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POETRY.

Young Spring is Coming.

"Old winter" is going away, alack!
How icy and cold he's been,
But a pretty young maid he'll meet in his track,
And she'll carroy and smile till he turns his back;
For she'll frighten him off with a wonderful knack;
This maiden will soon be seen.

This pretty young maiden whose name is Spring,
Is full of mirth and glee,
She causes the bird to stretch the wing,
And the leaves to put out under which they sing,
And opens the buds the flowers to bring—
A sweet little maid is she.

"Young Spring is a frolicsome girl, I wot,
Too full of her fun for me,"
Said Winter, "she tears the clothes from my back,
And causes the streamlet's prison to crack,
And dries up the paths and the slippery track—
So romping and playful is she."

Young Spring comes on with a beautiful grace,
But not very shy is she;
For she cracks her jokes in old Winter's face,
And kisses his cheek as he flies apace,
While she melts the tears in his sturdy face—
A pert young lass is she.

She brings the latest fashions along—
A gay little miss is she,
She passes amid the admiring throng,
And touches the loveliest notes of song,
But gay as she is, she's never thought wrong,
For she's clothed in NATURE'S array.

This sweet little girl—when she travels forth—
So pretty a maiden is she;
The folks all leave their winter hearth,
And sally forth with a cheerful laugh,
For she strews pretty flowers along their path—
A bountiful maiden is she.

This Spring is a coquetting girl, I fear,
For her lovers are many, I see;
She kisses their cheeks and dries up their tears,
And makes an end of their chilling fears,
While they pour in their love to her listening ears—
But engaged to be married is she!

Young Spring intends, when old Winter's afar,
Young Summer's wife to be;
Was there ever wedded so pretty a pair?
And a joyous wedding they'll prepare,
And there's an invitation for me.

MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The "Drop Game" Reversed.

We Yankees, as our neighbors over the water politely style us, (in compliment, of course) are a confoundedly clever set of men, and like all clever men, when we condescend to cheat, we do it clearly. But even that portion of us to whom the place of their birth gives a legitimate claim to the title, and who are supposed to be the cleverest of the clever, are liable to be occasionly overmatched.

"Misteal!" said a sharp-looking Yankee to an individual slowly walking along Second St., whose appearance seemed to indicate that he had not long been transplanted from the land of sour crout—"Mister, I rather guess you be n't long in these parts, eh?"

"Nicht verstehe?" answered the individual addressed; "ah, yaw, yaw, I understand, I understand. I leave de faderland and gome here. All rich men, here."

"Yes, Mister, "continued the Yankee, "you are right there. You see, you're the kind of man we want; you're the sort that make "the bone and sinner of the country," as Lawyer Slick said in his last speech. Cut man, that Lawyer Slick; we'll have him in Congress some of these times, and then won't Pumpkintown go ahead? But, Mister, walk over to an apple toddy. It does me good to see such men as you; it does, I swow."

"Abble doddy? Ah, dat's cood, dat abble doddy—yes, I take him. No abble doddies in Sharmany."

"Well, I reckon you're most right; but let's turn in. Consarn it, Mister, what's that?—Why, you've dropped your pocket-book, ain't you?"

"Nein, no, god him safe," said the German, after diving into his capacious pockets.

"Well, I calkilate we must be in luck," said the yankee, and proceeded to examine the wallet, which contained a couple of dollars in good silver, and a multitude of suspicious looking notes. "Anyhow, honor bright, we go shares, you know. I rather guess they'll offer twenty dollars reward for this here thing; but give me a ten, and you shall have the hull lot, and take your chance, and a pretty considerable smart one it is too, I reckon."

"Is dese cood nodes?" asked the German, examining them carefully.

"Good as the bank, Mister," answered the Yankee. "I wish I may be regularly chewed up if ever I handled better."

The German slowly took out his own pocket-book—extracted a ten dollar note, and replaced it, and then proceeded to compare the note with one taken from the prize in a dozen different lights.

"Vell, mine friend," said he at last, "I geev you dees, and geep de bocked-bood," and he handed one of the notes to the Yankee.

