he should slip through their fingers at last they scape punishment. I begin to feel a little afraid how it will come out. For my part, I go for justice, but who 'twill, if a man will commit crimes let him be punished for it. I'm afraid the President has missed a finger in leaving it out to such men as he has. It would a been safer and more sure to leave it out to a jury of Mexicans. I've no doubt the least verdict they would give, would a been two years in the deepest and darkest mine in Mexico for his taking Vera Cruz and the Castle; two years more for the cutting and slashin he gives 'em at Cerro Gordo; two years more at Chapultepec and Churubusco; and all the rest of his life for his taking the city of Mexico. In that case, you see, his punishment would a been measured out some thing according to his crimes.

I was thinking last night that 4 ought to make up for 1 and 1 makes 2 just as I said it on to you, as I promised to let you know once in a while how things was getting along out in Mexico. And while I was bothering my head to know which end to begin at, a man came in and brought me a little letter. I took it and opened it, and I couldn't hardly believe my eyes at first, to see the name of Gineral Pillow signed to it. He requested me to call at his quarters in the evening" on very urgent and important business. Thinks I to my self, what in thunder can this mean? Then I thought, may be they had got a hint that the prisoner intended to run away and they want me to help keep a stock of round Gineral Scott's quarters to see that he didn't escape.

So just as soon I went round to Gineral Pillow's quarters. He seemed to be amazed glad to see me, and took me by the arm and led me into 'nother room.

"Major Downing," says he, "I'm very happy to see you. I wish you wouldn't make yourself such a strange one, sir; partners it would give me a great deal of pleasure to see you oftener."

I thanked him, and told him that his rank was a good deal superior to mine, and I always felt kind of diffident about putting myself along side of them that was so much above me.

"Not at all," says he, "Major, not at all; we have to observe rank, to be sure, when we are on the field; but every where else we are equals, Major, and I want you use your hand."

And here he gry my hand another hearty shake.

"Major," says he, "I understand you write letters to the National Intelligencer sometimes, about matters out here in Mexico."

"Well, yes," says I, "Gineral, I do sometimes, when it don't interfere with my duties as the President's private confidentor."

Then he turned round and put the door to and begun so speak in a little lower tone.

"Major," says he "what Intelligencer is the paper, a great paper; it deserves to be encouraged. I take a many papers in the property of that paper, and mean to do something for it. I'll be the making of it yet, when I get to the rank and station that I expect to get. I spose you'll send some account of this Court Martial down by the courier to-morrow to go by the Intelligencer, won't you?"

"Well, yes," says I, "I was thinking of sending some little outline of it, so that folks at home in the United States might understand the substance of it as far as it has got along."

Then he took a written paper out of his pocket, and, as he handed it to me, in a clear account of the proceedings as far as they have gone, all carefully drawn up, and putting everything in a true light, I should like to have you take this and send it on to the Intelligencer, and let the people see how matters stand here. Gen. Worth also has shown a magnanimity in this contest which will crow a leaf with immortal honor. He had a 49-pounder, loaded to the muzzle, pointed directly for the head of Scott, which would a blown his brains clear to the north pole; but seeing the weakness and imbecility of Scott, who refused only to get down upon his knees, and with tears in his eyes, beg his pardon, Worth, with unparalleled magnanimity, refused to fire, and absolutely withdrew the charge from the gun, saying to the bystanders, "The President has given me all I want, why should I stop to kill this poor devil of a Scott?" After Worth had thus generously chewed away his powder, Scott, with his usual meanness, put on a long face, shove of course, and down him to the fight; but of course Worth wouldn't take any notice of him.

Scott has bullied Duncan, but when he found Duncan was prepared to defend himself, with the most cowardly spirit he could, he sneaked off, flogs and hush it up. He had also, in the most shameful manner, bullied Gen. Pillow; but when he found he had roused the lion he did not dare to stand the blaze. As soon as Gen. Pillow found high-souled Pillow, the chivalric and courageous Pillow, appeared on the field of combat, Scott compelled a rapid and disgraceful retreat. But Gen. Pillow, actuated by a high sense of public good, as well as a proper regard for his own honor, would not allow public sentiment to be so outraged with impunity; he therefore pursued the cowardly Scott, determined that, poltroon as he was, he should either fight or ask for his life. Two or three times Scott was fleeing for his life, and making the most desperate efforts to escape from the field of battle; but the valiant Pillow pursued him close and laid him off on every rack, and belted and floored him at every turn. The talent, the generosity and chivalry displayed by Gen Pillow on this occasion has probably never been equalled, and it has placed the gallant officer on the battle-fields of Mexico, when he killed the Mexican officer in single combat, way struck down upon the pinnacle of military fame. A common-ball upon his head, and led his troops to victory, by which he gained a crown of glory and the mind and water. The hot pursuit of Pillow at least gave Scott a corner, from which it was impossible for him, to escape. He then turned and rose his puny arm to fight; but the weakness of his weapon, his little pointless darts and pop-guns, were almost too ridiculous even to excite a laugh. The brave Pillow pursued his advantage easy, and shook them off as unconcernedly as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane. Scott, during this whole contest *Gen. Pillow's well-deserved plume*, *he made his fearless charge, he gave the signal for victory, it was the signal for victory, it was the signal for victory, during the whole of this terrible battle, it is the sole and undivided property of Pillow, it belongs to his family, and generous and brave as he was, it belongs to his family, and generous and brave as he was, it belongs to his family, and generous and brave as he was