never before entertained. The navy had established its reputation forever, and now the army challenged the respect of the world. The timorous and the ignorant had been swept away with the old martinets, and the true genius of the country was shining forth in her young men, who, while they did not despise the past, took lessons of the present. Scott at this time, but twenty-eight years of age,

had shown to the country what a single youth, fired with patriotism, confident in his resources, and daring in spirit, could accomplish. His brigade, it is true, had been almost annihilated, and nothing apparently been gained, but those err much who graduate the results of a battle by the number taken prisoners or the territory acquired. Moral power is always more valuable than physical, and though we are forever demanding something tangible to show as the reward of such a great effort and sacrifice, yet to gain a national position is more important than to take an army. Thus while many think that the battle of Niagara though gallantly fought, was a barren one, and furnished no compensation for the terrible slaughter that characterised it, yet there has been none since that of Bunker Hill, more important to this country, and which, directly and indirectly, has more affected its interests. It probably saved more battles than if, by stratagem or superior force, General Brown had succeeded in capturing Drummond's entire army.

Brown and Scott both being disabled, the command devolved on Major Ripley, who retreated to Fort Erie, where General Gaines soon after arrived, and relieved him. Scott's last wound was a severe one. A musket ball had shattered his shoulder dreadfully, and a long time it was extremely doubtful whether he ever recovered. He suffered excru-

ciating pain from it, and it was September before he ventured to travel, and then slowly and with great care. His progress was a constant ovation. The young and wounded chieftain was hailed on his passage with salvos of artillery, and shouts of freemen. He arrived at Princeton on commencement day of Nassau Hall. The professors immediately sent a delegation requesting his attendance at the church. Leaning on the arm of his gallant aid-de-camp, Worth—his arm in a sling, and his countenance haggard and worn from his long suffering and confinement, the tall young warrior slowly moved up the aisle, and with great difficulty ascended the steps to the stage. At first sight of the invalid, looking so unlike the dashing, fearless commander, a murmur of sympathy ran through the house, the next moment there went up a shout that shook the building to its foundations. A flush passed over the pallid features—the eye kindled, and the enthusiastic young soldier received in that moment the reward which springs from the consciousness of having obtained a place in the heart of his country.

He was complimented with the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Passing on to Baltimore, then threatened with an attack by the British, he finally so far recovered as to take command in the middle of October of the tenth military district, and established his headquarters at Washington City. Here,

and at Baltimore, he passed the winter. The treaty of peace having been received in February, he was offered the place of Secretary of War, but declined on the ground of his youth. He then was asked to serve as Secretary, till Mr. Crawford, our Minister at Paris, could return, who was designated to fill the place. This he also declined out of respect to Generals Brown and Jackson, his seniors, as the Secretary, under the President, has the control of the army.

Having assisted in reducing the army to the peace establishment, he was sent to Europe by the Government, for the double purpose of restoring his health, and the perfecting himself in military science. He was also entrusted with certain diplomatic power, and was instructed to ascertain the views entertained by the European Courts of the revolutionary movements in the Spanish possessions in this country, and also the designs of England on Cuba. He received letters of introduction from Kosciusko to Marshals McDonald Oudinot and Dupont, who had been the props of Napoleon through his long and wondrous career. The battle of Waterloo had just been fought, and the greatest military captain of modern times was a homeless fugitive. Fresh from the battle-fields of his own country, young Scott trod those equally fresh and greater ones of Europe with strange feelings. Just at the

point where he would devour all military information with the greatest avidity, he was in the midst of scenes, and men, and distinguished officers, who were best qualified to impart it. Europe was filled with nothing but Bonaparte and his campaigns, and it was not strange that under these circumstances, and this tuition, he should learn fast. He trod the great battle-fields of the Continent with a keen and inquiring spirit, and laid up treasures of knowledge, which afterwards served him well, and raised him and the nation from defeat and disgrace. He also attended public lectures on the subject of military art. He returned in 1816, and was given the command of the sea-board. In March of the next year, he married Maria Mayo, daughter of John Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia, a lady of rare endowments and accomplishments. He took up his residence at Elizabethtown, which continued to be his home for the next twenty years. Honors were showered on him, swords presented him by the States of Virginia and New York, and medals struck to show the estimation placed on his services by the republic.

At this time, a misunderstanding occurred between him and General Jackson, growing out of an order of the latter to his division, forbidding the execution of commands of the department unless transmitted through him. This General Scott in

conversation in New York pronounced wrong and mutinous. The conversation was reported to Jackson, and a challenge was the consequence. Scott defended his opinions, but refused to accept the challenge. The hero of Chippewa and Niagara did not think it necessary to fight about so small a matter, and thus nobly, by his personal example, expressed his disapprobation of this barbarous and brutal mode of settling differences of opinion.

Several years after, in 1823, Scott being in Washington, wrote Jackson a frank and manly letter preparatory to reconciliation. This was responded to in a similar spirit, and this foolish quarrel between two heroes amicably settled.

At this time Scott enlisted warmly in the cause of temperance, and wrote several essays on the subject.

In 1832, he was ordered West, to put an end to the Black Hawk war. He embarked with nine hundred and fifty men, at Buffalo for Chicago, but before he had proceeded far, the Asiatic cholera broke out among the troops. The footsteps of this terrible destroyer had just been heard on our shores, and consternation and dread seized the entire population. Men and women fled from his presence, and pale horror sat on every countenance. Scott with his staff, and two hundred and twenty men were on one boat, and though he landed at Chicago only two days after the pestilence

appeared on board,—yet in that short interval, so swift and fearful were its ravages, that fifty-two had died, and eighty were sick. The well were immediately sent forward, but this invisible foe marched in their midst. Men sunk and died in groups under the trees, and their bodies were left unburied. The inhabitants fled from the presence of the sick, who were strewn along the road. In a short time, out of the nine hundred and fifty, only four hundred remained alive. Scott, though ill himself, remained at Chicago for some time to attend to the wretched sufferers that each of the four steamboats had disgorged in that port. Apparently forgetful of his own danger, he moved amid this terrible scourge, calm and fearless as he had done over the field of battle. He visited every sick room, bent over every dying soldier, and inhaling at every step the poisonous atmosphere, nobly strove to allay the panic of officers and the terror of the men. This fatherly care of his soldiers has always endeared him to the army, for he shares with them every privation.

As soon as he could get away he followed the track of his decimated army and hastened to join Gen. Atkinson at Prairie du Chien. He arrived the day after the battle of Bad Axe, which prostrated the power of Black Hawk, and ended the war. The regulars of the army were then established at Rock Island, where in the middle of August, the cholera

broke out, sending terror through the hearts of officers and men.

Scott immediately devoted himself to the sick, and set an example of calm serenity, which evinced the true hero, far more than his desperate charges at Lundy's Lane. Says an officer an eye-witness of his conduct; "it is well known that the troops in that service, suffered severely from the cholera, a disease frightful enough from its rapid and fatal effects; but which came among us the more so from the known inexperience of our medical men, and from the general belief at that time in its contagiousness. Under such circumstances, it was clearly the general's duty to give the best general directions he could for proper attendance to the sick, and for preventing the spread of the disease. When he had done this, his duty was performed and he might have left the rest to his medical officers. But such was not his course. He thought he had other duties to perform, that his personal safety must be disregarded to visit the sick, to cheer the well, to encourage the attendants, to set an example to all—in a word to save the lives of others at the risk of his own. All this he did faithfully, and when he could have no other motive than that of doing good. Here was no glory to be acquired; here were none of the excitements of the battle-field; here was no shame to be avoided or disgrace to be feared; because his general arrangements

and directions to those whose part it was to battle with sickness had satisfied duty. To those who can remember the terror which at that time paralyzed every heart, this conduct of Scott, while he himself was suffering under the symptoms of disease, will stamp him not only the hero of the battle-field, but the hero of humanity, and the true heart will encircle his brow with a wreath more enduring and sweeter to look on than that which victory has woven for his temples.

The cholera having at length subsided, Scott turned his attention to the Indian difficulties, and at length, with the aid of Governor Reynolds, concluded satisfactory treaties with the Sacs, Foxes, and Winnebagoes. His conduct throughout the whole was marked by great ability, and while he secured the rights of his government, he won the respect and love of the savage chiefs with whom he had negotiated.

Soon after his return he was despatched by Gen. Jackson with a confidential order to take command in South Carolina, to arrest the arm of disunion. The quiet and unostentatious manner in which he assumed the direction of affairs—the deep solicitude he felt for the welfare of the people—his earnest anxiety to preserve peace, helped to allay the excitement, while at the same time his secret dispositions were made with so much skill and despatch, that before the disunionists were aware of his purpose,

the harbor and defences of Charleston were completely in his grasp and their power prostrated.

In January, 1836, Scott was ordered into Florida, to bring to a close the Seminole war which Osceola was waging so fiercely against the inhabitants. This short campaign was a failure, and Scott was ordered home in an extraordinary manner. On his return to Washington, he demanded a court-martial, which declared that his Seminole campaign was well devised and well carried out, and that his plans for prosecuting the Creek war were also wise, and in a fair way of leading to successful results when he was recalled. The next year he was ordered to the Niagara frontier to allay the excitement occasioned by Van Ranselaer's invasion of Canada, and the assistance rendered by American citizens to the patriots who had revolted from the British government. Enraged to find an American camp on their territory, the British resolved in revenge to seize the *Caroline*, a little steamer used as a ferry boat between the American shore and Navy Island, on which Van Ranselaer's army lay. A secret expedition was fitted out; the *Caroline* was attacked while moored to the American shore, one man on board of her killed, and several wounded, and she then cut adrift, set on fire, and sent over the Falls. The news soon spread, and with it a rumor that several American citizens had been sent over the

falls in her. Great excitement followed; men flew to arms; threats of retaliation were heard on every side, and a collision between the two governments seemed inevitable. This was the state of things when Scott arrived on the scene of his early exploits, not to lead his columns to battle, but to act as a peacemaker. The winter of 1838-9 was one of constant toil to him. From Detroit to Vermont all along the line he travelled almost constantly—baffling the efforts of conspirators—intercepting correspondence and allaying excitement. He frequently addressed the citizens on their duties, proclaiming everywhere that he would preserve the neutrality of the United States at all hazards. He would walk alone into the midst of a band of patriots and harangue them on the course they were pursuing, and exhort them to return to their obedience. His name was written in light on every rood of that frontier—the fields of his fame lay in sight, and the people loved and honored him despite his determined hostility to their wishes. In January, the *Barcelona*, a steamer, was cut out of the ice in Buffalo harbor, and taken down the river to be offered to the patriots in place of the *Caroline*. Scott hearing of it, had those in possession of her arrested, while at the same time he hired her for the United States service before the patriots could find means to guarantee the owners against loss. The Brit-

ish on Grand Island, knowing for what purpose the Barcelona had been taken down the river, and being informed that she was on her way back, determined to sink her as she passed. Three armed schooners were also lying in wait for her. Scott had sent a pacific note to the commander of these last, remonstrating against any attack on a boat moving in the American waters. On the morning of the 16th of January, the smoke of the Barcelona was seen in the distance, as the boat slowly stemmed the rapid current. Scott saw it, and saw too that the vessels kept their position, and that on the opposite shore cannon were placed in battery, so as to sink the steamer the moment she came within range. He immediately ordered the American batteries in position, the guns loaded, and the matches lighted. The shore was lined with thousands anxiously awaiting the moment that would probably decide the question of peace or war. In full uniform, in sight of all, his tall form erect and motionless, Scott stood on the pier of Black Rock, with his eye fixed on the slowly approaching boat. The echo of the first hostile cannon would not have died away, before American balls would have been crashing into those schooners. The boat kept on her way unmolested, and the threatened rupture with England prevented.

The whole management of this affair was mas-

terly, and exhibited the statesman, diplomatist, and patriot, in noble and striking harmony. A single mistake or foolish bravado might have precipitated the country in all the horrors of war. This triumphing as a peace-maker on the very spot where he had won his renown as a warrior, entitles him to a double chaplet.

In the spring he was ordered to superintend the removal of the Cherokees west. Opposition and violence were expected, but General Scott by his kindness, generosity, and humanity, won the entire nation to his views, and removed those fifteen thousand exiles from their hunting-grounds—the graves of their fathers, and all that makes home dear, without being compelled to resort to a single act of violence. He exhibited a fatherly care for the red and depressed fugitives, and showed how beautiful is bravery when tempered with humanity.

While following the line of emigration, he was overtaken at Nashville, by an express from Washington, ordering his immediate presence on the northern frontier, which was again in a blaze. Hurrying across the country, he arrived at Cleveland and Detroit in time to arrest the flames of discord that threatened to overleap all barriers, and passing down the line to Vermont, restored order and tranquility.

CHAPTER III.

Scott preserves peace on the Maine boundary—Friendship between him and the Governor of New Brunswick—Appointed Commander-in-chief—Treatment at Washington—Takes charge of the Army in Mexico—Martial-law orders—Fire in the rear—Landing at Vera Cruz—The siege and capture of the city—March to Cerra Gordo—The battle—Entrance of Jalapa—Of Puebla—Reduction of the army.

GENERAL SCOTT, called from the arduous duty of removing the Cherokees, to allay the excitement on our northern frontier, no sooner succeeded in his mission than he was appointed to settle the difficulties on the Maine boundary, which threatened momentarily to plunge the nation into a war with England. At this time the whole northern frontier of Maine was in a state of the most intense excitement. Trespassers from both sides had been caught in the act of encroaching. The establishment of British and American military posts followed. The land agent sent by the State of Maine with an armed force to drive off trespassers, was seized and thrown into prison. Enraged at this act of violence, the

legislature passed an act placing eight thousand volunteers and eight hundred thousand dollars at the disposal of the State. Part of the troops were raised, and already on the march for the scene of action. A British force was also advancing to repel this military demonstration. All correspondence between the two governors of Maine and New Brunswick had ceased, and nothing now seemed able to avert open hostilities. John Quincy Adams declared in Congress that the dispute had reached a point where arms must settle the question, and for one he was "not disposed to have much further negotiation." The state authorities were resolved to push matters to extremes. It was not an inactive state of great excitement, needing a spark to kindle a conflagration, but everything was moving directly and rapidly to war. Scott hastening to Augusta, passed on the way bodies of volunteers eager for battle, who hailed him with shouts as their future leader. He found everything in commotion. "War," "war," was the cry on every side, and in three days more blood would have flowed, and a struggle commenced, whose termination no one could foretell. Surrounded by men filled with indignation, and breathing threats of vengeance—his ears constantly assailed with the most exaggerated stories of wrong and outrage committed on the frontiers—men, and his passions plied by the threats and bravadoes

of the English troops, it is a wonder he did not fall in with the current of popular indignation, and instead of endeavoring to re-open a correspondence with the governor of New Brunswick, put himself at the head of the gallant troops assembling from every point, and drive back the enemy he had long before trampled under foot at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. But the *general* was more peaceable than the *governor*. A fortunate circumstance aided the former in his pacific intentions. Major General Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick, was lieutenant-colonel in the British army during the war of 1812. In 1813, he and Scott were both adjutant-generals in their respective armies, and each being the head of his staff, all communications, flags of truce, etc., passed through them, thus establishing an acquaintance. Their correspondence also, respecting prisoners—in providing for their wants, exchange, &c., led to a high-minded and chivalric regard for each other. They were both tall, commanding figures, and were always seen in the front of battle. It recalled the deeds and bearing of the knights of old to see these two fearless young giants saluting each other in friendly recognition, as they closed in mortal combat.

On one occasion Scott thought he had his gallant adversary in his power. He was out reconnoitering, and in a skirmish that followed, managed to cut him

off, so that escape seemed impossible. Harvey, sitting quietly on his horse, saw at a glance his perilous position. At the same instant an American rifle was levelled at him. Scott springing forward, knocked up the muzzle of the piece with his sword, exclaiming, "hold, he is our prisoner." But Harvey not relishing the humiliation of a capture, wheeled his horse suddenly, and forcing him to a desperate leap, escaped. On another occasion, his portmanteau was captured by the Americans, in which was found a splendid coat, and a miniature of his young and beautiful wife, in England. This coming to Scott's ears, he purchased them with his own money, and sent them back to his equally noble adversary. To pave the way still more to the opening of a friendly correspondence, Scott, at this time, had in his pocket a private note from Harvey, which he had not answered. The reply to this was soon followed by other letters, which the latter at length allowed to be considered semi-official. A friendly feeling between the two negotiators led to the expression of friendly sentiments. Anger was allayed, excitement quelled, and soon after Governor Harvey took the first conciliatory step, by issuing a proclamation, which, in turn, led to a recall of the troops of Maine from the border. Tranquillity was restored, the way opened for negotiation, and all difficulties were at length settled by the famous Ashburton treaty.

Thus, a fourth time, had Scott been the great pacificator. To see his calm, noble determination through all these difficulties to keep the nation from war, one would think he had lost all relish for his profession, all desire to win distinction on the battle-field.

Major-General Macomb dying in 1841, the command of the entire army of the Republic devolved on General Scott. He continued to fulfil the duties attached to this position in time of peace down to 1846, when the administration, without forethought or preparation, plunged the nation into a war with Mexico. It does not come into the scope of this work to discuss the measures that led to hostilities.

On the 28th of March of this year, General Taylor drew up his army of 4000 men on the banks of the Rio Grande, and planted his guns within range of Metamoras. The brilliant victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, crowned with the triumph of Buena Vista, followed in rapid succession. Scott, in the mean time, was ordered by the President to remain in Washington, his counsels unheeded and his services despised. But the dangers that thickened daily around the American army, at length forced the administration to seek the services of the man whom they had neglected, and who alone could help them out of the embarrassments into which they had plunged themselves. Perhaps the growing repu-

tation of Taylor had also something to do with the sudden wish to have Scott at the head of the army.

On the 18th of November he was ordered to hold himself in readiness. Vera Cruz was to be the first point of attack, and form the basis of all future operations in the heart of Mexico.

On the 30th Scott took his departure, in the full belief that the President designed to sustain him. But he who relied on the word or promise of President Polk, trusted to a broken reed. Before Scott left, the President sent for him, told him of the sleepless nights which the Mexican war had given him, expressed his great anxiety to have it brought to a close, and said that on his genius, energy, and daring the future progress of the war must depend. Scott, incapable of duplicity himself, could not believe it in others. He was moved by the feeling and apparent sincerity of the President, and giving all his former distrust to the wind, said everywhere to his friends, "The President has acted nobly." And yet, at the same time, this conscientious President was organizing a scheme to supersede the Commander-in-Chief, (whom he had just sent to the head of the army), and place him under the control of a Lieutenant-General, without experience, and without military knowledge. Nothing but the patriotism of Congress prevented the success of this scandalous plot.

When Scott arrived at New Orleans, on his way to

the Rio Grande, a friend waited on him, and told him that he had a letter from Senator Barrow, in which this scheme was divulged. Scott did not believe it, and replied,—“ *Tell friend Barrow it is not possible: An American President cannot be guilty of treachery.*” One hardly knows at which to be most amazed—the folly or dishonorable character of this transaction.

