

covered over, the soil was beat down with a large stone, and left level with the surface.

As we came back we met another funeral escort, but unlike the first. The body was uncoffined, unshrouded, and unattended by the pomp of ceremony, or the lamentation of friends. The dead man was guilty of poverty. But the *last* may be *first*.

Having returned to our camp we all entered upon the culinary preparation of four days' provisions. To-morrow we shall, if ready, start for Monterey. If ready, I said; the mules must be shod, and broken in time for the harness. The right wing may leave us, which we all hope will not be the case.

The reported deaths to-day of Mexicans in Camargo, was thirteen, mostly from measles. No wonder this disease is so fatal with Mexican treatment. When the malady is fairly broken out, they apply cold water and drive it in, and the consequence is, the patient is driven into the eternal world. I should like to speak of many more things which I have seen to-day, but the lateness of the hour, and my weariness will prevent it. I am now afflicted with the first cold since I left home. Two items more shall be mentioned. Another was received this evening into the mess; and it is said the needle-eyed soul of the Whiteville has been discharged from the captaincy for dissipation, and inattention to duty.

19th.—Pursuant to arrangement, we set out to-day for Monterey. We were awakened before daylight, but we did not start before noon. Many of us have been in Camargo to-day, to obtain five more mules, and exchange flour for bread. Our haversacks are stored with four days' provisions. Here is a list of eatables; 1st, bread; 2d, boiled pickled pork; 3d, coffee; 4th, salt. Soon we shall realize the fatigues and trials of a wearisome march. For my future perusal I shall give a minute description of the sufferings and incidents of our tedious journey.

The road to-day was ankle deep in dust all the way, which nearly suffocated us. It arose so thick at times, that we could not see the company in front. We, however, kept up our spirits to the highest pitch. Bursts of merriment followed the glances and expressions of all. We were truly an antiquated looking group, with our locks and hair covered faces whitened with the dust.

About sundown we arrived at our first encampment, having traveled nine miles. The 1st regiment of Indiana had started in the

morning, and had already pitched their tents. The 3d regiment had gone ahead. I feel very tired with sore feet and aching bones. A cup of coffee has helped me somewhat.

20th.—This morning I arose greatly refreshed, and ready to march twenty miles, the reported distance to Mier; but before night I felt very differently, and every step was exceedingly painful. My feet were badly blistered, and every sudden movement of my arms, was like the piercing of sharp instruments. These acute pains were occasioned by the straps and weight of my knapsack, which contained all I possessed. Fancy to yourself the burden I was bound to support. The cartridge box with forty rounds of ounce ball cartridges, bayonet scabbard and belts, the haversack of provisions, canteen with water, musket and knapsack. Let the stoutest carry such loads twenty miles through dust and hot sunshine, and I assure you they will gladly stop for the night. The straps of my knapsack bound me so tight, that I could scarcely breathe. The pain at times was so excessive that I became bewildered, and all things seemed to swim around me. But pride forbade complaint and I jogged on; while others, apparently hardier than myself, gave out, and had their burdens lightened. It was dark when we pitched our tents in sight of Mier. After much seeking, sufficient wood was obtained to boil our coffee, and give light for the writing of these notes.

21st.—In the morning I felt greatly invigorated. I was quite disappointed in not getting a better view of Mier, a place that will long be remembered, in consequence of the awful tragedy which was acted there. Last night too much worn out to visit it, and this morning took unexpectedly a rout that did not pass through its streets. Oh! the sufferings of the twenty-first. The sun shone with the power of July, and the dust how annoying! My nose so sore with blowing that I dare not touch it; and my lips so blistered that I cannot tell when they are closed. The heat, dust and salt pork made us so thirsty, and how we did suffer for want of water! So great was our thirst, that we drank largely of a pond covered thick with a green scum.

Having trudged nineteen miles we arrived at Cannales' Run, where we encamped for the night. Nearly overcome with the march, feet exceedingly sore, and so scalded with sweat, that they

did not look like flesh and blood. But bathing them in cold water made them much better. After being seated a few minutes I was so sore and stiff, that it required almost a superhuman effort to move. But I kept up appearances, and did not acknowledge the extent of my fatigue. I had resolved to fulfil the prediction—"I can stand the march!" Great praise is bestowed upon us by the trains, saying we are the strongest regiment in the field.

