[*The Kendall correspondence—from the N. O. Pic.*]

MEXICAN NEWS.

The Earthquake.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 3, 1847.

An earthquake! we have had an earthquake! Between the hours of 7 and 8 yesterday morning, and when all nature was hushed in a stillness most profound, suddenly the earth began to rock with a strange and most fearful motion. I am living at the house of Pena y Pena, the headquarters of Gen. Worth, immediately in front of the beautiful alameda; and the first intimation we had of the dread convulsion was the violent slamming of the doors, accompanied by a furious jingling of the glass pendants attached to a chandelier hanging and swinging from the ceiling of the room. Soon our beds commenced rocking, something after the manner of a ship becalmed at the close of a storm, and then came the shrieks of innumerable women and children, driven, half-dressed, affrighted into the streets—the dreaded *temblar* as the Mexicans call it, was upon us. Most strange, and impressive was the scene disclosed from the front windows, as reeling and staggering we approached and opened them—to walk steady was impossible, so violent were the upheavings and oscillations of the mighty earth. The tops of the large trees in the alameda were swaying, the water in the reservoirs was billowing to and fro, the walls around us were cracking and gaping asunder, the wide street in front was crowded with women and children as well as men, screaming and praying, and crossing themselves in the extremity of their fright, while our own soldiers were reeling unsteadily in their midst, astonished and awe-stricken at the strange commotion. The sentinels halted upon their rounds, uncertain and not knowing what to do—the *callejons*, or narrow lanes continued to pour forth their hundreds of affrighted inhabitants, all seeking the refuge of the wider streets and open squares, lest their own houses might totter and tumble upon their heads, while on bended knees they confessed their sins aloud, and earnestly petitioned forgiveness ere it was yet too late. A wounded officer in our house, bedridden and apparently unable to move since the hard-fought battle of El Molino, came hobbling hurriedly from his room, driven thence by the cracking of the walls and the strange tumult from without. The stillness of the morning, so profound had been the repose of nature, but added to the general feeling of wonder and of awe—of consternation perhaps I should term it, a fear caught from the actions and countenances of those "native here and to the manor born," those cradled and rocked amid commotion of a kindred nature. The domes and steeples of the innumerable churches and convents reeled like drunken men—the lakes hard by rolled their sluggish waters as though moved by a elemental strife from above instead of the earth in which they are nestled in her sore travail. An officer in the street, about to mount his horse at the commencement of the commotion, suddenly found the animal receding from him. Astonished, he inquired of a soldier close by the cause; but the man was as ignorant as himself. The puddles in the streets—for there had been a severe shower the night before—spread themselves and disappeared upon the pavement, so great was the motion, while the trees in the alameda continued to lash their huge tops as if swayed by unseen yet all-powerful hands. The shock lasted over two minutes—perhaps I should say succession of shocks, for the oscillatory motion of the earth at short intervals became calm—while the whole scene impressed every one anew with the might, the majesty, and the manyfold power of the Most High.

But if the street and open ways presented a spetacle most impressive, doubly awful was the effect produced among the wounded men in the different hospitals. Unconscious of the cause of the strange commotion, filled with apprehensions which ever attack with ten-fold force the disabled and the infirm, and dreading results from a phenomenon they must have deemed akin to the supernatural, the poor fellow rose and hobbled from their cots—trembling and stricken by deep awe, yet not knowing whither to fly. The armless hurried hither and thither, the legless hobbled about in all directions, while the bedridden, the prostrate, and the utterly helpless, panic-stricken and desponding, earnestly prayed and petitioned not to be left unprotected—not to be deserted in an extremity which their ignorance made painfully terrifying. But by and by the earth became relieved of her mighty throes, the staggering steeples resumed their quiet, the affrighted inhabitants rose thankful from their knees, the sentinels recommenced their rounds—the fury of the dreaded *temblor* was spent.

Innumerable anecdotes, and some of them amusing enough, are told of the earthquake and its effects. An Irish soldier says that the Mexicans, unable to fight us fair, are adopting a new system—that there is no such thing as getting at the bottom of an earthquake, and no particular fear in being on top. Another says that this is a very *unsettled* country, and that he is anxious to leave while a Yankee from "way down East" contends that the whole affair is a species of "clearing-up shower" to the war, and that peace must soon follow. A knot of officers were discussing the movement of the earth; one said it was vibratory, another contended that it was oscillatory. In jokes the matter was referred to a mulatto servant—a fellow whose yellow face had turned to a color between a blue black and an invisible green during the "quake," as he termed it—and he decided the question by saying that the motion was *wabbleatory*. And wabbleatory it was—too much so for comfort if not for safety. For one, I have always desired to see, or rather to *feel* the effects of an earthquake. A single convulsion has sufficed to cure all curiosity—I never wish to be present at a repetition. The same Providence that has power to shake a large city to its foendation, has the power also to lay every dome and steeple, tunnel and tower, level with the ground.

The Subjugation of the City of Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 3, 1847.

