

News from the Army.

We lay before our readers various letters, extracts, &c. in relation to the late battle at Monterey, and also such information as we had received, up to the latest hour, from the theatre of War. It is impossible to read these letters without feeling the liveliest interest in the contest of arms now going on, or without rendering all due thanks and honor to those brave men who have rushed forward to sustain the flag of the Republic. Honor to "Old Zack" and the noble fellows who fight with him under the banner of the stars and stripes! There will be laurels for those who may survive this War, and tears for those who fall; but the burning indignation of the people and the execrations of an enlightened and patriotic posterity, will follow such as are cringing of evil and defeat to our armies, and endeavoring to embarrass the Administration in its effort to secure a speedy and honorable peace.

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave, Whose treason, like a deadly blight, Comes o'er the councils of the brave, To blast them in their hour of might!"

Let such of the Federal Whig leaders as are now opposing this War and making efforts to impair the strength and vigor of their own Government, remember the doom of those Federalists who opposed the War of 1812!

The following letter is from a Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun:

Later from the Seat of War.

Great excitement in consequence of a report that old "Rough and Ready" was to be superseded—Public meeting and resolution passed—The popularity of "Old Zack"—How a young Soldier feels when he first smells gunpowder—the fall of Col. Watson—The dead and dying—The noble Tennesseans—Captain Stewart—The Sun and the ladies, &c., &c.

CAMP NEAR MONTEREY, MEXICO.

October 6. (I believe.) 1846.

GENTLEMEN: There are no stationary stores in this part of the world where one can step in and get a sheet of paper to write to a friend, so I have paid our sutler "ad me" a sheet for this in order to let you hear from the Baltimore Battalion. Promising, therefore, that I have charged you with that amount per sheet, I proceed to give you such few items of news as I can furnish, after hunting for it ever since the battle.

A copy of the New Orleans Tropic found its way to the encampment yesterday, and it created an excitement I shall only partially attempt to describe. I started, in so many words, that Gen. Taylor—mind you, the hero of the 9th and 20th of May—was to be superseded, and Major General Butler was to receive the appointment to the chief command of this army. I never saw so much excitement in my life.

You may, probably, wish to know how a young soldier feels when he smells powder for the first time—I will tell you. At first I felt as though I should like to have been out of the party—I felt decidedly "nasty" and looked from one end of the battalion to the other to see if I could see any one run. Yes, I felt like "nasty," I must acknowledge, but they all stood like men and I could not bear the idea to be the first to run, and, therefore kept on with the rest. The Tennesseans were about ten yards in our advance, the Mississippians about the same distance in our rear. You will therefore see, gentlemen, that I had to "stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder."

At this moment an awful fire was opened on the Tennesseans. They fell by scores, but the balance stood like veterans. We were fired upon by a cross fire from 9 and 12 pounders, and murderous discharge of small arms from corners of streets, doors, windows and tops of houses.

By this time, Col. Watson was trying to get us ahead of the Tennesseans, (having applied for the advance and received from Gen. Taylor the promise of it) and, while in the act of giving three cheers, was shot down. He was on our right some twenty paces ahead of us. I saw him fall and, all apprehension now left me. I made an involuntary effort to get to him to afford him help, but was borne on by the pressure of the mass behind, and, willingly yielding to it, impelled by a thirst for revenge that would have carried me through a storm of bullets or laid me out in Monterey. We were now within fifty yards of the wall, behind which the enemy were lying in perfect security, and at this moment Gen. Taylor rode up in gallant style, accompanied by a young officer.

Now came the thrilling scene of all. A huge Tennesseean sang out "adme, men—here comes Old Zack—three cheers for Old Zack." Three tremendous cheers were now given, until

"Heaven's broad arch rang back the sound."

I trembled for his safety, for I expected to see him fall every moment.

Great God! I never can forget that night. The gallant old soldier turned to the young officer who accompanied him and received from him a spyglass, which he applied to his eye as if to survey the scene around him. There laid at least 400 men, shot down; the general calmly put up the glass and remained to it the officer, and then riding well nearer the foe, until he was ordered to "retire." I followed him with my eyes until I saw him beyond the danger of the small arms, and then almost involuntarily uttered an ejaculation of thanksgiving to the Almighty that his invaluable life was still preserved to his country. As I was returning I saw a wounded volunteer, who begged me to give him some water. I did so and carried him on my back to a

place of security. He was a Tennessean; when I laid him down in the presence of his officer, he was a corpse.

