



Vesta firing during the bombardment.

IKE McCANDLISS,

AND OTHER STORIES;

OR,

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

BY GEORGE C. FURBER,

AUTHOR OF THE TWELVE MONTHS VOLUNTEER, ETC.

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P R E F A C E .

READER, it is not at all probable that you would read a lengthy preface, should the author write one, and therefore, he is under many obligations to you for saving him this labor; and he invites you to pass on and sketch the tales; and if they are interesting, or amusing, so express it to others, if you please, and it will prove far more advantageous than any prefatory remarks that could be made by

THE AUTHOR

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CAMP STORIES.

THE COUNTERSIGN—"ROASTING EARS."

READER, allow the author to introduce to you a soldier, as he stands before you in the ranks on parade, "Colonel Whitaker," as universally called in the regiment to which he belonged, (the Tennessee Cavalry;) and he was a Colonel at home, in Tennessee, before the Mexican war broke out, and was made a Brigadier-General on his return; but there he was but a private, and even a corporal had command over him, though sometimes it happened that a colonel in command would not keep him straight, as will be noticed in the succeeding tales, in several of which he was a prominent actor, for wherever fun or liquor was to be procured, "the Colonel" always had a full share in the proceedings necessary to obtain either. The Colonel was about six feet in height, square built, portly, with a full, round, red face, clear blue eyes, on the corners of which, at a glance, mirth might be seen lurking at any time, a muscular arm and large hand, by which the rifle and the sabre were handled as playthings. His mouth and chin were concealed by heavy mustachios and whiskers, and he appeared pretty savage to an observer, from a little distance; but there was no rudeness about him. No person had more kindness at heart than he; towards no one but a fop had he the slightest dislike, and in camp, no person is more despised in the eyes of a soldier than a fop, especially so when a personage of that description pays much attention to the officers of a company, regiment, or brigade, and

passes with silent contempt by the private soldiers: these persons may escape any return of feeling that might be felt by regulars, whose habits of discipline and subordination will prevent them from exhibiting their dislike to them or to their actions; but the case is different when in this way they come in contact with volunteers; many of whom, in the ranks being of equal standing with their officers at home, cannot brook slights or contempts thus thrown upon them; and commonly, despite of all military restriction, manage to pay off such customers to their satisfaction, and in so doing to occasion no small amount of merriment among themselves.

Of this Tennessee regiment of cavalry, in its long march from Memphis, by land to Tampico, before it embarked, but little cause of complaint could be alleged by the inhabitants of the section of country through which it passed, in Arkansas, Texas, and Mexico. Some depredations of minor consequence were occasionally committed, but these were few, save with such men as before mentioned; they always fared badly upon the visit of the regiment. Oftentimes men of liberality, who had sold the corn and forage for the night to the quartermaster, and who had large plantations of growing corn, &c., in consideration of the price received by them, and of the situation of the soldiers, would give the latter the liberty to use for roasting ears for their supper, two, three, or five rows of corn; in such a case, the character of that man in that particular

would be spread through the whole regiment, even before the tents were pitched; and he would be favorably considered, and his offer but partially made use of. "He is a clever man, let him alone," was the expression, and nothing of his would be harmed. But on the contrary, let him treat the soldiers with contempt, regard them as thieves and scoundrels, apply to the officers for a guard for his corn-field, his chicken-coops, potatoe patch, &c.; and it would be as quickly known through the regiment; and from the treatment that he would receive, he would not probably thereafter hold any better opinion of them than before. It was so with the Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas regiments of cavalry, as they passed along that route, and was so in fact with every regiment of volunteers that marched to the late war; and would and will be so with every regiment of volunteers that may hereafter be raised in the Western States, while the people there retain their present independent manner of thought, views, and actions.

Many circumstances illustrating this, occurred in those regiments during this long march, one of which, in the Tennessee regiment, will show the reader the inward feelings and actions of the soldiers in these cases.

At noon, on a hot sultry day, the advance of the regiment halted at a plantation in one of the western counties of Arkansas, dismounted at the designated place of encampment for that night, and stood holding their tired horses, while company after company advanced, followed by the long train.

The proprietor of the plantation walked out to the advance as thus halted. He was dressed in his best; with a ruffled shirt bosom in front, of the appearance of which he appeared to be quite satisfied. Not turning his head toward any of the dusty soldiers as he passed up in front of the line, he very obsequiously addressed the officer in command, informing him that he had provided an ample dinner in anticipation of the arrival of the regiment; that he had good liquors, and his fare was very low, &c.,

and with a bow and whisk of his cane, and an additional display of his ruffles, he turned and walked to the officers of the first company arrived, with the same consequential appearance; thence to another, &c., and finally brought up at the Colonel's head quarters, when the Colonel and the field officers were dismounting, tired and exceedingly hungry. Here the gentleman put on his most obsequious bows, introducing himself, and exhibiting his ruffles to the greatest advantage.

"The d—d fool," muttered some men in the ranks of the rear guard, just filing in by the Colonel's marquee: but he heard it not, and whisking his cane again, he moved off. The officers, after encampment, passed up to the house, and hundreds of soldiers went up also, but not much attention did they receive from the pompous landlord, who invited the officers into his rooms, and put his liquors before them.

Some of the soldiers found a harmless deranged man walking round in the yard, and they talked to him a little. The landlord seeing this, hustled through them, ordered the unfortunate man into the stable, from there up into its loft, and, despite his entreaties, then tied him tightly with a rope. This gave him a worse repute than before.

Some privates wished to eat, but these were informed that they could not do so until after the officers had all dined.

One of the privates was "the Colonel;" without a word he sat with his comrades patiently in the passage, and waited until three tables had successively been cleared; they were then told gruffly by the landlord that their dinner was ready, and in they walked, as the officers were giving their half dollar each to the host, who stowed these away in his pocket, with a great air of satisfaction. "The Colonel" and his companions sat down; the dirty plates were unchanged; the bones of the beef remained alone in the dishes; the potatoes were almost gone; scraps of bread lay round on the cloth, &c. They waited, after glancing at the sideboard, to see if the liquor bottles were

there, but these had already been placed under lock and key. Still they waited, and the host came in, with his jingling silver, and was passing by them silently. "Hallo, landlord; give us some clean plates, and something to eat here," said "the Colonel." "Got no more plates; plenty to eat there; help yourselves," was the short reply. "By G—d! nothing here to help to; if this is all, we'll go, boys," said "the Colonel," as he pushed his chair back. "Of course," he continued, "you charge us nothing, as we eat nothing?" "Half a dollar apiece; you sat down to dinner; you can help yourselves, there's plenty for you; it's nothing to me whether you eat or not; you can't come the gum game over me, any how."

"You're a ——" began one of the men. "Stop, John, stop; we will help ourselves, as he says, but not here; give him his money. Pay him now for us; and we will pay you when we go down to camp." "The Colonel," handing the chap three dollars for the six, told him that it was ungentlemanly so to act; to which he replied with a sneer, that the U. S. Government gave them plenty of provisions in camp, and that they had no business to go to a house to eat, if they did not expect to pay for it. As the party passed out, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, who had overheard the conversation, accosted our private, "the Colonel," and being informed of the circumstance, was much incensed at it; stating that the landlord at dinner had been very particular in asking for guards to be stationed to protect his property that night. Our private "the Colonel," saying in reply that this was right, begged permission, however, to assist the Lieutenant-Colonel in the choice of a countersign to be used by these guards during the night; suggesting the words "Roasting ears," which he was promised should be adopted; and adopted it was, and in complete contradiction to all military rules with regard to countersigns, was known throughout the regiment long before the sun had set; and scores preferred to leave the camp at night. After dark, the line of

sentinels was posted around the whole encampment, and closely stationed along the line of corn-field, with strict orders, as usual, to let no one pass without the countersign. At ten o'clock "the Colonel" sent his messmate out, and then starting several other messes, each with bags and blankets, went to "help himself;" and shortly, as so many came in the darkness to the different sentinels, (themselves in the secret) they were constantly challenged. "Who comes there?" "Friend." "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." Coming up, "Roasting ears" was whispered, and the reply made. "The countersign is right; pass on;" then in a lower tone was added, "Bring me some." The same was repeated all along the line, so fast, that the sentinels had as much as they could do to challenge and receive the countersign from the numbers going out empty-handed, and returning loaded with roasting ears; the whole field was crashing and snapping in every direction; every company, and every mess had plenty brought to them, while the green husks were stripped off, and given to the horses.

The sentinels were relieved with the usual caution, and the field was still for the time, until after the officers of the guard had passed orders; and the countersign being yet the same, business was resumed with all activity; some of the sentinels declaring next day, that they were hoarse with continually challenging and demanding the countersign, which was given them in every instance. "The Colonel" was in his glory. "Work on, boys," he said, as he met them in the darkness, we are "helping ourselves, as that chap said to-day; I'll soon have my half-dollar's worth." And work they did. "Who comes there?" "Who comes there?" might be heard from a dozen points at once. But "the Colonel's" retribution was near being stopped. A man who was not in the secret, but who had been out often, regularly obtaining the countersign, and had procured a bottle of liquor, on returning, met with the corn gatherers. "What does this mean? Stealing corn by the road!" "Colonel W——" too at

the head of it. I'll stop that fun;" and he immediately went to his captain's tent, waked him up, and accused "Colonel W." with having half the regiment stealing corn. "Impossible," said the captain, half awake. "It's so; get up, captain, and see." "I will, for it must be stopped. 'Colonel W.'—! it's impossible, Mr. Kelly." But "the Colonel" having been informed of Kelly's intended accusation, had sent two men quietly after him, to accuse him of drunkenness and disturbance. These came up as the captain was hurrying on his clothes. "Captain," said one mildly, as he put his head within the tent, "we don't like to disturb you, but the drunkenness of Mr. Kelly is beyond all endurance; he will not let us sleep, and for an hour has been cursing and swearing at 'Colonel W.' in our tent." "It's a lie! I am not drunk, Captain." "He is, Captain; he has a bottle of liquor now in his pocket, and he disturbs us all." A glance at his pocket showed the bottle, sure enough. The Captain was very angry, and notwithstanding all of his rapid remonstrances, ordered the other two to take Kelly under arrest down to their tent, and to tell "Colonel W." to have him guarded strictly there until morning, then to bring him before him. Away by them Kelly was instantly pulled, astonished and confounded, while the Captain again lay down to sleep, threatening vengeance against him in the morning for his drunkenness. "The Colonel" in the mean time, had gone for another blanket-full of roasting ears, and Kelly thus detained, after soliloquising some time on his situation, took a strong pull at his bottle in reality, which he had not touched before; and followed that by another equally strong so soon, that before "the Colonel" got back with his load, Kelly was "high" surely. Soon afterward "the Colonel" was heard in the darkness coming puffing under his burden, and as he threw down the load from his back to the ground at the door of his tent, saying to himself, "Help yourself, hey! it's the same whether you do or not; leavings good enough for a private. Well! I reckon

I have got near fifty cents' worth, but I will bring another load, any how: help yourself, hey!"

"There!" says Kelly to his guards inside, "did not I tell the truth when I said 'the Colonel' was stealing roasting ears?" No answer being given to this, he looked earnestly at the entrance, and as Whitaker entered, said, "I'm in a pretty situation. Here are you stealing roasting ears, and half the regiment with you; and I went to report you, like a good soldier, and here I am arrested for drunkenness, and you set to guard me! Yes, we are a nice set! you a colonel of a regiment at home, and I a major, in good standing there, too! you here stealing roasting ears, and I under guard. The Captain would not believe me, though I spoke the truth."

"Well, 'Major,' it is a hard case, as you say," seriously said "the Colonel;" "we are honorable men at home, but here we are only privates, and we must obey orders." "Certainly," said "the Major." "As you are arrested, why, I must guard you faithfully; but as I know you to be an honorable man, I shall not keep you close, for you won't try to get away."

"No, 'Colonel,' I am honorable, I will stay contented; but here, I have got some good liquor here, and it was hard to get; won't you take some with me?" "That I will," said "the Colonel;" and Kelly took a strong pull at it, and handed it to "the Colonel," who took a hearty draw, and returning the stopper, said, "Well, 'Major,' as I have got to take care of you, and you have drunk enough now, I will take care of the bottle for you, and I will leave you to yourself. Boys," he continued, "Major Kelly is an honorable man, and although in a state of arrest, he will not try to escape, so we will take a little of his liquor;" (with a low bow to the Major, who was getting quite sleepy,) "and then we will get another load." They did so; Kelly went to sleep, and the others brought the roasting ears.

The morning showed an awful destruction in the corn-field. The landlord

came down with a complaint. No one knew anything of the matter, save "the Colonel" and another man, who said that they had taken some, in order that they might have a chance to speak to the ruffled gentleman.

To these the pompous landlord approached. "How many ears did you take last night?" said he. The man, who was one of those who had paid his fifty cents the day before at the dinner-table, and who had brought several burdens, thought some time, and then replied that he had got as many as ten. "Well, sir, you owe me ten cents." He was paid a dime, and then turning to "the Colonel," who had at least brought five bushels, he demanded, "Well, sir, how many ears did you take?" He studied on it, and replied that he had got at least fifteen. "Well, sir, you owe me fifteen cents." It was

paid. "Now, sir," said "the Colonel," "let me enquire? — "Yes, sir!" "Well, sir, look at me, and you will remember me at your table yesterday; and there you told me, and repeated it, to help myself; and as you would give neither me nor my comrades anything at your dinner-table, we did help ourselves out of your corn-field, to the full extent of our fifty cents each; and now, sir, if you are not out of this camp in short order, we will help you to a sound thrashing. Hallo, boys; get your switches, and brush up this ruffled shirt." But he did not wait for that operation to be performed, but moved off in a rapid and straight course, never looking behind him. He saved his hide, but probably has no better opinion of private soldiers than he had before. The injury he received was but the result of his own action.

SCHEMES OF SOLDIERS TO OBTAIN LIQUOR.

THE temperance societies of the day have accomplished a vast deal of benefit to the community at large, and are yet preventing a great amount of suffering in society, by discouraging the use of ardent spirits; and the order of Sons of Temperance has by itself exerted a beneficial influence for good, which indeed cannot be sufficiently known or valued. God speed them in their benevolent exertions; the blessings of thousands upon thousands rest upon them! But many of their most active members in the cause, have learned by their own experience, the evil effects of the seducing influence of alcoholic drinks.

Especially has this been the case with those who have served in our armies raised from time to time, in Jackson's Indian campaigns, in the last war with England, in the Black Hawk war, in the Florida war; those now remaining who took part in these, well remember

the influence strongly running for mirth, for sport of every description, but more especially for the use, and free use too, of spirituous liquors, whenever, by any means, fair or otherwise, they could be procured. Nor is the experience of those who have borne a part in the Mexican war a whit behind the others in this respect. Some few never drank during any of these campaigns; with nine-tenths, perhaps ninety-nine hundredths, liquor, in whatever name it came, in brandy, whisky, gin, *mescal*, *aguardiente*, or *pulque*, always was acceptable; and not only so, but was sought after and obtained by every means that ingenuity could devise, or industry execute. Liquor the soldiers would have; the thousand schemes used to obtain it, the dangers and risks run to procure it, would, in account in detail, be more voluminous than any actor in the same would undertake to

write, or any temperance lecturer to describe.

The readers of the "Twelve Months' Volunteer," are familiar with the account of the "Rainy Day" in Texas, as there given, in the course of the journal of the march of the Tennessee Cavalry to the seat of war. To those who have not read it, it will be sufficient to say, that the whole regiment, almost without exception, spent the night in the heavy rain, without tents, fires, or food; and procuring plenty of liquor, were universally intoxicated; and such a whooping, yelling scene of confusion has not been witnessed in many a day. The Colonel, for some time after this event, made vigorous endeavors to prevent the sale of liquors to the soldiers, but not with much success; three days, however, on the line of march, there was none to be procured, and the men were as sober as the most rigid advocate of temperance could wish.

On the fourth day, it was learned among the soldiers, that there was a grocery with plenty of the article, not far from the camping-ground at which the regiment would stop for the night. This information went along the lines secretly; news communicated from one to another, and there was much counting of dimes, &c., of which, by the way, the soldiers were getting scarce, not being paid in Arkansas, as they expected. Many a quarter of a dollar was borrowed, and stowed away to lay out at evening for the *creature*. The day was exceedingly hot, and the dust flew up from the horses' feet, in such numbers and close columns advancing, so that one could see but a few files in front or behind him, and never from the center of the line to the front or rear, during the day.

The water in the holes of the brooks along, now dry save in these, was warm, filled with frogs and tadpoles. Even the most sober of the men, after this news was circulated, began to speak of feeling badly and sick, from the effects of the water, heat, and dust. One thought he would obtain some whisky when he got to camp, and make a warm stew with some red pepper that evening,

a dose his good old mother had administered to him, with much success, in removing his complaints of sickness, when he was a boy.

Another felt decidedly bilious;—wished to put some dogwood and poplar bark in his canteen, and fill it with whisky, taking moderate doses thereof for its tonic effect. It had often done him much good at home, and had been recommended to him by a good old preacher or class-leader, who used to be often at his father's house.

Another one agreed with him on this;—thought he too would do the same, and a long and serious conversation would strike up, on the necessity of keeping the health unimpaired; of the duty one owed to himself, his friends, his parents, &c., to do this; and he expatiated largely on the unpleasantness of being left sick at the houses behind the regiment;—of those who thus had been left, and who had died behind, amid strangers; and of the fact of these having neglected the first symptoms of sickness that they had felt, and that a little simple medicine, like whisky and poplar bark, might have saved their lives.

Others troubled themselves with no excuses about the matter, but promised themselves a good draw in the afternoon, to compensate them for the fatigues of the march of the day. One would buy a quart, another two, another but a pint, while another had but a dime, and that should go as far as it would. So on for an hour or two, till on arriving within three miles, the Colonel sent the Major, bearing a strict order: to the grocery keeper to close his doors, and on no account to sell a drop of liquor to any of the soldiers during the afternoon, or the stay of the regiment there.

The grocery keeper, who had anticipated a ready sale for his liquors, on receiving this order, and seeing no use for remonstrance, with a heavy heart stepped out, fastened and bolted his windows, locked his door, and the Major, with the guard, returned to the advancing regiment.

The columns filed by, and all eyes were eagerly turned to find the expected

grocery; but all countenances fell when they saw the house shut up, and the keeper sitting in the sunshine, on an old goods box whittling, and looking as melancholy as if the most serious loss had befallen him. He did not even look up at the colonel and field officers as they clattered along, but then glancing up at the numerous inquiring eyes that met his gaze from the ranks as all passed, he shook his head negatively.

"Can't get any, boys," says one.

"That's too bad," said another; and exclamations of disappointment were general throughout the columns which passed on; the companies took their regular lines on the encampment, the horses were unsaddled, the wagons rolled in, the tents were procured and set up, and the busy ground teemed with life and bustle.

It was yet early in the afternoon, and while many went to gather wood and to bring water, and already little curling volumes of smoke began to rise over the bushes in all directions, some of the most disappointed of the boys met together, and after appointing one of their number who liked the *creature* as well as any of them, "the Colonel," *pro tem.*, they proceeded up to the grocery, and begged hard of the grocery keeper to sell them a little, assuring him that the Colonel did not care, &c. He, however, steadily refused to open his door, for he was fearful of the consequences.

In the mean time, many more joined the crowd, among them were several sergeants, and two or three lieutenants, all thirsty. To all these the former whispered their *pro tem.* election of "Colonel," and informed them that Whitaker, the portly man thus elected, would soon be up there, and that the whole was his scheme how to get the liquor;—that all must call him "Colonel," and all, lieutenants as well as others, must beg him earnestly to let them have the needful beverage.

The grocery keeper still refusing to sell without the Colonel's permission, all were delighted to hear the exclamation, "Here comes 'the Colonel' now!" And sure enough here was

Whitaker on his horse, without arms, riding in the most dignified manner, which his personal appearance (he weighing near 200 pounds) very much assisted. A bland smile was on his countenance, as he touched his cap politely to the crowd, now between one and two hundred men; and rode on as if he would pass. But one of the men calling "Colonel," he reined in his horse, while the man respectfully went up to him, and many of the others followed, to join in the petition; while the grocery keeper looked at him with a kind of awe.

"Colonel," said the first spokesman, "will you not allow us to get a little refreshment here, after the hard, hot march?"

"Gentlemen," said he, with his blandest smile, as he made a slight effort as if to start his horse on, "I have been obliged to shut up this grocery, for you all know how much insubordination and disgraceful conduct has been the result of this liquor in camp. I am very sorry, gentlemen," he continued, "but if I let you have any, I must let the others, and I shall be obliged to refuse you."

"But, Colonel," said one, "we are all orderly men, and will not abuse it if you will allow the store keeper to sell us but a little."

"The Colonel" shook his head, while the crowd on foot pressed round, all addressing him; and the grocery keeper on his box waited with eager solicitude "the Colonel's" decision.

One of the lieutenants remarked to "the Colonel," that he thought he could be responsible for the good conduct of those men of his company who were there, extending his hand round to about half the crowd; while another said the same, with the same motion toward the other half; thus meaning between the two to include all, who were indiscriminately collected from every company in the regiment.

"The Colonel" wavered, faltered, and at last, taking the lieutenants' vouchers for this, agreed that they might be supplied; and away went the most of the crowd to the grocery keeper

with the information. He quickly unbarred his windows, and threw the doors open.

In the first place, the whole crowd insisted upon being treated by their "Colonel," of whom they thought so much. He dismounted with much apparent reluctance, and protested against standing the treat, after having given them permission to obtain the liquor; but they insisted upon it, with many protestations of their good opinion of him, &c., and finally he requested the grocery keeper to set out a gallon of whisky for them; asked the price,—was told two dollars, and with much politeness he then informed the keeper that he had not the money with him, but if he would come down to his marquee the following morning about sunrise, that he should be paid;—that he had much writing to do that evening, and could not attend to it before that time.

"No matter, 'Colonel,' no matter, 'Colonel,'" said the man, not waiting for the former to finish his speech; "I will come down after breakfast. A gallon, did you say?"

The reply in the affirmative brought the liquor, and "the Colonel," officers, and privates, all took hold; others were buying more, and shortly all got "high enough;" and the very ones who had said the most with regard to their sobriety, in their solicitations to "the Colonel," now were the noisiest. That personage himself became quite lively, and proposed a dance in the yard, which was soon in full course of operation, aided by two fiddles from camp; and at the same time another large group had one of the men up on a hog'shead, singing in a loud voice that pathetic ballad, "The blue-tailed fly;" while another was giving a political speech, and his audience cheering him heartily. In less than an hour after the arrival of the regiment, all up there were thus merry, and many others continually arriving at the scene, joined in.

The whisky was sold and drunk rapidly, there being no time to lose; for the real Colonel might find this out at

any time, and stop the sport. Nor were they wrong in this, for Colonel Thomas did hear of it, and in an angry mood mounted his horse, and alone rode out toward the grocery, determined to inflict the severest punishment upon all the partakers therein, and upon the grocery keeper in particular. He rode fast; the singer was in the last verse of his ballad,—

"The pony he did rear and pitch;
He throw ole massa in de ditch;
Dere ole massa lay and die,
All on account ob de blue-tailed —"

"By G—d, there comes the Colonel," and down he jumped; his audience scattered; the political speaker ran; the dance instantaneously broke up; and all collected round their so-called "Colonel Whitaker."

"What shall we do, 'Colonel,' what shall we do? Here comes Colonel Thomas now, riding as though the old boy was after him."

Whitaker, pretty well gone under the influence of the liquor, peeped round the corner of the house, and seeing the Colonel, he called out to all to go and meet Colonel Thomas in a body, to hurrah loudly for him, to shake hands fast with him, to tell him they voted for him, that they were going to crown him with laurels when they got to Mexico, &c., and not to give him any chance to talk; and forty or more started at once to meet the Colonel, now near.

"Hurrah for Colonel Thomas! Hurrah for Colonel Thomas!" shouted the whole.

"I voted for you, Colonel Thomas," cried out one.

"Yes, and so did I, and I would do it again," shouted another.

"And I." "And I." "And I," cried out more.

This was striking the Colonel in a tender point, but he had not given up any anger yet,—

"Yes, boys, but you have been drink——"

"Hurrah for the Tennessee Cavalry, and it's Colonel," shouted another, drowning the Colonel's voice.

"The best regiment and the best Colonel in the service of Uncle Sam," said another.

"But, boys, I forbid any liq——"

"Three cheers for our Colonel, boys," shouted a stentorian voice. "We'll cover him with laurels when we get to Mexico;" and at the same time advancing with a broad smile, and grasping the Colonel's hand with a strong grip, while the rest were making the air resound with shouts for Colonel Thomas.

The Colonel's anger began to give way; he smiled. "Yes, boys, I know that you are the ones that can do it;—but this drink——"

"Hurrah for our Colonel!"

"Colonel, take one drink with us, for we are the boys that will stick to you, and never run."

"Yes, boys, but I can't drink, and you must quit——"

"By Jas—s! Colonel Thomas is not the man to refuse to drink with his soldiers, by the Holy Virgin! He loves his soldiers, and his soldiers love him too," shouted a big Irishman; while with not a chance to refuse, the Colonel found himself reluctantly getting off his horse, and not being able to get out a sentence, so drowned was his voice by the hurrahs for him, and promises heaped upon him from every part of the crowd.

"Success to Colonel Thomas, and honor to his regiment," was the toast; and the Colonel went with them to the door, and drank a bumper, and then the tumult instantly subsided. He had drunk with them then, and there was no chance to express his disapprobation. All proceeded to their sports again, while he mounted his horse, and went back to camp, quite serious.

The grocery keeper had not seen him, being within the noisy house; nor did he have the least suspicion that Whitaker was anything else but the true Colonel; and indeed he had lost sight of him in the dense crowd that increased every moment.

Very few such grand frolics occurred during the long march, as took place that night; the liquor was all sold out,

and nearly every canteen in the regiment was filled. It was late at night when the noise and frolic ceased, and the camp was still.

Before daylight, the advanced guard again took the road. This morning this was the company to which Whitaker belonged, and he had been gone an hour, and the remaining companies were moving, save the train and rear guard, when the grocery keeper came down to present his bill. Inquiring for the Colonel, and being shown Colonel Thomas just about to mount his horse, he presented the bill, "For one gallon best whisky, \$2."

The Colonel looked at it. "I did not get any whisky of you, my good man," said he. "Yes, I did," he continued; "I drank with you, but no more."

"Why, sir," said the man, "I cannot recollect among so many strange faces; but you ordered me to shut up my shop, sending an officer to me; and then, you, or the Colonel, or somebody they called the Colonel, countermanded the orders, and allowed me to sell; and the same Colonel bought a gallon of liquor to treat his men, and drank himself. I don't recollect the faces; he seemed to me to be larger than you are; but you say you drank there, and it was by the Colonel's orders that I opened my grocery to drink," continued the man, in a tone and manner, though polite, yet conveying the impression, that while he thought he might be mistaken in the man, yet from the Colonel's own confession, he rather supposed the remembrance of the latter to be affected by the quantity of liquor that he had taken.

It was evident, too, that such was the impression with the field officers who were mounted near, by their nods and winks to each other.

Colonel Thomas saw how the matter stood at a glance, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out the two dollars, and handed them to the man, saying that although he knew that he never had ordered the liquor, yet he would pay it rather than leave an unfavorable impression behind him; and he rode

on, in not a very good humor, leaving the man fully convinced that the Colonel had been so "tight" as to have forgotten the circumstances; and the other officers attending not far from the same opinion, for his confession that he had drank there, puzzled them.

SCHEMES OF SOLDIERS TO OBTAIN LIQUOR.

No. II.

THE opposite engraving, taken by permission from the "Twelve Months' Volunteer," shows an accurate representation of the southern gate of the walled city of Vera Cruz, called the Gate of Mercy. There is another gate on the western side of the city, the Gate of Mexico.

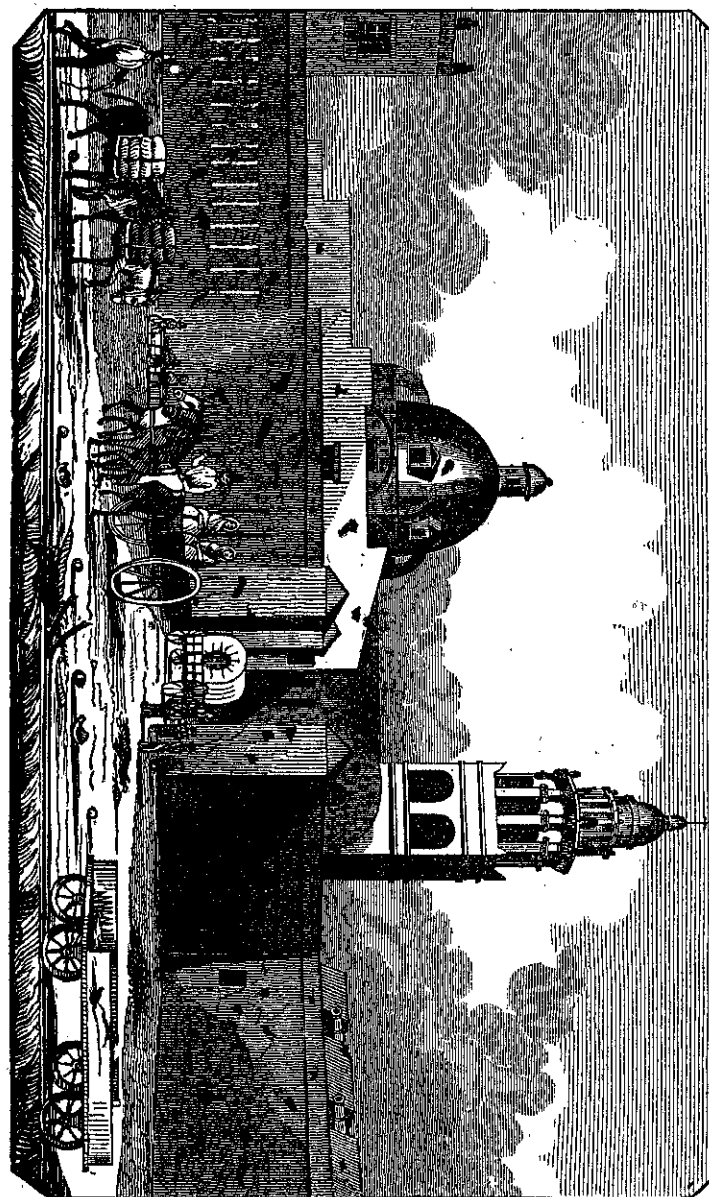
As the Gate of Mercy was toward the American camp, the Mexican army, in its surrender, marched out of this to stack their arms, and all communication between the city and the camp, after the occupation of the former by the American army, was through this gate, which was strictly kept by a guard of U. S. Regulars, and while all officers were permitted to pass in and out freely, no soldier could pass, save by actual presence of his commanding officer, or a written permit, signed by his captain and countersigned by the colonel of his regiment.

Vera Cruz is one of the most compact and closely built cities of the American continent. Nothing save a bare sand plain and adjoining hills of the same is to be seen without the walls, save a few ruined buildings, a fort of the former city, while, within the gates, busy life is crowded together and every available foot of ground is occupied, not leaving room for any space, even the smallest, which is not covered with stone and mortar. Not even a tree can be seen within the bounds of the city, and a garden, of however humble size, is entirely out of the question. Of course, in this dense and contracted hive of human beings is the only place, near,

where any article can be bought or sold. Without the gate is nothing,—within is everything that can, elsewhere, be purchased.

The terrific scenes of the bombardment had passed; the effects, in shattered houses, loose cannon balls, pieces of shells thickly scattered, the holes in the walls, and deep beds in the streets, reminded one, at every turn, of the terrific exercise of so many engines of destruction as here had been brought to bear. The American flag waved above the captured forts, and a garrison held possession of the city, while the fleet of transport ships were landing busily the vast material to be used in the further prosecution of the war. The numbers of soldiers from the American camp were found to be in the way within the crowded city, and some disorders having occurred, great strictness was exercised in allowing them to come in and moving from the camp, which was about a half mile from the Gate of Mercy. From each company four men only were allowed permission each day, and these could not bring out to the remainder the articles, especially in the liquor line, that were so much wanted by them. Off of duty the soldiers could wander only over the sand hills and beach in every direction; but within the walls they wanted to go, especially, and this was the very place to which they were not allowed to come, but were strictly repulsed by the bayonets of the regular guard, to whom no entreaties were of any avail.