But to leave, for the present, this subject, and to offer a few remarks upon the army and its past deeds. It is still difficult to account for the fact that we are here, here in the great capital of Mexico—not the 22,000 paper men of the Union, but what is left of the 10,000 real men by whom the work of subjugation has been accomplished. The whole seems like a dream, even to those who have taken part in the hard conflicts—yet here in Mexico we are, and masters. After a succession of battles, each one of which may be counted a forlorn hope—after a succession of victories, each one of which was obtained over an immense superior force—after formidable works, each one of which seemed impregnable, have been stormed and successfully carried—here, amid the "Halls of the Montezumas," the numerically insignificant band of Anglo-Saxons has found a partial rest from its toils and its dangers, a breathing place after its innumerable trials and perils. Nor the chronicles of ancient wars, nor the prowess of modern achievements, furnish a parallel to the second conquest of Mexico, while the lustre which hung around the name of Cortes and his hardy adventurers, burnished by the glowing descriptions of Prescott, becomes dimmed by the deeds of these latter days.

You in the United States cannot be made to feel and appreciate all that stern and unflinching courage has effected in the beautiful valley of Mexico since our little army first entered it—words are inadequate to give even a faint picture of the brilliant succession of events which have ended in the subjection of this proud capital. The deeds of Cortes, brave and vigorous as they were, must suffer by a comparison. The hardy and adventurous Spaniard, surrounded by his hosts of Tlascalan and other allies, brought agencies then deemed supernatural to the work, had all the engines and appliances of modern war at his disposal, and fought against an enemy superstitious and awe-stricken, and provided only with the ruder implements of battle. Grant that they were brave—but their bravery was of a piece with that of the Hindoo widow, who fearlessly and unresistingly chaunts her own death song on the grave of her lifeless husband. The followers of the Aztec monarchs, of Montezuma and of Guatemozin, offered themselves as sacrifices to their idols. The mass, when all hopes of victory had vanished, still continued the fight, it is true; but in their onslaughts upon the iron ranks of the Christians they were but fulfilling their own destiny, and rushing upon a doom that was inevitable. The altars of their gods demanded yearly and even daily sacrifices long before the advent of the strangers—the demands were now increased, yet the victims were ever ready. True, a follower of the cross occasionally fell, borne down by some avalanche of pagan warriors; but for every drop of Christian blood a river would flow, and well did Cortes know that in the end he must conquer. His calculations were based upon mathematics, and in the problem of life and death he foresaw that the result would be in his favor. Science, severe discipline, strange animals bestrode by powerful man, invulnerable armor, all the appliances which make war terrible, love of gold, and blind religious zeal—these, all these, were pitted against undisciplined, unmailed, and comparatively unarmed masses—and the results of such encounters were known even before the eyes of the shrewd and calculating Castilian rested upon the rich valles of Anahuac.

But widely different was it when, a short two months since, the second conquerors first came in sight of the dome and turrets of Mexico. In some respects the cases may have been parallel. The anglo-Saxons were cut off from all succor and support from home, and had naught but their own stout hearts and strong arms to depend upon; but they had not coats of mail and fire-arms, in the days of the first conquerors so terrible, with which to oppose cotton shirts and bows and arrows. On the contrary, they had to contend with a proud and implacable enemy, an enemy provided with the same means of attack and resistance as themselves, strongly fortified immensely superior in numbers, pretending to the highest advancement of civilization, chivalry, and valor, fighting for home and fireside, and insolent in his fancied strength and security. Breastwork and barricade were to be assailed from causeway and open field, and auxiliaries the Americans had none as was the case with the early Spaniards.* The Yankee invaders found the valley bristling with bayonets, against which bayonet were to be opposed; at every avenue they found heavy cannon in position to check their advance, and at a disadvantageous point only could they plant their guns for the attack. They had before them a city of 200,000 inhabitants—a city in which every house was a fortress; they had a population incited against them by a thousand and one idle tales and calumnies—by stories of brutality and excesses they were said to have committed, and which they were advancing to repeat; a population which had learned the sieges of Sanguntum and Saragossa by heart, and in their exceeding pride of valor doubtless thought they were to rival if not excel the deeds enacted by the defenders of those valiant cities. With the least reverse it was understood that all the Americans were to be massacred—the brutal murder of our wounded men at El Molino proves the savage intention; and thus our army had emphatically nothing but "victory or death" before it. The result, as every one knows, was victory—victory most complete—the entire prostration of an enemy all powerful in numbers and position if not in prowess. The evidence is that we are here, and that Santa Ana's proud army is scattered and destroyed; yet still all appears like a dream. The long roll may sound for an hour, and scarce 7000 able-bodied men will flock to the alarm call; yet they are masters of the heart of the Republic. The page that records the history of this campaign will be deemed a doubtful one in after times: it will be difficult to credit that a handful of men numbering only 10,000, with not thirty pieces of artillery all told, discomfitted and drove 30,000 men protected by all the subtleties of engineering, and three times their number of heavy guns; yet the proofs of Holy Writ are not stronger. The result of the two campaigns against Mexico—that of the early Spaniards and the Yankees—has been the same—the subjugation and occupation of the capital; it now remains to be seen how the world will compare the two achievements.