"Hallo, Mister!" exclaimed the latter, "I rather expect you've made a sort of mistake. This chap is out of the pocket-book!"

"How so you know dat?" exclaimed the German, quietly buttoning his pockets over the wallet and the other note. "Ah, I see, id is von bad node—ich verstehe! You dink you cheat me, you tam Yankee, bud I god your doo dollars safe, and you go off quick, quick, or I send one gunstable after you, you tam Yankee doodle!"

CHRISTOPHER CROTCHET.

BY SERA SMITH.

Your New England country singing master is a peculiar character, who shall venture to describe him? During his stay in the country village he is the most important personage in it. The common school master, to be sure, is a man of dignity and importance.—Children never pass him on the road, without turning square round, and making one of their most profound bows. He is looked up to with universal deference, both by young and old, and is often invited out to tea. Or, if he "boards round," great is the parade and great the preparation, by each family, when their "week for boarding their master" draws near. Then not unfrequently, a well fatted porker is killed, and the spare ribs are duly hung around the pantry in readiness for roasting. A half bushel of sausages are made into "links" and suspended on a pole near the ceiling from one end to the other. And the Saturday beforehand, if the school master is to come in on Monday, the work of preparation reaches its crisis. Then it is that the old oven, if it be not "heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be," it is at least heated seven times, and apple pies, and pumpkin pies, and mince pies are turned out by the dozen, and packed in the closet or sellar for the coming week. And the "fore-room," which has not had a fire in it for the winter, is now duly washed, and scrubbed and put to rights, and wood is heaped on the fire with a liberal hand, till the room itself becomes about another oven. George is up betimes on Monday morning to go with a hand sled and bring the master's trunk; Betsey and Sally are rigged out in their best calico gowns, the little ones have their faces washed and combed with more extraordinary care, and the mother's cap has an extra crimp. And all this preparation are for the common school master. And yet he is but an every day planet, that moves in a regular orbit and comes round at least every winter.

But the singing master is your true comet. Appearing at no regular intervals, he comes often unexpected. Brilliant, mysterious and erratic, no wonder that he attracts all eyes, and produces a tremendous sensation. Not only the children, but the whole family flock to the window when he passes, and a face may be seen at every pane of glass, eagerly peering out to catch a glimpse of the singing master.—Even the very dogs seem to partake of the awe he inspires, and bark with uncommon fierceness whenever they meet him.

"O, father," said little Jimmy Brown, as he came running in [illegible] panting for breath, "O, father, Mr. Christopher Crotchet from Quavertown, is over to Mr. Gibbs' tavern, come to see about keeping singing school, and Mr. Gibbs and a whole parcel more of 'em wants you to come right over there, cause they're goin' to have a meetin' this evening to see about hiring him."

Squire Brown and his family, all except Jimmy were seated around the supper table, when this interesting piece of intelligence was announced. Every one save Squire Brown himself, gave a sudden start, and at once suspended operations, but the Squire who was a very moderate man, and never did anything from impulse ate on without turning his head, or changing his position. After a short pause, however, which was a moment of intense anxiety to some members of the family, he replied to Jimmy as follows:—

"I shan't do no sich thing; if they want a singing school they may get one themselves.—A singing school won't do us no good, and I've ways enough to spend my money without paying it for singing." Turning his head round, and casting a severe look upon Jimmy, he proceeded with increasing energy:—

"Now sir, hang your hat up, and sit down and eat your supper; I should like to know what sent you off over to the tavern without leave."

"I wanted to see the singing master," said Jimmy; "Sam Gibbs said there was a singing master over to their house, and I wanted to see him."

"Well I'll singing master you," said the Squire "if I catch you to go off so again without leave. Come don't stand there; set down and eat your supper, or I'll trounce you in two minutes."

"There, I declare," said Mrs. Brown, "I do think it is too bad. I do wish I could live in peace one moment of my life. The children will be spoilt and ruined. They never can stir a step, nor hardly breathe; but what they must be scolded and fretted half to death."

