

By the arrival of the steamship Tennessee at this port yesterday, we had practical proof of the discomfiture of the filibusters on the San Juan River at least. If the poor, miserable wretches who arrived in the Tennessee are a fair specimen of the bulk of the filibusters, every man who helped to send them to Nicaragua deserves the most condign punishment. It will scarcely be credited that of the fifty returned filibusters, the majority were beardless boys, some of them not yet 13 years of age! All of them were worn down with hunger, fever and exposure, and most of them had the face covered with skin-chiving, bodies than filthy rags, fastened around them with pieces of string. Their gaunt, famished, fever-washed faces were horrible to look upon, while their thin, attenuated bodies moved every beholder to pity. They were landed wholly destitute and penniless, and but for the exertions of a benevolent coachman, named J. A. Van Dyke, many of them, who were unable to help themselves, would have been left on the pier till the Governors of the Alma-Idiote could provide for them. He packed six of the most feeble into a couple of coaches, and drove to the "Head-quarters," where many of them had been enlisted. The place was closed, and he took them to the Washington Hotel, where Major Bartlett, who had good breakfast, and opened a subscription, which soon amounted to \$11, for their benefit. Thence they were taken to the St. Nicholas, where those distinguished filibusters, Gen. Cazneau and Gen. Duff Green, munificently contributed \$5 each to assist them. In this way about \$100 was raised, and they were taken to a clothing store and furnished with shirts, coats, pants, and hats. All of them then shed their rags, bathed, and came out once more with some semblance of civilization about them. After some difficulty luggage were found for them, and Van Dyke endeavored to get them free passage to their several homes.

In the course of our conversation with these poor fellows, we learned that most of them had gone out as farmers, in accordance with the promise of "free farms" and "free passage" which the agents of Walker in this and other cities held out to them. Large numbers of Germans, who had been deluded into going thither, were clamorous for their land; but they were speedily brought into subjection by brutal officers, lost all hope, and under the adversities of their lot and got their land—a scant six feet of Nicaraguan earth. Many of the boys who belong to Walker's army are spoiled little fellows, who, springing to some faded slight or infirmity, run away from their parents, and falling about the streets, return to their homes enlisted in Walker's service. Children of children may be met in any street in New-York, trundling hoops or flying kites, who are as large and as old as some of the "soldiers" who returned yesterday. Their youthful and painfully emaciated appearance attracted a crowd wherever they stopped, and on several occasions if the recruiting agents had been around the popular indignation might have found vent. Such children were sent into the swamps and jungles of Nicaragua to endure hunger, cold, and disease, bear cumbersome rifles and drag heavy cannon through mud, wading under a tropical rain, and at night lie down on the soggy ground, among the rats, musketeers and jiggers, without a blanket to cover them, and rise in the morning minus a meal, to fight armies of natives ten times their number! One of the boys we saw yesterday had a large abscess in his right breast, caused by the recoil of his musket, and many of them were suffering from unhealed gunshot wounds.

The true state of things was never allowed to leak out. Every letter from the men to their friends was destroyed, and the lying bubble soon burst. Some boys had anticipated a few dollars, but they were disappointed, and we do hope that they will no longer be deluded by the lying promises of its agents in the United States. The Tennessee left in the harbor of San Juan, April 6, H. B. M. steamers Orion, Coscaek, Archer, Tartar, Pioneer and Intrepid.

The following are the names of the return soldiers from Walker's army at Nicaragua: Dr. Geo S. Walker, Frank Williams, N. Smith, James J. B. Brown, G. W. Sikes, J. B. Blair, J. W. Borden, A. F. Wood, W. W. Johnston, J. S. Brown, James Fitzgerald, W. W. Bredford, J. Williams, M. Schreiber, W. M. Neep, R. J. Adams, J. H. Adams, E. S. Baker, W. Hamilton, J. V. Bell, J. O'Connell, J. J. Adams, J. J. Adams, N. B. Charlton, W. Williams, J. E. Brown, E. E. Charlton, Thomas Pettis, J. Lorenz, T. S. McNeely, J. C. Smith.

From Our own Correspondent.

