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OFFICE IN FRONT OF THE PLAZA.

A MYSTERY OF CRIME.—Edward H. Ruloff, a physician, was convicted in Tompkins county, ten years ago, of the abduction of his wife and child. They had disappeared, and no clue was ever found to their disappearance. Every one believed he had murdered them, but he was convicted only of abduction. He was offered pardon if he would reveal the mystery of his guilt, but he has refused to speak. He has waited for the prison doors to open and let him free, after long and unhappy years. It is said that a large estate has fallen to him in Europe. But just as his term expires he is again arrested and is again to be tried for the murder of his child. The conviction of his guilt and of its atrocity has not diminished in the neighborhood where he and his victims lived. The Sheriff of Tompkins arrested him on a bench warrant as soon as he was discharged. It is believed that the crime of murder can this time be brought home to him.

STORY OF A RAMROD.—Mr. Stout, of Iowa, having occasion lately to use his loaded rifle, attempted to discharge it, which he failed to do after exploding several caps. He then entered his house, and on examination came to the conclusion the powder was wet. He pricked some dry powder into the tube, and placed on it a cap; partly filled with powder also. He then took the wiper, which had a ball screw on the end, put it into the rifle and screwed it into the ball. After getting things so far ready for operation, he sat the triggers, cocked the rifle, and, setting his teeth on the wiper, pulled, while with another rod he set off the triggers. The rifle went off, the rod, ball and all passed through his mouth and neck and entered the wall of the house.—Strange to say he was but slightly injured, and was able to go to his work in a few days.—[Strange enough!]

SNORING.—Old Bricks was an awful snorer. He could be heard farther than a blacksmith's forge; but his wife became so accustomed to it that it soothed her to repose. They were a very domestic couple—never slept apart for many years. At length the old man was required to attend court at some distance. The first night after his wife never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The next night passed away in the same manner; without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and probably would have died, had it not been for the ingenuity of a servant girl. She took the coffee mill into her mistress' chamber, and ground her to sleep at once.

What is that which is often brought to the table, always cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards.

[Written for El Nicaraguense.] TO THE DEAD OF RIVAS.

BY CORPORAL PIPECLAY.

Gallantly, right gallantly their little bands they led,
'Mid the iron hail of battle over the dying and the dead,
Across the blood-stained Plaza, where the Minnies' deadly ring
Was echoed by dread shrieks of pain and death's oblivious wing.
And here a gallant charge is made, and there a canon's ta'en,
While gallant hearts are hushed to rest before the rifle's rain.
And on his steed as sternly, as grim death that round him sped,
Our chieftain view'd the carnage wild—the living and the dead;—
And as our troops beheld him there, with victory on his crest,
They thought on Santa Rosa, and resolved to do their best.
But where adobe breastworks gave shelter to the foe,
Full many a gallant comrade in death was lying low,
Who in the camp or on the march were ever blithe and gay,
Now in the streets of Rivas but mangled corpses lay!
But not without a dread revenge our wounded comrades fell:
The streets back of the Plaza their blood-stained earth will tell;
For there the foe lay fallen like sheaves of autumn grain—
One mound of human misery—one pile of human slain!
No quarter gave our soldiery: their thoughts were on the past
Of those who fell at Virgin within the month just past;
And Santa Rosa's bloody route, where treachery prevail'd,
And one cowardly, trait'rous heart our sun of victory veiled:
These were the thoughts that nerv'd each arm and steel'd each manly heart,
As in the combat, fearlessly, each soldier bore his part.
But many a heart had ceased to beat throughout that dreadful day,
Who was "the bravest of our brave, the gayest of our gay."
It would be vain to mention them: their deeds are known to all;
Their names and mem'ries ever dear are 'graved on memory's pall.
And as the years still onward roll, that day shall honored be,
And claim for each good soldier's fate a soldier's sympathy!

LOOK FOR YOURSELVES.—The Fairmont Virginian tells the following anecdote of Rev. H. C. Dean, of Iowa, recently elected Chaplain of U. S. Senate, and who was formerly stationed in North-western Virginia:

While preaching one day at a church situated a few miles from Fairmount, he was annoyed by the inattention of his congregation, as manifested in turning their heads, to see everybody who came in.

"Brethern," said he, "it is very difficult to preach when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church."

Of course, this attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered.

"Brother William Satterfield" called out the preacher, while that brother was astonished beyond measure, and endeavored in vain to guess what was the matter. Another person came in.

"Brother Joseph Miller!" bawled the preacher, with a like result; and so perhaps in other cases.

After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out in a large voice:

"A little old man with a blue coat and a white hat on!—don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves!"

Chesterfield, having been informed by his physician that he was dying by inches, congratulated himself that he was not so tall by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

"Well, Dick," said a doctor to a man whose wife he had been attending, "how is your wife?" "She's dead, I thank you."

YANKEE IN A COAL SCREEN.—In order to load the coal boats on the L-high Canal, a short but steep inclined plane of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, is made at the chute which runs from a station on the side of the fountain, to a large circular revolving screen, which has three large chambers, through which coal of as many sizes is shot, by scuppers, into just as many boats, waiting for different descriptions of the article.

A few months since, a Yankee, quite incubive, but more verdant than a Yankee should be, gained the station house and gazed with wonder at the contrivances. He particularly admired the swiftness with which the loaded car descended and emptied its load, and the velocity with which it returned to give place to another.

Shortly his attention was attracted by seeing a laborer mount one of the full cars about to make the descent.

"Going to slide?" inquired he.

"Yes, going to chute; won't you go?"

"Wall, I guess I'll stop a bit, and see how you do it."

The car swiftly descended, and ere it reached the hopper, the passengers jumped off safely.

"Do you do that often?" inquired he of one of the laborers in the station house.

"Oh, yes, continually," was the wag-gish answer. "You know most all the boatmen are single men, and as they have orders for 'family coal,' we always send down a married man with every car of that kind, and let 'em know."

"Wall, now, du tell!" uttered the eastern man.

The more the Yankee looked at the apparatus the more did he be convinced that it would be a great thing to go down the steep in that way, something that he could tell "to hum."

Plucking up courage, he approached the superintendent.

"That beats sliding down hill, don't it?"

"I s'pose it does."

"You couldn't let a feller go down, could you."

"Why, do you think you could jump off in time?"

"Oh, yes; I'm reckoned considerable of a jumper—jumping does me good. I once jumped off a haymow thirty feet high, and it made me so suple that I am given in to be the best dancer in the hull town-ship."

"Well, get on, and take care of yourself."

Suddenly, the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the declivity so great that he was forced to stoop down and grasp the side of the vehicle for support. The place where the laborer had leaped off was reached, but the Yankee was in no position to jump; he had to hold on; and running down a decent three times as steep as that which he had come to, a sudden clink shot the bolt, and with a violent force, out went the contents, Yankee included, into the hopper.

"Murder! get out! stop the concern!" shouted our hero, as he felt himself slid ing down the hopper to the cylinder.—"Murder! stop the concern! I'll be killed!" But the power of the "consarn" was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who saw him were too distant and too much convulsed with laughter to yield assistance. Into the screen he slid, landing on the top, and as he felt himself revolving with the coal, he grasped the wires in desperation, to prevent himself from being rolled to the bottom.—Around the wheel he went, and our friend's sensibilities were touched up by a plentiful shower of the coal dust, riddled through all the chambers.

He managed to get one eye open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was

only about fifteen feet it length, and he forced his way forward to the opening with desperation, but was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had yet to be borne, and the next time he reached the bottom, he was shot out of the scupper into the boat beneath. To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed, our hero said not a word, but getting out an old handkerchief, rubbed the dust out of his eyes, and surveying his torn apparel and bruised, battered, scratched and cut limbs, he raised ve in," to know at what quality of *antivacille* he had been delivered—when *smashing* his remnant of a hat over his eyes, he stumped off, muttering, "*broken, and screened, by thunder.*"

A MAN FOR THE TIMES.—There is a progressive chap around Philadelphia, who lives by his wits, and, from their quality, we guess he won't starve soon. On a rainy day, he goes into a bar-room, or barber shop, and seizing the first umbrella handy, he very angrily says: "Ah, found it. Pretty note to steal a man's umbrella in that way!" and away he goes. The other day he marched up to a gentleman on Chestnut street, and grabbing at the umbrella in his hand, says he: "That's mine sir; where did you get it?" "I beg pardon, sir, it was loaned to me by an acquaintance. If it is your's, take it, sir." "Mine? Of course it is," says Diddle, and he took it. He'll do.

DIPLOMATIC FORMALITY.—It is said the Paris Conferences will be carried on as though Nicholas lived. The Allies not having been officially informed of the death of Nicholas and the accession of Alexander, are supposed, diplomatically, to be ignorant of the change. And should a treaty of peace be signed, one of the first acts of the Russian government will be, on resuming diplomatic intercourse with England, France and Turkey, to inform those governments that His Imperial Majesty, the Czar Nicholas is no more, and that his august son, Alexander, reigns in his stead over all the Russians.

Walter Scott wrote: "The race of mankind would perish did we cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, to the moment that some kind assistance wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need it, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals, and no one who has it in his power to grant can refuse without incurring guilt."

RAILWAY WIT.—Among the jokes which have been got off during the detentions occasioned by the deep snow is the following, clipped from a Vermont paper: "Madam," said a conductor, a day or two since, "your boy can't pass at half fare; he's too large." "He may be too large now," replied the woman, who had paid for a half ticket, "but he as small enough when we started!"

A fellow up in Mississippi, who does not have much confidence in the honesty of postmasters, wrote the following warning on the back of one of his letters, directed to a postoffice in Kentucky: "Now look here, all you postmasters! I want you to be devilish particular with this document; it is a cash letter. Now look here, I see you, don't break the seal."

Why was Hamlet so courageous in addressing his father's ghost? Because he was not particular to a shade.

Extempore preaching is like extempore fiddling—none but the most finished performers should attempt it.

Why is Troy weight like a thief? Because it has no scruples.

Saturday Morning, May 10.

THE ISSUE.

The present movement under Gen. Walker may be characterized by as many names as there are different opinions of it; but there is only one word to define it truly. Gen. Walker may reap the fame, and his associates may enjoy a few of the advantages, but these matters are only personal, and therefore of less concern than the mighty principle resting at the bottom of the revolution. We do not, nor need we affirm, that every action of the existing Government, or of the Americans, is worthy of the cause or creditable to our race, for the few private wrongs are only personal, and have nothing to do with the government or the revolution. They are the excesses upon the body politic, and as such are to be found in all communities and under all governments. They are evidences of that infirmity which must ever attach to human excellence.

The true and definite question at stake is one in which the forms and interests of government and the people are concerned. Is the world to be a representative Democracy or a hereditary Aristocracy? Are we to govern or are we to be governed? Nicaragua and its interests are but pigmies to the startling proposition of universal freedom; and as the statesman ponders the momentous question, the fate of a single State is lost in consideration of the entire family of States. Shall the world progress, or shall it stand still, as did the sun of old, at the bidding of human breath? Eighty years it has quietly and earnestly run the race of freedom, and now there is a hindrance in the pathway which must either be broken down or it will overwhelm the newly created principle of popular sovereignty. Centuries of time and the hoarded treasures of wrong and sophistry have served to frame a system of governments in Europe in which birth involves the right to rule. No matter whether the nascent ruler be a fool or a fop, he is still the peer of kings and a lord of the democracy. The people have suffered under this singular institution too long, and soon there must be a conflict between right and wrong. There is no room for quiet in the economy of God's world; and having arrived at the point we now occupy, the road leads forward or back through scenes of blood. To stand still is impossible; and he who attempts to do so will find himself opposed to all the laws of nature and philosophy. The few, armed with hereditary power and long stored wealth, stand opposed to the many, claiming their birthright of freedom and self-government. They broke down the individual despotism of kings, and now they seek to restrain the congregated authority of the people. They are the medium between despotism and liberty, and from their number and wealth, it must be a severe struggle to overturn the charter of their privileges. In a conflict against the autocracy of Russia, aristocracy has just gained a brilliant victory; and to-day it is preparing for a battle with the hosts of democracy. In the latter it will find that the opposition springs from no single, despot, but from millions of kings. It will not war alone with foreign nations, but with the hearts of its own subjects.

The issue, then, embodies the freedom of Central America and the integrity of the North American continent. The democratic element has long struggled for supremacy in these States, and its struggles have been opposed by English and French influence. Gradually, but surely, the power of the former was being manifested, and to-day her strength in Costa Rica directs the Servile Government. In Nicaragua and Honduras she has quietly claimed a footing by seizing and holding the territories of these States. In Guatemala, if anything but the brute despotism of Carrera has force, it is the strength of English intrigue. The revolutions of this State were constantly fomented to bring the cause of popular government into disrepute. The force of British diplomacy has exerted itself in these States to obtain advantages for England; and the slightest ground of assumption was sufficient to lead to the assertion of most improbable rights. In Mexico the same charge is made, and history substantiates the charge. No good was sought to be conferred by these intrigues, but they were all the result of a mischievous policy, determinedly opposed to the principles of free government.

With all these historical antecedents, it is not strange that England opposes the present move-

ment in Nicaragua. The acts of the revolution she cares nothing for, but simply the principle involved disturbs her. The spread of republican institutions threatens the existing order of her government, and therefore she opposes the independence of Nicaragua. Whatever diplomatic excuses she may urge—whatever reason she may give in morality—there is one grand principle at the base; and it was as apparent in the revolution of Texan independence as it is to-day. No politician will or can shut his eyes to these vital issues, let the surface opposition appear what it may. Europe opposes the progress of democracy.

It is, then, for Central America to determine what part she will play in this important struggle. The Russian war being closed, European Governments will now turn their attention to this Government, and in their attempts to solve the difficulty, a conflict must ensue with the Democrats of Nicaragua, and then with the republican element of the United States. It is not difficult to determine what the ultimate result will be, but it is important to know in what condition these Central American Republics will emerge from the struggle. Will they coalesce with Europe or the United States? Will the democratic element forget its old struggles and glorious fame, and join the ranks of Legitimacy against the forces of popular freedom?

