

and the same wild and vain...
"I am never too late," responded Edith.
"No, never too late!" And Agnes kissed, with some emotion, the fair young cheek of Edith.
A few days subsequent to this, Edith...
"The frightened girl was panting so that she could not, for a few moments, articulate. As soon as she was able to speak, she said, in a trembling voice,
"Accept my thanks, Mr. Percival, for your protection."
"The second! If I could have got my hands on him!"
"Let me see you safely home," he added, offering an arm, which Edith took. He could feel her light hand tremble. For a short distance they walked along in silence.
"You are out rather late," the young man then remarked. He felt that it was necessary to say something.
"Yes," she replied, "later than usual. The days are short, and my class is large."
"You are teaching, then?"
"Yes, I give French lessons in Madame Milson's Seminary." Edith spoke without embarrassment.
"Indeed!"
For a short distance farther they again walked on in silence.
"Did your uncle leave nothing to his family when he died?" asked Percival.
"Nothing," replied Edith.
"And you are compelled to teach French for your own support?"
"And that of my aunt."
"Is it possible I did not know this?"
After another pause, the young man said:
"Do you not find your duties very tiring and irksome?"
"Not now."
"They were at first?"
"Yes. But I perform them cheerfully now."
"How is your aunt, Mrs. Greenleaf?"
"She is well."
"And cheerful as you are?"
"Then you have learned more than is ordinarily learned in a whole lifetime."
At Percival said this, Edith paused. They stood before a small but neat house.
"This is our home," she said. "For your timely protection and kindness in accompanying me, I sincerely thank you."
Percival took the maiden's hand in his as they were about separating. His ear had detected a slight quivering of her voice as she uttered the last sentence; and now he perceived a low tremor in her hand, that he still held in his own, while his eyes were fixed upon her face, but dimly seen in the deepening twilight. A few moments passed, and then the door of Edith's home closed between them, and Percival walked slowly away with his eyes cast upon the pavement.
The sleep of Edith that night was not so quiet and dreamless as it had been for months. In the morning, she came down with a slightly flushed cheek. Through the day she found it almost impossible to fix her mind upon the lessons it was her duty to impart, and when evening came, she felt a sense of relief in escaping from the crowded rooms. She was walking slowly towards home, with her eyes upon the ground, when she started suddenly at hearing her name pronounced by a well-remembered voice. She looked up, and met the eyes of Percival fixed earnestly upon her. A deep crimson suffused her cheeks, and to his kind salutation she could not command her voice sufficiently to reply. "The young man turned and walked by her side for some distance. He then said:
"It is more than two years, Edith, I ventured to tell you what was in my heart; when I learned, much to my grief and disappointment, that I had preferred a suit too late. No, let me not say so, but too soon. There have been changes since then, Edith, but I have still the same feelings, and this hour my resolution is fixed, and my love intenser through the years. I had that the first I saw made—can you, now, accept my suit?"
"I wish this by surprise, the beautiful girl scarcely knew how to reply. Through her face was partly turned away, Percival perceived that her bosom was heaving rapidly. Horridly, yet as clearly as she could think, did Edith reflect upon her position, and seek to determine how she ought to speak and act. At length, with a tremulous voice, she said:
"You have spoken with so little discretion, as freely to bound to speak, that I feel I had better not say anything more before I accepted another, or had I known of your intentions earlier, the result would have been different."
"Then you do not reject my suit now?"
"I would be false to my own heart were I to do so," was the maiden's frank reply.
A few months only elapsed before Edith was the happy mistress of the true heart and elegant home of her husband, Edgar Percival, and took her place once more in the higher social circles, with a companion equally worthy of the elevation in Agnes.
"It is never too late," significantly remarked Agnes, as she sat holding the hand of her sister, on the day succeeding her marriage.
"No, never too late. Time is the great restorer," answered Edith, while the tears of joy sprang to her eyes.
The virtuous, accomplished and great moral worth of Agnes May, could not remain hidden in the more conspicuous place which she now occupied at the companion of her sister. One who could appreciate and love the qualities she possessed, because they corresponded to the excellent ones of his own character, sought and won her regard.
"It is never too late," Edith said in turn, as she sat by the side of Agnes, half an hour after her sister had made her solemn marriage vow.
"No, never," was the calmly spoken answer.

Remarks of Gen. W. Thompson.