THE TENNESSEE NORTH, April 3, 1857. The little steamer Tennessee reached Punta Arenas, opposite this town, about 12 o'clock m. to-day from Michuca and Sarapiquí, bringing rather discouraging news from the filibusters on the River San Juan. Instead of capturing Castillo Viejo with the ease they had anticipated several days of great exertion, they had discovered that the Costa Ricans were strongly barricaded at that point, and had a force of 1,100 men silently awaiting an attack. At this discovery their courage entirely failed, and they beat a hasty retreat down the river to Sarapiquí, where they were met by the British. Here they halted, but it seems in vain that they were in a nervous excitement that after an interval of about twenty minutes their best steamer (the Scott) blew up, killing sixteen and badly scalding some seventy others, several of whom, it is thought, cannot live. The British and a few officers were brought to Punta Arenas, where their wounds were looked after by Dr. Cody of this town. The steamer, it is said, will return to Sarapiquí and bring down the remainder to Punta Arenas, preparatory to quitting this country. The steamer Tennessee, which was blown up, left at 10 o'clock last night, and left again at the same hour this morning for Aspinwall. She is expected to return here on Sunday on her way to New-York. The English mail steamer Clyde, which left after the Tennessee, is expected to reach Aspinwall on Sunday morning, April 5, 1857. The little steamer Rescue, with Col. Lockridge and Commodore de Brissot on board, went up the river to Sarapiquí, for the purpose, as I learn, of bringing down the balance of the forces to Punta Arenas, preparatory to embarking them on board the Tennessee for New-York. The Tennessee is expected from Aspinwall this afternoon. Several of the scalded have died at Punta Arenas, and two or three are in a very bad way. Those at the Point are in a most shocking condition—the fevered one having only a plank beneath them, and a rickety adze overhead, while the musketeers, sandflies and jiggers feast upon their mangled and horribly bruised and

scalded bodies. They present a spectacle terrible to behold, and to look upon.

His Majesty, the Mosquito King, arrived here from Bluefields in his royal yacht, and is staying at the British Consulate. His yacht, with the royal coat of arms flying, is at anchor near H. B. M. ship Coscaek in our harbor.

CONFIRMATION OF THE TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS.

A reliable and intelligent officer under Col. Lockridge has given us a general account of the movements on the San Juan River, up to the time of the departure of the Tennessee for Greytown. Col. Lockridge retreated or repulsed the Kansas Titus, Col. Lockridge mustered all his available forces, consisting of from 250 to 300 men, and put them on board the two steamers, Scott and Rescue, together with the sick—75 or 80 in number—and got under weigh to go up the river and attack Castillo. About 8 miles below the rapids is a place called Kelly's Point or store; and here most of the men were landed in order to lighten the draft of the steamers, and enable them to ascend the rapids more easily. Two companies were left in charge at Kelly's, and the remainder marched to a point above the larger rapids, where they again went on board the steamers, while fifty rags, fastened around them with pieces of string. Their gaunt, famished, fever-washed faces were horrible to look upon, while their thin, attenuated bodies moved every beholder to pity. They were landed wholly destitute and penniless, and but for the exertions of a benevolent coachman, named J. A. Van Dyke, many of them, who were unable to help themselves, would have been left on the pier till the Governors of the Alma-Idiote could provide for them. He packed six of the most feeble into a couple of coaches, and drove to the "Head-quarters," where many of them had been enlisted. The place was closed, and he took them to the Washington Hotel, where Major Bartlett, who had good breakfast, and opened a subscription, which soon amounted to \$11, for their benefit. Thence they were taken to the St. Nicholas, where those distinguished filibusters, Gen. Cazneau and Gen. Duff Green, munificently contributed \$5 each to assist them. In this way about \$100 was raised, and they were taken to a clothing store and furnished with shirts, coats, pants, and hats. All of them then shed their rags, bathed, and came out once more with some semblance of civilization about them. After some difficulty luggage were found for them, and Van Dyke endeavored to get them free passage to their several homes.