Our Future Policy.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 10, 1840.

If Gen. Scott had even 4000 additional troops at this time—just enough to hold the capital and fit out a small expedition besides—he might break up and scatter the Mexican army with ease. But he does not hold a foot of land between this and Vera Cruz outside the range of a 24-pounder, nor will he until re-inforced.

What is to be the policy of our Government in relation to the conduct of this war? I hear it agitated that we are to take up some line as a boundary, fall back upon it, cease all active operations, and merely hold and sustain the boundary that may be adopted. This course, although preferable to our past milk-and-water policy, will never do to my humble thinking—we shall be at war with the Mexicans for all time. The simple withdrawal of our troops will be looked upon as proof positive of our inability to sustain ourselves here in the heart of the Republic, while a long line of military defences will be harassed by a proud but ignorant people until Montezuma is forgotten or his history incorporated with heathen mythology. No kind of warfare, if warfare it could be called, would suit the Mexicans as well—we should be placing a species of wall between them and the murderous inroads of the dreaded Apaches and Camanches, and while they would laugh at us for our pains they would annoy us for our presumption. Relieved from immediate danger, the thousands of worthless military demagogues would bestir themselves in forming new armies and in raising new means, and what could they not effect against the slight curtain of defences on a line extending from the Gulf to the Pacific, or from the Rio Grande to the California coast? It will help the matter some, perhaps, if a strict blockade of all the seaports of the country is put down in the programme of the new system, but all will fail in bringing about a peace with a nation utterly blind to its own interests, and brave to a degree when danger is afar off.

You may ask, then, how is peace to be obtained? The safest, wisest, most expeditious and cheapest plan would be to reinforce this line at once with 50,000 men. This should be the first step. Then real war should be declared against Mexico, not a quasi, half-and-half state of hostilities as at present—keep all that we have got and let it be understood that we are to get and hold all that we can—send every officer captured a close prisoner to the United States, and provide strong places in which to keep all the privates—have no talk with the people or their leaders save that our intention is to overrun, destroy and conquer—let all the inhabitants be made to know that we are at war with them—follow up blows with blows, not with soft words—leave peace commissioners and peace propositions at home, instead of sending them to a market where there is no demand for such absurdities—in short, and to repeat what I have already urged, have a force in the country sufficient to give the enemy no respites nor time to recover their *morale*; but let every hard fought battle have a result, which has never yet been the case, and we shall soon have a peace. I hear that Gen. Scott is blamed in some of the papers of the United States for delaying his march upon the capital as long as he did. How could he do otherwise with the force he had on first entering Puebla? With the scanty means afforded him he adopted altogether the wiser policy. Supposing that he had pushed upon this city in the early part of June, he might have driven Santa Anna and the army out, it is true, and with comparatively little loss; but at that time he would have had a large and hostile population within the gates, with not more than sufficient numbers to keep them in subjection, while Santa Anna would have surrounded the capital with the force then at his hands, occupied every avenue, cut off all supplies, and finally compelled Gen. Scott to fight the battle of Mexico at every disadvantage. It had to be fought somewhere, and our commander-in-chief only waited until he had a sufficient force to ensure success.

The Pillow Business.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 29, 1847.

The "Leonidas" letter continues to be the subject of remark and speculation. Gen. Pillow has denied all knowledge of the letter or its author, and says distinctly that he had no hand in the precious document but at the same time he does not provoke inquiry into the matter. If it could be brought before a court you would read some rich testimony—testimony which would prove that the substance of the letter, personal encounter and all, was the common talk at Mixcoac three weeks or a month before it returned to this place in print. As it is, I am much mistaken if you do not ere long read letters in some of our Journals at home that will cause a sensation and open the eyes of the people to their utmost width.

Let me ask one or two questions. How is it that Gens. Quitman, Shields and Smith, all appointed about the same time with Gen. Pillow, get along smoothly, to use homely phrase, whilst he, Pillow, is eternally involving himself in difficulties? How is it that the first mentioned officers are popular with the entire army and country, and that their conduct has been made the subject of public and general approval, whilst the reputation of the latter is but equivocal even among his best friends, and he has lost all cast with nine-tenths of the army if not the country? How is it that Gens. Pierce and Cadwalader have won the good opinions of all, while the great Gen. Pillow has made himself as it were the laughing-stock of the army? I repeat, why is all this? It is because the latter has the vanity to believe himself a great and most astounding military genius and the impudence to trumpet his own exploits; it is because he has a grasping ambition and a dishonest one—an ambition which diligently seeketh to build a reputation for himself even at the expense of others; it is, because he has had the effrontery, time and again, to pester not only his own officers but editors with stories of his prowess, and with bold requests that they might assist in spreading his deeds before the world; in short, it is because he has a restless and feverish desire and craving after all the honors of a campaign which has shed such lustre upon our arms, whih the insufferable weakness to believe that he is deserving of them. I must acknowledge that for one I thought that the man was used a little harshly for his conduct in the Cerro Gordo business, but his antics here in the face of the army have done away with all favorable and mitigating impressions. I will now close by repeating that you will see letters in some of our papers at home, or I am much mistaken, which will expose the whole matter in a way that will astonish all.