At a meeting held at Greenville Court House, S. C., on the 15th ult., in relation to what is called "the Wilcox Proviso," Gen. Wally Thompson delivered an interesting speech, in which, while he strongly opposes the principle of the Proviso, he attempts to show that the true policy of the South is to oppose any new acquisitions of territory from Mexico. The whole speech is interesting; but as we have not room to copy it entire this week, we give our readers the concluding portion, as follows:
Is there no means of avoiding these fearful alternatives of a dissolution of our Union, or a degrading submission to dangerous usurpation, insult, and outrage? I think there is a common ground on which all should meet—one which saves the honor and advances the interests of all sections, and not only preserves our institutions, but those feelings of humanity and mutual good will, without which the Union is valueless—and that is simply to acquire no more Mexican territory.
Let our Government withdraw our troops from beyond the Rio Grande, and establish posts and garrisons along the frontier line. We shall thus in effect secure peace, although Mexico may not choose to recognize it; that is to say, Mexico may say there is no peace when there is peace—a peace which she will not have the ability, and not very long the wish, to disturb.
There never was a time when she could have raised even the show of an army in the poor and sparsely populated States on the frontier; and crippled, disarmed, and exhausted as she now is, it is altogether unwise to attempt to maintain a large army against her. Our regular army amounts to about twenty thousand men, which will be all-sufficient to garrison that line, and that army will cost us no more on that frontier than elsewhere. If attacked upon that line, we shall thus have transferred to Mexico all the cost and inconsequence of sending her armies to our border, which we ourselves are now suffering. But that line never will be assailed; it is impossible. We shall thus have avoided the two great evils of war, carnage, and expenditure of money. Is there any other but the deprivation of the profit of Mexican commerce? That profit, for the last two years, has not been \$100,000 per annum. Shall we continue the war for that? With the ports of Mexico blockaded, is it not manifest that ten times the amount of commerce will be carried on along the line of the frontier as would be through the maritime ports in a state of peace? Mexico will fret and growl for a year or two, but I have no earthly doubts will make peace sooner than if we continue this war of invasion. The country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande was the cause of the war. If Mexico had given it up, we not only should have had no war, but we have official authority for saying that our Government would have paid ten millions of dollars for it; thus acknowledging our want of title by offering to buy one. We did not offer to purchase the British title to Oregon; we relied on our own; and so we should have done with Mexico, if we had had any title to rely upon. A friend asked me recently what we were continuing this war for? I answered that the only object which I knew was in force Mexico to sell us land. In all truth I know no other. It may be a just cause of war; it is certainly a new one. But we have undisputed possession of the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, without paying for it; as we were willing to do. Does not every consideration of justice, humanity, and true national dignity require of us to ask and to take no more? What will satisfy this hideous hunger of dominion, this voracious appetite, which grows by what it feeds on? It is due to truth and candor to say that I would not take the Rio Grande, if left free to choose. It should be given for both countries that That wilderness a wilderness, as it is, of the prominent boundary was one annexation.
I would like no more Mexican territory, first, because we have no right to it; secondly, because it is the right of conquest; it is the land of the right, and no more, who is stronger than

the traveler, and he takes his pass and keeps it. Our armies are better appointed, better, and more warlike than the Mexicans. Does this give us a right to their land? I know and see, before the commencement of this war, that we were superior to them in a campaign as one to five; but it never occurred to me that this superiority gave us any right to Mexican territory, or, with honorable men, was any inducement to war upon them, but the reverse. The foremost that the right of conquest has been carried by just nations is to seize as much territory as will allow indemnity for a war into which the conqueror country had been forced without sin and virtue by any of our public cause. Is that the character of the present. On this question we know no parent war? Would to God that it was! and, opposed as I am to both of these, a large majority of our own people think distinguished men, I take none the less of United States I do not believe that there is any gratitude and respect.
Another Account of the Battle of the 13th, &c.
In our last we published several letters from Mr. Kendall, and others, in the city of Mexico, containing an account of the late brilliant victories achieved by our arms, and of the entrance of Gen. Scott into the city and taking possession. The following is a portion of a letter from a correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, relating the same transactions; and though not greatly differing from the accounts in our last, is yet so full of interest that we feel sure our readers will not complain of the space it occupies.
Correspondence of the N. O. Delta.
