WAR INTELLIGENCE.

From the Baltimore Sun.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

Arrest of Gen. Arista—Americans order-ed from the Capital—20,000 Mexicans concentrated there—Santa Anna's resignation

By one express, New Orleans papers of Sunday last have been received.

The N. Orleans Delta has received Mexican papers from the 30th of May to the 5th of June, inclusive, and gives the following brief synopsis of their contents.

General Arista has been arrested and confined.

General Almonte was still in prison.

On the first of June all the natives of the United States were ordered to leave the city of Mexico for the states of Puebla and Morelia, or they would be dealt with according to the law of nations.

Generals Gutierez, Gomez, Martinez, Pulquino are entrusted with the command of the lines of defence of the city.

Bands of the National Guards are said to be on their way, and constantly arriving from the adjoining States, and it is believed that from seventeen to twenty thousand troops will be concentrated for the protection of the city.

The papers are filled with accounts of great feats performed by the Guerillas.

The Mexicans have certain information that Gen. Scott cannot expect reinforcements to the extent of two thousand men, and money to to the amount of $200,000, and nothing more. They therefore think it doubtful whether he will march to the capital, and will hardly in the city of mexico. Thus they reason. "There are but six thousand men," say they, "from Vera Cruz to Puebla, who have to cover a population of a million of inhabitants, which the two States contain. It can be believed only because it is true."

The letter from Santa Anna, withdrawing his resignation, is published. The following paragraphs are in it, in substance:

"During the time since I gave in my resignation, I have received singular tokens of the esteem and confidence of patriotism, the most influential in society, all have besought me not to persist in my intentions. I see in this a determination to persist in remain, founded on the necessity of preserving the present state of thing without innovation, in order not to endanger the fate of this populous city and of the nation. The excitement has been very general, and even the troops in the garrison are in the numerous portion of the people have been constant in their solicitations and their prayers."

IMPORTANT FROM GEN. SCOTT.

More Skirmishing—Gen. Cadwallader again victorious—Gen. Scott still at Puebla—Reinforcements at the Capital.

We copy the following summary of Army news, contained in an extra of the N. Orleans Picayune, dated at at 12 o'clock on Monday morning last, brought us by our expressed boat team of express, which we issued in an extra yesterday morning:

The schooner Ionia, Captain Stephens, arrived at New Orleans on the morning of the 29th ult. from Vera Cruz, and in a few hours afterwards the steamship New Orleans came in. The latter left Vera Cruz on the 18th ult., and brings us letters of the 24th ult.

The Picayune states that dates from the army of Gen. Scott, at Puebla, are to the 14th ult. The immediate advance of our army upon the city of Mexico has been postponed until the arrival of reinforcements.

A rumor reached Vera Cruz on the night of the 24th ult. that Gen. Cadwallader's command had fallen in with a guerilla party of from five hundred to a thousand, in movement unperceived by the *guerilleros*, succeeded in surprising them and killing a best thirty of them, without loss on our side. Our correspondent thinks there is some truth in the report.

By another letter, dated the 24th ult., we learn that the train which went up under command of Gen. Pillow was attacked at Cebera, and to be some miles beyond the Puente Nacional. The guerillas were dispersed with the loss of thirty men. We are sold to have had eight or ten wounded, but none killed.

The above accounts we have not had time to investigate, but we hold ourselves in readiness to do so.

Our letters from Mr. Kendall come down to the 14th, and are long and interesting. The prospect appears to be that a stronger resistance is to be made to our advance than has lately been anticipated. An immense force has been concentrated, and the Mexicans pretend they have seventy pieces of cannon—some accounts say ninety.

A slip from the N. Orleans Commercial Times, received last night, also furnishes some additional particulars from the seat of war. The following extracts are from a slip dated Vera Cruz, June 23:

"We received letters from Mexico last night, as late as the 15th, but they do not satisfy me as to the subject of greatest importance—the election. Some letters declare that Santa Anna has been chosen, with extraordinary powers, for the prosecution of the war, but is expressly forbidden to enter into negotiations for peace. It is also said that there are twenty thousand troops in the city of Mexico, and reinforcements are constantly arriving.