22*d.*—What an astonishing effect is produced by a few hours' sleep. Last night I stretched my aching, stiffened limbs upon the ground, and how refreshed this morning and ready to march twelve or fifteen miles to Point Aguda. My feet are becoming hardened, but after stopping it is some time before I can walk without great pain; but a little marching prepares me for jogging on better than ever. The march of the twenty-second would have been much easier had we not lacked bread. Just think, half a baker's loaf at breakfast for eleven men, and no more till we stopped at night.

Here we had a pleasant camp beside a clear running brook, and near a beautiful cascade, constructed of stone and cement, in order to turn the channel through the town. How pitiable is the indolence of the natives. Such natural advantages are neglected. What a mill seat is here; yet the poor women crush their corn between a stone roller and slab, in a barbarous manner upon their knees. What a lack of enterprise! Two companies of Ohio volunteers are stationed in this place.

23*d.*—This is our fifth days' march, and about one half way to Monterey. The 1st regiment keeps before, and discommodes us greatly by their train. This day I did very well. Feet getting well! Thanks to cold water!

We pitched our tents near the old Spanish town of Ceralvo, which bears the impress of an antiquated fortress, and reminds one of the dilapidated castles we read of in romances. The houses are built of gray stone, with loopholes for windows. Through the centre of the town runs a beautiful clear stream, spanned by bridges and arches. There is also a large cathedral with chimes and a towering steeple. It is said to be 166 years old. Three companies of Ohio troops are stationed in this place.

24*th.*—This sixth day's march, the easiest of all. Feet nearly

well, and bones don't ache so grievously. The beautiful scenery by the way contributed to my ease in marching.

It was not yet light when we left Ceralvo. As the rising sun cast his radiant beams upon the mountains on the left, I think I never beheld anything so beautiful and sublime. The whole chain, as far as the eye could reach, appeared like piles of burnished silver, shaded out in delightful golden tinges. I gazed upon this wonderful scenery with such exalted enjoyment, that I forgot the toils of my journey. How thankful am I, that in my heart are placed such sources of happiness. How majestic are the works of God! And what exhibitions are these of his Omnipotence! At length the mists of the morning were dispelled by the heating rays of the sun. Then in a short time what a change! Where the rich magnificence was displayed upon the mountain tops, were huge piles of rocks reaching up to the clouds. But still was left the imposing grandeur of the scene.

At a creek about six miles from this encampment, we met an express from Gen. Lane to Col. Drake of the 1st, and to the Lt. Col. of the 2d Reg. The former was ordered back; eight of his companies to be stationed at Matamoros, and two at the mouth of the Rio Grande. I was thankful that ours was permitted to go on. How my sympathies were aroused in favor of the First. Many of them received our farewell with tears streaming from their eyes.

The night of the 24th, we were uncomfortably encamped in the deserted bed of a river. There was no other water within ten miles. On a flooring of stones, our supper consisted of coffee and hard crackers filled with little black bugs. This, of course, was not very refreshing, after a hard day's march.

There is but little soil between this and Camargo worth cultivating. Scarcely a tree to be seen larger than the cherry. The soil is generally rocky and sandy, in some places having indications of iron. It produces spontaneously little else than burs, briars, thorns, and all varieties of the cactus. The prickly pear grows in enormous piles, more than six feet in height. The bank of this deserted channel is about forty feet high, composed of large gravel cemented together.

*Christmas.*—What a contrast between my situation here to-day and that at home one year ago. The events of last Christmas I remember well; but here a year after, far away, encamped in the val-

ley of the Sierra Madre, having marched all day with our flanks guarded by their stony peaks. I am on duty to-night, for which a fifteen miles' march is a poor preparation. Everything is filled with romance. The sky unclouded, all bespangled with brilliant stars, and the silvery moon riding forth in the midst of this beautiful scenery.

