THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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Poetry.

PRESS ONWARD.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Onward! will ye stop and ponder,
While the minutes pass ye by?
Will ye mid your dreamings wander
While the hours just breathe and die?

He whose ardor brightly burneth,
With a purpose true and strong,
In the end a laurel earneth
Nobler than the highest song.

Onward! in a bold reliance
On the strength ye have within—
Bid your foes a stern defiance
And their homage ye shall win.

Life is not a time for dreaming—
Standing still or asking when—
Mere resolves or wordy seeming—
Duty calls for earnest men.

Do ye cringe at shadows fleeting
Like a sun-concealing cloud?
Give them all a silent greeting.
But be never by them bowed.

Onward! though the steep ascending
Makes the labor long and hard,
Sweeter far will be the blending—
Joy with after-toil's reward.

They who idly stand and tremble,
Thinking dangers fill the way,
Bid their tyrant foes assemble
In their terror-born array.

Doubting ever makes us weaker—
Fears make coward hearts for aye—
But the true and earnest seeker
Knows no yielding but to die.

He who yields is base and craven—
Nothing worth in strife and toil—
But the firm shall reach their haven,
Proudly bearing off the spoil.

So our duty o'er should find us—
So our trials should be met—
While the true and lofty bind us
Like a lock unmoving set.

Gird ye, then, with bold endeavor—
Press ye onward, while ye may—
Keeping Trust and Hope forever
Angel-guardians by the way.

"I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;
Floating upon the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.
Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!"

Miscellany.

From Noah's Sunday Times.

HOW A BOAT-LOAD OF BRITISH SOLDIERS WERE MADE PRISONERS BY FIVE YANKEES.

One of the most during heroes of the American Revolution was Benjamin Tallmadge, the family ancestor of the gentlemen of that name who now occupy various places of Public trust among us. We find him at the battle of Long Island, fighting manfully until the day was against the army of the young Republic, and then formed one of the rear guard in the retreat. On the field he was a fearless soldier; in that species of guerrilla service which at that period was so much in vogue, he had scarce an equal. In one action he had lost his sword, which, Washington perceiving his misfortune, was substituted by the commander-in-chief's own weapon—a mark of respect and confidence seldom exhibited by the great man under any circumstances—always merited and of weight when it was bestowed. The sword is still preserved in the family. The only time it ever met our eyes was when G. W. P. Custis was in the city. He wept over it like a child.

During the occupancy of New York by the enemy, Tallmadge was in communication with many persons who resided there and were secretly true to the American cause. From there he gathered at different periods the most important intelligence that can be imagined. The letters and messages of this nature were conveyed with the utmost caution, and for their more certain dispatch, Tallmadge kept a boat expressly to run across the Sound, from New York to the points on Long Island and Connecticut where he chanced to be quartered. Many of these spy-like voyages were performed at night. They were undertakings of extreme peril—for the British commanders, knowing well the facilities for reconnoitering offered by the river, guarded both the Hudson and the East River with zealous and abundant precaution.

One warm evening in August, 1777, Tallmadge started for the city with four stout Yankee companions from Wethersfield, who belonged to the second regiment of dragoons then in quarters at that pointsince famous for onions. Armed, as is the phrase, to the teeth, and dressed so that no spot of white was visible about their persons, they muffled their oars, and embarked in a heavy yawl which had been captured by stratagem from one of the English vessels of war. Their weapons were heavy short swords, large horse pistols, and a couple of boat hooks. The order of the little voyage was that no word should be uttered unless Tallmadge set the example. The object of the journey was to get promised information of the movements of the enemy's troops here, and the intentions of the British commander. A little after midnight the moon rose to its full and found the adventurers nearly opposite Harlem. The difficulty in making a landing when they should have arrived at the place of rendezvous—a place of saw pits near the foot of what is at present Roosevelt street—was more than usually great, in consequence of this side of the river being directly in the range of the moon's rays, so that the crew were obliged to keep the yawl close in to the Long Island shore. Cutting across the stream at a lower situation would have been courting detection, and pulling down in open view was equally dangerous. At a sign from Tallmadge, the men desisted in their labor, wiped away the perspiration, and examined their arms. A hasty review of their position was made, and it was finally resolved to choose the least of the two evils, and keep to the shore in the shadow until nearly opposite the spot they wished to reach, and then make the best of their way across. In case of discovery and pursuit, the yawl was to be pulled for life to Blackwell's Island, (then private property and occupied as a residence by the owners,) where, by dodging about, or by getting on shore, concealing the boat and hiding in the trees, they might evade capture.