A shot hole, torn out by one of the



Gate of Mercy, at Vera Cruz.

sixty-eight pound shot, through the side of the large building (Mexican military barracks), a corner of which is seen in the left of the picture, served the purpose of an outlet as well as place of admission to numbers who had not the necessary "documents" to pass the gate. Any one could obtain access, for two or three days after the surrender, through this hole, upon standing "a treat" to the regulars who occupied the barracks within, or, indeed, to any one or two of them within; but the officers finding this out, the passage was stopped on the morning of the fourth day, before any of those who had made use of the same had arrived.

The reader will see in the engraving, in the fore-ground, the rail-road, which, some time before the war, had been commenced by English capitalists to run to the city of Mexico; but the work had been stopped. At a little distance to the left of the picture, and not far from the closed hole in the barracks, stood the two large buildings intended for the depot of the road. These were extensive and lofty, had slated roofs, open lattice-work sides, and with seats within, affording a fine retreat from the rays of the tropical sun, that every morning, before the sea breeze rose, poured down with intense heat upon the sand hills and plain about Vera Cruz. As one after another of the cavalry soldiers arrived at the aforesaid hole, and to their disappointment found it stopped, they turned off to these buildings, and the number there all the time increasing, they discussed many schemes to attain the desired end of all. Now and then came one with a permit, which he showed sometimes to these disappointed gentlemen, and with the significant gesture of his thumb on his nose, with a twist of his finger, as much as to say "can't come it," he would go on, show his paper to the guard, and pass in; or, occasionally, an officer would "pass in" a number of men.

All these proceedings were eagerly noticed by the thirsty disappointed soldiers. As the sun became hotter, their wish for the ardent correspondingly increased. Many suggestions, of climbing

the wall, &c., were proposed, but were not adopted, only on account of there being inside a guard with sharp bayonets to encounter, and the result would have been to the climbers to have been immediately ordered off to the guard house or prison, to remain there for an indefinite time, without much regard paid to their being supplied with food, &c. This scheme, with many others, was abandoned.

The meeting, though unceremoniously called together, had assumed a business like appearance, in which every man showed a deep interest in every proposition made to produce the desired end. In this they certainly far excelled, in praiseworthy attention, the conduct of some of our collective legislative or other bodies, in which many of the members seem to be thinking of anything else save the important subject under consideration. In this meeting perfect order and decorum prevailed. The grand object was to get inside the walls, to obtain the liquor, and every suggestion to this end was discussed with an exhibition of patience and attention which would set a most favorable example to the other bodies referred to.

Finally, our old private, "the Colonel," got up and addressed the meeting, somewhat to this effect:—

"Fellow soldiers; here are indeed times to try men's souls. For days and weeks have we toiled and fought to place our proud flag upon the turrets of these ancient forts; by night and by day have we been exposed to the shot of the enemy's cannon, and the bursting bombs, pieces of which now so thickly are scattered around us. We have been successful, and our flag now flies over city and castle before us. But what good has it done us? was it not one grand motive to our exertions that in the city, when captured, we could find abundance of good old brandy, to clear the sand from our throats and the yellow fever from our systems? Not, fellow soldiers, that we wished to take even the brandy from these yellow-skinned Mexicans without paying them for it; we intended to pay them, but we intended to have it, any way. Behind us is the battery of heavy

guns at which we labored so faithfully, and from which we looked so earnestly, in the heat of the fire, and witnessed the crashing shot, tearing yonder before us through the massive buildings of this old city, so stubbornly held out against us. And you are aware, fellow soldiers, that we only wished then that every barrel and every hogshead of liquor, therein, might escape unharmed. I regret to say, fellow soldiers, that in the general destruction, however, that many of these were smashed, broken in, and their contents, of which we stood so much in need, run out into the gutters. But, still, there is enough left; yes, enough for all, within those massive walls. Fellow soldiers, I never wished before this day for an office in the American army. It has been glory enough for me to bear my part as a private, but a proud American soldier, I glory in it yet.

The city of Vera Cruz has fallen—and before whom? The American army—officers and private soldiers. The officers did the planning, but the soldiers did the work; and did it well, too. Ought the officers, then, to drink up all the liquor found within? If I was an officer, now, I would not drink a drop until all my gallant soldiers took hold with me. Ah, fellow soldiers, I wish I was your commander now. Once, I remember well, in the hard march in Texas, I assumed command as Colonel, and I got you a full supply of the needful immediately. "Yes, you did," said one, "and you can do it again." "That is the point, fellow soldiers, and fellow sufferers, that I'm coming at. I will be your Colonel, and get you through yonder gate, but no further; once through, and I am one of you again; once in, and we must direct our course according to prudence, and I will fix a plan for our actions. I propose to be your Colonel, and to be strictly obeyed by every one. Now, if I am detected at it, they will keep me in the guard house a month, with no liquor, which will surely kill me. It will be necessary for me to refuse some one of you—to him I will bring a full canteen of liquor myself."

The proposition was carried by a unanimous vote.

Whitaker went to the camp, arrayed himself in his suit of citizen's clothing, and, with his cane in his hand, walked up to the gate, where the others had already assembled before the guard, telling the latter that they were waiting for their Colonel, who had sent them on in advance. Shortly came "the Colonel," in all the dignity of office, but with an appearance of deep thought. Coming up into the crowd before the guard, he was addressed by all most respectfully as "Colonel." He looked round among them impatiently—said there were more of them (being about seventy or eighty) than he had thought—glanced at all, and spoke to one with authority. "Here, sir, I did not send you here; I refused you permission to go in to-day; you were intoxicated a day or two since; go back to camp immediately." The man started off with an appearance of great reluctance, but without a word.

After this exercise of authority had thus established his command in despite of his dress, in the minds of the guard, he advanced toward them with an air *a la militaire*, he touched his cap and they presented arms instantaneously! "Pass these boys in," said he; and he moved on as they filed in by him, strictly scrutinising every countenance, as if to see that no one entered but those to whom he had given permission; this done, with a bow to the guard, he brought up the rear.

Once out of the sight of the guard, he spoke to the men, telling them, that now they would inevitably meet some of the true officers, and for this case they must rapidly form in twos, and as rapidly march to the Plaza, under color as though news had been received in camp that Colonel Thomas, Lieutenant Colonel Allison, and Major Waterhouse had entered a house of suspicious character, in the city, and that the doors thereof had been forcibly closed upon them, and hearing this, this body of men had instantaneously marched into the city, determined to release them with their lives, &c. This plan was adopted as soon as mentioned, and at double quick time the whole company, in twos, marched for the Plaza, with

"the Colonel," then as one of them again, at their head. All in the streets, supposing them a large patrol on particular business, officers, privates, regulars, volunteers, Americans and Mexicans, cleared the way, and gazed upon them in their rapid course.

Arriving there, they were in sight of Colonel Thomas, who was in conversation with some officers in front of the National Palace. He, seeing so many of his men, thinking something was wrong in the camp, hurried toward them. At this same moment came the Lieutenant Colonel and the Major, who were in sight upon the opposite side of the Plaza. At the sight of them the column halted, and many exclamations at once greeted them.

"Why, here's Colonel Thomas, now."

"Here's Colonel Allison, too!"

"And Major Waterhouse, too!"

"Why, we are so glad to see you."

"Why, Colonel, how did you get out?"

"Why, we are so happy to find you safe!"

"How did you all get out?"

"What do you mean, boys," said all in a breath.

"Why, there came news to camp that you had all stepped into one of those bad houses, and they had locked you

all three in, and we come in as fast as we could to relieve you, if it cost us our lives!

The Lieutenant Colonel, concealing a laugh, turned away. The Colonel and Major turned it off with

"Nonsense, boys."

"Well, Colonel, that's the report," said a dozen at once.

"Well, it's no such thing, boys; don't mention such a thing. Come up here, all of you, and take something to drink. We'll settle the bill."

And a heavy score it was to settle; while all drank, continual exclamations of gratification were heard in the crowd at finding the whole a false report.

"But, Colonel, if it had been so, we would have stood up to you, to a man."

"By Jas—s, we would," said one of the Irish boys.

"Pooh, nonsense, boys, nonsense; but say no more about it. Walk about the town, now, and all go out to camp by sunset."

"Yes, sir! yes, sir! yes, sir! and many a quart of liquor was destroyed that day, and one by one they got out that night, each with a full load in their heads; no obstruction ever being offered by the guard, at the Gate of Mercy, to any returning to camp."

OUR PRIVATE "THE COLONEL" IN THE MILITARY HOSPITAL.

At Matamoras there were many of the soldiers sick; the change of water, the change of climate, and exposure of a camp life, produced much illness in the different regiments.

From the Tennessee cavalry, on its arrival from across the desert, many of the men were placed in the hospital immediately. Among the rest who made application to get there, was our pri-

vate, "the Colonel," whose "inards" were seriously threatened with damage from the various descriptions of alcoholic drinks that had there found a place of deposit, greatly to the gratification of "the Colonel," but much to the detriment of his corporeal system.

"The Colonel's" application did not produce the desired effect; in fact, entirely failing to procure him a place on

the sick list: but as he knew that he was ill, and that a few days' attention in hospital would entirely relieve him; he went to work on his own responsibility, and soon succeeded in obtaining a situation in the hospital as an attendant. While here, by his assiduity and attention to the sick, general politeness and gentlemanly deportment, he gained the respect and confidence not only of the surgeon in charge of the hospital, but of the Surgeon-general of this division of the Army, Dr. Wright; a man austere and peremptory in his commands and requisitions of those under him, but as fine a specimen of the perfect gentleman in office as could be found in the army. Not only did these officers become attached to "the Colonel," but the sergeants and soldiers on duty at the hospital were equally so.

If a sick soldier there wished any little article of comfort that could be possibly procured, in town or in the camps, to "Colonel Whitaker" he made his requests, and they were promptly attended to. He wrote all letters to the friends of the sick, and in fact, was an universal favorite. "The Colonel" atopped all supplies of liquor from finding any entrance into his system for the time being, and took medicine from the assistant surgeon, which, while it cured him, at the same time, to his great comfort, was quite stimulating.

When "the Colonel's" health was restored, in speaking to the assistant surgeon he praised the medicine for this, and asked if then a little French brandy would hurt him. Upon being answered in the negative, he remarked, that as diseases of that kind were likely to take the physician as well as the patient, that a little might be advantageous to the surgeon himself;—that if he pleased, he ("the Colonel") would consider himself highly honored if he would take a social glass with him.

To this the surgeon assented readily, and the couple went to a bar-room,—drank the liquor pretty heavily,—retired to receive the forenoon visit of the Surgeon-general, and after that, was over, went again to the bar, and continued their applications there to the

decanter with so much vigor, that when four o'clock was approaching, the time at which Dr. Wright was again expected, neither of the two could navigate very correctly. The surgeon rather was the worse off of the two, and walked up toward the hospital, taking a wide track on the sidewalk as he passed. The Mexicans, accustomed to give way to an American officer, were in this instance forced to give the whole walk to the two.

No ways anxious to meet Dr. Wright in his present situation, "the Colonel" framed an excuse to go toward the market house, while the surgeon rolled along to the hospital, where he soon encountered the Surgeon-general, who, as has been said, was very strict in his regulations. The first question by the latter brought an answer which drew his attention to his assistant. The second brought such a confirmation of his suspicion, that he instantly accused him of being drunk. This the other flatly denied; and losing all regard for the rank and authority of his questioner, he assailed the latter in strong and abusive language.

Dr. Wright was quite lenient toward him in his situation, which, by the way, was not to be expected from him; but finding that Whitaker the attendant had been out with his surgeon, and was probably in the same situation, he inquired for him, but he was not to be found. Determined to have him, the Doctor then getting "his Irish" raised considerably, called upon the sergeant of the hospital guard, and sharply ordered him to take a file of men, and go out into the town, and find and bring Whitaker there before him immediately.

The sergeant quickly took five of his regulars, who with shouldered arms, steady as automatons, following one another in every motion, rapidly commenced the search for the delinquent Whitaker, upon whom Dr. Wright shrewdly threw all the blame of the drunkenness of the assistant surgeon.

The Doctor walked back and forth in angry impatience, while the assistant surgeon, thoroughly under the potent influence of the liquor, went soundly to sleep.

In the mean while, the sergeant and his file of men, turning one or two corners and passing a square, came in sight of Wheeler's grocery at the market house; and seeing his friend Whitaker in there, in company with many volunteers, the kind-hearted Irishman did not wish to arrest him so publicly; but halting his squad at the door, he came in carelessly by himself, and approaching Whitaker, said in a whisper, "By Jas—s! we have come for you. Dr. Wright is as mad as the devil;—will play h—ll with you!"

"Sergeant," whispered Whitaker, "you have come for me, but you have not found me yet: bring your boys in, and all of you take a good horn at my expense, you have not had any to-day; then march down to the Plaza and back again, and then let us take another, and I will go with you."

"Good, by Jas—s!" said the sergeant, who, bringing in his guard, every one of whom "smelt the rat" but kept still, they took a bouncing horn; and then, with the commands—*Attention—squad! Shoulder—arms! Right—face! Forward—march! Left—countermarch!*—out they went in eager search again.

In a short time, after a rapid march to the Plaza, they returned, came in, ordered arms, and at a wink from Whitaker, the brandy was again set before them, and they filled their glasses bountifully; for a good dram to a regular is indeed a treat.

"The Colonel" in another moment insisted upon treating the whole crowd in the grocery, and would not hear of a refusal from any; and the soldiers of the guard being included, and the example set by the sergeant, all took hold of the liquor again.

While the sergeant was tossing this last glass off with peculiar gusto, "the Colonel" whispered to him, "Go back now; you have found me."

"No," returned he, "by Jas—s! We hav'n't seen you at all."

This time, at the word *attention!* one bumped up against another; at *shoulder arms!* the muskets of the two struck with a loud clatter above their heads; and half out of step they moved rapidly

off, the bayonets above bobbing about like those at a militia muster; for a drunken guard was moving by, in the notice and to the surprise of every one.

Dr. Wright had waited impatiently for the arrival of the delinquent Whitaker in custody, and was then about to mount his horse. Seeing the guard coming thus, he called to their sergeant, "Where is Whitaker?"

"*Halt!*" shouted the sergeant, and at this the foremost man ran against him. "*Halt!* D—n your souls, *halt!* *Order arms!*—We could not find any thing of him, sir!" and turning again to his men, "*Present arms!*"

"You are all drunk," said the doctor, "every mother's son of you, and Whitaker has made you so."

"Have not seen him, sir;—have not drunk a drop, sir," said the sergeant.

"Off with you," stormed the doctor, and they cleared themselves.

Musing awhile, the doctor went himself, and shortly after, Whitaker, finding the coast clear, went down; found the sergeant of the guard, and both going out in the evening, finished their spree; after which, "the Colonel" packing up his duds, was off for the camp, four miles from the town, by daylight.

No report being necessary, for he had not been entered on the sick list, and not being required strictly to drill, in fact, from his experience being more often requested by the officers to drill the company to which he belonged himself; his absence was not noticed, or his presence particularly remarked. He took care to keep out of the way of Dr. Wright during the stay of the regiment at Matamoras.

Some two months after that, when General Patterson's division was on its march from Victoria toward Tampico, an accident having occurred to the General, rendering it necessary for him to be conveyed, Dr. Wright gave up his buggy, in which he always rode, to the General, while he took a horse, and thus was again in view of the army. Riding slowly along the columns, advancing, he was passing, Colonel Whitaker, unnoticed

"Good day, Dr. Wright," said the latter.

The Doctor, not accustomed to such salutations from the ranks, reined in his horse, and sternly surveyed the other; and a half smile began to appear about the corners of his mouth.

"Is not your name Whitaker?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel; making a bow.

"Are you not the d—d scamp that made my assistant surgeon drunk at Matamoras, and when I sent a guard after you, perfectly sober, sent them all back in fifteen minutes, with a lie in

their mouths, and as drunk as they could stand?"

"No, sir; not me; I have never fuddled a man, sir, since I have been out here; I reckon they did it themselves, sir."

"Yes, sir! you are the man, and if I had got you that day I would have played the d—l with you; but," continued he, "I was fearful of coming after you myself, as I determined to do at first, with the guard, lest you should make me drunk also. Yes, sir, you are the one, and the d—m—d—st chap I ever laid eyes upon." And, with a bow to "the Colonel," the Surgeon General passed on.

THE PATRIOTIC CONGRESSMAN.

BEFORE the Mexican war broke out, while the probability of such an event was discussed by many of our political speakers, the patriotism of some of these seemed to boil over, perfectly uncontrollable. As some of the soldiers afterwards, in Mexico, remarked, that if any Mexicans had actually been present at any of these ardent speeches, they believed that the speakers would really have leaped from the stands upon them, and given them sound thrashings at any rate. These speakers were about to make the probable war with Mexico a perfect frolic. One valiant Congressman, from Indiana, was ready to whip the whole Mexican army with a half-dozen old women; and another, equally valiant, at that time the Governor of one of the Southern states, was going to raise a battalion of old women, declaring that Mexico could be conquered by them and a thimble would hold all the blood that should be spilled. "He could hear it in the breeze."

But when the martial notes of actual warfare rung through the land, and volunteers called for; when it was found that men, not women, were wanted,

then these valiant statesmen answered not to their names in the general roll.

War in distant prospect, and war in reality, with all its privations, hardships, exposures and dangers, was found by them to be, upon comparison, two separate and distinct propositions.

But the predictions and speeches of these leaders of parties and known political men, whose opinions had been so long received by the people as safe standards for their own belief, were not forgotten by the soldiers when afterwards in the field; and many persons who thus figured before the war, would be surprised to know how many times their names were jocularly called in the rolls of the troops in whose ranks they had severally promised to go. Wherever these names were thus called, many wags were found, who always had the most amusing answers and excuses to make for them; many of which were not, however, very complimentary either to their bravery, judgment, or patriotism. The troops from every state had some such name to look back upon. One, only, is introduced here as a specimen.

The full names in this are inserted, for the speeches of a public man are public property, given to be received at that time; and if, afterwards, they will not bear scrutiny, it is only the loss of their authors.

The Hon. Barkley Martin, afterwards Member of Congress from Tennessee, in the presidential campaign of '44 was a wheel horse in the cause of Democracy, Annexation of Texas, &c.; a real thunderbolt, in course of preparation, to be hurled upon the devoted heads of the Mexican nation, should they presume to resist the annexation of Texas by the force of the sword and gunpowder.

Previous to the presidential election, at that time, in a speech, at Ashland, near Columbia, Tennessee, at a large political meeting, Mr. Martin was in a perfect rage in speaking of this subject, and, for greater conspicuity, jumping up on the board before the stand, he spoke somewhat as follows:

"It is said by the opposite party, that if Texas is annexed to the United States that war with Mexico is inevitable. I say, my fellow countrymen, *let it come, let it come*. If it does come, your humble speaker, who addresses you this day, Barkley Martin, will march out at the head of six hundred Tennesseans, with the chapeau of the immortal Jackson on his head, and his epaulettes on his shoulders, and he will proceed to the center of the Mexican Republic, and shake it to its very foundations." And, moreover, pointing to the stars and stripes upon the flag flying above the assemblage, while he was still drawn up on his commanding position, he insinuated very strongly that nothing would suit him better, than the privilege of dying under its folds, in its defence. All this sounded well; and, coming from Mr. Martin, was received with enthusiasm, and the speaker was shortly afterwards elected to Congress from that district.

When the war broke out, alas! for the stability of human intentions, the Hon. Barkley Martin's patriotism had either leaked out or completely used itself up in ebullition. At any rate, nothing was heard of it, and, while many

of his audience, at Ashland, had entered the lists of volunteers, to start at the call of the country, Barkley Martin's name was not found on the rolls, neither was anything known relative to his procuring Gen. Jackson's chapeau and epaulettes. The corps of six hundred Tennesseans, who were, under him, to shake the Mexican Republic to its foundations, he had made no efforts to raise. His neighbors and constituents, of both political parties, were marshalled, some in the infantry, some in the cavalry, and many of them saw and did good service for their country, on the battle fields of Mexico; and many went, but returned no more. Under the folds of that flag, in vindication of the honor of their country, they fought and died.

Where then was Barkley? Very comfortable at home. It was not time, yet, to do that extensive shaking; or, perhaps, that uniform, so necessary to produce the effect, either upon its intended wearer, or upon the Mexican world, needed repair, and, while this was going on, the Hon. Member, in Congress, when a bill was introduced to increase the pay of the private soldiers, then in service, concluded that their pay then received, 7\$ per month for infantry, was enough. It is to be presumed that he anticipated difficulty in raising his six hundred at that; but enough of this.

Many months after that, on the 20th March, 1847, two large and noble ships, the Essex and the Desdemona, were entering the outer harbor of Vera Cruz, crowded with the two battalions of the regiment of Tennessee cavalry, hurrying to Vera Cruz from Tampico. The two ships had been beat about by the severe weather at sea for fourteen days, and the troops they contained had thus been prevented from landing with the main body; who were then encamped on the shore, though the weather had stopped the landing of the artillery necessary for them to return the terrific fire of the castle and city that was opened upon them.

As the ships anchored amid the crowded fleet at Sacrificios, the scenes presented to those on board were of the grandest and most imposing kind. The

cannonade from the city and castle upon the American camp was incessant; the air over the environs of the latter was dotted above with the white clouds of smoke from the bursting bombs; the sharp, hissing, singing sounds of the massive, ragged pieces of iron, as they flew, was heard, as it were, completely filling up the short intervals that elapsed between the heavy reports of the bursting shells and of the destroying mortars that sent them. The continued roar was deafening. The sand on the hills, here and there, among the camp, was tossed up in clouds by the shot and shells as they struck, while the volumes of deep smoke gracefully rolled above the heavy artillery of the castles in the distance, occasionally opening, as it were, to reveal the bright and waving folds of the Mexican banner, of red, green, and yellow, that proudly waved above; (see Frontispiece) then closing, and rolling in huge volumes, joined those rising from the city, and over the water, between the two, rose up in a huge pyramid of brilliant white, in the rays of the sun above and darkness beneath, half illumined by the brilliant flashes darting therefrom.

The beach near the fleet of American ships was covered in every foot by a dense crowd of Americans,—soldiers, sailors; heaps of shot, piles of shell, artillery, provision tents; every material of warfare in the utmost profusion; while the waves between the vessels and the shore were covered with the passing boats, landing more of the same.

It was such an active, stirring scene of energy collected for destruction, as may, in the lives of those who witnessed it, never again be observed.

All the soldiers on the two ships just arrived, were struck with astonishment at the scenes before them. Long,—long had they marched and toiled to take part in these scenes, and all were a little disappointed that they had been kept out by the weather, so as not to land when the others had. They wanted to have a hand in everything done in this magnificent drama thus acting before them.

One stood musing at the stern of one of the ships; he grasped his arms with impatience as he eagerly gazed at the busy crowd engaged on the beach; his face looked solemn, with an expression of stern disappointment. He was from Columbia, Tennessee, and has been introduced to the reader as our private "the Colonel." Colonel Thomas, of the regiment, also enlisted a private in that company; seeing at this moment his old neighbor, former officer, and present private thus sternly musing, he approached him, laid his hand on his shoulder as he gazed intently at the troops on shore, and asked him what he thus looked so earnestly at.

"Colonel," replied he, "it is too bad; here we are headed at last! Don't you see Barkley Martin there before us?"

"No!" said the Colonel: "Barkley Martin! he is not there."

"Yes," replied the soldier, "there he is; I saw him pass behind that pile of stores, talking with some officers, and pointing, giving commands to the boats about those cannon."

The Colonel was nonplussed; he looked, and looked; turned his head this way and that; then addressing the soldier by his former title, said, "'Colonel Whitaker,' you are mistaken; Barkley Martin is in congress."

"Yes, Colonel, he is there; I saw him giving orders: has not Colonel Baker been in congress too, and is not he here? Yes, Colonel, he is there; you will see him with his officers step out there presently."

Colonel Thomas again looked into the confused crowd. "Martin is not there,—he can't be there; there has been no requisition on Tennessee for more troops."

"Colonel Thomas," replied the soldier, "Barkley Martin is there before us. He is a man of his word. He is there at the head of six hundred Tennesseans, with General Jackson's capeau on his head, and the epaulettes of the old hero on his shoulders, and he is going to shake the Mexican republic to its foundations. Did he not say so at Ashland, near Columbia, in '44? Yes,

air, he is there; it is at his force that all these shells and shot are fired, and he will take that city and castle quickly. Hurry, Colonel; let us be ashore, and have something to do: we have marched through Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, and Mexico,—have endured all sorts of hardships, have been with old "Rough and Ready,"—have occupied Matamoros, Victoria, Tampico,—have lost many of our men in eight months' hard service; and now Barkley Martin, with his six hundred Tennesseans is ahead of us, and will take this city and castle before us. Hurry, Colonel; let us be ashore; we can never show our faces in Tennessee again, before Barkley Martin or any of his six hundred. Hurry, Colonel; hurry! let us have a part in the taking of those ancient fortresses!"

Colonel Thomas was completely deceived by the earnestness of the soldier. His mind rapidly reviewed for a moment the scenes spoken of at home. The form of the speaker at Ashland, and his appeal to the flag above him; his declaration with regard to the uniform of Jackson, and the present war; all rose clearly before his mind, for he had been at the identical meeting. He raised his head from his attitude of deep thought, and addressed the soldier.

"'Colonel Whitaker,' your serious

manner and assertion completely deceived me; for the moment I thought that Barkley Martin was there, dressed as you said; but he is not here; his promises were not performed, and he is still at home, or enjoying his seat in congress."

The soldier turned away, as a shell loudly burst near by, thrown from the castle, and then flew among the shipping; without noticing it, he continued, "Barkley Martin is there. He said he would come, and he will take the city and the castle: it is too bad,—too bad! never again can we show ourselves in old Tennessee. Colonel Barkley Martin would not violate his word so publicly given. Boys," said he to the others, "our chance is over, let us go below;" and striking his arms heavily down upon the deck, he descended the hatchway, followed by a crowd of soldiers anxious to know if Barkley Martin was really there.

The next morning the troops of the regiment landed in gallant order, were immediately set to labor in the trenches constructing the naval battery;—and then, upon the most diligent inquiry instituted among the thousands there assembled, no such name was found as that of the Hon. Barkley Martin.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

To the soldier, sleep is sweet and sound, for no care lies on his mind; indifferent to the fate of the morrow,—having no plans to lay, no arrangements to carry out, and commonly much fatigued,—he lies down at night in his little tent, and sweetly sleeps.

Let us glance rapidly over the events of a day in a large encampment, to pass on and observe the same after the shadows of night have rested upon it: commencing at early dawn, when the

drums, fifes, and bugles, joining in reveille, arouse the soundest sleepers, and destroy instantaneously vast numbers of the pleasing dreams that have been flitting over the minds of the wearied soldiers,—dreams of home, of families, friends; of peace and harmony, contentment and plenty.

We will glance, too, at the forming lines in every part of a vast encampment, the numerous rolls called by the sergeants, and the early drills that

follow, the marching and counter-marching done by those who all the time, from their parade ground, are paying more attention to the curling volumes of smoke rising from the camp in such numbers, than they are to the words of command given, in no very pleasant tones of voice, by the captains and lieutenants, themselves minus, as yet, their breakfasts; for the former seem to tell the soldier of a tin cup of hot coffee, a large slice of meat, &c., in immediate prospective, and in fact, the vapor rolled off from above the camp, comes along the forming and marching ranks, loaded with a strong savor of these substantial; thus causing the hungry men to hold their heads a little higher than what is required by the "soldiers' position," in order to inhale large draughts of the freighted atmosphere, which to them really seems to have some solidity in it.

We notice also with what alacrity every one hurries to his tent, gun in hand, as soon as the officer in command of his company pronounces the welcome word "dismissed," which, by the way, has been as eagerly and impatiently watched for, for some time by the men in ranks, as ever the extension of the hand by the oldest friend,—the signal for the close of a quakers' meeting,—has been closely watched for by the youth of the same, who have been, much against their inclinations, cooped up in perfect silence for two hours, in a congregation as silent; and who, in their impatience, had nearly broken loose two or three times, on seeing a movement of the elder's hand, which, to their disappointment, proved to be only toward his face for meditation, or toward his pocket for tobacco; the aforesaid soldiers, in their hurry to put away their guns, each turning an anxious glance to their little fire, at which their messmate is taking off the pot of coffee, laying the meat, already fried, out in a little pile on the ground, so as to half cook a thin solution of flour and water into "grease cakes."

The hastily dispatched and really enjoyed breakfast, the succeeding drills and guard, if at encampment, or the

quick striking and rolling up the tents, &c., if on the march, and in fact, the whole routine of the day, we will pass over quickly, and catch a view of them at night again, when all the march, drill, and duty of the day is over; the supper, of the same materials, prepared in the same way as the breakfast, finished; and those lucky enough to escape standing guard for the night, have crowded into the tents; each one of the latter within brilliantly lighted by a candle tied against the front tent pole, the light of which, streaming through the canvas, appears very comfortable inside.

Then is the time when the most of fun and frolic takes place, so let us in imagination go from tent to tent, as they are thickly pitched in their long lines,—peep into them, see the groups within, hear their conversation, &c.

At a little distance from the camp are several tents by themselves; they are those of the guard. A large bright fire burns without, with several smaller ones near it. Around all these are the groups of soldiers, lying each in his blanket, his gun in his hand, and his feet to the fire.

The officer of the guard is seated on an empty bread barrel, near to the fire, his face covered with his hands; he is in deep thought; the sergeant stands near, occasionally looking at his watch by the fire light. He borrowed this for the night, for it is one of the few that can be mustered in the camp.

The corporal throws more wood on the fires, which glare up, throwing a brighter light over the sleepers; from whom come in chorus a confused noise of hard breathing in sound sleep.

The first relief is out on guard; the second and the third are thus sleeping. Not a word is spoken here. Half of these sleepers are soon to be aroused, and the others shortly after midnight. They wish now to rest.

The lieutenant in command has nothing to say; occasionally he whistles low, as he thus remains on the barrel, his head still down, his elbows on his knees; he is half asleep, half awake;—is sensible of every object around

him, while at the same time memory and imagination are busy in presenting bright scenes of home,—hope points so confidently to the future, that his thoughts have merged into a brilliant dream.

The sergeant and the corporal, as they stand with their backs to the fire, and look out into the darkness, have nothing to say. They watch the figure of the first sentinel as he comes up in the light, with his gun at a support, and then turning, recedes, till lost to their view, only to appear and recede at the same intervals. A low conversation of half a dozen sentences has taken place between the two, but it has ceased. All here is dull and listless; let us pass on.

This collection of wagons, marquees, and soldiers' tents on our right, some distance within the lines, is the hospital department. The horses are feeding at the wagons; lights are in every tent; from the small tents are heard the groans of the sick;—look into one! The sick soldiers lie on the ground; an attendant is sitting down asleep; a bucket of water, a cup, a candle, and some papers of medicine, are by him; some of the sick are muttering in delirium,—tossed with burning fever. Some will die; some will recover. Here, in the next tent, by himself alone, lies one already dead; his feet are straightened out, his hands crossed on his breast, and his eyes closed; but his clothing has not, nor will it be moved. Neither shroud nor coffin is there for him. Wrapped in his blanket he will be buried in the morning.

In the tents of the surgeon and assistants is more noise. One of the latter is down before the medicine chest, preparing medicine. The surgeon has just entered the death, name, and disease of the dead man, and quite a discussion on the best mode of treating this disease is going on, interspersed with many anecdotes, and not a little laughter.

The disease is spoken of, but the man is forgotten already; nor could any of them an hour hence tell you his name or company, but by referring to the list. Queer chaps, these doctors!

Their conversation on this is stopped, and all recollection of the medicines preparing for the others is forgotten, if one comes in with political news from congress; and all take a part in the conversation that ensues, with an eagerness that shows the interest they feel in other subjects than suffering humanity before them.

