LATER FROM MEXICO.

ARRIVAL OF THE PASHION.

The New Orleans papers announce the arrival of the steamer Pashion, with Vera Cruz dates to the 3d inst.

Gen. Scott was at Puebla on the 30th of July, but there was a probability of an immediate advance. Gen. Valencia was reported to be in the vicinity with 4000 troops.

Gen. Pierce had arrived at Perote, after a action with the guerillas near the Nations at Bridge. Lieut. Tipton, of Indiana, and a surgeon of one of the Pennsylvania regiments, had fallen.

The courier of the British Legation arrived at Vera Cruz on the 5th ult. with correspondence from the Capital of the 29th and pueblo to the 30th. Mr. Kendall thinks the chance for peace is unfavorable, but says Scott will wait much longer before entering on the arrival of Gen. Pearce, certainly in the first week of August, and more than probable the hostilities will not take place at the city of Mexico; that the Mexicans are prepared to meet him, having all their fortifications completed and twenty-five thousand men as the garrison. He also states that the British legation were actively exerting every influence to keep the Americans out of the capital.

Other letters in the British interest represent the chances of peace as more favorable, and think that the resistance to Scott's advance will be almost nominal.

The Mexican Congress had referred Mr. Buchanan's letter back to the Executive, and there is hope for the opposition parties of the war. The peace party in the Capital is strong and increasing rapidly.—Philadelphia Ledger, Aug. 6.

The Sun of Anahuac says, in describing the guerilla attack upon Gen. Pierce, that a body of 600 men, Mexicans, supposed, under a brisk fire, until about a hundred yards from the Mexicans, when a deadly fire was opened upon them, and they, forcing him to commence a hasty retreat.

At this moment a spirited charge was made upon the retreating Mexicans by the American cavalry, in which at least one hundred of the enemy were cut to pieces. The position occupied by the Mexicans was one of the strongest kind, and the Americans passed the Bridge after this engagement, and united in safety at Perote. Gen. Scott despatches Gen. Smith's brigade from Puebla to meet him at Perote.

The Commercial Bulletin says the news a full confirmation of the failure of Mr. Trist's mission, and that all prospects of peace were disrupted. Its correspondence states that there has been a counter-of etiquette about constitutional rights between Congress and Santa Anna, each charging the other with the responsibility of making peace.

It is, however, shrewdly supposed that the latter personage sincerely desires peaching up the differences between the two countries, as the sole means of securing the grand object of his ambition, the Dictatorship. When Congress was dissolved, it was done by the withdrawal of such a number of the members as to leave the remainder too few to form a quorum.

Santa Anna held a council of his generals officers, when it was resolved to try the effect of another struggle, either by marching out to meet Gen. Scott at Puebla, or rejecting the proposition of Mr. Trist, and calmly to await Scott's advance and act upon the defensive.

In order to be free to act, the Government has issued a decree suspending the liberties of the press, the newspapers except the Government organ.

The Delta says that Congress had not and adjourned without passing the great proposition of our government; that all their letters agree in expressing the belief that Gen. Scott could take the city without difficulty; that the foreign residents there are anxious for his arrival.

The Delta says, we have arrived there; he was treated well and expected to be exchanged shortly.

Gen. Jesup, Gen. Pierce, Gen. Smith, Gen. Scott, Gen. Pillow, Gen. Quitman, Gen. Shields, Gen. Cadwalader, Gen. Smith's brigade from Puebla to meet him at Perote.

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[From the National Intelligencer.

ANOTHER LETTER

From Major Jack Downing.

ON THE ROAD TO THE WAR.
AUGUST —, 1847.

MR. GALES AND SEATON:—*My Dear Old Friends*—I expect you will be pretty much disappointed to find I'm away off here; possibly on to the seat of war, and didn't tell you where I was when I wrote last from Washington. But you mustn't blame me for it, for I couldn't help it: the President wouldn't let me call; he said I was getting too too much with you, writing letters to you and all that, and he wouldn't let me write the letters, he looked kind of red, and showed considerable spunk.

Says he, Major Downing, I have put a good deal of confidence in you as a friend of my administration; and if you are a friend to it, you must let Gales and Seaton alone; keep out of their way and have nothing to do with them; they are dangerous mischief-making fellows, eternally peckin at my administration, all workers. Let me try to keep things over as easy, and try my plans over so deep, they are sure to dig them all up, by some of the Intelligencers, and blaze 'em all over the country. Confound their picters, they are the most troublesome of any thing my administration ever had; they're come very near swamping me two or three times. So, for your own friend, I want you not to be so thick with Gales and Seaton.