Some of the Democrats, we know, and a large portion of the Serviles, look upon the Americans with unfavorable eyes; but this feeling is gradually wearing away, and as they come to understand us better, bitterness will entirely subside. We are but a portion of the people, and when the government is firmly established and the army becomes a secondary element in the State, they will find that the revolution has but resulted in bringing the real power of the State into the hands of the people. The Democracy will rule through the ballot-box, and theirs will be the satisfaction to know that these benefits resulted from their enduring patriotism.

On the other hand, if they join with European Aristocrats, the political result will be the same, for Central America will emerge from the struggle still a Republic. The fight of human freedom must succeed, and no one can estimate at present when its success will terminate. For three hundred years the force of education has been drawing the world towards the goal of its redemption, and it is absurd to suppose that in this enlightened day the masses are prepared to give up those liberties and go back to feudalism and darkness. When the battle comes, it will be one of great forces, but as it has done in all fights, the Right must triumph. The people and their cause, led on by the ardent patriots who are now thinking and preaching liberty in every kingdom, must succeed; and then it will be a melancholy sight to look upon Nicaragua a free State against its will. Shall this be so? Will the Democrats of this Republic allow the Americans to fight the battle of their liberty alone? The sentiment of the State, as it comes to us, distinctly avows its loyalty to freedom, and the people are prepared to maintain the principles they have fought so many battles in favor of.

THE ENEMY.—The latest information from the Costa Rican army represents it as retreating very rapidly, through the Department of Guanacoste, towards San José, the capital of Costa Rica. The cholera was prevalent among the troops, and great numbers were dying off from its fatal effects. A facetious officer remarks that the cholera is serving our purposes very well as a squadron of cavalry.

COOLIES FOR COSTA RICA.—A late number of the *Album de La Paz*, of San José, urges upon the Government the propriety of introducing Chinese laborers into that State, for the purpose of working the haciendas of coffee, sugar, rice and cacao. It asserts that the Chinese are peculiarly adapted to the climate of Central America, and that their sustenance would be a matter of great economy.

FROM THE COUNTRY.—At last accounts, Gen. Goicouria was at Comalapa, with the Volunteer Rangers and a large body of native troops. Nothing had transpired worthy of note up to the time of the departure of our informant.

INTERESTING LETTER.—The letter from our special correspondent at Virgin Bay will be found interesting, containing as it does all the news from headquarters. We shall have one from the same source every week.

CHEAPER STILL.—A gentleman from the vicinity of Massaya says that a tree loaded with oranges can be bought thereabouts for five cents! This beats the fruit market of Granada.

TROUBLES OF A MINISTER.

The position of a Minister must always subject him more or less to the importunities of travelers; and we can really feel sympathy for him as he finds his time and talent engaged in explaining profound points of international law to uncomprehending but persistent bores. There is no task more severe than trying to enlighten a mind naturally bewildered; and if we should ever break our religious scruples against using profane language, it will be when some genius fails to appreciate the clearness of our expositions on subjects that engage the editorial attention. Thus sympathetically afflicted, it may reasonably be concluded that we have lavished an abundance of sympathy on the Minister of the United States in this city. He is the only representative of his Government here, and all the nephews of Uncle Sam apply to him for the thousand and one remedies to satisfy their many wants.

Particularly has this been the case since the California passengers have arrived in town. A few of them are of a nervous and timid disposition, and these being war times, they have no particular disposition to stay here. The steamer is expected every day, and as they cannot get off until she does come, they are constantly applying to the Minister for information. Col. Wheeler is one of the most accommodating and urbane gentlemen we have ever met with, and it is his delight to relieve the anxieties of all; but being unacquainted with the movements of the boat, as a matter of course he is ignorant when she will be in. No allowance is made for this, but every day the same crowd would go and ask him the same question, until at last he became completely worn out in the explanatory service. A long specimen of Pike sauntered into his residence a day or two before he left, early in the morning, and looking around, drawled out:

"Is this the house of M-i-s-t-e-r W-h-e-e-l-e-r, our United States Minister?"

"Yes," said the youngest son of the Colonel.

"W-e-l-l, I should like to know when I'm g'wine to cal away from this 'ere place. I want to go to C-a-l-i-f-o-r-n-i-a. My claim is up on the Y-u-b-a r-i-v-e-r, and I orter be there soon."

"I'll tell you," said the representative of the Minister, "my father does not know when you will get away; but it is my opinion you are in for it, and you had better buy a ranche and settle."

Pike squared himself uneasily, but he still had a hope.

"W-e-l-l, if I can't go away to-day nor to-morrow, maybe the boat will be in Saturday, and I don't mind stopping two days."

"You will not get off for several days, and you had better content yourself."

"W-e-l-l, daudern my skin, if I don't get away from 'ere, I'll kick up a row 'tween Uncle Sam and them infernal Costa Ricans! I want to know what bis'ness they've got stopping American citizens? An' if the United States don't wallop her, she hasn't got no pluck. If I had my claim sold on the Y-u-b-a, I'd pitch in and help Billy Walker tan them niggers down thar; and if Inland interfereed, we'd soon see which was the biggest, her or 'Meriky!"

Pike "biled over," and he is now daily cursing the President of Costa Rica with a double distilled virulence; and he promises to write home to Missouri that there is a splendid chance for a "row" in these quarters.

This customer had hardly left the house before another came along, and, after asking the same questions with the same result, he wanted to be informed where the barber-shop was. Enlightened on this point, he left. Another wanted to know where he could get an awful hole in his coat mended; and the third sought the shoemaker. One man wants an interpreter, and he goes to the Minister; another wants this, and another that, until the whole day is given to bestowing information.

A Dutchman came along on Friday last:

"Ish yu no de Minishter vat I hears on dat per-dects 'Mericans in dish 'ere Nicaragua?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, "but you talk like a German."

"So I ish; but you see I vash born in Herkimer county, Bennislyvany, and dat makes me von American. And now you she I vants to know if it ish healty in dish town to eat oranges? You bees de Minishter, ven I comes to ax you dish matter, and I shall vant you to make me zatsified. If you can answer me dat vord, I would like to know ven de sheamboat cums; for me and mine familly vants to go to Callyforny. Vill you makes me a question, if it ish healty to eat fruit, and I ish coontent."

The Minister went into an explanation that it

was healthy to eat an orange in the morning; but it was decidedly wrong to eat fruit and drink the bad liquor of this country at all times. Something was said about the gastric juices, but the German did not understand, and he went off muttering:

"Callyforny ish a vasht humpug. I hash been dar dwice, and I always has a diarrhea, and makes no monish, and some tam tief shteals mine vife—got tam."

He had a poor idea of the morality of California.

So the time was spent, until at last the Colonel posted up a notice that the steamer would leave on such a day, and this allayed the fever of the crowd. On the appointed day the steamer did go; but when the crowd came to learn something about the circumstance, the Minister and his family had gone with it. The disappointment was great, but it had to be endured; and we hope our friends will take things easy. Be contented a little while. Do not fret; if you do not get away, the Minister will be back, and you can then interrogate him further on the subject!

COURT MARTIAL PROCEEDINGS.—In another column we publish the official proceedings of the Court Martial convened under General Order, No. 73 to try Colonel Louis Schlessinger for neglect, incompetence, ignorance and cowardice in the discharge of his duties, and desertion from the army. It is sufficient to say that every opportunity was giving to the prisoner to relieve himself of these charges, if possible; that the Court Martial progressed with every delay required by the respondent; and that in the end it could come to no other conclusion than the verdict recorded in the proceedings. We may also state that during the trial Col. Schlessinger was allowed to go at large on his parole of honor, restricted, however, to the bounds of the city guard. Soon after the privilege was granted and before the decision of the Court was known, he fled from town, breaking his pledged word, thereby affording his own testimony in favor of the decision of the Court Martial.

The result, therefore, may be considered the just verdict of time; and we have no hesitation in saying that the disgrace which must always attach to the defendant, will never lessen but will continually increase until his name becomes a byword. In his connection with this army, Col. Schlessinger never was countenanced by the officers and troops, but adventitious circumstances kept him a position near the Commander-in-Chief, and when the Second Rifle Battalion was formed, which was intended to be composed principally of Germans, he was appointed to its command. Here he might have won an enviable eminence, and requited the confidence of the Commander-in-Chief. To have defeated the enemy at Santa Rosa would have established him as an officer of bravery and sagacity.

He did nothing, however, and left himself to be convicted on every charge possible to be framed against a military commander. The English language could not shape another specification to complete his degradation; and should he ever be thrown into the hands of the officers of this government, the simple fact of his execution will have no other effect than to satisfy the soldiers that some atonement had been made for the disgraceful affair of Santa Rosa.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE.—About the time of the battle of Rivas, when many timid Americans supposed there was danger of a siege of Granada by the Costa Rican army, Capt. D. W. Thorpe, of Company A, Second Rifle Battalion, under the old organization, disappeared and has not been officially heard from since. Rumor says that he left San Juan del Norte for New Orleans recently, and that he is nowise restricted in his abuse of the army he has deserted. The Adjutant General informs us that Capt. Thorpe's name will be dropped from the army-roll soon, if he does not report himself.

"PICTURE OF CENTRAL AMERICA."—We copied a letter from an Atlantic paper last week, purporting to have been written by Gen. Walker to a gentleman in Washington City. It was a very interesting and instructive paper, but we are notified by the General that he did not write it.

The members of the international commission for constructing a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, have arrived in Egypt and entered upon the preliminary survey.

NEWS EXPECTED.—The next steamer from New York is now about due, and may, therefore, be expected early next week.

The Key of the Gulf says the guns on the new forts of Key West are not heavy enough.

LETTER FROM CYRUS.

[Special Correspondence of El Nicaraguense.]

VIRGIN BAY, May 8, 1856.

Friend Tabor—War leaves behind it many an evidence of its destructiveness, and its footsteps of desolation may be seen wherever its votaries have been. This little town, so thriving once and happy—with its streets full of busy men, chatting women and playful children, its fine road, and above all, its handsome wharf—presents another aspect now and the very reverse of the one I have pictured. Why are these houses and cabins deserted? Why has the fire blackened and destroyed yonder wharf, a work of which any State or country might be justly proud? Why has an enemy been here to burn, sack and destroy all that they could find? Why has the commerce of the two worlds been in part interrupted, and the peace and quiet of millions of people disturbed? Simply to gratify an inordinate ambition to rule, or a criminal revenge that opportunity might glut with its bloody destructive vengeance!

The history of the past two months in Central America is but the repetition of what has taken place here almost every year for a quarter of a century, and it is time these scenes were stopped. It is time that the wild and criminal ambition of those who are thus ready to bring war and desolation upon their own country should be taught a lesson as lasting as severe, and be made to feel in their own persons the pains and penalties their infernal acts so often heap upon others. It is time the Legitimist party of this State should be made to know that their treason will be as severely as deservedly punished, and that the fate they may decree to others will return upon themselves with tenfold force. They should be made to know also that the spirit of the age is against them, and that Democracy cannot now be exterminated from this country by any combination they may bring against it; but that it will grow and strengthen just in proportion as it is persecuted and opposed; and that ere long it will sweep down all the feeble barriers raised against it in all Central America.

Rivas is emphatically a "city of barricades" now, for it is so strongly walled in and walled out that one can hardly pass from one street to another without climbing over half a dozen barricades of one kind or another. The plaza is walled in first; that is, across every street leading from the plaza, the Costa Ricans have thrown up a wall or breastwork, about four feet high, and then fortified the adjacent buildings, so as to prevent the advance of any force upon this outer wall. The houses around the plaza are full of holes through which they were to poke their muskets and fire, in case Gen. Walker should return and attack them in their stronghold. They buried their dead of the 11th ult. in the wells; and when they left the city there were no corpses left to taint the air, as has been reported.

But Rivas is a sacked city. These well bred, moral, brave men from Costa Rica, led on by the humane and well disposed J. R. Mora, who pays so readily for everything he takes or destroys, (as some of his apologists will have it,) took from the people of Rivas everything under the heavens they could carry away—trunks of clothing, dry-goods, groceries, provisions, in fact everything they could find to lay their hands upon, they took away, which, according to my notion of things, amounts to a sacking of the place, and that too of a city that gave to the Costa Ricans no motive for such robbery and plunder.

On the night of the 3d inst., there was a small gathering of the "Vesta Boys" at the headquarters of the General, to celebrate the anniversary of the sailing of the expedition from San Francisco. From one cause and another, only about seventeen of the "original fifty-six" were present, viz., Gens. Walker and Hornsby; Col. Markham; Maj. Anderson; Capt. Rawle, Hoof, Veeder and Leonard; Lieuts. Gist, Casten, Gardner, Mathews and Webb; Privates Lyons, Travella, Burke and Coleman, and Drummer Norris. All restraint was thrown off, and each one talked, sang and acted just as he did on board the little vessel that brought them hither. Of course, there was the usual accompaniment of all such gatherings, viz., "Eau de Vie," and when the company became a little "mellowed up," there were toasts, cheers and songs, as there naturally would be. The first toast was by Gen. Walker, as follows;

"The brig Vesta—She should never have made another voyage."

The second, by Maj. Anderson:

"To General Walker."

The third, by Gen. Walker:

"To the fifty-six, without their commander."

The fourth, by Capt. Rawle:

"To the lamented dead of the fifty-six."

After these toasts were disposed of, Mr. De-Freer sang the "Blue, White and Blue;" and after a very pleasant time generally, the company separated in fine spirits. Of the original "fifty-six," some sixteen are dead, but the day will come when the anniversary of their exodus from California will be celebrated as a national holiday; and like the anniversary of the "Landing of the Pilgrims," be commemorated as a great event in the history of Central America.

There is a talk now of moving the headquarters of the army up to Rivas, but as yet nothing is certain.

Should the steamers now overdue bring a goodly number of recruits, it is probable the cry will be "Ho for Costa Rica and Veragua!" *Quien sabe?*

On the 6th inst., a Costa Rican was shot at St. George, for being concerned in the murder of some of our wounded after the battle of the 11th. This fellow and two others were found prowling about near Rivas, and were caught by some of our troops.