Occupation Necessary.

CITY OF MEXICO Oct. 29th, 1847.

Whatever a few rational and sensible minds among the Mexicans may wish, I do not believe that the mass desire peace—many would even prefer that we should hold the entire country, and perhaps to this complexion it must come at last. But to be prepared for every thing, men should be sent forward without stint. Enough has already been performed by forlorn hopes—we now want soldiers in sufficient numbers to overrun, conquer and hold the entire country, at least if the Mexican leaders will not listen to the voice of reason. The plan which obtains with some, of falling back upon a boundary and sustaining it by a military force, will never do. The work of conquest, if conquest it is to be, is now almost done—50,000 men will settle the business in six months' time, and if our troops are withdrawn from this line all the work will have to be done over again.

[*From the New Orleans Picayune, 7th instant.*]

Mexican Political Affairs.

On the 14th of October, Senor Rosa, the Secretary of State, addressed a letter to the President of Congress, urging upon him the necessity of the immediate assembling of Congress, and informing him that unless the Deputies did soon meet, he should summon the Council of Government, that they might name those who were to be associated with him in the exercise of executive authority. He points out the necessity of an immediate assembling of Congress, in order to elect a President, who could form a cabinet and establish a permanent Government.—Gentlemen were found reluctant to enter a cabinet which was to last but a few days at farthest.

On the 20th of October, Senor Rosa, in the name of the President, summoned the Governors of the States of Puebla, Mexico, Queretaro, Michoacan, Guanajuato, Jalisco, San Luis, and Zacatecas, to meet him at Queretaro on the 10th of November, either in person or by commissioners, to consult with the President and his cabinet upon subjects of the highest importance, which cannot well be settled without such conferences. And should another President in the mean time be chosen, he tells them that their meeting at Queretaro, far from being useless—will be even more necessary. The more distant States are omitted in this call, professedly on account of their distance. What the purpose of this meeting is, we can only conjecture.

On the 6th of October, the Secretary of State addressed a note to Gen. Paredes directing him to proceed to the village of Teloloapan, there to await further orders. The reason assigned for this order is that the public tranquillity is concerned in its being obeyed. Paredes replies on the 14th from Tulancingo that he is ill, and has been so for a month. He annexes certificates to that effect, and protests that the moment he can get out he will obey the order and any others which may be given. He then calls the attention of the Government to his poverty.—For a year he had had no pay, and his family and himself are reduced to the greatest straits, and he is living at the expense of his brother. In view of these facts, he thinks the President may see fit to relieve his distresses. In conclusion Paredes calls attention to the phrase about "public tranquillity," and then solemnly declares that in returning to Mexico he had no other end in view than to serve the public cause, should the Government give him orders; and in case it did not, to live in strict retirement. He had so declared himself to the Administration of Santa Ana, and now renewed the declaration. So far he says he has acted up to his declaration. He had not nor would he in any manner take part in the unfortunate party differences by which his countrymen were divided.

From his retreat at Tulancingo, Gen. Paredes had previously published a long address to his countrymen. It would fill several columns of our paper, and is admirably written. He tells of the pain with which he heard in Europe of the successive disasters of his country. After the battle of Cerro Gordo, he determined to return home and frankly offer his services to the nation. He wrote home to the Government to that effect from Paris, and shortly after set out on his voyage. He describes his entry at Vera Cruz. He knew the boat on which he was a passenger carried letters to the Governor of Vera Cruz to warn him. Accordingly he landed first of all, and changing his dress, at once made his escape, before Colonel Wilson could take measures to arrest him, which he did the moment an unworthy Mexican who recognised him disclosed the fact. He had not been gone five minutes before the gates were shut; cavalry pursued him, but he fled before them, taking the road of Soledad, and after infinite dangers from "evil-doers who inundated the country," (guerrilleros) he reached Cordova and Orizaba, and thence Palmar, and at once communicated his arrival to the Government. The Government refused his proffered services, and directed the harshest measures against him. How Santa Ana is handled in this address we have not room to tell to-day.

Gen. Valencia has demanded a court martial upon his conduct in the battles of the 19th and 20th September. The Secretary replies that his request will be complied with, and orders him to await at Queretaro further orders.

From the general tenor of addresses from all parts of the country, we think it apparent that the rule of Pena y Pena is cheerfully acquiesced in. The licentious soldiery and some military leaders will endeavor to oppose him, and there are in some States signs of insubordination, but not directed particularly against Pena y Pena. His Administration, however, is to be temporary at the best, unless Congress should meet and elect him permanently.