Well, says I, Colonel, you know I am a friend to you and your administration, as much as I ever was to the old General and his administration; and I shall stand by you and do every thing I can to help you out of this scrape; you've got into about the war. But I don't know how we shall make me break with Gales and Seaton.—We've been old friends so long, it would be kind of hard, you know, to part so. And I don't hardly think they are quite as bad as you think for, they may not mean to do so much harm as they seem to, they see things into their paper, and only put them to cause they think folks want to know what's going on. Gales and Seaton sometimes puts things into his paper that folks think don't do you no good.

Well, says the President, there are three times I chaws upon his cud of tobacco, and says he, Yes, Major, that's too true, it must be confessed; and I suppose you have got a deal of patience. But then I have to forgive it and overlook it, because Mr. Richie don't hate me so much as Gales and Seaton; I am sorry for it, and always willing to take it back. And then he's such a tuff old fellor I might be kicked out of doors, and he would be ready to scold at him so much about his mistakes and blunders.

Well, says I, Colonel, in big you've served Federalism, I want to know if any of them animals is really supposed to be on the side of the Mexicans? Why, sir, they are Scotch-Irish, and they are Scotch-Irish. Seeing such awful accidents about "in the Union upper all the land," I imagine, in the Union lower all the land, "New England, where they used to be the thickest, and I couldn't get a man to go to the war, I tell the folks if there was any federalists any where in these quarters, they all stared at me and wanted to know what sort of critters they was. When I got to Downingville I asked uncle Joshua about it. He says, says he, I don't know much about it, considerable many of 'em about, but they don't hanker after the war. They say they were was much given to fighting—But he said he guessed they'd all died out long before the war, for he hadn't seen one this twenty years. So, now, Colonel, you'd, how is it they are so thick in Mr. Richie's paper all the time?

At that he gave me every knowing kind of a look, and lowered his voice down almost to a whisper, and says, Why, sir, I'll tell you how that is. When Mr. Richie is was a young man he used to fight a good deal with the Federalists, and he was a good deal of pride in it; and now the fashion and sense of his youth all seem to come out fresh in his mind, and he can't help thinkin and talk about any thing else. You know that's oftentimes the way with old people. As he says, and seems to have the best of a smart fighter, I give him the command of the newspapers they have to defend my administration. But I can't imagine mistaken as 'twas when I went Taylor into Mexico I don't at know any man. No matter who's friends were, I don't know any man of my administration, Mr. Richie somehow didn't seem to see 'em; no matter how hard I tried to get him to, he didn't seem to hear it, and when I called to him to fire back, he would rouse up and touch off a few squibs with about as much effect as the boy I shot when they fire crackers on the 4th of July, and kill about as much executing. The last I found out it was Mr. Richie wasn't aware the old veterans first like a Turk and hold on like a bulldog. It was by giving him a notion it was my business I'd be the fighting with federalist. Since I made that discovery I never have had any trouble. Why, ever I see the enemy entrenching himself around me, and bringing up his batteries to fire into my administration, I have to do is to whisper in Mr. Richie's ear and say, "Mr. Richie, the air smells of federalism; you smell it, and there's federalism about somewhere. In a minute, you're no idea with what fury the old gentleman flies out and mounts his heaviest guns, and sets his paper battery in a roar. His shots fly right and left, and sometimes knocks down friends as well as foes. To be sure they don't make a very great impression upon the enemy; but then there's this advantage in it: if he don't kill or beat off the enemy, he keeps the administration so perfectly covered up with smoke that the enemy can't see half the time where to fire at us. On the whole, Mr. Richie is a valuable man to my administration, notwithstanding all his mistakes and blunders.

Just then the door opened, and who should come in again but Mr. Richie himself. As he opened the door he caught the sound of the two last words the President was saying.

"Mistakes and blunders!" says Mr. Richie, says he: "what, have you got some thing more of Scott and Polk's blunders in Mexico?"

Nothing more to-day, says the President, I was only setting Major Downing how their blunders there have come pretty near ruining the country, and how it is absolutely necessary for us to stand by their hands somehow or other before they quite finish the job. I'm going now to try to make him understand, you know, to work round and do the business up before any body knows it. He isn't to go to Scott nor Taylor, nor have anything to do with 'em, but work his way into Mexico, and go right to Santa Anna and knock up a bargain with him. I don't care what he gives. The fact is, Mr. Richie, the country needs peace, and I'll have peace cost what it will.