The San Carlos went down last evening to Castillo, and we expect her up to-morrow.

We have just heard of the appearance off San Juan del Sur of the California steamer.

There were two men hung yesterday. They were Chamorristas, and were engaged in the murder of a man on Ometepe Island, and were also concerned in burning the wood there. All the prisoners were out to witness the execution.

The expedition of Capt. Farnham to Sapoa came back last evening. They found nothing but a deserted town.

The health of the army remains good, though there are a few sick.

Capt. Mason died on the 5th, and was buried on Ometepe. Yours, &c., CYRUS.

DEATH CAME A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.—A young and beautiful girl has just died—her joyous spirit is infused throughout the ethereal fountain from whence comes all life. The pale shadow of the eternal darkness scarcely flitted by and then the profound night into which we strain our eyes to steal a glimpse, fell upon the bed, and another life melted away from earth, leaving no trace of the gateway through which it escaped. How the living held their breath around the dying bed while the young existence faded into immortality, and became a part of the unseen yet hopeful world beyond the vale of death. She was a Christian, and around her bed the flowers were scattered, offerings of a deep belief that the Virgin Mother and her Immaculate Son would thus be propitiated to hover about the dying girl, and finally receive the new spirit into the promised land. Every eye grew dim with tears, and through the misty curtains its strained vision sought to trace the pathway of the immortal essence; but the sight returned back filled alone with the soft sense of tears and hopelessness. The home of Margarita is in the heavens, and human eyes can never determine the entrance to its golden ways but through the dark valley wherein she disappeared. Friends may mourn, and hearts may break in their silent grief, but there can come no consolation of her return—no joy again but in the hope that the future life will disclose to those who parted in sorrow here, a meeting in that house where death has no residence.

Dr. Charles Kidd, of England, announces that chloroform is a perfect cure for hydrophobia. A teaspoonful of either chloroform or ether is to be sprinkled on a handkerchief and placed on the patient's face to smell, and a red hot poker applied to the bite. If these two things be done, hydrophobia need not be apprehended.

There are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into confirmed invalids, and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

A gentleman in Buckingham county, Va., has among his domestic animals a large rat, which was caught twelve months ago by a cat; but instead of devouring it, the cat nursed and fed it, and they now play and sleep together like cat and kitten.

According to the Vienna journals, it is in contemplation to have a universal exhibition in that city in 1859. It is even said that the building has already received the approbation of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

During the year 1855 forty-one vessels, making an aggregate tonnage of 23,506 tons, were built in the Portland and Falmouth District, Me. The amount of tonnage built in the district, since 1845, is 159,784 tons.

OFFICIAL.

Court Martial of Colonel Louis Schlessinger.

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 95.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.
Virgin Bay, May 3rd, 1856.

1. Before a General Court Martial convened by General Orders No. 73, and of which Brig. Gen. Goicouria, Departamento Intendencia General, is President, was arraigned and tried Col. Louis Schlessinger, 2d Rifles, N. A. on the following charges and specifications, viz;

Charge 1. Neglect of Duty.

Specification 1. In this, that Col. L. Schlessinger, N. A. did allow great confusion and disorder to exist in his command on the march from Virgin Bay to the Costa Rica frontiers, and did not exercise proper control over the officers and men of his command. All this on or about the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th days of March, 1856.

Charge 2. Ignorance of his duties as a commanding officer.

Spec. 1. In this, that on his arrival at Santa Rosa, on the evening previous to the engagement, Col. L. Schlessinger did neglect to muster his men and inspect their arms and ammunition. All this on or about the 20th March, 1856.

Spec. 2. In this, that Col. L. Schlessinger, N. A. did fail to keep his men together, and did allow them to scatter, so that it would have taken some time to have collected them together in case of sudden attack. All this at Santa Rosa on or about the 20 of March, 1856.

Spec. In this, that Col. L. Schlessinger, did neglect to post picquet guards at suitable points and maintain the necessary chain of sentinels about the quarters of his command, thus laying them open to surprise. All this on or about the 20th March, 1856.

Spec. 4. In this, that Col. L. Schlessinger, did upon the approach of the enemy neglect to form any plans of battle or give the necessary orders for the position of his men. All this at Santa Rosa on about the 21st March, 1856.

Spec. 5. In this, that Col. L. Schlessinger did neglect to exert himself (during the retreat) to rally or collect his scattered command. All this on or about the 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th March, 1856.

Spec. 8. In this that Col. L. Schlessinger, did desert his command on their retreat, and ride on in advance accompanied only by a few personal attendants. All this on or about the 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th March, 1856.

Spec. 7th. In this that Col. L. Schlessinger did neglect on his arrival to make any reception of his command, but did allow them to arrive naked and hungry. All this on or about the 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th March, 1856.

Charge 3. Cowardice in presence of the enemy. Spec. 1. In this, that Col. L. Schlessinger, did without proper resistance or giving encounter to the enemy, desert the field himself, accompanied by a portion of his command, leaving the other portion without a commanding officer in the power of the enemy. All this at Santa Rosa on or about the 21st March, 1856.

Spec. 2d. In this, that Col. L. Schlessinger, did neglect to appear during the short engagement on the field, so as to direct or in any way control the movement of the troops under his command. All this at Santa Rosa on or about the 21st March, 1856.

To which the accused pleaded as follows:
To Specification 1st, Charge 1st—Not guilty.
To the Charge—Not guilty.
To Specification 1st, Charge 2d—Guilty.
To Specification 2d—Not guilty.
To Specification 3d—Not guilty.
To Specification 4th—Not guilty.
To Specification 5th—Not guilty.
To Specification 6th—Not guilty.
To the Specification on 22d, 23, 24th and 25th—Guilty.

To Specification on 26, Spec. 7th—Not guilty.
To the Charge—Not guilty.
To Specification 1st—Charge 3d—Not guilty.
To Specification 2d—Not guilty.
Charge 3d—Not guilty.

During the progress of the Court, the following additional charge and specifications was preferred.
Charge—"Desertion."

Spec. In this that Col. L. Schlessinger, 2nd Rifles, N. A., after having been arraigned and under progress of trial before a General Court Martial of which Brig. Gen. Goicouria is President—did desert the service of the Republic of Nicaragua on or about the 12th day of April, 1856.

The accused not being present the Court nevertheless proceeded in the case and finds as follows:

Specification 1st, Charge 1st—Not Guilty.
Charge 1st—Not Guilty.

Specification 1st, Charge 2h—Guilty.

Specification 2d—Guilty.

Specification 3d—Guilty.

Specification 4th—Guilty.

Specification 5th—Guilty.

Specification 6th—Guilty as to the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th and confirms the plea of the accused as to the 26th.

Charges 2d (unanimously)—Guilty.

Specifications 1st, Charges 3d—Guilty.

Specifications 2d—Not Guilty.

Charge 3d—Guilty.

Specification to additional charge—Guilty.

Additional Charge—Guilty.

The Court unanimously passed the following sentence. That Col. Louis Schlessinger, 2d Rifles, N. A. be degraded from the rank of Colonel; to be shot for the charges proven against him, and for Desertion, while undergoing trial; to be published by name in the papers throughout the civilized world.

2d. The foregoing proceedings having been laid

before the General Commanding in Chief, he approves of them, with the following remarks:

The sentence of the Court on the specifications and charges preferred against Col. Louis Schlessinger, of Second Rifles, is approved; and he is therefore degraded from the rank of Colonel, will be shot as a deserter wherever found, and will be published as such throughout the civilized world.

3. The General Court Martial of which Brig. Gen. Goicouria is President is hereby dissolved.

By command of WM. WALKER,
Gen. Commanding in Chief.

PR. R. THOMPSON, Adjutant-General, N. A.

List of Arrivals at Granada.

Brig. Gen. Hornsby and staff, with four companies of recruits for the army.

Henry Gabel,	Ohio.
Wm. H. Clark,	do.
Patrick Sharkey,	do.
B. W. Gates,	Illinois.
J. G. Scott,	do.
James McComb,	do.
Geo. R. Cushing,	do.
Urias Bitzer,	do.
John Yore,	do.
Harris A. Peeples,	do.
James A. Peck,	do.
Homer Quirk,	do.
G. G. Nixon,	New York.
Chas. G. Smith,	do.
Geo. R. Cook,	do.
John O'Brien,	do.
James R. Babcock,	do.
Robert H. Charles,	do.
Edward Connor,	do.
Holland P. Gates,	do.
L. P. Dunton,	do.
Geo. H. Smith,	do.
John Gerry and two ladies,	do.
Mrs. G. F. Alden,	do.
Alexander B. Jackson,	Tennessee.
Edward L. Craten,	do.
Wm. Rosbruv,	Indiana.
Daniel Hurley,	Pennsylvania.
Wm. McDougal,	do.
Timothy Hollahan,	Georgia.
John M. Medina,	Michigan.
A. A. Fisher and lady,	do.
Jas. Clifford and lady,	New Hampshire.
M.H. Sessler Bellgentaine,	Switzerland.
James G. Robinson,	Missouri.

The Lyons (France) journals speak of a spectacle at once touching and singular. Eight one-handed Zouaves from the Crimea have been seen walking in the streets by twos, keeping together by the only arm which is left them.

Napoleon is about to offer a prize, it is said, for the best poem on the taking of Sebastopol.

During recent excavations in Peru, the body of an Indian was disintombed, rolled up in a shroud of gold. The workmen very suddenly possessed themselves of specimens.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.—The birthday of Gen. Washington was celebrated in Paris by a grand ball in the Hotel du Louvre. All accounts represent it to have been one of the most splendid fetes of the season.

The value of clothing manufactured in Boston during the last year was, according to the returns of the Secretary of State, eight millions five hundred thousand dollars.

NOTICE.—The business affairs of the late Judge J. CALEB SMITH, having been entrusted to the undersigned, any information his friends from abroad may desire, will be furnished, on application.

J. A. RUGGLES,

may3 Agent of Wines & Co., Granada.

PROCLAMATION.

JUAN RAFAEL MORA, the sanguinary President of Costa Rica being, (according to his own statement) about to exterminate the Democracy of Nicaragua, I deem it proper to announce for the "cause of suffering humanity" that I am now, and continue at all times, ready (until the great event comes off,) to "clothe the naked" and "improve the appearance of the outer man." Having constantly in my employment an efficient corps of workmen, I am thus enabled to supply my patrons with despatch, having just concluded arrangements with an extensive importing house in New Orleans, I will be constantly in receipt of the latest styles and most improved fabrics. I most respectfully solicit the officers of the Army and citizens in general, when in want of anything in the clothing line, to call at the "Pioneer Merchant Tailoring establishment" of

JAMES H. MEANS, and I will guarantee to afford them every satisfaction. Particularly observe my store, SIGN OF THE GOLDEN GOOSE. may3.

OFFICE OF INTENDENCIA GENERAL,
Granada, April 12th, 1856.

ALL persons who have advanced either money or effects for the Army are hereby required to present the voucher or documents for the same at this office to form the general liquidation of all standing accounts. By order of

Brig. Genl. DOMINGO de GOICOURIA,
Intendente General.

Thos. F. FISHER, Col. and 1st Asst. of the Intendente General.

IMPRENTA DEL NICARAGUENSE

frente a la casa de Gobierno.

TIME EXECUTES JUSTICE.

Wherever a single mind has made itself conspicuous in advance of its age, contemporaries have exerted themselves to malign it. The proposition needs no argument or evidence to those acquainted with human infirmities or the world's history. The best of men have been the most slandered, the noblest patriotism the most violently assailed. To the casual observer this would seem a harsh assertion against the liberty of argument against the exhibition of virtue; but to the deep thinker it offers other and more pleasing aspects. It is true of the present, but the future redeems the error. Time rectifies the fault and executes judgment upon the slanderer. The great and good man is remembered and revered, while his enemies are forgotten or contemned. The bitter partizanship which arrayed itself in arms against the iron will of Cromwell has mouldered into forgetfulness, while every succeeding year but serves to make his government the more patriotic and deserving. Age has erected a monument to his memory, while it has covered the names of his enemies with impenetrable ivy. The vengeance of time is as inexorable as it is just; and though the world may obscure true merit or blazon corruption in the day of its existence, yet posterity tears aside the veil and ennobles the patriot and the philanthropist, while it heaps obscurity upon the worthless and contempt upon the feeble.

Acknowledging the truth of these observations, and history has exemplified their accuracy beyond cavil, the Democrats of Nicaragua may rest content to be abused by cotemporary writers, confident that the future will adjudge their actions with justice. If we remain true to the idea of regeneration, and only subvert aristocracy to build up the rights of the people, posterity will acknowledge and applaud the uprightness of the movement. We must be judged by the people; and if their wrongs are alleviated, who but the beneficiaries will raise judgment against the next one? The Aristocrats of the present, from whose hands we wring the power they have forged and abused, will slander and misrepresent us; but with their generation the sufferers will pass away, and all will come to appreciate the benefits of that liberty which will constitute the boon of all. No great revolution in science or mechanics was ever perfected without injury to a few; and it is useless, therefore, to deny that so important a revolution as that which signalizes the transition of a State from an aristocracy to a democracy must inflict some considerable evil. But the evil is so slight in comparison with the good, none but the most timid would withhold the chance.

Fortunately the present revolution in Nicaragua is guided by a statesman and a warrior; and while there will be no temporizing, there will be no unnecessary acerbity. The evil will be tempered to the capacity of those who lose, and sympathy will be freely extended to all who suffer for their long cherished principles. The Aristocrat will be tolerated in his opinions and in his private actions; but if he desires to associate in the public affairs of the State, he must temper his opinions to the popular taste. The will of the majority must rule, and the reign of the few must cease. This result is the proceeds of thirty years of struggles, and the revolution cannot go backwards. The mind that impels and directs it cannot be bent by force nor swerved by calumny; but anxiously and ardently it will move on to accomplish the mission of its creation. And in the time to come, when Cromwell is read aright—when Joan of Arc is recognized by the world as a pure and holy prophetess—then can Gen. Walker stand on the threshold of history and feel proud to hear the award of posterity. Until then he has no biography.

