

From the New Orleans Picayune, March 27.
THE KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

An incident at the Battle of Buena Vista. At a very critical point of the battle on the 23d, it became necessary to sustain one of our columns, which was staggering under a charge made by the Mexicans in overwhelming numbers. Gen. Taylor despatched Mr. Crittenden to order Col. McKee, of the 2d Kentucky Regiment, to bring his men into immediate action. Mr. Crittenden found the Regiment men and officers, eager for the fray, delivered the order and rode back to the General, by whose side it was his duty to keep. The Kentuckians moved on forward in gallant style, led by McKee and Clay, both of whom, alas! fell in a subsequent part of the day. It so happened that before reaching a position from which was broken by ravines and masses of stones. Whilst crossing this valley the heads only of the men could be seen from the point which Gen. Taylor and Mr. Crittenden occupied—and these were bobbing up and down and cross-wise in such confusion as to impress both with the idea that the regiment had fallen into disorder. The Mexicans were annoying them at the same moment by a fire, which helped to confirm the opinion of the General that the Kentuckians were thrown into dismay. It was one of those decisive crises which occur in every contested field, when the issue of the day depended, for the time being, on the gallantry of a particular corps.

Gen. Taylor, who, as before said, could only see the heads of the troops, and misled by their motions in getting across gullies and going round rocks and other obstructions, into the belief that they were about to falter, turned to Mr. Crittenden, who is a Kentuckian, and with a countenance indicating deep mortification, for the General is a Kentuckian too, and an eye fierce with emotion, exclaimed: "Mr. Crittenden, this will not do—this is not the way for Kentuckians to behave themselves when called upon to make a good battle—it will not answer sir;" and with this he clenched his teeth hard together. Mr. Crittenden, who was mistaken by the same indications that deceived the General, could scarcely make a reply from very chagrin and shame. In a few moments, however, the Kentuckians had crossed the uneven places, and were seen ascending the slope of the valley, shoulder to shoulder, and with the firm and regular step of veterans of a hundred fields. On they moved until they reached the crest of the hill where they met the enemy before the flush of a temporary advantage had subsided. Here they delivered their fire by companies with such regularity and deadly aim that the decimated phalanx of Mexico gave way and retreated precipitously. As the Kentuckians emerged from the valley the countenance of the old general who was regarding them with the intensest interest, gradually relaxed the bitterness of his expression. A glow of pride supplanted the deep mortification which fixed his muscles, and enthusiasm qualified the fierce glances of his eye. Forward they moved under his riveted gaze, whose feelings became more and more wrought up as they approached the scene of carnage. When they opened their fire the old General could no longer restrain his admiration, but broke forth with a loud hurra. "Hurra for old Kentuck!" he exclaimed, talking as it were to himself and rising in his saddle—"that's the way to do it," and the tears of exultation rolling down his cheeks as he said it.

Having got rid of this ebullition of State pride he went about looking after other parts of the field.

From the Greenville Mountaineer.
DEATH OF ROBERT A. JOYCE.

The following letter of Col. Davis, of the Mississippi Regiment, to General Thompson, of this place announces the painful fact that Mr. Joyce was among the slain in the battle of Buena Vista. The community in Greenville District, where he was raised, and the readers of our paper, who remember the interesting letters from him to his father, which were permitted to publish, will unite in regretting that a warm-hearted and gallant soldier has fallen, and that his friends are deprived of the contemplated pleasure of welcoming his return, in honor and distinction, from the army of Gen. Taylor to the home of his respected parent whose affliction at the death of a heroic son commands the deepest sympathy of a large circle of friends. The letter of Col. Davis is brief in remark but suggests the only consolation which kindred and friends can realize, and no words of ours can increase its force.

SALTILLO Mexico, March 1.

Dear Sir—After having received your esteemed favor of Nov. 10, 1846, I offered my personal services to your friend, Mr. Joyce, of my Regiment, and it gives me pleasure to have served in a small degree one of your friends. It is now my melancholy duty to inform you that he is no more. At the same time, I offer the stern consolation, that he died gallantly, as became a soldier and patriot. He was killed in the battle of Buena Vista, on the 23d ult., in our first and most desperate charge upon the enemy. He was buried, with many of his comrades, near the spot he fell upon.