As excellent idea, says Mr. Richie; an excellent plan, sir. I'm for peace at all hazards, if it is to be got by means of Mexico—that is, if we can get hold of it before Scott or Taylor does. And I think Major Downing is just the man for it—a good, true and democratic republican; and whatever he does will go for the benefit of the Administration. Now the country's safe, says I, and sure of the war, if we can fix up a good smooth peace right off, and not let Scott nor Taylor have any hand in it, that knows. Mr. President, but it might make our Administration so popular that you and I might both be elected to serve another four years! But when is the Major to start?

Right off to-night, says the President, or rather, in the morning before daylight—before any body in Washington finds out that he has got back from Downingville. I'd rig him all up, by the time he gets to Intelligencer, and blaze 'em all over the country. Confound their picters, they are the most troublesome of any thing my administration ever had; they're come very near swamping me two or three times. So, for your own friend, I want you not to be so thick with Gales and Seaton.

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Harford Courant.

SCIENCE FOR THE KITCHEN.—Professor Lesage, in a late letter to Professor Silliman, says:

"The method of *roasting* is obviously the best to make fresh meat nutritious. But it does not follow that roasting is the best or most digestible. If a piece of meat be put in cold water, and this heated to boiling, and then set away where it will just simmer, for an hour and have less taste than if the same piece had been thrown into water already boiling. In the first case, the nutritious part goes into the soup; in the second, the albumen, and the meat coagulates from the surface inward, and envelopes the interior with a tight which is impermeable to water. In the latter case, the soup will be insipid, but the meat delicious."

THE COST OF IT.

According to an official statement from the Treasury Department, the public expenses for the last *three months* have been *twenty-seven millions of dollars*, of which sum more than *sixteen millions* have been paid on for the war. The force in the field is not much greater now than it has been for the year past, and the cost of the war is considerably less of any greater. The war expenses for the army alone during this year will, therefore, amount to not far from sixty-five millions, or a million and a quarter a week. Add to this the cost of the navy, the navy, the civil list, &c., the pensions to be paid hereafter, the vast amount of claims yet to come on, &c., and the conclusion follows, that we are in money alone, to say nothing of the lives destroyed, will not be much less than one hundred millions of dollars, or very nearly double the cost of waging war for the same time against Great Britain in James Madison's time.

Yet while expending this vast amount of blood and treasure in a war for territory that we do not want, and which all parties now agree we will not take, a comparatively miserable pittance—not more than quarter of the sum thus expended on the war—is denied by works that we do want, that will effectually protect life and commerce in our own country, and which the media will be enduring. The official organ of the Administration and Mr. Polk himself denounce this as the work of Whigs, and war, or who even question its propriety, as traitors, and those who ask for the improvement of our harbors and rivers as Federalists.—*Buffalo Coin. Adv.*

OLD FEDERALISM.

We find the following paragraph from the Nashville Union going the rounds of the Locofoco press:

"The prime movers of the Hartford Convention, the leading Federalists of those times are now active modern "Whigs," as violently opposed to the Democracy and the cause of their country as they ever were. This is a fact, which, which does not admit of doubt or denial."

Where is JAMES BUCHANAN, one of the *leaders of the OLD FEDERAL PARTY*, who bitterly denounced the war, condemned the Democratic administration of Mr. Madison, and declared that *if he had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins he would let it out.* Where is Mr. Polk's Secretary of State?

Where is CHARLES J. INGERSOLL, the man who boasted that if he had lived during the Revolutionary war *he would have been a Tory*? Where is Mr. Polk nominated him as Minister to France.

Where is RICHARD RUSH, one of the leaders of the OLD BLACK COCKADE FEDERALISTS! Mr. Polk has sent him as Minister to Prussia.

Where is Mr. BANCROFT, another of the OLD FEDERALISTS! Mr. Polk first made him Secretary of the Navy, and then sent him as Minister to Great Britain!

But enough. The attempt to identify the Whigs with the old Federalists, caps the climax of the ridiculous. Why *the very ELEMENTS of the OLD FEDERAL PARTY* are now the only distinguished men in the ranks of the self-styled "Democracy." Still the Federalists from the ranks, and the Locofoco party would be as destitute of talents as it is of correct principles, if it had not recruited from old age now active Locofocos, as violently opposed to the true interests of the country as they ever were. The Federalists were always prominent in the ranks of that party in days gone by, and we will point you to a man who has been the active supporter of the present Locofoco party, and who sustains Mr. Polk in giving "*aid and comfort*" to the Mexican enemies.—

[Harrisburg Intelligencer.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

DISGRACEFUL TO THE GOVERNMENT.

The Government organ at Washington continues the following advertisement—

Disgraceful to the capital and the Government which tolerates such transactions.

