

# Rafferty's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1855.

VOL. 2.—NO. 7.—TOTAL, 59.

## TO LAURA.

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.  
This most exquisite love poem is founded on the Platonic notion that souls were united in a pre-existent state, that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on the earth.—The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.—*Evening Gazette.*

Who and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—  
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?  
Who made thy glances to my soul the link—  
Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink?  
My life is thine to sink!

As from the conqueror's unresisted glove,  
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—  
So, when to life's unguarded foot I see  
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
Yields not my soul to thee?

Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?  
Is it because its native home thou art?  
Go where thy brothers in the days of yore?  
Twin-bonded souls, and in the links they bore  
Sigh to be bound once more?

Were once our beings bleat and intertwining,  
And therefore still my heart for thee is pining?  
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—  
The joy remote of some bright realm unlong,  
Where once our souls were one?

Yes it is so! And thou wert bound to me  
In the long-vanished hours eternally?  
In the dark troubled tablets which enroll—  
The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll—  
"One with thy love my soul!"

Oh yes! I learned in awe, when gazing there,  
How once one insipid life we were.  
How once, one glorious essence as a god  
Unmeasured space our starlike footsteps trod—  
All nature our abode?

Round us, in waters of delight, forever  
Voluptuously flowed the heavenly nectar river;  
We were the master of the seal of things, [springs  
And where the sunshine bathed truth's mountain—  
Quivered our glancing wings.

Weep for the god-life we lost after—  
Weep! thou and I, its shattered fragments are;  
And still the unquenched yearning we retain—  
Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,  
And grow divine again.

And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—  
Still lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?  
This made thy glances to my soul a link—  
This made me burn thy very breath to drink—  
My life is thine to sink!

And therefore, as before the conqueror's glove,  
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,  
So, when to life's unguarded foot I see  
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
Yields not my soul to thee?

Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,  
Because, below its native home thou art?  
Because the twin recall the links they bore,  
And soul with soul, in the sweet ties of yore,  
Meet and unite once more?

Thou, too—Ah! there they gaze upon me dwell?  
And thy young blush the tender answer tell:  
Yea! with the dear relation still we thrill.  
Both lives—their exiles from the homeward hill—  
One life—all glowing still!

## A SOUVENIR OF 'THE FRANCE.'

BY LEVER.

It was in the month of May—I won't confess to the year—that I found myself, after trying various hotels in the Place Royale, at last deposited at the door of the Hotel de France. It seemed to me in my then ignorance like a *pis aller*, when the postillion said, let us try the France, and little prepared me for the handsome but somewhat small hotel before me. It was nearly five o'clock when I arrived, and I had only time to make some slight change in my dress when the bell sounded for *table d'hôte*.

The guests were already seated when I entered, but a place had been reserved for me, which completed the table. I was a young—perhaps after reading a little further, you'll say a very young traveller at the time, but was soon struck by the quiet and decorous style in which the dinner was conducted: the servants were prompt, silent and observant; the guests easy and affable; the equipage of the table was even elegant, and the cookery Biennais. I was the only Englishman present, the party seemingly made up of Germans and French; but all spoke together like acquaintances, and before the dinner had proceeded far, were polite enough to include me in the conversation.

At the head sat a large and strikingly handsome man of about eight and thirty or forty years of age; his dress, a dark frock richly braided and ornamented by the decorations of several foreign orders; his forehead was high and narrow, the temples strongly indented; his nose arched and thin, and his upper lip covered by a short black mustache raised at either extremity and slightly curled as we see occasionally in a Vandek picture; indeed, his dark brown features, somewhat sad in their expression, his rich hazel eyes and long waving hair gave him all the character that great artist loved to perpetuate on his canvases; he spoke seldom, but when he did, there was something indescribably pleasing in the low, mellow tones of his voice; a slight smile, too fit up his features at these times, and his manner had in it—I know not what—some strange power, it seemed, that made whoever he addressed feel pleased and flattered by his notice of them, just as we see a few words spoken by a sovereign caught up and dwelt upon by those around.