Gen. Santa Anna in person commanded the Mexican forces, amounting to 20,000 or more veteran troops, according to his own statement to Gen. Taylor, whilst our own did not quite exceed 5,000 in the action.

The battle commenced on the 23d and ended on the following day—the enemy leaving the field with great loss, the precise number not ascertained. Our loss, in killed and wounded, is very severe, amounting to more than 700.

From a painful wound, I have used the hand of a friend to write this note. With great regard, I am your friend, &c.
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

From the N. O. Delta. Extra.
DEATH OF MR. SHUBRICK.

Harbour of Vera Cruz, March 25. To-day the combatants appear to be more eager on both sides, and the firing more rapid—the army battery mounts 11 ten-inch mortars, four long 24's and four

Cohorns. During the morning, the Mexicans concentrated the Navy, but the return fire through the day silenced two of their batteries, and the Navy breached the walls in different places. Midshipman Shubrick and three sailors were killed, and one mortally wounded. Mr. Shubrick's death was announced at Headquarters in the following laconic note, by the commander at the entrenchments: "Mr. Shubrick has been killed at his gun fighting." On enquiry, I learned the further particulars as follows: He was shooting at a gun in one of the bastions in the rear of the city, and was watching the effect of his shot upon that piece of artillery when a ball from the piece he was shooting at struck him—but the last shot he fired dismounted the piece that killed him—thus, in all probability, both artilleryists lost their lives in shooting at one another almost simultaneously.

March 23d.—The following was issued from Headquarters, which directs the manner and forms to take possession of the surrendered works. The brigade designated by Major Gen. Patterson, is Gen. Pillows:

Gen. Orders No. 72.
ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS, Camp Wash- }
ington, before Vera Cruz, March 23. }

1. By articles of capitulation signed and exchanged, the City of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with their dependencies, are to be garrisoned by the forces of the United States to-morrow at 10 o'clock, A. M.

2. In the mean time no officer or man of said forces will approach either of these places nearer than our batteries, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, respectively, except by special order or permission on some matter of public duty.

3. Pending the ceremony of surrender the whole army will stand by its arms each corps near its present ground, ready to advance and attack if necessary.

4. The 1st Brigade of Regulars and a Volunteer Brigade, to be designated by Maj. Gen. Patterson, together with any detachment from the U. S. Squadron, under Com. Perry that he may be pleased to designate, will be present at the ceremonies of evacuating and surrendering. These forces will occupy such positions at the ceremonies as may be assigned by Brig. Gen. Worth, detachments of whose Brigade will garrison the surrendered works.

5. Until those garrisons, with their necessary guards, sentinels and patrols, are duly established, no other person whatsoever will be allowed, except on special duty, to enter either of the surrendered places.

6. The inhabitants of Vera Cruz, and their property, are placed under the safeguard of every American honor, and any miscreant, who shall do injury to any persons or property, shall be promptly brought before a military commission, under General Orders No. 20.

By command of Maj. Gen. SCOTT.
(Signed.)

H. L. SCOTT, Ass't Act. Adj. Gen. 29th March 1847.—At 9 o'clock, Gen. Worth's and Gen. Pillow's Brigade formed about 300 yards apart, opposite each other and the Mexicans marched out, stacked their arms and marched off. Our troops then moved in column into the city at 2 o'clock, planted the Star Spangled Banner on the walls, where but a short time previous had waved that of a vanquished foe. The Stars and Stripes went up first on Fort Santiago, then on Fort Concepcion and then on the Castle and other places. Each flag as it went up received the national salute, which was answered by the Squadron—the yards of the vessels were manned and our colors hailed with three cheers.

Com. Perry was present in the Musquito Feet under Capt. Tatuall at the evacuation and surrender. The Mexicans variously estimated their loss at from 500 to 1000 killed and wounded, but all agree that the loss among the soldiery is comparatively small and the destruction among the women and children is very great. Among their killed is Gen. Felix Valdez, an officer of some celebrity. Our loss in the Army and Navy is about 25 killed and about 40 wounded, but many of them slightly.

Lieut. Col. Dickinson, Lieuts. Neil and Balwin, I am happy to state are recovering very fast, and the wounded generally are doing well.