Its success would have covered the authors of it with infamy, and our arms with disgrace. It had not the merit of sagacity to conceal its moral turpitude.

Scott's arrival at Tampico was the signal of an entire revolution in the character of the American army. The cold-blooded murders, acts of violence to females, and open robberies, committed by General Taylor's army, frightful as they appeared, were not half known to our people. The General had detailed these things to the government, and asked what should be done. “ *Send the criminals away,*” was the imbecile reply of the Secretary. But the moment Scott took command, he issued his famous martial law orders, in which he declared he would bring every offender, whether American or Mexican, before court-martial, and deal with him as he would be dealt with in the United States. There was no act, from first to last, that conduced so much to the success of the campaign as this. The good behavior of the army which was thus secured, dis-

armed the Mexicans, and the invaders were treated as friends.

In the meantime, the bill in Congress to raise ten additional regiments, was compelled to make room for the grand scheme of appointing a lieutenant-general, and was not acted on till the close of the session. Scott was thus left without the resources upon which he had relied. Delay, however, was impossible; for he knew the *vomito* made its appearance in Vera Cruz early in the spring, and if the victorious army was not on the table-lands of Mexico before that time, it would sink before a deadlier foe than lay behind the walls of the city. Leaving, therefore, ten thousand men within the limits of Taylor's command, he assembled twelve thousand at the island of Lobos, a hundred and twenty-five miles from Vera Cruz. Having reconnoitered the city, and selected a spot west of the island of Sacrificios, for the landing, he, on the 9th of March, ordered the troops on board the ships-of-war, and set sail. As the fleet stood out to sea, Scott, on board the steamer Massachusetts, passed slowly through it. The decks of every vessel were crowded with soldiers, and as they caught sight of the tall form of their commander, there went up a shout from the whole squadron—bugles rang, and the thrilling salute of bands of music floated cheerily over the water. He had started from Washington, as he had said, with "a fire in his

rear," and this new scheme to supplant him, showed what a deadly and venomous direction it was taking. His noble heart was filled with anxiety, for he knew even if that should fail, every movement would be narrowly watched, and the first mishap used to effect his disgrace. The grand spectacle before him, and the consciousness that he was in the midst of a gallant army, could not drive these thoughts from his breast, and turning to the West Point officers that stood grouped about him, he said: "Gentlemen, I am entering upon this campaign with a halter around my neck; the end of it is at Washington, and they are ruthless executioners. Success is absolutely necessary, and I expect you, my young friends, to get this halter off for me." Gallant, yet sad words for a commander to use who is about to peril his life on the battle-field at the call of his country. Right nobly did these brave men tear that halter from his neck, and hung there instead trophies innumerable, that no hate of faction or perversion of history can ever remove.

LANDING AT VERA CRUZ.

Scott expected that the Mexicans would resist the landing of the troops, and he, therefore, as soon as the fleet reached its position, ordered two steamers and five gun-boats to be ranged in a line, with their

guns commanding the beach where the debarkation was to take place. Everything being ready, five thousand five hundred men were placed in sixty-seven surf-boats.

The scene at this moment was indescribably beautiful and thrilling. Those sixty-seven boats, laden with men and fluttering with standards, fell back in a semicircle towards the vessels that were to cover them, while far away glittered in the rays of the setting sun the domes and towers of Vera Cruz, surmounted by the stern battlements of the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. Nearer by, stretched away the low sand hills of the coast, against which the surf was beating with a monotonous roar. The spars and rigging of the foreign ships in the harbor were covered with spectators, gazing on the new, unwonted scene. A slight breeze ruffled the surface of the water, while the blue sky and an unclouded sun, sinking to his evening repose, shed their light and beauty on sea and land. Scott stood on the deck of his vessel, with his glass in his hand, now scanning the surf-boats as they swelled away in a graceful curve from the ships, and now turning an anxious eye to the distant shore. For a moment perfect silence reigned throughout the fleet, and then the loud report of a single cannon rung over the water. The thunder of that signal gun had scarce died away, before the bands struck up a lively air; the sweeps sunk in the

water, and like a single wave, those sixty-seven boats swept steadily and swiftly towards the shore. Scott watched their progress with the deepest solicitude; but at length, when he saw the soldiers leap into the water, and rush ashore, and plant the Stars and Stripes on a high sand hill without firing a gun, he felt that the city was his. At the exciting spectacle the shouts of six thousand men rolled from ship to ship till their blended echoes reached the shore, and were answered by still louder hurrahs. The sun went down on that gallant army, scarcely visible amid the sand hills, which every moment grew dimmer and dimmer in the departing light. A second and third division followed, and by ten at night the entire army of twelve thousand men stood up in battle array on the barren waste that surrounds Vera Cruz. Amid the thunder of cannon and explosion of shells that were hurled from the city and castle, each division moved to its assigned post with the same regularity and accuracy they had been accustomed to move on parade.

THE SIEGE.

Although the investment of the place was completed by the 12th, the operations were suspended on account of a fierce "norther" which prevented the landing of heavy ordnance, and it was not until

the 22d that Scott sent a summons to the governor of the town to surrender. He at the same time sent safeguards to foreign consuls and officers, and with his usual humanity gave free permission to remove the women and children. But both and all being rejected, he on the 24th opened his fire. The line of the siege extended five miles, and on the 25th, from limit to limit the batteries were in a blaze. The cannonade was terrific and awful. The balls of the twenty-four pounders and heavy Paixhan guns dropped with the weight of falling rocks amid the dwellings of Vera Cruz, while the domes of the churches rung with the concussion of shot and shells. At night the scene was fearfully grand. The walls of the city and castle were in a blaze of fire, the ships in the harbor stood revealed in the light of their own broadsides, while for five miles all through those sand hills it thundered and lightened along the American line in incessant explosions. Shells crossing in every direction wove their fiery net-work over the heavens, and dropped blazing among the terrified inhabitants within, followed by shrieks and cries that were borne even to the ears of the besiegers. Death in its most frightful form traversed the streets, for the victims, whether men, women, or children, were torn and mangled by the heavy shot and exploding shells. Huge gaps appeared in the walls, through which storming parties might pass, and the morning of the

26th dawned on a battered, mournful, and doomed city.

From the commencement of the siege, nearly one hundred and thirty tons of metal had been hurled against the town, spreading devastation, ruin, and death on every side. The consuls of foreign powers, who had not dreamed of such a terrific siege, sent a request to Scott for a safeguard for themselves, the women, and children. The latter replied that he had fully considered the sufferings of the women and children before he had fired a shot, and that the responsibility must now rest on those who had refused his offer. The town and fortress surrendered, and with them five thousand prisoners, and five hundred pieces of artillery. The flag of the republic floated from the top of San Juan D'Ulloa, and the first great blow to the Mexican power had fallen.

The siege of Vera Cruz was the first opportunity Scott had had of showing the results of his studies in Europe and at home. Two battles in his youth had elevated him to the first rank in the army. A long interval of peace followed, and the youth of twenty-eight had become the man of three score. There was every prospect of his passing off the stage without giving to his country the ripened fruit of the tree whose blossoms were so full of promise. It does not always follow that because a young com-

mander has fought a bloody and victorious battle, that he can plan and carry to a successful termination a long and difficult campaign. A good fighter is not always a good thinker; still Scott's conduct while on the northern frontier and in the Cherokee country, had obtained for him the confidence of the nation, and great things were expected of him. But when it was announced that Vera Cruz—that Gibraltar of Mexico—had fallen, with the loss to the American army of only two officers and a few soldiers, men were filled with amazement. The soldiers themselves, could scarcely believe the evidence of their own senses. Thirty years of thought, travel, and study had not been thrown away on the American commander. Such a triumph of skill and modern science had never been witnessed on this continent. Gen. Taylor had shown what hard fighting could do, but here was an exhibition of *mind* triumphing over castle walls and well-manned batteries. During the siege many of the younger officers were anxious to carry the place by storm. Said Scott to them—"How many men do you suppose it would cost to do it?" "Possibly two thousand or twenty-five hundred; it would depend on circumstances." "But," replied Scott, "I can take it with a much less sacrifice." "Yes," was the answer, "but the army will win no glory, and officers will have no opportunity to distinguish them-

selves." "Remember, gentlemen," replied the veteran,—in words that should be written in gold—"that *a commander who deliberately sacrifices one life more than is necessary to secure a victory is guilty of murder.*" Like Jackson, he was careful as a father of his soldiers; but of his own life he was reckless enough. One day, while walking the trenches, in the midst of the firing, he saw some soldiers peeping over the parapet to witness the effect of their shot. "Down, down, men," he exclaimed, "don't expose yourselves." "But, general," replied a bold fellow, "*you* are exposed." "Oh," said he, "*generals* now-a-days, can be made out of anybody, but men cannot be had." Throughout the siege he shared with his troops their discomforts, the bivouac, hard fare, cold and damp, and sandstorms, from the first day to the last. He examined all the stations, gave orders for all the batteries and their fire, and indeed knew everything that was going on. He, by the aid of his well-appointed staff, was ubiquitous.

Worth having been appointed temporary governor of Vera Cruz, Scott began his march for the city of Mexico. With eight thousand men he prepared to pierce the inland, dotted with fortifications and swarming with people. Twiggs' division first set off, followed in a few days by others, and soon the great national road was alive with the march-

ing columns. On the third day, he reached the base of Cerro Gordo, and in front of powerful batteries erected on the intrenched and barricaded heights.

BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

The mountain shouldered up so boldly against the river that skirted its base, that the road left the banks, and wound through the gorges and along the ridges till it finally opened on the rich plain beyond. Twiggs having reconnoitered the enemy's position, resolved at once to attack it. But Patterson having joined him with his volunteers, he was induced to defer it till the arrival of Scott.

The latter no sooner came up than he saw a front attack would cost him too many men, if, indeed, it proved successful at all. The batteries were placed on almost inaccessible ridges one behind the other, and all enfilading the road along which the columns must move. Besides, above them all, on the highest point of Cerro Gordo, stood a tower and battery commanding the entire defences below. To advance in front would be making separate entrenched heights so many stepping stones to a last and almost hopeless assault on the topmost battery. He saw that to climb the steep and slippery heights, surmounted by the lower batteries, only to receive the plunging fire of those above, would be terrible work, and he determined, if possible, to avoid it. He, therefore,

made a new reconnaissance and found that a road could be cut around the mountain, on the opposite side from the river, and ascending the heights beyond, intersect the national road behind the Mexican intrenchments. He could thus turn the entire position. Working parties were immediately detailed, and for three days and nights they toiled with unflinching zeal before they were discovered. Balls and grape shot were then thrown among them but without effect; and on the 17th, the road was completed. Twiggs then stormed a height overlooking all but Cerro Gordo, and took it, and soon as night came, detailed a thousand men to bring up cannon with which, in the morning he could fling a plunging fire on the exposed encampments below. A heavy twenty-four pounder, and two twenty-four pound howitzers were to be lifted up the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain, hundreds of feet high. Five hundred men were attached to a single gun, relieved as they became exhausted by the other five hundred. The night was dark as Erebus. A bright fire was built in the gorge below, which threw a broad red light on the face of the rock, and cast into deeper shadow the chasms that opened around. Those five hundred men hanging along the sides of the mountain at midnight dimly revealed in the fire-light, and slowly pulling the sluggish gun after them, while the other five hundred

lay stretched around, presented a strange and picturesque spectacle to the beholder below. Inch by inch, and foot by foot, each heavy burden slowly ascended the heights, till after *eight hours* of unceasing toil, the three guns were planted on the topmost rock. The arduous work was accomplished by three o'clock in the morning, and when the deep shadows that slept in the gorges below, paled before the early dawn, there stood the gallant band around the guns they had lifted to that perilous height. They were now above all the Mexican batteries except the fort and tower of Cerro Gordo. This still overlooked them, and they knew would rain shot and shells into their midst the moment there was sufficient light to reveal their position. But they forgot for a moment the murderous work before them in the thrilling scene that spread beneath their feet. As the morning broke the "sweet music of the Mexican revillée" echoed amid the mountains, and floated in soft cadences over the summits. At length the rays of the sun tipped those lofty peaks, and stealing swiftly down their craggy sides, bathed the hostile encampment in the rosy light of a spring morning. Large bodies of lancers in brilliant uniforms were moving about—dark masses of infantry followed, and the loud and stirring notes of the bugle echoed amid the rocks. Farther down, and beyond, stretched the luxuriant plain, through which rolled

the tranquil river, shining like silver in the early sunbeams. A spirit of romance was shed over the scene, to be dispelled the next moment by the thunder of cannon and strife of men.

The Mexicans saw with astonishment the apparition of an American battery in their midst, and the Fort of Cerro Gordo commenced a plunging fire upon it. Twiggs, in turn, hailed death on the entrenchments below. But the lofty fort that beetled over all the rest was the key-stone of the whole, and Scott had, therefore, cut this side-road so that he could storm it in flank. Pillow was left to press in front against the lower batteries along the National Road; while Harney, with the rifles, 1st artillery, and 7th infantry, supported by the 2d and 3d infantry and 4th artillery, was to make the crowning effort on Cerro Gordo itself. The columns were formed under the eye of Scott, and he rode slowly along, under a "perfect canopy of balls," encouraging the troops, who answered him with loud shouts. At length, when all was ready to charge, "Forward" rung from the lips of their gallant leader, and the storming parties moved forward. In an instant the steep was in a blaze. A solid sheet of fire rolled down its rocky sides, while the explosion of cannon was so constant and deafening that orders could be no longer heard. It was as if one of those terrific tropical thunder-storms had burst on the top. The echoes rolled down the gorges,

and were sent back in deafening reverberations to the summits. But the plunging fire that swept to destruction the front rank of that firm column, could not arrest its onward movement. Scrambling up the naked, uncovered rocks that smoked under the balls that smote them, they climbed higher and higher, the tall athletic form of Harney still in advance. Higher and higher, for seven hundred feet, they toiled through smoke and flame, until they were lost to view amid the sulphurous clouds that enveloped them. But the next moment, a thrilling shout burst from the summit,—they had mounted the barricades, and charging over the guns, swept that hill-top like a hurricane. Harney, suddenly finding himself almost alone in the presence of a large force, began to order up his fancied battalions, as though a brigade were at his heels. His stentorian voice rung through the battle, like a trumpet; and no sooner was the enemy turned in flight, than his swift dragoons wheeled after them, chasing them to the very gates of Jalapa, and beyond them. Scott, while riding amid the raining balls, saw a man holding his shattered arm with the sound one. Reining up his horse, a member of his staff told him it was Captain Patten. Halting, he inquired if he was badly hurt, but in the terrific thunder crash around them, neither question or reply was heard. Shields, gallantly leading his brigade to victory, was shot through the lungs. Pillow alone was unsuccess-

ful. After the battle, Scott rode up to Harney, flushed with victory, and said, "Colonel Harney, I cannot now adequately express my admiration of your gallant achievement, but at the proper time I shall take great pleasure in thanking you in proper terms." That bright April morning had ended in storm and blood. The dead lay everywhere. The gorges were choked with the Mexicans, while along the fiery track of Harney's dragoons, men were stretched in ghastly groups, each with his skull cleft, showing the sabre stroke. But on every height waved the Stars and Stripes. Scott, who by his position, had, in fact, been more exposed than the storming-party itself, no sooner saw the Americans in the works than he hastened up. The spectacle at this moment was thrilling. As he stood on that summit, amid the smoke of the guns that were still playing on the retiring ranks of the enemy, he saw below him the gorges and heights wrapped in war-clouds, amid which wandered broken columns and shattered battalions, and out of which arose the thrilling huzzas of his victorious army. Beside him, his lips moving in silent prayer, knelt his chaplain, amid the wounded and dying that lay in groups around the guns. The storming of that height had been a gallant exploit, and Scott witnessed it from first to last. And now, as he looked around on the panting soldiers, who had moved so fearlessly through the fire, his noble heart was filled with affec-

tion, and he exclaimed, "*Soldiers, I could take every one of you to my bosom;*" then turning to the young West Point officers, who had been heroes every one, and who now gazed with kindling eyes and flushed cheeks on their beloved commander, he shook his hand at them, while his eye moistened and his lips trembled, and said, "*Oh! you young rascals, you!*"

Of the fifteen thousand who had defended that mountain, three thousand prisoners, and a multitude of wounded and dying remained on the field. As one wound up the National Road after the battle, and underneath the frowning batteries, it seemed a dream, that with the loss of only a few hundred men, they had been taken. Positions, where apparently ten men could keep at bay a hundred, had fallen before inferior numbers. It was with feelings of exultation that Scott gazed from that conquered summit on his trophies below, and then turned to the rich plain that lay beyond, upon the domes and towers of Jalapa, and far away to the snow-capped summit of Orizaba.

In a few days the fortifications were deserted, and the victorious army was streaming over the Mexican plains. The wolf-dog and the buzzard alone held sway, and the stench of putrid corpses filled the deep abysses of the mountain.

The orders of General Scott, previous to this battle,

is one of the most remarkable in military annals. They are more like a prophecy than directions.

“ HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
Plan del Rio, April 17, 1847. }

“The enemy’s whole line of intrenchments and batteries will be attacked in front, and at the same time turned, early in the day to-morrow—probably before ten o’clock, A.M.

“The second (Twiggs’) division of regulars is already advanced within easy turning distance towards the enemy’s left. That division has instructions to move forward before daylight to-morrow, and take up a position across the National Road in the enemy’s rear, so as to cut off a retreat towards Xalapa. It may be reinforced to-day, if unexpectedly attacked in force, by regiments—one or two taken from Shields’ brigade of volunteers. If not, the two volunteer regiments will march for that purpose at daylight to-morrow morning, under Brigadier-general Shields, who will report to Brigadier-general Twiggs, on getting up with him, or the General-in-chief, if he be in advance.

“The remaining regiment of that volunteer brigade will receive instructions in the course of this day.

“The first division of regulars (Worth’s) will follow the movement against the enemy’s left at sunrise to-morrow morning.

“As already arranged, Brigadier-general Pillow’s

brigade will march at six o'clock to-morrow morning along the route he has carefully reconnoitered, and stand ready as soon as he hears the report of arms on our right, or sooner if circumstances should favor him, to pierce the enemy's line of batteries at such point—the nearer the river the better—as he may select. Once in the rear of that line, he will turn to the right or left, or both, and attack the batteries in reverse; or, if abandoned, he will pursue the enemy with vigor until further orders.

“ Wall's field battery and the cavalry will be held in reserve on the National Road, a little out of view and range of the enemy's batteries. They will take up that position at nine o'clock in the morning.

“ The enemy's batteries being carried or abandoned, all our divisions and corps will pursue with vigor.

“ This pursuit may be continued many miles, until stopped by darkness or fortified positions towards Xalapa. Consequently, the body of the army will not return to this encampment, but be followed to-morrow afternoon, or early the next morning, by the baggage trains of the several corps. For this purpose, the feebler officers and men of each corps will be left to guard its camp and effects, and to load up the latter in the wagons of the corps. A commander of the present encampment will be designated in the course of this day.