By his side sat a lady, of whom when I first came into the room I took little notice. Her features seemed pleasing but no more; but gradually as I watched her I was struck by the singular delicacy of traits that rarely make their impression at first sight. She was about twenty-five, perhaps twenty-six, of a character of looks that preserves something almost childish in their beauty. She was pale, and with brown hair—that light sunny brown that varies in its hue with every degree of light upon it; her face oval and inclined to plumpness—her eyes large, full and lustrous, with an expression of softness that won on you wonder-

fully the longer you looked at them; her nose was short, perhaps faultily so, but beautifully chiselled, and fine as a Grecian statue; her mouth, rather large, displayed, however two rows of teeth beautifully regular and of snowy whiteness; while her chin, rounded and dimpled, glided by an easy transition into a throat large and most gracefully formed. Her figure as well as I could judge, was below the middle size, and inclined to *embonpoint*; and her dress, denoting some national peculiarity of which I was ignorant, was a velvet bodice laced in front and ornamented with small silver buttons, which terminated in a white muslin skirt; a small cap, something like what Mary Queen of Scots is usually represented in, sat on the back of her head and fell in deep folds on her shoulders. Lastly her hands were small, white and dimpled, and displayed on her taper and rounded fingers several rings of apparently great value.

I have been somewhat lengthy in my description of these two persons, and can scarcely ask my readers to accompany me round the circle; however, it is principally with them I have to do. The others at table were still remarkable enough; there was a leading member of the chamber of deputies—an ex-minister, a tall, dark-browed, ill-favored man, with a refining forehead and coal-black eyes; he was a man of great cleverness, spoke eloquently and well, and singularly open and frank in giving his opinion on the politics of the time. There was a German or two from the grand duchy of something, somewhat reserved personages, as all the Germans of petty states are; they talked little, and were evidently impressed with the power they possessed of tantalizing us by not divulging the intentions of "Gross Herzog of Hoch Donnersdorf" regarding the present prospects of Europe.

There were three Frenchmen and two French ladies, all pleasant, easy, and conversable people; there was a doctor from Louvain, a shrewd intelligent man, a Prussian major and his wife, well bred quiet people, and like all Prussians, polite without inviting acquaintance; an Austrian secretary of legation; a wine merchant from Bordeaux; and a celebrated pianist completed the party.

I have now put my readers in possession of information which I only obtained after some days myself; for though one or other of these personages was occasionally absent from *table d'hôte*, I soon perceived that they were all frequenters of the house and well known there.

If the guests were seated at table wherever chance or accident might place them, I could perceive that a tone of deference was always used to the tall man, who invariably maintained his place at the head, and an air of even greater courtesy assumed towards the lady beside him, who was his wife. He was always addressed as *Monsieur le Comte*, and his title of countess never forgotten in speaking to her. During dinner, whatever little chit-chat or gossip was the talk of the day was specially offered up to her.

The younger guests occasionally ventured to present a bouquet, and even the rugged minister himself accomplished a more polite bow in accosting her than he could have summoned up for his presentation to royalty. To all these attentions she returned a smile, or a look, or a word, or a gesture with her white hand, never exciting jealousy by any undue degree of favor, and distributing her honors with the practiced equanimity of one accustomed to it.

Dinner over and coffee, a handsome bitzka drawn by two splendid dark bay horses would drive up, and Madame le Comtesse, conducted to the carriage by her husband, would receive the homage of the whole party as they stood to let her pass. The count would then linger some twenty minutes or so, and take his leave to wander for an hour about the park and afterwards to the theatre, where I used to see him in a private box with his wife.

Such was the little party at "the France" when I took up my residence there in the month of May, and gradually one dropped off after another as the summer wore on. The Germans went back to sour kraut and krentzerwhist; the secretary of legation was on leave; the wine merchant was off to St. Petersburg; the pianist was performing in London; the ex-minister was made a clerk in the bureau he once directed; and so on, leaving our party reduced to the count and madame, a stray traveller, a deaf abbe and myself.

The dog days in a continental city are, as every one knows, stupid and tiresome enough. Every one has taken his departure either to his chateau, if he has one, or to the watering places; the theatre has no attraction, even if the heat permitted one to visit it; the streets are empty, parched, and grass-grown; and, except the arrival and departure of that incessant locomotive, John Bull, there is no bustle or stir anywhere.

Hapless, indeed, is the condition then of the man who is condemned from any accident to toil through this dreary season; to wander about in solitude the places he has seen filled by pleasant company; to behold the park and promenades given up to Flemish *bonnes*, or Norman nurses, where he was wont to gladden his eye with the sight of bright eyes and trim shapes flitting past in all the tasty elegance of Parisian toilette; to see a lazy *frolleur* sleeping away his hours in the port *cochere*,

which a month before thundered with the deep roll of equipage coming and going—all this is very sad, and disposes one to become dull and discontented too.

