

THOMAS LORING,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE COMMERCIAL  
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BY THOMAS LORING,  
Owner of Front and Market Streets,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

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**NAUTILUS**  
(MUTUAL LIFE) INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF NEW-YORK.  
Will take Risk on the Lives of Slaves.  
W. C. LORD, Agent.  
March, 16 1837.

**NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE**  
AND  
**TRUST COMPANY.**  
W. C. LORD, Agent.  
March 16, 1847.

**GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND HARDWARE,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY  
C. W. BRADLEY.  
April 4.

**MYERS & BARNUM,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
**HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,  
AND WALKING-CANES,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
C. MYERS. J. M. BARNUM.  
Oct. 6, 1846.

**RICHARD MORRIS,**  
**NOTARY PUBLIC,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Jan. 13.

**H. S. KELLY,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
MARKET STREET,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17.

**JOHN HALL,**  
(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA)  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND AGENT**  
FOR THE SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES  
33 GRAVIER STREET,  
New Orleans.  
January 4, 1847.

**ALEXANDER HERRON, JR.,**  
**GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
Wilmington, (N. C.) Packet Office,  
No. 351 NORTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
Refer to—  
C. D. ELLIS, Esq., Wilmington, N. C.  
E. J. LUTTERLOH, Esq.,  
Aug. 11.

**DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.,**  
**GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,**  
**GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

**A. MARTIN,**  
**GENERAL AGENT**  
**AND**  
**Commission Merchant.**  
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,  
(Murphy's Building),  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Oct. 3.

**J. & W. L. MCGARY**  
**FORWARDING AND COMMISSION  
MERCHANTS,**  
AGENTS OF THE MERCHANTS' STEAM BOAT CO.  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.**  
**General Commission Merchants,**  
Nos. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
We are prepared to make liberal advances on shipments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.  
Refer to—  
SAMUEL POTTS, Esq., Wilmington, N. C.  
JOHN GAMMELL, Esq.,  
January 18.

**ELIJAH DICKINSON,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
(Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris.)  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
REFER TO—  
Messrs. B. DeForest & Co., New York.  
NeSmith & Walsh,  
E. D. Peters & Co., Boston.  
Meads & Clark,  
Walters & Souder,  
A. Benson & Co., Philadelphia.  
Oct. 3, 1846.

**GILLESPIE & ROBESON,**  
**AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF  
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.**  
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments of produce.  
March 17.

**ROBT. G. RANKIN,**  
**Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON SHIPMENTS TO HIS FRIENDS  
IN NEW YORK.  
March 17.

# THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 2.

WILMINGTON, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1847.

NO. 34.

**JOHN C. LATTA,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
AND GENERAL AGENT,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
Oct. 10, 1846.

**BARRY & BRYANT,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 16.

**SANDFORD & SMITH,**  
**AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
THOS. SANDFORD,  
Oct. 17, 1846.

**HUGHES & MEAD,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
AND GENERAL AGENTS**  
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce  
and Real Estate,  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
Business entrusted to them shall be promptly and  
faithfully attended to.  
June 18.

**G. W. DAVIS,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
March 17.

**BLANKS**  
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE  
**COMMERCIAL OFFICE.**

**L. S. YORKE,**  
**GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,  
43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
June 9, 1846.

**CHARLES D. ELLIS,**  
**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
HAVING transferred the agency of the Cape Fear  
S. S. Mill, he is now prepared to transact any  
business committed to his trust. Office on W. C.  
Lord's wharf lately occupied by Russell & Gamell.  
May 13.

**THOMAS SANDFORD,**  
**NOTARY PUBLIC,**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**NEFF & WARNER,**  
**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CAN-  
DLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.**  
April 14.

**CHARLES BLAKESLEE,**  
(Successor to James Panderford.)  
**MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Boots and Shoes,**  
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.

**R. H. STANTON & CO.,**  
**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
GROCERS,  
AND DEALERS IN  
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps,  
Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Hard-  
ware, Cutlery, Tin Ware,  
Crockery, &c., &c.**  
WILMINGTON, N. C.  
R. H. STANTON. L. N. BARLOW

CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of  
**CORDAGE AND PROVISIONS.** Also, Foreign  
Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Porter, Ale, &c.  
Our Ship Stores put up with despatch.  
Oct. 31, 1846.