Oh! gentlemen, the sight was fearful.—The word was by no means like—I cannot help it, it was horridly fearful. The man who can contemplate such a scene as four hundred men dead and dying, and not feel deeply, keenly feel, he is made of sterner stuff than the materials of which I am composed.

Gentlemen, you should have seen the noble sons of Tennessee, as they then conducted themselves. They were the heroes of Monterey. You should have seen our own heroic and indomitable Colonel Watson; you should have seen our present beloved commander, the intrepid noble-souled Captain Stewart. He fought like a bulldog and when he left the field he was covered with blood and gore and dust. Baltimoreans, I tell you that a nobler fellow, even Baltimore never produced; you may rely on him in any emergency. He is unhurt.

But I must close—my two sheets are full. But I now have to ask you a favor. Messrs. Sun printers. You must know that soldiers are not overstocked with money, and therefore cannot pay the printer. So you must (mind you must) send us occasionally a few numbers of your paper. We sometimes get one, which we suppose you send us. But—verb. sat.—a hint is enough—please send them to Captain Stewart; we will get them.

One more favor I have to beg, viz:—

The Sun is read daily by every lady in Baltimore at the Breakfast table. Be good enough, therefore, to let our sweethearts (God eternally bless them) know what we are about.

We have nothing in the shape of ladies here, and I therefore have to content myself with gazing on the features of a "lady love" as they have been most truthfully delineated by the painter's pencil on a portrait which I wear constantly near my heart.—Just before Col. Watson fell, as I have already informed you I felt somewhat "bilious"—ahem—and in loading my piece, my ramrod accidentally caught the ribbon to which the portrait of her "lady love" was attached, and drew it from my bosom. It fell to the ground, and as I looked on that sweet face, I felt as though it was a warning to me to do my duty. I thought of her at that moment of horror, and although I thought death almost certain I knew full well it would never do for me to show my face to her again if she knew I had run. Yes, gentlemen, that form and image so ardently, so fondly loved, rose up before me in all its loveliness, and I thought almost aloud: "There is no such word as run." So run, I didn't, and couldn't. I repeat, God bless the ladies of Baltimore. The remembrance of one of whom restored me to the consciousness of my duty amid a scene of danger, horror, and blood, to which my memory never can recur without a shudder.

For yourselves gentlemen, receive the assurance of my respect.

Yours, &c., J. M.

I learn that the express does not leave for Camargo to-morrow, I may, therefore, write again.

Another Correspondent of the Sun, speaking of the battle, says:

"Our loss was immense, at least 900 men killed, wounded, and missing. The Mexican loss is not much greater. It is now pretty well ascertained that Gen. Taylor was himself opposed to the armistice which he granted, and only yielded from the fact that nine out of the thirteen officers whom he consulted strenuously advised it. I believe if "Old Rough"—God bless him—had had his own way, we could have taken the citadel in one hour's time, and with a small loss. There is a report here today, from Camargo, that Caudles is playing the devil with us between here and that place."

Another Correspondent, writing under date of October 6, says:

"Last night a special messenger arrived from Washington, bearer of despatches to Gen. Taylor—we are ignorant of their import. If in consideration of overtures for peace from Mexico, distrust them, as Paredes is again getting up, and may be, before long, once more in the ascendancy; and as to Santa Anna, who but an idiot would trust him, even under the most solemn obligation? I tell you that unless we send reinforcements here, the termination of the armistice will find Gen. Taylor hemmed in at Monterey—mark that! San Luis Potosi has pronounced against Santa Anna, and in favor of Paredes—this after the taking of Monterey."

We quote the following from the New Orleans Jeffersonian of the 21st ultimo:

"Santa Anna is reported to be at San Luis Potosi, at the head of an army, and that Ampudia has gone with his forces to meet him at that place. The force, when concentrated, will amount to 30,000 men, and there is a general belief that it is the intention of Gen. Santa Anna to move forthwith and attack Gen. Wool as he advances."