26th.—Having traveled sixteen miles this day, we encamped two miles beyond Marin, on the bank of a little river. We passed through the town of Ramus, which is said to be owned by Cannales, the celebrated robber. In Marin there is a fine cathedral and plaza. The houses of this town are built of stone and plaster of Paris, in which the country abounds. Notwithstanding my being up all night previous, I went ahead of the advanced guard all day. I thought I could get along better at my own gait.

27th.—And now we are at the Walnut Springs; the celebrated battle-ground of Monterey! This has been a painful day's march of twenty-five miles. In eight days and a half, have we performed our journey. No infantry ever performed the same distance in less time. Here we are, four miles from the city, at the camp of old Rough and Ready, who has just started with his command for Victoria.

This is a beautiful spot, with towering peaks rising majestically all around. Here are the largest, straightest trees I have seen in the country, forming a beautiful shade. We were hurried on in consequence of an order to Col. Hadden, from General Lane, stating that we were to continue our march to Saltillo, as Santa Anna was reported within two days' march of that place. Then, we have still a march of sixty-five miles before us, having passed over one hundred and fifty already. After carrying heavier burdens than troops of other states, it may be supposed we were not very sprightly; yet I feel more able to travel on the next day, than I did on the third day.

On that evening, being wearied, and having duties to perform, I did not write all that I wished. Much might have been said about the beautiful scenery that I beheld. After a hard day's march it was quite unpleasant, of course, to hunt wood, carry water, and cook half the night for the next day. But, in the above instance,

we had but little to cook, our supplies having not arrived from Monterey.

28th.—Whilst striking our tents this morning, general orders arrived, granting a day's respite, as the provisions could not be secured so soon. Instead of resting, quite a number set out to visit the city. It is truly astonishing how deceiving is the distance to the mountains. For three days we have been marching directly towards two mountain spurs, higher than their neighbors. After a day's journey, they seemed no nearer than they did in the morning. The city was four miles off, yet beyond was a knoll that appeared no more than a hundred yards distant. The previous evening a number of us started for this prominence that we might gaze upon Monterey, but soon found out the deception and returned to the encampment.

The more I examine and reflect about the numerous points of natural defence around the city, the greater my astonishment how it could be taken by our little army. But it is useless for me to attempt a description of scenes connected with the exciting action that was performed there. More interesting accounts than I can give have been published in numerous papers of our country.

The first place of prominence which we visited was the cathedral. This surpasses all edifices of the kind I ever saw in splendor. The images are clothed and decorated with jewels and precious metals. Some of the smaller paintings are framed in solid silver. The music from the harp and deep toned organ is truly enchanting. We visited also the fortification, the bishop's palace, and the market. The latter abounded in sugar cane, sweet potatoes and oranges of the most delicious flavor.

Before our return I met one of our townsmen. He belonged to the Louisville Legion, who were stationed near Saltillo. His health was recovered, and by his invitation we visited his quarters, the hospital. There we saw other acquaintances pale and emaciated by disease. They grasped our hands with warmth and tearful eyes. It was a touching scene, and made us all thankful for the preservation of our health. Our friend accompanied us to our camp and showed the position of the troops, and manner of attack in the great battle. We were also much interested in inspecting an extensive tannery. It was so clean and convenient. There were enormous

vats which were hollowed in the solid rock, and watered by a clear stream running through the yard.

I am conscious I have not done justice to these subjects; but this evening I am so low spirited, that I cannot write anything with ease. My companions around are reading epistles from home, while I am destitute of such consolation. These are unavailing regrets. I must cease my complaints. Our provisions are come, and they must be prepared for to-morrow's march.

*29th.*—Before day-light we were up and making ready for Saltillo. As we passed through Monterey, much attention was attracted by our numbers and healthy appearance. Having traveled fifteen miles we arrived at the little town St. Catharine, situated near the mountain in the pass. It contains about five hundred inhabitants. Near us on the same route, are encamped three companies of regulars. I suffered but little from this day's march; and felt that I could go twice the distance on the succeeding day, with as little suffering as I endured some of the first days.