The Monitor Republicano has several very interesting letters from Queretaro. We have not room for them all, but give the latest, which is much like Washington gossip:

QUERETARO, Oct. 23, 1847.

There has been already a competent number of Deputies here, and although some of them, notwithstanding the circumstances, have gone to Guanajuato, they will return to-day, and on Monday, the 25th, work will be commenced. The Government is slow in its operations, which is to be regretted. Sr. Rosa has been unable to attend to business for two days, having been ill with a severe colic, so that the affairs of his department have been delayed.

It seems that Sr. Mora y Villami has assumed the Portfolio of War and Marine, *but this gentleman is decidedly for peace*, [the italics are our own.]

The Deputies are much divided in regard to the election of a Provisional President, but I have just learned that the *Moderados* will this day hold a caucus to concentrate their vote. Their candidates are G. Pedraza, Herrera, Pena y Pena and Anaya. The Globe of yesterday, as you will see, declares itself for the second named gentleman, by saying that it is best to select a man who has once before been able to command a majority of the votes of the States for the constitutional Presidency. This idea appears to me a good one.

The candidates of the *Puros* are Messrs. Almonte and Cumplido, the President of the Coalition; but if the *Moderados* do not combine, it appears to me that the other party will concentrate their vote upon Almonte, and then they will not fail to succeed.

Other letters say that the city is full of needy adventurers and half-starved officers soliciting pay and employment. The number of officers in the town is regarded as a serious obstruction to the wise deliberations of Congress. One correspondent says that there is scarcely a sincere partisan of Santa Ana in the town, but schemers and contractors who have an interest in his reinstatement. Among prominent men he appears to have no friends.

Le Razo of the 17th ult. says that party dissensions have raged as strongly as ever since Santa Ana's resignation. It denounces the Monarquistas as being upon the point of attempting to carry out their projects.

The Fraener Correspondence.

[*From the New Orleans Delta.*]

First Train from Mexico City to Vera Cruz.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 28, 1847.

To-day or to-morrow a train and escort leaves here for Vera Cruz. It is under the command of Colonel Harney, and will be escorted by details from the different branches of the service—seven companies of Infantry under Col. Johnson, six companies of Dragoons under Capt. Hardee, and a battery of Artillery (the re-captured Buena Vista guns,) under Lieut. Lovell. It will be accompanied by Gen. Quitman and Gen. Shields, who are on their road to the United States, as also Col. Harney, Dr. Lawson, and Dr. Harde.

Here is a list of men [we gave it on Friday last,) who, since the war commenced, passed through your city in the strength of health, with bright hopes, anticipating for themselves the honors to be won in warring for their country's cause. They came here to defend the nations honor and to bare their breasts to the storm of battle to secure the nation's rights—the question is not to be asked how did they conduct themselves in the trying times just passed—their loss of limbs and the tracks of the enemy's balls yet fresh through their bodies, is evidence of where they were when the missiles of death flew thick and fast. They are now returning to their homes because they are unfit for service in the field—they will plant their feet upon the shores of Louisiana about the 15th of November, literally a band of cripples—they are war-worn and battle-battered veterans, fresh from the bloody scenes and hard fought battle-fields in the valley of Mexico—some of them passed safely through the different actions until they fell in the ditches at the gates of the city. How will New Orleans appreciate their noble and patriotic conduct? Let them be received as becomes the "Emporium of the South" and the character of its people—let them be honored as their conduct here deserves, and let New Orleans manifest that degree of magnanimity which has ever characterized her—meet them with firm gripe of the hands and warm embraces—light up the city in a halo of glory, and let the deep-toned notes of your artillery echo from the old Cathedral and reverberate along the banks of the Mississippi—pay to them that tribute which is due to the bravest of the brave, and the sons of our country who have woven around our flag fresh and never-fading laurels, at which we can all point with exulting pride.

The return of Gen. Quitman for the purpose of joining his proper division in the column of Gen. Taylor, required a new appointment to the office of Civil and Military Governor of the City of Mexico. The high honor has been conferred on Gen. P. F. Smith, who, from his high judicial qualifications as well as his military abilities, is one of the most fitting persons that could have been selected to discharge the important duties. Gen. Quitman has filled the office he has just left with honor to the Americans arms and credit to himself. The gallant old Southron will soon be among you—recollect his services on the hard fought fields of Monterey—recollect how he led his command in the valley of Mexico—recollect he was the first soldier to hoist the American colors with his own hands on the breastworks at the gates of the city of Mexico, and recollect that he, with Gen. Smith, was the first officer of the American army to enter the Grand Plaza of the city of the Aztecs.