“ As soon as it shall be known that the enemy's

works have been carried, or that the general pursuit has been commenced, one wagon for each regiment, and one for the cavalry, will follow the movement, to receive, under the directions of medical officers, the wounded and disabled, who will be brought back to this place for treatment in general hospital.

“The Surgeon-general will organize this important service and designate that hospital, as well as the medical officers to be left at it.

“Every man who marches out to attack or pursue the enemy, will take the usual allowance of ammunition, and subsistence for at least two days.

By command of Maj. Gen. Scott,

H. L. SCOTT, A. A. A. General.”

The next day after the battle, Jalapa was entered, and on the 22d, Worth took possession of the castle and town of Perote without striking a blow. The 15th of May he entered the ancient city of Puebla. Thus, in two months, with twelve thousand men, Scott had taken ten thousand prisoners—nearly the amount of his entire army—four large cities, seven hundred cannon, ten thousand stand of small arms, and thirty thousand shells and shot. When this news was brought back from that little army locked up in the Mexican mountains, the country, with all its extravagant expectations and boastful spirit, was taken by surprise. Men found that facts surpassed their

own boasting, and the results exceeded their most vivid imaginations.

Scott at Jalapa issued a proclamation to the Mexican people, in which he appealed to the bishops and clergy of the towns through which his army had passed, to confirm his declaration, that the rights of property, and the persons of individuals had been everywhere respected. The people eagerly sought for this proclamation—it spread on the wings of the wind—their conqueror promised what their own army refused. The victor swore to guarantee and protect rights, which for a long time had existed only in name. The good conduct of the troops, thanks to Scott's martial-law orders, furnished testimony to the truth of his declarations. Worth writing from Puebla, said, "it takes admirably, and has accomplished more than all the blows from Palo Alto to Cerro Gordo."

The people of Puebla were amazed when they saw the little army of the Americans enter their city. Measuring it by the deeds it had wrought, they expected to behold an army of giants, with terrific engines of war, and lo, four or five thousand men quietly took up their quarters in the town *on their way to the capital of Mexico*.

Scott at Puebla reminds one of Napoleon in Italy. What with detachments left behind, killed and wounded, sick, deserters, and the dismissed volun-

teers, whose term of service had expired, his whole effective force did not reach five thousand men, the remnant of the twelve thousand who had landed at Vera Cruz. Yet here he was, two hundred miles from the city of Vera Cruz, in a city of eighty thousand inhabitants, surrounded by two millions of people, and watched by an army of twenty thousand men. One can hardly conceive a position in which a commander would feel greater anxiety. The only thought would naturally be how to get safely back to his ships. But Scott was simply planning the best manner of marching on the capital, surrounded with fortifications, and teeming with a population of two hundred thousand. Nothing excites so much surprise as the rashness and daring of such a scheme, except the genius and energy that carried it through. There, on that elevated plain, seven thousand feet high, encircled by the Cordilleras—on the very spot where stood the ancient city of Cholula, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, and where the first Cortez gazed on the towers of four hundred idol temples, now stood the second Cortez, with his little band of brave men around him. Three hundred and twenty-four years divide those conquerors—the only two whose invading feet had ever pressed this soil, and both making an epoch in the history of the country. The first Cortez gazed on innumerable domes and towers, glittering

in the sun—on gorgeous cities, and a land teeming with people. Of all their temples and palaces, nothing now remained save the lofty pyramid of Cholula, on the top of which sacrifices were offered to the gods. Solitary and alone it rises in gloomy grandeur from the midst of a vast and desolate plain—an enduring monument above the grave of a buried city, and a memento of the life that was once there. Masses of lava scattered around, attesting that volcanoes had raged and died on that spot, gave a still more sombre aspect to the scene. On this high plain, as it were, away from the world, alone in its beauty, stands this “city of the angels.” What a strange contrast does the American army present to all this. Rushing from the home of civilization, and out of all the stir and activity of modern life, it suddenly finds itself amid the past, surrounded with men, and dwellings, and implements of all kinds that belonged to a former age.

CHAPTER IV

The army at Puebla—Description of the scenery—Arrival of reinforcements—Departure for Mexico—Ascent of the Cordilleras—Magnificent scenery—First view of the plain and city of Mexico—The road found impassable—Difficult march round Lake Chalco to the Acapulco road—Attack on Contreras—Suffering and anxiety of the army at night—Storming of the fort—Enthusiastic reception of Scott by his victorious troops—San Antonio taken—The three battles of Churubusco—The flight and pursuit—Scott after battle—The Mexicans propose an armistice.

THE troops took possession of the city on the 15th of May, and remained there nearly two months. In that short space, seven hundred perished from sickness. The government at home was heartily sick of the war into which it had plunged the country, and began to show an anxiety to bring it to a termination, half of which at the outset would have prevented it altogether. Mr. Trist was sent a commissioner to make certain proposals, which it was hoped might prevent farther hostilities. This futile negotiation, together with the expectation of reinforce-

ments on their way, delayed the army till mid summer. On the 5th of May, Col. M'Intosh left Vera Cruz with eight hundred men, and a train of one hundred and thirty-two wagons. He was followed five days after by Gen. Cadwallader, with six hundred. The next week, Gen. Pillow, with a thousand men, took the same route, and still later, General Pierce, with twenty-five hundred. Other detachments also arrived, swelling the army to nearly eleven thousand men. Scott in the meantime had not been idle. He had drilled the five thousand men under him almost daily till they had acquired a perfection of discipline that doubled their efficiency. The reinforcements brought everything the army needed, but money. The military chest was in a sad condition, and great dissatisfaction prevailed among the troops. Everything, however, being put in the best preparation his straitened circumstances allowed, Gen. Scott having completed his plans, called his officers together and marked out before them the future course and operations of the army. On the morning of the 7th, Harney's brigade of cavalry moved out of the city followed by Twiggs' division. It was a bright summer day, and the long array of horsemen, of artillery, and infantry, heralded by bands of music, presented a beautiful appearance as it wound over the rolling country, dotted with gardens, and began to ascend the Cor-

dilleras. Scott surrounded with his staff and a hundred dragoons soon followed, while shouts greeted him as he disappeared through the gates and moved with his glittering cortege along the road. As the troops kept ascending, the view became enlarged, and the wind of those tropical highlands blew cold and chill around them. Far away Popocatepatl lifted its snowy crest eighteen thousand feet into the clear heavens, while farther still another icy summit sent its cold breath over the army. Scott had so few troops that he could leave no depots and garrisons on the way, to keep open his communications. He had cut himself loose from help. One lost battle and all the avenues would close forever behind him. Victory alone could keep the road open. With eleven thousand he was advancing on an army of thirty thousand, defended by fortresses and well supplied with heavy artillery. Over all these he must march into a city in which thirty thousand more combatants awaited his approach. Yet he issued his orders with the same confidence he would have done had fifty thousand men followed his standard. He had started for Mexico, and it must be a fiercer fire than ever rolled from a Mexican battery that could stop him. He had said to General Worth at Puebla, who wished to advance his division eighteen miles from the city, in order to watch the enemy, and who also remarked that it was in good retreating distance, "I never put

one foot forward without designing to bring the other up to it." Either he would dictate terms to the enemy in their own capital, or they should exult over his grave.

The army held its way through the wildest mountain scenery, upon the great stage-road, gradually reaching a still higher elevation—now winding along a densely wooded ravine, and again skirting the shore of some sweet lake, that reflected in its placid bosom the frowning heights around. All was new, and strange, and wild. Cool streams, gushing from the sides of the mountain, refreshed the weary troops, but at night the wind from the icy heights around benumbed their limbs, and made them pine for the plains below. On the third day they reached the pass of Rio Frio, more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. This icy little stream had cut away amid the rocks that here closed with a gloomy and threatening aspect over the road. No human foot could scale the precipitous sides of the beetling cliffs, which left but a narrow gorge through which the traveller could pass. A stubborn defence might have been made here, and the enemy at one time had evidently resolved to erect a barricade, and establish batteries; for timber had been felled, and other preparations made. The design, however, had been abandoned, and the army passed on, and at length reached the highest crest of the

mountains. For a long time officers and men had been looking out in eager expectation, to obtain the first view of Mexico. At length the last height was gained, and lo the city and plain were before them. A loud shout from the head of the column rolled down the mountain, and all was excitement and enthusiasm. Jerusalem lying like a sweet vision in the plain, could scarcely have presented a lovelier spectacle to the Crusaders of old than burst at once on the astonished army. The cold mountain air was rushing around them, but far, far down, and away, spread the vast plain of Mexico, shining in summer freshness and beauty. In its midst the domes and towers of the city glittered in the sunlight. All around it gleamed forth the countless lakes that almost lave its walls, while a soft haze overhung all, imparting still greater tranquillity to the scene. Farther away shone the white tops of Popocatapetl and Iztac-eithuatl—their flashing helmets shining clear in the pure atmosphere of the upper regions, while around their feet clung the warm vapor of the lakes that strove in vain to ascend their sides. Scott reined up with his escort, and gazed long and thoughtfully on the magnificent spectacle. Before him like a map, lay spread out the field of his labor—there, shining in summer tranquillity, was the city where his victorious march was to stop. But between him and it lay bloody fields, and perchance, into its crowded popu-

lation, and amid all that magnificence and wealth, he would be compelled to spread devastation and ruin. The memories of the past mingled with anxious thoughts of the future. How many of that gallant army which moved so gaily down the slope would ever recross those mountains. On that plain thousands of ambitious hearts would cease to beat, and when the lessening files should again disappear over this summit, their standards pointing homeward, sad remembrances would be mingled with joyous recollections, and sad farewells be wafted to comrades sleeping in their glorious graves below. As the advance column descended into the valley, the solitude and silence of those highlands were exchanged for the bustle and activity of an army in presence of the enemy. Horsemen galloping along the roads, and scouts scouring the country in every direction, warned the American commander that his movements were watched, and his approach expected. Three routes to Mexico now offered themselves to him—the great road from Vera Cruz, along which he was moving, or the Acapulco road, or the Toluca road. The Acapulco road entered the city at right angles to the former, while the Toluca was beyond it still farther west.

Scott first made a reconnaissance of the road along which his army was marching, and found to his regret that it must be abandoned. El Penon, a forti-

fied hill, completely commanded the approach, and was made so impregnable, both by nature and art, that a greater sacrifice than he could afford would be required to carry it. On one side the hill was perfectly inaccessible, on the other a ditch twenty-four feet wide and ten feet deep had been cut, running from marsh to marsh. Above this bristled fifty-one cannon, commanding the road and enfilading the ditch. From the fort to the city ran a causeway four miles long and surrounded by water. The place, therefore, could not be turned, and to carry it by assault was a task too great for even that gallant army. Besides, if the attempt should succeed, there remained four miles of causeway to be traversed, swept the whole length by the enemy's cannon. Scott, therefore, determined, if possible, to get across to the Acapulco road, whose defences, though strong, were not so impregnable. But Lake Chalco covered the whole intermediate space, and though a causeway stretched across a portion that had been partially drained, it was two miles long and an army of fifty thousand men could not have forced it against the troops and cannon that defended it. The only alternative left was to wheel back and go around the lake, but here he was met by the mountains that came down boldly to the shore. A passage, however, was deemed practicable, and Worth, who commanded the rear division, now took the lead and the army

slowly picked its way amid rocks and along a broken path which a few hours labor of the enemy would have rendered wholly impassable. It was rough work for the artillery and wagons. In less than two days the twenty-seven miles were accomplished, and on the 17th, the head of Worth's column entered San Augustine on the Acapulco road, nine miles from Mexico. Here the depot of the army was established.

Every precaution, however, had been taken to render this road impassable, but there was more ground to work on, and the army was not shut in between marshes and a mountain. San Antonia, a village a little in advance of San Augustine, was strongly fortified, and could be approached only by a long narrow causeway, on which the batteries of the enemy could play with deadly effect. Near this village were the fortified heights of Contreras and the bridge of Churubusco, and farther on and closer to the city, the hill of Chapultepec. Scott had apparently gained nothing by changing roads. Over all those fortifications, defended by a hundred cannon and thirty thousand men, his army of less than eleven thousand must march before they reached the narrow causeways leading to the city and to the interior lines of defence, which alone were by no means to be despised. But his practised eye saw at once that if Contreras could be carried San

Antonia would be turned, and hence rendered harmless. Santa Anna never dreamed this was practicable. True the country stretched five miles from the road to the mountains, but it was a vast field of volcanic rocks and lava, and broken eminences, intersected by ditches, and covered with prickly pear, over which he thought artillery could not be carried.

BATTLE OF CONTRERAS.

Scott, however, ordered Pillow's division to cut a road to it, under the direction of Lee, the chief engineer. At four o'clock in the afternoon P. F. Smith, and Riley, of Twigg's division, and Pierce, and Cadwallader, of Pillow's, were with their brigades carefully picking their way over the rocks, steadily pushing their columns on towards the road that led from the fortress to the city. This was a beautiful road, and as the enemy saw with astonishment an army approaching them over a country hitherto deemed impassible, reinforcements were ordered up, and along, large bodies of cavalry in quick succession were seen to gallop, showing that Valencia was rapidly concentrating his forces on the menaced point. Captain Magruder, with his battery of twelve and six pounders, and Lieut Callender, with his mountain howitzers and rockets, slowly forced their way towards the entrenchments. The

ground covered with rocks, prickly pear and cactus, and the ditches rendered doubly impassable to horses, by hedges of the maguey plant, made their progress so slow that long before they could get into position, grape, canister, and round shot were hurled into their ranks from twenty-two guns of the enemy.

With the utmost effort only *three* pieces could at last be got into battery. These three comparatively light guns made but a feeble response to the murderous cannonade from the heights. Still for two hours the infantry and artillerymen bravely stood their ground. At every discharge of the hostile batteries, they would fall flat on their faces, and let the iron storm rush over them, and then rise and serve their guns. This was disheartening work, and at length two of the pieces were dismounted, and most of the cannoneers killed or wounded. The force was then recalled. Riley, in another part of the field, kept up a skirmishing with the enemy, and several times repulsed the charges of Mexican cavalry. But without cavalry or artillery, no demonstration could be made against the force before him. If the troops charged in line, having no artillery, they would be cut asunder by cavalry, and if in column, they would be rent into fragments by Mexican batteries. All further attempts on the hill were therefore abandoned for that day, but Scott kept pushing his troops towards the road that led

from Contreras to the city. The reinforcements that were pouring over it, must be stopped at all hazards, and he sent forward by another route. Col. Morgan followed soon after by Shields' brigade of New York and South Carolina volunteers to occupy the church and few houses of the settlement itself, and thus block up the road. Waiting till dark, they made a detour through a dense forest, and at length reached their destination.

The night of the 19th closed cheerless and disheartening around the American army. The heavens were black, and the sombre hue which a pending storm shed on everything, rendered the prospect still more desolate. The rifle regiment that had been toiling and fighting all the afternoon, was ordered with the 1st. artillery and 3d infantry to the same hamlet. Through chapparel and cactus they had forced their way, and late at night, tired and hungry, joined Riley's brigade, which, with Worth, occupied the road. Shield's brigade encamped in an adjoining orchard, while Cadwallader's lay still nearer the enemy. The road being enfladed by the batteries of the fortress, the troops occupying it built breast works, both to conceal themselves and protect them from the grape shot. Nothing could be more discouraging than their position. Part had made their way over rocks, ditches, and through chapparel of thorns to that hamlet, and part through a dense

forest, and now occupied ground they were utterly ignorant of, or of the route to the other portions of the army. Each asked the other where was Scott, but no one could tell. If they could only hear from him, all would be right; one word from their commander, letting them know he was aware of their position, would be sufficient. But cut off from all communication with the army, without artillery, ignorant of the ground they occupied, crushed, as it were, between the overwhelming forces of Santa Anna in Mexico, and those under Valencia in Contreras, the gloomy night promised a still gloomier morning. Scott was weighed down with nearly equal anxiety, for he could obtain no tidings from these gallant brigades. He had sent out seven different officers, but not one could get through. Capt. Lee at last reached him with a message from Shields, announcing that his orders had been fulfilled. Still he had reason to be anxious, for a vigilant and daring enemy would, ere morning, have dealt him a staggering blow. To add to the gloom and despondency of the men, a heavy rain set in. Most of the officers had lost their blankets and overcoats in crossing the rough and thorny fields to their position, and uncovered, lay down beside their worn-out soldiers in the road and orchard. "Too weary to eat, too wet to sleep," they lay packed together in the dirt which, at length, became a mass of mud, and a sorry

set of men they were. At length it was whispered from man to man, "*we storm at midnight.*" A sudden thrill made them for a moment forget their condition, but midnight came, and with it a deluge of rain. The road soon became flooded with water as it poured in streams amid the weary troops, and they were compelled to abandon even that miserable couch, and stand crowded and shivering, shoulder to shoulder under the pelting storm, till near daylight. The orders were to have everything ready for an attack by daylight, but the darkness and the storm rendered this impracticable. But about four o'clock Riley and Smith defiled their troops silently from the road and moved towards the position assigned them in rear of the fort. A ravine lined with orchards and corn-fields presented an admirable protection for them, and they reached their place of concealment unobserved. Cadwallader took position in their rear, while Shields, with Col. Morgan's regiment held the road to stop the approach of reinforcements from the city, and also to cut off the retreat of Valencia's army after the hill should be carried. The Mexicans remained entirely ignorant of all these movements, and were expecting to have the attack in front renewed in the morning.

The American troops were now themselves again. Though every soldier was soaking wet and shivering with cold and hunger, not a heart beat faint. Hun-

ger, cold, and fatigue, were all forgotten, for they were within tiger-spring of the foe. Besides to stimulate their ardor, the hill was shaking with the thunder of Valencia's cannon, and clouds of smoke were rolling heavily away over their heads. The daylight which dawned so murkily through the morning vapors, revealed to the enemy General Shields' brigade occupying the road, and the Mexican General had turned his guns upon it, little dreaming of the volcano that was about to open at his very feet.

At length, at six o'clock, Smith slowly walked up to his men and asked if all was ready. The kindling eye and eager look answered him, and "*men, forward*" ran along the line. The next moment they leaped over the slight ridge that concealed them, and pouring in a sudden deadly fire that seemed to the astonished Mexicans to issue from the very bowels of the earth, rushed forward with shouts and yells that drowned even the crack of their own rifles and the roar of the enemy's guns. The fire of the fort was instantly turned on them, but owing to the rapid advance of the maddened Americans, it went over their heads, and they kept on their headlong way, firing as they ran, till they reached the parapet. Scoffing at the volley that met them here, they cleared the breastwork with a bound, and the brave rifles having no bayonets, clubbed their pieces, and

the heavy blows of the stocks could be plainly heard amid the cries and groans of the dying. The work of death then commenced, for though General Salas succeeded in rallying his troops, and endeavored bravely to stem the torrent, he only increased the carnage. He ordered a splendid body of lancers that came winding up the road in their brilliant uniforms, to charge the Americans, but frightened at the yells of the struggling, swaying mass, they turned and galloped away. The actual conflict lasted scarcely twenty minutes, but the pursuit and carnage continued. Every passage was literally blocked with the fugitives, among whom the foremost of the Americans plunged so madly, that those in rear dared not fire, lest they should kill their comrades. The part that took the road to the city, was cut down or made prisoners by Shields' brigade. Every ravine was filled with Mexican corpses; all through the cornfields and orchards, the earth was sprinkled with the dead and wounded. Five hundred getting jammed in a pass, thirty Americans headed them off, and firing down on them, took the whole prisoners, of whom one hundred were officers.