City of Mexico, September 25, 1847.
In the course of the night, (of the 11th,) three heavy batteries were planted in front of the Castle of Chapultepec: No. 1 commanded by Capt. Drum; No. 2 by Lieut. Hagner; No. 3 by Lieut. Stone—all under the general command and superintendence of Capt. Auger, Chief of the Ordnance. Also, during the night, Gen. Twiggs' Division planted Capt. Steptoe's in front of the fortifications on the San Antonio road, it being intended that Gen. Twiggs should make a feint for the purpose of drawing out the enemy in that direction.
At daylight, on the morning of the 12th, all the batteries opened; the lead made by Gen. Twiggs' division succeeded admirably. As soon as Capt. Steptoe opened his guns the enemy marched out several heavy columns, and in reaching the fort passed within range of Steptoe's guns, when he turned a heavy and destructive fire upon them. As soon as they reached the work he turned his attention to the fort, and in the course of an hour's cannonading drove them out of it and silenced all the guns. Capt. Steptoe's fire throughout was one of the most effective and well-directed that has been witnessed during the war, while his position was such that the enemy's shot had little or no effect upon him.
The siege batteries continued an uninterrupted fire upon the Castle of Chapultepec throughout the day, which was answered by eleven guns in the work. Our guns proved to be very destructive, as we found after the work was taken five hundred dead men, unburied but thrown in ditches. The building also was completely destroyed.
It was determined on the morning of the 13th to storm the Castle of Chapultepec and the works connected with it. The General-in-Chief, knowing the strength of the fortifications and the strong force with which it was garrisoned, concluded to assault it with old and well-tried troops—not that he did not possess confidence in the divisions of Gens. Pillow and Quitman—but in carrying a point which was the key to all our future operations, it would not do to make a mistake or omit to take every advantage. Therefore, the storming parties from the divisions of Gens. Worth and Twiggs, which had so frequently been under severe fire, were selected. The heavy batteries continued their fire upon the fort, and about 7 o'clock, when the brigade of Gen. Smith arrived as a supporting force to the division of Gen. Quitman—as soon as Gen. Smith's brigade reached its position—the division of Gen. Pillow passed Molino del Rey and ascended the hill on the west side, the Voltigeur Regiment, which had been advanced into the timber to clear it of the enemy's skirmishers, became the assaulting force, supported by the balance of the division. Gen. Worth was situated to the north and on the left of Gen. Pillow. A part of Gen. Quitman's force ascended the hill on the south and to the right of Gen. Pillow. As the division of Gen. Pillow, and a portion of Gen. Quitman's, ascended and carried the Castle in most gallant style, the balance of Gen. Quitman's force and the brigade of General Smith swept the works on the road, the whole of the commands moving harmoniously and simultaneously together, much to the honor and credit of their respective commanders, struck the enemy in their different positions at one and the same time a fatal blow. The hill where Gen. Pillow's command ascended had been mined for the purpose of blowing up our troops when they arrived at this point, but the rapid movements of the Voltigeur Regiment, and the deadly effect of the fire of their rifles, as they followed up the enemy from the first position, prevented their carrying out their views and intentions. Just as the command of Gen. Pillow rose up the hill, and while in the act of assaulting the work, he fell wounded, and Col. Knapp was killed, but so lucidly had Gen. Pillow explained his objects and intentions in carrying the work, and aided by an active and efficient staff, that his command moved on and carried the work without even being brought to a stand. As Gen. Quitman's division was charging on the work in the road, Brig. Gen. Shields received a severe wound in the arm, and as soon as the works were carried he returned and had it dressed, and again mounted

his horse, which was shortly afterwards killed under him, but he continued to command his brigade, which was actively engaged throughout the day, and the name of Shields will long be remembered in connection with the laurels won by the Patriots of the South and the Empire of the North.