The destruction in the city is most awful—one-half of it is destroyed. Houses are blown to pieces and furniture scattered in every direction—the streets torn up, and the strongest buildings seriously damaged.

Gen. Scott has certainly achieved a great, glorious and almost bloodless victory over an enemy in a position that was considered impregnable. Throughout the whole affair he has preserved the most perfect equilibrium of temper and the characteristic coolness and courage of a general and noble soldier, and while, from the necessities of demanding from the enemy his own terms, he has the best evidence of a brave and competent officer.

The Engineer Corps under Col. Totten have applied themselves to the discharge of their duties as became them in their position, and endured the privations and exposure to the weather and fire of the enemy without regard to health or loss of life.

No division or portion of the army has been better conducted than that of the Ordnance throughout the whole of the operation, and no men are entitled to a greater degree of credit than Captain Huger and Lieut. Hagner, their duty has been arduous, and they have labored night and day to discharge it, in fair weather and foul, both at the general depot and in the entrenchments, and I saw these officers up to their knees in water during the prevalence of the heavy norther to rescue their stores from loss.

From the Charleston Evening News. Further particulars of the Capture of Vera Cruz. We are indebted to acting sailing master T. B. Huger, Esq., of this city, who arrived here to-day, as bearer of dispatches to Washington, for the following interesting particulars:—

Col. Dickinson was severely but not dangerously, wounded in the breast by an escopette ball, which was nearly spent before it reached him. The loss of the Mexicans was about 500

in killed, principally the infants. They had plenty of provisions and water, but were compelled to surrender in consequence of the immense slaughter of women and children by our batteries.

Of the Americans there were only 7 killed, and 58 wounded.

The breach made was by the Naval battery in the S. E. part of the wall in Gen. Quitsman's division.

There were from 12 to 1500 troops in the Castle.

Col. Harney did not attack La Vega, as was reported. It was a body of about 300 rancheros, which he attacked on the road between Alvarado and Vera Cruz, and dispersed.

Gen. Scott had determined to push on immediately to Mexico.

The Mexicans made an unconditional surrender, and marched out without music stacking their arms between the two columns of the American forces. They had been put on parole and 5 days given them to reach their homes.

Some of the principal officers had refused their paroles preferring to be considered prisoners of war with the prospect of getting out of the country.—None of the Palmetto Regiment were killed, several, however were wounded but not dangerously.

Sailing Master Huger saw Capt. Blanding a few hours before he left, who told him that none of the Charleston Volunteers were hurt.

The U. S. steamer Hunter was lost on Green Island Reef, during a blow on the night of the 20th ult. Officers and crew all safe. In the same blow there were thirty vessels lost mostly transports. Two vessels lost to the northward of the Castle, (names unknown,) and all hands lost. The crews of the other were saved. The U. S. States steamer Scourge had arrived. Mr. Huger left a few hours after the capitulation, and while every thing was in the hurry of taking possession.

From the N. O. Picayune Extra, April 5.
MR. HAILE'S LETTERS.

The Dragoons Fight at Medina. LINES BEFORE VERA CRUZ. March 27—9 P. M.

Gentlemen—The city and castle have surrendered, and the commissioners are at this moment engaged in making out and signing the articles. It is said that the troops of the enemy are to lay down their arms and march out of the city to-morrow at noon, as prisoners on parole. I hope, however, before the Princeton leaves, to-morrow with despatches, to be able to learn the particulars, and forward them to you. I have already written to you about the loss of the U. S. steamer Hunter, on the Green Island. No lives were lost, but Capt. McLaughlin and his officers and crew were obliged to swim about 150 yards through the breakers, to reach the boats sent to their rescue. On the evening of the 20th, the French barque Jeune Nell, which had run the blockade three times, and conveyed ammunition, and provisions to the enemy, put out that evening from under the castle, and would have eluded the Porpoise that was cruising in that vicinity. Capt. McLaughlin let the barque get fairly out of the channel, then made chase and soon captured her. Capt. Sympton and another regular pilot boarded the Hunnic and took charge of her and the prize into an anchorage under Green Island. Capt. McL. had never been there before. A northermade its appearance at this time, and the steamer, with the barque and pilot boat in tow, moved in towards the anchorage, but struck upon a sunken reef, the barque soon breaking and the Hunter, when the gale rose to its height, getting higher upon the reef and finally filling.

