

NICARAGUA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SAN JUAN DEL NORTE, Sept. 22, 1857.

You may remember that I mentioned some time ago that a schooner had arrived here from New-York, and was expected to take home a cargo of coconuts from Indian River. It seems the schooner was induced to come here on this business by representations made by one of the numerous members of the Smith family, who said that he owned a fine estate at Indian River, had an abundance of coconuts, &c., and could load a vessel in a little less than no time. Well, this individual managed to reach here a few days in advance of the schooner, and set about astonishing the good, easy people of the town by stating that he had numerous vessels trading on the Mosquito Coast, one of which he expected daily, loaded to the water's edge with an assortment of general merchandise, lumber, etc., all of which he was determined to sell far below the current prices charged by the merchants here. He put up at the best hotel in the place, and all went on swimmingly for a week, when he was timidly called on by his landlady for a week's board. He regretted very much to give her any inconvenience, but it was so disagreeable to carry money in his pocket that he had left it in charge of his captain, whom he was positive must arrive here in a day or two. At the expiration of another week, sure enough, a small schooner made her appearance in the offing, and Mr. S. procured a boat and pulled on board. The next day it came out that the schooner had not a pound of freight, and the captain most positively declined handing over any funds to his quondam owner; nay, even denied that Mr. S. had anything more to do with the vessel than to put on board a cargo of coconuts and receive a stipulated sum therefor. Then it came out that another man owned the coconut plantation; that even it was doubtful whether a cargo could be obtained at Indian River, and here the schooner has been kept some six weeks, and has not over ten thousand coconuts on board at this present moment. South, too, has met with misfortunes. As if it were not bad enough to have another man own of his coconut plantation, his landlady pitched him out of her hotel, and the last known of him he was boarding out the balance of a few gold washed finger rings and trinkets with an old darkey, who lives in a shocking bad shanty in the back part of the town. It is to be hoped that owners of vessels will take the hint, and send no more vessels here for coconuts, even at the request of the Smith family.

Quite an excitement was got up here in consequence of the arrival about ten days ago of two sailors, who reported the American brig *Caroline* wrecked and lost on "Man-of-war's Keys," themselves with two others escaping in one boat, and the captain and the rest of the crew in another. They stated that nothing had been seen of the captain's boat since the night when they all left the wreck in company. The stories of these men did not agree at all, and at the request of the American Consul, Capt. Chabod took the four men on board the United States ship *Saratoga*, where, after four or five days, they were claimed by the English Consul as deserters from the British bark *William Wallace*, while taking anchorage at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

Last Sunday morning, twelve gibbets, being the last of the deserters from *Walker*, were sent to Aspinwall—a subscription having been got up for that object. They were as miserable a set of fellows as ever stood bareheaded in this town. The Government of Costa Rica had stopped their rations, and had left them here to starve, or be taken care of by the citizens.

The last mail from the interior of Nicaragua brought the intelligence that an election for President was to have been held on the 13th inst. The two most prominent men for the office are Generals Jerez and Martinez—the latter of whom, it is expected, has been elected by a large majority. A pronouncement, signed by eighty-three of the most influential citizens of Leon, three of whom are brothers of Jerez, declares in favor of Martinez. The following is a hurried translation:

"Extraordinary honor to the illustrious Generals Maximilian Jerez and Thomas Martinez! who, having voluntarily taken upon themselves the great responsibility to save by extraordinary means the Republic in her mighty conflicts, have planted the foundation of a political edifice, conferring the people of Nicaragua for the exercise of the most august acts of sovereignty in choosing Representatives for a Constitutional Congress, to point out the person to fill the Presidential Chair of the Republic. We pay homage to these men in the name of the Occidental Department, the most expressive gratitude for their constant efforts and heroic sacrifices for the benefit of the country, and offer the back testimony of our confidence and gratitude, and since we cannot consecrate our votes to them both for President, we dedicate them to Gen. Thomas Martinez as a proof of the merit and virtue which we consider should rule in Nicaragua."

There begins to be a good deal of fussiness felt here as to whether we are to have the transit via this route opened, and if so, when and by whom. For one who knows of the conduct of the infamous Webster at this place a year or so since, expects that we can have any interest in any respectable company. That the Governments of the United States and Great Britain would for a single moment countenance the *mountebank*, is too preposterous to gain the smallest credence. The poor old ex-horse jockey, ex-gambler, house-keeper, ex-editor CARY, is in the same category. Besides, what right has Costa Rica to enter into contracts with individuals granting rights of way across Nicaragua? The whole affair is simply illustrative of the "drowning man's catching at straws."

The brig *Ocean Bird*, Capt. Rogers, will sail in three or four days for New-York, with a full cargo of hides, deerskins, Brazil wood, coconuts, &c., and several passengers. The schooner *G. M. Robertson*, Capt. Morrow, will also leave for New-York with a small quantity of coconuts. The only other vessel here is the United States ship-of-war *Saratoga*, Capt. Chotard.

About 1 o'clock this afternoon a severe shock of an earthquake was felt here, the heaviest experienced in several years. There were a succession of shocks, with intervals of a few seconds, the first of which had an effect upon the houses, similar to that produced by the striking of vessels against the pier in hauling into dock. It caused quite a sensation among the inhabitants.

Sept. 21.—A river steamer from the interior, the first in several weeks, has arrived within about eight miles of the town, where she struck and stuck fast upon a sand bar. Her cargo is being taken off by bungaloes and canoes.

Col. Cauty is reported to have reached Castillo, from San José, en route for this port, "*con bastante dinero*" (which probably means something near the sum a Yankee farmer usually realizes from the sale of a wagon-load of garden sauce). There is an anxious, *bellosa* multitude awaiting his arrival here, for the small sums intrusted him to enable him to carry out his brilliant exploits in steamboat navigation. Their little bills are neatly labeled, "Wood," "Labor," "Repair," &c., and it is certainly to be hoped they may be rewarded for the commendable patience they have manifested for the past six months and more.

The notorious Col. Schlessenger, the hero of "Santa Rosa," is in town, having been banished from Costa Rica and Nicaragua. It is reported that he was lying at the quarters of Gen. Bocas,

with horses, servants and everything at his command, but could not be satisfied until he had borrowed, without going through the ceremony of asking, a considerable amount of the General's gold, which was found carefully deposited in one corner of his trunk, and—he is here. The vessel about sailing for New-York refuse to take him, and how he will get away does not at present appear. Among his luggage are two or three trunks of books, which, from their nature, are supposed to have been left in Canada by Col. Wheeler, late U. S. Minister, and which probably belong to the Legation.