This settled, the word was given to "let go," and the quintettee was once more noiselessly gliding over the smooth surface of the sleeping waters. They had proceeded about three miles when the peculiar sound of oars at work in the thole pins arrested their attention. Tallmadge looked attentively to ascertain the whereabouts of the craft, but for the moment failed to see it. His practised ear told him, however, that the inopportune arrival was on the same side of the river. Bidding his men shoot into a little cove or indentation near where they were, and to keep quiet as death, Tallmadge anxiously awaited the approach of that which was expected. The indentation or recess, was a mere irregularity of the shore, offering nothing to get behind. All they could do was to lie down in the bottom of the yawl, and trust to the shade, silence and chance, for escape from a recontre. As the boat neared them, another shot out a hundred yards above. They met nearly opposite the yawl, and only two hundred yards or so out into the river.

"Who goes there?" cried a voice from the boat down bound.

"Officer of the day," answered a voice from the other. They came close together and afer a confab of about five minutes, in such low tones that the ambushers could hear nothing, there was a change in a portion of the crews; and an order to hang about the vicinity was given to one as the other was urged towards the city. In the boat left behind, the spies counted eight men, besides the coxswain, in the fatigue dress of British marines. After waiting thirty minutes and seeing no indications of their departure, Tallmadge determined to adopt a bold expedient. His time was being wasted, and he was not the man to return to his starting place without having accomplished the errand that had brought him out. One of the men, an expert swimmer, was directed to divest himself of all clothing except his breeches and a flannel shirt, drop into the water and float into the tide. He was to feign partial death by drowning, get taken on board the other boat, and, when the enemy least expected it, recover, seize whatever might be the best weapon he could get, do all the damage possible, and trust to his comrades for aid.

He floated out as directed, and was picked up and pitched into the boat. He managed the business with such dexterity, performed such strange manœvres, and flopped about, gasped, snorted, and "skylarked," as the phrase goes, in so novel a style that the attention of the nine loyalits was completely centered upon him.

'Now boys,' whispered Tallmadge, "have everything ready, and do as I do. To the boat as quietly as possible. Mind—one false step ruins us. Now, Move!"

He was nearly alongside when the drowned man suddenly and miraculously recovered his senses, kicked the man from the stern sheets into the river, and seizing the two individuals nearest to him by the throat, threw them among the others in such a way that they were all confusion. Not rightly understanding the abrupt demonstration, and still believing him to be a dying or crazy man, they did not even dream of offering violence. Before they could resume order and get comprehension of the event, he had dropped five of their brass-barrelled muskets overboard, and with a crash Tallmadge and the others were among them, each with their pistols cocked and ready.

"Surrender, or we'll blow you into eternity!" cried Tallmadge loudly.

"Here comes the other boats," remarked one of the Yankees, giving the cock of one of his pistols an extra click.

"Speak, or you die!" exclaimed Tallmadge, touching the barrell of his pistol to the temple of the officer in charge.

"I surrender—of course—no alternative—must!" stammered the confounded lieutenant.

"Enough!" your arms, quick, or my comrades near at hand may not be disposed to treat you so mercifully," cried Tallmadge.

Every available weapon, oars and all, were instantly delivered and thrown overboard. The poor coxswain was taken in—as they all were—and Tallmadge asked if that was the only boat out for the night. He received, for answer, that it was.

"Then, boys," said he, "we must go up and meet those we expect and deliver these prisoners. You have surrendered honorably," he continued, addressing the enemy, "and there is no escape.

There was some murmuring at this, whereupon Tallmadge thus interrogated the officer:

"I have one proposition to make. You will, if left by us, consider yourselves our prisoners for one hour and a half from the time we depart, making no effort to revenge your capture. If you comply with this, we pledge ourselves to contradict no story told by you—that is, we agree to keep the tale of our meeting and its results a profound secret.

"I pledge my word and honor to that effect," replied the lieutenant, with uplifted hand.

They were then towed across the river to the New-York side, carried up to Blackwell's Island, and there set on shore, with an injunction not to breathe a word until the term agreed upon had expired. Their boat was moored on Manhatten ground—previous to which, however, our little band had changed dresses with five of the nine prisoners. They then pulled down to Rosseveltstreet, run in, procured the intelligence they wanted, and started on the return trip. The tide was unfavorable, and it was three quarters of an hour after the expiration of the stipulated hour and a half ere they had got any great distance up the river.