"One negro woman, named Elizabeth, about the age of sixty years; and one negro girl, named Caroline, about the age of twenty years—manacled and levied on as the property of Henry Miller, and to be sold by judicial No. 22, October term, 1847, *in favor of the Bank of the United States*; also judicial Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, in June term, 1847, *in favor of the Commonwealth*, and against said Henry Miller.

ALEXANDER HUNTER,
Marshal of the District of Columbia."

The National Era says:

"At the appointed time the sale took place—the woman—who is a stout good-looking mulatto of twenty—were sold at the United States jail, by the United States marshal, to satisfy a United States claim; and the proceeds of sale were deposited in the United States Treasury, to aid in defraying the expenditures of the United States Government."

We have no complaints to make against Mr. Marshal, who is but obeying the law of Congress. It is the law itself we condemn as disgraceful to the capital.

There is another law in force at the seat of Government, much more infamous than this. It provides that any negro may be *arrested upon suspicion of being a slave, put in jail, and that the marshal of the* United States may expose him to sale for his jail expenses. This is the substance of an enactment which Congress has once and twice been asked upon to repeal, but which remains upon the statute book, and is one of the most barbarous laws which ever disgraced a civilized people.

We do hope there is a national humanity left in a national Congress, that will be equal to a solemn and everlasting divorce between the acts of the General Government and the institutions of Slavery, on this subject we have no hatred to the slave owner, nor any love for slavery; nor have we any sympathy with our friends the abolitionists whose measures have forged the chains of those they would set free.

Slavery is a great and terrible wrong in the sight of Heaven and of them. There is no political obligation or any moral necessity, which can make Government participate in this wrong; and when we see men imprisoned and sold by the same government which they have taught us are either for destroying such laws, or for putting fetters, of some sort, upon those who would destroy it.

This, be it remembered, is no question of interfering with State rights or State institutions. Rested from the plains of the Capitol, beneath the stars and stripes of the nation, women, Christian women, are sold by the unquestioned effect of the United States Government, and the money put into the bag of the United States Treasury. Judas, for his thirty pieces of silver, hardly did worse than this, and like the chief priest, we may be at a loss to know what to do with the unclean thing, but put such money into the Treasury. Most the price of blood, it is the price of freedom and of Christianity, and the money which slaveholders may tamper with liberty; but not a country whose soil was watered with the tears of freeman and drenched in the blood of those who proclaimed to the world God's doctrine, that "all men are born to be free and equal," and entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

BONAPARTE.—A LESSON OF WISDOM.

Count MONTALIVOT's book on Bonaparte has lately been translated into English, and is now in the hands of the public. The Philadelphia papers are filled with most interesting accounts of the enthusiastic welcome with which his entrance into the City was greeted, and the attention paid to him during his brief stay. On Sabbath he attended service in Rev. Dr. Tyng's Church, which was densely crowded—On Monday morning, the announcement of his intended departure immediately drew together such a gathering, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, as has never before been seen in the city. The throng of people from Dock street to the Navy Yard, a distance of *a mile* and a half, was thickly studded with the spectators, lining shipping, stores, dwellings, wood-piles, carts, in a word everything that seemed to favor a view of the man who, Napoleon-like, when the carriage that contained the statesman drove to the wharf, the vociferous cheering of Saturday and Monday was not recommenced and kept up with many vigor until the dignified old man was compelled to acknowledge it by a brief speech. We were not present, but we remembered that in his youth, he was a great enthusiast, and so it continued, until the power began to suspect his days were numbered. It provided many and important reforms, and in every respect worthy of them, as well as of the able and eloquent author of it.

The cheers continued until after the boat had cast off and was gliding swiftly and gracefully away. We say he was a lover of all hearts with him. We have seldom seen a more interesting sight than the parting of Henry Clay with our people. The "ADIEU!" was general and heartfelt.

The Daily News gives the following report of his remarks on Saturday evening in reference to the warm and enthusiastic greeting of the crowd which had assembled at the house where he stopped:

"Leaving my home, some few weeks since, to get rid of painful remembrances, and to seek for some solace in the quiet and the attention of kind friends, under an affliction, the most painful that it has pleased providence to visit me with, during a long life, I had no expectations, certainly no desire—to excite any public demonstration. Yet with all, fellow-citizens, I should be dead to every better feeling of the human heart, were I to deny that I am most deeply moved by this exhibition of your kindness. Entering, as I do, upon the sixth decade of life, I have lived a long and not unhappy life. I have lived to see the period when, under all the excitement of party strife, the slander, and misrepresentation, and misconstruction, your beautiful city—was the home of a people who