That large marquee to the left, with others in its rear, we cannot approach; several candles are burning within, and the light shines strongly on the sentinels in front; by this, however, we can see a table in there, and chairs or camp stools; a bottle and glasses glisten in the center. Keep away; it is the general's marquee.

But here, now, is row after row of tents, all in regular order; each line headed by the marquee of the company's captain, and followed by those of the lieutenants. A busy noise of mirth, singing, laughter, and mingled voices rises from the whole; every tent is lit up; you can hear several violins, flutes, and clarionettes. Stand still, and observe, if you can, the different sounds that thus continually mingle, striking on your ear at the same instant.

You can hear the words and sentences spoken in all the tents, but you can make nothing of them.

"Congress has passed a law——"

"Give us the old north state——"

"Oh, say, don't you see in the dawn's early light——"

"Hurrah! I've won the pot!"

"When I was in old Virginia, about Lynch——"

"Here are three aces, and a pair of kings!"

"I tell you, boys, Susan was pretty, and she said, then,——"

"Your horse, ha! ha!"

"Got any liquor, boys?"

"I tell you it's not my turn; I got supper last night, and breakfast this——"

"Captain, will those that are killed in this war get any pensions?"

"The guard has nabbed Tim, boys."

And a thousand such sentences mingled with songs and roars of laughter,

all come at once. But go into any tent, and then you notice not the sounds rising from the others; you become interested in the tales telling there, the games that are playing, or the songs that are sung. One after another of the soldiers stretches himself out to sleep, and the others make room for him; as the hours pass by, the lights of the different tents go out, and the noise of the camp is less; till finally, the last tale is told, the last game finished, the lights are all gone, and the vast assemblage of men are buried in sound slumbers.

The lieutenant at the guard fire, the sergeant and corporal, are then the only officers awake; and the sentinels on post the only soldiers. Look into one of the tents now;—thickly stowed one to another in each, are from six to eight men, their heads all in a line on their knapsacks, their guns and cartridge boxes at the back of the tent, their feet nearly at the entrance, their water bucket, coffee pot and mess bag are at their feet; 'tis all the furniture or implements of house-keeping that they have. Each one is wrapped in his own single blanket; or sometimes they are divided into couples, lying on one blanket, and covering themselves with the other; and each couple who thus go in partnership will do the same for months.

If the night is cold, the single blanket must answer; they have no more. If it is warm, well and good. The two outside men in the tent can turn over during the night; the others can hardly do so, but must remain as they take their position. These two have to pay for this privilege, however, in rainy and windy nights; for the wet canvas flaps against their faces continually. They must each retain their own situation every night; no one takes the other's place. Thus so thickly stowed, they sleep soundly; but anything that alarms or awakens one, from his motion will as quickly awaken the whole.

Many amusing things sometimes happen, by one or all getting startled in their sleep; and when all jump at once, so crowded together, the tent is almost sure to be torn up from the pins, and

tumble on their heads, bagging them in their endeavors to get out, like so many birds in a net. One or two such instances we will relate as examples of this, and then leave the whole camp to their slumbers.

At Tampico, where we, in imagination, are at present in view of the camp at night, there were, over the plain, partly occupied as a camping ground by the Tennessee brigade, great numbers of holes of the land crab. These crabs were in body commonly as large as a hen's egg, some much larger; their claws resembled those of the sea crab, but were longer and more slender; the bodies were thicker. Like the sea crab, they, too, moved sideways, but doubled up under them the large claw on one side with the smaller one; they darted off with an agility and swiftness perfectly surprising to one at first sight; it was hard to come up with one. Their color in shell was blue, their eyes set on two shell prominences, which turned on joints, extending them half an inch from the head or throwing them back into a corresponding groove, made by nature for their security: they were "odd fish." Like those of the craw fish, their holes were carried down to the water, which, on this plain, was at the depth of a foot or two.

When the camp was pitched, the tents being in regular rows, were placed over hundreds of these holes, and egress to their inmates was, of course, denied by the blankets on the bottom of the tents. Occasionally, in the night, a sleeper over such a hole, could feel the inhabitant thereof pecking away at the blanket, endeavoring to make an observation. but the slightest movement alarmed him, and down he would go "chuck" into the water, in the bottom of his domicile, so unceremoniously closed. A long fast these fellows had; but those whose holes were about the entrances of the tents, the backs, or on the outside, fared better. One large one, in the author's tent, whose hole came up just out of reach of the feet of the men, as they lay asleep, fared sumptuously; every night, paying his attentions most earnestly, but quietly, to the large piece of raw,

fat pork that was there. If a sleeper moved, down went his crabship; but he soon returned.

One of these, thus within another tent, in the same way became pretty well acquainted with everything about the room.

In the middle of a dark night, when all were asleep, as before mentioned, after satisfying his hunger, this one came round to the heads of the sleepers, and there became very much taken with the luxuriant locks of one young man, who had, in reality, a beautiful head of hair, and who prided himself much upon it. His crabship was excessively delighted with the rich curls, and running his long, cold, crooked claws through them, he lifted and tossed them about greatly to his satisfaction, but to the alarm of the sleeper, who, half-awaked, lifted his hand over his head, and, to his greater alarm, touched the cold back of the crab, which jumped back from the salutation. "Tarantula" struck the mind of the aroused sleeper, and "tarantula! tarantula!"* he called out loudly, as he sprung up, and every one became, with him, terrified and but half awakened. They cleared in an instant, leaving but the bare blankets stretched out within.

Seizing a brand from the smoldering camp fire, in front of the tent, and blowing it to a flame, one of them poked it into the tent, and there, in the very center of the deserted blankets, was the gentleman, in full possession, looking, for all the world, as if highly enjoying the clamor and rout he had made; but not relishing the bright light of the brand, he turned up his eyes on their long prominences at it, tucked his long claw, on one side, under him, and scud "~~and~~ tilt," sideways, out, under the flap of the tent, through into the next one, and brought up, with the sharp joint of the claw full against the

bare breast of an elderly soldier, who there was soundly sleeping, with his face turned toward the outside of the tent, and, as the night was warm, with his coat, vest and shirt bosom unbuttoned and wide open. Under all these, and in next the skin, the crab pushed his cold but active carcase, as the old man, with a yell of "J—s—s, what's that!" jumped up, and stepping on the other sleepers, who also sprang, and, in the same instant, the man with the brand, thus seeing the crab dart away, called out "he's gone out at the side! kill him! kill him!"

"Kill that tarantula!" shouted another.

All this was in the same instant, and struck the old man's ear; he exclaimed "help! boys, help!" as he leaped out of the tent; the others got caught together, the tent poles suddenly gave way, the pins came up, the tent fell and bagged them all in under it, each with the impression that a tarantula was among them; and such tearing to get loose, in the darkness, rent the tent all to tatters; while the old man, on the outside, was dancing with terror at having a dreaded tarantula cutting up such "extras" in his pantaloons. The crab's claws had scratched him in a hundred places, as, finding himself, so suddenly, in such warm quarters, he was "digging it" round and round the old man's body at a rapid rate; to the latter's excited imagination, all these were so many distinct bites of the poisonous tarantula. He was a hale, hearty, active man, and had probably many times undressed himself rapidly, but the way in which roundabout, vest and breeches flew then, put all previous performances, in that line, completely in the shade. Out went the crab from above his boot, and casting another squint with his elevated eyes at the dreaded brand of fire then waving up, away he scud, before any one could inflict the eagerly desired vengeance upon him. In the mean time, all the others, near by, had been roused. After a while, all lay down again, but there was one mess with a ruined tent. The crab never came back, but sought a new location

*Tarantulas had been common on the route through Texas. They are of the spider species, nearly as large as one of these crabs, most horribly ugly, and venomous in the extreme. Most serious consequences follow their bite, which to give they will leap toward their object two or three feet. For a more full description of them, see "Twelve Months' Volunteer," page 143.

Reader, will you have another instance of these sound sleepers, being aroused?

Near Goliad, in the western part of Texas, the regiment of cavalry, then advancing to join Gen. Taylor, had made a hard march for the day, and were all asleep, as before mentioned.

During the night, so many frogs were found throughout the grass, galloping over the sleeping men, that many amusing alarms took place.

In one tent, after midnight, when all was still, a frog made his appearance from under the lower fringe or flap of the canvas. The sleepers' faces were directed the same way. If the frog had been endowed with reason, to consider the best method by which he could alarm them, and such a consideration had been put into effect, he could not have done the job in a better way than that in which it was accomplished by his course. In fact, the boys afterward declared that he must have studied out his plan. He jumped on the face of the first; cold, clammy; then on the face of the next, his fore paws hanging on one side of that sleeper's nose, and his hind feet scratching sharply away at the under cheek, as he endeavored to get up, while his cold belly was stretched across the proboscis of the sleeper, who instantly sprang, lifting the frog a foot or two; but an active jump on his part brought him full upon the right closed eye of the next one, with his claws feeling about the eyelid, but tumbling, or rather sliding, down this chap's face, he was at the ear of the next, over whose face he was crawling, as that sleeper, hitting him with his open hand, brushed him off on to the chin and throat of the next. Every one's face did that rascal go over; it was done in a minute; the last one wakened by him found the first expression in the mouths of the others. The effect was electrical. Some cried out "rattlesnake" in their alarm, and all rising at this word came up with a bound, for to their minds the snake was still in the tent.

The tent was full, as before, the pins gave way in an instant, down came the poles, and every one got out as fast as the bagging canvas would relieve him;

each one breathless with alarm, each thinking himself bit, especially the one whom the frog had taken on both cheeks, who was sure that the snake's jaws had enclosed the most of his visage. In all the tents near, the inmates were roused by such alarm prevailing, with the cry of "rattlesnake!" and this very name of "rattlesnake" caused hundreds all around to awake, and be uneasy lest the crawling snake in the high grass might wind his way along to them. For an hour the murmur continued through the camp, before all were again asleep. So much for an alarm by a frog as well as a crab; now for one by a larger animal.

One night in Texas, while the same regiment was on its march, the whole encampment were thus soundly asleep.

The moon was shining brightly down over the wide extensive prairie, apparently in the center of which was an encampment, with its white rows of tents. The horses, thickly picketed, were quietly dozing, save a few, which had got loose from their halters, and were wandering round, endeavoring to pick up more corn than had that night fallen to their share. Some men there were in the regiment, who would always thus turn their horses loose, to get through the night all they could in addition to their own forage; and these horses became quite expert in extracting the forage, bags of corn, &c., from under the flaps of the tents, filled inside with the sleepers. Reaching their noses under, and biting at a bag, they would gently pull it out, and once out, would walk into it heartily.

Of course, that sleeper, whose bag was thus taken, had no forage for his own horse in the morning; and many bitter curses on the thief were vented by him. Sometimes these horses were soundly thrashed, had a hatchet thrown at them, or some severe retribution inflicted on them; and such was the effect of this, that it was surprising to observe the stealthiness with which these cunning four-footed rascals would go on their thieving expeditions around the camp at night. Not content with getting the bag out, they would pull it

off a few steps from the canvas, apparently fully under the knowledge that the grinding of their jaws, masticating the grain close to the tent, would betray them, by arousing the sleepers; so wide awake for this, they always kept an eye on the mouth of the tent, and if any one emerged therefrom, they were off with the fleetness of the wind; so that it was hard to see enough of one of them, in the crowd of horses through which he ran, to be able afterward to recognize him.

One soldier, by name of W. H. Dewberry, (the author begs his pardon, should this ever meet his eye,) was somewhat advanced in years. He was hearty, active, and capable of standing any fatigue; though time had robbed him of every hair from the former line of his brow to the extreme back of his head, a little scattering patch was still above and behind each ear; but over the most of his caput the smooth glistening skin was tightly drawn, exposing with distinctness every phrenological development that he possessed, in a manner that would have been highly satisfactory to Spurzheim, Cobb, or Fowler.

Dewberry was a good soldier, but he did love dearly a little of the ardent when it could conveniently be procured. One of his messmates, universally called in the camp by the simple appellation "Isaac" or "Ike," loved that as well as Dewberry, and the two had the good fortune to obtain a little of the "cree-tur" that evening, which had warmed them up, and made them feel quite comfortable and happy; and, in this mood they had laid down, and were soon soundly asleep.

Dewberry had the outside position in his tent, which was then at the lower extremity of the company's line. In the night came one of those thieving horses, which, on smelling round, found Dewberry's forage bag, which lay at his head.

Gently pulling this out, he threw it a few steps, and turning his head round to it, was into its contents heartily, and ground the corn between his teeth with such noise as aroused Dewberry, who

hated much to get up from his comfortable position, and go out at the front of the tent; so turning over, without a word to awaken the others, he popped his head out under the flap, and the moon-shine struck fair upon his bald pate, which, however, was so behind the horse, that the latter did not see him.

A little switch that lay there, Dewberry seized, and struck the horse on the hind legs, with the expression, "At it, you d—d thief; clear—!" But he did not have time to finish his sentence, for at the blow the horse threw his head round, and alarmed at the switch, but more so at the bald pate so queerly glistening in the moonlight, from the low grass, with a pair of as queer looking eyes peeping out below it, gave a loud snort, a high pitch of his head, and a violent kick at the pate, all in the same instant, and off he went at the top of his speed, throwing his head higher, with continued louder snorts, fully convinced, no doubt, that he had seen the d—v—l.

But poor Dewberry fared badly; the shoe on the horse's hoof hit his bald pate fairly, and in went Dewberry, with a backward motion that certainly could not be excelled by any of those crawling crabs that have been before mentioned; rolling over the sleepers, with a loud yell and desperate kicks into the stomachs of the boys, with his hands on his head, he rolled over and over.

"J—s—s Ch—st! hell and damnation! my brains are out! Whoo—o—o—o! I'm a dead man! That d—d horse has knocked my brains out! Whoo—o—o—o!"

Every one was out of the tent, long before these exclamations were fully out of Dewberry's lips; his violent actions arousing them from their slumbers, together with such loud yells alarming them excessively. His comrade seized hold of him, as he continued his rapid kicks and exclamations, and putting his hand on the bald head, in despite of the contortions of the sufferer, he ran then to the coals of the smoldering fire, and looking at his hand, sung out

as he saw it covered with blood, (for every nail's head in the shoe had broken the skin,) "By G—d, Dewberry, you are a dead man, sure; say your prayers, and that d—d fast, for your brains are out!" and he ran back into the tent, while his loud words aroused many tents of sleepers all around, who came rushing out.

"O Lord! have mercy on a poor sin—" screamed Dewberry, still in contortions, as "Ike" ran in and seized him again, while some were hurrying about, trying to get a light.

"Ike," pressing his hand on his head, finding it firm, (for the distance from the horse had been sufficient to destroy the force of the blow, so that it had been only a severe knock, and entering of the nail-heads,) "By G—d, Dewberry, your skull is sound," says he.

"No, it isn't; it's broke; my brains are out; I'm a dead man! Lord! have mercy;—show pity! Lord! O Lord!"

With a few more licks, "Ike" persisted, still hold of the pate, "Dewberry, you are not dead yet."

"O yes, I am a dead man! O Jesus!"

"But, Dewberry," said "Ike," as he gave his head a right hard "dig" to see if it was sound, for he was get-

ting a little angry, as an universal hubbub was rising all round, and every one crowding round the tent, fresh from their sleep.

"What's the matter?" "What's the matter?"

"I tell you, Dewberry," your head is sound; you are not dead!"

"You are a G—d d—d fool," retorted the other; "you do n't know when a man is dead. O Lord! have mercy on a poor sinner!—that d—d horse!—O Lord! show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive!" for this seemed to be all in the religious line that the sufferer could remember then. "That d—d rascal M'Pherson turned that horse out on purpose. O Lord!"

By this time a large portion of the camp was aroused. "Ike" damned him for a fool; Dewberry cursed him for a jackass, and prayed—together. A light having been procured, all crowded in and around the tent; the bald but bloody pate was examined by one of the surgeons, who had been aroused, and pronounced safe. The crowd dispersed to their tents again, and the head being covered with sticking plaster, Dewberry laid down again, cursing the horse, and threatening M'Pherson, his owner, with the d—d—st thrashing that he ever got, if the Lord let them live till morning.

TRICKS OF SOLDIERS UPON EACH OTHER.

THIS man "Ike," referred to in the preceding tale, like hundreds of others always to be found in a camp, was forever making amusement for himself in leisure hours, by playing pranks and tricks of all sorts, on his messmates and other soldiers.—The hours of camp life pass often in a monotonous manner, which to relieve, seemed to be the grand object with him. Isaac M'Candliss, as his name run on the rolls, was a favorite

with all, notwithstanding but very few in his company escaped from the infliction of some of his little tricks during the campaign; and on the whole, "Ike" was in himself an advantage, for he always kept some fun and sport going among the weary soldiers.

At Tampico, before pay day, Ike ran out of dimes, and as he loved liquor amazingly, it distressed him, for he was not able to get a supply; he kept this

to himself, however, with the exception of the knowledge of his particular friend "Zed," who loved it as well as Ike, and who now was in the same predicament; the two would meet and sit on the bank of the river, at the edge of camp, and look as melancholy as two peacocks in moulting time.

One morning the two were thus sitting there, each one complaining of the hard times, and scheming out some way to raise some liquor, when another soldier came up, and taking Ike off a little, asked him if he would assist him to sell some brandy? that he did not drink any himself, but as long as it was so scarce, and he could get a dime a drink, he would like to sell a gallon he had bought, if he could do it secretly, so as not to be found out, that it might not go home, and be known there that he had been selling liquor; (for he was well off there, and of penurious disposition, and now wanted to sell the liquor and obtain the profits, without the name, and moreover was somewhat fearful of the guard-house, for the sale of liquor in camp was strictly forbidden.)

This was a fortunate circumstance for Ike, and he entered into all the views of the other with eagerness, and agreed to assist him, saying that he might follow him and his friend Zed into other companies, and they would introduce him, and he could sell all his liquor without his own company knowing any thing about it. This suiting the other, he left Ike, to get his canteens of liquor, while Ike hastened to Zed, and a plan was quickly laid, and put in execution by the two toppers, as the chap who would not be known as liquor vender made his appearance, with his three quarts of brandy out of the four, swung in two canteens, and a gourd, from his shoulders.

"Now," says Ike, "we will buy considerable of you ourselves, but you must stick to us till night, mind."

"I will that," said the other.

"And what we buy we will pay for at night," continued Ike.

"Exactly," said the vender, delighted at the success of his scheme. "I'll make the dimes off the boys in a sly way,"

and he rubbed his hands, and calculated, "three quarts is six pints, and that is twenty-four gills, and that is forty-eight half gills; and between you and me, he said, this little measure does not hold a half gill, it lacks a quarter of it, so that it will be fifty-five drinks at least, and at a dime apiece, will come to five dollars and a-half—good; come, won't you go now?" he said in great glee—"after this is gone I will get some more."

"I reckon, General Ike, we had better take a little to commence with," said Zed.

"By all means," replied Ike, and they both took hold.

They started, and went over to the Infantry, got into a company like themselves,—conversation went on and liquor was proposed; but it was some distance to go after it. Zed said this friend of his had it to sell privately,—good fellow—but these were all his friends, he must stand treat; some of them objected, but Zed insisted, and a treat all round was the consequence; and seven drinks were taken and charged to Zed, with a look by the vender at Ike, who nodded "all right," and on they went. This was a good beginning, he thought. They went down to the edge of the river, where some of the men were catching crabs; here they each drank, then bet that Ike could not catch five crabs in five minutes; the bet was a drink for themselves, and the three crab catchers that were on that little pile of rocks. Ike lost, catching but two; he paid, and five drinks more were charged to Ike.

The two now were through with their troubles for the present; they sung, caught crabs, and drank again.

For two hours after; the liquor seller patiently followed them through several companies. Ike told stories; Zed made speeches; both treated liberally, and the score of drinks was heavy against both, for they would allow no one to buy for himself.

"This is new business for you," said an acquaintance from his own company, to the liquor seller, just as Zed, pretty high, was calling out loudly for his

"traveling grocery," as he named the seller, to come up, for he wanted to treat the crowd.

"Gentlemen," says he, "the time has been when my friend and myself had to go to the grocery, to get our liquor, and then I sung—

"On wings of love I fly,
From groceries to grocery."

"But now, gentlemen, fellow soldiers, we have got up in the world, and we have a traveling grocery to follow us, (pointing to B—m, come up here, old fellow)—gentlemen take hold, nothing pleases me better than to treat my friends."

"This is a pretty business for you," said his comrade to the "grocery," "following up and carrying liquor for two such toppers as Ike and Zed. What would your old mother say, should she hear of this?"

"Oh John, don't say any thing about it—they owe so much now, I must keep with them, to get my money."

"Hallo, my traveling grocery, come up here," shouted Ike.

He came up, looked very serious—eight drinks more, went down to Zed; and then the seller begged them privately not to call him the "traveling grocery;" and they promised not to do it, but then they were as happy as lords, and two more comrades passing by, they hailed them to come up and take some, and these went down to Ike.

"What do you think B—m is about," said one of his mess-mates? "he is carrying the liquor about for Ike and Zed, and they are as tight as ever; and treating every one, and make him walk up to them, calling him their 'traveling grocery.'"

"Hurrah for B—m, let us go and see him;" and away went the half dozen to see B—m carrying the liquor about.

As they came up, they caught Ike's notice, who at that time was telling a great tale to some around him, while B—m, looking very sheepish, was standing off behind; his canteens and gourd with him.

Ike as he saw them come smiling, thought they came for a dram, and be-

ing then just right to treat any and every one, he called out loudly for them to come up and take something; and looked round and beckoned to B—m, "come up here my traveling grocery—by G—d, my old fellow, you shall go with me all the time—I'll make your fortune."

"How long since you took this business up?" said one to B—m.

"You say your grocery, Ike; he is my grocery," said Zed.

With a wink at Zed, Ike replied aloud, "I said so, but he is both of our grocery's."

"Yes, by G—d," says Zed, "he is a partnership grocery—I own him down to 54-40, and Ike owns the balance, which is very small—walk up, gentlemen, enough for all."

The feelings of the liquor seller, as his mess-mates drank, were not very pleasant; but again Ike and Zed promised not to call him such a name, though they were now endeavoring to induce him to leave them, having got as much as they wished, and the trio went on, going by Lieutenant T's tent, whom they knew well liked it.

"Come out here, John," said Ike; "won't you have a dram?"

"Yes, boys; but where can you get it?"

"Well now, if you don't think that we have a grocery here, we can win of you there. Look here," said he loudly, as he went up to B—m, who by that time had drawn a blanket over his shoulders, to conceal his canteens, lifting the blanket and shaking the gourd, "see here!"

"By G—d, boys," said B—m, now frightened at the officers knowing it, "you will get me in the guard house."

"No! no!" said both, at the top of their voices; "our traveling grocery shall not go in the guard house; if it does, we will go in with it. Come up, John."

The lieutenant walked up, took a dram, and as he was not on duty, simply told the boys to be careful, and went back.

B—m declared he could not go

any further, and said his liquor was out; but Ike found that the gourd and one canteen only were out; that the other was partly full.

Having accomplished their end, they went on, telling him of the trade that he was to follow them, and that it was no trade on their part if he did not go with them until night. But he was completely alarmed, and casting his eyes toward the lieutenant's tent, and seeing him within, still looking at him, the guard house came up before his mind so strong, and the fact of his messmates knowing it, that he put back, minus his liquor; and the two soakers went on, with as much in their heads as they could bear. He never called for pay, for he knew they would hold him to his contract. So much for the private gentlemanly way of selling liquor by the aid of "Zed" and "Ike." B—m was cured of all desire to sell more, never attempting it again.

There was another character in the same company with Ike, who had been a preacher before starting to the war; but under the influence of the camp, he lost the distinctive character of the preacher, but did not acquire readily that peculiar manner of the professional soldier. He remained a sort of non-descript; occasionally as serious as though he was at a religious meeting, and then again as mirthful as if at a dance; but these moods always seemed to come at the wrong time: he was very serious when all others were gay, and mirthful when all were serious; selecting the oddest times for his jokes.

On the last day of February, and previous to the embarkation of the troops at Tampico for Vera Cruz, the regiment of cavalry was mustered to make out the pay roll. The condition of the horses, as well as of the men, was looked into; as this was a matter of interest to every man, each one rubbed up his horse to pass muster, for should he fail to do this, a deduction was made from the soldier's pay.

The preacher, for a joke, hid his horse out, and reported to the orderly sergeant that he had sold him. It troubled the sergeant and captain much,

for the officers of each company wished to keep up the strength of each as much as possible; when the time for mustering, however, arrived, the preacher brought up his horse, and the entry on the roll was obliged to be altered correspondingly.

This transaction did not meet the views of "Ike," who thought it ill-timed, and called the preacher a fool; but determining to pay him a trick in turn, he belted on his sword, and taking his carbine, went to the preacher, and told him that he was sent for him by General Pillow. The preacher alarmed, inquired for what, and was told for selling his horse. He said it was a joke; but was informed that it was no joke to the brigadier-general, who knew nothing of that, and who considered it a serious offense for a cavalry soldier to sell his horse at a time when the force of cavalry was so limited, and so much needed.

The preacher was still more alarmed. He had never been before the general, nor had he spoken to him; and his alarm was still further increased by "Ike," who asked him whether he had not been speaking against the general? to which he hesitatingly replied, that he had some fortnight before said something that might be construed against him, but that he did not mean it; for no one would be further than he from saying anything against his superior officer of such rank;—that he respected and would obey General Pillow to the utmost.

"Ike" shook his head. "You had better tell him so, old fellow, and make your peace with him; for I'm thinking that you are going into strict confinement, to be tried for mutiny in the camp. Some one has informed upon you. By G—d, old fellow, this trifling with a general in actual war is not such pretty business. But be quick; come on!"

The preacher was pale with apprehension. "Stop," said he, "let me shave and dress to go before him."

"Well, be quick!" and at it the preacher went, while "Ike" sat down with his carbine before his tent, not allowing him to come out.

The poor fellow trembled, cut his lip with his razor, and kept talking.

"Ike" was very sorry for him, very;—wished that he had not the job of taking him so publicly a prisoner, and finally told him, that if he would go down himself and report to General Pillow, that he would allow him to do so undisturbed; that it would be far more agreeable to his feelings for him to do so. The preacher accepted the offer with many thanks, and "Ike" left.

When shaved and dressed, down, with many tremblings, went the preacher to the general's quarters; he went in with much trepidation. Pillow was writing; he looked sternly at the new comer, who advanced with a polite bow.

"Francis E. Smith * is my name, sir," said he.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith?" said the general, rising with much affability, and extending his hand, to the former's great astonishment, and somewhat to his relief.

He took the hand extended. "I am come to report myself to you; what do you want with me, general?"

"What do I want of you, sir? Nothing, sir, nothing; why are you here, sir?"

"I was directed by Mr. M'Candliss to come to you, sir," said the preacher; "he informed me that you were much displeased with me."

"With you, sir? I never knew you, sir. What regiment and company do you belong to, sir?"

"Company G of the cavalry," said the other.

"Sergeant," called the general to his orderly, "go to company G of the cavalry regiment, and direct the captain from me to send down here Mr. M'Candliss immediately."

Now there were two brothers of the

* To Preacher Smith, afterward Lieutenant of Dragoons, in the army at the city of Mexico, the author presents his respects, regrets that he was obliged to use his name; but as he afterward became the full soldier, and wielded the sabre with as much effect as he had before the sword of the Spirit, the writer hopes to be pardoned for relating this anecdote of what happened to him during the change that he was then undergoing.

same name in the company, the elder of whom was "Ike," but he was out of the way. Directed by the captain, the orderly arrested the younger, Andrew, and marched him off to the general's quarters; he half frightened, and anxious to know why General Pillow had had him arrested; all the terrors of the military law were before his mind, and by the time he reached there, he was as alarmed as the preacher had been.

"Here is Mr. M'Candliss," said the orderly.

"Why did you send that man here?" demanded the general, pointing to the preacher, whose alarm had all returned upon him, and who stood in the corner of the marquee.

"I have never sent him, general," replied the other one, looking wildly at Smith.

"It was 'Ike' M'Candliss, general," said Smith.

General Pillow had well known both the young M'Candliss' in Tennessee. "Go back," he said in his sternest tone to the sergeant, "and bring Isaac M'Candliss before me immediately;" and in the mean time waving his hand to Smith and Andrew, "you may go," said he; and they went quickly.

The sergeant found "Ike" busy with another in taking heavy pulls at a junk bottle which had been brought from town, and he was quite lively. He was arrested and marched off to the general's head quarters.

"Isaac," said the general to his former playmate when a boy, "why did you send that man Smith down here?"

"Why, general, he is a simple man, and has fits sometimes, and he said that he wanted to see you and speak to his general once; so I told him that you were like any other man, and if he should see you, that you would treat him with great politeness."

"Ah, 'Ike,' there is some of your mischief at the bottom of this! You may go; but don't send any more men here on such tom-fool errands."

"Ike" with a low bow retired, and going up to camp soon after met Smith, who had heard from the general's

orderly his excuse, and was perfectly raving.

Forgetting himself and his former profession, he called out, "Yes, d—n your soul! you told the general that I had fits, did you?" as he advanced.

"Yes, I did," hiccuped "Ike;" "but I did not tell him what kind of fits you had!"

"What kind?" shouted the other.

"What kind?" repeated Ike, as he brought himself to a halt; "why, fits of the d—d—st foolishness that ever man was troubled with; and a d—d sight of them, too; and now, if you are not content with that, I can beat some of them out of you."

Smith was furious and about to fight, but the rising difficulty was quelled by order of the captain, and each went his way; "Ike" met his brother, and another trouble came on; but they were watched and parted by the captain, and "Ike" got into his tent and finished his potations at the bottle, while he related to all the scheme by which in so short a time, he had alarmed Smith and his brother Andrew, annoyed the general, set the orderly to running over the camp, been arrested himself, and finally came off clear from the general, from Smith and from his brother. But neither of the latter two would speak to "Ike" for several days afterward.

At Victoria, when all the northern army were concentrated there, "Ike" found abundant scope in the city and camp for his pranks, and well did he improve it; hardly a soldier in his company escaped him.

On one cold night, when a violent northern wind was sweeping down from the mountains, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment finding it impossible to resist the force of the wind in its exposed situation, had it removed into the musquit thicket on the bank of the creek for shelter. The position he selected was near to the company to which Ike belonged.

After he had laid down within, Ike being up by a fire, was accosted by one of the corporals, who had been elected from the ranks a few days before, and who had been out on duty; he inquired

of him to know which was the tent of the orderly sergeant, a particular friend of the corporal. Ike instantly pointed out to him the marquee of the lieutenant-colonel, and without a word, the corporal ran in quickly to get out of the keen blast. It was dark in there: touching the colonel sharply with his foot, he called out to him, "Lay over, and give an officer a chance!" and continued, "Where in the d—v—I did you raise this marquee? Lay over! if you do n't, I'll give you a kick under the fifth rib. Do n't you know the respect due to an officer better than that? lay over, I say!"

The colonel now awakened, knowing the voice of the corporal, and understanding that he referred to his late election, and seeing his mistake, laid over without a word, and in bounced the corporal, saying as he inserted himself into the warm place of the colonel, "It's a great thing to be an officer, is n't it?" drawing the blankets over him.

"It is that!" said the colonel; and as he said so, the corporal bounced up, for he too knew the voice, and stammering all sorts of apologies in his confusion, he sloped quickly out, and immediately hunted Ike; but he had, as usual when the conclusion of any of his schemes was worked out, cleared himself.

The following trick of Ike, however, came near producing serious consequences.

After the capture of Vera Cruz, Ike got plenty of liquor, (and, by the way, it is as well to state here, that this same toper and regular soaker is now, like many others that were so there, a completely reformed man, who is an excellent citizen, and who never touches a drop of ardent spirits in any form), and he poured it into his system freely.

His brother, who was a friend of long standing, as well as Ike himself, with the colonel of the regiment at home, wished to do the colonel some honor there, after the surrender. In this all the messmates joined. Colonel Thomas and Adjutant Porter, the lieutenant-colonel, major, and several of the

captains were invited to dinner at the mess. The invitation was accepted, and Andrew and the others turned to vigorous exertion to have a fine dinner prepared. No expense was spared by the boys, who then had plenty of cash.

