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### The Democrat

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## POETRY.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

### THE PLEDGE OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

"Our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Stand forth! stand forth! we give a pledge!
Rouse brothers, one and all,
'Tis cast abroad upon the winds,
Our country's gathering call!
And thousands rallied at the sound,
With hearts both strong and true;
As on by glen and flashing stream
The stirring summons flew.

The grand-sire, with his silver locks,
And form bowed down with care,
That form his childhoods' hour has loved
This land so broad and fair—
Seemed once again to feel his veins
Throb with the pulse of youth,
And stood erect, to give the pledge
For liberty and truth!

And in his proudest hour of strength
Was heard from manhood's tone—
"We stake our fortunes and our lives,
With them we will atone,
If we prove false to the high trust
Which all have taken now;"
And in the hearts of living men
Was registered that vow.

Ay! women too, with patriot soul,
Came in her beauty's power,
And with her deep and thrilling voice
Joined in the vow that hour:
"We give our prayers, our influence,
'Tis all we can bestow;
But what that influence can do
We promise now to show."

That pledge—oh, it was proudly made,
And ne'er should be forgot;
To its fulfillment thousands owe
A peaceful, happy lot.
It thrilled each soul, it nerved each heart
And led that noble band;
Unheeding fortune, life—they saved
Their honor and their land.

## MISCELLANY.

### KRETTEL.

#### A Tale of Woman's Wit & Courage.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Bottwell, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostlery, were forgetting hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself: housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet de chamber to the stray visitants in the one best room, the groom in the stable—the hardy, active and good-humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove.—Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance.—The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror.—Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d' œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than a gun shot from the inn door; it was a tradition unfortunately, but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration a gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply.—Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed.—Krettel listened intently, and the sound of horses' feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same moment the report of a pistol told her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought she unloosed the horse, leapt on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued, but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, calling out to them to shut the gate, and vanished away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leathern valise was attached to the saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the innkeeper and his wife, and their guests, all set off to a neighboring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation: but this young servant maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn, which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed by when there came a knock at the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest awhile. Krettel at first refused him, but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone.—She immediately felt a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length; at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey, but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the stairs, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up close against the wall; the man muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this moment, remounted the steps agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been long ensconced in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was high deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity, Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that such they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of firearms where expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened: the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct.—The officers went in search of the robber whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain, were quickly either taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—The steamboat Newark collapsed a flue on the 9th, forty-five miles below Pittsburg, by which eleven of her crew were scalded, two supposed to be mortally, one other dangerously, and all the rest but one severely.

An editor out west remarks: "You might as well try to confine a thunderbolt in a quart cup, as to cramp our genius: it's rising like a bowl of yeast."

### Portrait of a Hard Case.

BY DOW, JR.

Now you that was cut for a man, but so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case. For what end did you burst open the world's door, and rush in uncalled, like a man chased by a mad bull? What good do you expect to bestow upon your fellow men? Some useful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery, or even one solitary remark? No! those that look for any thing good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten; or the woman who made greens of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps, can be got on "tick," but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered.—You know the color of a vest, but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of;—you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one twenty times every day in your landlady's looking-glass; but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action—you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! you wasp-waisted, catfish-mouthed, baboon-shouldered, calliper-legged, goose-eyed, sheep-faced, bewhiskered drone in the world's bee-hive.—What are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly to lisp by rote a line from some milk and cider poetaster, sentimentally talk love, eat oysters and act the fool shamefully. I say, does your mother know you're out? I am afraid you have no mother, nor never had! You are of no more use in this world than a time piece in a beaver-dam, or a mattrass in a hog-pen. You fill no larger space in this world's eye than the toe-nail of a musquito in a market house, or a stump-tailed dog in all out doors. You are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmother's last tooth down her throat; and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy, and have as much sea room as a tad-pole in Lake Superior. As for your ideas, you have but one, (and that is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep,) that TAILORS and females were made to be gulled by you, and that you think decent people envy your appearance. Poor useless tobacco worm! You are a decidedly hard case!

FIRMNESS OF CHARACTER.—There is no trait in the human character so potential for weal or woe as firmness of purpose. It is wonderful to see what miracles a resolute and unyielding spirit will achieve. Before its irresistible energy the formidable obstacles become as cob-web barriers in his pate. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile. The whole history of our race—all nature, indeed—teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.