Squire Brown had been accustomed to these sudden squalls about twenty-five years, they having commenced some six months or so after their marriage, and long experience had taught him that the only way to escape with safety was to bear away immediately, and scud before the wind. Accordingly he turned again to Jimmy, and with a much softened tone, addressed him as follows:—

"Come Jimmy, my son, set down to supper, that's a good boy. You shouldn't go away without asking your mother or me, but you'll try to remember next time won't you?"

Jimmy and his mother were both somewhat soothed by this well timed suavity, and the boy took his seat at the table.

"Now pa," said Miss Jerusha Brown, "you will go over, and see about having a singing school, won't you? I want to go dreadfully."

"Oh, I can't do anything about that," said the Squire, "it'll cost a good deal of money, and I can't afford it. And besides, there's no use at all in it. You can sing enough, now any of you are singing half your time."

"There," said old Mrs. Brown, "that's just the way. Our children will never have a chance to by any thing as long as they live. Other folks' children have a chance to go to singing schools, and to see young company, and be something in the world. Here our Jerusha has got to be in her twenty-fifth year now, and if she's ever going to have young company, and a chance to be any thing she must have it soon; for she'll be past the time bime-by for sich things. 'Tisn't as if we was poor and couldn't afford it; for you know, Mr. Brown, you pay the largest tax of any body in town, and can afford to give the children a chance to be something in the world as well as not.—And as for living in this kind of way any longer, I've no notion on't."

Mrs. Brown knew how to follow up an advantage. She had got her husband upon the retreat in the onset a moment before, in reference to Jimmy's absence, and the closing part of the last speech, which was uttered with an energy, and a determination, of which Squire Brown knew too well the import to disregard it. Perceiving that a storm was brewing that would burst upon his head with tremendous power, if he did not take care to avoid it, he finished his supper with all convenient despatch, rose from the table, put on his great coat and hat, and marched deliberately over to Gibbs' tavern. Mrs. Brown knew at once that she had won the victory, and that they should have a singing school. The children also had become so well versed in the science of their mother's tactics that they understood the same thing, and immediately began to discuss matters preparatory to attending the school.

Miss Jerusha said she must have her new calico gown made right up, the next day; and her mother said she should, and David might go right over after Betsey Davis, to come to work on it next morning.

"How delightful it will be to have a singing school," said Miss Jerusha, "Jimmy, what sort of a looking man is Mr. Crotchet?"

"Oh, he is a slick kind of looking man," said Jimmy.

"Is he a young man, or married man?" inquired Miss Jerusha.

"Ho! married? no; I guess he isn't," said Jimmy, I don't believe he's more than twenty years old.

"Poh; I don't believe that story," said Miss Jerusha, a singing master mus tbe as much as twenty-five years old, I know. How is he dressed? Isn't he dressed quite genteel?"

"Oh he's dressed pretty slick!" said Jimmy.

"Well that's what makes him look so young," said Miss Jerusha, "I dare say he's as much as twenty-five years old; don't you think he is mother?"

"Well, I think it's pretty likely he is, said Mrs. Brown; singing masters are generally about that age."

"How does he look?" said Miss Jerusha; "is he handsome?"

"He's handsome enough," said Jimmy, "only he's got a red head and freckly face."

"Now Jim, I don't believe—" [illegible]

To understand the propriety of the last remark of Miss Jerusha, the reader should be informed that for the last ten years she had looked upon every young man who came into the place, as her own peculiar property. And in all cases, in order to obtain possession of her aforesaid property, she had adopted prompt measures, and pursued them with a diligence worthy of all praise.

"No I ain't neither," said Jimmy, "I say he's got a red head and freckly face."

"La, well," said Mrs. Brown, "what if he has? I'm sure a red head don't look bad, and one of the handsomest men that I ever sawhad a freckly face."

"Well, Jimmy how large is he? Is he a tall man or a short man?" said Miss Jerusha.

"Why, he isn't bigger round than I be," said Jimmy; "and I guess he isn't quite as tall as a hay pole; but he's so tall he has to stoop whenever he goes in the door."

So far from adding to the shock, which Miss Jerusha's nerves had already received from the account of the red head and freckly face, this last piece of intelligence was on the whole rather consolatory, for she lacked but an inch and a half of six feet in height herself.

"Well, Jimmy," said Miss Jerusha, "when he stands up, take him altogether, isn't he a good looking young man?"