The garden of General Arista near Monterey, must have a passing notice. It certainly surpasses anything of the kind that I ever beheld. It is regularly laid out with taste and skill. The earth is raised about three feet above the walks. Here are flowers of all varieties and the most fragrant. On each side of the main path (which is made of plaster, white and smooth), are two large basins with fountains rising from the centre. But more beautiful still are two pools of water, the most limpid and transparent, in which may be seen myriads of the finny tribe. Then there is a clear cool stream flowing through white cement tunnels, throughout the whole garden. The shady groves of exotic fruits, the atmosphere laden with grateful perfumes, all conspired to make it a place of enchantment. Everything appeared so novel, so beautiful, that I almost fancied it the Garden of Eden.

*30th.*—Here we are encamped in the plaza of Rinconida, after a most fatiguing march of twenty-two miles. The road was broken and rocky, and the wind blowing to the rear nearly suffocated us with dust. This town is built of mud, and is half way to Saltillo. To this the armistice extended. Rinconida signifies secure corner, and is in keeping with its name, being in the intersection of two ranges of mountains. It could be well defended by a small force.

Tending to and from the town is a beautiful grove of trees, forming a shady archway above, and is interspersed with enormous century plants, the stalks of which rise from fifteen to twenty feet.

Quite an excitement! Arrival of the Great Western, or, the heroine of Fort Brown. She has every appearance of an Amazon, being tall, muscular, and majestic in her expression. She won laurels at the bombardment from Matamoros. She issued out coffee to the men while the bombs were falling all around her.

31st.—On the morning of the 31st, we were mustered for two months' pay; then took up our line of march as usual. Owing to the well nigh broken-down state of our teams, we marched but twelve miles on the 31st. The road was hilly and dusty, but we arrived at our encampment in good time; the Greys being the advanced guard. This place is called the Warm Springs, from the temperature of the water. It is destitute of tree and bush, for miles around, that could be procured for fuel.

*“ Camp Butler, Jan'y 1st, 1847.*

“ DEAR SISTER:—

“ How shall I repay you for your very kind letter? You can never know how grateful I am for its cheering effects. In fact I never had so much need of consolation before, as we have just finished a long and wearisome march from Camargo through Monterey to this place. We are encamped in the dust, which, with the wind and cold, destroys every moment of comfort. Our wood is issued out, two cords to the regiment; but when it comes to be divided among the companies, then subdivided among the messes, it is separated into small parcels indeed. No wonder, then, after marching over two hundred miles, and passing through so many comfortable places where other troops are stationed, that we should feel disappointed in being quartered in this disagreeable place. The effect is visible upon us all.

“ We had been here but a few days when Col. Bowles arrived from the States loaded with letters. My dear sister, if you could have seen with what eagerness we listened for the announcement of our names, and with what avidity we tore open the seals and devoured the contents, then you would have known how dear you all are to us, and how lively is the interest we take in the associations of our beloved homes. I am unable to say how often I have read your



letter, but every time it appears new and interesting. Unto the never-to-be-forgotten friends who so kindly remember me, please give the assurance of my increased regard and warmest gratitude. Of my sincerity I promise to convince them if we are ever permitted to meet again. We are now amongst the foremost troops in the enemy's country, having pitched our tents six miles from Saltillo on the high lands of Mexico, with a girdle of mountains around us. Through these there are three principal passes. Gen. Wool's division occupies beyond the city; two companies of Kentucky cavalry at Rinconida Pass; and two companies of the same regiment at the one on our left.

"Our discipline here is very strict, as rumor of an attack is continually floating about the camp. Last night near midnight an express arrived from the city, with orders that a picket guard of thirty men should be stationed two miles from the camp on the road to the two passes, as a large body of lancers had been discovered in the neighborhood. But no further alarm has yet been given.

"We arrived here on New Year's day, just as the Louisville Legion and the 1st Ohio regiment, were returning to Monterey. We had many a welcome recognition of friends in the Legion, and many jokes on our bronzed appearance; and allusions made to brighter days, when we attended together military encampments, dinners and target shooting; little dreaming that such a meeting as this was in store.

"Yesterday several of us visited a cotton factory not far from the camp, which is owned by a Scotchman, who conducts the concern with ability. There are fifty girls employed, several of whom are from the States. The machinery was imported from New York.

"We have just received word to garrison the city, in place of General Worth's division. Yesterday they started on their way to join General Scott. The 3d regiment has already started, so I must postpone finishing till we are moved.