"Now, boys," exclaimed Tallmadege, as they shot along four miles above, "pull for your lives, for ere this our captives have given the alarm."

True enough, they had left their snug quarters on the Island, swam after their boat, picked up four queer, sapling like substitutes for oars, and were coming down with the tide. The gloom that always precedes day break was then at its height, and the crafts nearly came into collision before the representative tenants knew of each other's vicinity.

"Ah! friends, are you there?" inquired Tallmadge, as they rested. "As you have no arms, you are not anxious for a brush, eh?"

"Death and the devil!" growled the officer, "this is too much. You'll give us our clothing and take your own, I suppose. As for giving an alarm, we can't do that without exposing ourselves, until you are out of the way."

"Your request is indeed modest," replied our hero: "so, strip boys—be lively."

The change of dress was speedily accomplished, and with mock politeness the navigators again separated. Incautiously one of the Wethersfield men had left a pistol in the marine's pocket, and before they were apart two hundred yards, it was discharged, and the loudest species of alarm was given. Throwing aside all further caution, our little party went to work with hearty good will. The alarm was unavailing—and before dinner time that day Tallmadge had mastered the contents of the communication he had encountered so much danger to procure. It informed him of the weak points and important secrets of a band of skinners and refugees, whose rendezvous was in the rear of a fort between Huntingdon and Oyster Bay, on a promonotory called Lloyd's Neck.—This fort was garrisoned by five hundred English troops, and was thoroughly fortified. The maurading band was excessively dangerous, and had committed all kind of deprepations. Almost every inhabitant along the main shore had been plundered and personally maltreated by them, and the small vessels in the Sound had suffered by them to a great extent. Determined to break up this retreat, he perused his dispatch intently, and perfected his plans. These he did not put into practice until the 5th of September, when, with only one hundred and thirty men of his detachment, he embarked at Shippan Point, debarked at Lloyd's Neck at about ten o'clock in the evening, and without the loss of a single life captured nearly the whole of the party he went to take, and had them safely landed and housed, under strict surveillance, and in good care, in Connecticut.

Such deeds of daring cannot be sufficiently lauded. Their importance and real aspect cannot be detailed on paper. It is only the man who shares in the heroic, patriotic and perilous enterprise that can form a proper estimate of them. To such men as Tallmadge, and such enterprises as we have faintly sketched, we owe our liberties. The subject of our sketch lived until 1835, when he died at Litchfield, Connecticut, mourned by all who knew or had head of him, as all men who are cotemporary with Washington must ever be.

A DOG'S DREAD OF THUNDER.—On the day of Prince Albert's visit to this town, among other tokens of welcome was a royal salute fired from cannon placed on Castle Hill. The unwontad and dreadful sound seems to have occassioned much alarm among the dog tribe, and several highly-prized animals made their escape from town, and have not since returned.—One dog tragedy in fact occurred. A valuable Newfoundland dog had followed his master from Ross-shire on the day in question, and frolicked about, seemingly enjoying himself, until the cannon opened mouth, when the poor animal set off homeward at full gallop, showing every mark of extreme terror. At Kessock, he was seen to spring from the pier and attempt to swim the ferry which is at least half a mile broad. The dog swam nobly until he had almost reached the other side; then, however, the strong current over-mastered him, and though the ferry-boat was not far behind, the animal sank before he could be rescued. Fish, it is well known, always sink into deep water, during thunder, and will rise to no lure. Cattle, also, show great alarm; but we were not aware that dogs were so sensitive.—*Inverness Courier.*

The fear of thunder is a peculiarity oftener found in dogs than is generally supposed. A friend of ours in this city, has a large Newfoundland Dog that will run at the first mutterings of thunder, to his home, and place his head in the darkest corner of the room, under a sofa. If attention is not paid immediately to his knock at the door, he will howl in the most distressing manner until he is admitted. The report of a gun, a pistol, or fire-crackers, will produce the same singular effect.—*Ledger.*

☞ Setting a man-trap is the title given to a picture of a very pretty young lady, arranging her hair at a mirror.

☞ Here are a few lines evidently written while the author was suffering under the pangs of unrequited love:

Gone forever is the hope
With which so long I've trusted;
Ann Maria has taken a slope,
And I am done and busted.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The Approach of Winter.

