

NICARAGUA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SAN JUAN DEL NORTE, April 1, 1857.

Everything here remains about the same as when I last wrote you. The weather has become once more settled and dry, the sun hot, and the thermometer averaging about 90°. The town is excessively dull and trade entirely flat.

The United States sloop-of-war Saratoga, Commander Tilton, sailed for Pensacola and Key West on the 19th ult., the officers and crew, with the exception of Assistant-Surgeon O'Hara, who was quite ill with fever, all in good health. Nothing could have been more opportune than the arrival of the Saratoga at this port, and nothing could have had a more beneficial effect upon the lawless blackguards prowling about this town, most of whom are titled individuals, who either belong to or have been dismissed from the army of Gen. Walker for various good reasons, prominent among which are drunkenness, indecency and theft.

The steamer Texas arrived from New-Orleans on the 18th with about 150 passengers, mostly recruits for Walker. The 800 men reported by the Tennessee as about to come in the Texas to join in the cause, dwindled down to about one-eighth of that number. These were immediately taken up the river to Sarapiquí, to swell the force already there. The river steamer J. N. Scott, which had just been repaired under the supervision of Capt. Scott, was launched, loaded with provisions, and also dispatched up the river; so that Col. Lockridge now has two river steamers plying between this harbor and the Machuca Rapids, and it is said to be his intention to make an immediate attack on Castillo Viejo, whence the coward, Col. Titus, retreated before a mere handful of Costa Ricans. Gen. Horneby came out in the Texas, and, holding a higher grade in the army, attempted to take command of Lockridge's forces; but, although backed by several other drunken vagabonds, Col. Lockridge refused to listen to any such arrangement, and he finally accompanied the recruits up the river, acting as a subordinate officer to his own subordinate. Col. Lockridge is a hard-working, sober man, civil and respectful in his intercourse with all whom he meets, and deserves to be successfully employed in a better cause; while, almost without an exception, the other officers engaged with him have not even decency enough to be ashamed to beg or steal the liquor they continually pour down their throats.

Some funny scenes occur here. A few days ago two native women, whose lots adjoin each other, had a dispute about boundaries. The authorities were applied to, and the second magistrate of the town, (a person named Barruel), accompanied by a representative of the British Consul, undertook to measure the lands and settle the boundaries. Of course all the friends and acquaintances of the contending parties were present, and vied with each other in the selection of filthy Spanish epithets, which were hurled at each other in voices as loud as the strength of their lungs would permit, and of course the boundaries decided upon were altogether unsatisfactory. The next day the Marshal and another disinterested individual were sent to ascertain whether any mistakes had been made the previous day in the measurement of the lots. As the Marshal was about to stoop down to stretch the line near the house of one of the parties he was hit over the head with a club, and knives, pistols, etc., were produced in great number. The Marshal succeeded in getting possession of a good-sized club, which which he laid about him with a will, and soon drove his assailants into the house. Next came the Chief Magistrate with a file of marines from one of H. B. M. ships to arrest the offender, but he was nowhere to be found, and after marching about a while they returned to their ship. As soon as the marines were out of sight, back came the object of their search to his house, held a conference with his friends, and the next morning handbills were found posted about town, written in Spanish, and filled with the most abusive threats against the Chief Magistrate and others. Yet no notice was taken of it, nor anything further done to bring the offender to justice. This is a fair sample of what the Government of this place and the "British Protectorate" of Mosquito amount to.

A man by the name of Kirkland has arranged with the keeper of the Mosquito King for a large tract of land lying between Indian River (about nine miles from here) and the coast, which he is about to cultivate as a plantation of sugar cane, cotton, &c. There is but little soil, and it remains to be seen whether his efforts will be crowned with success.