It seemed as if the despondency, and suffering, and hunger of the night before had filled the troops with tenfold fury, so hotly and desperately did they press the fugitives. On every side small bodies of Americans were seen pouring their volleys into large

masses of the enemy, as they crowded over the fields. Through the forest, amid the volcanic rocks, and thickets of chapparel, the incessant crack of the rifle and shouts of men were heard. Many were too frightened to ask for quarter. The awful yells and frightful ferocity with which the American troops had scaled that hill, and leaped into their midst, made them believe their doom was sealed if taken, and thus the slaughter was increased. This fierce pursuit continued for hours, and when at length the last soldier had obeyed the recall, and the weary regiments were once more in their respective places, that hill presented a frightful spectacle. *Seventeen hundred* killed and wounded, had been stretched around it, and along the roads that led away from its base. The wet earth was red with blood. Over eight hundred prisoners, and among them four generals, twenty-two pieces of brass cannon, seven hundred pack-mules, and small arms, ammunition, stores, etc., in vast quantities, were the trophies of this great victory, and more than all, a strong position had been taken, and another rendered useless, with comparatively small loss to the American army. A great moral effect, moreover, had been secured. The prestige of success—the idea of invincibility, now surrounded the invaders, and no certain reliance could be placed by the enemy on their remaining strong defences. The shout of triumph that rolled

from the summit of Contreras carried consternation into the city, and Santa Anna, for the third time, trembled before the skill and daring that set at naught his strongest fortresses and choicest troops. But if the dismay and despondency were great on one side, the exultation and confidence were equally great on the other. That little army, stretched in the mud beneath the pitiless storm, and cut off from all communication with their leader, at midnight, and that same army sending up their shout of triumph at sunrise from the top of Contreras, present a wide contrast. The rifles had earned imperishable fame. Scott shared in the enthusiasm of the victory, as he had in the anxiety of the night before. Divided from his troops, and no longer able, with his presence, to remedy faults or check reverses, he knew that failure might easily occur, and felt how discouraging to his own troops, and inspiring to the enemy it would be. But little sleep visited his eyes that night; and as he gazed out into the darkness and pouring rain, and ever and anon asked if there were any tidings from the other half of his army, his staff saw that he felt more than he dare express. As one after another came back, drenching wet from his fruitless efforts to penetrate to those brigades, his anxiety increased, and not till the brave and indefatigable Lee brought a message from Shields, did he breathe free again. The first gun

fired at day-break on the brigade of Shields brought him to the saddle, and he and his escort swept along the road towards Contreras. But before he arrived the hill was carried, the battle won, and he beheld with the enthusiastic joy of youth the dismembered and fugitive army of Valentia streaming over the fields. As those brave brigades saw him approach, there went up a shout as loud as that which greeted the morning sun when the American flag floated from the top of Contreras. Riding up to the rifles, he exclaimed, "*Brave rifles, you have been baptized in fire and blood, and come out steel.*" He was mounted on a horse seventeen or eighteen hands high, and with his tall form towering above all his escort, he rode slowly amid the ranks, while the very heavens shook with the acclamations of the soldiers. There was a wildness and enthusiasm in the welcome that the composure of that iron-hearted chief could no longer resist. This almost fierce manifestation of love unmanned him, and reining up his horse, he dropped the bridle, and stretching out his hands, while his lips quivered and his eye moistened with feeling, he exclaimed, "*silence, silence.*" The tumult suddenly hushed, and every ear was bent to catch the words that should fall from his lips.

With his hand still outstretched, and his face turned towards heaven, he exclaimed, "*Soldiers, in the first place, great glory to God; in the second*

place great glory to this gallant little army." "Oh," said one of the officers, "you should have heard the frantic shouts and hurrahs that followed." It seemed as if the soldiers would break their ranks and tear him from his horse. The doubts and distrust of the night before had given way to unbounded confidence in their leader's skill, and at his command they now would have charged on ten or ten thousand alike. The gallant 4th artillery lost two guns at the battle of Buena Vista, though not until Captain O'Brien had seen his whole section shot down and stood alone with his pieces. Here they were retaken, and this noble company gathered round them with cheer after cheer. Scott riding up at the moment, waved his hand and shouted with the rest, and exultation and joy reigned throughout the army. Three thousand five hundred men had demolished, with a single blow, an army of seven thousand.

The day's work, however, glorious as it had been, was not yet completed. Three more battles and three more victories were to be fought and won before sunset. The American army was now in the very midst of fortifications, and could not pause. Behind and near it lay San Antonia, and before it and only four miles distant Churubusco. The former was in reality turned, and when Garland, with his brigade approached, the Mexicans fled, and he took possession without resistance, and uniting with

Clarke, which had cut the retiring column in two, started in fierce pursuit.

BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO.

But the great movement of the day was on Churubusco, where Santa Anna had concentrated his troops, and where the fugitives from Contreras and San Antonia rallied. Churubusco was on the great causeway leading from San Antonia, to Mexico, but a canal stretched along in front of it, over which the causeway was continued by a bridge. This bridge was swept by batteries, and a column advancing over the causeway to its still narrower entrance would be exposed to a concentrated and tremendous fire. To make the approach still more perilous, a field work had been erected some three hundred yards in front of this *tête du pont* though a little one side of the causeway. This was composed of a hacienda surrounded by a wall pierced with a double row of embrasures and commanding the road—a stone building inside still higher, and a fortified church higher than all. The batteries mounted here not only overlooked and swept the road along which the American columns must pass, but were within close cannon shot of the bridge which was to be carried by storm. There was, however, a side road to the hacienda from Coyhoacan, and along this the

divisions of Twiggs and Pillow, together with Shields brigade, accompanied by the rifles, were to advance and divert its fire from Worth, who, keeping along the main causeway from San Antonia, would leave it one side, and be arrested only at the bridge. Thus two separate battles were to be fought within half cannon shot of each other.

Scott, accompanying Pillow's division, had halted when within a mile of Churubusco, and arranged the whole attack. He then took his position on the top of a house, where he could survey both battle-fields, whose clouds were to mingle into one. The brigades of Shields and Pierce were ordered to occupy a cross road which led to the rear of Churubusco, and thus effect the double purpose of deterring Santa Anna from sending reinforcements to the hacienda, by keeping him in constant fear of an attack on his rear and flank, and also of cutting off the retreat of Rincon's army should Twiggs succeed in driving it out. Nothing could be more perfect than this plan of General Scott's. By it, he prevented Santa Anna from concentrating his overwhelming force on a single point. He confused and distracted him so, that he did not know where the heaviest blow was to fall; while, at the same time, so much was threatened, that defeat anywhere seemed to involve complete ruin. This spreading of so many meshes around the feet of the enemy, exhibits the wonderful generalship of Scott.

A commander is great in proportion to the extent of his resources; and though the world generally does not understand this, it gives him full credit in the results which it *can understand*. When the *soldier* becomes aware of it, he moves to his station in perfect assurance of victory. He loves the commander who, by his daring and stubborn resolution, tramples under foot the best-laid schemes; but he delights still more in one who can not only *outfight*, but *outwit* the enemy. Especially is this true of the American soldier, for, to an American, a man *over-reached* is already a beaten man. Besides, he feels a certain elasticity and confidence the moment that he finds his foe disconcerted. It was thus Scott acquired such an ascendancy over his troops. They did not care what his orders were—they knew they could be fulfilled. The character of the separate duties of brigades or regiments, or the difficulties in the path of each, were not to be considered, the general, final result would inevitably be a victory. Defeat under Scott the army came at last to consider impossible. *He* could not commit a blunder; and should a repulse occur, the blame must rest on the troops, not on him. Their confidence was not misplaced, and that same confidence gave them tenfold power. Whether standing quietly under a murderous fire, or storming almost inaccessible heights, the thought of not succeeding, it

their chief was looking on, never entered their minds. His direction to do a thing, was conclusive evidence that it could be done.

Everything being ready, at one o'clock the order was given to advance, and Scott saw the columns moving along the different roads in beautiful order. At length they came within reach of the Mexican batteries, which opened a tremendous fire upon them. Twiggs, marching full on the hacienda, planted his guns in close range, and the next moment the plain shook with their heavy explosions. The cannonading was like the incessant roll of thunder. Through the smoke that rolled over the causeway and past this blazing volcano, Worth led his division swiftly towards the batteries on the bridge. Colonel Garland, a little to the right of the road, and Clarke and Cadwallader directly on the road, marched steadily forward through the fire. The heads of the columns melted away before the sweeping discharges from the batteries on the bridge, but the ranks closed steadily up, and under those gallant leaders, pressed firmly on. Garland's column suffered severely from a line of infantry as he approached, but nothing could check the ardor of his troops, that kept pushing on till the line before them broke and fled. Clarke's brigade, with equal coolness, kept moving up, making straight for the bridge. The uproar of the two battles, not over three hundred yards apart, was at this moment

terrific. Nothing like it had ever been heard on the plains of Mexico, and the domes and towers of the city were crowded with men and women gazing off where the white and sulphurous clouds rolling up in the distance revealed the place of conflict. After an hour and a half of incessant fighting, Clarke's brigade at length reached the *tête du pont*; the order to charge passed through the excited ranks, and with a loud shout, they crowded across the ditch, stormed the parapets, and rushing furiously over the bridge streamed after the fugitives as they fled towards the capital. Twiggs heard the thunder of battle rolling away from him, and he knew the bridge was carried, and that the victorious division of Worth was chasing the enemy before it, and he resolved it should not be the last victory of that day. He had stood for two hours and a half under the murderous fire of the batteries, and by directing them on himself, saved Worth from destruction.

Santa Anna, seeing how the battle was going, suddenly poured four thousand infantry, and three thousand cavalry on the brigades of Pierce and Shields. Here were no defences, and it seemed impossible that these two brigades could stand the weight of such overpowering masses. But these rifles "had been baptized in fire and blood," and their quick, deadly fire emptied saddles with frightful rapidity.

The New York and South Carolina volunteers vieing with each other in heroic daring and steady courage, bore up against these heavy onsets with the firmness of veterans, and pouring themselves in tumultuous shouts on the enemy, swept them again and again from their batteries. They melted away like the morning mist, but still shoulder to shoulder they moved unflinchingly through the storm. The road was packed and piled with the dead, and that curtain of brave men, which alone kept Santa Anna's masses from falling on the already exhausted Twiggs, was rent into fragments,—still, with such a leader as Shields, they could not be beaten. Brave, resolute, and with a tenacity of will nothing but death could shake, he moved amid his men a tower of strength. Once surrounded, he told his troops to charge through the hostile ranks. They obeyed, rending the line asunder as though it had been a band of straw.

Scott saw the peril of this brave commander, and the regiments of Ransom, Wood, and Morgan were successively hurried to his aid. One after another they came at the *pas de charge*, and shouting cheerfully to their hard beset comrades, went rolling like loosened cliffs on the foe. Shields heard their shouts with joy, for his brave Carolinian and New York volunteers were fast filling their glorious graves. The gallant Butler fell cheering on his men, and for

a long time Twiggs listened to this incessant and tremendous firing in his rear with the deepest anxiety.

Santa Anna was making a desperate effort to retrieve the losses of the morning, and again and again bore fiercely down with the flower of the Mexican cavalry on the diminutive force that so steadily beat back his legions. But no defeat was to mar that day so gloriously begun; and Santa Anna was at length compelled to give way.

The veteran Twiggs, drawing his girdle of fire still closer and closer around that hacienda, at length carried it sword in hand, and Rincon's army streamed after the other fugitives towards Mexico. The dead and the dying were left in their gore, and the tide of battle swept fiercely away towards the capital. That causeway was dark with men, and fluttering with standards, while white spots of smoke in the distance, and the far off roll of cannon, and faintly heard shouts told that the work of death was not yet done.

The gay and brilliant uniform of the Mexican lancers as they galloped frantically in long columns along the causeway over their own infantry, presented a striking contrast to the dark, compact body of American dragoons that pressed on their flying traces. It was a wild, exciting scene. The blood of those bold dragoons was up, and they never pulled rein till they reached the gates of Mexico.

The American bugle, sounding the recall under the walls of the capital, was ominous of evil. Kearney, with one arm shattered, then led his troop back over the field of slaughter. Nine thousand Americans had trampled under foot thirty thousand Mexicans. The field presented a ghastly spectacle. Friend and foe lay side by side, while cries of distress and moans arose in every direction. The earth had been soaked with the blood of brave men, on whose cold dull ears, the triumphant shouts of regiment after regiment as they returned from the pursuit, fell unheeded. What a day this had been, and what a scene the sun in his course had looked upon. His rising beams flashed on the crimson summit of Contreras; his noonday splendor failed to pierce the war cloud that shrouded the tens of thousands struggling in mortal combat around Churubusco, and now his departing rays, as he stooped behind the Cordilleras, fell on a mournful field of slaughter. But they kissed in their farewell the American standard fluttering from every summit and tower, where in the morning the Mexican cross greeted his coming.

What a contrast did the two nights present. At sunset the day before, the American soldiers had suffered defeat, and were desponding; to-night, they were frantic with joy and exultation. Scott, cut off from half his troops, who, discouraged, sad, and sorrowful, and drenched to the skin, stood at midnight under the

batteries at Contreras ; and Scott riding through his gallant army, that rent the heavens with acclamations, is hardly the same man. Four brilliant victories in one day, and every strong defence but one between him and the capital broken down, lifted a weight from his heart, the pressure of which no one had known. And as he now rode up to the thinned and blackened regiments, he addressed them by turn in enthusiastic praise. He called them his brave comrades, and as they crowded around to seize his hand, told them they had covered their country's flag with glory. He loves the brave, and as he passed along, his very face was eloquent with feeling. This open and unbounded commendation, raised to the last pitch of excitement the already enthusiastic troops, and their shouts and acclamations shook the very plain on which they stood. The brave old Rincon leaned from the balcony of the church he had so gallantly defended, and though a prisoner, gazed with undisguised delight on this manifestation of unbounded love for their leader. He could not escape the contagion of the enthusiasm, and loved his captors better for their devotion to their noble commander. Soldiers will ever love such a chief, and such a chief will ever be worshipped by his soldiers. Scott had good reason to be proud of his army. Since morning they had stormed and taken Contreras, the bridge and citadel of Churubusco, captured San Antonia, and beaten Santa Anna in the

open field. Such a day's work was never done by nine thousand men before. As one looked on those heavy batteries, and almost impregnable defences, it seemed impossible that they had all been carried within twelve hours. But a few more such days would annihilate the American army. A thousand men had fallen, and among them nearly eighty officers. The American uniform was sprinkled thick around those grim batteries; and victories that cost him a ninth part of his men killed and wounded, would soon leave Scott destitute. He was nearly three hundred miles from Vera Cruz, with only eight thousand unwounded men around him. With this comparative handful, he was yet to carry a still more impregnable fortress and the capital itself. He thought of those things on that night of triumph. But the weary army, flushed with victory, dreamed only of greater triumphs to come. The thunder of battle had ceased; the carnage and strife were done; and the living and the dead slept side by side on the field where they had struggled. The uproar of the day gave way to the silence of night. Nature, taking no note of man's inhuman strifes, wore the same tranquil look as ever, and the breath of summer fanned lowland and upland as gently as though no groaning men cumbered the field. The stars came out on the sky, and shed their pure radiance on the blackened batteries and crimson intrenchments, keeping watch all that peaceful night

with the sentry as he walked his weary rounds. The flags that had been carried so resistlessly through the storm of battle, drooped adown their staves,—emblems of victory all unheeded now by the fiery sleepers beneath. The day had opened and closed in blood and slaughter, yet the night showed no change. Far away, along the green valleys and hill sides of this free land, were fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and wives, who little knew how laden with sorrow that bright summer day had been to them. How inscrutable are the designs of heaven, and how unthinkingly men carry them out. Scott, who had seen enough of carnage, wrote after this dreadful day, “enough blood has been shed in this unnatural war;” and to all thinking men, it seemed a wicked and useless waste of life. The former it doubtless was; of the latter, we are not so sure.

Victories are no longer mere indications of prowess and strength. Linked together as nations now are, they tell on civilization and on the destiny of the world. The authors of this war are without excuse, but what necessary link it may form in the chain of human events no one is able to determine. It in the first place saved West Point Academy, which in the end may save the republic, and doubtless, will save more men than fell between Vera Cruz and Mexico. It gave us a position in Europe, and thus strengthened the hopes of freedom everywhere. It gave us

also authority in a country where we then thought we had no interest ; but where now we see we have much. It removed (and we trust forever) the absurd and insane idea, that educated officers were not needed in this country—that from the masses would spring able generals like mushrooms after a rain. It has inspired respect abroad and confidence at home, by showing the real strength of the nation. That little army sleeping almost under the walls of Mexico, has at least turned over a new leaf in the book of history, if not for good then for evil.

The next morning Scott while moving to Coyhoacan was met by commissioners from Santa Anna, proposing an armistice. He replied that he was willing to accede to one, and they would find him that night at Tacubaya. The road thither passed within reach of the batteries of Chapultepec, and the commissioners told him if he would delay his march a few hours, orders would be issued to prevent him and his escort from being fired upon. Scott thanked them for their kindness, but with his hundred dragoons boldly proceeded on his way, and slept that night in the Archiepiscopal palace of Mexico, and in full view of the domes and towers of the capital. It is thought that at this time he could have prevented another battle by assailing the city with shells. But the carnage would be frightful in that crowded population, and he humanely listened

to the first overtures for peace. This humanity, however, in the end cost him his bravest troops.

The administration in power at this time did nothing but heap blunder on blunder in their efforts to conduct the war. The insane project of placing a lieutenant-general over Scott, was followed by one not so despicable but equally absurd—the appointment of an agent to treat with the Mexican powers. The mere fact announced at Puebla, excited the contempt of the officers, and inflated the Mexicans with arrogance. Having sent an army of invasion into Mexico it should have empowered the commander-in-chief alone to treat with its rulers, until regular commissioners had been appointed to negotiate a peace away from the field of battle. But it seemed fated that nothing but the gallantry of the American army should redeem the errors in which this “unnatural war” had commenced. There was justice at least in this, for neither the merit or blame has ever been or will be divided. The *crime* rests with the administration, the *glory* with the army.

CHAPTER V.

The Armistice—Scott resolves to carry Chapultepec by storm—Description of the Fortress—Battle of Molino Del Rey—The field after the victory—The condition and prospects of the Army at this time—Misbehaviour of the Government—Defence of Scott—His plan for assaulting Chapultepec—Day preceding the Battle—The final attack.