**NOTICE.**  
THE FIRMS OF  
**DEROSSET & BROWN—New York,  
AND  
BROWN & DEROSSET—Wilmington, N. C.,  
AND THAT OF  
JOHN GAMMELL—Wilmington, N. C.,**  
Will be discontinued after this date; and the under-  
signed, will, in future, be associated for the transac-  
tion of  
**COMMISSION BUSINESS**  
in New York, under the firm of  
**BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,**  
And in Wilmington, N. C., under the firm of  
**DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.**  
Dealers with the late firms, will oblige, by attending  
to the settlement of all accounts as speedily as possi-  
ble.  
JOHN POTTS BROWN  
ARMAND J. DEROSSET, JR.  
JOHN GAMMELL.  
April 15, 1847.

**PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.**  
ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rose-  
wood case, of L. GILBERT'S manu-  
facture, Boston. Also, one second hand  
Piano Forte, for sale by the Subscriber, at his Music  
Room, opposite the Chronicle Office.  
Piano Fortes tuned and repaired in a satisfactory  
manner.  
G. F. B. LEIGHTON.  
March 3.

**BUTTER AND CHEESE.**  
2000 LBS. very superior Goatsen Butter.  
20 Casks very superior Cheese at  
NEFF & WARNER'S.  
April 15.

**CHAIRS.**  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of best  
New York Manufactured Cane and  
Rush Bottom, Maple and Rosewood,  
Black Walnut, Green, with Cushions,  
Common Windsor, Office Chairs; Rush  
and Cane seat Sewing Chairs, with  
Rockers, Children's Chairs, &c., &c.  
For sale by  
A. MARTIN.  
May 17.

## From Neal's Saturday Gazette. WHO CARES.

A fig for the world with its scolding and storming,  
A fig for its wimple of cares,  
The sunniest days are oft dark in the morning,  
And troubles will hunt us in pairs.  
Dame Fortune's a woman, and ever is frowning,  
On grumbling and brow knitting elves;  
Ye: ever with triumph their temples are crowning,  
Who somehow are helping themselves.

Then let us be cheerful, and smile while we're  
giving  
The wheel of our fortune a turn,  
And always remember the secret of living,  
Is living on what you can earn.

If old 'uns o'erreach us and laugh at our blindness,  
We'll wait for their children and then,  
We'll take our revenge by treating with kindness  
The brats of these hard-fisted men.

And while we are merry, and laugh at our troubles,  
If once in a while whilst blowing a bubble,  
We burst it, what of it! who cares!

Then let us be cheerful, and smile while we're giv-  
ing  
The wheel of our fortune a turn,  
And always remember the secret of living  
Is living on what you can earn.

## From the Baltimore Patriot. THE FALL OF WATSON.

Of Baltimore, who fell gallantly leading the charge at  
the storming of Monterey.  
He has gone to the grave in the hey-day of life;  
Pressing on to the loeman before him,  
He fell in the midst of the glorious strife,  
With the stars and the stripes floating o'er him.

He fought as a hero forever should fight,  
In front—for the garland of glory;  
And Fame, as he fell, with a pencil of light,  
Wrote his deeds on the pages of story.

The Baltimore band that so bravely he led  
In the charge on the Mexican column,  
The tear of regret and of vengeance have shed,  
As they march'd to the requiem solemn.

And his death was avenged by the triumph I trust—  
If not, 'twere a shame, 'twere a pity—  
For many a foeman has bitten the dust  
In Monterey's desolate city.

So perish Columbia's inveterate foes,  
Who vainly against her have striven;  
May triumph still bless her bright banner, that  
flows  
Where victory lately was given!

Oh! Baltimore, twice hast thou wept for thy brave,  
Thy sons, who so gallantly perish'd;  
Sutro! Ringgold and Watson now sleep in the  
grave  
Long, long shall their memory be cherish'd.

Let their fall be avenged—let the wares be heard  
In the halls of Mexico screaming,  
Till victory's shouts on her walls shall be heard,  
And the star-spangled banner be streaming.