General Pillow being disabled by his wound, Gen. Worth took the command of both his own division and that of Gen. Pillow, and advanced along the aqueduct leading to the gates of San Cosme. Gen. Quitman, with his own command and Gen. Smith's brigade, also advanced towards the city by the aqueduct leading into the city at the gate of Piedad, which is commanded by the Cimdel. On each of the routes the two columns met with a divided and stubborn resistance, and after the advance of Gen. Worth's command had reached the gate of San Cosme the fire was so hot that they were compelled temporarily to abandon it, and did not make a permanent lodgment until towards evening, when a portion of the siege train battery was brought into action, as also a piece or two of the mountain howitzers, which hurled the shot and shell about the ears of the enemy a little hotter than they desired. Gen. Quitman's column, with the rifles at their head, continued steadily and cautiously on, taking position and breastwork as they came in contact with them until they arrived near the gate of the city. Here the firing was so heavy, both from small arms and artillery, that it was deemed prudent to carefully reconnoitre it before attacking. Accordingly, Lieuts. Beauregard, of the engineers; Lovell, of Gen. Quitman's staff, and Van Doren, of Gen. Smith's staff, went forward to ascertain the position of affairs; they returned, and upon their report the rifles, supported by a small force of infantry, was advanced forward for the purpose of pecking off the artillerists, which they did—being partially covered by the aqueduct—with the same success and accuracy as one of our southern or western men would shoot squirrels. This rendered the situation of the Mexican artillerists so uncomfortable that they were unable to stand to their guns long enough to load them, and they commenced moving their guns, which was perceived by Gen. Quitman, and he ordered a charge, which was carried into execution as soon as commanded—Lieut. Stuart, of the rifles leading the way. It captured the main work, with two pieces of artillery, which Capt. Dunn turned on the retreating enemy. General Quitman was himself among the first to mount the breastwork and plant the standard thereon, at 1 o'clock; the enemy then formed and three times attempted to charge us and retake the position, but the unerring and deadly fire of the rifles, together with a volley of grape from Capt. Dunn, so cut them to pieces that they would not approach nearer than rifle shot. The third time they tried to advance under cover of the arches of the aqueduct, but if ever a Mexican poked his head out for the purpose of slipping from one arch to the other some rifleman would be sure to put a ball through it.
During the whole of the afternoon the Citadel and a fort on our right continued our troops were moving the night, when out, but in this they were much mistaken although we had but little cover. Here it was that the lamented Capt. Dunn fell mortally wounded; the death of no man in our army has been more sincerely regretted than his—throughout the bombardment of Chapultepec he stood by his guns, and when the works of the enemy were stormed, he continued to advance his battery under the heaviest fire, himself possessing and infusing into his men a cool and deliberate bravery and self-possession surpassed by none. You will recollect it was him who recaptured the Buena Vista guns, still covered with the blood of those who fell over them at the time they were lost, and afterwards used them with such decisive effect at the battle of Molino del Rey on the 8th inst. Under cover of the night Gen. Quitman's column erected a breastwork, and put into position a battery of two 18's, one 68-pound howitzer, and one 24-pound howitzer, intending to warm up the Citadel in the morning. General Worth's column got his guns in a position to take every thing in his vicinity, and after night Lieut. Hagner threw a few shot and shell into the city, which no doubt intimidated the enemy very much, as they had a taste of this at Vera Cruz.
After the results and successes of the day, Gen. Scott intended, on the morning of the 14th, to make a lodgment on the "New Paseo" (entering by the San Cosme gate) and bombard the city, and for this purpose the balance of Gen. Twiggs' division was ordered from El Piedad to the support of Gen. Worth.
On the night of the 13th Santa Anna evacuated all his positions and retreated from the city, having had more than one half of his army killed and wounded or taken prisoners, among the latter Gen. Bravo, with his staff, at Chapultepec. Santa Anna found that if he fought us on the 14th he would hardly have a body-guard left to cover his retreat.
Early in the morning the two columns took up their march. Generals Quitman and Smith, at the head of their commands, entered the Grand National Plaza at 7 o'clock. The column was formed in the plaza, and by order of Gen. Quitman, the national standard of the Cerro Gordo Division, while the command came to a present, was flung to the breeze over the National Palace, and it now triumphantly waves over the "Halls of the Monizmas," and with one of our national poems, we may say—
"Our flag is there, our flag is there— Behold its glorious stripes and stars! Our flag is there, our flag is there— We hail it with three loud hurrahs!"
Gen. Worth's command halted four or

five squares from the plaza, where Col. Garland was numbered.
About 8 o'clock Gen. Scott and staff in full frigate, escorted by the cavalry, entered the city amidst the huzzas of the soldiery on all sides. As he entered, the band of the second dragons, mounted, interested the sitting crowds with "Hail Columbia." As the escort entered the Grand Plaza the band sounded the position of the whole of us to a little higher pitch by the good old-fashioned national air of Yankee Doodle.