"It appears that the Baltimore Battalion and the Alabamians were nearly cut up, and suffered dreadfully from a galling fire in the streets. Indeed the whole of the Volunteers engaged are represented as acting most nobly, and did all which men or soldiers could do.

It is said that Gen. Ampudia was so much frightened lest the Texans would kill him, that he begged Gen. Worth to furnish an escort for his security, on his departure, which was accordingly done. There were vague rumors at Monterey that Santa Anna was at the head of an army, and marching to meet Gen. Taylor."

Extract of a Letter dated

CANARGO, October 5.

It is reported and believed here that the Mexicans are fortifying the road between Saltillo and Monterey. Santa Anna and his troops are to rendezvous at San Luis Potosi on about the 1st November. It is also believed that another and still more bloody battle will have to be fought if the troops advance on Saltillo.

The troops and officers left here were the most distressed people you ever saw, when they heard of the battle. Had the volunteers known that a battle would be fought, I feel confident they would have gone forward, orders or no orders.

General Quitman, I am told, fought in person at the head of his command, rushing forward and crying out "follow me, my brave boys, follow me." Colonel McClung fought with his sword after he was shot down, and in the moment of sinking from the loss of blood, drew his pistols and despatched two Mexicans.

We copy from our exchange papers the following interesting incidents of the battle field:

On the morning of the 21st, whilst General Worth was reconnoitering, near a mile in advance of his troops, the Mexicans endeavored to cut him off. He heard their musketry fired at him to his left and rear. Wheeling his horse, he and his staff put spurs, and passed safely by the Mexicans, who were so eager to do much, that they permitted him to escape.

When Captain, C. F. Smith was ordered to storm the first height, Major Coevalier, of the Texan Rangers, asked permission from Gen. Worth to accompany the storming party. "No sir," said Gen. Worth, "I wish Capt. Smith especially to command that expedition." "There shall be no difficulty about that," replied the gallant Major, "I'll go under Capt. Smith's flag, well," said Gen. Worth, "you can go."

A shell from Lieut. Rowland's howitzer having penetrated the roof of the Bishop's palace, buried itself in the body of a Mexican, and there exploded, tearing the poor fellow to rags. An American soldier, gazing on the scene, said to his officer, "Lieutenant, that man is killed very dead, I never saw a man killed so dead in my life."

On the evening of the 23d, when Gen. Worth had given directions for his troops to retire a few squares and get a good night's rest, a young but gallant officer, 2d Lieut. Jos. F. Irons, 1st artillery, stepped up to him and said, in an energetic tone: "General, I consider that the very worst order you ever gave in your life sir. We know by the shouts of our men that they are doing well. We know, sir, by the small number of wounded brought back that they are not much exposed. And, sir, the moral effect will be had on our men, and the Mexicans will look upon us as a retreat and make courage." The General turned on his heel and despatched another aid to Gen. Smith, with instructions to retire or not at his discretion. Accordingly they did not retire.

Capt. Mussion, of Louisiana, was in a position where the balls were whizzing some. Many of the Mexican cavalry had been dismounted, and Capt. M. seeing one unhorsed, and making tracks with race horse speed, he called to him to stop, saying: "I can shoot you down, but I will give you a chance." The retreating Mexican was a sensible man and would not stop—Capt. M. then put spurs to his steed and soon coming up with the Mexican (who was armed with a long, savage looking sabre) tried to get him on his weapon side, but in vain. The Mexican struck the magnificent Captain a blow with his sabre on the left shoulder, and at the moment the Captain was about reciprocating the favor, by a dexterous use of his sword, a soldier leaped his musket, and the poor Mexican was made to bite the dust and expire.

Gen. Worth and the Texans. At the close of the siege and the capitulation of the city a Texan officer proposed that the Texans give Gen. Worth three cheers, and that they walk on him in person and give him a soldier's shake of the hand. The proposition was received with enthusiasm, and the cheers were given in a way that made the walk rain. After which they waited upon the lauded General, and congratulated him upon the success which has crowned his valor and skill.