Col. Harney's gallant exploits, day before yesterday, in his expedition against Medina, have added another feather to the cap of the 2d Dragoons, as well as to that of the other troops engaged in it. As I am able to give you a correct account of the affair, I will do so somewhat in detail.

Col. Harney started on the morning of the 25th, with Capt. Thornton's squadron, under the immediate command of Major Sumner, and fifty dismounted dragoons under Capt. Ker, towards Medina river, where it was reported that a strong force of Mexican cavalry had placed themselves. When he reached the stone bridge over the Morena about six miles from here, he began to reconnoitre, as he had received information that the bridge was fortified and guarded by 2000 men and two pieces of artillery. Small parties of lancers were seen among the thickets as the dragoons approached, and when within about sixty yards of the bridge Capt. Ker's command received a heavy fire from the breakworks, which killed one corporal and severely wounded two men. Seeing that the bridge was fortified and defended by a strong force, the colonel fell back and sent a request for two pieces of artillery. Capt. Hardee, who was engaged on the beach getting his horses ashore, hearing of the fight collected as many of his men as had reached the beach, and in passing through the camp took all he could find there (between forty and fifty in number) on foot, to the colonel's assistance. Col. Haskell, of the 2d Tennessee Regiment with a part of our four companies, and Capt. Cheatham, of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, also joined the dragoons, and shortly after Lieut. Judd, of the 3rd Artillery, with his subaltern, Lieut. H. Brown appeared with two pieces of cannon. Capt. Ker was now placed upon the right of the road leading to the bridge; the Tennesseeans on the left of it; Capt. Hardee and Lieut. Hill were ordered to support the guns and be ready to charge into the work and Major Sumner, with the wounded men, was held in reserve. Lieut. Judd now advanced cautiously towards the bridge, and as soon as he was seen he received the concentrated fire of the Mexicans, about fifty yards distant. The parties on the right and left were now ordered to extend and commence firing to direct the enemy's attention from Judd's guns. Lieut. Judd fearlessly opened upon the bridge, and after six or eight well directed rounds, drove the enemy under cover. Haskell, Cheatham and Hardee, with their men, now rushed intrepidly into the fortification, leaping over the barricade. The enemy fell back and formed beyond the bridge. Col. Harney ordered the obstacles to be cleared away, and Major Sumner's mounted men galloped up and

charged across the bridge. The Mexican foot fled into the chaparral but the cavalry were met and routed. A party of thirty lancers turned off into a bye road, were pursued by Lieuts. Lowry and Oakes and three men, and all but five were either dismounted or sabred. Major Sumner and Capt. Sibley had a number of personal encounters with the enemy who were, in every instance, either killed or dismounted. The pursuit was continued to the village of Medina, six miles beyond the bridge, where another party of lancers were seen retreating and Lieut. Neill, the adjutant of the 2d Dragoons, pursued them with three men. A supporting party was sent after him, but his horse being faster than the others, he first caught up with the pursued, two of whom closed upon him. He fought gallantly with them, but received two lance wounds in the arm and breast, and fell from his horse. The pursuit was continued two miles farther, but night coming on, the party returned to camp, which place they reached at 3 o'clock in the morning. Major Gen. Patterson, with Col. Campbell's regiment, arrived at the bridge soon after Col. Harney had made his dispositions for the attack, but in a very gentlemanly manner declined taking command but assisted in the attack and assault, behaving very gallantly, as did likewise Col. Campbell.

The cool judgment of Col. Harney in preparing for the attack, and his gallant conduct during the charge and pursuit, filled the command with admiration. Any person who has ever seen him can imagine what an imposing figure he must have presented dashing through among the Mexican horseman and hurling them to the earth with his powerful arm and keen blade. In his turn he speaks in the most complimentary terms of the bravery and energy of the officers and men who acted under him—of Majors Sumner and Beall, of Capt. Hardee, who mounted in the pursuit and joined the colonel as one of his staff, of Capt. Ker, Lieut. Judd, Lieut. Brown, Dr. Barnes, Lieuts. Lowry and Neill, (the wounds of Lieut. N. are doing well,) of Col. Haskell, Capt. Cheatham, and the other officers and men, both regulars and the volunteers. Col. Haskell was the first to leap the parapet of the bridge. Col. Harney lost two killed and nine wounded, one of the latter being Thos. Young, of Texas, who acted as guide and behaved bravely. The exact number of Mexicans killed is not known, but it is known that over fifty fell in the attack and pursuit—most of them falling under the sabre. I do not know how many men the volunteers and Lieut. Judd lost.