Arista's force is now augmented (by report) to eight thousand men, well armed and equipped. Taking every thing into consideration, I have no doubt that a battle will precede Gen. Scott's entry into the capital.

Gen. Scott had not left Puebla on the 15th inst., that is certain. He is waiting for reinforcements from the eastward. Gen. Cadwallader left Jalapa on the 14th to join him, with some 2000 troops under his command. I think the army will move forward as soon as it receives reinforcement, and the money and supplies which accompany it—the same which found so difficult a road to Jalapa.

Arista is said to have taken his station with six thousand of his Sonora troops, between Puebla and Jalapa. On the purpose of cutting off Cadwallader's train, and would probably be reinforced.

Our dragoons have had quite a brush with the guerillas near Perote. Three hundred of them encountered one hundred guerillas in a ravine, and routed them, the Mexicans losing some 30 killed. Our troops seem greatly the jealous of the guerillas.

SEYMOUR MATHEW'S MAX.—In a discussion on the ship fever at a late meeting of the Philadelphia College of Physicians, Dr. Condie remarked that a member of the medical profession from Ireland could not be induced to take brandy and quinine which were ordered to them as a medicine.

RUPTURE BETWEEN GEN. SCOTT AND THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce prepares us, in the following letter, for a rupture between Gen. Scott and the State Department:

WASHINGTON, JULY 1st, 1847.

I have learned to-day, from a high and entirely authentic source, which I am not at liberty to mention, that Gen. Scott, as the commanding officer of the army, and charged with the invasion of Mexico and the conquest of peace, has determined not to allow any interference with his authority, from Mr. Trist or any other person, whatever may be their instructions from the State Department. Acting as commander-in-chief, he has responsibilities which he could not sustain under any divided authority. In the last resort of war and invasion, and in the presence of a foe, a commander must necessarily use his own discretion in all intercourse with the country, for all regular diplomatic intercourse is necessarily at an end. The commander becomes, *ex necessitate*, the only diplomatist and negotiator. It is for him to hold such intercourse with the enemy's government as the usages of war in civilized countrie, allow. To control his action by any civil agent, would be to deprive him of the authority absolutely necessary to his station, and to retard and embarrass all his operations.

It is also considered as certain that Gen. *Scott will sustain all the rights belonging to his station and peculiar situation.*

From another source, I learn a portrait of Mr. Trist. I have information also from another quarter, corroborative of the above statement.

While I state these as undeniable and authentic facts, I must add that I have received see in them any thing detrimental to the much talked of negotiations for peace with Mexico. On the contrary, I do think that Gen. Scott, if left alone, can exert in Mexico an influence potent for peace, if he has the prudence, and I believe he was a tender him irresistible in peace.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE WAR.

The article which we publish on the first column of this paper, is full of life and spirit, the production of a highminded Virginia gentleman, who thus signalizes his patriotic sentiments in the hour of danger. The excitement has been very general, and even the troops in the garrison are in the numerous portion of the people have been constant in their solicitations and their prayers."

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MAJOR JACK DOWNING AND THE PRESIDENT.

We were thrown quite into a flutter on Thursday by receiving in one bag from the Post Office a letter addressed to us from the Public Ledger and Sentinel, and the President, Polk—*Young Hickory*, as he delights to call him—which that distinguished functionary had not thought necessary to confide to his most confidential friends before he went out with the Major—NAT. INTELLIGENCER.

On board the Steamboat on Long Island Sound, bound to Connecticut and Down East June 28, 1847.