A TRUE WOMAN.—A man by the name of Quackenbush, ran off with a young girl from Berlin, New York, a short time since, deserting his wife and family. He was arrested in Boston, and sentenced to four month's imprisonment in the House of Correction. A touching letter from his wife was produced in Court, and read in mitigation of his punishment. The following is the concluding paragraph:

"You ask my forgiveness. I do forgive you from my very heart, and the children do, too. When they think of your going to the State Prison it almost breaks their hearts. I am not able to come and see you, but I will try and have your brother come if he will. May the Lord be with you; and if we never meet again in this world, may we meet where parting will be no more. This is the prayer of your forsaken and broken-hearted wife."

How a man could run off from such a sweet saint as this letter indicates the wife to be, can only be explained by the old doctrine that sin is a *delusion* of the devil.

FUN TAKEN IN EARNEST.—At the late election, our neighbors in Camden elected a Pound Keeper, who has unexpectedly taken the joke in earnest and issued the following card:—

TAKE NOTICE.—The inhabitants of the city of Camden, who keep hogs, pigs, goats geese and ganders running at large in the streets, lanes and alleys, in two weeks from this date, will be dealt with according to the law of the city ordinance. Although I was elected for FUN, I am now in earnest, and will deal rigidly with all; without respect to persons. It is a very respectable office, and I shall be under the necessity of fulfilling its duties to the best of my knowledge.

WILLIAM HUGG, Pound Keeper,
Goose, Gander, Hog and Goat Catcher.

☞ The *Harrisburg Telegraph*, a leading Federal paper, thus alludes to the movement on the part of the high tariff, anti-war, and anti-slavery party leaders in favor of Gen. TAYLOR: "We are probably as great admirers of the military achievements, qualifications and character of General TAYLOR as any one—but we greatly doubt whether a man who owns 100 slaves will be found to avow himself opposed to the further extension of slavery, and we are certain that no man who is not, will receive the votes of the Northern States in 1848! and his friends who think that the halo of military glory around him will carry him safely through, should remember that the war is looked upon as one, in which the arm of the strong is crushing the weak, because he is weak."

DO AS YOU AGREE.—Men who disregard their word, and only refuse to break it when it is for their interest, are unsafe friends, and not to be trusted. We admire the character of those persons who will always fulfil their agreement, be the injury to themselves ever so great. You know just where to find them, and their word is as good as a written obligation. Forgetfulness is a poor excuse for the non-performance of contracts.

From the Washington Union.

### Gen. Taylor's Detailed Report of the Battle of Buena Vista.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION,
Agua Nueva, March 6, 1847.

SIR:—I have the honor to submit a detailed report of the operations of the forces under my command which resulted in the engagement of Buena Vista, the repulse of the Mexican army and the reoccupation of this position.

The information which reached me of the advance and concentration of a heavy Mexican force in my front, had assumed such a probable form, as to induce a special examination far beyond the reach of our pickets to ascertain its correctness. A small party of Texan spies, under Major McCulloch, despatched to the Hacienda of Encarnacion, thirty miles from this on the route to San Luis Potosi, had reported a cavalry force of unknown strength at that place. On the 20th of February a strong reconnoissance under Lieut. Col. May, was despatched to the Hacienda of Hedionda, while Maj. McCulloch made another examination of Encarnacion. The results of these expeditions left no doubt that the enemy was in large force at Encarnacion under the orders of General Santa Anna, and that he meditated a forward movement and attack upon our position.

As the Camp of Agua Nueva could be turned on either flank, and as the enemy's forces was greatly superior to that of our own, particularly in the arm of cavalry, I determined, after much consideration, to take up a position about eleven miles in the rear, and there await the attack. The army broke up its camp and marched at noon on the 21st, encamping at the new position a little in front of the Hacienda of Buena Vista. With a small force I proceeded to Saltillo to make some necessary arrangements for the defence of the town, leaving Brig. Gen. Wool in the immediate command of the troops.

Before those arrangements were completed on the morning of the 22d, I was advised that the enemy was in sight, advancing. Upon reaching the ground it was found that his cavalry advance was in our front, having marched from Encarnacion, as we have since learned, at 11 o'clock on the day previous, and driving in a mounted force left at Agua Nueva to cover the removal of public stores. The road at this point becomes a narrow defile, the valley on its right being rendered quite impracticable for artillery by a system of deep and impassable gullies, while on the left a succession of rugged ridges and precipitous ravines extends far back towards the mountains which bounds the valley. The features of the ground were such as nearly to paralyze the artillery and cavalry of the enemy, while his infantry could not derive all the advantage of its numerical superiority. In this position we prepared to receive him.