For what reason I was detained at Brussels it is unnecessary to inquire: some delay in remittances, if I remember aright, had their share in the cause. Whoever travelled without having cursed his banker, or his agent or his uncle, or his guardian, or somebody in short, who had a deal of money belonging to him in his hands, and would not send it forward? In all my long experience of travelling and travelling, I don't remember meeting with one person, who, if it were not for such mischances, would not have been amply supplied with cash. Some, with a knowing wink, throw the blame on the "governor"; others, more openly indignant, will confound Coutts and Drummond; a stray Irishman will now and then damn the "countess" that hasn't paid up the last November; but none, no matter how much their condition bespeaks the out-of-the-elbows habit, which "ways and means" style of life contracts, will ever confess to the fact that their expectations are as blank as their banker's book, and that the only land they are ever to pretend to, is a post office right in some six feet by two in a church-yard. And yet the world is full of such people—well informed, pleasant, good looking folks, who inhabit first-rate hotels—drink, dine and dress well—frequent theatres and promenades—spend their winters at Paris, Florence or Rome—their summers at Baden, Ems or Interlachen; have a strange half intimacy with men in the higher circles; occasionally dine with them; are never heard of in any dubious or unsafe affairs; are reputed safe fellows to talk to; know every one—from the horse-dealer who will give credit, to the Jew who will advance cash; and notwithstanding that they never gamble, nor bet, nor speculate, yet contrive to live—aye, and well too—without any known resources whatever. If English—and they are for the most part so—they are usually called by some well-known name of aristocratic reputation in England; they are thus Villiers, or Paget, or Seymour, or Percy, who on the continent are already a kind of half nobility at once; and the question which seemingly needs no reply—*Whence does parent do me lord?* is a receipt in full for rank any where.

These men—and who that knows any thing of the continent has not met such everywhere—are the great riddles of our country; and I'd rather give a reward for their secret than all the discoveries about perpetual motion, or longitude, or St. John Longman that ever was heard of; and strange it is too, no one has ever blabbed. Some have emerged from this misty state to inherit large fortunes and live in the best style; yet I have never heard of a single man having turned king's evidence on his fellows. And yet what a talent theirs must be. Let any man confess who has waited three posts for a remittance without any tidings of its arrival, think of the hundred and one petty annoyances and ironies to which he is subjected; he fancies that the very waiters know that he is "a sec"; that the landlady looks sour and the landlady austere; the clerk in the post-office appears to say "no letter for you, sir," with a jibbing and impudent tone. From that moment too a dozen expensive tastes that he never dreamed of before enter his head: he wants to purchase a hack, or give a dinner party, or bet at a race course, principally because he has not got a sou in his pocket, and he is afraid it may be guessed by others; such is the fatal tendency to strive or pretend to something that has no other value in our eyes than the effect it may have on our acquaintances, regardless of what sacrifices it may demand the exercise.

Forgive, I pray this long digression, which, although, I hope, not without its advantages, should scarcely have ventured into were it not apropos to myself and to go back—I began to feel excessively uncomfortable at the delay of my money. My first care every morning was to repair to the post office; sometimes I arrived before it was open, and had to promenade up and down the gloomy "Rue de l'Eveque" till the clock struck, sometimes the mail would be late—a foreign mail is generally late when the weather is peculiarly fine and the roads good—but always the same answer came—"Rien pour vous, Monsieur O'Leary" and at last I imagined from the way the fellow spoke that he had set the response to a tune, and sung it.

Beranger has celebrated in one of his very prettiest lyrics "how happy one is at twenty in a garret." I have no doubt, for my part, that the vicinity of the slates and the poverty of the apartment would have contributed to my peace of mind at the time I speak of. The fact of a magnificent furnished *salon*, a splendid dinner every day, champagne and Seltzer promiscuously, cabfares and theatre tickets innumerable being all scored against me, were sad dampers to my happiness, and from being one of the cheeriest and most light-hearted of fellows, I sank into a state of dejection and restless impatience, the nearest thing I ever remembered in my life to low spirits.

Such was I one day, when the post, which I had been watching anxiously from mid-day, had not arrived at five o'clock. Leaving word with the commissionaire to wait and report to me at the hotel, I turned back to the *table d'hôte*, by accident, the only guests were the count and madame; there they were, as accurately dressed as ever; so handsome and happy looking; so attached, too, in their manner toward each other—that nice balance between affection and courtesy which before the world is so captivating. Disturbed as were my thoughts, I could not help feeling struck by their bright and pleasant looks.