CALIFORNIA PASSENGERS.—For several days past quite a number of persons have been detained in this city awaiting the California steamer. They have been quartered at the expense of Government, and everything has been done to render their stay as comfortable as possible. As a general matter, they express themselves satisfied, and in some cases many have been diverted from their intention of going to California and are now citizens of Nicaragua. Among this number are several ladies, whom we are happy to accept as residents of this new and promising Republic.

THE GLORY OF WAR.

History is filled with blood and carnage, and every volume immortalizes some great chieftain who wrote his name upon the annals of time with the sanguinary destruction of his enemies. This forms the individual glory of war; and thousands of hearts have responded to the judgments of the world in calling these men great. Every nerve in their frames, every strong resolve of their enduring hearts, every glowing emanation of their glorious minds, is idolized by the ardent youth of all ages, and deified by the genius that chronicles the events of history. The pen, with its affinity to immortality, is arduous in framing new terms of praise in which to write the deeds of hero warriors; and the world runs mad to read the eloquence which garnishes every ambition with new lights and new sentences. Macauley and Abbot alike build columns of type to the immortal dead; and from their projections rays of light illumine the widest circles of the earth. It is humanity paying adoration to human excellence—the corporeal bowing down before the incorporeal.

But war has other ends, and never a battle was fought and won but it sent the shout of joy along with the wail of sorrow. Every cry but brought the crouching people nearer to their deliverance, and every stroke severed a link in their chain of bondage. In times of peace the power of money and mind waxes strong, and governments become dishonest; in war, as thunder clears the atmosphere, these corruptions fall before the embodied force of the democracy. The people are not united until the alarm of battle, and then the parasites of peace shrink from publicity to avoid the dangers of place. The enduring soul of the warrior scorns dishonesty as it does cowardice, and corruption ends with the reign of patriotism and courage. This is the individual glory of war—that it strikes from the human family the gems of intellect and energy, and fixes them in an altitude to shed light upon the vast interests of the world below.

But aside from the glory it lends to individuals, war benefits nations and communities. Every war has originated in some great principle with the people, and the mere exertion of the popular mind evidenced the vitality of thought and purpose. The vindication of one principle—the assertion of the right of the people to the next one—easier; and when the fury of battle subsided, the people turned their attention to the assertion of other principles. An undefined sense of wrong—a vague feeling of equality—constantly urged them to struggle; but the theory of democracy, the ideal of the past and the reality of the present, was not then defined, and revolutions ended in no other good than to convince the people of their own power. They formed the State, paid its expenses, fought its battles, worked its fields, and why should they not assist in its government? The thought rooted deep, worked slowly, and ever and anon would break out; but as often as it came to light, the strong hand, forging its power from the superior influence of the intellect, strangled the mere physical exhibition, but failed to suppress the instinct and the reason. Education was needed to make the struggle successful. As the world grew older, the forces of men gathered strength and discipline, and by and by the people made war on their own responsibility. They overturned chartered privileges and destroyed institutions sanctified by a thousand years of perpetuity. Still the form of republicanism was wanting, and the effect only ended in mobocracy. The rule of self-government had not been discovered, and even yet the zeal of popular freedom was to be won through the red stream of sanguinary battle. Mind was busy resolving the difficulties of its enfranchisement, and every battle was but a spasm in the cycle of its liberation.

Religion revolutionized Europe, and the war of opinion won the fight of English liberty, and forced from King John the signature of his name to the charter that tamed his power. In all countries, from our happy land to the deep jungles of India, war has served to enlighten and relieve the people. The rich, and sometimes the poor, may suffer; but in a thousand instances war brings light into the land, for a gleam of freedom dawns upon the battle-ground. Anon the blood will bring forth its harvest of freemen, for it was shed in the cause of thought, and mental activity is ceaselessly working out the regeneration of the human race.

As we proposed in a former article, the condition of Central America has evidenced the working of a strong democratic sentiment; but in all its struggles the battle-field alone has been the theatre. The forum and the press were closed to

popular clamor, but the resolved hearts of the people fought for liberty through the misfortunes of deadly combat. Every fight only brought them nearer to its consummation, until at last the strong sword, coupled with the mysterious agency of a single mind, wrought out the task and established democracy on the altars of the State. Through trials and tribulations, in sickness and hunger, the freemen of the State maintained their principles, and to-day they are almost in sight of the summit on which Liberty sits enshrined between Equality and Justice.

The individual glory of war must make certain names immortal in this struggle; and when the iron pencil shall write on the carved columns of the future—when the children are taught the holiday that gave birth to the deliverers of the State—the names of many Democrats will sound sweetly in the patriot songs, and time will make merry at the anniversary. Of the nation, its glory must continue to increase until we can fix no bounds to its race. The struggle has lasted through a long night, but the white curtain of peace drapes the horizon, and when we are dead the land will be smiling under the magic influence of that regeneration which sprung from a deadly strife.

ARMS FOR KANSAS AND NICARAGUA.—Every steamer brings us news of the continual shipment of Sharpe's rifles for Kansas, of public meetings called to raise means for buying and forwarding these warlike instruments, and of the calm indifference with which such movements are noticed by the authorities of the Union. At the same time we as constantly receive intelligence of Mr. Marcy's interference to prevent the shipment of arms from the port of New York for this Republic. The Secretary coolly contemplates a civil war at home, and interposes no obstacle to prevent the fanatics of the Union from subverting the principles of government and destroying the institutions on which the hope of human freedom rests. So much for the care he takes of the revolution at home. At the same time that he is shutting his eyes to the disgraceful proceedings at home, he is straining the utmost tension of his authority to prevent the despatch of arms to the Democratic Government of Nicaragua, where the second great battle of liberty is now being fought. Mr. Marcy's warlike antecedents, however, are on a par with his consistency in this instance; and while we feel indignant at his interference with our affairs, we can but make allowance for the constitutional weakness that has always operated to acquit him of ought that might look like military talent.

FROM SAN JUAN DEL SUR, via LEON.—The *Boletín Oficial*, printed at Leon, contains a letter from José Guerrero, in which he states that a boat arrived at Point Icaos, near Realejo, on the 28th of April, from San Juan del Sur, with certain passengers. The captain of the boat, Michael Morris, reported that he left San Juan del Sur on the 26th of April, when President Mora left for Costa Rica, leaving orders for his troops to follow. The Costa Ricans subsequently left in a brigantine belonging to Señor Escalante. Arguello was at San Juan, and departed at the same time. President Mora complained very much of the pest, or cholera, among his troops, and great numbers of the sick and wounded were taken away. At the same time Capt. Morris left, none of the enemy were in San Juan del Sur.

DESERTED.—Rivas is represented as completely deserted at present, except by a few residents on the outskirts of the city. The opponents of the Government left with the Costa Rican army, and are now amenable to the military law. The plaza is well fortified, but the greater portion of the buildings fronting on it were destroyed by the ravages of the fight. It will be a long time before Rivas is restored to the wealth and population it enjoyed before the war.

COL. MENDEZ.—This valiant soldier, whose name is a terror to the Aristocrats of Nicaragua, arrived in the city last week, and left immediately on an excursion through the country in search of a small party of disaffected Serviles, reported to be in arms in the neighborhood of Tipatapa.

FOOLISH.—A fellow lately balanced himself on the top of church spire one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. A similar attempt in the time of Charles II gained for the actor a patent, in order to prevent any one else from doing the same thing.

ROYAL CONTRIBUTION.—The Imperial Princesses of Russia have sold their diamonds and jewelry to assist in carrying on the war.

POETRY OF NICARAGUA.—"The pen is mightier than the sword," says a shrewd but poetical author, and we have a witness to offer in favor of the assertion which will completely establish its veracity. The army offers but few occasions for the display of genius, save in the way of war; but ever and anon some sparkling mind will break from the routine of camp life and gleam a moment into the literary horizon, the wonder of the moment. But we are withholding from our readers the coin we owe them—genuine sentences of poetry, worth their weight in gold. The author wrote them off in a hurry, and that must excuse the defects of the orthography, but the sentiments need no excuse; and when we affirm that the hand that held the pen to write these lines now firmly grasps a musket in the cause of freedom, the ordinary standard of mortality will be lost sight of in wonder at the capacity of that mind so capable of a double duty. But to the poetry. Hold your hair!

Let Americano fillabusters go
to cuntry's that are new
and show the Spanish race
what Americanos can do.

The measure of the last line is lost in its sublimity, and we have forever given over the task of attempting to estimate its height, breadth and width. "What Americans can do?" a mathematical poet alone could ask so profound a question, and we must leave him to answer it. But now for the prospective—a picture of the future—a dream of philosophy:

And after they have seen
Bastante Mericanos,
I think that they will turn
their tune and call them mucha wanos.

The poet was evidently writing for two continents, not content that Anglo-Saxons alone should read his emanations. The prospect contemplates the time when the benighted people of Nicaragua having seen enough of us, they will change their opinion and call us very good! Prophetic poet! thy glory is like the women of Andalusia, beyond comparison. But we have set our light upon the hill, and it is for the world to see. Darkness no longer enshrouds the future!

ALL THE GOOD THINGS.—The public will find about our office all the good things to be obtained in Granada. The local attraction seems to set this way, and what we do not offer in an intellectual way, the natives sell in the fruit and vegetable line. For the past week the entrance into our office has been thronged with the Indians who came into the city from Massaya and the adjacent towns to sell their chickens, fruit, vegetables and other matters of trade. The side-walk is taken up with sacks of oranges, jocotes and marañones, great gourds of pinola, sacks of corn and rice, and bowls of cheese, sugar and tortillas—not to speak of the eggs and chickens. The regular trade brings in near one hundred Indians from the country, who are the wholesale merchants; and from these the resident market-women purchase their supplies in quantities to suit. By this means, it will be seen, we have generally about two hundred persons around our front and only street door, and the number does not diminish until about noon, when the country traders, having sold out, march up to Gen. Fry to obtain passports for their various homes.

This concentration of the population did not occur until we enlarged *El Nicaraguense*, and we therefore take it as a flattering testimony that the Indians, perceiving the wish for our paper, determined to locate on the line of the public transit to and from our office. Shrewd people, those Indians; and we are determined they shall not lose by the step, as we intend to continue the many improvements on our journal until the people had rather go without their meals than subsist without *El Nicaraguense*.

SPANISH EDITORIALS.—We have neglected for a long time to congratulate our readers on the acquisition of Señor José Arguello Estrada as the editor of the Spanish Department of *El Nicaraguense*. Señor Estrada is a gentleman of eminent abilities, and under his direction the Spanish portion of the paper will equal any journal in Central America.

EXCHANGES.—We are indebted to G. H. Wines & Co. for late papers from Guatemala and Leon.

CHEAP FRUIT.—Oranges are selling in this market at present at the low rate of forty for one dime.

PROGRESS.—The first printing-office established in Russia was destroyed by the people in a rage of superstition.

Among all the lesser faults of the social circle, and especially those indulged in by married people, no one is more prevalent than that of correcting each other in trivial points. For instance, the husband commences to relate some incident, and in the course of his remarks he makes some statement, in itself of no importance, and one that, for the sake of emphasis, may be enlarged upon without conveying any false impression; but no sooner does the expression drop from his lips than his wife interrupts him for the purpose of correcting him, thereby implicating him in a misstatement. Or it may be that the husband does the same thing. Now this is done without any thought of evil, and often with the best intentions; but yet it very frequently leads to unhappy results. But a simple story will better illustrate our meaning, and the reader may be assured that it is no imaginary sketch.

David Watson was a merchant on a small scale, being proprietor of a store in a very thriving country village. His wife Augusta was a faithful life partner, and did all she could to make her husband's home a place of peace and comfort.

"What is the matter David?" she asked, after she had removed her shawl and hood, and taken a seat by the fire. She and her husband had just returned from an evening party. "What is the matter?" she repeated, as she drew her chair nearer to the grate. "You have been as sober as a judge all the way home."

"I will tell you, Augusta," he replied, at the same time taking one of his wife's hands in his own; "but you must not be offended, for I mean what I am going to say most kindly. You do not realize how you wounded my feelings this evening."

"Me—wounded your feelings?" uttered the wife, looking up into the husband's face in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Why I allude to the remarks you made when I was relating to Mr. Roberts my trouting experience."

"But what on earth did I say out of the way then?" There was a touch of offence in this.

"Do you not remember?"

"I am sure I don't."

"Well—first—when I told Roberts that I caught a hundred trout, you quickly interrupted me and assured me that I caught only seventy-five. Then when I simply assured you that I caught nearer a hundred than seventy-five, you still persisted, and flatly denied the truth of my assertion."

"And what was there so terrible in all that, I should like to know?" the wife asked, not in the best of humors; for like many others, she was not fond of being told of her faults.

"There was nothing terrible, Augusta," returned David kindly, "for were there anything very bad, I know you would never have been guilty of it. Yet it was very annoying, and you know I have often spoken to you on the subject before. Now you know how prone some men are to exaggerate all they tell concerning themselves, and how apt such men are to lose the confidence of their friends, at least so far as relates to their own affairs. When I said to-night that I caught about a hundred trout from the old brook, I meant what I said, for I did catch near that number, but when I took them from my bag to string them, I found some fifteen or twenty very small ones so soft and bruised that I threw them out; and if I remember rightly I brought home seventy-eight. The moment you spoke I saw a smile pass around the company, and I felt as though they regarded me as a common braggart. I dared tell no more anecdotes, nor could I converse as freely as before. And then when I assured you that I was right, you remember how you answered me. That was worse still."

"But how was that?"

"Why you contradicted me, and still persisted in your assertion that I had misstated the affair. And then again, in the early part of the evening, you know, you corrected me again, when there was no

occasion for it, and when it made me feel unpleasantly. It was while I was relating to Mrs. Anderson the circumstance of my horse's running away with me. I said he ran nearly a mile before I could stop him; but you instantly stopped me and assured the company that it was not over half a mile. Now neither you nor I know exactly how far it was, and moreover it is of little consequence, though I am sure it was over three-quarters of a mile. I assure you, Augusta, it made me feel badly."

"And yet I can't see anything so very bad about it," said she.