Brave Watson, thy name be a watchword by those  
With whom thou so nobly hast battled,  
Who witness'd thy fall when the death-shot of foes  
Like the hail of a stormy cloud rattled.

In the homes of fair Baltimore, beauty hath shed  
The tear of regret, that so early,  
So high and heroic a heart should have bled—  
A heart that was cherish'd so dearly.

Oh! yes, and full many a bosom hath sigh'd,  
That one with such virtues around him,  
By a barbarous Mexican's hand should have died  
In the moment that glory had crown'd him.

He has gone to the grave in the brilliance of fame,  
But he sleeps on the pillow of glory;  
Enshrined in the heart of the nation, his name  
Shall live on the pages of story.  
J. H. M.

## CHOCORUA'S CURSE.

The rocky county of Stafford, New Hamp-  
shire, is remarkable for its wild and broken  
scenery. Ranges of hills towering one  
above another, as if eager to look upon the  
beautiful country, which afar off lies sleep-  
ing in the embrace of heaven; precipices,  
from which the young eagles take their flight  
to the sun; dells rugged and tangled as the  
dominions of Roderick Vich Alpine, and  
ravines dark and deep enough for the death  
scene of a badin, form the magnificent char-  
acteristics of this picturesque region.

A high precipice called Chocorua's Cliff,  
is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend  
which tradition has scarcely saved from utter  
oblivion. Had it been in Scotland, perhaps  
the genius of Sir Walter would have hal-  
lowed it, and Americans would have crow-  
ded there to kindle fancy on the altar of mem-  
ory. Being in the midst of our own roman-  
tic scenery, it is little known, and less visited,  
for the vicinity is as yet untraversed by rail-  
roads or canals, and no "Mountain House"  
perched on these tremendous battlements, al-  
lures the traveller hither to mock the majesty  
of nature with the insipidities of fashion.—  
Our distinguished artist, Mr. Cole, found  
the sunshine and the winds sleeping upon

it in solitude and secrecy; and his pencil has  
brought it before us in its stern repose.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whatley  
passed for wizzards and mountain spirits  
among the superstitious, the vicinity of the  
spot we have been describing was occupied  
by a very small colony, which, either from  
discontent or enterprise, had retired into this  
remote part of New Hampshire. Most of  
them were ordinary men, led to this independ-  
ent mode of life from an impatience of res-  
traint which as frequently accompanies vul-  
gar obstinacy as generous pride. But there  
was one master spirit among them; who was  
capable of a higher destiny than he ever ful-  
filled. The consciousness of this had stamp-  
ed something of proud humility on the face  
of Cornelius Campbell; something of a  
haughty spirit strongly curbed by circum-  
stances he could not control, and at which  
he scorned to murmur. He assumed no su-  
periority; but unconsciously hethrew around  
him the spell of intellect, and his compan-  
ions felt, they knew not why, that he was  
"among them, but not of them." His stature  
was gigantic, and he had the bold, quick tread  
of one who had wandered frequently and  
fearlessly among the terrible hiding places  
of nature. His voice was harsh, but his  
whole countenance possessed singular cap-  
abilities for tenderness of expression; and  
sometimes under the gentle influence of do-  
mestic excitement, his hard features would be  
rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine  
flying over the shaded fields in an April  
day.

His companion was one peculiarly calcu-  
lated to excite and retain the deep and strong  
energies of manly love. She had possessed  
extraordinary beauty and had in the full ma-  
turity of an excellent judgment, relinquished  
several splendid alliances and incurred her  
father's displeasure, for the sake of Cornelius  
Campbell. Had political circumstances  
proved favorable, his talents and ambition  
would unquestionably have worked out a  
path to ennoblement and fame; but he had  
been a zealous and active enemy of the Stu-  
arts, and the restoration of Charles the Sec-  
ond was the death warrant of his hopes.  
Immediate flight became necessary and A-  
merica was the chosen place of refuge. His  
adherence to Cromwell's party was not occa-  
sioned by religious sympathy, but by politi-  
cal views too liberal and philosophical for  
the state of the people; therefore Cornelius  
Campbell was no favorite with our forefath-  
ers, and being of a proud nature he withdrew  
with his family to the solitary place we have  
mentioned.