A fine arbor was cut in the thick chapparel, through which the sun could not penetrate; a table and Mexican chairs were bought. Wines of different kinds were procured in the city, and some ice was obtained at a high price from a northern vessel just arrived with the article so refreshing. Meats and vegetables of all kinds were bought in the market the evening before.

In all these preparations the services of many of the other men were procured and paid for; but Ike stubbornly refused to have anything to do with the matter.

"D—n 'em!" said he, "our common fare is good enough; add a little brandy to it, and it will be first rate: and let them eat on the ground; we all have to do so."

This refusal made the others angry, and they cursed Ike for a drunken sot.

This epithet aroused his anger also. Andrew was busy making pies; and nice ones they were, attracting universal attention; as often as they were baked, one by one, they were placed out conspicuously; for a pie had not been seen for a long time in camp.

Seizing a moment when Andrew had stepped out, and the attention of the others was withdrawn, Ike fastened up a paper he had prepared, with the word "RESTAURAT" in large capitals, over the entrance to the arbor; on the high bench in front were two pies; over these he hung the vinegar bottle, a large black one, which looked like the sign of whisky. These preparations being unperceived by those he intended to annoy, he hurried off to the nearest company of regulars, between whom and volunteers it was the easiest matter imaginable to kick up a row at a moment's notice.

"Boys," said Ike to a half dozen of them, "that chap down there in the cavalry has some of the best pies to sell that you ever saw, and only a

picayune each; none of your half made things: but jam up, first rate!"

"Which chap?" said they.

"A tall stout fellow," he replied, "with whiskers; you'll see him making more pies;" and in a low tone he added, "he has got liquor to sell too, only a picayune a dram, and ice there to go with it; his pies he sells only for a blind. Buy a pie; but if any body is around that he don't want to know it, he will curse you, if you ask him for liquor. You curse him too, and he will give you the wink as soon as the coast is clear. Tell your men about it, for he is a clever fellow, and we all want him to do well; but be'sly."

The group of regulars addressed went down immediately to the *restaurant*, where they were to get a fine pie for a picayune, and a glass of ice-cooled brandy for the same.

Ike saw them thus start, and knew the inevitable row that would immediately take place on their application for the pies and liquor; for the boys of this mess were all as proud of their standing, &c., even although they were in camp, as any of the officers could be; indeed, it was their only fault, they were too much so: but however, to sell a glass of liquor or to cook for the money received, not one in the mess would any more have done it than he would at home, where each was possessed of ample means and standing of character.

So while the group of regulars were thus passing over the plain between, Ike hurried to the Colonel, and waiting a few moments, informed him that Andrew was retailing liquor to the regulars. The Colonel would not hear of it. Ike declared it was true, and that a row was going on down there then between his messmates and some drunken regulars, because Andrew would not sell them any more liquor, and he was afraid that some of them would be killed in the end; that therefore he had thus to make the complaint.

The Colonel was astonished; but the row down at the *restaurant* had already commenced: so dispatching the provost marshal, who was near by, with a

file of men, he ordered him to bring Andrew under arrest before him.

Ike then quickly sloped; for so soon had the fight commenced, that he had but little time.

The commencement of the row had been by the three regulars approaching the "RESTAURAT," as they saw on the paper above, in a confident swaggering way; and the foremost one, a real six-footer, taking hold of one of the pies and punching his thumb into it, and from thence into his capacious mouth, with a smack of his lips;—"D—d nice, boys; ain't they?" said he to the other two, as he stuck his thumb down again into it, and brought a large piece up from the center of the pie, accompanied in the action by one of the others, while the third was stepping round with his hand extended, anxious too to "have a finger in the pie."

"Hallo, old boss! we will take this pie," said the first to Andrew, who had been with his back to them in the further extremity of the arbor, with his sleeves rolled up, and busy making up more pie crust, while the others were out back, busy cooking the pies.

"The hell you will!" shouted the latter, struck with astonishment at the sight of this pie, which was already out of its pan, and in the hands of the regulars, one of whom threw down a picayune as he took a mouthful; and not only astonishment struck Andrew, but he became for an instant pale with rage.

"Yes, old fellow; we'll take 'em both," said the six-footer, as he grabbed his fist into the second, "and we want something to drink too," said he, as he struck the bottle which Andrew for the first time perceived. "What will you take, boys?" he continued to the others.

"You G—d d—d thieving son of a b—ch, be off from here!" shouted Andrew, as he seized a frying-pan, and threw it violently at the heads of the three, who by dodging quickly averted the blow, and then rushing up toward them, caught his rolling-pin from the table, and striking quickly a heavy

blow on the head of one, sent him staggering to the ground on the outside of the arbor.

"By G—d! if that's your game," yelled out the six-footer, as he threw away his remnant of pie, "here's into you!" as he grabbed Andrew, and with a most violent jerk threw him on the table backward, and with one hand hold of his throat, planted several severe blows on his breast and face, at each one of which on the latter the blood flew; while Andrew, getting the fellow's hand from his throat between his teeth, bit the flesh between the thumb and forefinger, on the ball of the former, completely through, and his messmates coming up at the same moment from the fires, one of them was knocked down by the other regular, who in an instant was keeled over and severely beaten by the other messmate with a chair; while the table was broken, the stand kicked over, and scores of men ran rapidly to the spot, followed as rapidly by the provost-marshal with his guard; he coming at a run, shouting, as he pushed the outside of the crowd apart, while the fighting was yet going on inside,

"Make way for the guard! make way for the guard!" which sound of "guard" stopped the whole. The six footer with his hand streaming blood over Andrew's face and breast, jerked it loose, and released the latter, who as he rose, hit him such a rousing blow under the ear, as sent him head and stomach against the provost, knocking the latter down over a prostrate chair.

"G—d d—m you," shouted the provost as he rose, "I've come for you, seise him, men!" pointing to Andrew. "No, no, not that one," he continued, as the guard were nabbing the big regular, "not that one, let him go—that's the fellow," pointing to Andrew. "By G—d," he continued shaking his fist, "you shall pay for this dearly, you shall," he gasped, for all his "Irish" had been roused by being knocked over in the exercise of his duty.

"Take him off to the Colonel, boys; not a word!—a d—d pretty piece of business."

A bloody group were they at this instant, their clothes were torn, and Andrew's face was beaten shockingly, while the blood from the regular's head still streamed over every thing. The other's head was severely cut by the chair, and the blood with dirt, run in streams from his clotted hair; while the third regular who had been struck with the rolling pin, although bloody, was not so much so; he had not recovered his senses in time to take any further part in the performance, but was now on the outside of the crowd, jumping up and throwing his clenched fists round with a complete storm of curses. To him the provost called as the crowd opened and the guard came out, leading Andrew, sullen, stern, and completely disfigured.

"Damn you, clear out, all of you, or I'll have you too." This quieted him on the instant, and joining his other two companions, they separated from the crowd and passed over the plain again, talking loud, but thinking undoubtedly, that their pies had cost more than they come to. But right fortunate were they to get off as well as they had, avoiding arrest, by the sudden direction of the anger of the provost at Andrew.

All the way, as the guard with their prisoner proceeded towards the Colonel's marquee, the provost grumbled, threatened and cursed; brushed his clothes upon which he had fallen in the dirt as the six footer pitched into him, with a quick angry motion, and pressing through a crowd, again collected round the marquee, he pushed on to the entrance, touched his cap, and reported to the Colonel that he had brought Andrew M'Candliss, who had been making the row.

"Bring him up here," said the Colonel, and in Andrew was marched with his torn clothing, dirty and bloody, swollen face, black eyes, and with marks of blood freely sprinkled all over him, from the regular's hands, as well as from his own wounds; mad as a bull, and sulky as he could be.

"Leave him," said the Colonel to the provost, who had commenced an accusation against him in a rapid manner.

"Leave him," repeated the Colonel peremptorily, and the provost sullenly left with his guard.

"Andrew," said the Colonel, "why have you commenced such a business in the camp, selling liquor to the regulars?"

"'Tis a d—d lie," growled the other.

"What?" said the Colonel.

No answer was returned. The Colonel was angry for an instant, but recovering his serenity, after looking for a moment at the other, said—

"Andrew, I am hurt to think that you will forget your duty as a soldier, so much as to act in this way. This selling liquor you know is forbidden."

"I did not have a drop of liquor there, those d—d regulars came and stole my pies," returned the other, shortly; and then ceased again, apparently wholly indifferent as to what punishment might be put upon him.

"Call Isaac M'Candliss here," said the Colonel in a loud voice, to the provost, who was still lingering near the marquee, growling to himself, and anxious to hear Andrew sentenced to the guard-house.

With a sullen look, he started off in search of Ike, but that personage had taken himself off into the city, by the aid of a permit he had obtained previously to the row. The truth flashed on Andrew's mind.

"Colonel," said he in a few moments, to that officer, who had resumed his writing, awaiting Ike's arrival; "did Ike say that I was selling liquor?"

"He did, and told me that there would be a disturbance quickly, and you see he was right. Andrew, I shall be sorry to have your old father and mother hear of your having engaged in such a business."

This was touching the young man in a tender point. The tension of anger gave way—nature was exhausted by his efforts, and the thought of home, parents and sisters, came with power upon his mind.

"Colonel," said he, "It is a story of Ike's, I have no liquor; he would not help us to get ready for our dinner to-morrow, and some of the boys cursed

him, and he has done this to pay us.—He sent those regulars to us, to get the pies—I know he did; he told them that they could get liquor there, and then came to you and complained, for he knew a row would be kicked up. That's the way of it Colonel: I had no liquor," and brightening up, speaking more energetically, "Colonel Thomas," he continued, "do you think that I would sell liquor? you know I would not, here, a bit sooner than I would at home; I can make money other ways beside selling liquor."

"I hope so, Andrew," said the Colonel. The provost now returned with the information that Ike had gone into the city, and Andrew was discharged, much to his relief; but not to the liking of the provost, who looked after him, as he went toward his own line of com-

pany tents; muttering to himself, as Andrew disappeared behind the tents; "d—n you, I would like to give you a turn myself."

The dinner was completely knocked in the head; no more preparations were made. Andrew washed himself, and appeared on parade at the usual hour, looking earnestly round for Ike; but he, though tight, as he had got in town, had too much recollection about him, to come yet in Andrew's way; but under a plea of sickness, he went to the hospital tents, and from there to another company; keeping out of the way, until the anger of his brother had subsided, when he returned; was quite sober for a day or two, but soon got at his tricks again; more accounts of which might be interesting, but we pass on to another subject.

SCHEMES OF SOLDIERS TO GET LIQUOR.

No. III.

Two tales of schemes to obtain liquor, have been related; they were both successful, and by the means employed, the actors escaped any retribution of punishment. This was often the case, but by no means universally so, for sometimes one of these soldiers, who had exercised so much ingenuity, to this end, and with so much success, managing by good fortune to escape punishment of any kind for weeks, or months, would then suddenly be detected, by the vigilant officers, under such circumstances as admitted no chance of escape, and had too his previous performances in that line come up like so many accusing witnesses to aggravate his case.—The punishment then came upon him heavily, for in courts martial on private soldiers, the previous good conduct of the accused, if proven, goes very far in

amelioration of his sentence, and often clears him entirely. Much more weight does this possess in military than in civil courts. We will now relate one case of such continued success in obtaining liquor, and avoiding punishment for a long period; then, the final retribution, falling heavily on the unlucky wight, who thus tempted fortune too far.

We introduce Mr. Singleton to the reader. Mr. Singleton was an Irishman, as his physiognomy showed, confirmed by his broad accent. He was stout and well made, with a clear blue eye, an open countenance, a full, expressive forehead, behind which rested as good a set of brains as were possessed by any man. Nor was Mr. Singleton behind any of his comrades in mental culture; the beneficial results of a sound and finished education, given

to him in youth, at Dublin College, of which he had been a graduate, with high scholastic honors. By nature and by education, had he been fitted to act in respectable, and indeed important situations in life. But alcohol had been his ruin; the seducing influences of that enemy, creeping on imperceptibly, had fairly destroyed his aspirations, ruined his standing, and bound him in the lowest ranks of life. Still, when sober, his mind seemed to arouse from its lethargy, and by the brilliancy of its conceptions and expressions, to attract the respect and attention of those, who an hour or two before, perhaps, had passed him as he lay in a state of complete intoxication, with as little attention as they would pass a brute.

But these energies, while he was in the camp, were only brought to bear immediately, upon laying new plans and schemes to obtain liquor, and avoid the punishment, so connected with its use by military discipline.

On the return of the twelve months' volunteers, he had joined the cavalry company that remained, formed by men from the Tennessee cavalry, and from the Illinois infantry, still called "the Tennessee cavalry," or the "Independent company of Captain Wheat." Singleton's Captain, he immediately found to be very strict. The first Lieutenant, McDonald, equally so; but the second Lieutenant, Smith, before mentioned, on the contrary, was mild and easy. So Singleton attached himself particularly to the latter. For several days, while the different regiments of "twelve months' volunteers" were leaving, and this independent company not being completely organized, he was in his glory; particularly under the command of Lieutenant Smith, he easily obtained every morning, full liberty of absence for the day. The city of Vera Cruz was then crowded with the returning regiments coming from Jalapa.—The sickly season had commenced; the yellow fever having broken out, all was hurry and bustle in the quick embarkation of so many soldiers. Singleton on condition of re-enlisting, found no difficulty in getting money in advance, and

round the city he passed, drinking and exchanging farewells with every one departing; and at the drinking houses, giving advice to groups about to embark, on the best method of avoiding seasickness, and in becoming prepared to meet the change of climate that awaited them, on their return to the United States. His specific for these cases, was liquor, to be used moderately, as he was then using it, to keep off yellow fever. Moderately, indeed! every night on his return to his barracks, he was as "tight" as liquor could make him; for he well knew that in the bustle and apparent confusion of business, there was temporary relaxation of military discipline, and he was fully aware that it would be the same, until the returning troops should be all embarked. This was his time, therefore, and well did he improve it. But like every thing else, these "golden days" to him, had an end. The volunteers returning had all gone, and this independent company of cavalry was regularly mustered into service again for the remainder of the war. New armor, sabers, holsters, carbines, and equipments, were issued to them—the company was formed, the officers were in command, the rolls were called, and all were immediately under stricter discipline than ever they had been before. The return march to Jalapa was commenced, and during it the officers became acquainted with their new men, and the latter with one another.

The company under Captain Wheat having left Vera Cruz, however, minus the first lieutenant, McDonald; and a few men, among whom was Singleton, who were all detained for many hours, to escort Colonel Sowers up, who had just arrived from Washington, bearing dispatches to General Scott. The Colonel, a civilian, just ushered so suddenly into the scenes of warfare, acted with strange, but confident imprudence; detaining his little escort so long that the company under the captain were so far advanced that it was impossible to overtake them. Not much concern, however, did this delay give Singleton, who improved the opportunity thus offered;

to take in another supply of liquor, and provide himself with a canteen of the same, to use on the road. When finally, as Colonel Sowers had completed his arrangements, and joined his escort, and the little troop emerged from the heavy gates of Vera Cruz, to proceed on their route, as the sun was already far beyond the meridian, the old regulars who guarded the gate, shook their heads, as they surveyed the group, intimating that the chances for them to get through the guerrilla bands, were slender. They rode on rapidly, over the extent of the sea beach, along the water's edge, till they gained the sand hills, and passing over these, and the succeeding rolling country, after a rapid march of eighteen miles, they arrived after dark, at the Rio San Juan, near Santa Anna's hacienda, Manga de Clavo.

Here they were obliged to halt for the night. Their situation was perilous in the extreme; their strength was not sufficient to resist an attack of the hundreds of cut-throat rascals that surrounded them; at the very place too, where already, many Americans had been killed. Nothing but stratagem would answer here, and this was made by order of the lieutenant, in kindling up about thirty fires, immediately about, the lights of which could be seen from the hills far and near. This display, the lieutenant calculated, would not only prevent a night attack, but would clear the road in front, the following morning. On this night, Singleton was straight to all appearance, but he had many glorious pulls at his canteen, which unable to hold out at that rate, was found wholly exhausted, by its owner, when the little detachment roused up to start. This grieved him excessively, and while the minds of the others were upon the extreme dangers foreshadowed in the coming day, he thought only of his empty canteen. For so many days had he kept his "coppers hot," that on this morning, thus aroused, without breakfast, and off before daylight, he felt severely the loss of a little of the ardent. He and Colonel Sowers were the only ones in the party who seemed to be

wholly absent minded, with regard to the caution now necessary to be exercised. And while the latter wished things done with the same speed and in the same manner, as though he had been making a rapid journey on business, from Washington to New York; the former thought that if he only had his canteen filled, all the guerrillas might go to the d—l for him, or any interference on his part, against such a journey on theirs.

The lieutenant's scheme of the fires had cleared the road for some miles, and in the morning the party rode rapidly on.

After a few hours they arrived at the National Bridge, and now, between this and Cerro Gordo, Lieutenant McDonald was sure of an attack, and so he told the colonel; continually reminding the latter of the necessity of caution, as he spurred on his horse impatiently, seeming to think all the lieutenant's remonstrances to proceed from other motives.

In the village at the bridge, Singleton endeavored to halt a moment to have the canteen filled; but he was sternly ordered on. The party now rode up a long ascent of the mountainous land; on the top of this ascent was a long level, thickly grown over with musquit trees; much of the brush of which had been cut and done up in bundles, and lay by the road side for a mile or two. It had thus been cut a short time previous to the battle of Cerro Gordo, to fortify the heights of the National Bridge, but had thus been left, as General Santa Anna had ordered the heights of Cerro Gordo to be fortified instead.

This brush having thus been cut down, made the road appear wider; and it being straight for some distance ahead, the colonel in the most foolish manner spurred on his horse, with his two attendants, not noticing the lieutenant's caution, who again loudly called to him, that this level, above all others, was the very place in which the enemy might be lying in ambush, and to look out ahead; but away he went from the escort, and was lost to view.

At the next turn of the road he

galloped directly into the middle of an ambush of guerrillas, who had just been engaged in the agreeable task of robbing the "diligencia" or stage. The colonel and his attendants were shot from their horses by the volley poured upon them, were stabbed in many places, stripped and horribly mutilated in a moment; while the little guard dashing up, delivered their fire at the enemy, dropped their carbines to their slings, and spurred into the fight, with their holster pistols and their sabers.

In the melee,—the dust, the noise,—the guerrillas losing several of their number under the hot fire and rapid cuts of the Americans, retreated, undoubtedly thinking the party to be larger than it really was, and fell back up the road, near to their main body. No others of the party were touched by the balls or lances; the lieutenant's horse only was shot, but the fine animal of Colonel Sowers had made a circuit at a wild pace through the bushes, and recognising his comrades, he dashed up among them, and one of the men seizing his bridle, the lieutenant mounted him, and then perceived the full body of the guerrilla force, which opened a rapid fire.

Advance for these few was now impossible, and a retreat was ordered; and slowly retiring out of the line of fire, they rapidly retreated toward the National Bridge, where, at the stone hacienda of Santa Anna, the few could make a strong stand against numbers. As they came in view of the village, and neared the hacienda, they checked their horses, and descended the hill at a walk, lest they should excite against them the inhabitants also; for these, like all Mexicans, were very brave against a retreating foe.

Entering the yard, dismounting and securing the horses in the rear of the house, the lieutenant quickly made his arrangements of defense, and advantageously posted his few men. Singleton in the excitement had forgotten his wish for liquor, and was as attentive as the perilous situation demanded. For two hours they awaited the attack, but no enemy was seen advancing.

Singleton was stationed at the angle of the wall next the village. After anxiously awaiting this length of time, the lieutenant remarked in the hearing of the soldier, that he did not believe that those d—d rascals would come; either they would think they had gained a great victory in obtaining the dispatches that were on the person of Colonel Sowers, or else they had taken the little squad as the advanced guard of a heavier force, and had retired.

This remark was probably true, either in one sense or the other, for the force of guerrillas did not approach the village. But as Singleton heard this, his anxiety for the moment subsided; and then he immediately thought of the empty canteen again; "Jas—s! how he wanted a dram!" and soon afterward, as the lieutenant entered the house and looked out from one of the windows, who should he see but this soldier by himself, proceeding at a fast walk directly into the hostile village.

Singleton had gone, sure. McDonald was furious. "The d—d scamp!" he stormed, "he'll be killed! and we may be attacked while he is gone! D—n him! I'll fix him! If I don't court martial him for this;—deserting his post at such a time!"

Now Singleton was fully aware of the magnitude of the offense he committed, and the great risk he ran, even if they had no fight; but no ways discouraged, he went to the first house, which was occupied, as he knew, by a Frenchman who had liquor to sell, but who kept his house closed for security, though a rap on the shutters brought him out quickly, as he had sold much liquor to the passing Americans, and in fact had always been quite friendly to those who went there to buy; but of this selling no officer was aware.

Singleton had had a sort of a spree at this house when in company with the third and fourth Illinois regiments; he had passed down from Jalapa, encamping here, some two months before this. The Frenchman, as soon as he saw him knew him, let him in at once, sold him a quart of liquor, and then a dollar's worth of dried beef in long strips.

Singleton casting his eyes around, saw about thirty papers of American cartridges for holster pistols or carbines, that the Frenchman had bought from a Mexican boy, being part of the plunder of a captured wagon. Alarming the store keeper, the soldier easily induced him to deliver over all these, and filling his pockets and cap with them, shouldering his large bundle of beef, with his canteen concealed, his carbine ready for use, he emerged from the store, and "made tracks" rapidly for the hacienda.

McDonald had stormed and cursed himself almost blue; but as he saw the soldier returning with such a load of dried beef, he instantly thought how much that might be needed, and was somewhat pacified.

"Where have you been, sir?"

"After this beef, lieutenant; I saw a Mexican with it up there, and I ran up to buy it before any of them got it, for I'm thinking we'll have to stay here a day or two, and we have not got enough to eat."

"Well, you deserted your post, but I'm glad you got the beef; and so now go and take your station again."

Singleton hauled out his bunches of cartridges, to the perfect delight of McDonald, for they had none save those in their boxes; changing his mood, he praised the soldier much, who kept the fact of his having the liquor still. They stayed there all night, and were not attacked, but Singleton got "as happy as a lord," cursed the whole Mexican nation, and "cut up shines" enough; and again the lieutenant was furious. Singleton escaped standing guard that night, he having at last become sleepy, and he slept soundly all the night on the floor of one of the rooms.

The party were relieved next day by a guard train coming down; they returned with this to Vera Cruz, going up afterward with the command of Colonel McIntosh.

Upon joining the company at Jalapa, McDonald, as Singleton had calculated, never reported him; that passed off, and he was yet clear.

He, while the company remained at

Jalapa, kept straight. A fit of sobriety came over him, and for days and weeks, even after the company had proceeded to Puebla, he kept as sober and as orderly as any officer could wish. His universal knowledge made him useful to all around him.

He took care of himself, and began to be much thought of and respected by the officers, and Lieutenant Smith congratulated himself upon having told the other officers that he was a first rate fellow, after all.

The army passed on from Puebla to the city of Mexico; the exciting scenes there rapidly followed. The battles of Contreras and Churubusco were fought. Captain Wheat's company was then stationed at San Augustine, under General Worth. The fighting, and the excitement incident thereto, aroused in Singleton's breast again the wish for liquor, and he "went it strong;" enough being found in the suburbs of the city.

During the whole time of the armistice, he knowing that he had a good chance, while every moment was rendered so exciting by the variable scenes as they wavered, apparently balanced, between peace and war, that his drinking would not be noticed. For several days the company had not been called upon, nor would he often have been fit for duty, if it had been.

After the battle of Churubusco, many of the intrenching tools of the American army had been left in the captured convent there, in charge of one of the "padres" or priests who took care of the old building. When, on the seventh of September, the final and insulting letter of Santa Anna was received by General Scott, and hostilities were to be immediately resumed; the first order given was for Captain Wheat's company to go down to Churubusco from Tucubaya, and bring up the intrenching tools. The company which had been thus reposing was suddenly called together by the bugles, and ordered to "saddle up." The roll was called; and Singleton was missing.

"Where is Singleton?" asked the captain.

"Drunk, as usual," replied the first lieutenant; while the second lieutenant, stroking down his long beard, said that he thought Mr. Singleton had only stepped off about the camp, and would be in presently.

The captain was angry. "Lieutenant Smith," said he, "you are forever excusing this man Singleton, and his drinking is notorious; I won't stand it any longer, by G—d! I'll court martial him, d—n him! I will not have any man drunk in my ranks!" continued he in a perfect fury to the company; "if any man gets drunk, or if I hear of any one bringing liquor into camp, I will punish him severely. Corporal M'Donogh," he still continued, "take three men and ride around for five minutes, and if you see Singleton, arrest him and bring him here. I will make an example of him; he has been allowed to escape punishment too often! he can and he shall make a good soldier!"

The corporal and his guard went and returned, not seeing anything of the fugitive; and the captain, ordering them to their places in ranks, appeared angry with every one.

"Singleton is in a bad box now," said one soldier to his comrade.

"Yes, by G—d! I would not be in his shoes for a trifle!" answered the other.

Now Singleton had been all this time with a jolly companion who had obtained a bottle of liquor, and he was taking it with evident satisfaction, when another came by, and informed him that his company was gone to Churubusco. Singleton saw he was in a difficulty, and he instantly commenced the best thing he could have done, which was to saddle up and go after them, taking the captain's anger on the spot; for Captain Wheat was of a most impetuous disposition; his anger was a perfect storm, and he was most vindictive; but if the object bore it through without reply, and any extenuating circumstance could be brought, he listened patiently, and decided accordingly.

Singleton had well learned this peculiarity in the captain's disposition, and

by acting in accordance with it, he had escaped punishment several times. He knew, therefore, that it would not do for him to remain in the camp while the others were off; and so saddling up, he left, but did not overtake them before their arrival at Churubusco.

Arriving at the lofty wall which surrounded the convent, the company was halted. They called out loudly for the heavy gate to be opened, but no answer came from within. The echo of their voices, as it returned from the ancient building, seemed to mock them as they thus called aloud.

They knocked at the gate, but no voice was heard, neither did any one approach from within. Dismounting the last ten men, the captain ordered them to push the gate in—they endeavored so to do, but the heavy bolts and strong wood sheathed with iron resisted their efforts successfully. The whole company was then dismounted, and every tenth man holding the horses of the others, at the captain's direction, they lifted two heavy timbers lying near, and by slow and heavy blows, with these "battering rams," they started the bolts, and finally, broke the bars, and open flew the mansion gates, and the company entered. The horses were also led in to guard against surprise.—When within the extensive yard, which so lately had been the scene of such bloody fighting, they saw nothing of the tools, and calculated that they must be in the convent itself; and to the door of that, which was lofty, arched, and heavy, they went, and rapping, kicking and shouting, endeavored to gain admittance for some time, but got no answer from within. Captain Wheat directed the timbers to be brought up, and the door forced; these being brought and raised slowly by all hands, with a swing, and exclamations of 'now then!' they struck heavily on the door, with a loud noise, making it quiver on its massive hinges.

"Again, boys," shouted the captain, and again came the timbers with thundering force upon the door, and the noise rolled through the old building.

The timbers were so heavy that the

men had to lay them down to obtain a "new hold," and at that moment up came Singleton, through the gate, "as large as life," and drew up his horse directly, near the officers, and in front of the door.

"Mr. Singleton," said Lieutenant Smith to him with great mildness, "dismount and assist those men." Singleton rolled on his horse, and glancing his eyes from the men at the timbers, to the door and lofty arch above, when the inscription cut in the stone, caught his eyes—

"No, sir-ee," said he, as he earnestly gazed up at the words, "I'm not such a damned fool as that—I aint."

"What's that he says?" shouted the captain, and without waiting for an answer, he continued rapidly, addressing two of the men, "take that man down off his horse, and tie him—tie his hands behind him—I'll fix you now, sir."

The men started toward Singleton; but he, waving them off with his hand for an instant, said, "captain, I will do any thing that is reasonable, but that knocking is not, and I'll convince you of it in one minute."

"Well," said the captain sharply, thinking that the soldier had discovered some easier entrance into the fortress-like building.

"Are you trying to get into that gate?" said Singleton.

"Yes," returned the captain.

"Well, you can't come it; don't you see that inscription over the door?" All looked up at it. The letters were deeply cut, and broad.

"I see it in Latin," said the captain, "but I don't know what it means."

"Well, it is 'HÆC EST PORTA CÆLI,'" and it means, "This is the gate of Heaven," and I'll be damned if it isn't foolishness for you to be knocking at that door; you never will get in there. St. Peter has no use for you," (still speaking to the captain,) "nor for any one of you, by G—d, and you know it," (with a nod to the crowd.)

The captain looked at Singleton with surprise—the lieutenant laughed loud, and the men joined in it. The captain

did not say a word for a moment—his eyes dilated, and then he burst out in a roar of laughter, and told the two men to "let Singleton alone;" and that was the last of it. As for the door, that was forced in, and the tools found in charge of the priest, who had secreted them, and himself too; and strenuously denied their being there, when he was found, or having any knowledge of them; but they were also found, and carried to Tucubaya, and the next day were used at the battle of Molino del Rey.

The company were not in the bloody battle fought under the attack of General Worth, upon Molino del Rey; but the event of the day hung so doubtful, for some time, that strong reinforcements were ordered; and Wheat's company and the other disposable cavalry, were directed to "saddle up." This time, Singleton was ready, sober, and as the captain glanced at him, he met the glance in the true bearing of the soldier. He was there, and ready to go into action—cool as need be. The reinforcements thus rapidly marched from Tucubaya, did not arrive in time, however; the battle being won and the enemy in full retreat. The company was then engaged with others, in carrying off the wounded to the hospital, and in burying the numerous dead, that lay thickly in front of the "Casa mata," or principal fort of the line that had been attacked. Singleton did not drink a drop from this day, until after the final attack, and the close of all resistance. No man was more ready than he was, to act, and act quickly, and to the purpose. His whole conduct, during the exciting hours and days that thus passed, all the time under the immediate eye of the officers, attracted the attention and the continued approbation of the captain and the first lieutenant, while the second lieutenant made use of it to retort on the captain, for his short words to him about the soldier, as they went to Churubusco.

But as soon as all these scenes were over, Singleton took a spree, and a heavy one too; he spent all his remaining money, cut up swells, and all kinds of extras, and kept them up for near

twenty-four hours; played tricks on the men, got the captain, in spite of himself, to laughing, then made him angry, and then quieted the storm that he had raised, and again the captain released him; and after a variety of "shines," that no one else dared to do, but which set the whole company in a roar of laughter, was about to make a difficulty with lieutenant McDonald, who then arrested him, and he was ordered to be marched immediately to the guard-house; but on the application of lieutenant Smith, and the reference to his previous good conduct, he was again released. Upon awaking the next morning, sober, of his own accord, he proceeded to the captain and lieutenant, and in the most polite manner, he asked the pardon of each one, and hoped that they would think no less of him for his fault. The manner in which this was done, the tone, the action, assisted more in effect than the words. The pardon of each was freely granted, and the effect was with each, in despite of all his capers, that Singleton stood as well with them as before, and perhaps a little better.—Again the conduct of the soldier was unexceptionable for many days—he was neat in his dress, prompt, ready and trusty for any service. The company being quartered in the city, numerous temptations were in the way of his continued sobriety; but his pride helped him out, and whenever that was rather giving way, the fact of his empty pocket gave it additional strength. He was always a favorite with the men in any mood, whether in liquor or not; but now, even with the captain and lieutenants, who did not refuse him any leave of absence that he asked. But the force of habits so long formed, was too strong for him; by the solicitation of a crowd, he joined them again, and immoderately; got the full liking for liquor, and once more he was in for a frolic; and thus he carried it out:

He had a strong inclination to play the officer, and asked Lieutenant Smith for the loan of his old uniform, to make an impression on a Mexican *senorita*, who pretty and agreeable, had captivated the soldier before, while sober, by

the bewitching brightness of her eyes, and the sweetness of her smile; but alas for the soldier's heart, the beautiful Mexican would receive only the attentions of a "*teniente*," (lieutenant,) or of a "*capitan*." Now, as soon as he had thus taken a couple of "horns," his imagination and inventive genius for frolic, and adventure, came in full play. Lieutenant Smith having a day or two before provided himself with a new uniform, gave the other to his friend, (on this application), and with it, that evening and the succeeding one, Singleton flourished in the eyes of the pretty maiden, and much to the mirth of the other men of his company, who as they met him in the streets, addressed him as "Captain Singleton," and well did he wear his new honors; not an officer, who thus met him, save his own, had the slightest suspicion, as he made his salutation, in true military style, that he was any thing but the officer, and actually a most gallant looking one he appeared to be. With the lady he was as successful as he had hoped. No one, with her, came up in appearance, to her lover; and with her family, too, the scamp assuming the most easy and dignified bearing, was fully introduced, and received. He had the caution to keep still now, during the day, and attend well to his duties, as a soldier; but at night, he assumed his uniform, sash and sword, of which latter, he already had one of a fallen Mexican colonel, and fortifying himself with brandy, he sallied out to meet his beautiful *senorita*. Then full of love, and stimulated by liquor, he was perfectly at home, and cared not a d—n if the war closed not for years. He was desperately in want of funds, however. He had borrowed a little to answer his purpose, but that now was out. He had promised his *senorita* some little trifles, and he had but one dollar left. He was strolling around in the day time in his soldier's garb, and seeing some Americans slip quickly into a door, he suspected something, and in he passed also, and going through into a large court yard, surrounded by the building, he saw them ascending a stairway to the inner piazza,

that ran around the whole interior. Up he followed, ran through a passage into a secluded room, where he found a gambling establishment, where roulette was whirling, and "*faro*," "*vingt et un*," &c. were playing.