"But it makes me unhappy—can you not refrain from it, for surely it cannot benefit you."

Mrs. Watson did not make any decided promise, though she intimated that she would do the best she could; and here the matter rested for the time being.

About two weeks after this, Mr. Watson had a supper at his own house. After supper the people gathered about the fire in the spacious sitting-room, and ere long the conversation turned upon the topic of business. It was a time of great depression in trade, and many a house which had been looked upon as firm and sure, was crushed beneath the weight of "hard times." Business men began to distrust each other, and the first suspicion of weakness was often the signal of destruction. Let it be whispered that A. was in a dangerous position, and straightway B., C., D., E., F. and a host of others were upon him with their demands, and he was sure to fall, though perhaps a single month of forbearance might have enabled him to weather the dangerous shore.

"Mr. Watson," said one of the visitors, a man by the name of Morgan, who carried on a large woolen factory, "how does Gould get along now?"

"O, he's doing well," returned Watson, "very well indeed. He is coining money."

This Gould was Mrs. Watson's own brother, and her only brother—being two years younger than herself, and one whom she had ever loved most dearly.

"I am glad of that," said Morgan, "for I knew that he had sent some heavy consignments West, and I feared he might find some difficulty in getting his pay, for these Western houses are smashing up fast."

"There is no fear of William Gould's losing anything," returned Watson. "He is safe now."

"I guess you're a little mistaken, David," interrupted Augusta.

Watson cast a quick, imploring glance upon his wife, but she would not notice it. Her husband had made a mistake, and she must correct him.

"You know what he told us the other night," she added, despite her husband's eager, prayerful look. "He fears that the folks to whom he sent that lot of goods in July will never pay him. You know their note was due a month ago for five thousand dollars. But I hope he won't lose it, for it will ruin him."

"No, no, Augusta," returned David, with a painful effort, "you do not understand the matter; William has had a letter from the firm, and they will pay him in full."

"Yes—I know," replied Mrs. Watson, now determined, as usual, not to give up her point. "I saw the letter, and you know what William told us. They promised to pay him, but how?"

"Why, in full and with interest," answered David, trying to conceal his mortification.

"Ay, so they did, but he has got to send them more goods first. If he will send them six thousand dollars' worth of clothing, all made up, they promise to pay him the whole in three instalments. I declare I pity him. It's too bad that folks should treat him so."

"But how is it about this house?" asked Morgan quite earnestly. "Does Gould think of sending off the goods?"

"Certainly," returned Watson. "It is a safe thing for him, and will be profitable."

"Why, David—"

"Stop, Augusta," spoke Watson, in a peremptory tone. "You know nothing of his business at all."

"I should think I might," quickly re-

turned the wife, "for I have heard him tell about it. He means to send off the second lot of goods, for if he loses the first lot, this second loss will be no worse, for in either case it will break him down. He says he 'may be as well whipped for an old sheep as for a lamb.' For my part I don't see why men will be so mean and deceptive as those Western men are. If I was in William's place, I'd have no more to do with them."

David Watson could say no more. His face was worked upon by deep emotion, and the glances which he gave his wife had more meaning than she could then comprehend.

It was a late hour when the visitors departed, and when the husband and wife were left alone, they were for a long time moody and silent. Mrs. Watson was the first to speak, and her tone showed that she was prepared for a lecture.

"I suppose you'll have another scolding for me," she said.

"No, Augusta," her husband returned, in a subdued tone. "If you think you have treated me as you ought, I have nothing to say now."

"But, David, how could I help it? You know what William told us, and why not tell the truth at once? You were mistaken when you said that he was in a prosperous condition."

"I did not mean to deceive any one, Augusta. I am acquainted with the western firm with whom William had done so much business, and I know them better than he does. They are peculiarly situated at the present time, but I consider them perfectly safe. There is a great demand for clothing there, and for boots and shoes, and if they can have the goods at once which William now proposes to send, they can easily make one hundred per cent. profit on them. I know this. But William is young, and being so deeply concerned, he feels uneasy when there is no real danger; and you know very well that when he told us his fears I laughed at them, and assured him that he was perfectly safe. And so I did then believe him, and so I told Mr. Morgan to-night. But we will say no more now."

Thus the matter rested for the night. Gould was at that time in Boston, whither he had gone on business but he was expected home on the next day.

On the very next evening, Mr. Watson and his wife sat alone in their comfortable sitting-room. The clock had just struck ten, and they were thinking of retiring, when the outer door was opened, and shortly afterwards William Gould entered. He was a young man, not over thirty years of age, and possessed a face and form of manly comeliness; but he was very pale, and his lips trembled with strong emotion.

"For mercy's sake, brother, what is the matter!" cried Mrs. Watson, as William took a seat.

"What is it?" asked David in a low, anxious tone.

"I am a ruined man!" gasped young Gould, clasping his hands, and gazing vacantly into the fire. "Ruined!" he added, looking up into David's face.

"That western house," suggested Augusta, deprecatingly.

"Ah, 'tis not that," returned the young man, sadly. "I believe that western house is good enough, after all. No, no—the people here have come down upon me."

"But you do not mean that all is lost," said Watson.

"Yes, everything!" returned William, in heartbroken tones. "Somehow Mr. Morgan has got hold of the idea that the western firm is going to leave me in the lurch. You know I am owing him some four thousand dollars, beside the new order I had made for three thousand dollars' worth more of cloth. He has come down upon me, and of course the rest have followed his example."

"But is there no retrieval?"

"None at all. The work is done, and I am crushed! One month would have carried me safely through the crisis.—But it's too late now. O, how could Morgan get hold of this false suspicion? David, you have not let slip any of my secrets."

"No, William," returned Mr. Watson, "but on the contrary I have endeavored to impress upon the minds of all your

friends that you were prospering and making money.

"So I was, so I was, David. Once, to be sure, I felt some little fears of Mangrove & Company, the western firm, and so I told you, but your assurances set me at rest on that point, and in one month more I could have entirely overcome the difficulty caused by the extension of the term of their payment. But it's done now. Morgan has come down, and to-morrow—O, David, 'tis too bad! An officer is already in charge of my store and goods!"

Augusta Watson sat pale and trembling and her breath came at intervals of spasmodic length. She saw plainly what she had done—she had ruined her brother! Now the whole truth arose like a giant spectre of evil before her, and she would have given one half of her own life to have wiped away the doings of the past. O, could she but have recalled those few hasty words!

"Augusta, does it affect you so?" murmured her brother, moving to her side, and placing his arm about her neck.

A few moments she was silent. She possessed a generous soul, and a mind above deceit. At length she looked up into her brother's face, and in a bursting voice she uttered:

"O, William, I—I—have done all this! But do not blame me now, for I am miserable enough."

"You, Augusta?" returned William, in surprise. "But how—how could you have done it?"

"Alas, it was from that foolish, wicked habit of correcting my husband before others. But David must explain—for—"

Here Mrs. Watson's emotions overcame her, and she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. Ere long afterwards she retired, and then Mr. Watson explained the whole affair.

"Never mind, David," said the young man. "Poor girl—she suffers enough now. Don't say anything more about it to her. I will call into your store to-morrow, and we will talk the affair over."

On the following morning, Augusta Watson arose with an aching head and grief-laden soul; but her husband clasped her to his bosom and forgave her, and ere long her brother did the same; so she felt somewhat easier for this. Yet she saw her brother hurled from the position he had gained, and when his all of worldly goods was gone, she knew that her one besetting fault had caused.

But as time wore on, Mangrove & Co., paid their notes, and William was enabled to pay every dollar he owed. The western firm learned how much he had suffered on account of their inability to be prompt, and as business brightened with them, they extended liberal offers to him. William went into partnership with David Watson, and for several years they filled all the orders for the western friends.

But Augusta forgot not the terrible lesson she had received. Never again did she interrupt her husband in company with needless corrections, nor could she hear others do it without a shudder.

A countryman entered a daguerrotype saloon a few days since, and wished for a daguerrotype of his uncle. "I can do it, sir, but where is he?" "Oh, he's dead!" was the simple reply, "but I've got a description of him in an old passport."

The bachelors of Cleveland are an ungallant set of fellows. At their annual supper a few nights ago, the following was the seventh regular toast: Our Future Wives—Distance lends enchantment to the view.

Editors are of more use than philosophers. The stars are immense world's, and yet owing to their great distance, they give less light and warmth than two shilling lanterns.

THE DEBT OF SPAIN.—An official return of the Spanish debt has just been published in Madrid. The total amount of indebtedness is 13,580,466,110 reals. Among the items is one of "inscriptions in favor of the United States, 12,000,000."

DESERTERS EXECUTED.—This morning, at half-past 6 o'clock, two deserters were shot on the plaza in the same spot where the traitor Corral was shot. These men deserted immediately after the battle of Rivas, and were subsequently captured by the soldiers of Col. Mendez, on the road to Leon. They were making for Realejo, with the intention of embarking at that port for California, or else going into Honduras. They were brought back and tried by a regular court-martial and sentenced to be shot. The execution was fulfilled this morning.

Both of these men died bravely, and it is unaccountable that they should have fled from so imaginary a danger as that apprehended from Costa Rica. They were both Catholics, and last evening the solemn rites of confession were administered by the Catholic priest.

All the Americans in the city were present at the execution, and the plaza was pretty well filled with the people of the city.

They both advised the soldiers to remain faithful to the service and never desert, for it was almost certain their crime would overtake them.

SUICIDE OF A MEXICAN OFFICER.—Don Luis Graso, a commander in the Mexican Artillery Ordinance Department, committed suicide at his boarding house, Walker street, New York, on Friday, March 15th, by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. The deceased has been in the city for several months, purchasing supplies for the Mexican army, and had at various times shipped large quantities of ammunition and other implements to the port of Vera Cruz.

Early in January he exhibited symptoms of insanity, supposed to have been caused by his anxiety in regard to the condition of his native country. On the 18th of that month he attempted to shoot both himself and one of his servants. Deceased was thirty-three years of age. He was to have been taken before the Court of Lunatics inquiring to-day, when his alleged lunacy was to have been tested. This course he was averse to, and it probably had its effect in inducing him to take his life.

RECRUITING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—In the House of Commons, on the 28th of February, Sir De L. Evans gave notice that, on the House going into Committee on the War Estimates, he would propose a resolution disapproving the conduct of Government in repeatedly refusing offers from most respectable parties in Canada to raise troops for service in the Crimea from among British colonial subjects, while at the same time abortive attempts were being made to enlist recruits for the same service in the adjoining territory of a neutral State, contrary to international law.

PATROL ON THE OHIO.—A bill to establish a patrol on the Ohio river to prevent the escape of slaves has been defeated in the Kentucky Legislature. One of the members said \$100,000 worth of slave property had escaped from the border counties since Christmas.

Mr. Schleiden, the Minister resident at Washington of the Republic of Bremen, lately presented on behalf of his government, to Lieut. Maury a beautiful gold medal, in token of the high appreciation entertained by his government of Lieut. Maury's merits in regard to all maritime interests.

According to a report recently submitted to the Chamber of Commerce, the trade between the United States and Canada has quadrupled during the last three years, and is only exceeded by two countries, viz: England and France. Its value is nearly equal to the commerce of the latter.

GEN. WALKER.—The General and his staff, consisting of Col. Bruno Natzmer, Maj. O'Neil and Lieut. Gist, arrived in town quite unexpectedly about 9 o'clock last night. The escort consisted of ten Rangers, under command of Capt. Waters.

REFRESHING.—During the week we have been visited by frequent and plentiful showers, to the great delight of the people and the sweet refreshment of the earth. With the season of rain and verdure, the health of the city returns.

The tonnage of the United States for 1856 is started at 5,212,001 tons, that of Great Britain in 1854, at 5,045,270, and that of France, in 1854 at 816,000.

ABANDONED AT SEA.—The ship Potomac, from New York for Australia, was abandoned at sea January 13. The captain and eleven men reached the coast of Brazil, but the mate with five men, who were in another boat, had not been heard of.

ELECTIONS.—The next steamer will bring us the result of the elections in Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Parte Española.

Sábado, Mayo 10 de 1856.

SE PUBLICARA

TODOS LOS SABADOS,

TERMINOS DE SUSCRIPCION:

Por una copia, el año,\$ 8 00

Por una copia suelta, 20

TERMINOS ADVIRTIENDO:

Por una cuartillo de ocho lineas, primera insercion,\$2 50

Cada insercion consecuente, 1 50

EL TRABAJO DE CADA DESCRIPCION será ejecutado con limpieza y despachado en los términos mas razonables, en la oficina del Nicaraguense, hácia la parte, Nordeste de la plaza, (directamente hacia la Catedral).

AJENTES.

En la Bahía de la Virgen... W. & J. GARRARD
En San Juan del Norte... W. N. WOOD & SON.
En Punta Arenas,..... Don DIONISIO TIRON.

DE OFICIO.

INTENDENCIA GENERAL DE EJERCITO.

Granada, Abril 12 de 1856.

Todos los que hayan hecho suplementos en efectos ó efectivo para el ejército se presentarán en la oficina de esta Intendencia General con los comprobantes necesarios, á fin de proceder á la correspondiente liquidacion.

De órden del

Brig. Gral. Domingo de Goicouria.

Intendente General.

Thomas F. Fisher,

Col. y primer asist. Intendente General.

Señor Ministro de la guerra del Supremo Gobierno de la República.—D. U. L.—Reduccion de la Trinidad, Abril 24 de 1856.—Del Comisionado del Supremo Gobierno, Comandante en Jefe de la 1.ª division expedicionaria.—Como manifesté á V. en mi oficio de ayer, emprendí mi marcha de S. Rafael hasta llegar á la hacienda Colon, en donde pernocté con la division de mi mando, y hoy al amanecer levanté el campo, y he llegado á este pueblo á las doce del dia. En el camino se me informó que D. Fernando Chamorro á la cabeza como de 400 hombres, habia ocupado el dia anterior esta plaza. Continué mi ruta tomando á cuantos encontraba para informarme mejor, y por algunos de estos se me dijo: que el enemigo habia marchado en la madrugada por el rumbo de Esteli. Todo resultó ser cierto, con solo la diferencia de que el número de la fuerza enemiga es de 313 hombres, 100 de estos con armas de fuego y el resto con flechas.