"I don't know any thing about that," said Jimmy; "he looks the most like the tom in the middle, of any thing I can think of."

"Long legs and crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes."

"There, Jim, you little plague," said Miss Jerusha, "you shall go right to bed if you don't leave off your nonsense. I won't hear another word of it."

"I don't care if you won't," said Jimmy, "its true every word of it."

"What! then the singing master has got no eyes, has he?" said Miss Jerusha; "thats a pretty story."

"I don't mean he hasn't got no eyes at all," said Jimmy, "only his eyes are dreadful little, and you can't see but one of 'em to a time, neither, they're twisted round so."

"A little cross-eyed, I s'pose," said Mrs. Brown "that's all, I don't think that hurts the looks of a man a bit; it only makes him look a little sharper."

While these things were transpiring at Mr. Brown's, matters of weight and importance were discussed at the tavern. About a dozen of the neighbors had collected there early in the evening, and every one, as he found Mr. Christopher Crotchet, from Quavertown, was in the village, was for having a singing school forthwith, cost what it would. They accordingly proceeded at once to ascertain Mr. C's terms. His proposals were, to keep twenty evenings for twenty dollars and "found," or for thirty dollars and board himself. The school to be kept two evenings in a week. A subscription paper was opened, and the sum of fifteen dollars was at last made up. This was the extent to which they could go, not another dollar could be raised. Much anxiety was now felt for the arrival of Squire Brown, for the question of school or no school depended entirely on him.

"Squire Brown's got money enough," said Mr. Gibbs, "and if he only has the will, we shall have a school."

"Not exactly," said Mr. Jones; if Mr. Brown has the will we shall have a school, but the Squire's will be what it may."

Before the laugh occasioned by this last remark had fully subsided, Squire Brown entered much to the joy of the whole company.

"Squire Brown, I am glad to see you," said Mr. Gibbs, "shall I introduce you to Mr. Christopher Crotchet, singing master from Quavertown.

When the ceremony of introduction was over, Mr. Gibbs laid the whole matter before Squire Brown; showed him the subscription-paper, and told him they were all depending upon him now whether they should have a singing-school or not. Squire Brown put on his spectacles and read the subscription-paper over two or three times, till he fully understood the terms, and the deficiency in the amount subscribed. Then without saying a word, he took a pen and deliberately subscribed five dollars. That settled the business, the desired sum was raised, and the school was to go ahead. It was agreed that it should commence on the following evening, and that Mr. Crotchet should board with Mr. Gibbs one week with the Squire the next, and so go round through the neighborhood.

On the following day there was no small commotion among the young folks of the village, in making preparation for the evening school. New singing books were purchased, dresses were prepared, curling-tongs & crimping-irons were put in requisition, and early in the evening the long chamber in Gibbs' tavern, which was called by way of eminence "the hall," was well filled by youth of both sexes, the old folks not being allowed to attend that evening, lest the "boys and gals" should be diffident about "sounding the notes."

A range of narrow tables was placed round three sides of the hall, with benches behind them upon which the youth were seated. A singing-book and a candle were shared by two all round the room, till you came to Miss Jerusha Brown, who had the uppermost seat, and monopolized a whole book and whole candle to her own use. Betsey Buck, a lively, reckless sort of a girl of 16 who cared for nobody nor nothing in this world, was full of frolic and fun, had by change taken a seat by Miss Jerusha. Miss Betsey had a slight inward turn of one eye, just enough to give her a roguish look that well comported with her character.—While they were waiting for the entrance of the master, many a suppressed laugh, and now and then an audible giggle passed round the room, the mere ebulition of buoyant spirits and contagious mirth without aim or object. Miss Jerusha, who was trying to behave her prettiest, repeatedly chided their rudeness, and more than once told Miss Betsey Buck that she ought to be ashamed to be guilty of such an unseemly giggle?"