In addition to the officers going home under orders the following persons will accompany the detachment. Many of them have "seen the elephant" in all its phases and different dresses—they have suffered a severe confinement in the Mexican dungeons, and have participated in the achievements before the capital. May they meet with a warm reception from their friends in the "white settlements": From Kentucky, Major John P. Gaines, Capt. Wm. J. Heady, Capt. Geo. P. Smith, A. Q. M. George P. Smith, Lieuts. Wm. T. Barbour, Thos. G. Churchill, George R. Davidson, appointed to the 11th. From Arkansas, Major Solan Borland, Capt. C. C. Danley, wounded at Garita Belen. Of the Navy, Lieut. Robt. Clay Rogers.

Mexican Political Movements.

MEXICO, Oct. 29, 1847.

Yesterday a party of guerillas came into the edge of town and run away from our Quartermaster's Department about 500 miles. The animals were under charge of some Mexicans, and I expect they were the fellows who committed the act. The Dragoons started in pursuit, but I doubt if they will be able to come up with them.

Since my last, a great change has come over the politics of this country; indeed, these people are so fickle that it is impossible, with any degree of certainty, to calculate by their actions to-day, what will be their determination and their policy to-morrow. When I wrote about twelve days since, the monarchical party seemed to be progressing most successfully in carrying off their designs of placing a prince upon the administrative chair of this Republic. Then many persons of wealth and influence, who had formerly opposed it, and a great portion of the Church were warmly and boldly advocating the measure as the only means of perpetuating their power and their influence over the government and the people; but somewhat fearing success, and believing that if they were thwarted in their views, they would also receive a severe shock by the defeat, they turned their attention to a different policy, endeavoring to take advantage of circumstances so as to turn whatever may transpire to the best advantage.

However, a different feeling appears to be pervading the whole country since our entry into the capital. Senor Pena y Pena has taken a firm hold of the reins of government, and has called around him as advisers and counsellors a much better and more intelligent class of men than has honored the cabinet of Mexico for some time. He has scattered and dispersed the factions which were breeding disturbances at Queretaro a short time since. The new elections have resulted in the choice of a more liberal and better class of men than heretofore, and nearly all have signified their anxiety for a speedy peace; however, a majority of the old Deputies are also known to be in favor of peace; but the great obstacle in the way is, that all parties are anxious to be left in power, or acquire some advantage over their opponents, before the consummation of such an event.

Thus whenever one party makes an advancement, the other opposes it because they think it would give the one concluding such a measure, some advantage, upon the consummation of their design. The Democratic party are willing and anxious to make a peace, if they can overthrow and break down the privileged Church Establishment and see some means by which they can prevent the recurrence of the state of affairs which has always kept them under the weather; if not, they opposeit, and thereby force us, if possible, to occupy the country until they recuperate their forces sufficient to enable them to carry out their views. El Razonador, which is the organ of this party has several articles on this subject, which I send.

All parties as well as the Government agree in abolishing the military establishment, and attribute to it all the anarchy to which this country has been subjected. For myself, I have no confidence in the honor, honesty, or the acts of any portion of either party, as I have always found that there is no reliance to be placed in anything they say or do—there are always some under-currents running which are liable to change their determination from day to day—furthermore, they are wanting in stability of character and talent—although they write and talk fluently. When we come to fathom them, the very best of them are not superior to the mediocrity of talent of our own country—in judgment they are wofully deficient. However, some of our most enlightened men, who, by their position, should be enabled to judge, make no hesitation in saying that they are fully persuaded that the prospects of arranging a peace are more flattering at present than they have been since the commencement of the war. There certainly has been a great change produced upon the minds of the Mexicans, whether it is the fear of having to support our large army now entering the field I am not able to say, but think it has had some effect.

Since writing the foregoing I learn that the Democratic party, having ascertained that there will be a quorum of Deputies present this week, and that the Aristocracy, as they are designated, have a majority in the old as well as the new Deputies, have gone to Queretaro, for the purpose of endeavoring to create dissensions and anarchy, and thereby prevent the present Government from entering into any arrangements that will bring about a peace—they fearing, in such an event, being left in a worse state of corruption and confusion than they were when we entered the capital. It is somewhat remarkable, that the people of this country, who entertain the best feelings for us, and are desirous to establish a Government fashioned after our own, are the very persons who are straining every nerve to prevent the consummation of a treaty of peace. Their object is to break down the church and military establishments, and, in order to accomplish this they are trying to create a state of affairs which will force us to occupy the country.

Cowhiding of a Mexican Editor—The Aztec Club.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 29, 1847.

We had a very nice little excitement a few days since, produced by the following article from El Monitor, which paper has been using every exertion to prevent the families of the city from associating or mingling with the officers of the army, thereby keeping the prejudices of the parties from being obliterated as long as possible:

"A certain young lady, of a frolicsome disposition and romantic inclinations, a good singer, and who, since the arrival of the Americans at San Angel, had become *familiar* with an officer of the army, will be annexed and passed over to American dominion, like Texas, but on whom the censure of the fair sex of Mexico has fallen."