"Ah, a family party!" said the count gayly, as I entered, while madame bestowed on me one of her very sweetest smiles.

The restraint of strangers removed, they spoke as if I had been an old friend—chatting away about everything and everybody in a tone of frank and easy confidence perfectly delightful; occasionally deigning to ask if I did not agree with them in their opinions, and seeming to enjoy the little I ventured to say with a pleasure I felt to be most flattering.

The count's quiet and refined manner—the easy flow of his conversation, replete as it was with information and amusement, formed a most happy contrast with the brilliant sparkle of madame's lively sallies; for she seemed rather disposed to indulge a vein of slight satire, but so tempered with a good feeling and kindness withal, that you would not for the world forego the pleasure it afforded. Long—long before the dessert appeared, I ceased to think of my letter or my money, and did not remember that such things as bankers, agents, or stockbrokers were in the universe. Apparently they had been great travelers; had seen every city in Europe, and visited every court; knew all the most distinguished people, and knew all the sovereigns intimately; and little stories of Metternich, *bon mot* of Talleyrand, anecdotes of Goethe and Chateaubriand, seasoned the conversation with an interest, which, to a young man like myself, was all-engrossing. Suddenly the door opened, and the commissionaire called out—"No letter for Mons. O'Leary." I suddenly became pale and faint; and though the count was too well bred to take any direct notice of what he saw was caused by my disappointment, he contrived a devious to direct some observation to madame, which relieved me from any burden of the conversation.

"What hour did you order the carriage, Duchesse?" said he.

"At half-past six. The forest is cool, that I like to go slowly through it."

"That will give us ample time for a walk, too," said he; "and if Monsieur O'Leary will join us, the pleasure will be all the greater."

I hesitated, and stammered out an apology about a head-ache, or something of the sort.

"The drive will be the best thing in the world for you," said madame; "and the strawberries and cream of Boisfort will complete the cure."

"Yes, yes," said the count, as I shook my head half-sadly—"Lacontesse is infallible as a doctor."

"And, like all the faculty, very angry when her skill is called in question," added she.

"Go, then, and find your shawl, madame," said he; and, meanwhile, madame and I will discuss our liqueur, and be ready for you."

Madame smiled, as if aving carried her point, and left the room.

The door was scarcely closed, when the count drew his chair closer to mine, and, with a look of kindness and good nature I cannot convey, said—"I am going, Monsieur O'Leary, to take a liberty—a very great liberty indeed with you, and perhaps you may not forgive it."

He paused for a minute or two, as if awaiting some intimation on my part. I merely muttered something intended to express my willingness to accept of what he hinted, and he resumed. "You are a very young man; I not very old, but a very experienced one. There are occasions in life, in which such knowledge as I possess of the world and its ways may be of great service. Now, without for an instant obtruding myself on your confidence, or inquiring into affairs which are strictly your own, I wish to say, that my advice and counsel, if you need either, are completely at your service. Now a few minutes ago I perceived that you were distressed at hearing there was no letter for you—"

"I know not how to thank you," said I, "for such kindness as this; and the best proof of my sincerity is to tell you the position in which I am placed."

"One word first," added he, laying his hand gently on my arm—"one word. Do you promise to accept of my advice and assistance when you have revealed the circumstances you allude to? If not I beg I may not hear it."

"Your advice I am most anxious for," said I hastily.

"The other was an awkward word, and I see that your delicacy has taken tea alarm. I must have my way: so go on."

I seized his hand with enthusiasm, and shook it heartily. "Yes," said I, "you shall have your way. I have neither shame nor concealment before you." And then, in as few words as I could explain such tangled and knotted webs as envelope all matters where legacies, and lawyers, and settlements, and so-called mortgages enter, I put him in possession of the fact, that I had come abroad with the assurance from my man of business of a handsome yearly income, to be increased, after a time, to something very considerable; that I was now two months in expectation of remittances which certain firms in Chancery

delayed and deferred; and that I watched the post each day with an anxious heart for means to relieve me from certain trifling debts I had incurred, and enable me to proceed on my journey.