After a while the door opened, and Mr. Christopher Crotchet entered. He bent his body slightly as he passed the door, to prevent concussion of his head against the lintel, and then walked very erect into the middle of the floor, and made a short speech to his class.—His grotesque appearance caused a slight tittering round the room, and Miss Betsey was even guilty of an incipient audible laugh, which however, she had tack so far to turn into a laugh as to save appearances. Still it was observed by Miss Jerusha, who told her again she ought to be ashamed, and added, "Mr. Crotchet was a most splendid man a beautiful man."

After Mr. Crotchet had made his introductory speech, he proceeded to try the voices of the pupils, making each one follow him in the rising and falling the notes. He passed round without much difficulty till he came to Miss Betsey Buck. She hesitated to let her voice be heard alone; but the master told her she must sound, and bolding his head down so close to hers that they almost met, he commenced pouring his faw, sole, law, into her ear. Miss Betsey drew back a little, but followed with a low and somewhat tremulous voice, till she had sounded three or four notes, when her risible muscles got the mastery, and she burst in an unrestrained fit of laughter.

The master looked confused and cross, and Miss Jerusha even looked crosser than the master. She again reproached Miss Betsey for her rudeness and told her in an emphatic whisper, which was intended more especially for the master's ear, "that such conduct was shameful, and if she couldn't behave better she ought to stay at home."

Miss Jerusha's turn to sound came next, and she leaned her head full half way across the table to meet the master's, and sounded the notes clear through, three or four times over, from bottom to top, and from top to bottom; and sounded them with a loudness and strength fully equal to that of the master.

When the process of sounding the voices separately had been gone through with, they were called upon to sound together; and before the close of the evening they were allowed to commence the notes of some easy tunes.—It is unnecessary here to give a detailed account of the progress that was made, or to describe the jargon of strange sounds, with which Gibb's hall echoed that night. Suffice it to say, that the proficiency of the pupils was so great, that on the tenth evening, or when the school was half through, the parents were permitted to be present, and were delighted to hear their children sing Old Hundred, Mear, St. Martin's, Northfield, and Hallowell, with so much accuracy, that those who knew the tunes; could readily tell, every time, which one was being performed.

Mrs. Brown was almost in ecstacies at the performance, and sat the whole evening and looked at Jerusha, who sung with great earnestness, and with a voice raised far above all the rest. Even Squire Brown himself was so much softened that evening, that his face wore sort of a smile, and he told his wife "he didn't grudge his five dollars a bit."

The school went on swimmingly. Mr. Crotchet became the lion of the village; and Jerusha Brown "thought he improved on acquaintance astonishingly." Great preparations were made at Squire Brown's for the improvement week of boarding the singing-master.—They outdid all the village in the quantity and variety of eatables, and at every meal Miss Jerusha was perfectly assiduous in placing all the good things in the neighborhood of Mr. Crotchet's plate. In fact, so bountifully and regularly was Mr. Crotchet stuffed that week, that his lank form began to assume a perceptible fullness. He evidently seemed very fond of his boarding place especially at meal times;—and made himself so much at home, that Mr. Brown and Miss Jerusha were in a state of absolute felicity the whole week. It was true that he spent two evenings abroad during the week and it was reported that one of them was passed at Mr. Buck's. But Miss Jerusha would not believe a word of such a story. She said "there was no young folks at Mr. Buck's except Betsey and she was sure Mr. Crotchet was a man of more sense than to spend his evening with such a wild rude thing as Betsey Buck." Still, however, the report gave her a little uneasiness and when it was ascertained that during the week on which Mr. Crotchet boarded at Mr. Buck's, he spent every evening at home, except the three devoted to the singing school, Miss Jerusha's uneasiness evidently increased. She resolved to make a desperate effort to counteract these outward influences, and to teach Miss Betsey Buck not to interfere with other folk's concerns. For this purpose, she made a grand evening party, and invited all the young folks in the village, except Miss Buck, who was pointedly left out.—The treat was elaborate for a country village, and Miss Jerusha was uncommonly assiduous in her intentions to Mr. Crotchet during the evening. But to her inexpressible surprise and chagrin, about eight o'clock, Mr. Crotchet put on his hat and great coat, and bade the company good night. Mrs. Brown looked very blue, and Miss Jerusha's nerves were in a state of high excitement. What could it mean?—She would give anything in the world to know where he had gone. She run up into her chamber, and looked out from the window. The night was rather dark, but she fancied she saw him making his way towards Mr. Buck's.—The company for the remainder of the evening had rather a dull time; and Miss Jerusha passed almost a sleepless night.