P. S.—Midnight.—The commissioners are still together.

LINES BEFORE VERA CRUZ. Morning of March 28.

Gentlemen—The articles of surrender were signed, sealed and delivered last night about 12 o'clock, and the town of Vera Cruz, the celebrated castle, and all their contents are given up to Uncle Sam. This is the 19th day since we landed, seventeen of which we have been under their fire. Our engineer officers have worked day and night, and exposed themselves fearlessly in reconnoissances, and laying out the works. Our officers and men have been two-thirds of the entire time engaged in day, night, and other work in the trenches or on guard or picket guard. Every two or three days a terrific norther has sprung up, carrying away the tents, and half suffocating the poor fellows already so much harassed. I am speaking now particularly of the first division, which constructed and manned the works, and served the batteries that have taken the town. The other two divisions have had very hard duties to perform. The sailors have worked like good fellows and their battery has done most excellent service. The town is in ruins, and the streets (so say the Mexican officers) are strewn with the dead. Morales had determined to hold out "as long as men could be found to serve the guns—as long as one stone was left upon another," but the army seeing the awful havoc around them, got up a *pronunciamento*, deposed Morales, and appointed a new commander. "If Gen. Scott could see," said one of their officers, "the frightful destruction of women and children, he would weep tears of blood."

Well, the Mexican troops are to march out of the city to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, saluting and striking to our colors. On the plain, by the lagoon, just outside the walls, they will lay down their arms, and become prisoners of war. The men will be allowed to retire, on the parole of their officers, not to serve again during the war. The rancheros to be immediately discharged. The officers, all who choose will be allowed to go on parole. It is believed, however, that only a small portion of them will leave on parole, preferring to be sent to the States.

Well, I may not agree with many, but to the best of my judgment, the city has been gallantly defended. They have done all, with a force like ours to deal with, that men could well do. Their artillerymen have shown great skill. On our side, we have won the strongest place, with a very few exceptions, in the world. Our generals and our officers and men have, both regulars and new volunteers even displayed the most manly and soldierlike qualities. Our navy has come nobly in for a share of the laurels, and gallantly won them. Our engineers have proved that they are *au fait*, both topographical and corp of engineers. Our artillerymen have done their work to perfection. Yes, "hurra for our side"—hurra for our army—hurra for Uncle Sam, we are victorious!

P. S.—Five days are allowed for the removal of private property. Officers are allowed their side-arms, horses and trapping. Our troops take possession of the castle to-morrow. All the armaments, forts, &c., are to belong to Uncle Sam. The armaments not injured in actual war may be considered negotiable for restoration, on a definite treaty of peace being made. Private property and religion respected.

There are five generals in the city. The name of Morales's successor is Landero.

Tampico.—A correspondent of the N. O. Delta writing from Tampico, says: "Mrs. Chase, whose name will ever be

associated with the capitulation of Tampico, appears a lady of much mental energy and prepossessing manners, with many of our country's peculiarities about her, and manifestly deeply attached to her adopted country's interests.

"Allow me the privilege of correcting a report that the Mexican spy Ryley, is now lying in the jail at Tampico, is an Irishman. This is not the fact, he is a Londoner, his name is Ryder, not Ryley. I speak of this confidently, as having some little knowledge of Irish character which would enable me to detect imposition, and the poor wretch's own account of himself, added to my observation, has brought me to this conclusion. He is not an Irishman! Poor Paddy has enough to do to bear his faults without saddling him with the vices of other nations."

ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE IN BRILLIANT VICTORY!
OVERWHELMING DEFEAT OF 2000 MEXICANS!!

We copy the following important intelligence from the Baltimore Sun of the 6th inst:—

The Louisville Courier, of the 2d inst., contains the following letter from St. Louis. St. Louis, Monday evening, }
March 29. }

Mr. W. N. Haldeman—Dear Sir: We have this moment received an Express from Santa Fe. The Mexican insurrectionists, numbering 2000 men, marched down on Santa Fe, as was intimated by our last advices. They were met by Capt. Morris's command in the valley of the Moro, and totally defeated!! A great number of the enemy were killed and wounded, and the rest fled precipitately to the mountains. The action was a most brilliant one on the part of our men and reflects much credit on their coolness and courage.