Hark! the Autumn winds are moaning—
Moaning through the naked trees;
And the withered leaves are lying—
Sport of every passing breeze.

Hark! the Wintry winds are coming—
Coming loudly o'er the hills;
And they tell of frozen rivers—
Frozen rivers, lakes and rills.

Hark! the wild goose shrilly crying—
Winter's certain pioneer—
As he soars to Southern regions
Where 'tis Summer all the year.

Hark! the raven hoarsely croaking—
Croaking from his craggy den:
And the boding owl is hooting—
Hooting in the woody glen.

Hark! the woodman's axe resounding,
As he fells the mighty oak
And the hardy hickory thunders—
Thunders down beneath his stroke.

See! the pigeons fleetly flocking—
Flocking fleetly to their homes:
Where no chilly winds are blowing—
Where no winter ever comes.

See! the crows are wildly wheeling—
Wheeling wildly through the air;
And they warn the frugal farmer,
Of his cribless corn beware.

Now, the darkling clouds are spreading—
Spreading darkly o'er the earth;
And the storms are rudely sweeping—
Sweeping rudely from the North.

Now, the traveller closely wraps him;
Wraps himself with cloak around;
And his horse's hoofs abruptly
Sound upon the frozen ground.

Now, ye husbands, housed by winter,
To your marriage vows be true;
Love and cherish her who fondly—
Fondly gave her all to you.

Now, ye gentle wives, remember,
You were formed to smile on man;
By your smiles make joyless winter—
Make it joyful if you can.

Now, ye lovers, now's the crisis;
Disregard the piercing storm;
Though the air is cold and chilly;
Hearts in winter-time are warm.

Hoary winter! thou art welcome;
Welcome at my door again;
In thy falling snow there's music,
Music in thy wind and rain.

Hoary winter! since I heard thee;
Heard thee roar thy last adieu;
Many an eye's been wet with weeping;
Many a heart's been broken, too.

Hoary winter! I do gladly;
Gladly hail thee, cold and stern:
Thou art like a friend, whom absence
Renders dearer on return.

MEXICAN LEPEROS.

The following graphic description of the leperos of Mexico will be interesting to our readers. The leperos, it will be remembered, were that portion of the mob of Mexico which fired on our troops, and which since have had a hand in most of the assassinations. The editor of the Boston Herald, the author of this description, has been in Mexico himself.

"Nobody can tell the Lepero's occupation; God only knows how he lives. He has almost as little need of the tailor as Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, his skin drinks the sun at every pore. An edict requiring the Lepero to wear breeches would extinguish the race; a Lepero in a whole pair of breeches would no longer be a Lepero; for one want creates another. The Lepero is emphatically the child of nature; the shining sun, the murmuring breeze, the smiling face of nature, are his birthright, his property. Other men have houses and lands; the world belongs to the Lepero. He has no master, he knows no law, he eats when he is hungry, drinks when he is dry, and sleeps when and where he is sleepy. Other men rest from their labors, the Lepero works when he is tired of laziness. His work, however, never lasts more than an hour, seldom more than fifteen minutes: just long enough to provide for the few and small wants of the day. He carries a traveller's trunk to his lodgings, does anything that comes under his hand, picking pockets included, and holds out his hands for charity. Such is his work; he is a doer of chores. He eats anything and everything, flesh, fish, and especially fruit."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.—On one occasion Randolph, with a friend, was indulging in his favorite amusement of a game of billiards, at a Hotel in Norfolk. It was a very cold day, and the large billiard-room was but moderately warmed with the very small stove designed to impart comfort to the inmates. Randolph, with his back towards the stove, was intently watching his competitor in the game, and at the same time endeavoring to catch a little warmth, when an intimate acquaintance came into the room and accidentally placed himself between Randolph and the stove, where he remained some time without Mr. R. looking round to see who the unmannerly fellow was. At length it becoming his turn to play, his acquaintance stepped up to him, and very cordially offering him his hand, hoped he was well. "Yes, sir, I *am* well," squeaked Randolph in his most sarcastic tone; "*but I only give you my hand that you may feel how cold it is, and what a brute you are!*"

☞ "Wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to an old maid who was proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" asked she. "Because," said he, "you would have eaten the whole of the apple, instead of dividing it with Adam."

A SMART BOY.—An urchin remarked that the principal branch of education in his school, was the *willow branch*, the teacher having used up nearly a whole tree.