The next evening Miss Jerusha was early at the singing-school. She took her seat with a disconsolate air, opened her singing book and commenced singing Hallowell in the following words:

"As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope;
I sit and grieve alone."

On former occasions, when the scholars were singing before school commenced, the moment the master entered, Jerusha [illegible] tune, but now, when the master entered, Jerusha kept on singing. She went through the whole tune after Mr. Crotchet came in, and went back and repeated the latter half of it with a loud voice, that caused a laugh among the scholars, and diverse streaks of red to pass over the master's face.

At the close of the evening's exercise, Miss Jerusha hurried on her shawl and bonnet, and watched the movements of the master. She perceived he went out directly after Betsey Buck, and she hastened after them with becoming speed. She contrived to get between Miss Buck and the Master as they walked along the road, and kept Mr. Crotchet in conversation with her, or rather kept herself in close conversation with Mr. Crotchet, till they came to the corner, that turned down to Mr. Buck's house. Here Mr. Crotchet left her somewhat abruptly, and walked by the side of Miss Betsey towards Mr. Buck's house. This was more than Miss Jerusha's nerves could well bear. She was under too much excitement to proceed on her way home. She stopped and gazed on the couple as they receded from her; and as their forms became indistinct in the darkness of the night, she turned and followed them, just keeping them in view till they reached the house. The door opened, and to her inexpressible horror, they both went in. It was past ten o'clock, too? She was greatly puzzled. The affair was entirely inexpressible to her. It could not be, however, that he would stop many minutes, and she waited to see the result. Presently a light appeared in the front room; and from the mellowness of that light, a fire was evidently there. Miss Jerusha approached the house and reconnoitered. She tried to look in at the window, but a thick curtain effectually prevented her from seeing any thing within. The curtain did not reach quite to the top of the window, and she thought she saw the shadow of two persons before the fire, thrown against the ceiling.—She looked round the door-yard and found a long piece of board. She thought by placing this against the house by the side of the window, she might be able to climb up and look over the top of the curtain. The board was accordingly raised on one end and placed carefully by the side of the window, and Miss Jerusha eagerly commenced the task of climbing. She had reached the top of the curtain and cast one glance into the room, where sure enough, she beheld Mr. Crotchet seated by the side of Miss Betsey. At this interesting moment from some cause or other, either from her own trembling, for she was exceedingly agitated; or from the board not being properly supported at the bottom, it slipped and canted, and in an instant one half of the window was dashed with a tremendous crash into the room.

Miss Jerusha fell to the ground, but not being much injured by the fall, she sprang upon her feet and ran with the fleetness of a deer.—The door opened, and out came Mr. Crotchet and Mr. Buck, and started in the race. They thought they had a glimpse of some person running up the road, when they first came out, and Mr. Crotchet's long legs measured off the ground with remarkable velocity. But the fright had added so essentially to Miss Jerusha's powers of locomotion, that not even Mr. Crotchet could overtake her; and her pursuers soon lost sight of her in the darkness of the night, and gave up the chase and returned home.

Miss Jerusha was not seen at the singing-school after this and Mrs. Brown said she stayed at home because she had a cough. Notwithstanding there were many rumors and surmises afloat and some slanderous insinuations thrown out against Miss Jerusha Brown, yet it never was ascertained by the neighbors for a century, what it was that demolished Mr. Buck's window.

One item further to be added to this veritable history; and that is, that in three months from this memorable night, Miss Betsey Buck became Mrs. Crotchet, of Quavertown.

From the New Orleans Delta.

BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

We had the pleasure of an interview yesterday with Major Coffee, of the Army, who brought over Gen. Taylor's despatches. This gallant officer—a son of the distinguished General, who fought so bravely on the Plains of Chalmette, and in various other battles, by the side of the illustrious Jackson—acted as the Aid of Gen. Taylor in the bloody fight at Buena Vista. We are greatly indebted to him for many particulars of this hard-fought battle.