One of the first acts of Gen. Scott was to appoint General Quitman Civil and Military Governor of Mexico, and Col. F. S. Belton Lieutenant Governor. Gen. Quitman's department embraces the following officers: Capt. F. N. Page, Assistant Adjutant General, and Louis M. Lovell, M. Wilcox, and R. P. Hammond, Aide-de-Camp; Capt. G. T. M. Davis, Secretary, and Mr. Lavi, Interpreter.
Throughout the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th, the Mexicans continued to fire from the corners and tops of the houses, killing some and wounding many. The artillery was at first tried on them, but, owing to their concealed position, it was not effective. The rifle regiment, and some of the infantry, were then sent in pursuit, which forces silenced them wherever they went. The Mexicans were very much mistaken when they came to engage the rifles, on the houses. During their revolutions they would fight in this way for several days, without doing each other much injury; but the deadly fire of the rifles picked them out from their hiding places, when they least expected it, and made them very willing to cease to unequal a combat.
The officers of our army have suffered severely; they were foremost in the fight, and of course the first to fall.
One fact has been clearly demonstrated, both before and since the entrance of the army into the valley of Mexico, that our cavalry force is entirely too small. The service of this corps has been so severe, owing to the smallness of its numbers, that after the battle nearly all the men and horses were, in a manner, unfit for service. This was calculated to destroy the efficiency of even those we have here; and even at the present time one-half of the command is on extra duty every day.
Since our army arrived in the valley, we have lost about three thousand men killed and wounded. We have destroyed the Mexican army of over 30,000 men, upwards of 6,000 of which have been taken prisoners. We have captured seventy pieces of artillery—twenty-seven at the battle of Contreras, ten in the fort at Churubusco, and thirty-three on the 12th, 13th, and 14th.
In the storming of Molino del Rey, Major Sumner, with his dragoons, charged a heavy column of the enemy's lancers. In doing so, they had to pass under a heavy fire from the enemy's works. The following incident connected with this charge is told by the correspondent of the Delta. It is not uncommon in history for heroes to show such discipline:
"While the cavalry were passing in front of the enemy, in order to charge the column of lancers, they were not under fire for more than a few seconds, and, during that time, they sustained a loss of six officers wounded, thirty-two privates killed and wounded, and a loss of one hundred and five horses. There were but two officers that did not have their horses shot under them; but there is one thing very remarkable, that the horses from which the riders had been shot wheeled and moved with the same regularity as though they had been mounted, until they came to halt from the charge, when they all kept on in a body in direction of the enemy."
Scott's Demeanor in Battle.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta thus writes of Gen. Scott's demeanor in battle:
"Gen. Scott, at the head of our army, during the engagement received a slight wound in the leg, and what is very remarkable, no person whatever except himself was aware of it until the battle was over. A great deal has been said and written in reference to the ability of Gen. Scott as a military man, but those who have not seen him in command and under fire, cannot form any just conception of his abilities. His cool consideration of every thing around him—his quick perception—his firm resolve and immediate execution—qualify if they do not surpass those of any of the great generals whose deeds have been made so conspicuous in history."
"Breaches of faith," screamed Mrs. Partington, as she heard that term applied to Mexican violations of the armistice.
"Well, I wonder what they will have next. I have heard tell of 'cloaks of hypocrisy' and 'robes of purity,' but I never heard of 'breaches of faith' before. I hope they're made of something that won't change and wear out, as old Deacon Gudgeon's faith did, for his was always changing. He went from believing that nobody would be saved to believing that all would be, and at last turned out a phenologen, and didn't believe in nothing! I wonder if it's as strong as cassimere?" and she bit off her thread and prepared a new needleful.
The Greenborough Patriot has a list of the Deaths and Discharges in the N. C. Regiment up to the last of August.—Total of Deaths 145, of Discharges 60.
Mr. Kendall, one of the Editors of the Free Press, who was serving in the battles near the City of Mexico, as volunteer Aid to Gen. Worth, was slightly wounded in the Ance, by a musket ball.

ed his horse, which was shortly afterwards killed under him, but he continued to command his brigade, which was actively engaged throughout the day, and the name of Shields will long be remembered in connection with the laurels won by the Patriots of the South and the Empire of the North.
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