☞ "Dick, where were you yesterday?" "Oh, moving." "What, moving again?" "Yes, I find it is cheaper to pay a hand cartman for moving than it is to pay rent."

☞ These are hard times, and we must make the most of what little we have—as the grocer said when he watered the vinegar.

FROM THE ARMY!

OFFICIAL DESPATCHES FROM GEN. SCOTT.

No. 24.]

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
National Palace of Mexico, Sept. 18, '47.

SIR: At the end of another series of arduous and brilliant operations, of more than forty-eight hours' continuance, this glorious army hoisted, on the morning of the 14th, the colors of the United States on the walls of this palace.

The victory of the 8th on the Molinos del Rey, was followed by daring reconnoisances on the part of our distinguished engineers—Capt. Lee, Lieuts. Beauregard, Stevens, and Tower—Major Smith, senior, being sick, and Capt. Mason, third in rank, wounded. Their operations were directed principally to the South—towards the gates of the Piedad, San Angel, (Nino Perdido,) San Antonio, and the Pasco de la Viga.

The city stands on a slight swell of ground, near the centre of an irregular basin, and is girdled with a ditch in its greater extent—a navigable canal of great breadth and depth—very difficult to bridge in the presence of an enemy, and serving at once for drainage, custom house purposes, and military defence; leaving eight entrances or gates, over arches—each of which we found defended by a system of strong works, that seemed to require nothing but some men and guns to be impregnable.

Outside and within the cross fires of those gates, we found to the south other obstacles but little less formidable. All the approaches near the city are over elevated causeways, cut in many places to oppose us, and flanked, on both sides, by ditches, also of unusual dimensions. The numerous cross roads are flanked, in like manner, having bridges at the intersections, recently broken. The meadows thus checkered, are, moreover, in many spots, under water or marshy; for, it will be remembered, we were in the midst of the wet season, though with less rain than usual, and we could not wait for the fall of the neighboring lakes and consequent drainage of the wet grounds near the edge of the city—the lowest in the whole basin.

After a close personal survey of the southern gates, covered by Pillow's division and Riley's brigade of Twiggs'—with four times our numbers concentrated in our immediate front—I determined, on the 11th, to avoid the net-work of obstacles, and to seek, by a sudden inversion, to the southwest and west, less unfavorable approaches.

To economize the lives of our gallant officers and men, as well as to ensure success, it became indispensable that this resolution should be long masked from the enemy; and again, that the new movement, when discovered, should be mistaken for a feint, and the old as indicating our true and ultimate point of attack.

Accordingly, on the spot, on the 11th, I ordered Quitman's division from Coyoacan, to join Pillow, *by day light*, before the southern gates, and then that the two major generals, with their divisions, should, *by night*, proceed, (two miles) to join me at Tacubaya, where I was quartered with Worth's division. Twiggs, with Riley's brigade and Captain Taylor's and Steptoe's field batteries—the latter of 12 pounders—was left in front of those gates, to manœuvre, to threaten, or to make false attacks, in order to occupy and deceive the enemy. The stratagem against the south was admirably executed throughout the 12th and down to the afternoon of the 13th, when it was too late for the enemy to recover from the effects of this delusion.

The first step in the new movement was to carry Chapultepec, a natural and isolated mound, of great elevation, strongly fortified at its base, on its aclivities and heights. Besides a numerous garrison, here was the military college of the Republic, with a large number of sub-lieutenants and other students. These works were in direct gunshot of the village of Tacubaya, and, until carried, we could not approach the city on the west, without making a circuit too wide and too hazardous.

In the course of the same night (that of the 11th) heavy batteries within easy range were established. No. 1, on our right, under the command of Capt. Drum, 4th artillery, (relieved late next day, for some hours, by Lieut. Andrews of the 3d,) and No. 2 commanded by Lieut. Hagner, ordnance—both supported by Quitman's division. Nos. 3 and 4, on the opposite side, supported by Pillow's division, were commanded, the former by Capt. Brooks and Lieut. S. S. Anderson, 2d artilleyry, alternately, and the latter by Lieut. Stone, ordnance. The batteries were traced by Capt. Huger and Capt. Lee, engineers, and constructed by them, with the able assistance of the young officers of those corps and the artillery.

To prepare for an assault, it was foreseen that the play of the batteries might run into the second day; but recent captures had not only trebled our siege peices, but also our ammunition; and we knew that we should greatly augment both, by carrying the place. I was, therefore, in no haste in ordering an assault, before the works were well crippled by our missiles.