The young lady referred to, as well as her parents and family, feeling themselves under obligations to some officers for their kindness during the armistice, made no hesitation in treating the persons to whom they were indebted with respect after our entry into the city, which brought out the abusive article in El Monitor. As soon as it appeared, it was like throwing a fire-brand into a keg of powder. Cowhides and other dangerous edge-tools were procured, and several young gentlemen started in pursuit of the editor. He got wind of their intentions, and eluded their grasp for several days, and it reminded me very much of a deer-drive—each fellow posted, anxious to get first sight of the animal. At length the editor, Senor Torres, thinking the whole affair had blown over and that time enough had elapsed to allow the wrath of the young gentlemen to cool down, made his appearance on the street, but never was man more mistaken—before he reached the Plaza he encountered one of the young gentlemen, who gave him as severe a cowhiding as ever man received. He made some resistance, but finding it was no use, concluded that it was best to try a run, by which he succeeded in escaping. He then appealed to our military authotities for redress, and made a great ado about the liberty of the press, and the extent to which it was tolerated in the United States; but I believe the only satisfaction he received was the reply, that editors in the United States had the right to publish what they pleased; but if they violated the laws or insulted the feelings of private individuals, they must take the consequences. This did not seem to suit the appetite of the gentleman, particularly taking the consequences, and I think he will be more careful in future.

Since the occupation of our army, a portion of the officers have formed themselves into an association called "The Aztec Club," having for its object the more intimate and social intercourse of its members—its organization is similar to that of the military clubs of England. It will, at the same time it produces a more social and immediate intimate intercourse of the officers, enable them to live in the best style and avoid the imposition of the hotel keepers. Every general officer, except one, is a member. The following are the officers, according to its present organization:

President, Gen. J. A. Quitman; 1st Vice President, Col. Harney; 2d Vice President, Capt. Magruder; Treasurer, S. Anderson; Secretary, E. Hammend, Esq.; Committee of Arrangements, Captain Grayson, Major Van Buren, Lieut. Grafton.

From the St. Louis Republican.

Com. Stockton and the California Expedition.

Com. Stockton speaks unreservedly of his public course in California. It will be seen by a communication which he has addressed to us, and which we publish below, that he claimed for himself the office of "Commander-in-chief of the forces," taking issue on this question with a writer in the "California" newspaper, who had spoken of Gen. Kearny in this relation. In regard to this publication, and to the reply of Com. Stockton, it is explained to us, that the letter from Com. Stockton was sent to the press before Gen. Kearny's departure from California; that it was withheld from the public by the editor, on the representation of Gen. Kearny; that afterwards, and when that officer had left the country, it was proposed by the editor that the letter should appear in his columns but that Com. Stockton would not yield to this suggestion, and that it was after he had left for the States, and in opposition to his desire, that the publication was actually made.

Com. Stockton, in the conquest of California, acted upon his own responsibility. He claims that this was accomplished *before* the arrival of Gen. Kearny, and, this being the case, that the conditional powers vested in Gen. Kearny were inoperative, and that he had no authority to act as "commander-in-chief" in California. He assumes that Gen. Kearny, on his arrival at San Diego, did acknowledge him as commander-in-chief, and offered his services as *aid*.—That, after the arrival of Gen. Kearny at San Diego, Com. Stockton repeatedly proffered him the command of the expedition against Los Angelos, which Gen. Kearny declined, preferring to serve as second in command to Com. Stockton. That during the expedition, in the battle of San Gabrielle, and for several days after their arrival in the city of Los Angelos, Gen. Kearny continued to recognise the Commodore as commander-in-chief. It is even stated that Gen. Kearny, by letter, requested the permission of the Commodore, as commander-in-chief, to employ a portion of the troops on a particular duty.—Some days following this, Gen. Kearny set up the claim of being himself the Military and Civil Commander of the Californias. In the correspondence which followed, the Commodore denied his authority, and *suspended* Gen. Kearny. He asserts that the Government at Washington had sustained *his* view of the powers, inasmuch as he had been recognised as Commodore with the rank of *major general*, and that of Gen. Kearny was only a *brigadier general*.

STEAMBOAT METEOR, Nov. 3, 1847.

To the Editors of the St. Louis Republican;

SIRS: I have not yet seen the papers, but am informed that it has been stated in yours as well as other newspapers in the United States, that I was not "commander-in-chief" of the United States forces in California on the march from "San Diego" to the "Ciudad de los Angelos" in January last.

The same attempt to deprive me of that responsibility was made in California. My reply to the editor of the "Californian," whom it turned out was the mere cats paw, with the accompanying letter signed by all the staff officers then in California, settled the matter there.

I now send the same papers to you, and request that you will publish them, in the hope that they will produce the same result here.

My respect for the Government and the people of the United States will not permit me to characterize such unworthy attempts in the manner they deserve; but those who have been guilty of misrepresentation will not go unwhipped of justice. I have been forced, quite unwillingly, before the public in self-defence, and if it should so be, that the misstatements by which the second in command has been converted into "commander-in-chief," have not arisen from any "malus animus," but simply from a *confusion of ideas* on the field of battle—nevertheless I will be excused for having written this letter without further information on the subject, because I wish that the people of Missouri, who have treated me with so much consideration and kindness, should be informed that I have nailed one falsehood to the counter, and that I intend to back up all I have said or written, or that others have said or written by my authority.