The long room was crowded, but all were still, though the distance to the street and the numerous walls between, would have prevented the report of a musket fired in the room from being heard in the street. Yet all were thus cautious, for every gambling establishment had been closed by the peremptory orders of the American commander, save four which were licensed and taxed enormously. Singleton having thus followed this crowd in, was taken by all as one of them, and the games went on with spirit.

He put down his dollar on the *red*, on the roulette table, and at the first turn lost it, the ball coming into the *black*. He was flat now, and soon after left; but his plan was formed, and at evening putting on his uniform, and taking twenty of the boys to a treat, on condition that they would always mind him as an officer, he marched them as a guard, down to this gambling house; and to the utter astonishment of the gambling crowd he popped in upon them; arrested the keepers, while the gamblers all run each to save himself. Singleton's men received the roulette table and all the spare funds that were on it, with the amount of the deal fund at *faro*; and the arrested keeper was privately informed by Singleton, that he could either go to the guard-house or pay a fine, and break up his gambling establishment.

The keeper preferred to do the latter, and paid the fine in gold, two hundred dollars in twenty American eagles; a small sum to the keeper, who was making hundreds a day. Motioning then to his men, who were wild with delight, Singleton ordered them in line, and relieving the keeper, he directed the roulette table to be replaced, and marched them off, and in the dark stone archway below telling them that he had fined the man *twenty-five* dollars, and had been paid, he proposed, amid

their laughter, to go to a drinking establishment and have it out in liquor.

This was agreed to, and from its effects many of the boys were tight; but getting back to their barracks, they went to sleep unperceived, and in the morning were all sober, and nothing was known of it by the officers. As for Singleton, he did not drink much, for now in funds, he slipped off from them to the house of his lady love, and it was near morning when he returned. He now moved largely, and drank constantly, but not to intoxication in any instance.

But the trick was already known to the keeper who thus had been fleeced, for one of the gamblers had ventured to return, and was near being caught by the retiring guard. In the darkness of the arched passage below he hid himself behind the opened door, and there heard Singleton make the remark to his boys about the fine imposed, &c., and had after their departure again gone up and informed the keeper of the deception. The latter, who had immediately commenced putting up his table and cards to "to shut up shop;" finding that the officers did not know it, and that he had been thus deceived, relinquished his idea, and re-arranging his tables, in an hour they were in full course of operation again; and the room was filled.

Much conversation and enquiry was made among them as to whom it could be that thus had routed them; but no one knew. Those who had been gambling had cleared themselves so rapidly, that they had not taken time to secure any of their money, much less to look at the guard or its officer so as ever to be able to recognize them afterwards.

In the excitement of winning and losing, the affair passed off the minds of all save the keeper, who hated the loss of his money, but disliked still more being the victim of such a trick.

Some of them indeed endeavored the next day to find out who it was that had done this, but Singleton, in the day time never put on the uniform, nor would any one suppose, from the promptness and attention with which he performed

his duties during the whole day, that he was in so many adventures during the night. His officers did not—had no idea of it. In pursuit of adventure and pleasure themselves, they did not dream that Singleton by his schemes, was placing them as compared to him in this respect far “in the shade.”

His guard was nightly formed near the barracks, but in a dark recess, from which when they emerged for a frolic, they moved with such military precision and stillness, save the sound of their regular tramp, that they were never interrupted or questioned by any officer of whatever rank; every one supposing them on regular business, for no one dreamed of a private soldier thus so boldly acting the officer. But Singleton showed them a bolder front than even that, on one occasion, and still escaped detection.

Under the influence of several drams taken, and his men being in a similar condition, he determined to take them all to the theater, as though they had been sent there by the “officer of the day,” for on the evening previous there had been too much noise of approbation there, and off they marched. Singleton addressing the door keeper with an air of command, informed him that he was thus sent to keep order; and without a word the whole guard were marched in, and quietly occupied their seats in the boxes, where their presence was rather hailed as agreeable than otherwise by the managers, actors, and audience; and they certainly were productive of restraint upon the feelings of the rowdies of the pit, till, between the acts, Singleton having a supply of good liquor with him, handed it around, and in the next act these men were more noisy in their expressions of approbation of the play than any others; entering fully into the spirit of it and *encoring* loudly, and perfectly reckless of the manner in which this was taken by the audience, among whom were several of the superior officers, who however did not interfere. Enquiries were set on foot the next day as to the guard that was thus sent to the theater, but it was positively denied by the “officer of the day” that

any guard had been sent; and the whole affair was involved in mystery, which Singleton and his men alone could unravel, and they took good care during every day to be still.

For several weeks, at intervals, thus by night, did this sham guard with its sham officer parade the streets of the city of Mexico; the intervening nights between these excursions being spent by Singleton with his lovely *senorita*.

The scrapes and adventures of this guard alone, in that time, would fill this volume; but we have only to do with its leader. Unluckily for him, he got out of money again, and still more unluckily, he determined to pay the gambling house another visit, as he found that it was yet going on. Fortune, that fickle jade, who so long had befriended him, now turned against him, and in the worst time, poor fellow!

Assembling his guard, down they went boldly, and found the gambling room crowded. He was instantly recognised, and on a call by the keeper, was seized by the crowd. A general fight took place, and Singleton and his guard, though fighting well, were overpowered and severely beaten; most of the guard with difficulty made their escape, but the leader and a few of the men were captured by the crowd; and then the roulette tables were removed, and the money secured: the regular guard was sent for, and to the officer of that Singleton in his uniform and his comrades were passed over; the whole preceding circumstance was related to him, and when he was interrogated by the officer as to his name and company, he boldly told them both.

The keeper of the gambling house having only some cards in view, and promising the officer to break up his establishment forthwith, was not further interfered with; but Singleton and his men were marched to the guard house, and closely confined in its gloomy and dirty cells; neither did he ever join his company in ranks again, for while there some of the men proved faithless, and in hope of being released themselves, told of all the actions of this sham guard and its commander for the whole

time that it had existed; and then for the first, the mystery of the noisy guard at the theater was unravelled to the minds of the officers.

After a rigid confinement of a week in the guard house, they were tried by a court martial. Those who gave testimony against Singleton were released; upon the others a light punishment was placed: but poor Singleton fared badly! No mercy was excited in the minds of his judges. Long and successfully had he counterfeited the officer, and now by officers was he judged. Almost any other crime would have been less heinous in their eyes; they looked upon it as implying a slur upon their own rank. All testimony with regard to Singleton's capers before was sideways introduced, and he to the last wearing his lieutenant's uniform, from which the straps on the shoulders had been rudely cut by the officer of the guard. Singleton was firm and sober. He asked his own questions on trial, and by his ingenuity confounded some of the witnesses against him in their answers, and the members of the court martial “wined” from his cutting retorts; but enough, was proved, and Singleton was sentenced to be confined in the guard house until the end of the war, and then to be taken from Mexico in irons, and dishonorably discharged.

All this in time was inflicted. For six weeks did he taste the sweets of the guard house, and he had no money to ameliorate his condition. From the guard house he was sent to the castle of Chapultepec, and allowed a little more liberty within that fortress, having

a heavy ball and chain secured with a band upon his leg; but his spirit was by no means cowed. Still he wanted liquor, but was now without means and a prisoner, and subject to the utmost strictness and even tyranny. However, his last scheme to obtain it was planned and carried out, by his making a bargain with a Mexican who came there with provisions to sell, for which he was to pay him—what, reader? why, nothing else than the *ball, and chain, and ring upon his leg!* which he had found he could get off; and as iron is valuable there, the bargain was made and accomplished. The Mexican concealed and brought in the brandy at the close of the day, and Singleton, in a retired nook in the fortress, divested himself of his appendage, and delivered it to the Mexican; receiving the bottle, and immediately applying himself to it, he got “lively,” but kept still; and drinking through the night, was found in the morning, to the astonishment of the officer in command, stretched out in a state of complete intoxication, and as free from iron bonds as nature had made him.

When the American army left the city,—the city he had helped to conquer,—Singleton was marched to Vera Cruz, with others in like situation, and from thence transported to New Orleans, and given his liberty.

Alas! poor Singleton! he lost his standing, he lost his money, he lost the lands to which soldiers honorably discharged were entitled, and he lost his lady love, all for brandy! brandy!! brandy!!!

THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

No. II.

ONE more instance yet, not by a crab, a frog, or a horse, but a jackass. In the second Tennessee Infantry was a singular old genius, whose name was Plunket. He was crabbed in disposition, very fond of liquor, and most unpleasant when he was under its influence. Plunket made but few friends. His messmates, while the regiment was encamped at Camargo, becoming out of all patience with the old soldier, one by one left his mess, seeking more agreeable companions, until finally he was left quite alone, and so far as the tent was concerned, "was monarch of all he surveyed." This slight on their part he took no further notice of than to express himself freely as being highly pleased with the change, for, said he triumphantly, "I shall not now have to divide any liquor that I get with them."

Finely did he enjoy his solitude for a couple of weeks, cooking for himself, which was, however, only when none of the ardent could be procured, for when he had any of that, it was to him both meat and drink.

One evening, after dress parade, Plunket had been fortunate enough to obtain a bottle of *mescal*, a fiery liquor made use of in abundance there; and was not seen afterward at supper time. In the course of the evening, this was remarked, and on opening his tent the old chap was seen on his blankets, soundly asleep, while the tin canteen, with the liquor in it, was lying within his reach, convenient for him when he should awake.

Those, whose curiosity as to his whereabouts, had thus been excited, left, and it being late, all returned to their own tents, leaving him "alone in his glory."

One of them, however, after he had

lain down, being full of fun and always delighting in playing pranks on his comrades, arose and again paid a visit to the sleeping soldier. Finding the latter sufficiently under the influence of the liquor to answer his purpose, he left, and proceeding through the camp, loosened a small Mexican *burro*, or jackass, owned by one of the quartermasters, and by the long ears led the patient animal back directly into the tent with the sleeper. Then firmly fastening down every pin that held the tent, and tying strongly the entrance together, he left the strange couple in joint occupation, while he hastened to his own, and awaited the moment when the jack should arouse the sleeper.

For this he was obliged to wait for a long time. For hours, the weary soldiers throughout the camp were all asleep, and for the same time slept Plunket, wholly unconscious of his companion's presence, sweetly snoozing—but after midnight he awakened, stretched out his hand for his canteen, and felt, instead of that, the hoof of the jack. Surprised, he felt cautiously again, as he thus lay in the darkened tent, upon his back—the fact of its being a hoof, was evident to him, from the feeling. He held his breath and endeavored to convince himself that he was dreaming, but in despite of his endeavors, the perspiration started in large drops to his forehead; for all the images that he had ever heard pictured out, of the devil's appearance to unruly sinners, rose before his mind most vividly. He trembled in every joint, as he thus in the same instant became fully convinced that his Satanic Majesty had at last come for him; the jack having felt the hand twice upon his fetlock, reached slowly down his cumbersome head, and from his expanded

nostrils threw gently the volume of warm breath therefrom full upon the face of the soldier, already so much alarmed. The darkness was great, but as the large nose and heavy lip, and teeth, thus came so near, the indistinct outline of them was observed by the soldier, and magnified by fear, the effect thereof was instantaneous upon the drunken man, whose head was not yet clear from the fumes of the liquor, but whose ideas were then in a proper state of confusion to be instantly wrought upon. "Good God, it's the Devil!" shouted he,—"O Christ, help me! Be off, Satan!" The words rang sharply and clearly through the silent camp, followed by shrieks and screams, and calls upon the Almighty. While Plunket and the jackass, both alarmed, bounced about in the tent, the former screaming at every jump, and vainly endeavoring to find the open entrance, the poor dumb beast, thoroughly frightened, was twisting and turning all parts of himself against the soldier, and making also a queer, deep noise from his throat, increasing, if possible, the fright of the man, to whose imagination it appeared as large as an elephant. Plunket yet screaming with apprehension, and loud in his interrupted appeals for mercy, had darted under the nose of the jack, and tried to force himself

out beneath the flap of the tent; but it was firmly pinned, and in his endeavor the jack, during his rapid movements, stepped on the pantaloons leg of the man, near down to his foot, and Plunket thinking that Satan had him then fast, yelled like an Indian, as a crowd of soldiers, roused from their sleep, ran up, just in time, however, to see the tent, unable to resist the violent pressure of the couple, the pins giving way, fall over, and the jackass backing his rump out among them quickly, as he shook the canvass from his head and shoulders, to their great alarm, astonishment and quick retreat, bounded off at a long lope over that and over Plunket, who still struggled and screamed beneath it.

They pulled him out, and he ran as well as he was able a few steps, until stopped by force, as the jack, having gained distance enough, stopped also, and gave a loud and long continued bray, which set the whole agitated crowd in a roar of laughter,—the ground was covered with men—their peals of laughter might have been heard a mile. Plunket sat down on the earth exhausted, and all the reply he would make to the hundreds of questions that were rapidly put to him, from as many sources, was, to each, "*God—n that Jackass!*"

DAILY SCENES OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

MORE especially is it true with regard to the soldier in the field, "that he knows not in the morning what the day will bring forth." Knows not—cares not. The day may be one of inactivity, or of toil, of plenty, or of want, of pleasure, or of danger and death. He has no plans to lay, no schemes to carry out; but is ready and willing to take all that comes; nothing is amiss—nothing surprises him, of whatever nature, or however suddenly it bursts upon him.

In this endless variety of scene and

action, this total exemption from thought and care for the future, consists the true charm of the soldier's life. It is to this, that the readiness of the discharged soldier to re-enlist, is owing. Very few of the regular soldiers, whose terms of service expired while the army was in Mexico, then returned to their homes, or if they did so, remained there but a little time, the greater portion immediately re-enlisting, either in the regular or volunteer forces.

Among the numerous collections of circumstances and incidents, (as hap-

pen to other soldiers) that would each exemplify the truth of the above quotation as applied to this life, none strikes the author's mind with as much distinctness, in its varied scenes, so closely following each other, as one such, that happened to himself, while the principal portion of the American army was collected at the city of Tampico, preparatory to the descent upon Vera Cruz.

This tale, comprising a period of only forty-eight hours, but with incident enough to give variety to the space of a month, is chosen, not from the wish to make himself conspicuous, but from the fact, that to him, it seems most appropriate to exhibit the shifting scenes of a soldier's life; though this idea on his part, may arise from the fact of this succession of incidents being so strongly impressed on his mind—eventful hours to him, in the short and rapid course of which he found himself a private soldier, a gentleman, a gallant, a lover, a prisoner, and a soldier again; a man of pleasure, a man of business, and a man in the guard-house,—under command, then free in a pleasure party—then made to feel the bands of authority—then free again—then confined with scoundrels, honest men, drunken and sober soldiers, thieves, and rascals in abundance—respected and despised, loved and hated; his opinions asked, and his answers received, dwelt upon with attention, and then again refused permission to speak.

Every soldier can tell of circumstances equally varied, of short spaces of time equally chequered with gratification and annoyance, pleasure, and danger, ease and hardship, closely following in each other's train—and every such tale fully illustrating that which is the object of this one, viz: the ever changing scenes of a soldier's life in the field and camp.

On the opposite page is seen a view of the city of Tampico, taken by the author at that time for the Twelve Months' Volunteers.

This was sketched from an old Mexican fort, at the extremity of a plain, on

which were at this time encamped the Tennessee brigade.

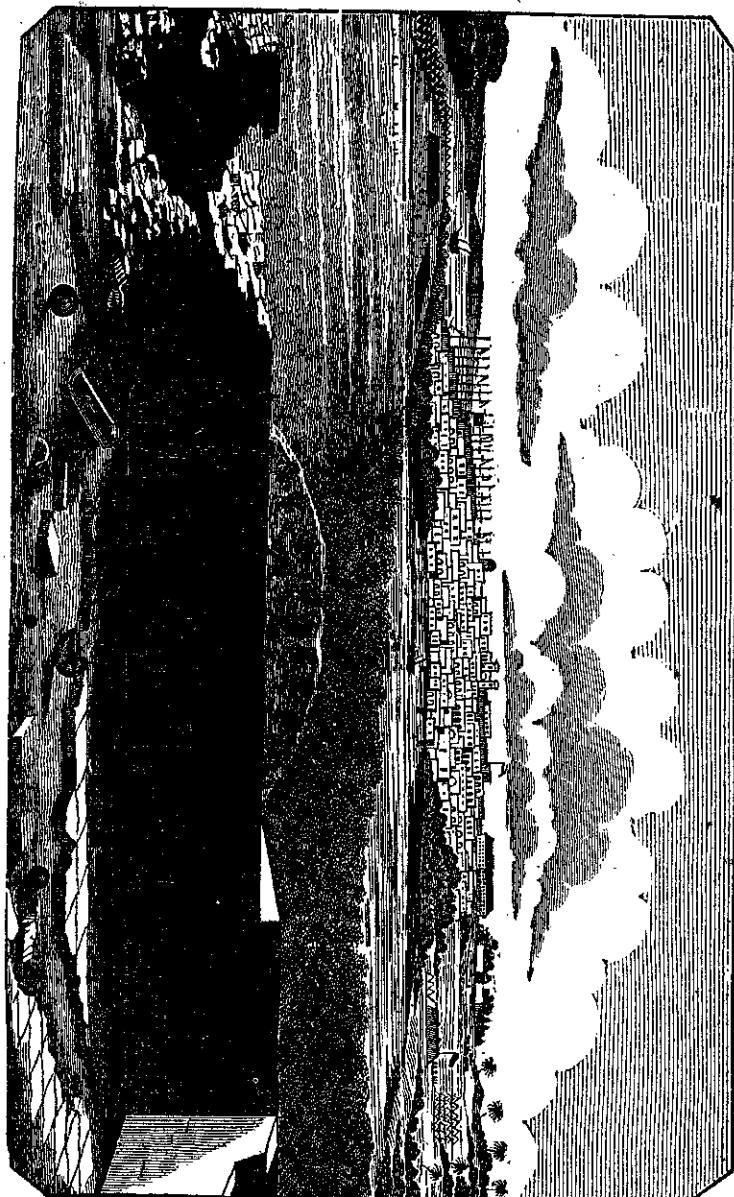
In this view you look down on this plain in front and to the left; to the front and right is seen a thick chapparal of musquit timber; beyond that is a lake, united by a canal unseen, with the river that circles round the extreme left of the view.

Beyond this lake is the city, on an eminence, with its flat roofed white stone houses, many of them upon arches, presenting a fine appearance in the bright rays of the tropical sun.

On the right of the city, at the summit of the hill, is a large massive building, the Mexican "Military Hospital." A little further to the right is the burying ground, with its lofty arched portals; a few cocoa nut trees are up there. Nearer to you is observed a new American fort, and a camp of part of the Alabama regiment of General Shields' brigade.

On the left of the city, are seen the crowded masts of the shipping that there lay at anchor in front of the busy landing. Beyond this forest of masts and spars, in a direct line over the river, and over a cluster of islands, beautiful as ever eye gazed upon—and at the distance of about four miles from this point of view, is the town of Pueblo Viejo, or old Tampico. This is on the shore of a large lake, that communicates with the river by its channels through these little islands of such beautiful enchantment.

The lake itself is hid from our view, but were you in the city by the Military Hospital, or the burying ground on the hill before you, you would see it stretching far out to the south and west, on the front and right as you would thus stand, till, in the hazy distance, it appears to meet the sky in its horizontal line—broken here and there, however, by the dim blue, but yet distinct and lofty outlines of rugged mountains that here and there arise. The calm surface of the lake, as far as your eye can extend, is dotted with the same beautiful islands of perpetual green; on these the towering palms, cocoas, and other tropical trees rear their



heads. But the intention of inserting the picture here, is, simply to introduce to you the scene on which our account of the uncertainties of a soldier's life commences.

You observe part of the tents of the Tennessee brigade in the distance on the left of the picture at the river's edge. A small part of these only can be seen in this view—row after row—company after company,—the two infantry regiments and the cavalry, occupied the shore of the river for a mile down the bank.

Now, understanding the ground, we will commence the shifting tale by

SCENE FIRST.

GETTING READY FOR ACTION.

We begin at eight o'clock in the evening, on the 26th of February, 1847, in this camp.

The common scenes of evening were taking place. In the lighted tents the men were variously employed,—some singing—some laughing at related tales and jokes,—some over concealed bottles of brandy were forgetting their troubles,—some were mending their clothing, &c.; many were playing every known game of cards;—some few reading, but these were, indeed, few, for there was seldom any thing in camp to read,—some in argument and minor disputes; but very many were asleep on their blankets. This last was the case with our author, whom, for the sake of ease in this tale, we will call by a name by which he was better known in camp than by his own, "Jonas, E.," a sort of second christening given him by some of the facetious soldiers, after the name of the Colonel, Jonas E. Thomas, a fatherly sort of a man, (of whom the author now begs pardon for having thus been forced to adopt and carry a part of his name during that campaign in Mexico, and which he now returns with his compliments, assuring him, the original owner, that he has never done it any harm while it has been in his possession.)

Jonas E. was soundly asleep; his head on his saddle-bags; his carbine,

sword, pistols, saddle, bridle, and bag of corn, in a small pile at his head.

These, with his blanket over him, constituted, with the noble animal that carried them, the sum total of his worldly possessions over which he had then any control, or took any care in preserving.

Jonas E., about that time, was quite comfortable. A norther, which had been blowing for a day or two previous, had left the air cool enough for once to enjoy the covering of a blanket in camp. One of his mess-mates, called the "Philosopher," had lain down with him, and after some queer observation on the domestic comfort of soldiers, was, like him, asleep. The rest of the mess were crowded on a green blanket, playing poker, at which one of them seemed very fortunate at the time, for he had won several "pots,"—had held three aces twice, and a pair of kings and pair of tens again. The game was still going on by the light of the candle stuck into the mouth of an empty bottle, round which the players were squatted like Turks.

Jonas cared for none of their noise, of loud laughter and exclamation, but in dreams he was back on the bank of the Mississippi.

But his dreams were interrupted, and the game of poker broken up by the voice of the Orderly Sergeant calling loudly at the entrance of every tent for the whole of the company, "*turn out quickly and fall into line!*" No sound of bugle was heard, however. The sleepers roused themselves up, and a thousand enquiries were made.

"What's the matter now?"

"What's to pay?" &c.

To these, no one could give any answer; but with some grumbling and much cursing, as every one seized his carbine, they all came stumbling out of their tents, and took their place in line, down along the front of the same.

Jonas was still nearly asleep, and the Philosopher yet more so, stumbling over a sack of corn at the door-way, he measured his length on the ground, much to the alarm of the nearest horse,

which jumped, snorting, out of his way. Some laughed, but the others still grumbled.

The roll was called, and information given by the sergeant, that the company was ordered to march at daylight next morning, together with two companies of infantry, to attack the Mexican general Cos, then lying about seventy miles to the southward, near Tuspan, with an estimated force of fifteen hundred lancers, artillerymen and rancheros.

The object of the attack, was to relieve four companies of Louisianians, who had been wrecked near Cos's position, and were threatened with immediate attack by him, and having lost their ammunition, were unprepared to meet him.

At this information, exclamations of "good! good!" "That's the sort!" "We'll give him the d—v—l!" &c., rose in murmurs along the line.

The sergeant continued by ordering all to draw three days' rations of provisions, and three days' forage for their horses, and to cook all their meat thus drawn, that night, and be ready at daylight at reveillee to march.

The line was then dismissed. Now came a busy scene. Part of the men were detailed to bring the sacks of corn and oats from the quartermaster, more to bring the provisions called for by the captain's requisition; one in each mess to replenish the fires, which in a long, bright room, threw a brilliant light around, drawing scores of men from the other companies around, every one of them full of questions and exclamations of disappointment at their company's not having been the one selected for active service.

One such corresponding line of fires was soon seen to brighten up in the 2d regular infantry, and yet another in the 1st regiment, showing their companies too in the same course of preparations. One man from each mess was dispatched to the cistern, a half mile off, with buckets for water.

This, in his mess, came to Jonas, who, whatever he might have been before, was this night as he had often been previously in the campaign, and

was afterwards, literally "a hewer of wood, and drawer of water;" for Jonas was but a private soldier, and had learned before this to take all such things in his turn as they came. He brought the water, in company with other different messes, and while they were thus serving others, in the meantime they were served themselves, for on their arrival back the other arrangements were attended to for them. The forage and provisions lay at the entrance of every tent: the fires were brightly burning: the meat was frying or boiling, and the whole company were merry as crickets, and busy as bees; laughing, joking, whooping, rubbing and feeding horses, examining carbines and pistols, whetting the edges of their sabers with stones, old files, or any thing they could get: putting new flints in their pistols, &c.

Ammunition having been brought, at ten o'clock the line was again formed, and every man received forty rounds of cartridges, and a corresponding quantity of percussion caps,—and after midnight, the cooking all through, the horses well fed, all arms examined, and refitted, the different messes allowing their fires to moulder down again, lay down to sleep for the few hours intervening until daylight.

At the sound of the reveillee, all turned out with alacrity, the tents were down, the horses saddled, the wagons loaded and the roll called, the company mounted, which left the camp before sunrise, and joined by the two companies of infantry, equally anxious for the fight, at a brisk march proceeded up into the city, the bugles sounding their liveliest and clearest notes—the drums and fifes behind, apparently endeavoring to excel each other in the strength of the choruses which they poured in. Each company's flag was proudly raised, and as the column gaily passed along, the Mexican inhabitants on the sidewalks looked serious, and already saw, in imagination, the deaths of many of their countrymen from the dreaded carbine and saber, the formidable column of bright muskets and glittering

bayonets, borne by hands whom they knew never flinched when trial came.

The steam vessel was lying at the wharf; she was ready to set the column on the other side of the river, below Pueblo Viejo to proceed on the route.

The column halted for a moment on the Plaza de Comercio, the square which opens on the harbor. Another steamer was puffing along up the river at a rapid rate. She sent a boat ashore before she came to anchor, and the officers it contained hurried to General Patterson's quarters, and as the head of the column came down to the wharf to embark, an aid rapidly approached from the general, bearing orders countermanding the march, as information had been received that the Louisianians had eluded Gen. Cos, and were then within a few hours march of Tampico.

The countenances of all the soldiers fell at this, and as they went back to camp, a more grave, sour, surly-looking set, both of infantry and cavalry, could not be found in the army.

"Got whipped, had to retreat," sung out a fellow of another cavalry company, who, having been disappointed himself, felt relieved to see these come back.

"G—d d—n your mouth," growled one of the men in reply.

"Shut it up, or I'll do it for you."

"Whoa!—hoa!—hoo!" was the response from many.

"D—n the trick," muttered the soldiers, who had expected by that time to have been miles away.

The saddles were rudely taken off, the tents put up, and a quarrelsome company they were—sulky and irritable,—and in this mood the most lay down to sleep.

The infantry companies proceeding to their encampment, were greeted in the same way, and one soldier from among them whipped another who thus laughed at them, and was himself marched off to the guard house instead of to Tuspan.

Jonas E., not wishing to sleep, and his comrades being so snappish about their disappointment—cursing General Cos, Gen. Patterson, and every other

general on both sides, strolled off down along the river's edge; the company having been on duty, so that there was no probability of his being called to drill.

The water of the river was gently rippling on the shore; the day had been warm: the bright forests covering the steep rocky hills on the opposite side, appeared more beautiful than ever;—ten thousand parrots over there kept up a ceaseless clatter and jabbering; the white gulls flew in graceful circles above the waves, here and there suddenly dashing down into them, and again rising. The porpoises were blowing and turning up their large, round heads to view. A Dutchman was passing in a beautiful little boat, with a wide sail just filled by the warm breeze, and it glided gently along over the water. Jonas hailed him, and in a few words made a contract with him to sail to the Gulf.

Hurrying back, the captain, at his invitation, and two of his comrades, joined him, and placing their cooked provisions in the boat, they pushed off, and then with a sly wink, having put a bottle of brandy, too, in his haversack, they were afloat immediately, and with a fine breeze, were gliding along, leaving the dotted camp behind.

The situation of Jonas and his companions now, as thus so gently they were borne along by the steady breeze, was as different from that of an hour or two before as it could well be; then all with them was of a soldier's duties, and strict commands were given and obeyed; but now the captain, a tall, gallant looking man, who loved sport and recreation as well as any one, was as one of the privates again, and was especially delighted at the accidental discovery of the brandy bottle in the basket of provisions: asking no questions as to the manner in which the liquor came there, in violation of the rules of the camp, but applying his lips to it with such ardor that an immediate exhilaration of "spirits" was the consequence; and, followed by all the others in the same course, the captain forgot the camp, banished all war and warlike

scenery from his mind, and influenced only by the pleasantness of the day, the soothing sound of the ripples as they played round the bows of the boat and the extreme beauty of the scenery on either bank of the wide river, and the cooling breeze loaded with fragrance, as it wafted them along, yielded to these influences, and gave himself up for the time to merriment and ease.

Songs in chorus rose over the water; the clear notes of a clarionette added to their effect, and the Mexican watermen here and there, over the expanse of the bright river, lifted their paddles to listen to the pleasant strains, while their long canoes gently glided on with the force already gained.

The course of the party of soldiers, thus for a time set free, can be seen in the opposite engraving of the mouth of the river Panuco, about five miles up which Tampico is situated.

This view is taken from the same spot as the other, the old fort Andonaga,—though in an engraving it loses most of its beauty. The clearness of the air, the brightness of the scene, the freshness of the verdure on the flowery banks and hills, and the course of the lovely river, could only be truly presented by the pencil of a master.

The forenoon was spent by Jonas and the others in the most agreeable manner. Bringing their boat on the sands near the mouth of the river, as seen in the view, they strolled around, enjoying the strong and invigorating sea breeze as it came fresh from off the breaking billows which dashed successively in thunder and foam upon the shore.

Then embarking again, the strong wind filling their sails, the boat was urged through the maddened billows, tossing upon the bar, and stood far out to sea, like a speck upon the waters; to an observer on shore perceptible only in its rising and falling by the whiteness of its sail, as reflected in the sunlight, like a white speck upon the dark blue waters.

When returning, they came in upon a reef, on which the billows ran and broke, about a mile from shore; on a

little ridge of sand and coral rock, with great peril, they landed from the leeward side, and there, amid the roar of the tumultuous waters, they partook of their provisions prepared, the enjoyment of which was heightened by the excitement of the wild scenery about them.