The following is from the New Orleans Commercial Times of the 14th ultimo:

"Departure of Santa Anna to take the chief command of the army opposing Gen. Taylor. On the 24th ult. it was announced that the 1st brigade of cavalry had left the city of Mexico, en route for Monterey, but Santa Anna was to leave the next morning. In order to expedite the march of the forces destined to operate with those under Ampudia against the Americans, he had pledged his own personal credit. The national guard would alone form the garrison of the city, the other brigades were then marched out, with Santa Anna at their head on the 25th.

"Ampudia is said, in the Vera Cruz papers, to have resigned the command of the army of the north, which statement agrees with the fact which we published recently, from information received at the hands of one of the officers who came hither from Monterey, by the last arrival."

Late from the Army.

The latest dates from the Army at Monterey are up to the 12th of last month. Ordnance, provisions and supplies arriving continually, and the health of the troops was much better than it had been on the Rio Grande. The Georgia Regiment was the

only reinforcement which had reached Monterey up to the 12th, but orders had been received, it was understood, by the other Regiments stationed on the Rio Grande to move towards headquarters.—It was rumored at Monterey that Santa Anna had arrived at San Luis Potosi with a force variously estimated at from 15,000 to 25,000 men, and that he was on his way to Saltillo. We quote such other items as may be of interest to our readers:

"The number of men killed and wounded, so far ascertained, is 571. Many of the wounded were dying. Wherever a bone was touched, it was found difficult to effect a recovery of the patient. The number of killed and wounded on the side of the Mexicans is believed to be about 1,200. Several incidents of interest were related to us, which we have not time to note now. There was no hand to hand fighting. The volunteers, when inside the city, exposed themselves as little as possible in the streets. They would enter a house at the extreme end of a street and fight their way from house to house—now on the roof and now in the interior using the rifle with deadly effect all the time, and this accounts for the greater loss of their enemy. To their credit be it said, they never, in any instance we are informed, resorted to plunder.

"With such terror had they inspired the Mexicans, that when the order to cease firing was given preparatory to the consultation for a truce, and for some time before it, resistance to them had almost entirely ceased, and the fort or citadel that remained in the possession of the enemy was outside the city and could not annoy them if in possession of it. Hence the dissatisfaction expressed by some in camp at the terms of the armistice, or indeed at any armistice at all. Having done so much, and gone so far, they wished to go "the whole figure." At what sacrifice they did so, may be known when we state that out of three hundred and fifty cavalric Tennesseans, who went into the field the first day, one hundred and seventeen of them were killed and wounded, and of three hundred and thirty or forty Mississippians, same day, sixty-seven brave fellows fell.

"There have been affairs between the citizens of Monterey and Texas rangers, which resulted, first in the assassination of a Texan volunteer, and then by way of revenge, in the killing of eleven Mexicans by the comrades of the slain. General Faylor, to prevent similar occurrences had ordered an efficient guard to be distributed through the city.

Lieut. Colonel McClung was rapidly recovering from the effects of his wounds. One of the officers of his regiment informs us that the gallant colonel was the first man that showed himself on the first fort captured by General Taylor's division, and that he received his wounds whilst waving his sword aloft and cheering on his men, shouting "victory!" The musket ball struck him on his left hand whilst holding his scabbard to his hip, and cut off two of his fingers, glancing from the scabbard, and entering his armpit, fracturing in its course, the bone above the hip joint.

"We feel bound to state further, from the evidence furnished us, that General Taylor's coolness and sound judgment throughout the terrible three days was remarked by every one engaged, and that his intrepidity was such, he being in the thickest of the fight, and always where the ball fell fastest, that his escape was deemed miraculous. He still preserves the same noble feelings, and stands ready to go where his government may order him, or the services of his country may call him, whether at the head of five, or twenty thousand men.

We are gratified to be able to state that the duels, which were on the tapis at Canargo between Col. Bone Peyton and Gen. Marshall, and also between Capt. Mussion of this city, and Capt. Cheevers, of the Texas volunteers, have all been amicably arranged.

"Gen. Ampudia has issued another proclamation since his retreat from Monterey, calling upon the Mexicans to flock to his standard to repel the invaders of their soil. His excuse, in the proclamation, for defeat at Monterey, and the surrender of that city to our troops, is A WANT OF AMMUNITION!! The utter falsity of this statement is found at Monterey after the capitulation."

Latest from Mexico.

