

## A Letter from Walker's Camp.

From the New York Sun.

Rivas, March 16, 1857.

We have just had one of the hardest contested battles ever fought in this country since the arrival of the Americans; but for the particulars:

On the 16th (Monday) the troops were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march, and at 3 o'clock in the morning they started from Rivas for St. George to attack the enemy it being reported that they were not very strong there. Our artillery opened fire upon them about daylight, and kept it up with very destructive effect during the forenoon. At every opening they found the enemy would come out and attempt to drive our men back, but every charge was repulsed with heavy loss. Our men were in the best spirits, and fought throughout like very devils. Our sixteen pounders played on the church with such effect that the enemy, who were there in large numbers, were forced to fly to other parts, and at last having been driven from one corner to another, were compelled to leave the plaza altogether.

Now came the tug of war. Our little army of not exceeding 350 men all told, were surrounded by the enemy, numbering 2,500 or 3,000. We were completely hemmed in, but had gained our point in drawing them out of the place.—All communication with Rivas was cut off, and we were without provisions, having taken none with us, the distance from one place to the other being only three miles. Many a greaser had bitten the dust, and it did not take long to convince the remainder that they could not hold their own.

Their next move, therefore, was to attempt to cut off our retreat. Rivas being defended only by a few citizens, Walker found himself in a very ticklish position; but, forgetting that he was the President of this glorious Republic, he coolly ordered the return, and with pistol in hand, manifested his usual bravery by leading the troops in person through the constant fire of the enemy, who had ambushed themselves all along the road. Our troops drove the enemy before them at every charge, until, coming to a very large ranche or hacienda, they fortified themselves very strongly, throwing up entrenchments and barricades along the road we had to pass.

They were, unfortunately for us, in a position where our artillery could not be brought to play, and this gave them confidence. Gen. Walker, then at the head of the infantry battalion, made a desperate charge upon the barricades, and, after immense slaughter, cut his way past them. At least five hundred shot were fired at the General, but all to no effect. He is not to be killed by the bullets of the enemy. We kept up the fighting for the remainder of the day, and then returned to Rivas for something to eat, and for rest, which the men greatly needed. We left not less than five hundred of the enemy on the field—killed and wounded; and when a greaser is wounded with our Minies he very seldom gets over it.

The enemy are still in the ranche, which is only about 1,000 yards from us. We can see them with the naked eye from our plaza. They are supposed to be only some 300 or 400 strong. Let them stay there for a day or two more and it will be a sorry undertaking for them. We are expecting in about two weeks about 1,000 more men and then hurrah for the Five States! Frank is still on the river with his command, but will probably join us ere long; for we intercepted a courier the other day, on his way from St. George to Costa Rica, with dispatches asking for reinforcements, without which they could not hold the river against him and Lockridge.

Among the incidents of the fight was this one: There was an American in the ranks of the enemy who called out to Major Tucker, who had command of a party of Californians recently arrived:

"Come on, you man whom the Vigilance Committee drove out of San Francisco—come on!"

The Major, quite indignant at the insult, coolly turned to his command and said—

"Men, just stop that that d—d lingo!"

With a whoop and a yell they started and drove them off in all directions.

Gen. Henningsen's coolness and bravery is in every one's mouth. He never dreams of danger.

We lost a good officer during the fight—Major Lewis, 2d Rifles. He was one of the bravest of the brave, and we mourn his loss, but such is the fate of war.

Major Dolan, Frank's favorite, was very badly wounded and not expected to live. He was wounded in the charge upon the barricades.

When Gen. Walker had passed the barricades under the heavy fire I told you of, he very coolly remarked—

"Why, there was a dozen shots fired at me in passing."

Though we all knew there must have been at least five hundred, for the enemy were as thick as bees in honey time.

Yours, ALEX. T. S. ANDERSON,

Capt. — Infantry.