The count listened with the most patient attention to my story, only intertonging once or twice, when some difficulty demanded explanation, and then suffering me to proceed to the end: when, leisurely drawing a pocket-book from the breast of his frock, he opened it slowly. "My dear young friend," said he, in a measured and almost solemn tone, "every hour that a man is in debt, is a year spent in slavery. Your creditor is your master: it matters not whether a kind or a severe one, the sense of obligation you incur saps the feeling of mainly independence which is the first charm of youth; and, believe me, it is always thro' the rents in moral feeling that our happiness oozes out quickest. Here are five thousand francs; take as much more as you want. With a friend—and I insist upon your believing me to be such—these things have no character of obligation: you accommodate me to-day; I do the same for you to-morrow. And now, put these notes in your pocket. I see madame is waiting for us."

For a second or two I felt so overpowered I could not speak: the generous confidence and friendly interest of one so thoroughly a stranger, were far too much for my astonished and gratified mind. At last I recovered myself enough to reply, and assuring my worthy friend that when I spoke of my debts they were in reality merely trifling ones; that I had still ample funds in my banker's hands for all necessary outlay; and that by the next post perhaps my long wished-for letter might arrive.

"And if it should not?" interposed he, smiling.

"Why then the next day?"

"And if not then?" continued he, with a half-quizzing look at my embarrassment.

"Then your five thousand francs shall tremble for it."

"That's a hearty fellow!" cried he, grasping my hand in both of his. "And now I feel I was not deceived in you. My first meeting with Metternich was very like this. I was at Petersburg, in the year 1804, just before the campaign of Austerlitz opened."

"You are indeed most gallant, messieurs," said the countess, opening the door, and peeping in. "Am I to suppose that cigars and man-shelins are better company than mine?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GEN. SCOTT IN MEXICO.

The end was now close at hand. Reconnoissances were carefully made, and the enemy's strength being gathered on the southern front of the city, Gen. Scott determined to assault Chapultepec on the west. By the morning of the 12th the batteries were completed, and opened a brisk fire on the castle; without, however, doing any more serious damage than annoying the garrison and killing a few men.

The fire was kept up all day; and at night preparations were made for the assault, which was ordered to be made next morning.

At daybreak on the 13th the cannonade recommenced, as well from the batteries planted against Chapultepec, as from Stepec's guns, which were saved against the southern defenses of the city in order to divert the attention of the enemy. At 8 a.m. the firing from the former ceased, and the attack commenced.

Quitman advanced along the Tacubaya road, Pillow from the Molino del Rey, which he had occupied on the evening before. Between the Molino and the castle lay first an open space, then a grove thickly planted with trees; in the latter Mexican sharpshooters had been posted, protected by an entrenchment on the border of the grove. Pillow sent Lieut. Col. Johnstone with a party of volunteers to turn this work by a flank movement; it was handsomely accomplished, and just as the volunteers broke thro' the redan, Pillow, with the main body, charged it in front and drove back the Mexicans. The grove gained, Pillow pressed forward to the foot of the rock; for the Mexican shot from the castle batteries, crashing thro' the trees, seemed even more terrible than it really was, and the troops were becoming restless. The Mexicans had retreated to a redoubt halfway up the hill; the volunteers sprang up from rock to rock, firing as they advanced, and followed by Hooker, Chase, and others, with parties of infantry. In a very few minutes the redoubt was gained, the garrison driven up the hill, and the volunteers, 9th and 15th, in hot pursuit after them. Here the firing from the castle was very severe. Col. Ransom, of the 9th, was killed, and Pillow himself was wounded. Still the troops pressed on till the crest of the hill was gained. There some moments were lost, owing to the delay in the arrival of scaling ladders, during which two of Quitman's regiments and Clarke's brigade re-inforced the storming party. When the ladders came, numbers of men rushed forward with them, leaped into the ditch, and planted them for the assault. Lieut. Selden was the first man to mount. But the Mexicans collected all their energies for this last moment. A tremendous fire dashed the foremost of the stormers in the ditch, killing Lieuts. Rogers and Smith, and clearing the ladders. Fresh men instantly manned them, and, after a brief struggle, Captain Howard, of the volunteers, gained a foothold on the parapet. M'Kenzie, of the forlorn

hope followed; and a crowd of volunteers and infantry, shouting and cheering, pressed after him, and swept down upon the garrison with the bayonet. Almost at the same moment, Johnstone, of the volunteers, who had broke it open, and effected an entrance in spite of a fierce fire from the southern walls. The two parties uniting, a deadly conflict ensued within the building. Maddened by the recollection of the murder of their wounded comrades at Molino del Rey, the stormers at first showed no quarter. On every side the Mexicans were stabbed or shot down without mercy. Many flung themselves over the parapet and down the hillside, and were dashed in pieces against the rocks. More fought like fiends, expending their last breath in a malediction, and expiring in the act of aiming a treacherous blow as they lay on the ground. Streams of blood flowed thro' the doors of the college, and every room and passage was the theatre of some deadly struggle. At length the officers succeeded in putting an end to the carnage, and the remaining Mexicans having surrendered, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the castle of Chapultepec by Major Seymour.