The New Orleans Commercial Times of the 2nd instant says, that the Mexicans have totally evacuated the whole country this side San Luis Potosi, dismantled Saltillo, and destroyed all their fortifications on the Rinconada; and that instructions have been forwarded to the commanding Generals to fall back on San Luis Potosi. At this point, it is said, Santa Anna will concentrate the whole of the Mexican forces, and make desperate battle. Santa Anna, it is further stated, left the City of Mexico on the 29th September, with 2000 cavalry and 800 infantry, on his way to San Luis Potosi. Large contributions were being made by the Mexican citizens to carry on the war, and the Clergy had consented to mortgage their property to raise \$2,000,000, but a loan could not be obtained upon the mortgage.

St. Anthony's fire, a disease incident to children mostly, but which sometimes attacks adults, took its name from a supposition that St. Anthony could cure it, which was said to be believed by those who lived in his time.

Guizot.

The following sketch of the personal appearance of the Prime Minister of France is from the Paris correspondence of the Boston Courier:

A few evenings after my arrival in Paris, I was at a party given by the American minister on the occasion of the marriage of a young lady of Alabama—Miss Cook—with a French nobleman. I was wandering through the saloons, when my attention was arrested by a little, pale meagre man in black, decorated only with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Pale, and meagre and small as he was, however he had about him an air of command and seemed to receive the universal respect which his bearing challenged. I certainly did not at the moment think of his being a very great man. His forehead, though high seemed too retreating for a very profound thinker, and in the deep lines about the darkened eyelids and in the shallow look of his entire features, I supposed that I saw the tokens of such disease or weakness as is consistent with the idea of the great exertions of a great man. But still I confess I was much pleased with the man; far through the lines of care or suffering there seemed to be beaming on his countenance an excellent spirit of good nature; and to his benevolent look he added such charms of conversation and made himself so much the happy spirit of the party which surrounded him, that I could not help being sensibly engaged in his favor. "That small man conversing with Count Portarlis," said Mr. King, stopping to speak with me for a moment, "is Guizot." Guizot thought, I. How little does his appearance betoken the man who at this moment exerts a greater influence on the politics of Europe than almost any other living person; who, in France, is almost as much of a king as Louis Philippe.

A wonderful man is this Guizot. His vast learning is equalled only by his great talents and his unequalled spirit."

The portrait of Guizot in the Patent office at Washington painted by Healy, presents a thoughtful meditative countenance illumined by intelligence and mild good nature.

If the present age knows Guizot as a man who exerts influence on the politics of Europe, posterity perhaps will know him better as a writer of books whose influence is felt throughout the civilized world. In devoting himself to the political service of France, some may fear that the cause of humanity and of civilization suffers by the withdrawal of their ablest champion from the front ranks of those who advance farthly.

It was not until after the revolution of 1830 that Guizot became distinguished in political affairs. His studies had led him through the whole range of investigation pertaining to the nature of Government, the essence and elements of a State, and he had treated of these things with a descriptive power of analysis and a grasp of generalization such as no Montesquieu or Macnevel ever displayed. As Minister of France in the first phylloxera has become the first statesman of the age. The mind so powerful and capacious in dealing with ideas, has shown equal power and capacity in dealing with men and things. It is to the glory of France that such men rise to the control of her affairs; in no other nation could such phenomena happen as yet.

American and Texan Prisoners in Mexico.

The Mobile Herald of the 25th inst. says: The movements of the Mexican forces in and around Mexico indicate a determination on the part of our Government to conquer peace and bring the war to a close. The Philadelphia Ledger very properly suggests that in the terms which will be agreed upon when negotiations for peace have fully commenced, there is one condition that our Government should require of Mexico, and that is the release of all American and Texan prisoners confined in the names of that country: It is said that there are many respectable citizens of the United States now confined at hard labor in the Mexican mines for trifling offences, probably political indiscretions, which have brought down the vengeance of the Government upon their heads. All of these should be released before any terms of peace are concluded, and commissions should be appointed to examine into their condition, and see that they are once more restored to freedom and their rights. The duty ought not to be entrusted to any Mexicans nor left to Mexican faith to perform. If there are Mexicans confined in slavery, it is the duty of their countrymen to see that they shall be released.

The weather is unsettled.