FOR nearly three weeks Scott and his patient little army sat down in full view of Mexico, waiting the movements of Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners. This project of sending an agent two thousand miles distant, to present a treaty either before or after a battle,—claiming the right to arrest and delay the movements of an army, at a time when the Commander-in-chief might deem it of the utmost importance to advance, was another folly in that series of follies which had characterized the whole course of the administration from the commencement of the war.

Scott, however, did not remain idle. In the first place, twenty-nine deserters taken in the citadel of Churubusco were tried by court-martial. Fighting

with a halter about their necks, they had fought like demons, doing more execution than a whole regiment of Mexicans. Sixteen of these wretches were hung, and their blackened corpses left to swing in the wind, a terrible example to traitors. The city, in the mean time, was carefully studied, and every plan for securing its downfall thoroughly weighed and examined. But his position, notwithstanding the great victories achieved, was perilous in the extreme. Cut off from all resources, with an army of more than thirty thousand men, and a fortified city of two hundred thousand inhabitants before him, he surveyed his little army of eight thousand men with an anxious heart. He could rely on them, for he had tried them. But one day of disaster would shake it sadly. To retreat after a severe defeat would be impossible. The terror of his arms alone kept down the inhabitants. With that gone, the swarming population would gather in endless thousands around his path, and the Mexican cavalry trample down his enfeebled battalions from the capital to Vera Cruz. Like Taylor at Buena Vista, it was victory or ruin with him.

Anticipating failure in the negotiations, he had, after a close examination of the various modes of assaulting the capital, adopted a plan of operations, which he resolved to commence the moment the armistice should close. There were eight different avenues to the city in its entire circuit, terminating

in five gates, each of which constituted a small fort, where a few men and cannon could resist almost any force brought against it. Around a part of the city stretched an impassable morass, crossed by long causeways, commanded by batteries from the walls, and also by the castle of Chapultepec. Around the other portion stretched a wide canal, which it would be necessary to bridge under the enemy's fire. But could all these obstacles be overcome, there remained the fortress of Chapultepec, overlooking and commanding the city, so that if the American army were once within, they could not hold it should the Mexicans resolve to bombard their own capital. But with Chapultepec in his power, Scott would have the town under his guns, and it must fall. He, therefore, resolved to assail it, notwithstanding the almost impregnable fortifications that defended it. But with a less skilful commander than he, or with a less gallant army that closed resolutely around him, its conquest would have been impossible. It was surrounded at the base by a high massive wall; its sides were spotted with forts and walls; and from its top, a hundred and fifty feet high, arose the castle, with its wings, bastions, parapets, and redoubts, all surmounted by a splendid dome, that flashed proudly in the clear sunlight. Around this castle ran two strong walls, ten or fifteen feet high, over which the troops must climb before they could effect an

entrance. The whole frowning top was covered with heavy cannon defended by an army of thirty thousand men. Only on one side could this precipitous rock be scaled ; the western, towards the city. This was clothed with a heavy forest : but at the base were two fortified positions, Molino del Rey, or the King's Mill, a thick stone building with towers, and Casa de Mata, another massive stone building, the two standing about four hundred yards apart. In this admirable position, Santa Anna had placed an army fourteen thousand strong ; its two extremities resting on these fortified structures, and his centre protected by a heavy battery. This force, stretching four hundred yards, from building to building, broken by only the field battery in the centre, presented an imposing appearance.

Thus stood matters on the 7th, when the armistice was broken off. Mr. Trist had demanded all that disputed country between Nueces and the Rio Grande, the whole of New Mexico and upper and lower California. The Mexican commissioners presented a counter project, differing widely from this basis. After much discussion, however, they acceded to all Mr. Trist's claims, with the exception of ceding the south part of New Mexico to the United States.*

* They refused to cede the territory between Nueces and the Rio Grande ; but were willing it should remain unoccupied by either nation—neutral territory.

By what process the administration obtained a right to this territory has not yet transpired unless by right of conquest, which from the first was disclaimed. Scott perhaps might have submitted to this trifling a little longer, had not the representatives of Mexico, Jalisco and Zacatecas issued a protest against the negociations and the secretary of state, a circular to the states of Puebla and Mexico, calling for a levy *en masse*, "in order that they may attack and harass the enemy with whatever weapons each may conveniently procure, whether good or bad, by fire or sword, and by every practicable means which it is possible to employ, in the annihilating of an invading army." It was evidently high time that Scott was bestirring himself; and luckily for the army Mr. Trist had the good sense to see the unbounded folly of the administration, and to fall in with the views of the commander-in-chief. This was a catastrophe that had not been looked for at home, and completed the political blunder, out of which had grown such a terrible tragedy.

On the 7th of September, Scott had resolved to storm the city of Mexico, and make peace within its walls.

BATTLE OF MOLINO DEL REY.

But Chapultepec, with its strong defences, must first be carried. Preparatory to the final movement

on the heights and castle, it was necessary to demolish Santa Anna, with his fourteen thousand men at the base. General Worth was appointed on this perilous enterprise, and whether his reconnaissance *could* not have been more thorough than it was, or whether he unfortunately considered it complete and satisfactory, at all events he was ignorant of the true strength of the position, until his torn and mangled division revealed it to him. It was a desperate undertaking to attempt, in broad daylight, with a little over three thousand men, to carry those stone buildings, batteries, and all, defended by fourteen thousand troops. But Worth, like Murat, rarely counted his foes, and on the night of the 7th divided his force into three columns, with a reserve under Cadwallader, to act where it should be most needed. The right column, under Garland, received orders to march on the mill. A storming party of only five hundred men, commanded by Major Wright, was to commence the attack by falling suddenly on the field battery in the centre, while the 2d brigade, under M'Intosh, was to move on Casa de Mata.

Sumner, with his dragoons, hovered on the American left. Scott had given orders to have the attack made if possible before daylight. This, however, was not done, although the columns were in motion by three o'clock in the morning. Captain

Huger had been directed to place his battery of twenty-four pounders, so as to cover Garland's advance, and divert the fire from the batteries of Chapultepec. As soon as daylight sufficiently revealed objects, he commenced a terrible cannonade on the mill. His heavy shot tore through its solid walls with such effect, that the position was soon shaken.

The storming party, under Major Wright, then dashed forward on the field battery. Midway they were met by a most horrible and destructive fire from the artillery. Taking it without flinching, they with shouts pressed forward and actually carried the battery. The enemy seeing with amazement what a handful of men were in their midst, rallied, and by the mere weight of their masses, forced this gallant little band back. In a moment the whole line of infantry poured in their volleys, and for an instant it seemed as if the earth had swallowed up every man. *Eleven, out of the fourteen officers* who commanded it, were shot down, and the stunned and shattered column, staggered back. But disdaining to be the first of all that noble army to fly, it stood and bled on the field it could not win, till Captain Kirby Smith, with a light battalion, and part of Cadwallader's brigade, came to the rescue. The two forces joined with shouts and hastily forming, drove with resistless power on the battery, and took it. The Mexican line was thus severed, and the

battle resolved itself into two distinct actions around the two buildings. Garland's column now took up its march for the mill, which seemed on fire from the blaze of its own guns. That fearless and fiery artillerist, Captain Drum, with two pieces, moved at its head, while above them the twenty-four pound shot of Magruder, swept with fearful accuracy on the building. The huge black balls could be traced in their flight, and the dull heavy sound of their concussion was heard even amid the deafening explosions that shook the field. Drum seemed to bear a charmed life, and moved amid his guns with a buoyancy and excitement that presented a strange contrast to the carnage around him. The advance was slow and toilsome, for that slight battery had to contend against overwhelming odds, and its progress gauged the progress of the column. Covering the infantry, it had to make a path for it to the very walls of the mill. Garland cheering on his troops, watched with the deepest anxiety the effect of its fire, for should it be silenced, he would be compelled to march over the wreck of his guns and push the naked, uncovered head of his column sternly up to the very muzzles of the Mexican cannon, or retreat. He did not mean that any contingency should force him to the latter alternative, for when the moment of decision arrived, he had resolved to charge with the bayonet over barricades,

guns, gunners, and all. At length wearied with the effort to carry forward his column in the face of such a destructive fire, he, while Drum was advancing his pieces, called a drummer, and bade him set down his drum as a seat on which he could for a moment rest. At the instant a grape shot struck the cap from his head. Had he been standing erect, it would have passed through his body, and one more name been added to the long list of heroes whose bones repose in the plains of Mexico.

At length, under the concentrated and overwhelming fire of the Mexican batteries, every gunner belonging to Drum's pieces was killed or wounded. He then called on the infantry to supply their places, but not a man would give up his musket. Through fire and blood he had toiled his way to the spot where the bayonet must decide the conflict, and he would not yield his weapon at the moment he most needed it. But those guns must be served, for every shot was worth a regiment of men in demolishing the defences before them. They were, at length, rolled to within a *hundred yards* of the Mexican batteries, where they played with a rapidity and power nothing could withstand. Yet when they reached that fearful proximity, every artillerist *beside them was a West Point officer*. Seeing the guns deserted, and seeing too the vital importance of their being steadily worked, these brave and noble young

officers left their commands and turned common artillerists, under the murderous fire that had cleared every gun of its man. The example told on the soldiers. Behind a battery worked by their own officers, men will march on death itself; and no sooner was the order to charge given, than clearing every obstacle that opposed their progress, they stormed that mill and its defences with resistless valor, and carried them. The Mexicans were driven from their stronghold, and the shout proclaiming another victory rolled up the rocky sides of Chapultepec. Oh, if the nation knew how those "lazy, book-educated officers" of West Point led that gallant little army from victory to victory, they would guard this institution and defend its honor with a zeal and energy that would palsy the hand lifted against it.

As the fearless Garland listened to the shouts that rung from that battered mill-house, he hoped his brave troops would never have another such a task assigned them.

But while the central battery had been carried, and the assault on the mill been pressed with such resistless vigor, a still more deadly combat had raged around the Casa de Mata. The troops assigned to the assault of this building did not get under way till the sun had reached the horizon. The scene which his light then revealed was sufficient to

daunt the stoutest heart. The ground leading up to the building, with its bastions and ditches, was like a smooth open lawn. Not a tree or shrub furnished shelter to a storming party. The base of the intrenchments was lined with the cactus, whose pointed leaves, tipped with dew, sparkled in the sunbeams, appearing like ten times ten thousands lance points flashing in the light. Behind them full five thousand men stood in battle array, while the artillery swept every foot of the smooth green sward. It did not seem possible that troops could be carried over that exposed plain in the face of such batteries. M'Intosh, however, formed his men, and proceeded by Duncan's battery, moved boldly towards the building. Duncan's guns were served with great skill and effect, and vomiting forth fire and death, steadily advanced. But the unsheltered condition of the troops rendered them a fair mark for the enemy, while the latter, behind ditches and walls, were effectually protected. The ranks, however, closed firmly as the grape and canister-shot made huge gaps through them. But they were fast melting away, and demanded to be led to the charge. The command was given. Past Duncan's battery, and over that plain, the maddened battalions swept like a storm, till they at last stood front to front with the enemy. Here they were stopped by the strong defences, of which, till

then they had been ignorant. In vain they made desperate efforts to push over them against the tremendous force upon the opposite side—to retreat was worse than death. The spectacle at this moment was frightful. Those brave regiments, without a bush to shelter them, standing breast to breast, and muzzle to muzzle, with a well sheltered foe outnumbering them five to one, was a sight to move the bravest heart. Duncan's battery was behind them, and could no longer fire, while the enemy's artillery kept hurling its loads of grape-shot in their midst. There was no cessation to the volleys—no interval in the explosions. There was no falling back and rallying to another charge. The doomed battalions never shook or faltered, but sunk where they stood, unconquered to the last. Thus, for *two hours* did they stand on that open field without shrinking. No such firing had ever before been witnessed in the army. It was one continuous, rattling, deafening, thunder-peal, of two hours duration. Wrapped in clouds of their own making, out of which their shouts of defiance rose, the Americans fought that hopeless battle with a fury and desperation, more than human. The carnage was awful. At length their heroic commander was shot down. Scott and Waite soon followed him, and the officers in command, tired of the murderous work, fell back to give room for Duncan's battery to play

again, and that thunder-peal was for a moment hushed.

While these brave men were in the midst of this unparalleled fire, a column of lancers, several thousand strong, came sweeping down to crush them by a sudden charge on their flank. But Duncan, whose guns were now idle, saw the storm that was about to burst on them, and ordering the horses to his pieces swept in a gallop over the field towards the advancing column. The moment he got in good grape and canister range, he unlimbered and poured in such a rapid and scourging fire that it wheeled and fled, pressed hard by Sumner's cavalry.

No sooner did the storming column, by retiring, unmask Duncan's guns, than they again opened on the building. The troops then rallied; rushed forward and crowding over the ditches, drove the enemy before them. The victory was won, but alas! at what a sacrifice. That bright green sward was loaded with bodies, and crimson with blood. One regiment of six hundred had left nearly every other man upon it. As the smoke of battle slowly lifted, before the morning sun, those two black and battered buildings, around which there had been such a death struggle, looked strangely grim and savage, amid the piles of dead bodies at their base. Brave men lay weltering in blood, or reclining on their elbows, were faintly calling for help. Hundreds borne on

litters, or leaning on their comrades' shoulders, as they limped slowly away, were seen moving across the field. Mangled forms and pallid countenances met the beholder at every turn, for in that line of four-hundred yards nearly eight hundred Americans had fallen, or one-fourth of the whole division engaged. The Mexicans had fought desperately. Leon, their bravest general, and some of their best officers were killed. Scott, as he rode over the field was filled with grief at the terrible slaughter, by which the victory had been gained. He had not anticipated it, and feared that an earlier attack or a more thorough reconnaissance might have prevented it. He went into the hospital and visited the wounded, and as he saw fifty brave officers lying before him, he felt how much he had been weakened. He had, however, a word of encouragement and kindness for each. It was his custom as he rode over the field of battle to pause and give his canteen to some poor sufferer who stood in greater need than others, or whisper a promise to a gallant young officer, from whose side the red drops were trickling. His care of the sick and wounded was of the tenderest kind, and those who had gazed with pride and veneration on him in battle, loved him as a father, when wounded and suffering they saw him stooping over their couches in the hospital.

The base of Chapultepec was now in possession of

the American army ; but commanded as it was by the guns of the fort, the position could not be held. Casa de Mata was, therefore, blown up, and the mill rendered useless. Chapultepec was next to be assailed ; and yet, after deducting the sick, wounded, and the different garrisons, Scott had a force of but little over seven thousand men with which to do it. If he should be weakened in proportion to the numbers engaged and the difficulties to be encountered, as much as he had been at Molino del Rey, but a handful of men would be left him to conquer Mexico. These repeated victories were telling frightfully on that unparalleled army, whose fate must be sealed before reinforcements could reach it. Nothing can reveal the utter inefficiency, nay, downright madness of the administration, more than the position of that army at this moment. Victorious in every engagement, it now gathered around the last great obstacle that lay between it and Mexico. The impregnable character of the fortress, defended as it was by thirty thousand men, and covered with heavy artillery, rendered its capture so difficult, that in the attempt the army would in all probability suffer more severely than in any of the battles it had hitherto fought. The most sanguine could not expect six thousand unwounded men, even if victors, to remain after the assault. Six thousand men, nearly three hundred miles from their ships, without depôts or garrisons on the way, a city of near

a quarter of a million before them, and defended by twenty-five thousand troops, presented a noble, yet fearful spectacle. But who placed them in such a perilous position? By whose neglect was the most gallant army that ever trod a battle-field so seriously endangered? Where were the reinforcements that should have poured in by thousands long before that little band gathered with undaunted hearts under the crags of Chapultepec? The inefficiency of a Commander-in-chief, unlooked for and overwhelming defeats, disasters growing out of treachery or cowardice, may seriously compromise an army, and yet the government be blameless. Events that could not be foreseen, and hence not be guarded against, might leave it involved and reduced, as that under Scott now was. With fifty thousand men at his back, he, by his inefficiency or mistakes might easily have done it. *But he could not be in the condition he was, without blame resting on some one.* Neglect on the part of the government that was criminal, or blunders on the part of the Commander-in-chief almost equally criminal, had brought on this crisis. But, did the blame rest with Scott? had he lost a battle? had he wantonly sacrificed his men? had his losses been unexpectedly large? had his army been wasted away by neglect of the sick and wounded, or want of provisions and care for the well? Could he, with the means in his *power*, *have been better off than he was?* No! Fortunately

the facts on this point are so overwhelming, that every man is compelled to answer, No. Every victory but one at least, had been purchased at the least possible sacrifice. Fortresses had been taken and armies beaten at a loss numerically so small as to be almost incredible. The skill, genius, and humanity of the commander had stood in the place of men. They had supplied the want of regiments in every battle. No other living man could have carried that army so far, over so many obstacles, through so many unequal conflicts, and yet drawn it up at the base of Chapultepec so little weakened in numbers or demoralized in character.

The government had no right to expect such results—it might as well have based the campaign on probable miracles. No, a careful and accurate man, one whose judgment could be relied on, would say that by the most favorable calculation, Scott could not get that army where it was without the loss, in killed and wounded, of at least eight thousand men, and that loss would have finished him. By the rules of every military campaign, he ought to have been ruined, and his army annihilated. The country had no more right to expect success with such means than the French Directory had of Bonaparte, when it put him over the half-starved and miserable army of Italy. The American army ought, according to all reliable rules, to have perished, and nothing but

the great qualities of a single man saved it. If it *had* perished, a malediction would have fallen on the administration, which, like "the primal eldest curse," would have clung to it for ever.

These remarks are made in no feeling of party spirit, but the reckless manner in which that army was left in the heart of Mexico, demands as a simple act of justice condemnation from every man who attempts to chronicle its victories. The lives of our chivalrous volunteers, our tried regulars, and our noble officers, are not thus to be trifled with. The army of this Republic is too valuable to be lost in mere political squabbles, or from culpable ignorance. This fact cannot be urged too earnestly on the country. The President being the Commander-in-chief of all the forces, the army of course is under his control. But the President is usually unacquainted with military science, and easily yields to the suggestions of his friends, or appoints ignorant commanders, or adopts unmilitary plans that are certain to bring defeat. His patronage in the army, and the political use he can make of it, tempt him to many foolish and wicked acts. And even if he be a true patriot like Jefferson, or Madison, he is almost sure to err as they did. Madison, in 1812, wished to shut up our ships of war, in port, against all the remonstrances of their brave commanders. In that war, success was gained in spite of the administra-

tion. The truth is, in a government like ours, where the Secretaries of War and Navy are changed almost every four years, and those important departments become filled with men from the civil professions, who are necessarily ignorant of the duties attached to them, they should both, so far as their organization and management are concerned, be placed under the control of their respective senior commanders. Public opinion should demand this as a settled policy, and every deviation of it by either party, be denounced and resisted. This political intermeddling with the army and navy, for the sake of popularity, will yet be visited on the nation with disgrace and defeat.