Faithfully, your servant,
R. F. STOCKTON.

From the Californian of July 17, 1847.

U. S. FRIGATE CONGRESS,
Harbor of San Diego, March 10, 1847.

To the Editors of the Californian Mercury:

GENTS: In an editorial article in the Californian of the 13th February, you may find the following paragraph:

"Commodore Stockton announced to the officers that the whole expedition was placed under the command of Gen. Kearny, himself holding his station as commander-in-chief of California—and Gen. Kearny did command the whole expedition."

I take the first opportunity to say to you that the above paragraph is not true in any one of its important particulars. It is not true that I placed the whole expedition under the command of Gen. Kearny, nor did I so announce it.

On the request of Gen. Kearny, and with the consent of Lt. Rowan, (to whom, with the consent of Lt. Minor, who had previously held it, I had given the command only the night before,) I appointed Gen. Kearny to command the troops, and so announced it; and at the same time stated distinctly that I still retained my position as commander-in-chief. The word California did not pass my lips on that occasion.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if you say that I delegated, or intended to delegate, to Gen. Kearny, or to any one else, any part of my duty or authority as the director of the expedition, or commander-in-chief of forces, or that Gen. Kearny, or any other person but myself, exercised, or pretended to exercise, any such authority from the time he left San Diego until we arrived at the Ciudad de los Angelos, then I he must say to you that all such statements are false.

But, Messrs. Editors, it is quite true that "Commodore Stockton did leave San Diego at the head of the forces at his command," and marched into the Ciudad de los Angelos in the same way.

There are other most glaring misstatements in the editorial referred to, which, no doubt, in due season, will be corrected. In the meantime go on.

"*Sic iter ad astra.*"

Your obedient servant,
R. F. STOCKTON.

P. S. This communication has been delayed in the hope that I could be at Monterey before this time.

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, NOV'R 15, 1847.

For President
GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.
Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention

Mr. CLAY'S SPEECH.

PHILAELPHIA, Nov. 15, 10 a. m.

A sketch of Mr. CLAY's speech at Lexington is reported in the North American.

It opposes annexation of Mexican territory, and is against territorial extension.

He goes in for fighting the war out.

He thinks that an honorable peace could have been made long ago by prudent management.

He opposed the reporting of his speech in full. He will write it out himself.

MEXICAN INTELLIGENCE.
COMMODORE STOCKTON.

We devote a large portion of our paper to-day to the letters of Mr. Kendall & Mr. Fraener from the city of Mexico. We are sure they will be read with the deepest interest.

We also give two extraordinary letters from Commondore Stockton with some remarks from the St. Louis Republican. The tone of this office's communications is really alarming! It is well that he is not accompanied by one of his Peace-Makers, or the Court Martial now sitting at the Arsenal might share the fate of the unfortunate visitors to the Princeton.

We shall follow up our Saturday's subject to-morrow.

THEATRICALS AT MALBOROUGH. We learn that Kilmiste and his Comp. have been playing a highly successful engagement at Malborough, so much so, that the inhabitants would not let him off without a promise to visit them again.

BROTHER JONATHAN FOR CHRISTMAS.—Brooke Shillington & Co have sent us this mammoth sheet. It is a beautiful thing, some of the pictures are old acquaintances, but none the less acceptable for all that.—Now, boys and girls, plague your mothers and fathers until they give you money enough to go and buy a copy of this paper for the holidays.

SAILING OF THE STEAMER WASHINGTON. On inquiry at the Post-Office, we learn that this packet will sail from New York for Bremen on Thursday next the 18th inst, and that the mail from Washington for Europe by her, will close at 9 o'clock to-morrow. Tuesday evening Nov 16th.

"In reply to your complimentary language, I must be permitted to express the apprehension that, in connecting my name with the high office of President of the U. States, you and many other of my friends are expecting too much of me. * * * I cannot but fear that, in entering at my advanced age upon a walk of life entirely new to me, I would disappoint your high expectations."—(*Gen. Taylor's letter to J. A. Stewart.*

But, General, the people are of a different opinion; and, as a good soldier, you are bound to obey.

Commercial.

ALEXANDRIA MARKET—November 12.

Flour.—The market is steady. Wagon price $5.50, with sales from stores, to a moderate extent, at $5.62 1-2. Receipts fair.

Grain.—The receipts of West are moderate, and prices have slightly declined. We quote fair to prime red at 118 a 120 c; white 120 a 125 c. We hear of no sales of Corn, and the article is dull. Corn meal 65 a 70 c., and the market overstocked. Oats 35 a 38 c.; White beans $1.12 1-2; Flaxseed $1.12 1-2 per bushel.—(*Gazette.*

BALTIMORE MARKET—November 13.

Flour.—The market