It seemed a hard fate for one who had from  
childhood been accustomed to indulgence and  
admiration, yet Mrs Campbell enjoyed her-  
self more than she had done in her days of  
splendor; so much deeper are the sources of  
happiness to those of gaiety. Even her face  
had suffered little from time and hardship.—  
The bloom on her cheek, which in youth  
had been like the sweet pea-blossom, that  
most feminine of all flowers, had, it is true,  
somewhat faded; but her rich, intellectual  
expression, did but receive additional majes-  
ty from years; and the exercise of quiet do-  
mestic love, which where it is suffered to ex-  
ist, always deepens and brightens with time,  
had given bland and placid expression, which  
might well have atoned for the absence of  
more striking beauty. To such a woman  
as Caroline Campbell, of what use would  
have been some modern doctrines of equality  
and independence?

With a mind sufficiently cultivated to ap-  
preciate and enjoy her husband's intellectual  
energies, she had a heart that could not have  
found another home. The bird will drop  
into its nest though the treasures of earth and  
sky are open. To have proved marriage a  
tyranny, and the cares of domestic life a dis-  
turbance would have affected Caroline Campbell  
as little, as to be told that the pure sweet at-  
mosphere she breathed, was pressing upon  
her so many pounds to every square inch.—  
Over such a heart, and such a soul external  
circumstances have little power; all worldly  
interest was concentrated in her husband and  
babes, and her spirit was satisfied with that  
inexhaustible fountain of joy which nature  
gives and God has blessed.

A very small settlement, in such a remote  
place was of course subject to inconvenience  
and occasional suffering. From the Indians  
they received neither injury nor insult. No  
cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and, al-  
though their frequent visits were sometimes  
troublesome, they never had given indica-  
tions of jealousy or malice! Chocorua was  
a prophet among them, and as such an object  
of peculiar respect. He had a mind which  
education and motive would have nerved with  
giant strength; but growing up in savage  
freedom, it wasted itself in dark, fierce un-  
governable passions. There was something  
fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it  
seemed so like slumbering power, too proud  
to be lightly roused, and too implicable to  
sleep again. In the small, black, fiery eye,  
expression lay coiled up like a beautiful  
snake. The white people knew that his hat-  
red would be terrible, but they had never  
provoked it, and even the children became too  
much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son, about nine or ten  
years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had  
occasionally made such gaudy presents as  
were likely to attract his savage fancy. This  
won the child's affections, so that he became a

familiar visitor, almost an inmate of their  
dwelling, and bring unrestrained by the  
courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect  
everything, and taste of everything which  
came in his way. Some poison, prepared for  
a mischievous fox, which had long troubled  
the little settlement, was discovered and drunk  
by the Indian boy; and he went home to his  
father to sicken and die. From that moment  
jealousy and hatred took possession of Cho-  
corua's soul. He never told his suspicions—  
he brooded over them in secret, to nourish  
the deadly revenge he contemplated against  
Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always  
the same. Cornelius Campbell left his boy  
for the fields early one bright balmy morning  
in June. Still a lover, though ten years a  
husband, his last look was turned towards  
his wife, answering her parting smile—his  
last action a kiss for each of his children.—  
When he returned to dinner, they were  
dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies  
too cruelly showed that an Indian had done  
the work.

In such a mind grief, like all other emo-  
tions, was tempestuous. Home had been to  
him the only verdant spot in the wide desert  
of life. In his wife and children he had  
gathered up all his heart; and now they  
were torn from him the remembrance of their  
love clung to him like the death-grapple of a  
drowning man, sinking him, down, down,  
into darkness and death. This was followed  
by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the  
creeping agony of despair, that brings with  
it no power of resistance.

"It was as if the dead could feel  
The ley worm around him steal."