The news of the assassination of Gov. Brent is fully confirmed. Twenty-five other Americans fell at the same time.

I have no time for further particulars, as the steamer Colorado, by which I send this, is preparing to shove out.

In haste, yours, &c.
From the Boston Traveller, 1st inst.

INTERESTING FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from a master of an American ship on the coast of California, to a gentleman in this city, dated at Saint Francisco, Nov. 21. We have only time now to make the following extract, by which it will be seen that the new American consul at Monterey is a prisoner in the hands of the Californians. We shall make further extracts from the letter to-morrow. The report of the massacre of thirty Americans, it appears, is without foundation.

The Savannah has just arrived here from San Pedro. The report of an action at San Pedro is false. There has been no action there since the affair of Capt. Merwin. Commodore Stockton is at San Pedro, waiting to be joined by Col. Fremont, who left Monterey with 400 men and horses last week. When together, I suppose they will make clean work of it, and drive every one out of the country who has taken up arms.

Major Thomas O. Larkin, American consul at Monterey, has been taken prisoner by the Californians; and it is thought they will carry him off to Sonora. This will be bad for the squadron, as he had contracted to supply a large amount of provisions and stores for them. He was taken at St. Juan, on his way to Monterey.

The vessels of war here are the Congress; Savannah, Warren and Portsmouth. The Lyane daily expected from Mazatlan. The schooner Julia Ann arrived last week, a prize to the Cyane, and the brig Malek Abbel, prize to the Warren, cut out of Mazatlan.

From the N. O. Delta.
THE GREAT WESTERN.

The runaway walter—Her opinion of Gen. Taylor—Her contempt of cowardice—The death of Capt. Lincoln.—Her passions gives way to regret—Evidence of her esteem for the brave dead.

The "Great Western," or "The Heroine of Fort Brown," as she is often called, still sticks to the army. Indeed, it is only when she is abroad with the soldiers that she appears to be at home. At the present time her tent is pitched at Saltillo, where she exhibits the same rough-and-ready good nature, the same *esprit du corps*, which has distinguished her since "joined the army." She keeps a restaurant, or mess house, more especially for the officers, and gives a kick to a saucy customer, or a cup of coffee to a favorite one, with equal facility. She does a steak to a T, but she who would attempt to "do" her, would find himself to labor under a mistake. Let any one say a word against the American Army, and she is sure first to set him up and then to knock him down. One instance, by way of illustration: On the evening of the battle of Buena Vista, Feb. 23d, a little effeminate fellow, in all the haste and all the bewilderment of John Gilpin, in his involuntary equestrian feat from Islington, rode into Saltillo and up to the quarters of the Great Western. He was trembling so that one would imagine an invisible electrifying machine was operating on his nerves.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Miss Nancy—what's aered you now?" said the "amiable hostess."

"Oh, Mrs. Bourdette—Mrs. Bourdette!" said the counterfeit soldier—the apology for a man, "we'll be all slain by the Mexicans; Gen. Taylor is on the retreat; it's all over with us; we'll be either shot, or sent to the mines. Oh! I wouldn't care," he continued, in a whining tone, "I wouldn't care, but for my old woman and three children in the States." "I know, John," said she to me when I was coming away—"I know your courage will get you into a scrape—you are too impetuous, John," said she; and it was true for her. If I was not I might still be a writer in a respectable restaurant in New-Orleans. Haint you got a cup of coffee for me, Mrs. Bourdette—[such is the Great Western's matrimonial name]—haint you got a cup of coffee for me, just to quench my thirst?"

"Oh, I saw it," said the little man, "saw it with my two eyes." "It's no such thing," said the Great Western, emphatically; "Gen. Taylor never retreats—the American army never retreats—it never has since I joined it—or ever before, to my knowledge, so clear out, you shunk; you, or I'll give you what you did not wait long enough for the Mexicans to give you." "And here she brandished an old sword, which she had converted into a carving knife, over the head of the little man, from which he ran off still faster than he ran from Buena Vista.