Covered nearly by a huge breaker that rolled in foam over the entire reef, and narrowly escaping the loss of the boat, the party left the dangerous spot, and again hoisted their sail to the wind, which swept them over the billows, and through the breakers on the bow to the smoother water within, and up the river they glided along, leaving old ocean behind them.

The camp appeared in view,—the city next, and the boat touching the shore, the party stepped out again in the crowd, and the captain immediately resumed all his authority, while Jonas and his comrades, from his companion in pleasure, immediately fell back to private soldiers under his command.

Not long did Jonas stay in the crowded encampment,—having found his horse doing well, he strolled off up to the city,—not troubling himself to obtain a regular permit in writing, as was the universal regulation, but simply going to the colonel as was usual with him, who let him out by a motion to the nearest sentinel.*

Jonas intended only to be absent from camp an hour or two, and said, therefore, nothing to his captain about it, further than to reply to a question of the latter who came by the tent as the soldier was putting on his best uniform, with the luxury of a change of clothing, "that he was going to Tampico."

But the intended stroll of an hour was much further prolonged, and led to views and actions so different from those which had preceded it, that the commencement of the walk as he went by the sentinel, was the opening of

* Jonas was always allowed to go out or in of the camp by the colonel when no duty was to be performed, without the usual permit in writing; his object being to gain notes and items of information for the "Twelve Months' Volunteer."

Month of Panuco River from Fort Andonaga.



SCENE THE THIRD.

Jonas overtook a comrade from his own company as he passed along over the plain, and the two crossing the canal on the stone bridge, with light and happy hearts proceeded into the city.

The reader upon again turning to the view of Tampico, will see among the masts of the shipping a large flag, or rather a black spot, as the engraver has made it. This flag flew from the lofty staff in the "Plaza de Comercio," over the most busy part of this busy city of Tampico; this Plaza was a large, finely paved square, with three sides surrounded by lofty buildings, and the fourth opening on the river as a public landing, which was unbroken save by one short wharf, near the head of which stood the city prison, then used as a guard house of the American army.

To this square, and that flag, Jonas directed his course, as was the case with every soldier who from the camp went into the city. His comrade and himself strolled along, not disturbed, save by being ordered off the side walk before the then vacant pay office by the sentinel—an order that they were obliged to obey, while any Mexican who came on, by the orders of the paymaster, was undisturbed.

This paymaster, who occupied this office,—or rather had done so,—must have thought much of himself to refuse to allow soldiers to proceed on the side walk before his doors, and so Jonas remarked to the regulars who guarded the walk; a remark which came very near placing him in the guard house.

But in the army is no place for one to assert his individual rights, and Jonas, on an instant's reflection, became convinced that it was better for him to walk in the gutter before the office of Major B——, then and there a paymaster in the United States' army, than it would be for him to be confined as a prisoner.

So he and his companion passed on over the gutter, and giving the building a wide space, they came on the side-walk again beyond it. The streets were crowded that afternoon as usual.

Jonas and his comrade moved on, happy and careless, but on arriving at the Plaza, they were soon made to feel again that their position was that only of privates; for, seeing a fine establishment open, called "an exchange," for the selling of liquor, they walked in. At the tables around were many officers, who looked, as they smoked their cigars, with contempt and scowling appearance on our two privates, who, having plenty of cash, thought of nothing but getting something to drink and paying for it. They walked over the marble floor up to the bar, and made application for it,—but were there told in a most insolent manner that that house was only for the accommodation of officers—so out they walked, leaving these young bloods undisturbed; (for the author must do them the justice to say, that all the volunteer officers who in Mexico thus acted; were scarcely without exception, young sprigs who by the influence of friends at home had obtained their commissions, and who also as yet had rather more beards than brains, and not much of either; considering it the greatest object of their ambition to ape the manners of the regular officers; and who, since the conclusion of the war has thrown them back into their former neighborhood, would give all they have, so coldly and contemptuously are they treated, had they there acted differently in regard to those whom fortune for the time being had placed under their command.)

Our two privates cleared from there, and went to another place, where the owner, a fine looking Mexican, treated them with politeness. Then passing down to the boats at the landing, they became highly interested in the busy scene going on among the Mexican traders in selling their oranges, their bananas, sapotes, pine apples, fish, turtles, and hundreds of other articles; the busy jabbering of the whole mingling together in one confused hum.

While here, on the invitation of the interpreter of the regiment, Selby, a man originally from Tennessee, but who had for years resided in Yucatan, and another comrade, Jonas joined them in

hiring a canoe to go over for the afternoon to Pueblo Viejo, about four miles through the islands before mentioned. His former comrade would not go with him, but returned to camp.

So Jonas was again on the water, for the period, a free man; but this time he was in a long canoe, hollowed out from a huge mahogany tree. It had good seats, clean mats in the bottom, a fine sail, and two spruce looking Mexican boatmen, with their broad rimmed *sombreros*, or hats,—their wide legged outer breeches, split open according to their fashion, nearly up to their waists, revealing their white under ones, with red sashes round their waists, and without any vests; their linen all clean and nice. Each one had a full supply of little paper cigars, which, continually puffing themselves, they offered with much politeness to their passengers.

In less than an hour the passage was completed, and the canoe was drawn up on a beautiful bank of white shells in front of the old picturesque place.

The houses, thickly surrounded with tall palms and cocoas, and various plants for ornament and use, presented a pretty appearance from this beach,—the high hill of "*Mira*" in "the view," was towering above all, covered to its top by the same luxuriant forest of tropical trees as has been before mentioned.

The lake of Zapote lay spread out in front like a mirror for miles, while the rays of the declining sun were reflected from its bosom, bringing into stronger view the beautiful islands here and there scattered over its large extent.

Most of the houses of the town were whitewashed, and from the beach, when landing at this period of the day, the effect was very fine, as they contrasted in the sunlight reflection from the lake so strongly with the masses of luxuriant green thickly growing around them.

Jonas and his comrades were delighted, and although evening was approaching in a strange town, with not an American there, and out of sight or reach from their own army, day, and among a faithless set of enemies, no thought but of pleasure crossed their minds. They were well armed, and felt confident of

being able to defend themselves, and so in a laughing, joking mood, they went up into the principal square of the ancient place, that appeared as if it had been founded in the days of Noah. The fishermen were drawing up their seines; the women were along the borders of the clear water stamping with naked feet their corn in baskets, for the everlasting tortillas, an indispensable part of their every meal.

The air had become perfectly still, and the parrots were making the thick growth on the hill above resound with their chattering, and in this chorus every additional flock coming in from the islands joined as soon as they came within hearing distance on the water.

The *burraros*, or woodsmen, were bringing in their numbers of patient jackasses, each with a large load piled and tied upon the animal's backs. The market men, each with the same animals loaded with heavy panniers, were coming in to the evening market: for in this town the markets were all held in the evenings. Here came a mule staggering under a load of bloody quarters of beef.

Once in the square, Selby, the interpreter, proposed an immediate application to a little of the ardent, which could here be procured without difficulty; and the party proceeded to a store well supplied with that article, and also a handsome assortment of English, French, and American goods. The Mexican behind the counter was well dressed, and exceedingly polite: handing out his best brandy with many expressions at the gratification that he was able to furnish the *buenos Americanos*, (good Americans,) with such fine liquor,—which he declared he had purchased from a French ship seven years before. Whether this was true or not, his brandy was excellent, and much enjoyed. Cigars were called for, and as these were handed out, a richly dressed Mexican, who had been standing unnoticed, rose by the salutation at first, of "*buenos dias Senor*," (good day, sir,) by the party as they entered, advanced, and with a smile and bow, said in plain English—

"Will you take a light, gentlemen?"

The three looked at him with perfect astonishment. His offer was accepted by them, with expressions of surprise by Jonas, that he was able so perfectly to catch the English pronunciation; the storekeeper whispered to Carson that the personage was the first *alcalde* of Pueblo Viejo. In reply to Jonas, the *alcalde* remarked, that he had been educated at Bardstown, Kentucky,—that he had lived for two years in New Orleans,—that he had traveled through thirteen of the United States,—that he was perfectly conversant with the position, appearance, and business of Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Detroit, and Chicago;—said his brightest days were spent in the American Republic, and he at once entered in free English into such a list of inquiries with regard to the improvement and present condition of those cities, and a thousand other particulars, that the Mexican storekeeper looked with surprise, to see the first *alcalde* thus earnestly engaged in conversation with such a long bearded, rough, savage looking American soldier.

Jonas answered, and inquired in his turn, and so interesting did the conversation become, that Selby and Carson were tired and left, and Jonas saw them no more there; learning that evening that after strolling round they had seen a boat about to return to Tampico, and had taken passage an hour after on board of it.

The conversation between the *alcalde* and Jonas, so interesting, continued uninterrupted, both having inquiries to make, the one of Mexico, and the other of the United States, and both in their opinion having found the other fully capable of answering all such; the moments slipped off unperceived, and the leaving of the others was forgotten.

Jonas was highly pleased with the Mexican gentleman, and he in turn with Jonas, especially as the *alcalde* found in conversation the object of the other's visit. The latter proposed another glass, and drank to the speedy conclusion of peace between the two republics of Mexico and the United States; then

offering his house for a home to Jonas while he should remain, they both walked out at this delightful part of the evening to stroll around the place. Many remarks did the *alcalde* make on the various old buildings of stone which were passed. The family who had occupied such a mansion, that he pointed out, he detailed the history of, from their emigration from old Spain immediately after the time of Cortez, through successive generations, till finally they had been lost in the convulsions of civil wars of later years. He pointed out the house that had been the head quarters of General Santa Anna during his celebrated conflict with the Spanish general Barrados. He also showed the gardens and seats of some of the wealthier owners of haciendas in the interior, who here come to spend the delightful winters. To him, as they passed, every one bowed with great respect. To his companion Jonas, as much was said, by reason of his being in company with the *alcalde*. Jonas again forgot the duties of camp, the privations of a soldier, the petty annoyances of the minor officers. Jonas was a gentleman again.

They continued their walk up the hill towards the copious spring which supplied the town with water. At this time, being near sunset, the Mexican women in throngs were going thither, each with a huge jar on their heads for water. The *alcalde* inquired if these did not remind his companion of the description of the ancient Jewish maidens? and certainly they did so.

They now came to the fountain, at which were hundreds of women and maidens, and not a man about. The presence of the *alcalde* prevented any alarm among them that might have been felt, had the rough American soldier made his appearance among them alone.

The fountain was built up with stone. A spout of pure water gushed out into the basin below, which was reached by three massive stone steps. The water ran off into a succession of stone washing places, built up about four feet high. Along down the descent of these were many of the women washing, and innu-

merable articles of clothing were spread out on the rocks, the bushes, vines and trees above. The fountain was in a deep gorge of the hills, which becomes narrower and darker as you ascend,—the lofty tree tops meeting over its center.

Always anxious to find out the character, disposition, and domestic qualifications of the females of the country,

s determined to improve the opportunity offered while he should remain in Pueblo Viego. So on the moment with these Mexican girls, by his own Spanish, and by the aid of the alcalde, he immediately struck up a lively and agreeable conversation,—talked to all near,—but addressed himself to one particularly, of the age of about seventeen, who had a fine form,—was of medium height, with as beautiful and expressive a pair of eyes as could well be imagined—an open, noble looking forehead, a beautiful pair of small lips, with pearly teeth, small feet and ankles;—(the author begs pardon for going into particulars,) delicate hands, and more than all, an expressive neatness of manner and dress, which shone in every disposition of the same, and to every movement added such a charm, as showed that she was gentleness and affection itself.

Jonas was delighted with her, and after many speeches complimentary, which were answered by maiden blushes that showed the richer through the southern olive tinge of her complexion, he told her that he had determined to come to that delightful place to remain, and wished a wife, and that she met his idea of beauty and of grace more completely than any mortal he had ever seen. She was taken surely by the earnestness of the soldier: enough so to answer with all seriousness "that he should have been a month earlier in his application, for she had been married for that time." Jonas's "pipe was out."

At this answer, which was the close of a long conversation, the alcalde laughed; the other women laughed at Jonas, with a sort of pitying expression, and glanced their eyes toward two or three others equally pretty, who had

lingered near, and then at him again, as much as to say, as plainly as eyes could say, "There are some as good, unmarried?"

Jonas, however, had seen enough—his heart was broke, and with the expression "good evening," he left the fountain with the alcalde, as the setting sun had just thrown his last beams across the western extent of the beautiful lake below, the bosom of which then, from reflection, bore many brilliant tinges of red, blue and yellow, among the green islands. The few boats yet out, seen like specks on the surface, were hurrying homeward—all nature was still—not a breath waved the foliage of the lofty cocoas and palms—all was calm and pleasant—all, indeed, was of that highly beautiful scenery that can only be observed near the tropics.

Leaving the brow of the hill below the fountain, the alcalde and Jonas went through the streets of the town, toward the market place, where now all had collected in the cool of the evening, to transact their business, buy their provisions, &c. To the soldier this scene was very interesting. Over the square before the market house, were numbers of men and women, squatted down in rows; before each was a small square mat, on which was disposed the articles to sell; lemons in piles, oranges in cartloads, pine-apples in abundance, lettuce of size unknown in the United States, cabbage, wild game, ducks, geese, rabbits, &c.; rich flowers in abundance, red-pepper in piles, corn shelled, barley, and wheat, onions, garden vegetables of every description, and fruits of all kinds found in the torrid zone; hats, blankets, calicoes and trinkets, jewelry and cutlery, and not least, *pulque*, a Mexican liquor, in abundance. Many women were making and selling tamales, a hot peppery mixture of mashed corn and pork, done up in plantain leaves. In the market house was the fresh beef, all cut up in strips, from three to six feet in length, looking as though they were made to twist into a rope of beef; mutton, pork, wild hogs, or rather peccaries, &c., &c.

On the curbstone of the cemented smooth side-walk were rows of neat little girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, each with her *reboso*, a kind of shawl, drawn over her head, and having a basket of sweet cakes before her. Each one of these received a *medio*, or picayune, or a *real*, or bit, for their cakes, with great satisfaction; and one pretty girl among them, looked so sweet at the rough soldier, as he stooped and purchased one of her nice cakes, that he bought several large sheets of sweet bread from her, which, however, he did not then know what to do with, save to return them to her basket, which he did. She blushed and smiled, as the others all turned a gratified expression to her, and many times expressed "*muchas gracias, señor*," (many thanks, sir). There were many others also equally pretty. They were not like the black looking set about Matamoras, and the south of Mexico. The alcalde remarked to the soldier that that girl was of good family—that her father had been an officer of rank in the Mexican army, and died poor, and left her mother, with several children, dependent—that this one now was the stay of the sick mother and the younger children. This was remarked after they had left the row, but the soldier on hearing it, purchased a large basket, and filled it with various articles from the piles for sale, and had it carried to her, the alcalde explaining to her that it was the gift of an American soldier to her sick mother. Talk about gratitude being wanting in the Spanish race—there was more gratitude in that beautiful girl's countenance than would have been expressed by words, of which, in fact, she spoke but few. The whole transaction seemed to have a corresponding effect on all the vendors around, each one of whom treated the girl with particular respect.

Among the various piles and mats, the crowd of women and men were repassing, buying and examining. It was after dark before they began to disperse, and then many lights were moving on the square, as the sellers took up their unsold goods.

At the alcalde's invitation, Jonas went to his house to spend the night—was introduced to his interesting wife, of Castilian blood, who spoke not a word of English. A pretty little family of children he had. His house was pretty, fitted in the Mexican style, though many American articles of furniture, &c., were arranged within. Instead of the marble or tile floor, his was carpeted according to our style. A likeness of Gen. Washington hung up in company with others—of Iturbide, Morales, Victoria, and other distinguished Mexicans, not including however, Santa Anna, of whom the alcalde was no great admirer. The conversation opened upon this. He spoke of Washington, of Jackson, of Clay, of Polk, and the present war; ran over the history of the troubles in Texas; spoke of Houston, and then of Santa Anna, Paredes, Bravo, Bustamante, &c.; compared the situation and prospects of the Mexican nation with that of the United States. Was at heart opposed to the strong civil power of the clergy, though in principle he was a true and firm Catholic. Supper put an end to the conversation, which had been spirited, and very agreeable to our soldier Jonas.

The supper was served up in the yard, under an orange tree, above which fine lofty cocoa-nut trees lifted their trunks, without a leaf or branch, save the lofty wide-spreading umbrella-like tops, with the large fruit hanging in clusters on the trunk at the roots of the leaves above. The orange trees were crowded with blossoms, which diffused a delightful fragrance.

At the supper-table the subject of the Mexican laws and methods of justice was introduced. The alcalde explained his powers, the mode of his election, and the manner of all proceedings before him, both civil and criminal. In this, as he was aware that Jonas was a dabster at the law at home, he was very particular in his inquiries about the laws of the various states, especially those relating to the rights of real estate, and as they rose from supper, he invited Jonas to accompany him to the residence of a Mexican lady, a widow,

who possessed an equitable right to a large tract of land in the State of Louisiana, and who had long wished for some information relative to the method of securing her rights.

The invitation accepted, the two walked out in the streets. It was a fine night, disturbed by nothing save the noise of the countless dogs who kept up an universal uproar, as the American, to them so strangely dressed, passed the houses and yards, and after proceeding through several streets, they came to the residence of the lady. After due ceremony, were ushered into a brilliantly lighted apartment, in which the lady, with her eldest daughter, Angelina, as she was afterward introduced, were seated, with their needles, at embroidery. Two little girls were also there.

Jonas, with many bows and "congratulations" by the alcalde, an exceedingly polite man, was introduced as a "lawyer from the State of Tennessee, of the United States of America;"—ahem! But at any rate, Jonas was a gentleman then, and forgot all things else.

The lady was dignified, graceful, and intelligent. Angelina was beautiful as one might wish to see;—but when she spoke and her pearly teeth were just perceived, added to the expression of her large, full black eyes, her beauty was of no common appearance. She was not tall, but most gracefully formed,—and the soldier gazed upon her with perfect admiration, while with a timid expression of curiosity but just discernible, however, so well was it concealed by the dignified bearing of good breeding and education, she surveyed the guest, as with a smile she replied to his observations. In a few moments all restraint, if any there had been, was removed, and the alcalde and the lady conversed in rapid Spanish. The words "Louisiana" and "Tennessee" could be occasionally distinguished by Jonas, who, however, had forgot about the land, and was busy mustering up all the Spanish he was able; not caring about any regular conversation, but making such remarks as his knowledge of the words would allow; and asking Angelina for more, his sole object, being to secure

the continual repetition of her smiles, which were freely given as she became interested in his observations and amused undoubtedly at his broken Spanish, though not a trace of her features betrayed it. She had a hundred inquiries to make respecting American ladies,—their manners, education, and accomplishments; she was much pleased with the simple manner of marriage, as related to her. Before that she had never heard of any method save the long, complicated, and expensive one of their own land.*

Still by Jonas was the camp forgotten, and the rough soldier introduced into this society, was acting the gallant.

The lady apparently noticing the pleasure with which he had entered into the conversation, took simply part enough to give it the sanction of her approbation. The alcalde was pleased, and a couple of hours passed off delightfully, toward the conclusion of which, the land business was mentioned, and Jonas and the alcalde invited to call on the following forenoon to attend to this—to see the papers therewith connected, and more especially as it insisted upon that they should dine there. This accepted, with as much or more ceremony than that at their entrance, did they depart; so many smiles and bows did the alcalde give, and Jonas follow, that after the street was gained, the latter kept on bowing, and "congratulating" with smiles and scrapes; for a half a square he thus went before he could bring himself to a perpendicular, and the first salutation of a bow given them by a passer by set him to going again at the same. But the adventures of the evening were not yet over.

Passing the open door of a billiard room, the alcalde spoke of the excessive fondness of the Mexican people for gambling of every description, and proffered to go in, and followed by Jonas he proceeded into the crowded room. As he was bearing his gold headed, tasseled cane, the "Baton de Justicia," or badge of his office, he was treated with marked deference as he first entered by the crowd of as surly looking devils as

* See "Twelve Months' Volunteer," page 436, under head "Marriage Ceremonies in Mexico."

ever Jonas looked upon,—who then in turn surveyed the American with any thing but pleasant looks. They scowled at one another; their faces black enough any way, were more so, as they thus confronted each other, and muttered exclamations of "curajo" (pronounced *carrahoo*, a curse;)" "Americano." The soldier saw in a moment what company he had got into, and knew that at that time of night his life was not worth a "baubee" if he showed the least symptoms of uneasiness. He was aware that he was the only American in town, or within reach. There were about thirty Mexicans in the room. Some were betting with the dealer at monte, something like faro,—others were playing at billiards,—but the most were sauntering round, and as the couple thus entered, these immediately collected into groups, talking low to each other, and looking at the American sideways. A shade of solicitude passed over the face of the alcalde, but not over that of the soldier: his left hand was in his pocket as he entered—his revolver, placed there previous to starting after Gen. Cos the evening before, was still there; he knew that the caps were good and the fire sure,—in the breast of his uniform was a good bowie-knife, and on his right side was a small, keen, silver sheathed dirk, or rather poniard, which had been a present from Tennessee.

He had arms enough to settle the matter for a half dozen of them, but was by no means anxious to begin the strife against such odds. The dress, the mud on it, the fact clearly seen, that some had command over the others, in an instant flashed the impression on the soldier's mind that they were a scouting party of General Cos's command. This old town, separated by four miles of water and islands from Tampico, they could approach in the night, find out what they could with regard to the American movements, and pick up any single soldiers or couples they might find.

This conclusion was the work of an instant with Jonas; an attempted retreat would have brought sure death on the spot; nor even could the alcalde have saved him. His resolution of action was

taken as quickly. He made a low bow to all, with the salutation of *buenos tardes*, señores! (good evening, sirs,) and walked directly up to the monte table amid those there, and threw down a half dollar on a card of which he knew not the name or the number.* At the same moment with the expression *mucho bueno*, (very good,) he appeared highly pleased at thus finding a monte bank, and speaking as though he was only one of many there, he addressed the alcalde, requesting him to send down to the boats and give Dr. E.'s compliments to Major Tuttle, Captains Hunt and Shelby, and Lieutenants Grant and Smith, and tell them that there was a monte bank there open, and also to inform the major that there was an empty building there to which he had better march the detachment than to put the tents up on the beach, and that the cavalry company could get forage for their horses there. The alcalde on the instant, seizing the idea, looked around, and with much authority ordered a man, one of the townspeople, to go: delivering this message to him in full in Spanish, which, as may be supposed, attracted the attention of the whole crowd:—they glanced at the soldier, who was apparently paying no attention to them, but who having luckily won a half dollar on his bet, was picking up his two with a loud laugh, and then requesting the alcalde to tell the man to hurry before the troops got their tents up, he bet again. This additional message was called out by the alcalde as the Mexican had already got to the door. The effect was such as might be supposed; the room was cleared in "less than no time," and the rapid sound of footsteps going in the opposite direction from the bank, could be heard; the whole party were off for their horses secreted out.

The alcalde touching the soldier with his cane, the latter having again won, said with a bow to the dealer, that he would go down himself to the beach, and inform the officers, and with yet another bow, the two left.

* Mexican playing cards have not the faces of ours. They are stamped with crowns, clubs, horses, &c., &c.

Not a word was now spoken by either till two squares had been rapidly passed, and the alcalde's house was in view.

"Señor," said he, as he slackened his walk—

"Those fellows are far away now, riding as though the devil was after them. You were never born to be killed in this war," he continued; "let us walk slow, now."

"Why do you think so?" said the soldier.

"Because," replied the alcalde, "you cannot be placed in more danger than you were to-night. I know those fellows. Their captain, one Ignacio Lacon, is a perfect cut-throat. They belong to General Cos's force down here. They have kept out of this place for four or five weeks, and this is the first time they have been in since the Alabama companies who were over here have been withdrawn. I had no idea," he continued, "as we entered there, of their being about. You took a good method to start them, and nothing else would have saved you: the cowardly scamps wanted to save themselves, and now they are riding as though the troops were in reality in pursuit of them. Major Tuttle, Captain Hunt, and the troops just landing, and wanting barracks," he continued, laughing, "are there any such men?"

"No! all fictitious,—made for the occasion," said Jonas.

"Better still," said he. "But here we are, and you are safe again," said he, as he opened the gate of the stone wall overhung by the lofty cocoa trees—and entering, closed and fastened it, and passed into the house by a private way, and now they were in a peaceful room. He called his wife Rosalia, and speaking to her, soon fine brandy and glasses were placed upon the table; "*tomolgo*," (take something,) said he in Spanish, and as the glasses were filled, he continued in English—

"Are you armed?"

The soldier replied by taking his weapons from his person and laying them on the table before him. The number of shots to be fired, together with the knife, astonished the alcalde.

"My G—d, well prepared," said he, "but that would not have saved you, though at first you might have killed or disabled several, but they all had arms under their *horongos*, and their *escopettes* and *lariats* were not far off." "It is well," he continued, as he sat musing; "if they had killed you in my presence, it would have got me into a hot place with Gen. Patterson; and if in the mean time you had killed any of them, it would have been equally disastrous to me from my own people, for I accompanied you there. Take some more," he continued, "of this brandy; I sent to New Orleans for it six years ago," and taking another, the two, still "cool as cucumbers" entered into a conversation to which the events of the evening had given rise. An account of the Captain Ignacio Lacon, who had run away on the false alarm, led to another by the alcalde of the captain's comrade, General Cos, in which his private history was given, his military capacity explained, and information given which might have been of some use to the commanding general of the American army at that time; and finally the whole military establishment of the Mexican nation was rather severely criticised by the Mexican, and many inquiries made respecting the regular army of the United States, the discipline of the volunteer forces, the militia system, &c., &c. It was now after 11 o'clock; the conversation might have been more extended, but the soldier was getting sleepy: to tell the truth, he had taken during the day as much brandy as he could stand up to, enough in fact to have made three men in the quiet of private life perfectly intoxicated: but in the stirring, exciting scenes of camp, the case is different. It would astonish one to know how much one soldier thus situated can take with impunity. Jonas had drank on the river, on the gulf, in the city of Tampico, in the town of old Tampico, and then since he had come in from the monte table had taken two more. He was getting sleepy; his host perceived it, and rising remarked, "*¡bambas a la cama, Señor!*" (let us go to sleep) and leading the way into another apartment finely furnished, he laid down the

light and with a bow, and "*buenos noches*," (good night,) he left. Jonas sat down for a few moments: thought as he looked at the fine bed and the splendid apartment, of the contrast between that so rich, so quiet, and so roomy, to the little, contracted, noisy tent in which he reposed the night before. With an exclamation of gratification, and an entire ignorance and carelessness of what might be the events of the morrow, he threw himself upon the bed, and in the stillness of the night soundly slept, and in his dreams was again at home; and so ended with sleep this third scene, and with his waking, on the next, a beautiful morning, we will pass on to

SCENE FOURTH.

Jonas had slept soundly; in the morning when he awoke, the sun had already risen above the lofty "Mira," and was shining down upon the beautiful town. The alcalde coming into the room had awakened him, and a servant brought a small cup of strong coffee; after taking this our soldier rose, and paid more attention than usual to his toilet: for he remembered that he was again to meet the lovely Angelina. As breakfast, which the alcalde took in American style, was to be late, the latter proposed to the soldier to visit some beautiful gardens in the vicinity of his house. His own garden, though extremely beautiful, would not compare with some others there, he remarked; and the two kept their way along the streets, greeted most politely by men, women and children as they passed. The garden of a wealthy merchant of Tampico, Don Pepe Posadas, was the finest, and indeed the only one visited, for Jonas could have spent hours and days in that delightful retreat. The beauty of this excelled any thing that he had ever before witnessed. A young, fair looking Mexican received them at the arched stone gate, and with great attention conducted them through its large extent; it was divided by walks, fringed with a beautiful plant whose flowers were as fragrant as beautiful. Part of the extent thus divided was but a thick grove of orange and banyan trees, the latter sending from its branches new stems

and trunks downward. The shade of this was impervious to the rays of the sun; under this shade were stone benches with backs of the same material, with grassy elevated plats about them, and on pillars near stood marble statues of Hebe with her cup, Venus with Cupid, Ceres, and Pan, with his pipe. These statues were arranged within the grove encircling the lattice-work summer house; through the grove in three sparkling rivulets, over beds of shell, ran a branch of pure water;—mimic falls were here and there made so that a continual murmur rose on the ear, lulling those to sleep who might sit within the delightful retreat. The water as it entered the garden was distributed over an artificial marsh, in which were water plants of the richest foliage, most luxuriantly loaded with gaudy flowers of the largest size: after having flowed in a thousand unseen channels through this, it was collected by a shell basin, in the center of which was an artificial pile of moss-covered rocks, surmounted by a large shelving one, on which was a statue of Diana bathing. Large numbers of gold fish, and a silver looking slender fish of another species, and spotted trout, and here and there others for variety, perch and chubs, were in this large, circular basin. The gardener remarked that as many as there were, they required but little feeding, for the water running through the luxuriant, close growth of the marsh, brought to them insects and food nearly sufficient. Over the fount as it left the basin, was a light stone bridge of some five feet span, the arch of which was closed by a stout wire screen, to prevent the escape of the fish. From a little below the bridge the water being divided into the three branches, was meandering through the grove, enclosing, however, two beds before it arrived there. These beds were crowded with tulips, the largest that Jonas had ever seen, and the finest flowers of species unknown to him; after passing through the grove, the streams reunited, enclosing two other similar beds, and then ran under another bridge, over which passed the main avenue of the garden. Then it again flowed into a basin like the former, but

the statue there in the center was of old Neptune, with his trident, his Herculean limbs and heavy beard. After leaving this the stream was divided into many branches, which ran through a mimic forest in which all ornamental trees were growing thickly together, with nooks and close retreats, and sharp corners in the paths and recesses, unseen from each other, with flowering vines running over the seats within. The same sound of murmuring water was heard from all these retreats, and as at the request of the alcalde, the attendant, an excellent performer on the guitar, went back to get his instrument, the two sat down in one of the delightful recesses. The garden, on returning, went into another, and he was not seen in his approach nor while he played and sung a Spanish song of which Jonas understood not one word, but the music of which was delightful to his ear,—more so from the situation from which it was given, and in which it was heard. He played again a soft and most plaintive air. Then ceased, and leaving his guitar, again joined his visitors, who carried away with the sweet melody, now sat in breathless silence.

Beyond the grove the water was conducted in various little channels along through lofty bananas to another succession of flower beds, and then into still another basin: but in that, instead of a statue, was but a simple dolphin. The bottom of this basin was like the others, of white shell and golden colored sand. Beyond this, the high stone wall closed the scene: this wall in all of its extent around was thickly overgrown with alternately ivy, grape, and then flowering vines. In the rear of the garden, was enclosed from view a more extensive summer house with bathing houses, dressing closets, and a retired suite of rooms well furnished with plain but ample furniture for convenience of the families visiting.

The soldier would not have been tired with a view for hours of the large and delightful gardens,—but the breakfast hour, according to the alcalde's assertion, had arrived, and accepting two splendid bouquets that the attendant had prepared, with a small gift to him, they

left the garden of Pepe * Posados, and went up to the house of the alcalde. Breakfast was forgotten by the soldier in admiring the beauties presented to his view in the balmy, delightful morning. Jonas took his breakfast like "a white man," and afterward walked with his host up the lofty "Mira," from the top of which, seated at a rude rancho, with plenty of pulque brought by the polite owner of the same to drink, and first rate cigars to smoke, they sat in quiet and looked down on the most beautiful and comprehensive view that the soldier had ever witnessed: for a city in the distance, a winding river for many miles, dotted with ships and steamers far below him, a lake like a sea, and islands of enchanting beauty—a large town, venerable and beautiful, at his feet far below: the blue sea on the rear, and an imposing pile of distant mountains far over the lake on the other hand; the encampment of an army,—the busy trade of commerce—agriculture though rude, yet busy,—the minor trade of a thousand boats,—all at once were before his vision spread out like a vast animated map,—a singular expression, but the only one that can convey the idea.

Still the alcalde and Jonas smoked, looked, and puffed again. The former had observed the view a thousand times, but he remarked that the encampment of the American army and the consequent increase of shipping and business of every description, with the several steamers plying on the river below, gave a life to the beautiful scene which had never been seen before, nor would be shortly again.