MR. GALES & SEATON:

My Dear old Friends—I and Mr. Buchanan and the rest of us overpaw the President last night at York, whose we found him pretty well taken-off out, leaving out through with all his birds-egging in their overlasting great city, and ready to push on this morning down East. I was going to write a line to friend Ritchie, as he's the Government Editor, as soon as I could catch up with the President, and let him know how the old gentleman stood for the journey. But I happened to look into your paper, and I see brother-in-law, of Philadelphia, sends his letters to you. This puzzled me a little at first, because I knew he was on Ritchie's side. But I looked along, and I see he called your paper a "powerful journal;" and the thought struck me that I had read somewhere that "there's a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Well, thinks I, that logrolled is a causing fellow, but he ain't a going to get ahead of me. If he writes to the power behind the throne, I will too. So, if Mr. Ritchie complains, and says I ought to wrote to him, I wish you would just smooth it over to him, and tell him the reason of it was, that I was the old ship gets on 'nother tack, and his paper gets on behind, I'll write to *him*.

As I had come on to Washington on the shortest cut, and had brought a letter from General Scott to the President, as soon as I got to York I made right up to the house where he stopped to give him the letter.—Folks said he was at the Astor House—that great tavern made out of a gentle stone. So I went up, and went in, and asked one of the waiters if Colonel Polk put up there?

"He is Jemmy Polk ye mane; Young Hickory, the President?" says he.

"Sartain," says I.

"Yes," says he, "he's here; up stairs in his room."

Says I, "Show me his chamber as quick as you can; I must see him."

"You can't see him to-night," says he, "Young Hickory is tired out, and can't see nobody at all, at all. Why, you've got hand in the Governor's room if you want to see him! All the boys had a chance there."

Says I, "that's nothing to the pint; I was on the road from Washington them, and I'm going to see the President to-night if I have to go through the stone walls of this house for it."

Then along came Mr. Stutson; and says he, "Patrick, what's the row here?"

"Here's a feller getting wrathy," says Patrick, "because I won't let him go up stairs to the President."

At that Mr. Stutson turned round to me, and, as soon as he see me, he ketched hold of my hand, and says he, "Major Downing, I am very happy to see you. I'll show you right up to the President's room myself. I'm sorry you was't here before."

We've had some very pleasant times since the President been down East.

When I got into the President's chamber he was lying down on the bed to rest, with his boots off, and his feet kind of drawed through forty knot-holes. But, as soon as he see me, he jumped up, looking rather wild, and says, "Major Jack Downing, how are ye? I didn't think of seeing you back from Mexico so soon as this. How does things go out there now?"

Says I, "Colonel, they don't go on hardly at all. They are waiting for more help. Scott and Taylor have got their hands full enough and angry to think you should check 'em away into the middle of Mexico there, and then not send them a help to fight the way out again. And it seems to me Colonel, you do hold back in this business a little too much. I don't think there's a help pretty soon, them guerillas will eat our little armies all up. Why, Colonel," says I, "of that one battle, and at the time of the old General, my old friend Hickory, he would a had them Mexicans whipped into a heap of dust. But there's a letter from Scott, to tell ye what he thinks about the business. I come on purposed to bring it. He says he wrote a stir from Puebla till you send on more men to take the place of all them that's coming home."

The President took the letter and read a few lines, and then it slows upon the table; and, says he, "I don't know exactly grumble and growl as much as he's a mind to, but it's no use. The truth is a concern of my own getting up, for my own use, and I shall manage it just as I please."—Says he, "Major Downing, I want you in all things. I don't want them Mexicans whipped too fast, especially when them upstart Generals get all the glory of it. When I found Taylor was swellin up too large, I meant to a stopped him as Monterey and drav off a large part of his army on Scott. But that Taylor is a headstrong chap, a dangerous man. He overstept his duty and blundered on to that victory at Buena Vista, that every thing all in a blaze. I shouldn't overlook it in him very soon. If that selfish conceited man, that Santa Anna given him a handsome licking there, we might have had a peace in a little while, for I think he would have run away with Santa Anna to wind the business right up in such a way that we might each of us have a fair share of the glory out of it. But that unpardonable Taylor must cut and shoot round with his handful of volunteers, and spoil all the fun. Why, they were as harmless as a flock of sheep, and contrive, by that awful blunder at Buena Vista, to pour all the fat into the fire.