By the English mail steamer, which arrived March 28, letters and papers have been received from San Salvador to the 28th Feb., Granada to the 16th, and San Juan del Sur to the 21st ult. Walker's case is now desperate. In the last three battles which he has been forced to fight with the allies his army has been reduced nearly one half, while the only recruits he has received were twenty men, who came down from California by the last steamer, and landed at San Juan del Sur. The last steamer from Punta Arenas took to Panama 126 deserters from his command, who were glad enough to get away. A private letter from San Salvador, dated the 28th Feb., states that the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the San Salvadorenos, and that 2,000 men were to march the next day for Nicaragua, and

1,000 to 1,500 were already en route from Guatemala, commanded by President Carera, who had at last determined to go in person to put a speedy end to the war in Nicaragua. The plan is to surround Walker with a force of 5,000 to 6,000 men, and prevent the possibility of his escape. At Granada some 80 prisoners (filibusters) were engaged in clearing away and repairing the ruins they had helped to make. Don Fulgencio Vega had charge of them. From Costa Rica there is no news of importance. A gentleman by the name of Henry Gotte, whose property has been badly used, and a great portion of it destroyed by Walker, went to San Juan del Sur to endeavor to save something from the ruins. On his arrival at that port, he was sent for by a Col. Casey of Walker's army to go to Rivas and report himself to Walker. As he is an American citizen, and not in any way subject to Gen. Walker's orders, he declined to go. Col. Casey then sent an officer with fifteen Rangers to take him prisoner and compel him to visit the dictator. The U. S. ship St. Mary's being in the harbor, the captain was notified of the movement, and Col. Casey was informed that no more such outrages upon the rights of citizens of the United States would be permitted. It is said that Walker received a flea in his ear that will buzz there for some time. W. Kisan, alias Col. W. H. Rogers, Walker's right hand man, had reached headquarters and resumed his operations of Quarter-master-General.

Col. Lockridge, it is said, dismissed from the army, for drunkenness, &c., Col. Hall, Capt. Farnam and others, who returned to the States per steamer Texas. There are others still left whose dismissal would certainly increase the sobriety and respectability of his command.

Early yesterday morning a gentleman by the name of John Shean, who had arrived on Saturday in the English mail steamer from Aspinwall in apparent good health, died, and was buried in the English naval cemetery near the town. Mr. Shean has been occasionally stopping here for the past year, and is said to be a son-in-law of J. C. Jaques, esq., formerly of New-York City, and now a resident of Texas.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ASPINWALL, April 4, 1857.

Since the arrival of the Orizaba from San Juan del Sur, we have had no intelligence from the seat of war on the Isthmus of Nicaragua. At the last accounts no direct intelligence had been received from Walker since the 5th or 6th of March, since which date all communication between San Juan del Sur and Walker had been cut off by the allies, who held almost undisputed possession of the Transit Road.

By the arrival of the British steamer Clyde at this port from Greytown, we are placed in possession of later intelligence from the filibusters under Lockridge on the San Juan River. My informant states that, previous to the departure of the Clyde, a rumor was current that a battle had been fought between Lockridge's and the Costa Rican forces near Castillo, in which the latter had sustained a defeat. With the view of learning the truth relative to the matter, my informant made efforts to ascertain what foundation there was for the rumor, and he was unable to find any one who was willing to acknowledge the paternity of the statement. He saw Col. Kinney, who discredits it entirely. The Colonel states that desertions from Lockridge's ranks are of almost daily occurrence, and that sickness prevails in his camp to an alarming extent; that the men had refused to remain longer at Sarapiquí or at the Isle of Providence, at the mouth of the San Carlos River, four miles above. The disease prevailing was the fever, and those, with the annoyances of sand-flies and musketoes, which gave them no rest, made their position unendurable, and strong men were soon prostrated. It was in consequence of desertions and disease, Col. Kinney stated, that Lockridge had abandoned his positions at Sarapiquí and Isle of Providence, and he had gone, at the latest accounts, to Machuca, a point a few miles further up. The deserters who came down to Greytown state that Lockridge's movement to Machuca was not wholly on account of preserving the health of his men, but was made with the view of misleading the Costa Ricans; but in what way he intends to mislead them by this movement is not explained. They say that Lockridge's intention is to remain at Machuca until the Texas brings out further recruits, after which it is his intention to march by Sarapiquí toward the Costa Rican capital (?). They also state that Lockridge had sent out scouts to endeavor to find the Costa Rican lead from the interior toward Castillo.