Such, for many days, was the state of Cor-  
nelius Campbell. Those who knew and  
revered him, feared that the spark of reason  
was forever extinguished. But it rekindled  
again, and with it came a wild demonic  
spirit of revenge. The death groan of Cho-  
corua would make him smile in his dreams;  
and when he walked, death seemed too pitiful  
a vengeance for the anguish that it was eating  
into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hun-  
ting expedition at the time he committed the  
murder and those who watched his move-  
ments, observed that he frequently climbed  
the high precipice, which afterwards took  
his name, probably looking out for indica-  
tions of their return.

Here Cornelius Campbell resolved to effect  
his deadly purpose. A party was formed un-  
der his guidance, to cut off all chance of re-  
treat, and the darkminded prophet was to be  
hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

The morning sun had scarce cleared away  
the fogs, when Chocorua started as a loud  
voice from beneath the precipice command-  
ing him to throw himself into the deep abyss  
below. He knew the voice of his enemy  
and replied with an Indian's calmness.—  
"The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua;  
and Chocorua will not throw it away at the  
command of a white man." "Then hear the  
white man's thunder!" exclaimed Cornelius  
Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the pre-  
cipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless  
as a panther had never overcome his dread  
of fire arms. He placed his hand upon his  
ears to shut out the stunning report; the next  
moment the blood bubbled from his neck,  
and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the  
precipice. But he recovered himself and  
raising himself on his hand he spoke in a  
loud voice that grew more terrific as his  
hushiness increased. "A curse upon ye  
white men! May the great Spirit curse ye  
when he speaks in the clouds and his words  
are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye kil-  
led him while the sky looked bright. Light-  
ning blast your corps. Wind and fire destroy  
your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe  
upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the  
war path of the Indian! Panthers howl,  
and wolves atten over your bones! Choco-  
rua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays  
with the white men."

The prophet sunk upon the ground, still ut-  
tering inaudible curses and they left his bon-  
to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested  
on the settlement. The tomahawk and the  
scalping knife were busy among them, the  
winds tore up trees and hurled them at their  
dwellings, their crops were blasted, their cat-  
tle died and sickness came upon their strong-  
est men. At last the remnant of them de-  
parted from the fatal spot to mingle with more  
populous and prosperous colonies. Cornelius  
Campbell became a hermit, seldom seek-  
ing or seeing his fellow men; and two years  
after he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton in New  
Hampshire is remarkable for a pestilence  
which infests its cattle and the superstitious  
think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned  
upon his precipice breathing a curse upon them.

JOHN BAKER, of Belleville, was severely wounded  
in firing a cannon on parade at Macon, St. Clair Co.,  
Illinois, on Thursday week. His right arm was broken  
in two places, and three of his fingers will have to  
be taken off. He is a volunteer.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man named REYNOLDS,  
a Creole of the State of Louisiana, who had enlisted  
in capt. DUVERG's company of dragoons, fell into the  
hold of the steamer James L. Day, at New Orleans,  
as the company was embarking on her, by which he  
was severely injured, and died on Saturday week.

From the N. O. Commercial Times, May 30th.

## LATER FROM VERA CRUZ.

The schooner *Brace*, Capt. Riddle, ar-  
rived late last night from Vera Cruz, having  
sailed from thence on the 15th inst. We  
subjoin the following letter from our atten-  
tive correspondent:

VERA CRUZ, May 10, 1847.  
Gentlemen.—One of the best signs of the  
times is seen in the loads of furniture which  
are continually passing along the streets, and  
being deposited in the dwellings of their own-  
ers. Fifteen families came in yesterday, and  
five or six already this morning; and we ex-  
pect soon to see the city full once more.—  
The American rule is so mild, and so much  
regard is paid to the rights and health of the  
citizens—so much delicacy is shown toward  
the conquered people themselves, and so cheap  
comparatively, have been rendered the con-  
veniences of life, that no degree of patriotism  
can withstand the inducements offered by  
this new state of things to the refugees, to re-  
turn and partake.

Yet what a road have we taken to reach  
this point!—paved with gold, bedged with  
thorns; and strewn with the dead bodies of  
our own people!