Scott, as we have seen, at length stood at the base of Chapultepec, with seven thousand men, resolved to carry it by storm, and then wheel his conquering battalions full on the capital, and beat down its gates while the shouts of victory were still carrying terror and dismay into the ranks of the enemy. By the 1st of September the hill had been boldly and thoroughly reconnoitred, every assailable point noted down, and the route of the assaulting columns marked out. At the same time, to deceive the enemy, and prevent reinforcements from being flung into the fortress, he ordered Pillow, Quitman, and Twiggs, to advance along the causeway from San Antonia, and open their fire on the gates of the city.

He thus kept Santa Anna in ignorance of his real point of attack, and the latter at once concentrated a large force in the city to resist the entrance of the American troops, whose standards were pointing towards its walls. Consternation and dismay reigned amid the crowded population; the streets were thronged with terror-stricken men and women, who supposed this terrific cannonading was but the prelude to the final assault, and momentarily expected to hear the shouts of the Americans as they stormed over their defences.

But as night came on, Quitman and Pillow with their divisions, stole quietly back to Tacubaya, where Scott, with Worth's division had established his headquarters.

BATTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

All was bustle and preparation at the base of Chapultepec. Four heavy batteries were planted in easy range of the fortress, to be ready by daylight to play against its solid sides and upon its frowning ramparts. No. 1, commanded by Captain Drum, was placed within six hundred yards of the castle. No. 2, under Captain Huger took position a little farther off, while Nos. 3 and 4, commanded by Capt. Brock, Lieutenants Anderson and Stone, were placed, the former half way between Tacubaya and Molino del Rey, and the latter near the mill itself. The

object of these was to weaken those strong defences and open up some accessible avenues to the assaulting columns. By daylight they were all ready, and the heavy shot of the first gun knocked loudly on the portals of that fortress for admission, and called the astonished garrison to their pieces. In a few moments the whole, composed of eighteen and twenty-four pounders, and eight inch mortars, were in "awful activity," and when the early sunbeams gilded the splendid dome that crowned the height, they revealed many an ugly rent and ragged outline in the massive structure.

Every shot could be traced in its flight, while its heavy concussion sent back the report of its own doings. Shells rising gracefully out of the smoke, swiftly ascended the hill, and hovering a moment above the doomed garrison, dropped, blazing within. Fragments of wall and timber hurled through the air, announced that its work was accomplished. The enemy replied with all his heavy artillery, and soon the air was black with balls, and above them the heavens ablaze with burning shells. At the same time, Twiggs was thundering away at the gates of the city—explosion answered explosion, till the deafening reverberations were sent back from the distant Cordilleras. From daylight till dark the batteries never ceased playing. Since the army left Vera Cruz there had been no such opportunity to

exhibit our artillery practice. The way those heavy guns were handled excited the admiration of the whole army. As soon as the distance and elevation were accurately gained, scarcely a shot was thrown away. Every one went with the precision of a rifle ball, and passed through and through the walls, spreading destruction in its path. Scarcely a shell wasted its force in the air, but tore up the ramparts as it dropped. The garrison, except those necessary to man the guns, were driven from the works by this incessant and deadly firing, and remained outside, towards the city. Here they stood to arms all day, ready the moment the firing ceased to return and repel the assault. At nightfall, Scott seeing that the fortress was severely shaken, prepared to storm it in the morning. That was a busy night, and but little sleep visited either officers or men, and by daylight on the morning of the 13th the separate divisions were all in their places. Scott had resolved to storm the heights in two columns—one, commanded by Pillow, was to advance on the west side; the other, by Quitman, on the southeast, each preceded by two hundred and fifty picked men. Worth's division received orders to act as a reserve, while Twiggs, away from the scene of action, was to keep playing on the gates of the city, and thus compel the portion of the enemy's army concentrated there to remain on the defensive. At daylight the Ameri-

can batteries again opened their fire, and again the massive columns within the fortress were driven out. It was known throughout the army that the cessation of the cannonading was to be the signal of assault. Every ear was therefore turned to catch the first lull in that incessant uproar, and every heart beat quicker as each explosion promised to be the last. But as hour after hour passed on, and the batteries still kept thundering on the heights, the impatience of officers and men threatened to over-leap all bounds.

At length Scott sent word that the signal would soon be given, and at nine the sudden silence of the batteries announced that the hour had come. "Forward," passed through the ranks, and those intrepid columns began the ascent. The moment they were in motion the batteries again opened, and canopied them with shots and shells, that went before to open the path to victory, and keep back the reinforcements without. Pillow's column entered the forest, which was in a blaze from the sharpshooters that filled it, and sweeping it of the enemy, emerged on to the open ground, and under a rocky height. Here Pillow fell, and the command devolved on the brave Cadwallader, who shouted "forward" to that eager column, and it streamed up the rock, taking the destructive volleys that thinned their ranks, without flinching. Half way between it and

the castle walls stood a strong redoubt, whose batteries played with deadly effect on its uncovered head. The ground that intervened was broken by chasms and rocks, over which the troops slowly made their difficult way, firing as they went. The rapid and fatal volleys of the two hundred and fifty men that moved in advance, swept everything down, and onward firmly and irresistibly crept the column. Reaching the redoubt in which mines had been placed to blow up the victors, they carried it in one swift and terrible charge. So sudden and rapid was the onset, and so complete the overthrow, that the enemy had no time to fire his mines, and those who attempted it were shot down. "There was death below as well as above ground," but nothing could resist the progress of that heroic column. Leaving that redoubt behind, it marched straight on the walls of the castle. Scott watched its advance through fire and smoke, with an anxious heart, till it at length reached the ditch. The spectacle it presented at this moment aroused all the latent fire of his nature. Halting a moment till the ditch could be filled with fascines, and the scaling ladders applied to the walls, it sternly stood, and melted away under the fire of the enemy. At length the chasm was bridged when the troops streamed over with shouts, and in a moment the ladders were bending under the weight of those who seemed eager to be the first in the portals of

death. Pierced with balls or bayonets, the leaders fell back dead upon their comrades, but nothing could check the ardor of those that followed after. Bearing back by main force those that opposed their ascent, they climbed to the top, made a lodgment, and sent up a thrilling shout. "Streams of heroes followed," sweeping like a sudden inundation over the walls. Cheer after cheer arose from the ramparts; flag after flag was flung out from the upper walls, carrying "dismay into the capital."

Quitman, in the meantime, had made his way to the southeast walls, but being compelled to advance along a causeway, defended by artillery and infantry, he was delayed in carrying them till the routed enemy above came on him in crowds. The troops turned on those with relentless fury. Remembering their brave comrades at Molino del Rey, to whom no quarter was given, they mowed the Mexicans down without mercy. The New York, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania volunteers, however, by crossing a meadow, under a tremendous fire, and mounting swiftly to the castle, were in time for the assault. A detachment of New York volunteers, under Lieutenant Ried, and another of 2d infantry, led by Lieutenant Steele, were foremost on the ramparts. The former, cheering his men on, was the first to scale the heights and the wall. He was at length wounded, but refusing to retire, limped on

his way, advancing still higher and higher towards the Mexican banner that waved above him. At length he reached it, and tearing it down with his own hands, fainted beside it. It was gallantly, nobly done.

The spectacle presented to Scott as he turned with his staff to ascend the hill filled his heart with joy and exultation. Those walls and ramparts which a few hours before bristled with the enemy's cannon, were now black with men, and fluttering with colors of his own regiments, while a perfect storm of hurrahs, and cheers rolled towards heaven. As he passed up he saw his troops shooting down the helpless fugitives without mercy. He could not blame them, for he knew they were avenging the death of their brave comrades, to whom no mercy was shown at Molino del Rey, but unable to endure the inhuman spectacle, he rode up to the excited troops, and exclaimed, "Soldiers, deeds like yours are recorded in history. *Be humane and generous, my boys, as you are victorious, and I will get down on my bended knees to God for you, to-night.*" Noble and eloquent words, which immediately found a response in those brave hearts. Mercy blended with strength is ever beautiful.

As he reined up on the summit in the view of all, the very hill shook under their acclamations. It was a time for exultation to him, and he shared in

the high enthusiasm of his troops. He had conquered—the day begun in anxiety was ending in glory. The capital was at his mercy, and as he stood on the top of that castle and looked off on the domes and towers of the city crowded with spectators, and down on the fugitive army fleeing towards its walls for shelter, he resolved at once to march on the gates and carry them by storm. Two causeways starting from the base of the hill, diverged as they crossed the marsh, and again contracted in approaching the city. Over these the Mexican host was streaming, infantry and artillery in wild confusion, pressed hard after by Worth and Quitman. But arches and gateways occurring at intervals, presented points for making vigorous stands against their advance, so that the battle had only rolled down the hill—not ended.

Behind these, the Mexicans again and again rallied and fought bravely. Fighting under the walls of their capital, they struggled desperately to save it from becoming the spoil of the victor. Worth pressed fiercely against the column before him, toward the San Cosmo gate, while Quitman was forcing his way along the San Belen aqueduct. To a spectator from the top of Chapultepec, the scene below at this time was indescribably fearful. The Americans appeared like a mere handful amid the vast crowds that darkened the causeways in

front of them. But the clouds of smoke that wrapped the head of each column and the incessant explosions of cannon, revealed where the American artillery was sternly mowing a path through the swaying masses for the victorious troops behind. The living parapets were constantly falling along the edges of those causeways, while the shouts and yells of the struggling thousands rose up from the mingled din and crash of arms like the cries of a drowning multitude, heard amid the roar of the storm. Scott surveyed at a glance this wild scene and seeing what tremendous odds his brave troops below were contending against, hurried up reinforcements to their help. Officers were seen swiftly galloping from division to division, and soon Clarke's and Cadwallader's brigades moved rapidly over one causeway to the help of Worth, while that of Pierce took the other, on which Quitman was struggling. Crushing every obstacle in their path, those columns slowly, but steadily advanced. As they came near the city where the causeways again approached each other, Worth sent an aid-de-camp to Scott, begging that Quitman might cease firing on the Belen gate, and turn his artillery on the column he was pushing before him. A few raking discharges on its flank, would have rent it into fragments. Scott knowing that the San Cosmo gate presented the weakest defences, had determined to enter by it, and sent word

again and again to Quitman to employ the enemy, rather than attempt to force the Belen gate. But that brave officer had remained in idleness at San Augustine long enough, while the rest of the army was covering itself with laurels. The opportunity given him in the morning was bereft of half its value by the necessary delay of his column, till the castle was carried; and he was resolved that he would not be second in that last crowning battle. Worth's victorious division should not open the gates for him from within, and through the deadly fires that smote him both from front and flank batteries, over every obstacle that opposed his progress, he still urged on his bleeding column till the gate was reached, when the gallant rifles dashed forward with a loud shout and carried it. The entrance was won and Quitman stood within the city. Here he stubbornly maintained his position from 2 o'clock in the afternoon till night, under a galling fire from the guns of the citadel. Defences were thrown up to shelter his valiant corps as much as possible from it, and he waited patiently till daylight should appear. He had lost some of his best troops, and among them those noble officers, Captain Drum, and Lieutenant Benjamin

Worth, in the meantime, had advanced steadily towards the San Cosmo gate. Scott, after having seen to the prisoners of war and the wounded, hastened down the hill of Chapultepec and joined him

in the hottest of the fire. Here, while in the act of handing an order to an officer, the horse of the latter was shot by his side. After giving directions to Worth, he returned to the foot of Chapultepec, and taking his station where the two causeways parted, directed the movements of both columns and sent forward help where it was most needed. By 8 o'clock, Worth was in the suburbs, and there, around two batteries which he had carried, rested his exhausted troops for the night.

Another night had come, giving repose to the weary soldier. The tumult and carnage of the day had ceased, and silence rested on the city, and our army under its walls. Quitman's troops sleeping in heaps under the arches of the causeway, and Worth's by the San Cosmo gate, presented a striking contrast to these same soldiers a few hours before. What a day's march that army had made, and what a track it had left behind it. Two paths, lined with the dead, marked its passage up the slippery heights of Chapultepec—scattered masses of the slain showed where the tumultuous flight and headlong pursuit had swept like a loosened flood down the slope, while the two causeways shattered and blackened, and streaked with blood, revealed the course its fiery footsteps had last taken in the road to victory. Nearly nine hundred of the Americans had been killed or wounded, while the Mexican dead lay in uncounted heaps on every side.

It was an evening of rejoicing in that victorious army, but hundreds were writhing in suffering, and many a gallant spirit that at morning had seen glory and promotion before it, was now swiftly passing to that still land, where warrior and war-horse are seen no more. To them the joy and enthusiasm on every side, added but more sorrowful regrets for all they had lost. Through so many perils they had moved in safety, to sink at last at the end of the race. Oh, how earthly glory fades at such a moment. Leaving aside the freezing spectacle of heaps of mutilated corpses—the ghastly wounds and moans of the sufferers, if those who slowly die after the battle is over, and its excitement has passed away, could tell us all their mental suffering—breathe into our ear their extinguished hopes—their vanished dreams of glory—let us see the inward scalding tears that drop over the absent loved and lost for ever—the sudden waking of conscience to a squandered life, and the anxious piercing glance into the dark unknown, whose shadows are slowly closing round the spirit, war would seem the saddest thing on earth. It is a blot on the race, and its evils cannot be magnified. But these evils, great as they are, do not lessen its necessity. While the world is governed by physical power, truth and justice will be compelled to resort to the sword to maintain their rights, aye, to defend their very existence. Besides,

death is the same, whether it comes on the battle-field, or sinking wreck, or amid the storm, or earthquake. A course of action is to be judged, not by the suffering attending it, but by the principles which govern and control it. That the Mexican war was forced on the country, without sufficient provocation, and secured nothing in comparison to the sacrifice it cost, few will doubt. The opinion of the world may be swayed, but the authors of that war will have a difficult task to sway the calm verdict of eternal truth and justice.

Many officers in the army, and the noble Commander-in-chief himself, felt the want of that support which the consciousness of a good cause gives to the true soldier.

“Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.”

The morning of the 14th of September had not yet fully dawned when the army was in motion. A deputation from the city council in the mean time waited on the Commander-in-chief, announcing that Santa Anna, with the remnant of his army, had fled the city, and demanded “terms of capitulation in favor of the church, city, and the municipal authorities.” Scott refused to grant any terms; the city was in his power; he was resolved to enter it sword in hand, and plant his triumphant banner on its walls by the right of conquest alone.

Santa Anna, seeing that the capital was lost, had sent to him the night before, asking what terms he required. The latter curtly replied, that he had no answer to give, and no questions to ask.

Slowly and cautiously, to guard against treachery, the columns proceeded in the early dawn towards the great public square. Quitman's division first approached it, and his troops, rushing with shouts upon it, hoisted their flag on the walls of the National Palace. Worth's division followed, and that little army of six thousand men stood in the heart of the capital, while long and deafening shouts proclaimed the joy of the conquerors. About nine o'clock a sudden bustle was seen in one corner of the square to which one of the streets led, and the next moment a long, loud hurrah broke forth. The troops had caught sight of the waving plumes and towering form of their Commander, slowly advancing in the midst of a body of cavalry. As he entered the plaza, the whole army shouted as one man. Again and again that loud, frenzied hurrah swelled over the city, and swords flashed in the air, and caps waved, and drums rolled. It was a wild, enthusiastic welcome, worthy of their chief, and his eye kindled with emotion.

In a short time, however, a heavy volley of musketry was poured into the troops, dropping men who had passed unscathed the carnage of the day before. Some two thousand liberated convicts had armed

themselves, and with as many soldiers, commenced firing on the Americans from the flat roofs of the houses, from the windows, and the corners of the streets. Garland was wounded in endeavoring to disperse the assailants, and it was not till after twenty-four hours of toil that these miscreants were at length caught or scattered.

Tranquillity being restored, Scott levied a contribution on the city, and organized a temporary government. His army of six thousand men appeared a mere handful in that spacious square, where Santa Anna, a few hours before, had manœuvred thirty thousand. But there was a grandeur about it as it stood up in the heart of that great city, surrounded with the memories of so many victories, and presenting in itself the embodiment of so much power. That vast population might apparently rush upon it and crush it by the mere weight of their masses, yet there it stood, awing all by the terror of its name. The Mexicans gazed upon it in amazement. Since its conquering feet had been placed on their territory, it had taken twelve thousand prisoners, killed and wounded nearly ten thousand men, and captured colors and standards innumerable, together with more than seven hundred pieces of artillery, more than thirty thousand small arms, and shot and shells and munitions of war without end. In its very last onset it had trampled under foot thirty thousand men, defended by castle walls,

intrenchments, and heavy artillery. Scoffing at numbers, defying obstacles, it had moved on its victorious course with resistless power. Reduced it indeed was, but its adamantine columns stood firm as ever. The mere mention of the numbers captured and slain and wounded by it astounds one. The bare statistics sound like the fabulous deeds of some hero of romance. Never had so small an army so much glory to divide among its numbers. Proud of their renown and their leader's praise, they cheerfully obeyed his commands, and abstained from all those acts of violence and oppression which a conquering army in the heart of a city that has cost it such a sacrifice, feels it has a right to commit. Property and life were protected, and the inhabitants settled down into a feeling of security and peace, to which, under their own rulers, they had for years been strangers. The humblest individual could come to General Scott with his complaint, sure of receiving justice and protection. That army, whose name had carried terror into all hearts, was soon looked upon as the guarantee of their rights and the enjoyment of their social blessings. The Mexicans could not understand how such ferocious men in battle, such fire-eaters when raging amid their foes, could be so quiet in their deportment, so kind in their ways, and generous in their conduct. Scott, whose name had never been uttered without a shudder of fear, was beloved as their best protector

and friend, and they sat down under his mild but firm sway in perfect contentment.

But in the midst of his duties, on the very theatre of his exploits, surrounded by the battle-fields where he had ever been victorious, he was dragged before a court of inquiry to answer groundless charges preferred against him. Nay, his command was taken from him and given to another.

We have seen that from the commencement of the war the administration had heaped blunder on blunder, as if on purpose to keep up a contrast between itself and the army, and thus let the latter have all the glory. The very efforts to injure Scott had turned out blunders; they had reacted like "curses that come home to roost." It had, therefore, resolved on open attack; the veteran of threescore, covered with laurels should be disgraced, and tried as a criminal on the very spot where he had triumphed. The Mexicans could not understand this. There was a cold-blooded hatred about it that seemed in their eyes to foretell his certain ruin. Very probably it was this that induced them to believe he might be persuaded to remain in their midst, and prompted the offer of the presidency with a salary of two hundred thousand dollars per annum. The army seemed to worship him, and they had no doubt would cheerfully share his fortunes.

The troops were indignant at the treatment of

their commander, and hailed him with shouts whenever he appeared. One day they marched in front of the house he occupied, and would not be satisfied until he appeared on the balcony. The cheering that followed convinced the Mexican authorities that Scott had issued a pronunciamiento, and they called upon him to ascertain the fact, and treat at once with him instead of the United States government. He, however, undeceived them; told them the Americans were law-abiding men; that the president was commander-in-chief of the whole army, and the commanding-general was therefore bound to obey his orders.

They went away disappointed and puzzled. How a man, apparently disgraced by his government, could so quietly submit, when he evidently had power to do otherwise, was so contrary to the course their own commanders pursued, that they could not comprehend it.