"Well, then, Scott hasn't behaved much better. He's licked the Mexicans too fast by a great sight, and it seems to bother him in the eyes of the people shamefully. I thought if I could have sent Col. Benton on there, he would have snatched the glory out of both of 'em in a little while, and settled them down so they wouldn't a been dangerous. But that vagabond Benton wouldn't let me do it. That was too bad, Major, when them too Generals were situated so that the glory that belonged to me, that the Senate wouldn't let me do any thing to offset them. But I'll let 'em know that Young Hickory is'nt to be beat any more than Old Hickory was. I've sent Mr. Trist on to look after matters, and to see that the armies don't go too fast; for I've determined Scott and Taylor shan't whip the Mexicans any faster than is prudent. All the glory that's to come out of it, I'm war fairly belongs to me, and I'll have it."

"But," says I, "Colonel, you aho going to send on more men, aint you? I read you are going to do it!—How are you going to wind the business up?"

Says he, "I don't like to talk free my plans to-night. But there's no need of your going right back to Mexico yet. Mr. Trist is there, I'm sure, to look after my matters, and you better jump into the boat with us in the morning and take a trip down East, and we can talk the subject over at our leisure."

About five o'clock in the morning the President waited away at my door and was kept me out of a sound sleep; and, when he found I wasn't up, says he, "Major, you must be pretty, or you'll be too late, for we're off at six."

I was up and dressed about the quickest, and went out, and, there, was a quiver of a mile of soldiers all ready to escort, us to the boat. And down we went through whole streets full of men and women, and boys and gals, of all sorts and sizes, some running and crowding, and some hollering and hurraking, and in a fog and mist as if the Government was a-blowing up, and all the world ran, and the steamboat, and every thing else, was scattered to pieces, and off we went on the Sound towards Connecticut.

The President had a little room all to himself, and he made me go right into it with him, and he set down in an easy chair, and he spoke to me, and he spoke again, and says he, "Major, I am glad to get out of the crowd again; I will take a few hours of rest and comfort on this voyage. This being President, Major, is mighty hard work; but, after all, I like it. I've got a little evidence from the Public Ledger. Every body was running after me, and it seems as though I had seen every thing—and I felt as though I had lived through a whole year in those three days, and I don't believe any body received more honours in so short a space of time as I received. Well," says I, "Colonel it seems to me a pity you told the folks at Baltimore you got to York right up to the house, and that you didn't make your stop. You might go two miles, or more, for they did, just as well as you, you're so popular."

At that he gave me a tuck in the ribs with his elbow, and says, "Major, don't you understand that? Telling folks I shouldn't stand another term is just the right way to make 'em do more than to have me. Don't you know Anthony and Caesar refused the crown three times, just to see if they could make the people lift up his head? And just see how Santa Anna is working it now in Mexico. When he gets pretty near run down, and shaking in the wind and nothing to stand upon, he sends in his resignation, with a long patriotic speech about shedding the last drop of his blood for his country, and all that, and the people refuse to receive his resignation and he comes back and pretends he drives away he goes and drums up another army of soldiers.

"Hush, I am tell the truth, Major," says he, "when I made that remark in Baltimore I had some little notion of retiring. Our party was so cut up, things looked rather dark ahead, and I find this Mexican war something of a butter-plant. Taylor and Scott concentrate the glory on their heads, and I thought I'd put this Mexican war ahead of them. But I'll let 'em know that Young Hickory is'nt to be beat any more than Old Hickory was. I've sent Mr. Trist on to look after matters, and to see that the armies don't go too fast; for I've determined Scott and Taylor shan't whip the Mexicans any faster than is prudent. All the glory that's to come out of it, war fairly belongs to me, and I'll have it."

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