By this time Gen. Scott is in Puebla, and  
he tells the Mexicans that he is bound for the  
city of Mexico. At what time he expects to  
reach that place he does not say, but I fancy  
the intervening period will be measured by  
months. Two or three copies of the Gen-  
eral's proclamation to the Mexican people,  
reached this city yesterday, and I have to-day  
been fortunate enough to get the use of a copy,  
for one hour and a half. I have translated it,  
but in such a hurry that I cannot vouch for  
the faithfulness of the translation. The  
Spanish copy is praised for its diction, and  
for the pure Castilian spirit of its language  
which induces the opinion that it is not a  
translation but that some one has written it  
in the original for Gen. Scott. I think dif-  
ferently.

Its facts are conceded and its sentiments  
admired in all quarters, as far as it has circu-  
lated within my knowledge, and many be-  
lieve it will produce a good effect; but the  
Mexicans are so accustomed to grand pro-  
clamations, beautiful language, and to exalted  
sentiment that I am constrained to fear they  
will measure Gen. Scott's proclamations by  
national standard—the only one they know.  
Almost every man in Mexico can read, and  
I hope the document will have a large circula-  
tion.

I have heard nothing new of Santa Anna  
since I wrote by the *Mary Kingland*.

A report is in circulation to-night, that the  
Circus Company which has been recently  
performing here, and left here, a day or two  
ago for Jalapa, has been taken on the road  
by the Guerrillas. A Mexican brought in  
the report, which he had picked up on the  
road, and there is no improbability in it.—  
I am told the Managers had a good deal of  
money with them.

In your paper of the 4th inst. you copy a  
report of the decease of Mrs. Hart, the emi-  
nent and accomplished actress. That lady is  
now sitting within a few feet of me, and au-  
thorizes me to pronounce the report unfoun-  
ded. She is suffering from a severe attack  
of the Rheumatism, but not so seriously as  
to impair the vivacity of her disposition, or  
the sweetness of her voice. She will re-  
turn to her home in New Orleans by the first  
steamer.

The business done on the Mole, and in the  
Custom-house, has materially fallen off with-  
in the past few days. Seven vessels are re-  
ported by the British mail steam *Medway*, to  
be on their way to this port from Havana,  
principally with European cargoes some of  
which have been lying in deposit in that city  
for several months past. I hope the Captains  
will bring the money required in payment of  
their duties, otherwise the greater portion of  
the cargoes will probably return. But little  
money can be expected here before General  
Scott reaches the city of Mexico, and opens a  
channel for it to the sea coast.

Commodore Perry is still at the South-  
ward, but we have not received any news  
from him since we left. We shall probably  
hear from him in a day or two.

The city may be pronounced healthy—only  
a few cases of the yellow fever have occur-  
red, but they have been generally fatal.—  
Great attention is paid to the cleanliness of  
the streets, and strong hopes are entertained  
of keeping the dreadful disease pretty well in  
check during the summer. We have recent-  
ly had some terribly hot days.  
Very respectfully, yours,  
INDICATOR.

## DISCOVERY OF "THUNDERBOLT."

The celebrated English robber, who has for a number  
of years past successfully eluded all search,  
died a few days since at Brattleboro', Vt., where he  
had resided a number of years, and enjoyed much  
celebrity as a physician, entirely unsuspected, but  
much respected. The *Barr* Patriot gives the follow-  
ing account of the discovery of who he really was:  
"During his last illness he refused to be undressed,  
and when near his end, hired two men to bury him  
in his clothes, just as he died, a contract which was  
not fulfilled on their part in consequence of the  
neighbors, who were desirous of giving his remains a  
more decent and befitting burial. On removing his  
clothes previous to his being laid out, the cause of  
this eccentric desire of his was manifest—the with-  
ered leg and cork heel, the shot marks, and the scar  
which witnessed a previous attempt at suicide—pre-  
cisely as laid down in Lightfoot's description of him  
—marked him as the "Thunderbolt" who had gained  
such notoriety in England and this country, as one  
of the most daring and successful highwaymen that  
every grade of the annals of crime. On his person  
were also found a dirk and pistol, and among his ef-  
fects, arms of all descriptions, together with watches,  
diamonds, jewelry, &c., to an enormous value,  
packed away in saw-dust. He always went dressed  
in three suits of clothes, to make his figure more  
portly, and to prevent recognition; and the withered  
leg was found wound with clothes in order to conceal  
the size of the other."