It was with a sad heart Scott took leave of that gallant army, in whose midst he had marched to so many victories. A common danger, common toils, and hardships, had endeared them to him. Their unbounded devotion to his person, and the bravery and daring with which they had fulfilled all his orders; their patience under privations, humanity in the hour of victory, and peaceful obedience in the heart of a great city, around whose walls they had

shed their blood, had bound them to him by a tie strong and tender.

It was a ruthless blow that severed it. But the deed was done, and the faithful servant of his country, the peerless chieftain, shorn of his command, turned his footsteps homeward. And when, from the summit of the Cordilleras, where a few weeks before he gazed down on the plains below, he turned to take a farewell look of the fields of his fame, sad, bitter thoughts mingled with glorious remembrance.

Through the cities which he had conquered, down the steeps of Cerro Gordo, still blackened with the smoke of his cannon, he continued his way, and at last entered Vera Cruz, more as a prisoner than a conqueror. Here a large and commodious vessel, direct for New Orleans, was offered him. But with that magnanimity and self-forgetfulness, which have always characterized him, he refused, saying, "No, my soldiers will soon be here and will need it," and taking a brig he set sail for New York. The vessel was crowded with sick and disabled men, and worn down by the incessant fatigue of the past six months, he himself was soon attacked by a disease that well nigh carried him to his grave. Weary and sick, he at length reached the harbor of New York, and without stopping to receive the congratulations of the city, passed on to his residence in Elizabethtown.

This shunning the presence of his countrymen, as though he suspected them of sharing the feelings of the administration, cut them to the heart, and they resolved to give him a manifestation of their love, which could not be misunderstood. A day was appointed for a public reception in New York, so that the people could render *their* verdict on his conduct. He landed amid salvos of artillery, and escorted by the entire military force of the city, passed through its principal streets. The public buildings were decorated with flags—every window was crowded with spectators waving their handkerchiefs, and the streets from limit to limit thronged with the tens of thousands who strove to catch a glimpse of the man who had wrought such wonders, and covered his country's flag with such unfading glory. As he rode slowly along a shout that shook the city arose around him. The *people* were speaking. Party feeling was forgotten, and the animosities of factions were buried under the boundless enthusiasm that burst forth on every side. The hero had been brought home to be disgraced, and the people were *crowning* him. His gallant heart was to be irritated and annoyed by petty accusations and fault-findings, and lo the thundering shout of "All Hail to the Chief," that rolled over the land, frightened his persecutors from their cowardly purpose. The heart of this republic is sound, however much it may err in judgement.

In 1852 Scott was the Whig candidate for President. Pierce, who served under him in Mexico, was the Democratic one. Though the campaign that followed was conducted with all the political rancor and excitement that ever disfigure our presidential contests, for once in our political history the character of one of the candidates stood out in such unsullied purity, and his life presented such a spotless record, that even the most unscrupulous partisans dared not assail it. He was defeated, but even his victors felt ashamed of their success, for it gave new force to the old maxim that "Republics are ungrateful." It was a sad comment on the good sense as well as justice of the people; but it now seems that there was a providence in it; for had he succeeded, his military services would have been lost to the country in its present crisis. Nor would this have been all; not only would we have been deprived of his military services as head of the army, but some one might have occupied his place, like the veteran Twiggs, who would have been false to his high trust; and, co-operating with the perjured Secretary of War, given tenfold power to the treason which now threatens the stability of the government. "Man proposes, but God disposes," and the hand of heaven seems to have kept from Scott the honors which were justly his due, that he might be spared for his country in the time of her greater need.

Since 1852 Scott has been quietly engaged in

the discharge of his military duties, with his headquarters in New York. Congress, in very shame at the ingratitude of politicians, conferred on him the title of Lieutenant-general, with a salary of ten thousand dollars a year.

In the sectional strife that has for years distracted the country, his far-seeing mind foresaw the perils into which the nation was drifting, and he exerted all his influence to ward them off. To him, civil war seemed the end of the republic, and no one will ever know in this world the mental suffering he has endured during the rapid gathering of the elements for the contest which is now upon us. To fight his fellow-citizens, his own hitherto faithful subordinates and companions—to fight his native state, his neighbors, and literally his own flesh and blood, was a terrible task.

Neither does the country know the fearful pressure that his southern friends have brought to bear upon him to shake his loyalty. Though sufficient to overcome that of many officers whom we have heretofore delighted to honor, it could make no impression on his. He was

“faithful found

Among the faithless——

Among innumerable false, unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,

His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.”

Seeing the country forced at last to the terrible issue of civil war, he has not shrunk from meeting it boldly. And though he has reached a period of life which needs repose, and when the mind is averse to great and sustained effort, he has buckled on the harness with the vigor of early manhood, and exhibits the same clear foresight and mental grasp that he did in his best campaigns. His name is a host in itself, and the nation is not aware how it leans upon him. That it may not obtain this knowledge by his sudden death should be the prayer of every true patriot.

We believe his life will be spared, if not to the close of the war, at least till the issue is put beyond doubt. He who poured out his blood to save his country's flag from dishonor at Lundy's Lane—planted it in triumph on the castle of Vera Cruz, on the heights of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Chapultepec, and the towers of Mexico, shall yet see it wave once more over the rebellious states, "the flag of the free," "not a star obscured or a stripe erased."

What a glorious consummation will this be to his long brilliant military career. Then his countrymen will not shower honors upon his grave as the greatest military chieftain of his time, but as the saviour of his country, a SECOND WASHINGTON.

Thus the sun of his life, after passing its long and toilsome journey through the heavens without a cloud to obscure its brightness, will not with dimi

nished and gentler radiance sink to rest, but, gathering glory as it descends, disappear in more than noontide splendor.

The most striking points of General Scott's character stand out in bold relief. In so long and eventful a career, a man's character cannot be concealed. His actions reveal it. Probably a more fearless man never lived. Like Bonaparte, he may be irritated and disturbed by trifles, but danger always tranquilizes him. Those who have been with him most, say that in the moment of greatest peril, his lip wears its serenest expression. It is in the thunder crash of battle, and when the brave battalions are linked in deadliest combat that his heart beats calmest. It is a little singular that the greatest warriors (not merely desperate fighters, but men fit to be leaders of armies) have been distinguished for more than ordinary humanity, and tenderness of feeling.

Murat, whose natural element seemed the smoke and carnage of battle, never drew his sword in combat, lest he should slay some one. Ney, who moved amid death like one above its power, was as simple and tender as a child. The same is true of Scott. The sick and the distressed have not merely commanded his *sympathy* but he has again and again risked his life to succor them. Stern, nay, almost tyrannical,

as a disciplinarian, his heart as a man is filled with all generous emotions. He was in New York at the time of the Astor Place riot, and within hearing of the firing. As his practiced ear caught the regular volleys of the soldiers, he wrung his hands and walked the room in an agony of excitement, exclaiming, "*they are firing volleys, they are shooting down citizens.*"—What an apparently strange contradiction. This man, whose nerves seemed made of iron in battle and who had galloped with the joy of the warrior for hours, amid a hail-storm of bullets, could not control his feeling when he knew the blood of American citizens was flowing in the streets of New York. But in the one case he acted as a commander whose business it was to conquer; while here he was a man feeling for his fellow man. That burst of feeling did him more honor than the greatest victory he ever gained.

Scott is also distinguished for great tenacity of purpose. What he has once resolved upon, he cannot relinquish. As he said, he never puts one foot forward without designing to bring the other up to it. The desperate manner in which he clung to the height at Lundy's Lane—charging like fire, when, but a quarter of his brigade was left, and crying out, as mangled and bleeding, he was borne from the field, "*Charge again,*" reveal a strength and firmness of will, that no earthly power can shake.

Such a man is hard to beat. As a military chieftain, he probably has no superior, if equal, in the world. Place a hundred and fifty thousand American troops, drilled under his own supervision, in his hands, and the miracles of Napoleon would be wrought over again. He possesses all the qualities necessary to make a great commander. Courage, coolness in the hour of danger, fertility of resources, extensive yet rapid combination, the power of covering a vast field of operations, yet losing none of its details, perfect control over his troops, tireless energy, and great humanity, combine in him, as they are rarely found in any man. Success cannot intoxicate him, nor defeat enervate him. Tempted by no sudden stroke of good fortune into rashness, he cannot be made listless by disappointment. A less nicely balanced character would never have carried us safely through the difficulties on our northern frontier.

His life is singularly clear of moral blemishes. Noble and confiding, he has often been wronged, yet he never could be forced into low retaliation or soured into distrust of his fellow-man. While in Mexico, a friend warned him against an officer, whom he suspected of being an enemy in disguise. "I cannot help it," said the General. "It has all my life been a positive luxury to me to confide in my fellow-man, and rather than give it up, I should prefer being stabbed under the fifth rib daily." The temptations

which surround elevation to rank and power have never corrupted him ; and he is, at this day, as firm a friend of religion, temperance, and all the moral virtues, as though his life had been devoted solely to their inculcation. It is rare to see a long and public career so unstained by any vice.

The most severe and fiery trial to which a man in this country can be subjected, is to be a candidate for the highest office in the republic. Yet from even this, though unsuccessful, he came out unscathed. Not a charge that could affect the love and confidence of his countrymen was fastened on him. The only two accusations made against him worthy of notice are, that he is dictatorial, and vain ; and particular, and exacting about mere trifles. A dictatorial manner is almost inevitably attached to one who has always been accustomed to command. If self-conceit in him amounts to a fault, that fault never had a better or more satisfactory excuse. The latter defect, as it is termed, on which so many changes have been rung, is one of the most valuable elements in his character. It is the importance he places on details that makes his army so complete in all its departments and so like a single instrument in his hand. Knowing everything from the greatest to the least, he is acquainted with all his resources, and hence does not attempt what he cannot carry out.

It was his habit in Mexico to require the attendance of the chiefs of *every department*, every evening at his quarters, where he interrogated and conversed about their individual matters. From the quartermaster, he learned everything relating to hospitals, quarters, forage, trains, horses, pack mules, moneys in hand for future use, &c. &c. ; from the commissary, he found out the resources of the country for provisions, the quantity in store, the means of transportation, the expectations beyond, as the country developed itself ; from the medical chief he invariably knew of the health of the command, of the wounded, of the number of deaths, of the supply of medicines, and the due attendance of a sufficient corps of surgeons at the hospitals, while from the general officers he knew even to the most trifling details of the regiments and corps. There was an officer appointed to a new regiment, as colonel, who had large influence withal as a politician, and who came out opposed to General Scott politically and otherwise. At Jalapa, he called to see him, and when he left headquarters, he was amazed at the information in small matters that the general had at hand, "Why," said he, "he verifies the stories of Napoleon."

Those who carp about particularity in small matters, should remember what grand results they have accomplished ; and they should remember, too, that

this habit of such vital importance to a commander, like all other habits, cannot be put on and off at pleasure. It may exhibit itself in matters wholly unimportant, and a person witnessing it in one of such renown, will be amazed, forgetting entirely out of what a great basis it sprung. "The world is made up of little things," is a favorite maxim with him; and the rigidity with which he enforced it in every department, alone saved the army in Mexico.

"Republics," it is said, "are ungrateful," but posterity is just, and history eventually impartial.

That the reader may obtain Scott's own views of the principal rebel leaders against whom he is now contending, I have appended his official despatch from Mexico.

As Jefferson Davis, the head of the rebellion, obtained what military reputation he possesses in the battle of Buena Vista, I add also the following extract from General Taylor's official despatch, to show the important services he rendered in that desperate engagement. It speaks well for his bravery, but furnishes no data by which to judge of his capacity as commander-in-chief. General Taylor says:—
"The Mississippi riflemen, under Col. Davis, were highly conspicuous for their gallantry and steadiness, and sustained throughout the engagement the reputation of veteran troops. Brought into action against an immensely superior force, they main-

tained themselves for a long time unsupported and with heavy loss, and held an important part of the field until reinforced. Colonel Davis, though severely wounded, remained in the saddle until the close of the action. His distinguished coolness and gallantry at the head of his regiment on this day, entitle him to the particular notice of the government." His hostility to Scott for years is well known.

Bragg, who commands the rebel forces around Fort Pickens, also distinguished himself in this battle by the cool manner and deadly effect with which he worked his battery.

Beauregard, who commanded the attack on Fort Sumter, is a thin but square-built man. He was wounded before Mexico. Previous to this he was considered one of the strongest men in the United States. He still preserves great muscular power, and is probably the ablest general in the rebel army.

Colonel Lee is a superbly formed man, a bold and skilful officer, and was very much beloved by Scott. It is said he loved him like a son. If report be true, his heart is not in this unnatural rebellion, and he has thrown himself in it, not from sympathy with its objects, but from a sense of duty to his native state. He is descended from a family which distinguished itself in the Revolution, and is not an officer in the presence of whom it would be safe to make a rash movement.

Pillow's military achievements every "one who runs may read." At Cerro Gordo, finding his brigade in a perilous position, he sent an aide to Scott in hot haste asking for a reinforcement of regulars, saying that if they were not sent immediately the battle was lost. Scott told the officer to hurry back and give his compliments to General Pillow and say that "*the battle was already won.*" If his military prowess in the present contest does not win him more laurels than it did in the Mexican war, he never will be canonized by his countrymen.

M'Culloch has long been known as a daring successful partisan officer, and here his capabilities end.

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY. }
National Palace of Mexico, Sept. 18, 1847. }

"SIR :—At the end of another series of arduous and brilliant operations of more than forty-eight hours' continuance, this glorious army hoisted, on the morning of the 14th, the colors of the United States on the walls of this palace.

"The victory of the 8th, at the Molino del Rey was followed by daring reconnaissances on the part of our distinguished engineers—Capt. Lee, Lieuts. Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower,—Major Smith, senior, being sick, and Capt. Mason, third in rank, wounded. Their operations were directed principally

to the south—towards the gates of the Piedad, San Angel, (Nino Perdido,) San Antonio, and the Paseo de la Viga.

“This city stands on a slight swell of ground, near the centre of an irregular basin, and is girdled with a ditch in its greater extent—a navigable canal of great breadth and depth—very difficult to bridge in the presence of an enemy, and serving at once for drainage, custom-house purposes, and military defence; leaving eight entrances or gates, over arches—each of which we found defended by a system of strong works, that seemed to require nothing but some men and guns to be impregnable.

“Outside and within the cross-fires of those gates, we found to the south other obstacles but little less formidable. All the approaches near the city are over elevated causeways, cut in many places (to oppose us), and flanked on both sides by ditches, also of unusual dimensions. The numerous cross-roads are flanked in like manner, having bridges at the intersections, recently broken. The meadows thus checkered, are, moreover, in many spots, under water or marshy; for, it will be remembered, we were in the midst of the wet season, though with less rain than usual, and we could not wait for the fall of the neighboring lakes and the consequent drainage of the wet grounds at the edge of the city—the lowest in the whole basin.

After a close personal survey of the southern gates, covered by Pillow's division and Riley's brigade of Twiggs'—with four times our numbers concentrated in our immediate front—I determined on the 11th to avoid that net-work of obstacles, and to seek, by a sudden diversion, to the southwest and west, less unfavorable approaches.

To economise the lives of our gallant officers and men, as well as to ensure success, it became indispensable that this resolution should be long masked from the enemy ; and again, that the new movement, when discovered, should be mistaken for a feint, and the old as indicating our true and ultimate point of attack.

Accordingly, on the spot, the 11th, I ordered Quitman's division from Coyoacan, to join Pillow, by daylight, before the southern gates, and then that the two major-generals, with their divisions, should by night, proceed (two miles) to join me at Tacubaya, where I was quartered with Worth's division. Twiggs, with Riley's brigade and Captain Taylor's and Steptoe's field batteries—the latter of 12-pounders—was left in front of those gates, to manœuvre, to threaten, or to make false attacks, in order to occupy and deceive the enemy. Twiggs' other brigade (Smith's) was left at supporting distance, in the rear, at San Angel, till the morning of the 13th, and also to support our general depôt at Miscoac.

The stratagem against the south was admirably executed throughout the 12th and down to the afternoon of the 13th, when it was too late for the enemy to recover from the effects of his delusion.

“The first step in the new movement was to carry Chapultepec, a natural and isolated mound, of great elevation, strongly fortified at its base, on its acclivities, and heights. Besides a numerous garrison, here was the military college of the republic, with a large number of sub-lieutenants and other students. Those works were within direct gun-shot of the village of Tacubaya, and, until carried, we could not approach the city on the west, without making a circuit too wide and too hazardous.

“In the course of the same night (that of the 11th) heavy batteries, within easy ranges, were established. No. 1, on our right, under the command of Capt. Drum, 4th artillery, (relieved late next day, for some hours, by Lieut. Andrews of the 3d,) and No. 2, commanded by Lieut. Hagner, ordnance—both supported by Quitman’s division. Nos. 3 and 4 on the opposite side, supported by Pillow’s division, were commanded, the former by Capt. Brooks and Lieut. S. S. Anderson, 2d artillery, alternately, and the latter by Lieut. Stone, ordnance. The batteries were traced by Capt. Huger and Capt. Lee, engineer, and constructed by them with the able assistance

of the young officers of those corps and the artillery.

“To prepare for an assault, it was foreseen that the play of the batteries might run into the second day; but recent captures had not only trebled our seige pieces, but also our ammunition; and we knew that we should greatly augment both by carrying the place. I was, therefore, in no haste in ordering an assault before the works were well crippled by our missiles.

“The bombardment and cannonade, under the direction of Capt. Huger, were commenced early in the morning of the 12th. Before nightfall, which necessarily stopped our batteries, we had perceived that a good impression had been made on the castle and its outworks, and that a large body of the enemy had remained outside, towards the city, from an early hour, to avoid our fire, and to be at hand on its cessation, in order to reinforce the garrison against an assault. The same outside force was discovered the next morning, after our batteries had re-opened upon the castle, by which we again reduced its garrison to the minimum needed for the guns.

“Pillow and Quitman had been in position since early in the night of the 11th. Major-general Worth was now ordered to hold his division in reserve, near the foundry, to support Pillow; and Brigadier-general

Smith, of Twiggs' division, had just arrived with his brigade from Piedad (two miles,) to support Quitman. Twiggs' guns, before the southern gates, again reminded us, as the day before, that he, with Riley's brigade, and Taylor's and Steptoe's batteries, was in activity, threatening the southern gates, and there holding a great part of the Mexican army on the defensive.

“Worth's division furnished Pillow's attack with an assaulting party of some two hundred and fifty volunteer officers and men, under Capt. M'Kenzie, of the 2d artillery; and Twiggs' division supplied a similar one, commanded by Capt. Cassey, 2d infantry, to Quitman. Each of those little columns was furnished with scaling ladders.

“The signal I had appointed for the attack was the momentary cessation of fire on the part of our heavy batteries. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 13th, judging that the time had arrived by the effects of the missiles we had thrown, I sent an aid-de-camp to Pillow, and another to Quitman, with notice that the concerted signal was about to be given. Both columns now advanced with an alacrity that gave assurance of prompt success. The batteries, seizing opportunities, threw shots and shells upon the enemy over the heads of our men, with good effect, particularly at every attempt to reinforce the works from without to meet our assault.