Meanwhile Quitman had stormed the batteries on the causeway to the east of the castle, after a desperate struggle, in which Maj. Twigg, who commanded the stormers, was shot dead at the head of his men. The Mexicans fell back toward the city. General Scott, coming up at this moment, ordered a simultaneous advance to be made on the city, along the two roads leading from Chapultepec to the gates of San Cosme and Belen respectively. Worth was to command that on San Cosme, Quitman that on Belen. Both were prepared for defense by barricades, behind which the enemy were posted in great numbers. Fortunately for the assailants an aqueduct, supported on arches of solid masonry, ran along the centre of each causeway. By keeping under cover of these arches, and springing rapidly from one to another, Smith's rifles and the South Carolina regiment were enabled to advance close to the first barricade on the Belen road, and pour in a destructive fire on the gunners. A flank discharge from Dunham's guns completed the work; the barricade was carried; and, without a moment's rest, Quitman advanced in the same manner on the garita San Belen, which was held by Gen. Torres with a strong garrison. It too was stormed, tho' under a fearful hail of grape and canister; and the rifles moved forward toward the citadel. But at this moment Santa Anna rode furiously down to the point of attack. Boiling with rage at the success of the invaders, he smote Gen. Torres in the face, threw a host of infantry into the houses commanding the garita and the road, ordered the batteries in the citadel to the open fire, planted fresh guns on the Pasco, and infused such spirit into the Mexicans, that Quitman's advance was stopped at once. A terrific storm of shot, shells, and grape assailed the garita, where Capt. Dunn had planted an 8-pounder. Twice the gunners were shot down, and fresh men sent to take their places. Then Dunn himself fell, and immediately afterward Lieut. Benjamin and his first sergeant met the same fate. The riflemen in the arches repelled sallies, but Quitman's position was precarious, till night terminated the conflict.

Worth, meanwhile, had advanced in like manner along the San Cosme causeway, driving the Mexicans from barricade to barricade till within two hundred and fifty yards of the garita of San Cosme. There he encountered as severe a fire as that which stopped Quitman. But Scott had ordered him to take the garita, and take it he would. Throwing Garland's brigade out to the right, and Clarke's to the left, he ordered them to break into the houses, burst thro' the walls, and bore their way to the flanks of the garita. The plan had succeeded perfectly at Monterey, nor did it fail here. Slowly but surely the sappers passed from house to house, until at sunset they reached the point desired. Then Worth ordered the attack. Lieut. Hunt bro't up a light gun at a gallop, and fired it thro' the embrasure of the enemy's battery, almost muzzle to muzzle, the infantry at the same moment opened a most deadly and unexpected fire from the roofs of the houses; and M'Kenzie, at the head of the stormers, dashed at the battery, and carried it almost without loss. The Mexicans fled precipitately into the city.

At one that night two parties left the citadel, and issued forth from the city. One was the remnant of the Mexican army, which slunk silently and noiselessly thro' the northern gate, and fled to Guadalupe Hidalgo; the other was a body of officers who came under a white flag, to propose terms of capitulation.

The sun shone brightly on the morning of the 14th of September. Scores of neutral flags float from the windows on the Calle de Plateros, and in their shade beautiful women gaze curiously on the scenes beneath. Gayly-dressed groups throng the balconies, and at the street-corners dark-faced men scowl, mutter deep curses, and clutch their knives. The street resounds with the heavy tramp of infantry, the rattle of gun-carriages, and the clatter of horses' hoofs. "Los Yunqueis!" is the cry, and every neck is stretched to obtain a glimpse of the six thousand bearded and begrimed soldiers who are marching proudly to the Grand Plaza. On him especially is every eye intent—fixed, whose martial form is half concealed by a splendid staff and a squadron of dragoons