Capt. Washington's battery (4th artillery,) was posted to command the road, while the 1st and 2d Illinois regiments under Colonels Hardin and Bissell, each eight companies, (to the latter of which was attached Capt. Conner's company of Texas volunteers,) and the 2d Kentucky under Colonel McKee, occupied the crests of the ridges on the left and in rear.—The Arkansas and Kentucky regiments of cavalry, commanded by Cols. Yell and H. Marshall, occupied the extreme left near the base of the mountain, while the Indiana brigade, under Brigadier General Lane, (composed of the 2d and 3d regiments under Cols. Bowles and Lane,) the Mississippi riflemen under Col. Davis, the squadrons of the 1st and 2d dragoons under Captain Steen and Lieut. Col. May, and the light batteries of Capts. Sherman and Bragg, 3d artillery, were held in reserve. At 11 o'clock I received from General Santa Anna a summons to surrender at discretion, which, with a copy of my reply, I have already transmitted. The enemy still forbore his attack, evidently waiting for the arrival of his rear columns, which could be distinctly seen by our look-outs as they approached the field. A demonstration made on his left caused me to detach the 2d Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery to our right, in which position they bivouacked for the night.

In the meantime the Mexican light troops had engaged ours on the extreme left, (composed of parts of the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry dismounted, and a rifle battalion from the Indiana brigade under Major Gorman, the whole commanded by Col. Marshall,) and kept up a sharp fire, climbing the mountain side, and apparently endeavoring to gain our flank. Three pieces of Capt. Washington's battery had been detached to the left, and were supported by the 2d Indiana regiment. An occasional shell was thrown by the enemy into this part of our line, but without effect. The skirmishing of the light troops was kept up with trifling loss on our part until dark, when I became convinced that no serious attack would be made before the morning, and returned with the Mississippi regiment and squadron of 2d dragoons to Saltillo. The troops bivouacked without fires, and laid upon their arms.

A body of cavalry, some 1,500 strong, had been visible all day in rear of the town, having entered the valley through a pass east of the city. This cavalry, commanded by Gen. Minon, had evidently been thrown in our rear to break up and harass our retreat, and perhaps make some attempt against the town if practicable. The city was occupied by four excellent companies of Illinois volunteers under Major Warren, of the 1st regiment. A field-work, which commanded most of the approaches, was garrisoned by Capt. Webster's company, 1st artillery and armed with two 24 pound howitzers, while the train and head quarter camp was guarded by two companies Mississippi riflemen under Capt. Rogers, and a field piece commanded by Capt. Shover, 3d artillery. Having made these dispositions for the protection of the rear, I proceeded on the morning of the 23d to Buena Vista, ordering forward all the other available troops. The action had commenced before my arrival on the field.

During the evening and night of the 22d the enemy had thrown a body of light troops on the mountain side, with the purpose of outflanking our left; and it was here that the action of the 23d commenced at an early hour. Our riflemen under Colonel Marshall, who had been reinforced by three companies under Maj. Trail, 2d Illinois volunteers, maintained their ground handsomely against a greatly superior force, holding themselves under cover, and using their weapons with deadly effect. About 8 o'clock a strong demonstration was made against the centre of our position, a heavy column moving along the road. This force was soon dispersed by a few rapid and well-directed shots from Capt. Washington's battery. In the meantime the enemy was concentrating a large force of infantry and cavalry under cover of the ridges, with the obvious intention of forcing our left, which was posted on an extensive plateau. The 2d Indiana and 2d Illinois regiment formed this part of our line, the former covering three pieces of light artillery, under the orders of Captain O'Brien—Brigadier General Lane, being in the immediate command.