Yo estoy resuelto á perseguir al enemigo sin demora alguna, por lo que me moveré hoy mismo.—Acabo de dirigir un correo al Sr. Jeneral Valle y Coronel Berrios dándoles aviso del movimiento del enemigo, á fin de que estén alerta.

Quedo del Sr. Ministro atento servidor.—Mariano Salazar.

Ministro de la guerra del Supremo Gobierno de la República.—D. U. L.—Punta Icacos, Abril 28 de 1856.—Acaba de venir un bote procedente de S. Juan del Sur, ahora que son las cuatro de la tarde, el cual ha hecho su navegacion en treinta horas, su Capitan D. Miguel Morris, Tomas Eduardo pasajero, su tripulacion Johunnis hi Beaman, todos estos norte americanos y William Brom, Russ; la embarcacion ha sido despachada para el Puerto de la Union por el Comandante de S. Juan del Sur, D. Salvador Mora, sin que se les hubiera querido permitir venir á este puerto. El segundo de los sujetos mencionados que tiene relaciones con el Jral. Walker, lo mismo que los otros tres americanos, refiere que hace dos dias se esperaba en San Juan del Sur al Presidente Mora; pero que ayer se tuvo noticia que se retiró para Costa-Rica dejando órden á sus tropas para que verificaran lo mismo, á causa de la gran mortandad que experimentan por la peste: que al mismo San Juan del Sur habian llegado sesenta heridos, y venian en marcha como ciento y tantos mas de las fuerzas de Costa-Rica de los de la accion del once, con objeto de embarcarse en un bergantin del Sr. Escalante que vino á llevarlos ántes ayer de Punta-Arenas; y que el Teniente Coronel Granadino Arguello con otros sus compañeros que se encontraban en el mismo puerto de San Juan, se fueron tambien en seguimiento del Presidente Mora.

Los dueños del bote espresado lo han puesto á disposicion de esta comision, bajo las condiciones que yo guste, y me apresuro á poner en conocimiento del Supremo Gobierno este acto de patriotismo y de generosidad. El principal de ellos llegará en breve á esa ciudad para pasar hasta donde el Jeneral Walker, y él podrá dar al Gobierno los mas informes que necesite.

Soy del Sr. Ministro atento servidor.—José Guerrero.

REPUBLICA DE NICARAGUA.

MINISTERIO DE HACIENDA.

Casa de Gobierno,
Leon, Abril 29 de 1856.

Sr. Prefecto del departamento de

El S. P. E. se ha servido dictar en esta fecha el acuerdo siguiente:

EL GOBIERNO.

Siendo conveniente en las actuales circunstancias, que la Gobernacion militar de este Departamento, asuma la Prefectura del mismo; en uso de sus facultades

ACUERDA:

1.º La Gobernacion militar del Departamento de Occidente asume la Prefectura mientras dura la situacion de guerra en que se encuentra la República.

2.º El secretario del despacho de gobernacion es encargado del cumplimiento del presente acuerdo.—Leon, Abril 29 de 1856.—Rivas.

Y de órden suprema lo inserto á V. para su inteligencia y efectos.—Salinas.

SENSACION PATRIOTICA.

Sabemos de una manera positiva, que ciertas personas de las que encabezan el partido que se titula *Lejitimista*, han trabado para que el Gobierno de Costa-Rica aceptase como parte de aquella República los departamentos de Granada y Rivas, pertenecientes á Nicaragua; y que aquel Gobernante no ha tenido pudor para aceptar este desnaturalizado ofrecimiento, resolviéndose en consecuencia á hacer la guerra de conquista que tiene emprendida bajo el pretexto de venir á combatir á los que él llama filibusteros. Si la torpe ambicion y loca vanidad del Sr. Mora nos admira, la traicion y perfidia de nuestros compatriotas, nos escita una justa indignacion.

Está descubierta la verdadera causa de la guerra contra nosotros: y para colmo de maldad, se han aparentado motivos patrióticos, con la mira de comprometer en ella á centenares de Centro-americanos, incapaces de abrigar sentimientos tan injustos como innobles.

El Gobierno de Nicaragua experimenta hoy la mayor satisfaccion de que el mundo vea, que en la causa que sostiene, están vivamente interesadas la integridad y dignidad de la República. Defendámosla, Nicaraguenses. Es preciso defenderla sin escusar sacrificios.—(Boletín Oficial de 1.º de Mayo.)

EL JENERAL CARRASCOSA

AL PRESIDENTE DEL SALVADOR.

Señor Presidente Don Rafael Campos.

Leon, Abril 28 de 1856.

Muy apreciado Sr. mio.

Recordando los términos francos y pue de decirse liberales, con que V. se espresó siendo Diputado en la Lejislatura del año anterior, haciendo la defensa de los derechos de los pueblos Salvadoreños contra ciertas tendencias de aquel Gobierno, juzgo que aunque V. tiene hoy el poder, no recibirá mal que le dirija algunas observaciones sobre la situacion del país, á la cual no puedo ser indiferente, con especialidad á la parte que atañe al Estado del Salvador en cuyas filas he servido hace veinte y cinco años, hasta el caso de confiármese el mando militar de su capital en la última invasion de Carrera. Así pues, si he sido un soldado Salvadoreño en los grandes conflictos de ese pueblo querido, si he defendido las instituciones liberales con mi espada, es incuestionable que tengo algun derecho para hacer á V. unas pocas observaciones sobre su política del día relativamente á lo que puede comprometer las garantías que á los Salvadoreños les son tan caras, por haberlas conquistado en veinte

batallas, sacrificando á centenares de ciudadanos ilustres que desde su tumba condenan el silencio, cuando se trata nada menos que de derribar de un solo golpe el edificio que ellos levantaron á costa de su vida.

Lo haré, Sr. Presidente, con la franqueza de un soldado republicano, que lleno de confianza en la ilustracion y caballerosidad de V. cree que atenderá á la verdad y despreocupándose de toda idea de partido sabrá tambien escuchar la voz de la razon, sin atender á la pequenez de quien la espresa, considerando solamente la justicia con que lo verifica.

Disuelta la nacion por el partido servil rejenteado por la aristocracia de Guatemala, los pueblos de Nicaragua, el Salvador y Honduras penetrados de las miras siniestras de dominacion con que esos hombres han trabajado desde la independencia para sojuzgarlos, han hecho en varias épocas grandes esfuerzos para rejenerar el país, con la esperanza de plantear un gobierno nacional; pero se han estrellado tanto en la venalidad de algunos de sus funcionarios, como en las continuas asechanzas de la dictadura de Guatemala, dedicada esclusivamente á mantener la desunion de los Estados, y á promoverles trastornos interiores aniquilándolos con la guerra, sin pudor de apoyarse alguna vez en fuerzas extranjeras que han bloqueado nuestros puertos: Todo esto ha prolongado el mal estar de todo Centro-América, hasta el caso de mojar su suelo con la sangre de sus hijos. Tan fatal situacion se ha hecho aun mas sensible para Nicaragua segun lo demuestra su última guerra destructora de 18 meses, terminada felizmente con el triunfo de la causa de los pueblos: este glorioso triunfo se obtuvo con el auxilio de unos pocos Americanos, y especialmente se debió á la pericia militar del bizarro Jeneral Walker, á quien este Gobierno confió acertadamente el mando en Jefe del Ejército.

La resurreccion de las instituciones libres en Nicaragua llenó de regocijo el corazón de todos los Centro-americanos, con ceptuándola como preliminar al resparecimiento de la seguridad y la ley en todo el país. Los pequeños tiranos de los Estados temblaron, y atolondrados con un coloso al frente, que con el gorro de la libertad en una mano y la espada en la otra, les dice miserables, ha sonado la hora: de que los pueblos de Centro-América vuelvan á ser libres: contentaos con el largo tiempo que los habeis oprimido y descendid á dar cuentas á Dios y á los pueblos de vuestros asesinatos á millares y de vuestros descarados robos, con que os habeis enriquecido dejando en la miseria á infinitad de familias! Al oír esta voz de trueno, aturridos y viendo el término de sus atentados, aun buscan en esos mismos pueblos qué han sacrificado, un apoyo para prolongar su horrible dominacion.—Se ha querido engañarlos con el grito y las diatribas contra los Americanos y contra el Gobierno actual de Nicaragua, finjiendo que temen se comprometa la independencia, cuyo pretexto es tanto mas ridiculo en su boca, cuanto que hace mucho tiempo estuviéramos dominados por cualquier monarca europeo, si se hubiesen realizado las constantes pretensiones del servilismo para darnos un amo ya fuese inglés ó turco.

Estos son hechos Sr. Presidente, que han pasado á la vista de todo el mundo, y de que V. está muy bien impuesto; pero los he recapitulado lijamente para entrar en materia en lo relativo al Salvador y á su actual Gobernante, á quien tengo la honra de dirigirle.

Se ha intentado aturdir á esos pueblos con muchas falsedades torpísimas contra Yankees: no solo se calumnia atrocemente suponiendo que se apoderan de las propiedades ajenas &c. hasta querer persuadir á la jente sencilla, de que son una especie de animales malignos, y otras futesas á es te tenor, sino que se quiere hacer valer que tienen miras de dominacion en el país. No hay en todo Nicaragua, quien haya visto un solo hecho, un solo paso de estos hombres que atente á las propiedades: su comportamiento honroso y su respeto á las autoridades y vecinos, puede servir de modelo, sin que lo mas leve indique, que tienen mira ninguna de dominacion: ni tampoco pueden ser tiranos jamás los hijos de la gran República de nuestro continente. Mucho se han fatigado las gacetas de e-

so Estados, en repetir mil y mil reproches á los americanos sobre su conducta en otras partes, y con la mas impúdica hipocresía la de Guatemala quiere persuadir de sus grandes temores por el peligro que corre la independencia, para alucinar á los pueblos y comprometerlos á que sacrifiquen su vida para sostener á sus tiranos: la del Salvador ha hecho coro con sus antiguos enemigos, redactada, como es notorio por un miserable, vendido tiempo hace á los aristócratas.—Es muy reparable, Sr. Presidente, que V. haya consentido en que se comprometa así la reputacion del Salvador.

El Gobierno de Nicaragua, independiente y liberal, tiene á sus órdenes Americanos honrados para proteger la independencia, y hacer reaparecer la nacionalidad en Centro-América. Esto es lo que escritores asalariados, que se convierten hasta en poetas de cocina para arrancarles á sus amos un bocado de pan, han querido designar torpemente como si los pueblos no conocieran ya demasiado á tales títeres.

Todo eso sería humo y de ninguna significacion, sino se viese aparecer el mas atroz atentado que nunca podia esperarse de un Presidente del Salvador. Entregar atados á esos inocentes pueblos á los pies del bandido Carrera, bajo el pretexto de unirse á él para hacer la guerra á Nicaragua, es el crimen mas atroz que podia intentarse contra la Patria. Es inconcebible y no hay duda en que V. Sr. Presidente, no ha pensado bien los resultados de semejante paso; yo así lo creo, por no serme posible imaginar que tal traicion al pueblo Salvadoreño la verifique el Sr. Campo á ciencia cierta de sus consecuencias.

Con todo, hay dos hechos remarcables que cuasi persuaden ya, de que V. justifica la incontestable repugnancia de esos pueblos, para tener otro gobernante que no fuese el Sr. Santin; el primero es, que reconociendo V. el poder de Carrera que manda en Guatemala sin regla ni ley y sin otra bandera que la del terror, al mismo tiempo desconoce V. al Gobierno de Nicaragua, que en medio de la situacion violenta consiguiente á la guerra de Costa-rica, á las convulsiones anteriores, y las

amenazas por otros lados, observa los principios de regularidad que establece la ley, sereno y circunspecto enal corresponde á un Gobierno digno, que defiende heroicamente los derechos de su pueblo. Esta anomalía es muy desfavorable al actual Presidente del Salvador. El segundo es, que al mismo tiempo que V. recibe Comisionados del poder absoluto de Guatemala: rechaza escandalosa y bruscamente á los que con instrucciones de interés general á todo Centro-América le dirigia este Supremo Gobernante, sin duda por imitar la nueva política del Gobierno de Costarica. Dios no permita que tenga los mismos resultados.

Sr. Presidente: Por lo poco que le he espuesto, y lo que indican los papeles públicos, no puedo escusarme de decir á V. que si llega el caso de ser entregado el Estado del Salvador á la disposicion de Carrera, precisamente en circunstancias en que sin ninguna organizacion militar, y sin cuadros siquiera para improvisar un ejército que lo pudiese á cubierto de cuanto son capaces sus mas antiguos y acerrimos enemigos, sea cual fuese el pretexto para semejante atentado, él lo cubriría á V. de oprobio hasta mas allá de la tumba. Ningun Gobernante del Salvador, ni aun Malespin, desconoció el deber de poner á cubierto á ese Estado de las tendencias del servilismo vandálico.

Esto ya es serio, y si podian pasar desapercibidos los desahogos en la prensa, de un Ministro corrompido que por lo comun no está siempre en disposicion de saber lo que hace, es ya otra cosa la indicacion tan grave y trascendental á esos pueblos inocentes, de que V., el caballero Campo, actual Presidente del Salvador, saltando sobre todo lo mas sagrado, desconociendo los sacrificios de 30 años, y olvidando hasta los deberes de la humanidad, consuma el escándalo el atroz crimen de poner á los pies de Carrera los pueblos que la Legislatura le confió. Es de esperarse, que teniendo V. corazon y honor, retroceda de la boca de un abismo que V. mismo no conoce: lo deseo así vivamente, y no creo que el espíritu de partido toque en un extremo por parte de V., que espantaría al mundo.

Soy Sr. Presidente, con toda consideracion de V. atento servidor Q. B. S. M.
M. Carrascosa.

EL FILOSOFO.

