**Station 1**

**Angels of Buena Vista by John Greenleaf Whittier**

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,

O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,

Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;

Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!

'Who is losing? who is winning?' Over hill and over plain,

I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain.'

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.

'Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course.'

Look forth once more, Ximena! 'Ah! the smoke has rolled away;

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

'Jesu, pity I how it thickens I now retreat and now advance!

Bight against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball.'

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on!

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?

Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,

O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

'Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

'O my hearts love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more

On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! all is o'er!'

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,

She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,

And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled;

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, 'Mother!' murmured he, and died!

'A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,

From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!'

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,

And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

'Look forth once more, Ximena!' Like a cloud before the wind

Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;

'Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!'

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,

Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food.

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,

And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;

Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;

From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,

And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

**Lyrics and News Article of Maid of Monterrey**

**Maid of Monterrey song lyrics**

The moon was shining brightly

Upon the battle plain,

The gentle breeze fanned lightly

The features of the slain;

The guns had hush’d their thunder,

The drum in silence lay,

When came the Senoretta,

The maid of Monterey.

The guns had hush’d their thunder,

The drum in silence lay,

When came the Senoretta,

The maid of Monterey.

She cast a look of anguish

On dying and on dead;

Her lap she made the pillow

Of those who groan’d and bled.

And when the dying soldier

For one bright gleam did pray,

He bless’d the Senoretta,

The maid of Monterey.

She gave the thirsty, water,

And dress’d the bleeding wound;

And gentle prayers she uttered

For those who sigh’d around.

And when the bugle sounded,

Just at the break of day,

We bless’d the Senoretta,

The maid of Monterey.

For, tho’ she lov’d her nation,

And pray’d that it might live,

Yet—for the dying foemen

She had a tear to give.

Then, here's to that bright beauty,

Who drove death's pang away,

The meek-eyed Senoretta,

The maid of Monterey.

**News article about the Maid of Monterey**

[Niles National Register 71.242 December 19, 1846](https://www.history.vt.edu/MxAmWar/Newspapers/Niles/Nilesd1846NovDec.htm#NR71.242stormingtheBishopsPalaceat)

TOUCHING INCIDENTS.

If there be virtue in Monuments, humanity should rear a pile, loftly as the Bishop’s Palace, to the victim who bled at her shrine, as detailed by a correspondent of the *Louisville Journal*, thus:

“*Camp Monterey, October 7, 1848*

      “Hungry and cold I crept to one corner of the fort to get in the sunshine and at the same time to shelter myself from the bombs that were flying thick around me.  I looked out, and, some two or three hundred yards from the fort, I saw a Mexican female carrying water and food to the wounded men of both armies.  I saw her left the head of one poor fellow, give him water, and then take her handkerchief from her own head and bind up his wounds;  attending one or two others in the same way, she went back for more food and water.  As she was returning I heard the crack of one or two guns, and she, poor good creature, fell; after a few struggles all was still – she was dead!  I turned my eyes to heaven and thought, “Oh God, and this is war!” I cannot believe but that the shot was an accidental one.  The next day, passing into another fort, I passed her dead body.  It was lying on its back, with the bread and broken gourd containing a few drops of water.  We buried her amid showers of grape and round shot, occasionally dodging a shell or twelve pounder, and expecting every moment to have another grave to dig for one of ourselves.  [KMK]

**How Mexican Women Dressed**

Martinsburg Gazette

Vol. 48, July-December 1847

MG47v48n29p2c5, September 16, 1847, TWO MORE LETTERS FROM CAPT. HARPER

From the Stauton Spectator

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TWO MORE LETTERS FROM CAPT. HARPER.

SALLTILLO, Mexico, July 27, 1847

Dear–––––; As I cannot entertain you with any moving incidents of military enterprise and adventure, I shall try to gather something from the still life and customs o the strange people I am among, that may serve to amuse you.

The chief amusements of the population here are cock-fighting and dancing, in both which the women participate. The costume of the women is pretty much like that of our own, the bustle not excepted, though they wear shawls over their heads drawn close under their chin, instead of bonnets.­–– they have a slovenly mode too of wearing their dresses stripped down upon their haunches or waist, leaving their bosoms bare, when the shawl is thrown aside or only slightly

protected by their under garment.

Your, &c.

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NNR 70.262-263 letters from "The Corporal" at Matamoros

 A correspondent of the N. Orleans Bee, over the signature of “The Corporal,”

writes – Matamoros, May 26, 1846.

 GENTELMEN: . . .

As we entered the town (Matamoros) at the east end, thousands of people sallied out of their houses to look upon us, whose looks more bespoke a welcome to their own army than to that of the invaders. At many a half opened door or window was seen the head of a senora, whose timidity or modesty, (albeit they allow so little to the Mexicans,) forbade their emerging into the streets. Some of these women are indeed beautiful, though a great majority are indolent slovenly and destitute of that female delicacy which characterizes our own women. Their common dress is a white muslim skirt tied quite loosely around the body, without any bodice; their chemise being the only covering for their breasts, in which they wear their jewelry and cross. I did not see one pair of stockings in all the town. From this style of dressing you will infer that pride of dress gives way to comfort

and ease, and that, too, in a greater degree, than I think the largest liberty would warrant them in indulging in. I went into a house yesterday evening, occupied by an old man and two daughters, both speaking a sufficiency of English to be understood. After being seated for a few moments, the eldest of the daughters went to the bed and brought to me a most lovely and interesting child, as white almost as any of our own people. She informed me that she was married about two years ago to a Texan prisoner, and that he had been killed whilst fighting under General Taylor. She spoke in the highest terms of her deceased lord, and seemed to worship his image in the child. She is a lovely creature, and I think deeply devoted to our cause.

Yours, &c., THE CORPORAL.