In order to bring his men within effective range, Gen. Lane ordered the artillery and 2d Indiana regiment forward. The artillery advanced within musket range of a heavy body of Mexican infantry, and was served against it with great effect, but without being able to check its advance. The infantry ordered to its support had fallen back in disorder, being exposed, as well as the battery, not only to a severe fire of small arms from the front, but also to a murderous cross fire of grape and canister from a Mexican battery on the left.—Capt. O'Brien found it impossible to retain his position without support, but was only able to withdraw two of his pieces, all the horses and cannoneers of the third piece being killed or disabled. The 2d Indiana regiment, which had fallen back as stated, could not be rallied, and took no further part in the action, except a handful of men, who, under its gallant Col. Bowles, joined the Mississippi regiment, and did good service, and those fugitives who, at a later period in the day, assisted in defending the train and depot at Buena Vista. This portion of our line having given way, and the enemy appearing in overwhelming force against our left flank, the light troops which had rendered such good service on the mountain, were compelled to withdraw, which they did, for the most part, in good order. Many, however, were not rallied until they reached the depot of Buena Vista, to the defence of which they afterwards contributed.

Colonel Bissell's regiment, (2d Illinois,) which had been joined by a section of Captain Sherman's battery, had become completely outflanked, and was compelled to fall back, being entirely unsupported. The enemy was now pouring masses of infantry and cavalry along the base of the mountain on our left, and was gaining our rear in great force. At this moment I arrived upon the field. The Mississippi regiment had been directed to the left before reaching the position, and immediately came into action against the Mexican infantry which had turned our flank.

The 2d Kentucky regiment and a section of artillery under Captain Bragg, had previously been ordered from the right to reinforce our left, and arrived at a most opportune moment. That regiment, and a portion of the 1st Illinois, under Col. Hardin, gallantly drove the enemy, and recovered a portion of the ground we had lost. The batteries of Capts. Sherman and Bragg were in position on the plateau, and did much execution, not only in front, but particularly upon the masses which had gained our rear.

Discovering that the enemy was heavily pressing upon the Mississippi regiment, the third Indiana regiment, under Col. Lane, was despatched to strengthen that part of our line, which formed a crotchet perpendicular to the first line of battle. At the same time Lieut. Kilburn, with a piece of Capt. Bragg's battery, was directed to support the infantry there engaged. The action was for a long time warmly sustained at that point—the enemy making several efforts both with infantry and cavalry against our line, and being always repulsed with heavy loss. I had placed all the regular cavalry and Capt. Pike's squadron of Arkansas horse under the orders of Brevet Lieut Col. May, with directions to hold in check the enemy's column, still advancing to the rear along the base of the mountain, which was done in conjunction with the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Cols. Marshall and Yell. In the meantime our left, which was still strongly threatened by a superior force, was further strengthened by the detachment of Capt. Bragg's, and a portion of Capt. Sherman's batteries, to that quarter.

The concentration of artillery fire upon the masses of the enemy along the base of the mountain, and the determined resistance offered by the two regiments opposed to them, had created confusion in their ranks, and some of the corps attempted to effect a retreat upon their main line of battle. The squadron of the 1st dragoons, under Lieut. Rucker, was now ordered up the deep ravine, which these retreating corps were endeavoring to cross, in order to charge and disperse them. The squadron proceeded to the point indicated, but could not accomplish the object, being exposed to a heavy fire from a battery established to cover the retreat of those corps. While the squadron was detached on this service, a large body of the enemy was observed to concentrate on our extreme left, apparently with the view of making a descent upon the hacienda of Buena Vista, where our train and baggage were deposited. Lieut. Col. May was ordered to the support of that point, with two pieces of Capt. Sherman's battery, under Lieut. Reynolds. In the meantime the scattered forces near the hacienda, composed in part of Majors Trail and Gorman's commands, had been to some extent organized under the advice of Maj. Munroe, chief of artillery, with the assistance of Major Morrison, volunteer staff, and were posted to defend the position. Before our cavalry had reached the hacienda, that of the enemy had made its attack, having been handsomely met by the Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry under Cols. Marshall and Yell. The Mexican column immediately divided, one portion sweeping by the depot, where it received a destructive fire from the force which had collected there, and then gaining the mountain opposite, under a fire from Lieut. Reynolds' section, the remaining portion regaining the base of the mountain on our left. In the charge at Buena Vista, Col. Yell fell gallantly at the head of his regiment; we also lost Adj't. Vaughan, of the Kentucky cavalry—a young officer of much promise. Lieut. Col. May, who had been rejoined by the squadron of the 1st dragoons and by portions of the Arkansas and Indiana troops under Lieut. Col. Roane and Major Gorman, now approached the base of the mountain, holding in check the right flank of the enemy, upon whose masses, crowded in the narrow gorges and ravines, our artillery was doing fearful execution.