El verdadero filósofo es el hombre que conoce al hombre y se conoce á sí mismo: superior á las preocupaciones y errores vulgares, él sabe estimar las cosas en su justo valor, nada cree facilmente: no disputa ni decide sobre lo que no entiende, y solo cede á la demostracion y á la evidencia: severo consigo mismo, es indulgente con todo el mundo, sobre todo en aquellas faltas que mas bien que de un ánimo depravado, provienen de las debilidades del carazon; pues el conocimiento de sus propios defectos, le ha enseñado á compadecerse de la frágil humanidad. Acostumbrado á las varias escenas que le ofrece el gran teatro del mundo, nada le sorprende, nada le acobarda, porque todo lo tiene ya previsto, y á todo se ha preparado en la contemplacion de las vicisitudes humanas. El sabe sacar provecho aun de aquellas cosas que parecen mas siniestras; por que sabe considerarlas por el lado mas favorable; contemplando la vida como un tránsito, en el cual se encuentran á cada paso montes escarpados, grandes despeñaderos, simas profundas, bosques impenetrables, erizados de espinos y malezas, y plagados de animales feroces é intratables. El sabe muy bien que durante su tránsito se halla espuesto á la malignidad de la vívora, á la astucia inevitable de la zorra, á la crueldad incomparable del tigre, á la voracidad insaciable de la hiena, y á la rapacidad, y á la venganza de todos ellos. El hambre, la sed, el cansancio, la fatiga y todos los padecimientos imaginables pueden acometerle durante la jornada: pero guiado por la prudencia y sostenido por la razon, él marcha impávido por el sendero de lo justo con la esperanza de superarlo todo, y llegar felizmente á su término. Como prudente y experimentado viajante, él sabe evitar los males pasos, dejando á un lado los grandes despeñaderos y las grandes malezas del camino de la vida; y aunque á veces no le sea dado evitar la malignidad de la vívora, ni el furor de los demas monstruos que le salen al encuentro, él lleva siempre consigo el bálsamo de la sabiduría, la espada de la razon, y el escudo de la buena conciencia, con cuyas armas logra triunfar no pocas veces de su índole feroz. El sabe ademas que tras de un monte escarpado é inaccesible, suele hallarse un valle ameno, un lugar de delicias, que con sus gratas impresiones recrea la vista, conmueve dulcemente el corazon y arrebatada el alma de contento. A él se dirige pues, con ansiedad, porque sabe muy bien que en su recinto suele hallar algun alivio el ánimo fatigado por lo penoso de la jornada: allí se descubre una fuente misteriosa que fecunda todo el valle: la fuente de los consuelos, la fuente de las delicias, la fuente de los goces puros del corazon. Ah! esta es la fuente deliciosa donde llega á refrijerarse el fatigado viajero, y donde el alma se enajena en los mas dulces transportes. Allí todos los árboles son útiles al hombre, y solo producen frutos de consuelo y de bendicion: allí se desconocen los animales dañinos y feroces, que fuera de su abrigo amenazan al viajero; la tierra desembarazada de espinos y malezas, solo ofrece puntos de vista deliciosos al espectador; y has ta el aire, que allí se respira, siempre puro y saludable embalsamado por las innumerables flores de la campiña, jamás llega á contaminarse por el contacto de las plantas y los animales ponzoñosos desconocidos, en esta venturosa rejion: allí reina la paz, la concordia, la benevolencia, la dulce fraternidad; allí solo encuentra el viajero los afectos tiernos y jenerosos, el gozo puro del alma, la verdadera felicidad. Ah! ese valle delicioso que recrea la vista, que dilata el corazon, haciéndole olvidar las fatigas y los peligros de la jornada: ese valle venturoso donde se detiene con placer, donde quisiera fijarse para siempre, y de don de jamás puede separarse sin violencia; ese valle encantador, que yo no acierto á describir, es el valle misterioso de la amistad, sin la cual la vida humana no sería mas que un horroroso desierto.

El verdadero filósofo no es pues, como algunos se lo han figurado, un hombre sin afectos, un ser destituido de sensibilidad, sinó un hombre que guiado por la razon, solo fomenta en su alma aquellas disposiciones capaces de contribuir á su felicidad, y al bien estar de sus semejantes. En fin, el verdadero filósofo es el amigo del hom-

bre, el ministro de la verdad, el apóstol de la razon, y el mas firme apoyo de la justicia: su alma fortalecida con las ideas de lo justo, adquiere aquel grado de vigor aquella energía aquella elevacion y superioridad que le hacen sobreponerse á todos los acontecimientos humanos: él puede arrostrar la muerte con valor, con firmeza, con dignidad; porque á sus ojos la muerte no es otra cosa que el término de su carrera; él la espera sin turbacion, como espera la noche al finalizar el día, y como espera tranquilo el sueño que pone término á los cuidados y fatigas de la jornada: lleno de confianza en un Dios tan bondadoso como justo, que siempre guarda su recompensa á la virtud, él se entrega sin temor á este último sueño del cual espera despertar, no ya para vagar en este miserable mundo, sino para elevarse á mejor vida; no ya para apurar la copa del dolor y del infortunio sino para alcanzar el colmo de la dicha que no puede hallarse en este mundo y que consiste en una eterna paz y bienandanza ante el trono del Eterno.

NECROLOGIA.

Una hermosa jóven acaba de morir y su espíritu inmortal ha tornado á la eterna fuente de donde dimana toda vida. La pálida sombra de eterna oscuridad se muestra apenas; cuando la profunda noche que cubre para siempre nuestros ojos cae sobre el lecho de la muerte, y su vida terrenal queda estinguida sin dejar una sola huella que marque su tránsito á la eternidad. ¡Ay! cuán penosa y angustiada es la respiracion de los vivos en torno del lecho de la muerte, mientras la tierna jóven se hunde en el seno de la inmortalidad, para ir á morar en un mundo invisible en el cual esperamos, mas allá del valle de la muerte! Jóven cristiana, su lecho fúnebre está cubierto de flores, en fé de que la inmaculada Virgen Maria y su Divino Hijo se dignarán acoger propiciamente á la difunta jóven, recibiendo su alma inocente en la morada eterna de los justos. Todos lloran tristemente en presencia del cadáver, y al través de negras cortinas, la vista ansiosa procura trazar la senda á su espíritu inmortal. Los ojos retroceden inundados en lágrimas, y el corazon está desgarrado por la desesperacion. Mas ah! la morada de Margarita es el Cielo, y humanos ojos no pueden de terminar su esplendoroso camino sino atravesando el valle por donde ella desapareció para siempre. En vano lloran sus tristes y desolados amigos, en silenciosa pena, y cubiertos de negro luto sus corazonces: ellos jamás podrán alcanzar otra alegría que la que dimana de la esperanza de que la vida futura les concederá el volver á reunirse con ella, en aquella mansion venturosa en que jamás tuvo entrada la muerte....

REMITIDO.

UN RECUERDO

al Botchinero de Costa-Rica.

Imbécil redactor! ¿Te acuerdas de aquellas palabras que á fines del año pasado te dirigimos por el Nicaraguense? Estas son: si quieres saber lo que es hoy dia Nicaragua, ven, y lo sabrás.

Triste majadero: tú no viniste: vino solo tu amo D. Rafael Mora, ¿y á qué? á recibir su merecida recompensa.

Ya te habrá informado de su triste desengaño; pero sin duda ya habrás escrito lo contrario para enganar al honrado pueblo Costaricense que hoy se encuentra obligado injustamente por su Gobierno.

¡Oh Mora! ¿á donde estás? ¿qué te parece? Hacer la guerra á un pueblo verdaderamente libre? ¿volverás á Nicaragua??

Honrados habitantes de Costa Rica: no empuñeis el arma contra vuestros hermanos los Nicaraguenses, ni en favor de un avaro; de un vil instrumento de la aristocracia chapina, de esa llamada aristocracia que solo tiene en mira el dominar exclusivamente á Centro-América.

No os dejéis alucinar Costaricenses. Nicaragua á la vez es poderosa para repeler á sus enemigos, y aun para libertar á todos los pueblos que no quieran ser esclavos.

PENSAMIENTO.—El consejo es un fruto de sabor amargo: es menester endulzarlo con buenas palabras para templar su acrimonia.

IMPORTANCIA DE LA VERDAD.

Siempre de la mentira detestable,
Hermosa la verdad, triunfante queda;
Sin ella nada es bello, nada amable;
Por eso en todas partes reinar debe;
Y en tanto que en la fábula es ficciosa,
Solo tiende á mostrar su hermoso brillo.
Por ella solamente puede el hombre
Largo tiempo agradar, fijando el alma;
Pues cuando el corazon es engañoso,
Fácilmente el espíritu se cansa.
En vano por violentas contorsiones,
Un odioso hufon reir nos hace,
A la par que divierte nuestra vista:
Sus chistes en efecto le disfrazan;
Mas tomadle, si es place cara á cara
La máscara quitadle, y ved que os queda:
Un bajo corazon, ruin, tenebroso,
Que visto al descubierto es horroroso?

Reduction in Subscription.

El Nicaraguense will be published hereafter every Saturday, at the rate of eight dollars per annum. The paper is now one of the hand-somest weeklies issued out of the United States, and as it is entirely devoted to the matters pertaining to Nicaragua, it can but be a most desirable companion to every American and Nicaraguan in the Republic. As a medium of advertising to New Orleans and New York merchants, the fact that it is widely circulated throughout the whole of Nicaragua is the best recommendation.

DECREE.

THE Supreme Government of the Republic of Nicaragua to encourage the immigration of persons of thrift and industry to become settlers and inhabitants within its territorial limits, to the end that its resources may be fully developed and its commerce increased, and to promote the general welfare of the State, has decreed:

Art. 1. A free donation or grant of 250 acres of public land shall be made to each single person who shall enter the State (during the continuance of this decree) and settle and make improvements upon the said tract, the same to be located by the Director of Colonization hereafter to be named, and immediate possession given.

Art. 2. Each family entering the State, and settling upon its territory shall receive 100 acres of land in addition to the 250 granted to single settlers.

Art. 3. A right to occupy and improve shall be issued to applicants, and at the expiration of six months, upon satisfactory evidence being presented to the Director of Colonization of compliance with the provisions of this decree, title will be given.

Art. 4. No duties shall be levied on the personal effects, household furniture, agricultural implements, seeds, plants, domestic animals, or other imports for the personal use of the colonists or the development of the resources of the land donated, and colonists shall be exempt from all extraordinary taxes, and contributions, and from all public service except when the public safety shall otherwise demand.

Art. 5. The colonists being citizens of the Republic cannot alienate the land granted to any foreign government whatever, and shall not alienate the said land or their rights thereunto until after an occupancy of at least six months.

Art. 6. A colonization office shall be established and a Director of Colonization appointed, whose business it shall be to attend to the application from the emigrants, to collect and dispense seeds, plants, &c., and to keep the Registry Books of the Department.

Done in Granada, the 23d of November 1853.
PATRICIO RIVAS,
President of the Republic.

AUCTION AND COMMISSION HOUSE.

G. H. WINES & CO.

ARE now prepared to carry on the Auction and Commission Business in connection with their Express. Duties on goods consigned will be advanced and custom house business attended to for parties who entrust business to the company. Liberal advances by drafts on New York and San Francisco will be made on receipt of merchandise in the custom house. The building occupied by Wines & Co., is capable of storing ten thousand barrels bulk and general merchandise will be received on storage.

J. A. RUGGLES, Agent.
Granada—Don Patricio Rivas; San Francisco—C. K. Garrison & Co. New York—Chas Morgan & Co.
Granada, April 12th, 1856.

Max. A. Thoman, WINE AND LIQUOR DEALER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Hospital street, fronting San Francisco Convent.
GRANADA.
Sells by the Bottle or Gallon. may 3

Sigue el extracto sobre la navegación del río San Juan.

SEGUNDA PARTE.

Segun lo que dijimos en la parte anterior, queda suficientemente demostrado que antiguamente el río San Juan era navegable para buques de comercio de todas magnitudes hasta 1685. No queremos creer que lo que entonces se llamaba fragata fuese de la misma magnitud que lo que hoy designamos por este nombre de 18 á 23 pies de calado; pero supongamos que realmente no fuesen sino como todos nuestros buques de comercio de 200 toneladas, y de 12 á 14 pies de calado; siempre es constante que entonces era necesario que el río San Juan tuviese en toda su estension por lo menos 12 pies de agua, aun en su mayor descenso, en lugar de 4 pies que tiene ahora. Sabemos pues que la causa de la falta de agua que de presente se nota, es la abertura del Colorado, y que cerrándole re- tabeceremos las cosas á su antiguo estado; y ciertamente pudiéramos probar que esto solo pudiera darnos, donde de solo tenemos 4 pies de agua, mas de doce. Este es uno de los principales puntos de nuestro proyecto presentado al gobierno de Nicaragua, y que ha sido adoptado. Ahora daremos algunas esplicaciones sobre el enunciado proyecto y las causas que nos han movido á presentarle al gobierno, mas bien que el del gran Canal.

Desde 1823, en nuestro primer viaje á Nicaragua, que hicimos un plano del río San Juan, del lago Nicaragua, y del puerto San Juan del Sur en el Mar Pacifico, que fué enviado á la asamblea constituyente de la América-Central por D. Manuel de la Cerda alcalde primero de Granada, y del cual muchos ejemplares fueron enviados á los Estados-Unidos, á Inglaterra y Holanda, demostrando la facilidad de abrir una comunicacion oceánica, la atencion de los especuladores se ha dirigido á esta parte de la América, y á su ejemplo hemos visto sucesivamente muchas casas de New-York, de Nueva-Orleans, de Londres, y en fin, á S. M. el rey de los Países Bajos, ocuparse del proyecto de realizar la union de los dos mares, sin que nada se haya hecho hasta hoy, y sin que esta empresa haya adelantado un solo paso. Hemos pensado pues, que valia mas dejar para despues el proyecto de comunicacion oceánica entre los dos mares, por medio de la abertura de un canal bastante profundo que pudiese dar paso á buques de todas magnitudes, y limitarse por ahora á una empresa de pronta y fácil ejecucion.