The bombardment and cannonade, under the direction of Capt. Huger, were commenced early in the morning of the 12th.—Before nightfall, which necessarily stopped our batteries, we had perceived that a good impression had been made on the Castle and its outworks, and that a large body of the enemy had remained outside, towards the city, from an early hour, to avoid our fire, and to be on hand on its cessation, in order to reinforce the garrison against an assault. The same outside force was discovered the next morning, after our batteries had re-opened upon the Castle, by which we again reduced its garrison to the minimum needed for the guns.

Pillow and Quitman had been in position since early in the night of the 11th. Major General Worth was now ordered to hold his division in reserve, near the foundry, to support Pillow; and Brigadier General Smith, of Twiggs' division, had just arrived with his brigade from Piedad, (2 miles,) to support Quitman. Twiggs' guns, before the southern gates, again reminded us, as the day before, that he, with Riley's brigade and Taylor and Steptoe's batteries, was in activity, threatening the southern gates, and there holding a great part of the Mexican army on the defensive.

Worth's division furnished Pillow's with an assaulting party of some 250 officers and men under Capt. McKenzie, of 2d artillery; and Twiggs' division supplied a similar one, commanded by Capt. Casey, 2d infantry, to Quitman. Each of those little columns was furnished with scaling ladders.

The signal I had appointed for the attack was the momentary cessation on the part of the heavy batteries. About 8 o'clock in the the morning, of the 13th, judging that the time had arrived, by the effect of the missiles we had thrown, I sent an aid-de-camp to Pillow, and another to Quitman, with notice that the concerted signal was about to be given. Both columns now advanced with an alacrity that gave assurance of prompt success. The batteries, seizing opportunities, threw shots all shells upon the enemy over the heads of our men, with good effect, particularly at every attempt to reinforce the works from without to meet our assault.

Major Gen. Pillow's approach, on the west side, lay through an open grove, filled with sharp shooters, who were speedily dislodged; when, being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space, at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. The immediate command devolved on Brig. Gen. Cadwallader, in the absence of the senior brigadier (Pierce) of the same division—an invalid since the event of August 18. On a previous call of Pillow, Worth had just sent him a reinforcement—Col. Clark's brigade.

The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended.—The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed no time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who at a distance attempted to apply matches to the long trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reduced; the scaling ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties; some of the daring spirits first in the assault were cast down—killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious.

Major General Quitman, nobly supported by Brigadier Generals Shields and Smith [P. F.] his other officers and men, was up with the part assigned him. Simultaneously with the movement on the west, he had gallantly approached the southeast of the same works over a causeway with cuts and batteries, and defended by an army strongly posted outside, to the east of the works. Those formidable obstacles Quitman had to face, with but little shelter for his troops or space for manœuvring. Deep ditches, flanked by the causeway, made it difficult to cross on either side into the adjoining meadows, and these again were intersected by other ditches. Smith and his brigade had been early thrown out to make a sweep to the right, in order to present a front against the enemy's line, (outside,) and to turn two intervening batteries, near the foot of Chapultepec. This movement was also intended to support Quitman's storming parties, both on the causeway. The first of these, furnished by Twiggs' division, was commanded in succession by Capt. Casey, 2d infantry, and Capt. Paul, 7th infantry, after Casey had been severely wounded; and the second, originally under the gallant Major Twiggs, marine corps, killed, and then Capt. Miller, 2d Pensylvania volunteers. The storming party, now Commanded by Capt. Paul, seconded by Capt. Roberts of the rifles, Lieutenant Stewart, and others of the same regimem, Smith's brigade carried the two batteries in the road, took some guns, with many prisoners, and drove the enemy posted behind in support. The New York and South Carolinia volunteers (Shields' brigade) and the second Pennsylvania volunteers, all on the left of Quitman's line, together with portions of his storming parties, crossed the meadows in front, under a heavy fire, and entered the outer enclosure of Chapultepec, just in time to join in the final assault from the west.

Besides Major Generals Pillow and Quitman, Brigadier Generals Shields, Smith, and Cadwellader, the following are the officers and corps most distinguished in these brilliant operations: The voltigeur regiment, in two detachments, commanded respectively, by Col. Andrews and Lieut. Col. Johnstone—the latter mostly in the lead, accompanied by Major Caldwell; Captains Bernard and Biddle of the same regiment—the