The soldier looked with earnestness and delight upon the wide scene, which to him appeared like an earthly paradise. He thought of what this country might be made had it an enterprising, intelligent, industrious population. The alcalde leaning his chin upon his gold headed staff, surmised his thoughts, and making some observations on the beauty

* Pepe, pronounced Pa-pe, is a nickname somewhat like "Dick" for Richard; but the note made at the time by the author of the owner's true christened name was lost at Vera Cruz, and it is here inserted as the alcalde called him, "Pepe."

of the scenery of his country, and want of intelligence of its people, concluded with the hope expressed, that it might yet be better with them,—hoped that the example of the Americans might be productive of advantage, &c. The Mexican rancho again appeared with more pulque: * another glass was taken, and the couple walked slowly down toward the town, and through that on to the beach and the lake. As they approached the beach they saw a crowd there, and heard a confused noise arising therefrom, and on approaching nearer saw a fight going on between some of the townspeople and some American soldiers. They hurried on. At the voice of the alcalde the Mexicans all fell back, and left the three Americans, who as Jonas hurried to them, he found were in a state of intoxication, and as abusive as men could well be. They were three complete rowdies, and in this instance by their own tale, Jonas found they were wholly in the wrong: having hired a boat to bring them over, and not only refused to pay the boatman, but beat him and his companion severely on their insisted demand, and had then thrown a junk bottle at a woman near, the force of which upset her in the water where she had been washing corn. They also had been struck with stones thrown at them afterward, and in a few moments must have been stabbed by the infuriated crowd. Jonas joined them, determined, if possible, to prevent them from being more injured, while the alcalde ordered all the disturbers to leave. The soldier endeavored to quiet the men, but was inquired of by one in his drunken manner, to what regiment he belonged, and then cursed by all because he did not belong to the same regiment that they did. The battalion (Baltimore) to which these chaps belonged, had ever since the battle of Monterey, taken—(among many of these were low characters recruited out of the streets and alleys of Baltimore;—a dislike to the first Tennessee infantry, and in their ignorance they confounded

the three Tennessee regiments together. Among the officers and most of the privates of that battalion, no such feeling was entertained, but among these it existed strongly.

Jonas seeing that he could do no good, retired from them, and one at the same instant picked up a stone and threw it at the nearest Mexican who was listening to the alcalde. This striking him on the cheek, floored him, cutting his face severely. The alcalde, at this act, became exceedingly angry, and in a loud voice ordered the crowd to seize the men and tie them, put them in a boat and carry them over to Tampico; not to hurt them, but to deliver them to the guard at the wharf. Whether the Mexicans have any courage or not, these, though unarmed, jumped on the three, and in less time than it takes for the writing, they were fast, and in less than five minutes more, they were in a boat going back to Tampico as fast as they had come.

Confound these chaps: they got Jonas into a denue of a scrape after they had gone, for their threats of coming back with their battalion, &c., to burn the town, were loud and frequent, and as for Jonas himself, although he had endeavored to act as a friend to them, they threatened him "with the d—m—d—st thrashing that he ever got, the d—m—d Tennesseean." One of the threats was worth as much as the other, and both were idle enough,—but the people did not think so. They crowded around the alcalde, fearful of the threatened visit. The alcalde applied to Jonas. The soldier told him that there was not the slightest reason for alarm: that the men were so completely under the influence of liquor that none of them would know when they became sober any thing about it: that instead of returning, they would be fortunate if they escaped confinement in the guard house for a week or more, and that it was nonsense to think of their inducing their comrades to come over in sufficient numbers to perform their idle threats: that even could they get enough to promise so to do, they would not have the face to come. But, that if the people were alarmed enough to quit there, he might write a note to Colonel Gates,

* A liquor, the juice of the magney plant, an enormous American aloe, fermented. See "Twelve Months' Volunteer," plate, page 402.

the military commander of the city, and inform him of the circumstance,—the alarm of the people, and request a guard to be stationed there. The alcalde liked this idea very much, and insisted upon Jonas writing the note, which the soldier did to the above effect, and signed the name of the alcalde to it, directed it to Colonel Gates, and it was sent off by another boat, which, from the manner in which it was pulled, must have arrived at Tampico before the other.

This scrape, as Jonas and the alcalde both thought, was now ended, and it being 11 o'clock, the two went to the store where they had first met on the day previous; there they took a pull at the seven year old brandy, and then went to see about the Louisiana land spoken of the preceding evening. The lady, and the beautiful Angelina, were ready for their reception. The latter appeared more beautiful to the soldier than on the evening before. Refreshments were passed round in the first place. A table stood near, and on it were the papers, to which Jonas directed his attention; while the lady, the alcalde, and Angelina were engaged in a spirited conversation. The case was simple and clear; her right was incontestible, and but a few moments were requisite for Jonas to put her on the more proper track, and write for her a letter to an attorney in New Orleans. She was delighted, and the soldier was no less so, for he obtained some of Angelina's sweetest smiles, as he announced the result of his investigations. More respect, if possible, was paid to the soldier than previously.

Ah! Jonas was a gentleman then, of the "upper ten," sure. A corresponding degree of affability, condescension, and professional ease, came over him,—ahem! He had already, from seeing the alcalde bow so much, assumed himself a continual congeeing; he bowed and bowed, until he really thought he would never be able again to bring himself to the immovable soldier's position.

While the alcalde and Senora B—— again became interested in a new point with relation to the circumstances under which her former husband had been induced to visit New Orleans, and pur-

chase this property, with a view of removing his family thither, Jonas, not listening to them, was dilating largely to Angelina upon the extreme beauty and fragrance of the flowers he had seen in the garden of Don Pepe Posadas, as before mentioned. The Spanish maiden remarked that that garden was rather more costly than any other in the town, but that she had some peculiar varieties of flowers which Don Pepe had not, and invited Jonas to walk upon the inner corridor of the mansion to see them.

The couple left the room that thus opened upon the corridor; which was on the second story, and ran around three sides of the interior square, or paved courtyard. It was supported by stone pillars, and in turn supported its roof by like pillars, but with ornamented capitals. The floor was of large, perfectly smooth, square tile. A massive balustrade ran around, on the top of which, fitted to receive them, were a row of flower pots, extending round the three sides, or the full length of the corridor; and not only so, but another row was placed on the tile floor against the balustrade; and there were nearly as many in this as the other. The back of the square was open to the view of the lake; a stone wall of ten or twelve feet in height, ran from one wing of the building to the other; in the center of the wall was an arch gateway leading out upon a square pier, against which, as well as against the strong foundations of the wings of the buildings, the clear, deep water of the lake murmured in its gentle waves. Along the top of the wall were placed two bristling rows of iron spikes, and pieces of broken glass between, thickly set in cement, to prevent any one from climbing the wall. A heavy gate closed the outlet to the pier, while under an arch made in the right wing of the building Angelina informed the soldier was kept floating in its own element a pretty boat, used only by the family; for this place, in the water traveling habits of the people, was almost a second Venice.

The extent of the vision over this beautiful lake, and its delightful islands, has been mentioned and repeated; but

the soldier was never weary of viewing it now it came upon him in connection with other beauties. This was beautiful in one sense; the flowers were beautiful in yet another; and in another still, and best of all, to the American, Angelina was the more beautiful, the more attractive, the chief object of attention; for the lady had a soul filled with lofty conceptions and power of mind, but with them, a depth of feeling and affection that could be seen in her eyes, heard in her words, and noticed in her every action. So, while the soldier admired the scenery of the lake, and admired the beauty of the flowers, he admired her the most of all; and while he extended his hands, pointing out to the distant green islands, so sweetly reposing on the bosom of the water, with the towering palms rising above it, it was only to gain from her remarks of assent, and smiles of approbation; and while he admired and praised the extreme beauty and fragrance of her flowers, so new to him, it was only to meet the gratified expression that beamed from her eyes. Taking a rose just blooming from a luxuriant bush in the room, the American presented it to the maiden. It was accepted with a deep blush mantling her cheek, and a bud just opening was returned to him.

In the pleasure of her company, he forgot all else. The maidens of home were banished from his mind; though the soldier before, through the whole campaign, had been pretty faithful to their remembrance. For nearly an hour did they walk the corridor, or leaning near the flowers, talked of attachment and love; or gazing at the slender boats as they went and came over the lake, or were advancing far out. Another meeting was asked by the soldier, and granted; and a sailing party in the boat, to one of the islands, was promised by Angelina. The dinner hour had arrived, and they were joined by the alcalde and Senora B——n, the mother. The alcalde smiling, said in English, to the soldier, as they were standing close to Angelina, at a pillar,

"This will hardly be your last visit here, Señor. Do you think the ladies

of our place so interesting, that you can spend no time with the gentlemen?"

This question confused Jonas, so as to cause the color to rise to his face, as well as to that of the lovely Angelina, who knew the purport of the remark, by its instantaneous effect, though she understood not a word of the sentence. Rosalia too, her sister, about twelve years old, a beautiful little girl, hanging to her mother's arm, looked at the soldier, as he thus was for an instant confused, and addressing her mother, said in Spanish,

"The American's eyes are so blue, so pretty, I could sit and see him smile all the day."

The remark caused both mother and the alcalde to laugh, and Jonas, glad of the opportunity to turn the conversation, to insist upon being told what the remark was, not knowing that it was about him. The mother looked at Rosalia, who cried out, putting her hand playfully on her mother's lip, who was beckoning assent to the alcalde to tell Jonas in English, "no, no, dear mother, don't tell him;" but the alcalde related it, which confused the soldier and Angelina more than ever; the latter looked as though she thought that they might suppose her taste similar to Rosalia's, from the length of time that had elapsed since she had left the room, simply to show the soldier the flowers. The embarrassment of both, however, was removed somewhat, by the announcement of dinner, to which all immediately proceeded. The dinner was in true Mexican style. Course succeeded to course, more than a dozen in number. The dishes were many of them entirely new to the American, and all were so hot with red pepper, seasoned to their universal style, that the soldier was puzzled to keep the tear from starting in his eye, excited by the burning pepper. The wines were excellent,—the conversation was spirited, and the time prolonged.

Now leaving the soldier thus in such company, and so well situated at the table opposite to the charming Angelina, let us, in imagination, pass over the water, and notice one transaction in Tampico, and another in the camp; each

of which, had an immediate effect upon the situation of Jonas.

The first is Tampico. The two boats had arrived there;—the drunken men were delivered to the officer of the guard, with the alcalde's message, and they were instantly marched up to the guard house and confined within its gloomy cells. The note written in the alcalde's name by Jonas, was delivered to colonel Gates, who immediately ordered a regular lieutenant to take a sergeant, corporal, and twenty men, and in two boats, to go to Puebla Viejo, and diligently search that place, arresting any soldier there, who was without a written permit in military form. The lieutenant and his guard immediately started. When leaving the wharf, the harbor master, Clifton, by name, who held his office by appointment of the commander, proposed to accompany the lieutenant, and did so. The boats departed from Tampico during the time that Jonas was on the corridor with the beautiful Angelina, as before described. So,—leaving them, rapidly passing over the beautiful water, the soldiers in each boat all being regulars, all sober, and in full military discipline, the glancing rays of the sun reflected from their bright muskets, while a small American flag, streamed out from the stern of each boat,—let us for a moment glance at the camp in the immediate company to which Jonas belonged, and notice the other transaction referred to.

On the evening previous, the company having got through their sleeping, and gambling, were ordered out to evening roll call. The line was unusually full; no one was on the sick list; no one was apparently absent. The lieutenant in command leaned on his sword, while the orderly sergeant taking out his book, commenced the roll; calling the names of the captain, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and then the long list of privates, who stood shoulder to shoulder immovable; Wm. H. Axtel, "here," was the response; Wm. N. Anderson, "here;" Luke Burr, "here;" Jonas I. Brown, "here;" Jonas Brown, "here;" Wm. H. Dewberry (the horse cracked genius), "here;" and so on; it was

"here," "here," "here," much to the gratification of the first lieutenant, till it came down to Jonas's name, George C. F—r, was called out: of course no answer was given, for Jonas was far away then. George C. F—r, was repeated by the orderly, in a louder voice;—no answer. George C. F—r, shouted he, still louder,—no answer yet, and the pencil was lifted to put down the cross-mark.

"Where is F—r?" called the first lieutenant.

"Does any one know?"

"Gone to old Tampico," called out the one who had accompanied him to the boats.

The lieutenant's countenance fell, for Jonas was not much of a favorite with him, nor he in turn with Jonas. The roll was finished, and the line dismissed. The lieutenant walked to the captain's tent.

"All present, sir, except F—r, he has gone to old Tampico: has he a permit?"

"All right," said the captain; "he has liberty,—he will be back presently."

On dispensing to the tents the forage already drawn the night before, the philosopher, Ingram, remarked,

"By shot bags," a favorite expression of his, "Jonas has gone to old Tampico! He will be back with a bushel of notes for his book. We must feed his horse for him; for by shot I know him, and he had as lief stay over there all night, as not, if he can get any items by it," and so saying he took Jonas's forage bag and well fed the horse, while another brought him hay, &c.

The philosopher was right, for Jonas did not make his appearance. The night passed away. The reveille roused the sleeping army, and the rolls of every company were again called preparatory to the morning drill, and evolutions on the plain; the same scene occurred as on the evening before; Jonas's messmates had again fed his horse as they did their own, and had taken their places in ranks; the names run down the roll; Jonas was again three times loudly called, and another cross went down opposite his name.

"Has not F—r yet got back?" demanded the lieutenant.

His messmates answered in the negative. The roll was finished, the company was formed in ranks, marched to the plain, and drilled for an hour, and dismissed. The captain was busy, as on the evening before, in making out the pay rolls. The lieutenant entered the marquee.

"Captain Sneed, F—r has not yet returned."

The captain was uneasy, but thinking that perhaps he had remained in town on his return, he replied,

"Well, he will be back presently," and went on with his writing, at which he was soon so engaged that Jonas was forgotten.

The morning passed away,—the forenoon regiment parade was over,—the duties were through,—when again the time of roll call arrived, and was gone through with, and a third cross was put at Jonas's name, and again the lieutenant reported his continued absence. The captain laid down his pen:

"This must be looked into. There are large parties of General Cos's scouts on the other side of the river, as information was received today, of which Col. Thomas told me a little while since; they may have picked F—r up. I fear they have. Send sergeant Matoon here. In a moment the sergeant appeared, an ill looking fellow, between whom and Jonas was a hearty hatred, caused in the first place by the meanness of the non-commissioned officer in a transaction at Little Rock, Arkansas, in the first part of the campaign.

"Sergeant," said the captain, "F—r went to old Tampico yesterday, and has not returned, and I fear that he has been killed by the lancers who were lurking about yesterday in that neighborhood. Take six men with your carbines, and go over there and see if you can hear any thing of him. I am fearful that he is killed or made prisoner; here is two dollars which will pay for your boat."

Away went the sergeant to get his men, delighted with the opportunity of going with a guard to old Tampico; for he did love to show himself, and more

delighted to have such a chance at Jonas, whom as he had himself treated meanly, and then been afraid to acknowledge it when the author of the transaction was called for, he now regarded with a perfect hatred.

"Captain," said a tall handsome looking young man by the name of Walton, who had dressed himself up that day, "Won't you let me go with them?"

"Yes, Joe, you may go."

"But I want to swell a little, and astonish these Mexicans; won't you lend me your old uniform coat and one of your swords and sash, and let me go with them, but not in the squad. I want the Mexicans to call me 'captain.' I want to hear how it will sound."

The captain laughed and assented, and Walton was soon in the boat with the red sash and the officer's sword.

"Now," said the captain, "if you are caught shamming the officer, you will get into a bad box; but don't bring my name in."

"No, sir! Captain, I can carry it through," said Walton, as he touched his cap with a very military air, which made the captain snort with laughter.

"Well," said he, "go along."

By this time sergeant Matoon, in all the dignity of petty office, looking as though the fate of nations hung upon his actions, had brought up his squad of six men, and halted them in front of the captain's marquee, and the latter and Walton stepped out. At the sight of Joe in the captain's old uniform, and his pompous air assumed, the whole guard laughed, at which Joe made them a military salute, and the captain joined the roar.

"Joe wants to go with you, sergeant," said he, "to swell, as he calls it, the officer. Let him go independent, returning with you," and off the guard went. The sergeant congratulating himself upon being able thus to get the upper hand of Jonas, while Walton bore out "the officer" finely—his red sash flaunting in the breeze, they marched up into the town. Joe was taken immediately for an officer, greatly to his delight—he touched his cap, and bowed again and again. They went to the landing, hired

a Mexican long canoe, like that in which Jonas had gone at first, and over they started, an hour or perhaps more after the regular guard had gone. On this route we will leave them for a few minutes and return to the first.

The regular guard had gone on the shell beach: two of the sailors who rowed the boats remained, while the guard landed and marched up into the town. They proceeded through several streets. The people were pleased to see them. They found no Americans, however, until on inquiring, the lieutenant learned that there was one American in the house of señora B—n, and halted before the door. Their number made their line long. Their arms were ordered with perfect regularity, and the officer knocked at the house door. One of the servants went there, then hurrying up stairs through the interior court, entered the dining room with the greatest alarm depicted on his countenance. *Americanos soldados!* he exclaimed, and went on jabbering Spanish to the alcalde, who with Jonas and the ladies had not yet risen from the table, to the purport that there was a troop of American soldiers below, and that they were after Jonas, as he pointed at him, thinking it perhaps a good idea for that gentleman to be getting out of the way as quick as possible. The ladies were both exceedingly alarmed. Angelina turned pale as death, and looked at Jonas most beseechingly.

"'Tis the guard you sent after," said the soldier to the alcalde; to the latter's instant relief, and with a smile and a repetition of the information to the ladies, to their relief as much, he rose, and followed by Jonas they stepped out upon the corridor, and down the stone steps to the arched gate or door way, and there met the officer standing:—the harbor master near him, and the guard all facing the doorway.

"Good day, sirs," said the lieutenant. "Do you belong to the army?" said he to Jonas.

"I do, sir," replied the latter:—"to the Tennessee cavalry."

"There has been a disturbance over here," continued the officer, "and I am sent to arrest all Americans with-

out permits of absence,—have you one?"

"No sir," said Jonas, "I have none."

"Well, I must arrest you, then."

"Sir," said the Mexican, "I am the first alcalde of this town. He sent the men who made the disturbance to Tampico," he continued, as the officer looked at him with surprise, to hear him speak such fluent and correct English.

"It is at my request that this gentleman," pointing to Jonas, (ahem!) "is with me. It was his advice that led me to request an American guard, and in fact he wrote the letter for me, and though he has no permit, he has been of such service to me and the lady of this mansion, I would ask it as a favor to me, that he be not interrupted on that account, or be arrested by reason of his own advice to me having thus been carried into effect, for to that alone is owing the fact of your guard being here."

The lieutenant, a perfect gentleman, by the way, was puzzled. His orders were peremptory, but he did not like thus to arrest an individual whose conduct was thus certified to by the principal man in the town, to accommodate whom, he and his guard had been sent. He hesitated, but Clifton the harbor-master, a fool of much apparent dignity, replied unasked,—

"Can't help that, old boy, orders positive—he must be arrested—take charge of him, boys," said he to the guard—but they did not move. The lieutenant was highly displeased, and turning to the other, simply remarked, to his chagrin:

"I beg leave to remind you, Mr. Clifton, that I command the guard." This brought a smile all along the rank, and then turning to the other, continued—

"Well, it's a hard case, gentlemen, but I will do all I can for you. What is your name and company?" said he to Jonas. It was given.

"Well," said he, taking out his watch, "it is now three o'clock: you must go back as a prisoner. I wish you had a permit—but I will not disturb you now while we examine the town for more, if you will give me the word of a soldier that you will report yourself at the boats on the beach at four o'clock."

"I will," said Jonas; this time with the alcalde out on the walk in front, and in full view of the guard, and the officer having turned to his sergeant, directed him to march through the town in search for Americans, and in view of the people, and to proceed to the beach at four o'clock, coming by the billiard room, where he would in the mean time rest a little. Off the guard started.

Lieutenant C. invited Mr. Clifton, a little chopfallen, to accompany him, and on they went, with another bow to the alcalde and Jonas, and the two returned to the ladies, who were delighted to find the matter no worse, but were much concerned at the idea of Jonas returning to Tampico a prisoner. Angelina was the most so, but the soldier laughed it off, saying that life in warfare was full of variety, and that one must be prepared for any thing; and walking upon the corridor again, he talked with all the broken Spanish he could command to the maiden:—told her that if it was possible he would see her again: that he was going to Vera Cruz, and from there the Lord only knew where: that risks and privations, disease and death, were of course the soldier's lot, but if he could before he went, he would see her again,—would come to take part in the sailing party spoken of, and see her lovely face, and hear her voice once more. What she could not understand in words, was perfectly intelligible to her by expression; she presented him with her card, and her mother coming up did the same, and taking leave of them on the corridor, he saw the last of the stately señora and the beautiful Angelina.

It was about a half an hour since the guard had departed. Going to the store at which they had first met, the two called for cigars; and a Mexican came in with a message to the alcalde, to attend to which he stepped out, remarking that he would be back in ten minutes.

Jonas, smoking and thinking of Angelina, walked along a square, telling the store keeper as he left that he would return "poco tempo," ("a very little while.") The soldier was sad—Angelina's form was before his eyes—but his

thoughts took a new direction as he discovered coming up from the beach a file of men, with an officer at their head: he looked as they came nearer, and who should the officer be but Joe Walton,—the file of men of his own company, headed by sergeant Matoon, who appeared as if he was commanding a brigade.

"Hallo, boys," said Jonas, "what are you after?"

"After you, sir," said Walton, with a flourish of his sword, and a bow, "a la militaire."

"Yes," said sergeant Matoon, as he came up and halted the file. "I am ordered by Captain Sneed to arrest you."

"For what?" said Jonas.

"For being absent from camp," returned the other.

"'Tis a d—m—d lie, I know," said the soldier; "Captain Sneed knew what I was about, and I don't believe a word of it."

The other's countenance quailed, which fully convinced Jonas that he was lying, and the sergeant turned to one of the men, Irish Jimmy, as he was called, to prove it.

"By J—s! sergeant, I don't know, sure; indade, you told me to come,—that's all I know—sure it is the blessed drop of the liquor that you promised us, and we have not seen it yet, indade we have n't," said Jimmy. One of the other men remarked that it was the captain's order to arrest Jonas, (but for this he had taken the sergeant's word only,) but as he said so, Jonas remarked, that in such a case he would certainly go without giving them any trouble, but that he could not understand why Captain Sneed should act so foolishly as to give him tacitly full permission thus to go, sanctioned by the colonel, and then send to arrest him.

As Jonas said this, the sergeant made an insulting remark that touched the soldier, and he then swore "he would be d—m—d if he did go with Matoon,—and that he knew it was a lie, and that they were over there on a spree," and he then demanded to see the sergeant's permit and order: but Matoon had none.

The regular guard in the mean time had in full strength turned a corner into the street, and seeing this collection, were coming up. The little guard looked at them. Jonas saw his chance, and determined to improve it. The regular sergeant halted his company.

"Hallo," said he to Jonas, whom he recognized immediately, "what's all this?"

Jonas replied "that it was a sergeant of his company, who said that he had been sent to arrest him, but he believed it all a lie, for the sergeant had no order or permit."

"Ha! ha! my boys," said the regular, "that cat can't jump,—where is your permits?"

"We have not got any," said Mattoon. "We were sent to arrest this man."

"A d—m—d pretty tale," said the regular, contemptuously; "and you are a sergeant, are you?—off on duty, and got no order,—is that your officer?" said he, pointing to Walton, who had stepped off a little, as though he had nothing to do with the business, and who, as he heard this, would have given all his old shoes to have been back in camp. He trembled for Mattoon's answer, but the latter, luckily for him, was thinking so much of himself, that he only answered "no! I'm in command of this squad."

"Well, then, you are all prisoners—have any of you a permit?"

"No! no!" said all:—we are a guard."

"A h—ll of a guard,—off here from the camp in an enemy's town, and nothing to show for it." "Men," he continued, "take the arms from these men: fall in there in front," he ordered, as they were thus forcibly disarmed; they objected, but being compelled, obeyed reluctantly, while Mattoon reasoned and begged, and then cursed, but was on that peremptorily ordered by the other "to shut up, or be gagged."

"Take that man, too," said Mattoon, pointing to Jonas.

"Shut up your mouth, you d—m—d fool," said the regular; who then spoke to Walton, who had been so much alarm-

ed, and yet interested, that he had not thought of slipping off. "You are an officer, are you?"

He was too much scared to speak, but bowed, while the regular scrutinized him to his greater trepidation, but the opinion of the regular was expressed by his words, as he turned off—"Some d—m—d green volunteer lieutenant—looks as if he had been stealing a sheep," and then ordering the column forward, with a bow to Jonas, whose arrangement with the lieutenant he had heard, and having seen him too, in the company at the house in which he was first arrested, he had from association, a greater respect for him. Jonas burst out into a roar of laughter, as the column thus moved off, in which the regular acquiesced by a meaning smile, for he more than half suspected the truth: but he had performed his orders, and he had also taken a strong personal dislike to Mattoon for his expressions to him.

"D—n you! keep step," he called out sharply, "prick that fellow up with your bayonet, if he walks that way," said he to the soldier in rear, and off to the beach from whence they had just come he marched them; they not having had, in the meantime, a drop of the liquor expected by them. There they were forced to get into the boat—Mattoon as sulky as he could be, and not allowed to vent his feelings in curses. The rays of the sun were hot in the boat in which they were placed, while over the other the officers had a fine awning which kept off the burning heat. The sergeant ordered his corporal and men to take charge of the prisoners, while he should go up to Lieut. C. to report. As he thus came back, Jonas had returned to the store, where the alcalde had also arrived; and while telling the latter about it, the regular sergeant came by. Jonas calling him in, he made a polite bow to the alcalde, and then turning to the soldier, remarked that "he had the sergeant satisfied now." Jonas, speaking to the Mexican, the brandy was set before the three, much to the regular's satisfaction and evident gratification; and the soldier remarking that he would go with

him to the lieutenant, and the alcalde wishing to see the end of it, all went. At the billiard room were found Lieut. C. and Mr. Clifton, engaged in a game. The sergeant reporting that he had seven prisoners, and that there were no more Americans in town, or about it. The lieutenant appeared much gratified at his success; for that was a pretty good haul; nor would he have liked to have returned empty handed to Tampico.

Jonas reported himself, and the alcalde renewed his conversation with the lieutenant. The game being finished, the officer wished to take a walk up on the "Mira" to observe the beautiful scene of which he had heard so much; and invited Mr. Clifton, the alcalde and Jonas, to accompany him. This they did freely; and a pleasant walk it was to all, and the lieutenant felt amply compensated for his trouble.

Nothing more was seen of Walton the officer, but Jonas afterwards found that he walked about the streets, continually fearful of detection, and avoiding the guard boats, struck the beach above them out of view of the soldiers who were yet there with the prisoners in the boats, it being while the lieutenant and his companions were gone to the "Mira."

Walton there hired a Mexican to set him across to Tampico, and on his arrival hurrying to Capt. Sneed, then in town, he told him that Jonas was safe, walking about free and as large as life in old Tampico, and that Sergeant Mattoon with his guard had all been arrested, and Mattoon threatened with being gagged—the regulars having them there in custody. The captain did not know what to make of this intelligence. Why the guard was arrested? Why Jonas was free from that which had befallen the rest?

"Why was you not arrested?" said he to Walton.

"This good sword, sir, and this coat were all that saved me," replied the other.

"Did they take you for an officer?" demanded the puzzled captain.

"They asked me if I was an officer,

and I bowed," said he. The captain laughed.

"When will they be over?" he asked. "They won't be over in less than an hour and a half or two hours, and then they will go to the guard-house," replied Walton.

"I must send down and have them released when they arrive," said the captain. "It's a singular affair, anyhow, and I cannot understand it," continued he, musing.

Walton begged the captain to lend him a coat; said that if he had that uniform off, he would never be caught in one again; earnestly told the captain that he was fearful of going through the streets of the city towards camp for fear of detection,—that he had enough of it. There was, however, no alternative for him; the captain insisting that he should carry the uniform and sword back to the camp, and there was no other way to do this save for him to wear it.—And we leave Walton, as with much trepidation he proceeded down the stairs, and putting on, or rather forcing on a "bold look like a sheep," he walked rapidly out of town, and scud it for the camp,—during the campaign never wishing an officer's coat on again.

We return to the parting of the four as they came down from the Mira. The alcalde insisting upon going into the store mentioned before, all did so; and then at his expense, and much to his apparent gratification, all took some of the "six year old brandy." Farewells were exchanged, and as the hands were shaken cordially, a pressing invitation was given to Jonas to come again. Thus leaving the Mexican gentleman, the three proceeded to the beach, where crowded in the open boat, were the other prisoners; most of them sulky, but more especially so was Sergeant Mattoon. Entering the other boat, at the invitation of Lieut. C., Jonas took a seat by him in the stern sheets, protected from the sun by the awning above, and in style, even though a prisoner, the soldier went back to Tampico. The prisoners in the other boat were crowded together like sheep in a market wagon. The lieu-

tenant apologized for the fact, that he would be obliged to deliver Jonas to the officer of the guard at Tampico. The soldier begged him not to think of it, for he said that he had never got into a scrape yet, but that he had been able to get out again.

The boats, propelled by so many sailors, cut the water rapidly. The islands were passed, and out of Jonas's sight; as the last island closed to him the view of the mansion containing the lovely Angelina, he gazed earnestly upon that till it was shut from his vision. The busy city of Tampico was again before him, and after a passage of a little over half an hour, the boats arrived at the wharf; the soldiers landed, and the prisoners were marched up; Jonas, however, going in company with the lieutenant: so that no one who saw him, dreamed, as he gazed at the others, of his being one of them. The list and the men were delivered over to the officer of the guard, and thus ended with the soldier this scene, and we now pass on to

SCENE THE FIFTH.

There was no distinction now between the prisoners as they were thus delivered to the officer of the guard house. Sternly was every name and the company of each demanded; all weapons were taken from them. Jonas was disarmed of his bowie knife, his revolver, dirk, and pistol, and then in a filthy room filled with drunkards, scamps, and dirty fellows, upon whom the vermin were creeping, Jonas, the sergeant, and the guard were all ushered without a word of explanation being heard. Jonas felt now that he was a soldier again, and not only so, but a soldier in a little worse predicament than ever he had been in before. The sergeant growled, whined, and almost cried, because, as he said, "that in the discharge of his duty he had been arrested, his character injured, and he confined in the guard house." Jonas walked amid the dirty crowd: heard the sergeant's complaints, but pitied him not—the mean scamp, with not an honorable principle about him. The other men were variously affected; they were

all good soldiers, and not one of them had ever been in the guard house before. Some looked ashamed, — others laughed, but "Irish Jimmy" growled all the time, not because he had thus been arrested and placed in this nauseous hole, but because that arrest had taken place before the sergeant had given them a drop of the liquor that had been promised them at old Tampico. Jimmy declared that the hot sun had scorched the roots of every hair on his head while for so long he had set in the open boat at the beach under arrest, and that he would be as bald as Dewberry. He swore he would be d—m—d if ever he would go after Jonas again: that it was a judgment on them all: that Jonas was a clever fellow and a good soldier, and a d—m—d sight better than some that had command over him; (this was accompanied by a wink and a nod of his head at the sergeant, as much as to say, take that, you scamp; you promised us a horn if we went, but you were so eager to crow over Jonas, that you would not get it when you might have done so, but pushed on, and then got us all arrested, and so help yourself, d—n you!) Some of the rest swore that Mattoon was a fool to leave camp without a permit or written order, &c. The sergeant caught it from all around; anxious to trap Jonas, he had been trapped himself, and not only so, but had got six men in the same situation. The other inmates of this wretched hole laughed and cursed Mattoon, as he whined and complained. Some of these blessed specimens of human nature had hats, others had not; none of them had beds or blankets. Some of them had thus been confined for two and three weeks. Some had coats, and others none: some were minus a whole pair of breeches. On drunken sprees they had been tattered and partly torn off from them. All were unwashed. The hair of many of them had not been apparently combed in six months. Three or four groups with blood shot eyes, trembling limbs, dirty faces, and most tattered clothing, were squatted down together on the floor, with old packs of cards, still playing and gambling, though thus confined

The floor was covered with inches of filth. Fleas and disgusting vermin were swarming in myriads. Jonas was obliged to stand continually, for there were no seats, and to sit down on the dirty floor would be to have been covered with vermin; so leaning back against the door, from which he judged these customers were likely to be shaken by the continual opening and shutting of the same as more new prisoners were put in, or some other called out, he folded his arms, and surveyed the scene before him. This room of the guard house was of stone, with a stone floor, dirty straw being strewn over it in some places. It was about thirty by twenty feet in area, and over ten in height. In it were some forty prisoners. It was lighted by a wicket through the door, heavily barred with cross irons, and beside that, a huge window on the opposite side, with heavier perpendicular bars of iron set firmly in the stone, above and below, admitted air and light. Around this window was a crowd of the dirty fellows pushing and scrambling continually with each other in reaching the bars, to look out on the square, or to induce some soldiers or Mexicans to obtain for them bread, or fruit, or any thing else to eat.