No se crea por esto que no estamos por el gran canal interoceánico; por el contrario, nuestro proyecto no es en realidad sino el precursor de esta magnífica empresa y pudiéramos fácilmente demostrar, teniendo á la vista los planos de nivelacion que poseemos, que la union de ambos océanos por el Istmo de Nicaragua es ademas muy fácil, pero que exige mas gastos para su ejecucion, que son necesarios para el proyecto que proponemos. Si necesitamos menos dinero para nuestro proyecto que para la abertura del gran canal, naturalmente los fondos se reunirán mucho mas pronto: si hay menos trabajos que ejecutar por consiguiente la obra se acabará igualmente mas pronto, y los capitalistas tambien comenzarán mas pronto á recibir la utilidad de los fondos que emplearen en su ejecucion. Tras de todas estas consideraciones se nos presenta la no menos determinante de que para abrir el gran canal, de cualquier manera que se haga, será necesario siempre comenzar por hacer el río San Juan y el río Tipitapa navegables, lo cual es precisamente lo que proponemos ahora, pero en menor escala de lo que sería menester hacerlo para el canal interoceánico. He aquí en sustancia á lo que se reduce nuestro proyecto. Hacer el río San Juan y el río Tipitapa, que une los dos lagos, navegables para buques de vapor de 150 toneladas por lo menos, y construir un simple camino carretero del lago de Managua al puerto de Realejo en el Pacifico; cuyo camino que pasa por un terreno llano, es transitable todo el año aun en su estado presente para carretas toscamente construidas y muy pesadas, lo que prueba que la localidad es muy favorable á la construccion de un buen camino sin grandes gastos; lo cual puede verse echando una rápida ojeada sobre el plan de proyeccion del camino que existe, y que re-

corren cada dia esas pesadas carretas tiradas por bueyes.

Hemos visto ántes que el río San Juan era navegable hay 155 años para navios de comercio que calaban 12 pies de agua, solo porque el brazo del Colorado no existia, y todas las aguas del Lago Nicaragua se descargaban en el Océano Atlántico por el solo río San Juan. Luego reduciendo las cosas á su antiguo estado, es decir, cerrando el Colorado, el río S. Juan volveria á tener lo menos doce pies de agua en todo el año y en toda su estension como se hallaba hace 155 años. Esto es exactamente lo que nos proponemos en nuestro proyecto. En los E. U. de América hay vapores que navegan en los rios, en los lagos y canales, de quinientas á seiscientas toneladas de porte, y que solo tienen de 4 á 6 pies de calado; luego cerrando el Colorado, y sin otro trabajo en el río S. Juan, tendremos suficiente agua no solo para vapores de 150 toneladas, que es el *minimum* concedido por el gobierno de la compañía que realice la empresa, sino tambien de 500 toneladas, si se quieren construir de este porte para hacer mas fáciles y menos dispendiosos los gastos de transporte de un mar á otro.

No permitiéndonos la falta de tiempo hacer un calculo aproximado, según los datos que tenemos de los gastos que exigirían las calzadas ó empalizadas que debían hacerse, tanto en el brazo del Colorado como en el río S. Juan y en el Tipitapa, ni de las mejoras que requiere el camino del Lago Managua al puerto de Realejo en el Mar Pacifico, nos limitaremos á decir que deberían construirse.

1.º Una empalizada en el brazo del Colorado, de cerca de 410 metros de largo con un espesor y altura proporcionados á la columna de agua á que debería resistir la calzada.

2.º Otra al pié de *Machuca* en el Río San Juan de cerca de 80 metros de largo, con una altura y un espesor en razon de la columna de agua á la cual debería resistir.

3.º Otra de la misma dimension que la que acabamos de indicar, en el bajo de *Las Balas*.

4.º Otra en el bajo del *Castillo Viejo* de cerca de 100 metros de longitud, con su altura y espesor correspondientes á la altura de la columna de agua á que debe resistir.

5.º En fin, otra empalizada en el bajo llamado *El Toro* de las mismas dimensiones que la de Machuca, siendo por todas, cinco empalizadas, de las cuales las 4 del río San Juan deberían tener esclusas.

6.º Otras tres empalizadas de 50 metros de largo en el río Tipitapa, que como las del río San Juan deberían tener esclusas, y ademas un puente en Tipitapa, tambien de 50 metros de largo, construido de manera que dé paso á los buques de vapor que deberían transportar las mercancías de un mar á otro.

En cuanto al camino entré el lago Managua y el mar del Sur, en el estado actual de cosas para hacerle practicable á un tránsito comun de ruedas, y que los carruajes no se atascasen al recorrerle en los meses de Setiembre y Octubre que son los mas lluviosos en el pais, habria que construir dos puentes, uno en *Matilan* y otro en la *Quebrada del Convento*, que necesitarían poca elevacion y una longitud como de 30 metros; y otro puente en el pequeño río de Leon de unos 40 metros de longitud, igualmente poco elevado.

Ademas de los trabajos ya mencionados, tambien sería menester construir en el puerto de San Juan, en las márgenes del lago de Managua, y en el puerto de Realejo, almacenes para depositar los jéneros que hubiesen de pasar de un mar á otro, los cuales pudieran construirse como las casas del pais, con ladrillos secos al sol que forman paredes muy sólidas, y muy buenos mercados con techos cubiertos de tejas. Creemos que bastarian 300 mil francos para construir en los tres puntos designados, los almacenes necesarios, y bastante espaciosos para dar abrigo á todos los jéneros que pasasen por la referida via.

Aun nos quedaria que calcular cuanto costarian los vapores necesarios para el transporte de los jéneros del puerto de San Juan al lago Managua asi como los carros que deberían emplearse en su conduccion del dicho lago al puerto de Realejo; pero no entraremos de nuevo en estos detalles, y solo diremos que segun las noticias que

hemos adquirido en los E. U. de América creemos no distar mucho de la verdad, asegurando que para ejecutar todos los trabajos de empalizadas esclusas, caminos, almacenes de depósito compra de vapores y carros de transporte, será suficiente la suma de 2.500.000 pesos; pero nos estenderemos un poco mas, suponiendo que dicha suma ascienda á 3.000.000 de ps. con los gastos imprevistos. (Continuará.)

EDUCACION.

En virtud de las consecuencias desastrosas que produce el odio implacable de los partidos políticos, de que se orijinan funestas verganzas, calumnias y persecuciones de todo género entre los habitantes de este infortunado pais, sufriendo no poco las personas, los intereses, la paz y la tranquilidad pública, á causa de esas feroces pasiones que dejan siempre en pos de sí lamentables desdichas, y tristes y acibarados recuerdos, que acaso solo la muerte puede borrar; deseando por lo mismo precaver sus perniciosos efectos hasta donde alcancen nuestros débiles esfuerzos, y cediendo á las sujestiones de una anciana respetable de esta capital, hemos tenido á bien insertar en "El Nicaraguense" el siguiente artículo, persuadidos de que las reflexiones que sujere su lectura, pueden producir algun efecto favorable en muchos de nuestros lectores, y especialmente en aquellos en quienes las pasiones políticas y los hábitos perniciosos de una mala educacion, no han pervertido de todo punto los sentimientos benévolos, nobles, jenerosos y humanitarios que tanto recomiendan al que sabe ejercitarlos.

EL CAMPO DE LA DESGRACIA

ó los efectos del odio.

Este hecho tan horrible es por, desgracia muy verdadero.

Me hallaba hace algunos años, la víspera de Navidad, en casa de un anciano labrador de una aldea de los alrededores de Amiens. Este hombre habia nacido en el medio-día de la Francia; pero la desgracia lo habia llevado á este lugar. Su numerosa familia se habia reunido en la casa paterna á esperar la misa de media noche. Un buen fuego templaba el rigor de la estación. Sentado en el sillón hereditario, el respetable octogenario, veia sin emocion el gozo dulce y puro de sus hijos, y las hoguetas de los chicos.

De cuando en cuando asomaba una ligera sonrisa á sus labios; la reprimia presto: cualquiera hubiera dicho que un cruel recuerdo venia á cada instante á mezclarse con las ideas risueñas que se le ofrecian y emponzoñaban sus ancianos dias. Su anchafrente, cubierta con la sombra de algunos cabellos blancos, que es la corona del anciano parecia habersido dolorosamente arrugada mas bien por la tristeza, que por la edad. El hombre vive poco tiempo, dijo el profeta de los dolores, y sus años están llenos de miseria. ¡Qué corta sería la vida si se contasen los dias por el número de gozecs!!!

El silencio reinaba hacia algun tiempo en nuestra reunion; yo le interrumpí con estas palabras: Padre Bernardo, que dicha la vuestra al ver una familia tan unida! vuestros hijos han crecido á vuestro lado como los tiernos olivos: vuestros cuidados y afanes no han sido en vano; ahora recojéis el fruto en abundancia. Dichosa vejez!

Dichosa vejez! exclamó el anciano juntando sus temblorosas manos. Si, padre afortunado! pero la vida mas feliz está llena de disgustos. Esta es la condicion de nuestra existencia, el justo castigo del pecado. Dios, al mismo tiempo de colocarnos en el mundo, dice á cada uno: "Mira tu parte de lágrimas; y no muere el hombre sino despues de haberlas terminado."

Padre mio, dijo el mayor de sus hijos, podremos saber la causa de vuestras penas? Ah! hablad: vednos dispuestos á hacerlas cesar, ó al menos apaciguarlas participando de ellas.—Hijos míos, replicó, estoy contento de vosotros. Mis lágrimas tienen otro orijen. Hoy hace justamente 36 años que se cometió un crimen. Dios mio! perdóname la parte que en él tuve! Todos los años en esta misma época, queridos hijos míos, os reuno á mi lado con el fin de que vuestra presencia calme el dolor que ajita violentamente mi pecho al recuerdo de este trágico suceso. Ahora que estoy bien cerca del atahud, mis agonías son mas fuertes y mis temores se aumentan. Cuando caiga este viejo tronco, añá-

dió con lentitud, el mismo torbellino que lo ha destrozado no esparcirá sus ramas, y quién las reunirá? Ah! hijos míos, cuánto os quiero, pero si alguna vez el odio se apodera de vuestros corazones, absteneos de acercaros á mi tumba, pues no saldrá de ella sino una voz de maldicion.

Padre mio! dijo el menor de sus hijos: qué siniestras palabras proferís! Venimos á divertirmos con vos, y á bendecir al cielo por haberos conservado este año á nosotros súplicas, y nos hacéis estremece de horror Padre mio!....

Y yo tambien tuve un padre que amé, replicó dolorosamente el anciano: tuve hermanos. Escuchad la historia de mi vida. Joven, dijo, dirijiéndose á mí; no sois extraño entre nosotros, sois el amigo de mis hijos, mio tambien, quedaos. Vais á ver á que exceso puede conducir el odio á un corazón que lo llegue á dominar.

Mi padre tenia cerca de 70 años: la muerte se le acercaba; hizo su testamento. Era mos tres hermanos: Ernesto, Arturo, y yo. La virtud y piedad de Ernesto le hicieron digno de ser mejorado en la herencia de los bienes. En breve murió mi padre. Desde luego quisimos, pero no pudimos romper el testamento; y el odio introdujo su veneno en nuestras almas. Arturo no respiraba sino venganza.

Una tarde tocó á mi puerta; se la abrió. Se precipitó furioso en la casa y desahogó su rabia con mil imprecaciones horrendas. Despues de esta explosion, me habló de sus funestos proyectos. La hora de vengarnos ha llegado, me dijo con un temblor convulsivo. "Que muera Ernesto y poseeremos su herencia." Esta proposicion me hizo palidecer y temblar de horror: Arturo percibió mi turbacion. Lo he jurado, exclamó, sobre la tumba del viejo, (ya no se atrevia á llamarle padre,) cumpliré mis juramentos, y si tú no te prestas á mis deseos tiembra, desgraciado! Yo accedí. Hasta mañana, pues, me dijo y salió.

Las ideas revolucionarias me habian hecho como á otros muchos, trastornar la cabeza, sin embargó de que yo no era de esos hombres arrebatados y crueles que no se complacen sino en espectáculos de ruina y sangre. La naturaleza, despues de la salida de mi hermano, volvió á tomar su imperio sobre mí, puesto que mi consentimiento precipitado, no era el voto de mi corazón. Pasé una parte de la noche en extrañas agitacion. Me parecia ver al desgraciado Ernesto espirando, volver hacia mí sus miradas y perdonarme.

He aquí los terribles efectos del odio; de esta pasion formidable que sufoca los mas nobles instintos del hombre y le transforma en una bestia feroz.

Es pues absolutamente necesario para fijar las bases de una buena educacion moral, y para que el hombre sea verdaderamente la imagen de su Divino Autor sobre la tierra, empezar desde temprano á reprimir las pasiones violentas de la fogosa juventud, y dedicarse á cultivar con esmero y arragar profundamente en el corazón las nobles y jenerosas disposiciones, los hábitos bienhechores, y las virtudes recomendables que constituyen un carácter benévolo, indulgente y humano, para no tener que deplorar tantos furiosos homicidas aun entre los miembros de una misma familia, tantas miserias, desdichas y calamidades, que cual azote de los pueblos, afijen por todas partes á la desolada humanidad, ni esponderse á pasar una vida acibarada por los mas crueles remordimientos, haciéndose acreedor al justo desprecio y á la execracion de sus semejantes, por hechos abominables que manchen para siempre con el mas negro colorido la historia de las naciones.

¡Hijos de la hermosa Nicaragua! Echad si queréis una rápida ojeada sobre vuestro pasado; contemplad vuestro presente, y pensad cuán incierto es todavia vuestro porvenir. Rivas, Granada, Leon, San Fernando, Segovia, esas víctimas inmoladas á vuestras eternas discordias domésticas, esos tristes monumentos de vuestros furiosos encarnizados, dan testimonio de la verdad de vuestras aserciones. ¿Queréis conservar los restos preciosos de esta tierra de promision que Dios hizo tan rica, tan bella, tan fértil y risueña para la dicha del hombre? Deponed pues, ese funesto espíritu de partido, y desterrad para siempre de entre vosotros esos odios reconcentrados que tantas veces habeis llevado al estremo, para horror de la humanidad, y para ruina de vuestra patria.