This scene was not well over, when news arrived of the death of Capt. Lincoln. On hearing it, the large knife fell from her hand—she fell herself on a chair and wept like a child.

"You know the Captain well, did you not Mrs. Bourdette?" said a person present.

"Knew him!" said she, wiping the big tears from her swollen face with her greasy apron—"Knew him! I didn't know any one else. It was he enlisted me six years ago, in Jefferson Barracks, shortly after my first husband joined the regiment—and we have lived together, that is, he has eat at my table, all the time since. Ah, there was on runaway in him. But, poor dear man, I must go and see to him this very night, lest them rascally greasers should strip him, and, not knowing him, I could not give him decent burial."

Off she went to the blood-stained battlefield, sought among the dead and dying till she found out the corpse of the brave Captain, which she brought to Saltillo and had decently entierred. She now keeps his sword and other equipments, and vows not to part with them thro' life.

REQUISITION FOR TROOPS.
Probable movement of Gen. Taylor.
Exchange of Prisoners, &c.

We have conversed with a gentleman who honorably participated in the battle of Buena Vista, in which conversation we derived several items of interest, which we proceed to give to the public.

Lieut. Crittenden, who recently left this city for Washington, carried with him a requisition from Gen. Taylor, upon the Government, for ten thousand additional troops.

Gen. Taylor, it is thought, will advance on San Luis Potosi so soon as the reinforcement called for arrives.

The Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers, it is confidently believed, will have an opportunity to distinguish themselves, as they will be directed to open the communication between Tampico, which must necessarily be the base of operations, and San Luis Potosi.

The bodies of the officers who fell in the battle of Buena Vista, have been placed by their friends in coffins, in which pulverized charcoal was introduced, the coffins placed temporarily in vaults at Saltillo, until removed to their last home, which will probably be done as soon as the communication between Saltillo and Camargo is opened.

Major Roland, Maine Games, numbering about eighty-two men, who have been prisoners in the castle of Potosi were to be delivered up at Vera Cruz.

Capt. Heady, Louisville, of the Kentucky regiment, who, with eighteen men, were taken by the enemy some time since, were to be restored to Gen. Taylor's encampment.—N. O. Tropic.

Gen. Taylor's Sagacity.—It has been well observed that if Gen. Taylor had retreated on Monterey, in conformity with the views of Gen. Scott and the discretionary orders of the War Department, he would with his inferiority of numbers have so dispirited our volunteer force as might have produced calamitous results. In estimating the moral effects of such a retreat, he manifested the consummate sagacity of a statesman, as in his subsequent conduct during the engagement at Buena Vista, he exhibited the highest skill as a strategist. In the possession of this double qualification, as commander and master of the science of human nature, he has not been inappreciably compared with General Jackson.

A Hero Rewarded.—The Cincinnati Commercial says:—"Corporal O'Sullivan at the City Hotel, received, on Wednesday, his commission as Lieutenant in the 3rd regiment of Infantry. Corporal O'Sullivan, on the memorable 9th of May, captured Marengo, Gen. La Vega's aide-camp, receiving six sabre cuts in the face with his victory. At the same battle, a ball skinned his cheek bone. He delivered up his prisoners to an officer, then went back with six men, and captured from the enemy a field-piece.

The North and South.—By a list of appointments made by the President, since the adjournment of Congress, it appears that 41 captains are from the slave States to 15 from the free—23 1st lieutenants from slave States, to 8 from the free—57 2d lieutenants from Slave States, to 32 from the free.

Look out for Counterfeits.—We saw yesterday a counterfeit Five Dollar Note on the Planters & Mechanics' Bank, and as there are probably but few as yet in circulation, (this being the first that has been presented at the Bank) it is proper that due caution should be observed in receiving the notes of that denomination, and thus stop the unauthorized issue of the false bankers. A little attention to the engraving, which is badly executed, will at once detect the counterfeit.

Char. Courier, 30th ult.

Frudent Sugar.—The New-York Tribune states, as the latest invention of roguery, a counterfeit of the St. Croix Sugar, made by mixing molasses with common salt. It has the appearance, but "de gustibus non est disputandum"—that is, there is no disputing about its taste.

A writer in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser contends that the funds collected for the relief of Ireland, instead of being