Since writing the foregoing I have seen one of the deserters from Lockridge, who came down from Greytown in the Clyde. He states that Lockridge had accomplished nothing, but was waiting for reinforcements—he expecting the arrival of several hundred men with gun-boats by the Texas, with which he believes he will be able to retake the river. The impression prevails among Lockridge's men that Walker, if he fails to hold the Isthmus, will come to Greytown via Panama and Aspinwall, and there attempt himself the recapture of the San Juan River.

The arrival of the steamer Sierra Nevada in a few days will probably bring the news of Walker's capture or his escape from the country.

EXPERIENCE OF FILIBUSTERING IN NICARAGUA.

From the Louisville Courier of April 12.

Mr. Charles H. Bull, late in the service of General Walker, arrived in this city on Wednesday night. He left here August 6th, and, on his arrival in Nicaragua, was placed in the ranger service, the most arduous but healthiest in the army. He did faithful duty until January 25th, when he and two companions, like himself dissatisfied, were sent out for beef. It was the opportunity they desired, and they took "French leave" and made their way into the wilds of Costa Rica. They had but a small chunk of beef, on which they subsisted for two days. On the third they found a stray mule, which was killed. About forty pounds of this meat was divided out. It was used until it became not only tainted, but full of maggots. Think of that, ye lovers of delicate dainties! Yet this putrid meat to a starving man was a choice morsel. After wandering in the mountains, often having to cut their way with a "machete" (a big knife) through the dense chapparal, the sight of a ranche gladdened their eyes. There were fifty soldiers occupying it. The chief officer gave them a cordial reception, and what was more reviving, good food. After a brief rest, they proceeded to Guanacasta, 40 miles distant. They were deprived of the mules and weapons here, but allowed to sell the equipments, saddles, &c., for which \$5 a piece was received. It was a godsend. Thence the men marched on foot to Basson, 70 miles, over a trail path.

Bull was very ill, weak, dispirited, and despairing. He could not keep pace, and his companions had to abandon him to his fate. Conscious, however, if he faltered he was lost, he nerved himself for the task, and at night would reach the companions of his flight again. In about three days they reached Basson. The natives furnished them with bungos, in which they floated down a river one hundred miles to Punta Arenas on the Pacific. Bull was very ill and out of his mind here for four days, but recovered his health sufficiently to start for San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica, distance eighteen miles, where they were directed to go.

They walked. On reaching there they applied to the American Consul, who refused to assist them, and characterized them as outlaws. The Prussian Consul, Manning, to his honor be it spoken, exerted himself and relieved them as well as others who had fled from Walker. President Mora sent out wine and cigars, and he, as well as all of the Costa Ricans, bestowed every kindness. The Peruvian Minister sent them two ounces of gold, and a Costa Rican gentleman gave them as much more. Even the little children, affected by their sad looks and situation, would approach them timidly and present them with small coins. The native women tendered their sympathy with the grace and delicacy of true women.

From San Jose they were sent back to Punta Arenas, and allowed money for expenses. There the Government paid their board for two weeks. On the arrival of the steamship Panama they, with 134 others who had flocked in in the meantime, left for their own country. The Costa Rican Government paid their entire expenses, \$75 each—to New-Orleans or New-York, as they wished.

The whole people seem to cherish no animosity against any of the filibuster soldiers but Walker. They believe these men are deluded and deceived by him and speculators who thus traffic in human life to gratify motives of selfishness and cupidity. Walker is naturally an object of execration, and if they catch him his fate will be terrible. Mr. Bull shows by his appearance what he has undergone. He says he has lost fifty pounds of flesh since he left Kentucky; but he is glad to get back safe with what is left of him.