Water was brought in by the guard: many of them in there had a little money, for general pay-day had taken place a few days before this, and those who had been in the longest had kept themselves in funds by picking the pockets of those who were just put in. Many a good soldier was there confined by the petty tyranny of his lieutenant or captain—many a man picked up by caprice of the sergeants patrolling the town, and thus confined in that dirty hole, to which our jails at home would have been comfortable in comparison. In the groups playing cards were many evidently under the strong influence of liquor; but how these had obtained it was a puzzle to Jonas, who, in watching the dirty crowd, had become interested in their movements and actions. Two others were so interested that they were stretched out in the filth close at his feet, while one more was in the other extremity of the room. A most disagreeable

odor filled the room. One man, a regular, sat against the wall near to Jonas; his hands were pressed to his head, which rested on his elevated knees; he appeared as if he was absorbed in deep thought—his blue uniform was dirty, but it was whole, and although in so filthy a situation, he appeared as if he had been neatly dressed when he was imprisoned; he looked up at Jonas, and then, at the sound of a string of most vulgar curses that came from the next group, "G—d d—m it, go it boys," said he, "it's all in a life-time." He spoke with a bitter expression, that sounded to Jonas' ear as though he had determined to give himself up in despair: his eyes were blood-shot, and late excessive use of liquor was strongly marked in his face, yet his countenance was intelligent, his forehead full. Jonas spoke to him. "How do you get brandy in here?" said he.

"Easy enough," replied the regular, looking up at him again, "have you any money?—if you have, hand it out, and I'll get some for you, and go halves, for I have not got a cent."

"No," replied Jonas, "I don't want any, but I want to know how you get it."

"Give me a quarter," said the regular, "and I will show you."

Jonas gave him the quarter of a dollar; he thought that as he was in there, he would learn something of that scene, for there never was a military occupation of a city without a guardhouse; but whether those in the other cities taken in Mexico, were like this one, Jonas did not know, but supposed from the conversations he had heard from those who had tried them at Matamoras, Monterey, Camargo, Victoria, &c., they were about the same. The regular rose with his money,—his face in expression having much eagerness. He was in person large, well formed, tall, straight, and a good specimen of a soldier; he pushed his way to the window, cursing as loud as any among the cursing crowd. At the window, or about six or eight feet in front of it, stood two of the guard with their muskets, stationed to prevent any liquor being conveyed in, while half a

dozen Mexicans were there ready to take the money, and buy articles of provision, &c. To one of these he gave the quarter, telling him that he wanted "*pan*," (bread.) The guard outside looked on unconcerned, for provisions were not forbidden. In a very few moments the regular brought back to Jonas two round loaves of bread, baked so hard on the outside that they looked as if burned. With a smile on his dirty countenance, he handed one of them over, while he sat down with the other. Jonas, surprised at the bread, when he had expected liquor to be brought, broke open his loaf, and inside, to his greater surprise, found it completely saturated with brandy just introduced. The regular looked up at him with a knowing smile, as he thus examined it. "These Mexicans know how to fix it," he said, as he took a huge bite into the middle of his loaf, and then continued to take out the inside from the shell like gouging out the "innards" of a watermelon. Jonas turned his two pieces over, while the brandy dripped from them.

"D—m—d good measure," continued the regular,—"but you are looking to find how they got it in the loaf. I'll show you," and turning his own over, he picked at the shell, and out came a plug of crust that had been neatly cut and inserted into the hard baked shell after the liquor had been turned in, and the spongy inside had absorbed it immediately. One such plug was in each end of the loaf, and was put back with so much neatness, that one unpractised would turn it over many times before he would see the place.

"Well, that's ingenious," said Jonas.

"These Mexicans fix it up," repeated the regular.

"But how do they know what you want? you can't speak before the guard?"

"Oh, easy enough," said the other, who had cleared out one of his shells, and laying it down by him, as he had turned his face to the wall, and was grabbing into the other, "draw the money across their hands when you give it to them, and tell them you want bread, if you want brandy:—if not, put the money right into their hands."

"Well, well," said the soldier, "are they caught at it?"

"No, they never have been caught at this; but they had other ways for a long time, and one of them got caught at those, and they thrashed him and sent him off."

"Well, what was done about it?"

"They watch sharply for any thing like a bottle, ever since, and for near four days we did not get any liquor, till a chap managed to bring some in here to sell to us."

"Brought it in here,—did he get in with it?"

"Why he was d—m—d smart: he got the insides of a pig, such as you know our old women at home, stuff with sausage meat, and cleaned it, and filled it with liquor, and tying one end of it to his ankle, then wrapped it all around his leg like a snake, and around his body two or three times, and had the top tied to his waist; then he wrapped a lot of corn sacking torn up into strips, round the other leg to make it equal in size. We thought he was a fat fellow when he came in," continued the regular, chuckling to himself at the remembrance, "but he was d—d lean when he went out; there is some of his rags there now," said he, glancing at some strips of sacking that lay mouldering in the dirty straw.

"But how did he get in?"

"Why, when he was fixed he came by here, and pretended to be drunk, and told one of the fellows on guard that he looked d—m—d fine there, guarding a set of men that were better than he was. The other threatened to call the sergeant of the guard, and the chap cursed him and the sergeant too, and walked off, but he had not gone far before they had him, and placed him in here."

"Well, you got liquor, then?"

"Yes; that night we 'sucked the snake,' as we called it, right dry, and he had a lot of dimes and bits for it."

"How did he get out?"

"The next day he sent word to his captain that he had been saucy to another soldier on guard, and that he was in the guard house for it, and he was very sorry for it, &c., and the captain

came by and obtained his release, but I'll be d—d if it had been an officer that he had spoken to, if he had got out so easily; I know that by experience."

"Well, how long did you go without liquor, then?"

"Why, that day these Mexicans fixed up these bread doings. The d—m—d guard watch for bottles, but don't look at the bread."

"Well, can you trust these Mexicans to bring you change when you don't have it?"

"Oh yes, they go straight: there is but six of them, and they won't let any other come near them,—they all know the game."

"What do you pay them?"

"A picayune a trip,—they only go across the square: two loaves to a picayune,—the liquor is a bit, and that leaves them their picayune out of a quarter, and the liquor in one loaf is enough at a time;—but I have been in here so long that I am out of money, and I have to watch those that come in that don't know, and get it for them on halves. That's the reason I sat down by you."

"But, do you let every one know this?"

"No! only those that a fellow can see knows enough to keep it still when they go out: some d—d fools would blab it."

"How long have you been in here?"

"Over three weeks."

"What are you in here for?"

"My first lieutenant was tight one evening on drill, and I was the pivot man on the left of the platoon, and he thought I moved in wheeling, and he called me 'a d—d s—n of a b—t—h,' and I told him 'that from the looks of the puppies, his mother was the biggest dog of the two,' and he had me arrested and marched off here, and is going to have me court-martialed, so he says."

"Will he do it?"

"No—for his being drunk would be brought out, but he will keep me here as long as he can; but we are going to Vera Cruz, they tell me, before long, and I will get out then."

The conversation was stopped by the heavy drawing of the bars of the door without, the turning of the large key,

and the sound of the bolt of the lock as it flew back, and as Jonas stepped out of the way the door opened a little, and in the spruce sergeant appeared, with a paper in his hand.

"Sergeant George Matoon," he called—"private Jimmy Brown, John McDonough," &c., &c.; it was the list of the guard thus imprisoned. Captain Sneed had sent for their release. Jonas listened for his own name, but it was not there.*

"D—n the captain," he muttered, as Matoon passed out with the rest, throwing a malicious glance upon our Jonas; the door was again closed, locked and bolted.

Night was approaching. The soldier did not like the idea of staying there. He rapped loudly at the wicket, and of the soldier there who came to know what was wanted, he asked to see the lieutenant in command, and that officer, of the Baltimore battalion, (whose name the author would gladly insert here as credit to his gentlemanly conduct, but unintentionally it was lost,) came to the wicket. Jonas requested of him a pencil and paper, and that a note he would write, might be sent to Colonel Thomas, of the Tennessee cavalry. The lieutenant politely assented, handed him the pencil and paper, and on his knee the soldier wrote:—

"COLONEL THOMAS†—I am here in the guard house; will you have me released?"

Yours, &c.

"Tampico, February 27th, 1847."

The note was instantly sent off by the favor of the lieutenant, and the man who carried it for a reward in addition promised him by Jonas, met the colonel on horseback, not fifty yards from the

* Captain Sneed had been informed by Walton that Jonas was not arrested; consequently, his name was not on the list sent.

† To Colonel Thomas, who, wincing a little under the previous tales that bore rather hard on him, told the author he would consent freely to their publication, provided he would relate this tale, and his application to him for release from the guard house, together with the circumstances that led to it, the author now presents his respects, and freely relates the circumstance, which among many more happened to both, as well as to all others of their thousands of comrades in those days, when they all went "sodgating" to Mexico.

guard house, going out to camp. He spoke to him, and presented the note, and the colonel laughed, and rode in front, still holding the note, and speaking to the lieutenant, as the latter came out of his room adjoining, he directed Jonas's release, and remained, as the sergeant again unbolted and unlocked the door, and swung it open and called out aloud. At the sound of his name, Jonas jumped, and as the regular said, "good!—God bless you, old fellow,—don't get in here again," he came out into the open air.

The colonel seriously inquired how he got in there. Jonas replied "that it was a long story."

"Well, well," said the colonel, "come down tomorrow to my marquee, and tell me all about it. I thought," said he, as he rode off, "that perhaps you might have gone in there to take notes," and he rode away with a laugh,—but Jonas was then in no mood for laughter. He inquired of the lieutenant, and found that the three chaps whose conduct in old Tampico had led to all this trouble to him, were still confined in another room of the guard house, in which those who came in drunk were placed, and the "accommodations" of which were not equal to those of the apartment of which Jonas had been an inmate. The soldier now started for camp, for the sun was nearly down: wishing to see the captain at once. He encountered one of his comrades, who had met the others, and they had told him of the conclusion of their time, while acting as guard, to his great merriment. He informed Jonas that the captain had come up to town, and was writing in a room hired at a particular place near the Plaza de Armas. Jonas immediately turned, and walked rapidly there, and soon got into another scrape, which we will relate as

SCENE THE SIXTH.

Sergeant Matoon had known where Captain Sneed would be, having been told by that officer as he left the camp to go to old Tampico in search for Jonas, and as he now obtained his liberty from the guard house, he hurried through the streets, fearful all the time that Jonas

might be released before he could see the captain. He was aware that he had not been ordered to arrest the soldier, and the best way that suggested itself to his mind, fertile in rascally schemes, was to influence the captain strongly against Jonas, before the latter could appear in person. Finding the officer at his rooms, the sergeant, hardly noticing the presence of some other officers, immediately commenced a long report of his proceedings, part of which was true, and part false; weaving the whole together, he related the manner of his going to old Tampico, his rapid search, his finding Jonas, and in a mild manner his telling the latter that the captain had been concerned about his safety, and had sent him with the guard to look after him, &c.; that Jonas in reply had "d—d the captain for an old woman, said that he was perfectly able to take care of himself, that the captain always had a prejudice against him on account of his political tenets at home, being at variance with those held by the captain himself, and because Jonas had voted against him before the war, when the latter was a candidate for the legislature. That the captain might mind his own affairs, or go to h—ll, as he chose." The sergeant continued, "that when Jonas spoke in this contemptuous and abusive manner of the captain, that he, the sergeant, then told him that he would arrest him, and carry him back to camp. That Jonas then swore he would not go, and a guard of regulars coming up at that time, with whom Jonas appeared to be on very good terms, so much so, that he induced the sergeant of that stronger guard to arrest him, Matoon, and his whole guard, and march them as prisoners to their boats, leaving Jonas free as ever; that as they did this, he asked the regular sergeant to arrest Jonas also, and the other had told him to shut his mouth or be gagged,—that in returning he told the regular that he would inform Captain Sneed of the whole proceedings, and the regular replied, 'Captain Sneed be d—d, keep time there,' and ordered one of the other soldiers to prick him with the bayonet if he did not do it, and that Jonas at this remark had burst out

into a loud laugh while seeing the sergeant and his guard thus marched off as prisoners, and that the regular sergeant had joined in the laugh, confirming the appearance of a good understanding between him and Jonas, especially at the expression, 'Captain Sneed be d—d.' That Jonas had told the regular that he, Matoon, and the men were some of his own company that were only over there on a drunken spree, which remark caused their arrest. That Jonas had followed them, highly amused, till they were confined in the boats exposed to the hot sun, and then he had called the regular sergeant off, and they went and drank in high glee over the scrape of having Captain Sneed's guard all thus prisoners, and safely kept. That then leaving them there broiling in the sun, Jonas went off for an hour or more, acting the gentleman with the officers, and the alcalde. That having returned, he took more liquor, and came to the boats, and laughed at the prisoners, and by invitation, got in the other boat by the side of the officers, and was as large as life, and d—d Captain Sneed. That, however, he and all the rest of them were put in the guard house, and there he was using the same words, and the last expression that he, Matoon, heard Jonas say when leaving the guard house was, d—n Captain Sneed." This corresponded in many parts with what Walton had related before; as he had just arrived, anxious to get rid of that uniform, and the captain believing all of it, was, as may be supposed, furiously angry. Not so with the other officers; the tale, even as told by Matoon, was so ludicrous, that they all roared with laughter. "So," said Lieutenant Smith, almost stopping his breath in a pause of his laughter, "you and your guard were all arrested and brought to the guard house?"

"Yes," said the sergeant, "every mother's son of us thrown in there for obeying orders." The lieutenant snorted again.

"Where is F—r?" demanded the captain, pale with rage.

"In the guard house, sir," said the sergeant, with a wink of malicious grati-

fication, at the probable successful termination of his scheme.

"Well, there let him remain." But Jonas was not there. Rapidly passing street after street, burning with anger, he had found the captain's quarters;—had, in the splendid building, ascended three flights of stairs into a lofty corridor which, singularly enough for that country, was enclosed with glass, and then into the captain's room he walked, and popped upon them to the astonishment of all, and the alarm of the sergeant, who had hoped that the guard house might retain him for a long time. The anger flashing from the captain's eyes was answered by the same from his own, while the sergeant looked blank, and the officers gazed with surprise on the group. For a moment not a word was spoken, and Jonas with a rapid gesture towards the sergeant, asked the captain, "did you send that contemptible scoundrel over to arrest me?" The tone, the words, the action, struck the captain's attention, for he saw in an instant that the anger of the soldier was not directed against him, but at the sergeant, to whose face he glanced, and the confused, guilty expression there, noticed also by the rest, prevented him from making the answer that was raised to his lips. In a voice steady, but forced, he ordered Matoon to remain where he was, and rising, came to the door, directing the soldier to come out. A rapid conversation of half a dozen questions and answers on either side, led them both into the true light of the action of the sergeant, who, in the mean time, hearing these, and knowing what they would inevitably lead to, began in a storm of fury to swear that Jonas was a d—d rascal, and as he was saying that he ran out and struck the latter a violent blow on the back of the head, as he was with his back to the door, facing the captain, not noticing the sergeant, for it was now near dark. The blow threw Jonas forward against the captain, but recovering himself in an instant, he returned it with such effect as to knock his assailant back against Lieutenant Smith, who had ran out after him. At this instant, as Jonas was repeating his blow, the captain

seized him, and threw him back against the glass, breaking two large panes, while the sergeant was also pulled away by the lieutenant. The noise had been loud before this, and, attracted by it, the Frenchman to whom the house belonged, a little weazened, dried up specimen of humanity, had cautiously crept up two flights of the stairs: but as these blows came with the corresponding louder noise, he ran quickly up the other staircase with his hands above his head, and with his face the very picture of alarm, he rapidly exclaimed, "*mon dieu! mon dieu! messieurs! shentlemens! no be one fight here!*" and as the broken glass came down round him as he ascended to within a few steps of the top, he danced with alarm on the stair way, with his hands higher up, his fingers wide spread, "*no be one fight here, shentlemens.*" "Go back," shouted the captain to him. "*Shentlemens,*" began he again, casting a wild, and most beseeching look at the officer; "go back," thundered the captain, as he jumped to the head of the stairway towards him, and down popped the Frenchman, running round the head of the next stairway, but returning instantly to the front of the first. "*Mon dieu! shentlemens! no be one fight here!*" "Go down!" again stormed the captain, as he made another motion toward the stairway, and the little Frenchman's bald head disappeared quickly below.

"Sergeant Matoon," said the captain, "go to camp immediately. F—r go in my room there: I will investigate this matter tomorrow." Jonas did not like this, and as the sergeant went off, he determined to get away from the captain, and following Matoon, to catch him on the bare plain near to the camp, and to give him a thrashing. The captain, Lieutenant Smith, and Jonas went back into the room, and in answer to the questions of the former, the latter told enough to excite their curiosity. "Captain, let me go now," said Jonas.

"No, no," said the captain, "you want to overtake Matoon, and have a fight; you must stay here half an hour," looking at his watch, "and that will give him time to get to camp, and then you

may go—so now you might as well tell us 'all about it." Jonas related the points of the whole, of the guard, of Matoon, of his previous arrest, of the actions of Walton, of his sudden disappearance, &c., to their great amusement. The captain said that if he had known of the hatred existing between Matoon and Jonas, he would have sent another sergeant;—he was fully convinced of the culpable actions and falsehood of Matoon, but as he did not wish any more disturbance, before he would allow Jonas to depart, he extorted a promise from him that he would not speak to Matoon or trouble him in any way that evening, but go to his tent directly; Jonas promised that, to get away, and the captain wrote a permit for him to pass the line then, for it was after seven o'clock, and the sentinels had been posted for the night. Jonas was warmly greeted by his messmates, who had heard from the return guard of his safety, and shortly after he spread with them his blanket, and lying down, endeavored to sleep; but long after they were asleep he was yet awake, for the various scenes of the last forty-eight hours crowded upon his mind—crossed the field of his memory like a fresh and brilliantly painted panorama to the vision. Forty-eight hours before he had been sweetly sleeping where he then was, and how many incidents had transpired meanwhile. The truth of the quotation came home upon him, "we know not in the morning what the day may bring forth," but one thing he knew, as finally he was composing himself to sleep, and that was, that in the morning Matoon would be certain "to catch it" for his conduct; and sure enough he did, it being the first thing Jonas attended to on the next morning after drill: and although the latter was not permitted by the too quick interference of others to do the job as completely as he had intended to do, yet he did it entirely to the other's satisfaction, and the effect of it was to make the scamp behave himself perfectly squarely toward Jonas for the remainder of the campaign.

To old Tampico Jonas never had the opportunity to return—a few days after

this finding him on the Gulf of Mexico in a large ship, which with another held the whole regiment, bound for Vera Cruz; but when the scenes of the bombardment and capture of the latter city had taken place, he received a letter from señora B— with relation to her business, containing, too, a message from Angelina of remembrance,—both written by the alcalde in English, who added his own, with the wish expressed, again to see the soldier at Pueblo Viejo. But the fates were against that, and Pueblo

Viejo, with the persons there, never has, and probably never will be seen by him again. And now the author, on the conclusion of this tale, lays down his pen with reluctance, as he thinks of the busy scenes into which memory carries him back as he writes,—of the individuals here mentioned, as together never again to meet. Stirring actions, exciting dangers, and then most lovely and beautiful scenes,—for, perhaps, never shall he see the like again.

FIGHTING ON ONE'S OWN HOOK.

It is not the size of the person alone that makes the efficient soldier; neither does it always happen in the field that those regiments composed, as the remark is, "of the finest looking men," who move "like clock work," in every drill and evolution to the spot, distinguish themselves in action above the others. Sometimes it is the reverse of this with whole regiments, and often so with individual soldiers, who, good for nothing at drill, or in camp, or in fatigue parties, are yet the very d—v—l for fighting.

Elgin A. Mullins, of company I. of the 1st Mississippi rifle regiment, was an instance of this. Mullins was a little fellow, a very little fellow; so short was he that when he made his application at Vicksburg for admission into the ranks of the company from Holly Springs, under the command of the gallant Captain J. H. Taylor, he was refused, solely on account of his diminutive stature, and perhaps the looks of his "phiz," which was by no means handsome; but the captain, seeing in it the indications of a determined spirit, and fearless disposition, evaded the military restriction by receiving Mullins as a fife, and so in that capacity he was mustered into the service;—but a fife had always been Mullins' aversion, he had never tried to blow one himself, and his limited knowledge of music did not enable him to dis-

tinguish one note or tune from another. However, when the instrument was handed over to him he made some vigorous efforts to extract music of some sort from it, to the great amusement of the company; entirely failing therein, he threw it down, and applied to Captain Taylor for a rifle and accoutrements, and was accordingly furnished with one, which to load he had to place with the butt of it from him before the muzzle could be sufficiently depressed to enable him to insert the cartridge. So Mullins went to the war, on the muster roll a fife, but any thing but that elsewhere, for during the whole campaign he never again touched a fife, though he was extremely fond of the name of a musician, and it was of much advantage to him, for being neither that, nor marshaled in the ranks, he moved in a sort of independent manner,—going and coming pretty much as he chose. A perfect stranger to fear, completely reckless of consequences, he would go alone out of camp for beef, stroll off further, run more risks, and bring in more beef than any other one chose to do. Several little skirmishes he got into with rancheros and guerrillas, but his rifle was good—though held low, its aim was sure. At the battle of Monterey he was in his element, for rapidly back and forth behind walls, and houses, and in the open streets, amid the thunders of the battle, did "little

Mullins," as he was called, coolly load, and as coolly, and every time with effect, fire upon the enemy on the house tops, and behind the barricades;—storms of grape and canister swept continually by and around him, but touched him not. If his eye caught a good view of a Mexican through the smoke, that chap was sure to hear from his rifle. He noticed not what troops he was amid, for part of the time he was with his own regiment, then in the 1st Tennessee, and then in the 1st Ohio. The little Mississippian, known by his rifle, was in all ranks occasionally, but mostly by himself, and in the latter way was he, when after fort Tannerio was taken, the commanding officer advanced toward General Twiggs, drawing his sword to deliver it, Mullins was near, covered with sweat, and blackened by the smoke of gunpowder, he was resting, breathing hard with his previous exertions. In no manner had the conflict slackened in front, or on the right of them as they thus stood—the cannon shot and shells from the other forts were turned upon the captured, and were striking around, while the discharges of small arms were incessant. A dim, blue, hazy smoke hung above the captured fortress, in, and before which, so many lay dead, dying, or freely bleeding. Mullins casting his eye toward the officer as he was thus drawing his sword, thought that he was about to attack General Twiggs, and without the least reflection, leveling his rifle, at the instantaneous crack, down dropped the Mexican with the sword in his hand. Twiggs was furious, and forgetting his station, he ran toward the little fifer with his drawn sword lifted, and anger flashing from his eyes, looking more enraged on account of his having white mustachios, and Mullins, on his approach, for the first time, "turned tail," and ran as fast as his duck legs could carry him, looking behind him, and up to the sword gleaming over the head of the infuriated general, who had overtaken him with the same ratio of speed that a war horse would run down a pony—the blow descending on the little fifer's head was, however, diverted by the second thought of the general, to

a severe slap with the broad side, instead of the edge, across the shoulders of the culprit, followed by others with all the force of the general's brawny arm, accompanied by a storm of curses at "the little rascal," who danced around, more concerned, however, at having the general thus upon him, than at the blows. This castigation, which was given directly under the full fire of fort Diablo, was only stopped by the running up of the other officers of Twiggs' staff, who interfered, and the little fifer cleared out; the general composing himself, returned. The Mexican was dead, and the only effect on the other Mexican officers was a quiet smile at seeing *el general Americano* running so furiously after his little soldier. They were conducted off, and in less than ten minutes Mullins was with some scattered men of the Baltimore battalion;—he fought the whole time, and though so exposed, came out without a mark, save the one left by the sword of General Twiggs.

At Buena Vista, Mullins was present. When the regiment marched from Saltillo in the morning for the field, and the sudden peals of cannon reverberating along the mountains informed them that the bloody conflict was already commenced, the march was hastened, and in the quickest step they hastened along. Mullins' legs were worked to great disadvantage in conveying their owner fast enough, loaded as he was with the rifle, and full supplies of ammunition, together with his knapsack. He puffed and blowed, trotted and walked by turns, as eager as any; he was fretted and angry because he could not keep up. He swore he would have a horse before night, that he would fight like a gentleman, and so grumbling, cursing, trotting and puffing, the little fifer kept in the rear of his company.

As the regiment arrived at the battle field, it went immediately into action, advancing against the heavy body of the Mexican army which had driven in the left of the American line. Mullins, as the regiment halted, and formed in line of battle, forgot his short legs, and delivered his fire for several successive volleys with effect. The regiment, how-

ever, were obliged to fall back, and then were charged upon by a body of Mexican lancers, who were repulsed by the rifle balls alone, which emptied the saddles of many, and the loose horses bounded in terror over the field. Again did the little fifer long for a horse as he saw these thus loose, but there was no time then to endeavor to get one. United with the 3d Indianians, the regiment again successfully withstood a heavy attack of the Mexican column, and Mullins' rifle rang clear as any at their approach; but a lull in the storm of battle took place by the appearance of a flag of truce from the Mexican general. During the temporary cessation of the firing, the wearied soldiers threw themselves on the ground and endeavored to assuage the sufferings of their mangled companions. A Mexican horse richly caparisoned, came bounding over the field. Upon seeing him, the fifer, unable to resist the temptation, started after him, and getting near to him, attracted his attention by his soothing voice. The horse stopped, turned round, threw higher his head, and examined Mullins as he silently approached, but not satisfied with his appearance, the animal turned with a loud snort, and rapidly ran off farther, and toward the Mexicans who were at the foot of the mountain. Within the reach of their fire did Mullins pursue, unmindful of them, and as much engaged, in these terrible moments of suspense to thousands, in endeavoring to catch the horse, as though he and the animal were in a quiet pasture at home. No thought of the instantaneous renewal of the battle crossed his mind. Luckily for him, the horse starting onward again, ran around over the scene of the late conflict down between the stations of the American troops, becoming more gentle towards his pursuer, and soothed by the latter's continual coaxing as he came near, the horse finally stopped in a ravine, and allowed Mullins to secure him. Once mounted, he found two fine pistols in the holsters, both loaded; exulting in his prize, he came up out of the ravine, looking for his regiment, but the battle had recommenced in all its fury, — far over the plain and the mountains on

either hand his vision extended, the former here and there was obscured by clouds of rising dust and smoke; to his left was a long and imposing body of Mexican cavalry, already on the move; to his right, as he faced the gorge, or pass, where the heat of the fight was going on, was the hacienda of Buena Vista, and between him and that was a small body of American cavalry. His own regiment having shifted its position, he could not see, and toward this body of Arkansas cavalry he rode, was welcomed by them, and joined in the ranks, though he had but his rifle and pistols. The Mexican cavalry making a circuit, came down on the hacienda of Buena Vista like an avalanche. Nobly did the little band under Col. Yell meet the shock, and although the column in its impetuosity forced these out of the way, and destroyed the gallant leader with many of his men, yet the destruction in their own ranks, forced the column after much loss, to divide—part to retreat, and part to continue on towards the mountain; upon those thus retreating the fire of the scattered bodies of Americans rapidly recruiting, was incessant, while the cavalry pursued, using their sabers with effect. With these our little fifer and his charger rapidly rode, but his long rifle was empty, nor could he there load it, his pistols were also discharged, and he was not skillful enough in cavalry exercises to be able then to reload them. It was more than he could do to hold his rifle and restrain his fiery horse. So on after the retreating column Mullins sped like the wind; the foremost rank of the pursuers was gained, and Mullins was in the "melee," but wholly inefficient where the blow of the saber was parried by the lance, and steel clashed with steel.

"Hold on, Mississippian, you will be killed," shouted an officer of May's dragoons, as Mullins was passing him, both going at the top of their speed. "G-d, I can't do it," was the reply, as Mullins dashed ahead, tugging with all his might at the reins, but the furious horse recognizing his companions, ran after them regardless of restraint, and singling out one that was rode by a Mexican sergeant, pursued him with all the vigor with which

his powerful limbs were endowed. The sergeant thus so rapidly pursued, though well armed, turned and doubled as he sped over the plain, but the horse of the fifer turned and doubled as the other did, and gained upon him at every leap;—Mullins now was rather anxious to be on foot again. He would not have cared, but been highly gratified, had he only a loaded pistol, a rifle, or a bayonet,—but as he rapidly neared, in spite of himself, the long keen lance that glistened in his vision, he felt it in imagination, already insinuating its cold surface through his liver, and again he gave a desperate pull at the reins, but the horse with a higher bound than before, still kept on. The Mexican plunged his long spurs in the side of his animal. With the swiftness of the wind, and far away from either of the contending armies, did the two speed on in their singular race. Nearer and nearer yet came Mullins to the dreaded lance, and again did he throw his strength on the reins, but to no purpose, and as bound after bound brought the head of his horse up near to the quarter of the other, the Mexican glancing behind for an instant, lowered his formidable weapon, as Mullins thought, to transfix him with its sharp point, and a most vigorous jerk on one rein did he give the steed to pull him off from the other, but the advantage thus for an instant gained, was lost by the next bound bringing him full along side of his antagonist. The Mexican, frightened nearly out of his wits, raised his lance quickly, and handed it over to the other, as checking his horse, Mullins also slackened his speed, as his rider eagerly clutched the lance so unexpectedly presented to him, and after a few short bounds the two stopped. Our little fifer, out of breath with his race, demanded in broken Spanish the name of the other, "Francisco Alvases, señor," said the

sergeant, who in turn then asked the name of his captor—"my name is fifer Mullins, of Captain Taylor's company of the 1st Mississippi rifle regiment, at your service," pompously replied Mullins,—"*no entienda Engles,*" (I don't understand English,) said the other, wagging his head. "Well, come along then," said Mullins, "you can understand this," as he caught the other's horse by the reins, and his own then satisfied, willing to walk, he led the prisoner triumphantly back to Colonel May, to whom he delivered him, and when complimented by that officer amid the smiles of all in the ranks, who having discontinued the pursuit, had seen the race, and were now for a few moments at rest, replied that he was only anxious the prisoner should know by whom he had been captured, "for," said he, "colonel, the d—d Mexican don't understand me." One of the men in the rank who spoke Spanish was called out by the colonel, who was amused at the eagerness of the little Mississippian. To him the fifer spoke,—"Tell him," pointing to the prisoner,—"that my name is fifer Mullins, of Captain Taylor's company, 1st regiment of Mississippi rifles," said the fifer with an air of much importance. This was translated to the prisoner, who acknowledged it by a polite bow. The fifer rode off satisfied, and the prisoner was sent to the rear. Mullins, however, had enough of fighting on horseback for that time, and getting to the hacienda he secured his horse, and on foot fought the remainder of the day, part of the time with the 2d Kentucky infantry, part by himself, until near the close of the action, he again joined his own company, swearing "by G—d, this thing of fighting on horseback, and loading one's gun going at full speed among the enemy, was not the thing it was 'cracked up to be.'"