The position of that portion of the Mexican army which had gained our rear was now very critical, and it seemed doubtful whether it could regain the main body. At this moment I received from Gen. Santa Anna a message by a staff officer, desiring to know what I wanted? I immediately despatched Brig. Gen. Wool to the Mexican general-in-chief, and sent orders to cease firing. Upon reaching the Mexican lines, Gen. Wool could not cause the enemy to cease their fire, and accordingly returned without having an interview. The extreme right of the enemy continued its retreat along the base of the mountain, and finally, in spite of all our efforts, effected a junction with the remainder of the army.

During the day, the cavalry of Gen. Minon had ascended the elevated plain above Saltillo, and occupied the road from the city to the field of battle, where they intercepted several of our men. Approaching the town, they were fired upon by Capt. Webster from the redoubt occupied by his company, and then moved off towards the eastern side of the valley, and obliquely towards Buena Vista. At this time Capt. Shover moved rapidly forward with his piece, supported by a miscellaneous command of mounted volunteers, and fired several shots at the cavalry with great effect. They were driven into the ravines which lead to the lower valley, closely pursued by Capt. Shover, who was further supported by a piece of Capt. Webster's battery, under Lieut. Donaldson, which had advanced from the redoubt, supported by Captain Wheeler's company, Illinois volunteers. The enemy made one or two efforts to charge the artillery, but was finally driven back in a confused mass, and did not again appear upon the plain.

In the meantime, the firing had partially ceased upon the principal field. The enemy seemed to confine his efforts to the protection of his artillery, and I had left the plateau for a moment, when I was recalled thither by a very heavy musketry fire. On regaining that position, I discovered that our infantry (Illinois and 2d Kentucky) had engaged a greatly superior force of the enemy—evidently his reserves—and that they had been overwhelmed by numbers. The moment was most critical. Capt. O'Brien, with two pieces, had sustained this heavy charge to the last, and was finally obliged to leave his guns on the field—his infantry support being entirely routed. Capt. Bragg, who had just arrived from the left, was ordered at once into battery, Without any infantry to support him, and at the imminent risk of loosing his guns, this officer came rapidly into action, the Mexican line being but a few yards from the muzzle of his pieces. The first discharge of canister caused the enemy to hesitate, the second and third drove him back in disorder, and saved the day. The 2d Kentucky regiment, which had advanced beyond supporting distance in this affair, was driven back and closely pressed by the enemy's cavalry. Taking a ravine which led in the direction of Captain Washington's battery, the pursuers became exposed to his fire, which soon checked and drove them back with loss. In the meantime the rest of our artillery had taken position on the plateau, covered by the Mississippi and 3d Indiana regiments, the former of which had reached the ground in time to pour a fire into the right flank of the enemy, and thus contribute to his repulse. In this last conflict we had the misfortune to sustain a very heavy loss. Col. Hardin, 1st Illinois, and Col. McKee, and Lieut. Col. Clay, 2d Kentucky regiments, fell at this time while gallantly heading their commands.

No further attempt was made by the enemy to force our position, and the approach of night gave an opportunity to pay proper attention to the wounded, and also to refresh the soldiers, who had been exhausted by incessant watchfulness and combat. Though the night was severely cold, the troops were compelled for the most to bivouack without fires, expecting that morning would renew the conflict. During the night the wounded were removed to Saltillo, and every preparation made to receive the enemy should he again attack our position. Seven fresh companies were drawn from the town, and Brigadier General Marshall, who had made a forced march from the Rinconada, with a reinforcement of Kentucky cavalry and four heavy guns, under Capt. Prentiss, 1st artillery, was near at hand, when it was discovered that the enemy had abandoned his position during the night. Our scouts soon ascertained that he had fallen back upon Agua Nueva. The great disparity of numbers, and the exhaustion of our troops, rendered it inexpedient and hazardous to attempt pursuit. A staff officer was despatched to General Santa Anna to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, which was satisfactorily completed on the following day. Our own dead were collected and buried, and the Mexican wounded, of which a large number had been left upon the field, were removed to Saltillo, and rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

On the evening of the 26th, a close reconnoissance was made of the enemy's position, which was found to be occupied only by a small body of cavalry, the infantry and artillery having retreated in the direction of San Luis Potosi. On the 27th, our troops resumed their former camp at Agua Nueva, the enemy's rear guard evacuating the place as we approached, leaving a considerable number of wounded. It was my purpose to beat up his quarters at