"18th.—During the interval between these dates, I have been so employed, that I have not been able to finish these notes. We have so many duties to perform, that there are few leisure moments indeed for writing. One hundred men are detailed from each of the Indiana regiments for guard; besides others to work on the fortifications. Last night our company was on patrol. We were up all night traversing the streets and alleys, and every suspicious

corner in the city. But there is so much excitement connected with these duties, that we greatly prefer them to the monotony of camp life.

“We are now pleasantly situated, having comfortable quarters and good provisions. The Greys sustain that character which they so proudly bore at home. Yesterday General Butler remarked to his aid-de-camp, while on brigade drill, that we were the finest volunteer company he had seen in the service. Our belts were perfectly white, and our arms brightly burnished, which made the contrast so perceptible.

“The city of Saltillo is situated on the side of a hill. It has narrow streets and side walks, which are roughly paved with stone. The houses are built of stone and mud bricks, whitened over on the outside with plaster. They have flat roofs. The city boasts of two cathedrals, a nunnery and four plazas. In the centre of the plazas are fountains continually playing from the centre of large basins.

“The church and plaza Santiago are truly magnificent, covering a whole square, and the front beautifully ornamented with columns, arches and statuary. In one steeple is placed a town clock, and in another a fine collection of chimes. The plaza, when viewed from the church, has an imposing appearance. The side walks around lead through arches supported by columns. There are groves of trees at regular distances, and fountains in the centre, spouting forth the sparkling liquid into the air, forming rainbows as it falls in copious showers into the basin below. But these beauties are but a scanty foretaste of the splendid magnificence that presents itself when you enter the church. I am incompetent to give a just description of its solemn grandeur. The paintings were truly beautiful. Hundreds of images were set in large cases of glass, and gilded niches richly clothed in satins and velvets, and decorated with silver, gold and precious stones. The altar in the sanctum is entirely overlaid with silver, as well as the candlesticks, censers and other appendages. The religious awe and superstitious reverence they have for these things are astonishing. As they pass the cathedral, they take off their hats. At morning, noon and night, the bells commence ringing, as if the whole town was on fire, and persons in the streets uncover their heads. Yesterday I saw a woman walking on her knees over the rough stones to church.

“A portion of my leisure time is agreeably spent with some of

my Mexican acquaintances. I have made some progress in acquiring their language. Yesterday I dined with them by invitation. The natives are moving from the city in great numbers, and every day increases the belief that the town will be attacked. About nine o'clock the other night, the whole city was thrown into an uproar by an expected attack. Great were the stir and confusion. As the long roll resounded from every guard station, the crowds of terrified citizens were seen hurrying to their homes, closing up their stores and barricading their doors. The fire was gleaming from the rough stones, as the galloping steeds were rushing to and fro. The cries, 'to your quarters, men, the enemy is upon us!' added to the commotion and tumultuous disorder.

"In a few minutes our little force was formed on the main plaza, and after an exciting appeal, were stationed at different points. There we anxiously awaited the assault, but waited in vain, and were soon disbanded, as the alarm was occasioned by the firing of the Mexican sentry upon convicts who were attempting to make their escape. It appears that Santa Anna had sent an order to the alcalde, requiring him to liberate the criminals, on condition they would join the army. This the alcalde refused to do; the prisoners finding this out, raised in rebellion, which caused our stampede.

"Yours, &c."

*Camp at Agua Nueva, February 12th.*

We arrived at this place, on last Saturday, to join General Taylor and Wool, who recently concentrated their forces here. It is generally believed that a movement is contemplated upon San Luis Potosi, or Zacatecas.

It is quite cold in this elevated situation, and we have suffered exceedingly, especially within a few days. Last night was the first snow storm that I saw this winter. We use pitch-pine as wood, and chop it ourselves upon the mountains, six or seven miles from the camp, by the road.

We now occupy the post of danger, and know not what is in store for us. So many reports have been in circulation, that we are almost indifferent to what we hear, no matter how startling it might appear. But if we march towards San Luis, we shall have what we have been so long craving—a fight. Recently I became sergeant, to fill the vacancy occasioned by Thomas Gwin being made