“ Major-general Pillow’s approach, on the west side, lay through an open grove, filled with sharpshooters, who were speedily dislodged ; when being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space, at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The immediate command devolved on Brigadier-general Cadwallader, in the absence of the senior brigadier (Pierce) of the same division—an invalid since the events of August 19. On a previous call of Pillow, Worth had just sent him a reinforcement—Colonel Clarke’s brigade.

“ The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below, as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached ; the scaling ladders were brought

up and planted by the storming parties; some of the daring spirits first in the assault were cast down—killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

“Major-general Quitman, nobly supported by Brigadier-generals Shields and Smith, (P. F.,) his other officers and men, was up with the part assigned him. Simultaneously with the movement on the west, he had gallantly approached the southeast of the same works, over a causeway with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. Those formidable obstacles Quitman had to face, with but little shelter for his troops or space for manœuvring. Deep ditches flanking the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows, and these again were intersected by other ditches. Smith and his brigade had been early thrown out to make a sweep to the right, in order to present a front against the enemy’s line, (outside,) and to turn two intervening batteries near the foot of Chapultepec. This movement was also intended to support Quitman’s storming parties, both on the causeway. The first of these, furnished by Twiggs’ division, was commanded

in succession by Captain Casey, 2d infantry, and Captain Paul, 7th infantry, after Casey had been severely wounded; and the second, originally under the gallant Major Twiggs, marine corps, killed, and then Captain Miller, 2d Pennsylvania volunteers. The storming party, now commanded by Captain Paul, seconded by Captain Roberts, of the rifles, Lieutenant Stewart, and others of the same regiment, Smith's brigade, carried the two batteries in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support. The New York and South Carolina volunteers (Shields' brigade) and the 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, all on the left of Quitman's line, together with portions of his storming parties, crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec just in time to join in the final assault from the west.

Besides Major-generals Pillow and Quitman, Brigadier-generals Shields, Smith, and Cadwallader, the following are the officers and corps most distinguished in those brilliant operations: The voltigeur regiment in two detachments, commanded respectively by Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant-colonel Johnstone—the latter mostly in the lead, accompanied by Major Caldwell; Captains Barnard and Biddle, of the same regiment—the former the first to plant a regimental color, and the latter among the first in the

assault; the storming party of Worth's division, under Captain McKenzie, 2d artillery, with Lieutenant Seldon, 8th infantry, early on the ladder and badly wounded; Lieutenant Armistead, 6th infantry, the first to leap into the ditch to plant a ladder; Lieutenants Rogers of the 4th, and J. P. Smith of the 5th infantry—both mortally wounded; the 9th infantry, under Colonel Ransom, who was killed while gallantly leading that gallant regiment; the 15th infantry, under Lieutenant-colonel Howard and Major Woods, with Captain Chase, whose company gallantly carried the redoubt, midway by the acclivity; Col. Clarke's brigade, (Worth's division,) consisting of the 5th, 8th, and part of the 6th regiments of infantry, commanded respectively by Captain Chapman, Major Montgomery, and Lieutenant Edward Johnson—the latter specially noticed, with Lieutenants Longstreet, (badly wounded, advancing, colors in hand,) Pickett, and Merchant, the last three of the 8th infantry; portions of the United States marines, New York, South Carolina, and 2d Pennsylvania volunteers, which, delayed with their division (Quitman's) by the hot engagement below, arrived just in time to participate in the assault of the heights—particularly a detachment under Lieutenant Reid, New York volunteers, consisting of a company of the same, with one of marines; and another detachment, a portion of the storming party, (Twiggs' division, serving with Quit-

man,) under Lieutenant Steele, 2d infantry, after the fall of Lieutenant Gantt, 7th infantry.

In this connection, it is but just to recall the decisive effect of the heavy batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, commanded by those excellent officers, Captain Drum, 4th artillery, assisted by Lieutenants Benjamin and Porter of his own company; Captain Brooks and Lieutenant Anderson, 2d artillery, assisted by Lieutenant Russell, 4th infantry, a volunteer; Lieutenants Hagner and Stone of the ordnance, and Lieutenant Andrews, 3d artillery; the whole superintended by Captain Huger, chief of ordnance with this army—an officer distinguished by every kind of merit. The mountain howitzer battery, under Lieutenant Reno, of the ordnance, deserves, also, to be particularly mentioned. Attached to the voltigeurs, it followed the movements of that regiment, and again won applause.

In adding to the list of individuals of conspicuous merit, I must limit myself to a few of the many names which might be enumerated: Captain Hooker, assistant adjutant-general, who won special applause, successively, in the staff of Pillow and Cadwallader; Lieutenant Lovell, 4th artillery, (wounded,) chief of Quitman's staff; Captain Page, assistant adjutant-general, (wounded,) and Lieutenant Hammond, 3d artillery, both of Shields' staff, and Lieutenant Van

Dorn, (7th infantry,) aid-de-camp to Brigadier-general Smith.

Those operations all occurred on the west, south-east, and heights of Chapultepec. To the north and at the base of the mound, inaccessible on that side, the 11th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Hebert, the 14th, under Col. Trousdale, and Capt. Magruder's field battery, 1st artillery—one section advanced under Lieut. Jackson—all of Pillow's division—had, at the same time, some spirited affairs against superior numbers, driving the enemy from a battery in the road, and capturing a gun. In these, the officers and corps named gained merited praise. Colonel Trousdale, the commander, though twice wounded, continued on duty until the heights were carried.

Early in the morning of the 13th, I repeated the orders of the night before to Major-general Worth, to be, with his division at hand, to support the movement of Major-general Pillow from our left. The latter seems soon to have called for that entire division, standing momentarily in reserve, and Worth sent him Col. Clarke's brigade. The call, if not unnecessary, was at least, from the circumstances, unknown to me at the time; for, soon observing that the very large body of the enemy, in the road in front of Major-general Quitman's right, was receiving reinforcements from the city—less than a mile and a half to the east—I sent instructions to Worth, on our

opposite flank, to turn Chapultepec with his division, and to proceed cautiously, by the road at its northern base, in order, if not met by very superior numbers, to threaten or to attack, in rear, that body of the enemy. The movement, it was also believed, could not fail to distract and to intimidate the enemy generally.

“Worth promptly advanced with his remaining brigade—Colonel Garland’s—Lieut. Col. C. F. Smith’s light battalion, Lieut. Col. Duncan’s field battery—all of his division—and three squadrons of dragoons, under Major Sumner, which I had just ordered up to join in the movement.

“Having turned the forest on the west, and arriving opposite to the north centre of Chapultepec, Worth came up with the troops in the road, under Col. Trousdale, and aided, by a flank movement of a part of Garland’s brigade, in taking the one gun breastwork, then under the fire of Lieut. Jackson’s section of Capt. Magruder’s field battery. Continuing to advance, this division passed Chapultepec, attacking the right of the enemy’s line, resting on that road, about the moment of the general retreat consequent upon the capture of the formidable castle and its outworks.

Arriving some minutes later, and mounting to the top of the castle, the whole field, to the east, lay plainly under my view.

“There are two routes from Chapultepec to the capital—the one on the right entering the same gate, Belen, with the road from the south, via Piedad; and the other obliquing to the left, to intersect the great western, or San Cosmo road, in a suburb outside of the gate of San Cosmo.

“Each of these routes (an elevated causeway,) presents a double roadway on the sides of an aqueduct of strong masonry and great height, resting on open arches and massive pillars, which together afford fine points both for attack and defence. The sideways of both aqueducts are, moreover, defended by many strong breastworks at the gates, and before reaching them. As we had expected, we found the four tracks unusually dry and solid for the season.

“Worth and Quitman were prompt in pursuing the retreating enemy—the former by the San Cosmo aqueduct, and the latter along that of Belen. Each had now advanced some hundred yards.

“Deeming it all-important to profit by our successes and the consequent dismay of the enemy, which could not be otherwise than general, I hastened to despatch from Chapultepec—first Clark’s brigade, and then Cadwallader’s, to the support of Worth, and gave orders that the necessary heavy guns should follow. Pierce’s brigade was, at the same time, sent to Quitman, and, in the course of the afternoon, I caused some additional siege pieces to

be added to his train. Then, after designating the 15th infantry, under Lient. Col. Howard—Morgan, the colonel, had been disabled by a wound at Churubusco—as the garrison of Chapultepec, and giving directions for the care of the prisoners of war, the captured ordnance and ordnance stores, I proceeded to join the advance of Worth, within the suburb, and beyond the turn at the junction of the aqueduct with the great highway from the west to the gate of San Cosmo.

“At this junction of roads, we first passed one of those formidable systems of city defences, spoken of above, and it had not a gun!—a strong proof, 1. That the enemy had expected us to fail in the attack upon Chapultepec, even if we meant anything more than a feint; 2. That, in either case, we designed, in his belief, to return and double our forces against the southern gates—a delusion kept up by the active demonstrations of Twiggs and the forces posted on that side; and, 3. That advancing rapidly from the reduction of Chapultepec, the enemy had not time to shift guns—our previous captures had left him, comparatively, but few—from the southern gates.

“Within those disgarnished works, I found our troops engaged in a street fight against the enemy posted in gardens, at windows, and on house-tops—all flat, with parapets. Worth ordered forward the

mountain howitzers of Cadwallader's brigade, preceded by skirmishers and pioneers, with pickaxes and crowbars, to force windows and doors, or to burrow through walls. The assailants were soon in an equality of position fatal to the enemy. By eight o'clock in the evening, Worth had carried two batteries in this suburb. According to my instructions, he here posted guards and sentinels, and placed his troops under shelter for the night. There was but one more obstacle—the San Cosmo gate, (custom-house,) between him and the great square in front of the cathedral and palace, the heart of the city; and that barrier it was known could not, by daylight, resist our siege guns thirty minutes.

“I had gone back to the foot of Chapultepec, the point from which the two aqueducts begin to diverge, some hours earlier, in order to be near that new depôt, and in easy communication with Quitman and Twiggs, as well as with Worth.

“From this point I ordered all detachments and stragglers to their respective corps, then in advance; sent to Quitman additional siege guns, ammunition, intrenching tools; directed Twiggs' remaining brigade (Riley's) from Piedad, to support Worth and Captain Steptoe's field-battery, also at Piedad, to re-join Quitman's division.

“I had been, from the first, well aware that the western or San Cosmo, was the less difficult route to

the centre, and conquest of the capital, and therefore intended that Quitman should only manœuvre and threaten the Belen or southwestern gate, in order to favor the main attack by Worth, knowing that the strong defences at the Belen were directly under the guns of the much stronger fortress, called the Citadel, just within. Both of these defences of the enemy were also within easy supporting distance from the San Angel, or Nino Perdido, and San Antonio gates. Hence the greater support, in numbers, given to Worth's movement as the main attack.

“ These views I repeatedly, in the course of the day, communicated to Major-general Quitman; but being in hot pursuit—gallant himself, and ably supported by Brigadier-generals Shields and Smith, Shields badly wounded before Chapultepec, and refusing to retire, as well as by all the officers and men of the column—Quitman continued to press forward, under flank and direct fires, carried an intermediate battery of two guns, and then the gate, before two o'clock in the afternoon, but not without proportionate loss, increased by his steady maintenance of that position.

“ Here, of the heavy battery, (4th artillery,) Capt. Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin were mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Porter, its third in rank, slightly. The loss of those two most distinguished officers the army will long mourn. Lieutenants J

B. Morange and William Canty, of the South Carolina volunteers, also of high merit, fell on the same occasion, besides many of our bravest non-commissioned officers and men, particularly in Captain Drum's veteran company. I cannot, in this place, give names or numbers; but full returns of the killed and wounded, of all corps, in their recent operations, will accompany this report.

“Quitman within the city—adding several new defences to the position he had won, and sheltering his corps as well as practicable—now awaited the return of daylight under the guns of the formidable citadel, yet to be subdued.

“About 4 o'clock next morning, (Sept. 14,) a deputation of the *ayuntamiento* (city council) waited upon me to report that the federal government and the army of Mexico had fled from the capital some three hours before; and to demand terms of capitulation in favor of the church, the citizens, and the municipal authorities. I promptly replied, that I would sign no capitulation; that the city had been virtually in our possession from the time of the lodgments effected by Worth and Quitman the day before; that I regretted the silent escape of the Mexican army; that I should levy upon the city a moderate contribution, for special purposes; and that the American army should come under no terms not self-imposed; such only as its own honor, the dignity

of the United States, and the spirit of the age, should, in my opinion, imperiously demand and impose.

“ For the terms, so imposed, I refer the department to subsequent General Orders, Nos. 287 and 289, (paragraphs 7, 8, and 9 of the latter,) copies of which are herewith enclosed.

“ At the termination of the interview with the city deputation, I communicated, about daylight, orders to Worth and Quitman to advance slowly and cautiously (to guard against treachery) toward the heart of the city, and to occupy its stronger and more commanding points. Quitman proceeded to the great plaza or square, planted guards, and hoisted the colors of the United States on the national palace, containing the halls of Congress and executive departments of federal Mexico. In this grateful service, Quitman might have been anticipated by Worth, but for my express orders, halting the latter at the head of the Alameda, (a green park,) within three squares of that goal of general ambition. The capital, however, was not taken by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the prowess of this entire army. In the glorious conquest, all had contributed, early and powerfully, the killed, the wounded, and the fit for duty, at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonia, Churubusco, (three nattles,) the Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, as

much as those who fought at the gates of Belen and San Cosmo.

“ Soon after we had entered, and were in the act of occupying the city, a fire was opened upon us from the flat roofs of the houses, from windows, and corners of streets, by some two thousand convicts, liberated the night before by the flying government, joined by, perhaps, as many Mexican soldiers, who had disbanded themselves, and thrown off their uniforms. This unlawful war lasted more than twenty-four hours, in spite of the exertions of the municipal authorities, and was not put down till we had lost many men, including several officers, killed or wounded, and had punished the miscreants. Their objects were to gratify national hatred, and in the general alarm and confusion, to plunder the wealthy inhabitants, particularly the deserted houses. But families are now generally returning; business of every kind has been resumed, and the city is already tranquil and cheerful, under the admirable conduct (with exceptions very few and trifling) of our gallant troops.

“ This army has been more disgusted than surprised, that by some sinister process on the part of certain individuals at home, its numbers have been, generally, almost trebled in our public papers, beginning at Washington.

“ Leaving, as we all feared, inadequate garrisons at Vera Cruz, Perote, and Puebla, with much larger

hospitals; and being obliged, most reluctantly, from the same cause (general paucity of numbers) to abandon Jalapa, we marched (August 7–10) from Puebla with only 10,738 rank and file. This number includes the garrison of Jalapa, and the 2,429 men brought up by Brigadier-general Pierce, August 6.

“ At Contreras, Churubusco, &c., [August 20,] we had but 8,497 men engaged—after deducting the garrison of San Augustin, (our general depôt,) the intermediate sick and the dead; at the Molino del Rey, (September 8,) but three brigades, with some cavalry and artillery—making in all 3,251 men—were in the battle; in the two days—September 12th and 13th—our whole operating force, after deducting, again, the recent killed, wounded, and sick, together with the garrison of Miscoac (the then general depôt) and that of Tacubaya, was but 7,180; and, finally, after deducting the new garrison of Chapultepec, with the killed and wounded of the two days, we took possession (September 14th,) of this great capital with less than 6,000 men. And I re-assert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that, in not one of those conflicts was this army opposed by fewer than three-and-a-half times its numbers—in several of them, by a yet greater excess.

“ I recapitulate our losses since we arrived in the basin of Mexico.

“ AUGUST 19, 20.—Killed, 137, including 14 officers.

—Wounded, 877, including 62 officers. Missing, (probably killed,) 38 rank and file. Total, 1,052.

“ SEPTEMBER 8.—Killed, 116, including 9 officers. —Wounded, 665, including 49 officers. Missing, 18 rank and file. Total, 789.

“ SEPTEMBER 12, 13, 14.—Killed, 130, including 10 officers. Wounded, 703, including 68 officers. Missing, 29 rank and file. Total, 862.

“ Grand total of losses, 2,703, including 383 officers.

On the other hand, this small force has beaten on the same occasions in view of their capital, the whole Mexican army, of (at the beginning) thirty-odd thousand men—posted, always, in chosen positions, behind intrenchments, or more formidable defences of nature and art; killed or wounded, of that number, more than 7,000 officers and men; taken 3,730 prisoners, one-seventh officers, including 13 generals, of whom 3 had been presidents of this republic; captured more than 20 colors and standards, 75 pieces of ordnance, besides 57 wall pieces, 20,000 small arms, an immense quantity of shots, shells, powder, &c., &c.

Of that enemy, once so formidable in numbers, appointments, artillery, &c., twenty-odd thousand have disbanded themselves in despair, leaving, as is known, not more than three fragments—the largest about 2,500—now wandering in different directions, without magazines or a military chest, and living at free quarters upon their own people.

General Santa Anna, himself a fugitive, is believed to be on the point of resigning the chief-magistracy, and escaping to neutral Guatemala. A new President, no doubt, will soon be declared, and the federal Congress is expected to reassemble at Queretaro, 125 miles north of this, on the Zacatecas road, some time in October. I have seen and given safe conduct through this city to several of its members. The government will find itself without resources; no army, no arsenals, no magazines, and but little revenue, internal or external. Still, such is the obstinacy, or rather infatuation, of this people, that it is very doubtful whether the new authorities will dare to sue for peace on the terms which in the recent negotiations, were made known by our minister.

* * * * *

In conclusion, I beg to enumerate, once more, with due commendation and thanks, the distinguished staff officers, general and personal, who, in our last operations in front of the enemy, accompanied me, and communicated orders to every point and through every danger. Lieutenant-colonel Hitchcock, acting inspector-general; Major Turnbull and Lieutenant Hardcastle, topographical engineers; Major Kirby, chief paymaster; Captain Irwin, chief quartermaster; Captain Grayson, chief commissary; Captain H. L. Scott, chief in the adjutant-general's department; Lieutenant Williams, aid-de-camp; Lieutenant Lay,

military secretary; and Major J. P. Gaines, Kentucky, cavalry, volunteer aid-de-camp; Captain Lee, engineer, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me, (Sept. 13,) until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries. Lieutenants Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower, all wounded, were employed with the divisions, and Lieutenants G. W. Smith and G. B. McClellan, with the company of sappers and miners. Those five lieutenants of engineers, like their captain, won the admiration of all about them. The ordnance officers, Captain Huger, Lieutenants Hagner, Stone, and Reno, were highly effective, and distinguished at the several batteries; and I must add that Captain McKinstry, assistant quartermaster, at the close of the operations, executed several important commissions for me as a special volunteer.

Surgeon-general Lawson, and the medical staff generally, were skilful and untiring, in and out of fire, in ministering to the numerous wounded.

To illustrate the operations in this basin, I enclose two beautiful drawings, prepared under the directions of Major Turnbull, mostly from actual survey.

I have the honor to be, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT

The Hon. WM. L. MARCY, Secretary of War.