Gen. Taylor had fallen in love, at first sight, with the position at which he finally made his stand at Buena Vista. His movement toward Agua Nueva was merely a ruse to decoy the enemy into the field McCulloch's men, who were invaluable as scouts, informed him of Santa Anna's approach to Agua Nueva. Gen. Taylor quietly broke up his camp and fell back to his first love—Buena Vista. This position was admirably chosen. It was at the foot of a mountain, or rather of two mountains, between which ran the road through a narrow valley. On his right there was a deep ravine, which protected that flank more effectually than half a dozen regiments could have done. The left of Gen. Taylor's line rested on the base of a mountain. The road in the center was entrenched and defended by a strong battery. In front the ground was uneven—broken into hills and deep ravines—well adapted to the mode of fighting suited to our volunteers, and by its peculiarities supplying the disadvantages of a great inferiority of numbers.

On the 21st, the enemy were descried, approaching over the distant hills. At their appearance the volunteers raised a great shout, and gave three tremendous cheers. Their engineers and officers were seen flying over the field, and dragging their cannon about to get them into position; but the nature of the ground did not favor the undertaking, and it was too late in the day before the big guns began to open.

The enemy had with them thirty-two cannon, mostly of large calibre. Their fire, tho' kept up very briskly, and apparently well [illegible] that it was no [illegible] their fire. Our cannon were therefore silent the whole of the 21st. Eight or ten killed and wounded were the extent of the casualities sustained by our army on the 21st. During the day an officer approached our lines with a flag of truce, and requested to be shown to Gen. Taylor. The brave old man was sitting quietly on his old white charger, with his leg over the pommel of the saddle, watching the movements of the enemy, when the Mexican officer was presented.

In a very courteous and graceful manner the officer stated that "he had been sent by his Excellency Gen. Santa Anna to his Excellency Gen. Taylor, to inquire, in the most respectful manner, what he [Gen. Taylor] was waiting for." From the silence of Gen. Taylor's batteries, and the quiet manner in which he received Santa Anna's terrific cannonading, the Mexican supposed he was asking a very pertinent question, to which, however, old Rough and Ready gave the very pertinent reply that "he was only waiting for Gen. Santa Anna to surrender."

The Mexican returned hastily to his lines. This message proved to be a *ruse* to ascertain where Gen. Taylor's position was, for after the return of the Mexican officer to his own ranks the whole Mexican battery seemed to open upon Gen. Taylor's position, and the balls flew over and about him like hail. Utterly indifferent to the perils of his situation, there sat the old chieft, on his conspicuous white horse, peering through his spy glass at the long lines of Mexican troops that could be seen at a great distance on the march. The persuasion of his aids could not induce him to abandon his favorable point for observation, nor give up his old white horse. To the suggestion of his staff that old whitey was rather too conspicuous a charger for the commander, he replied "that the old fellow had missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and he was determined he should have his share this time."

At sunrise on the 22d February the battle began in earnest. The Mexicans were drawn out in immense numbers. The dark columns of infantry extended as far as the eye could reach, and the cavalry seemed to cover the whole view with their interminable lines. At intervals between the infantry and cavalry, their big guns, strongly protected by a strong artillery force, kept up an incessant cannonade against our lines. Their forces were soon in motion. Our artillery was thrown forward to meet them, protected by the volunteers. Gen. Wool led the main body in person, and was seen every where rallying and encouraging the volunteers. The two armies were soon engaged in hot conflict. The broken nature of the ground divided the forces, so that instead of one general engagement the regiments were compelled in a great measure to fight on their own hook. Our officers were always in the advance, leading their troops—hence the great mortality among them. In this general *melee* one of our small regiments of 400 men, would be attacked by a whole Mexican brigade of several thousand. Thus the Kentucky Infantry was attacked at the foot of a hill in a deep ravine, by an immense force of the enemy. A large number of the officers was killed, among them was Col McKee, who fell badly wounded, and was immediately dispatched by the enemy, who pierced him with their bayonets as he lay on the ground. Lieut. Col Clay was shot through the thigh, and being unable to walk, was taken up and carried some distance by some of his men, but owing to the steepness