A flag waved defiance from Fort Castillo, and a water battery was discovered, which had sprung up on the hill at the last night. Besides this, the elevation known as Nelson's Hill, lower down on the same side of the river, was occupied by the enemy, and strongly fortified. Altogether, an attack on the two positions was not likely to be attended with any success, as furthermore the Costa Ricans appeared to be in very strong force. In gloomy spirits then, all turned their faces down the river, according to command, and after another disembarkation, reached Kelly's Point. From thence the steamers proceeded on, and when near Sarapiquí were run bow on to the shore, to enable a reconnaissance to be made of that place, so as to see whether the enemy had recaptured it—it having been dismantled and all the buildings burned, when Col. Anderson moved up the river to join Lockridge.

While the Scott was lying in this position, a terrible explosion of the boiler took place, instantly killing from fifteen to twenty persons, and scalding a half dozen more so severely that they have since died. At least twenty-five others were more or less badly scalded, but none of them fatally. Col. Frank Anderson, Capt. Schlicht and other officers were slightly scalded. The explosion was attributed to the impaired condition of the boiler, and also the negligence of the engineer, who was among the number of those killed. The Scott immediately began to sink, but being grounded she was only partially lost. Subsequently she was cut up by Col. Lockridge, and her remains were sent to the bottom of the river, a total wreck. Her machinery is believed to be unimpaired, and may hereafter be raised; but the boat itself is worthless.

After the accident the wounded and most of the sick were placed on a large barge and towed down to Greytown by the Rescue. Here they received the attentions of the various surgeons of the British fleet, who generously tendered their services to relieve their sufferings. Col. Lockridge was very busy preparing to leave Greytown to join Walker by Aspinwall, when the Tennessee left. As the Commander of the British fleet was in the habit of giving a chance to all who were in want of aid, and who were ready to go home, it was thought the force of Col. Lockridge could be pretty thoroughly sifted before he got away from Greytown. While on the way down the river, after retiring from Castillo, Col. Lockridge sounded his men on the subject of following him to join Walker, and could muster only 150 for that purpose. By the time he is ready to go it is hardly probable that half that number, in all, will prefer to pursue the dismal fortunes of Walker's cause to taking a free passage home.

Below we give the statements of a number of men who came home in the Tennessee:

THE EXPERIENCE OF A VOLUNTEER.

One of the passengers who returned by the Tennessee to New-York was a young man of twenty four years of age named George W. Sites, who went to Nicaragua on the twenty-fourth of December last. Mr. Sites was a medical student in Philadelphia, but becoming tired of study, and being naturally of a roving disposition, he decided to try his fortunes among the Filibusters. He joined Capt. Coghlin's company, took a Lieutenant's commission, and was sent to Nicaragua, where he was provided with—being supplied with money, with a healthy experience, though one of privation and suffering, has been more fortunate than nineteen out of twenty of those who have enlisted in Walker's cause, inasmuch as he is enabled to return to his home with a fair prospect of recovering his health. When he left, in December last, he weighed 150 pounds. He has been taken down by one of the diseases peculiar to that climate, though wounded by gun-shots in the thigh and knee, yet he presented yesterday a sorrowful, scarcely a hundred pounds, and weighing scarcely a hundred pounds. He has written the history of his experience, partly written by himself and partly dictated to our reporter, as follows:

We left New-York in the steamship Tennessee, on the 24th day of December, 1856, and for the first few days had tempestuous passage. The Tennessee having injured herself during the passage, she was forced to put in at Norfolk, where we remained some three or four days, and was finally relieved by the steamer Adger, upon which we proceeded to Greytown, experiencing pleasant weather. We landed at Punta Arenas on the 9th of January, and proceeded up the San Juan River a distance of half a mile, to a point which was situated in a state of the successive name of Point Misery. It was a swampy piece of ground, and if a soldier got a place sufficiently large to lie upon without having some part of his body in the water, he was considered himself fortunate. We had no shelter whatever, and the rain fell incessantly. The health of the soldiers suffered much from exposure. After remaining a week at this place, we were ordered to march to the Point Misery, where we became the insurgents, and Col. Lockridge was in consequence forced to come down to Punta Arenas, where he remained for some days. The agent of the Transit Company, a quantity of lumber. The British and the American sheds, under which a number of the companies sheltered themselves. The sheds afforded good protection from the rain, but the men were crowded together, and were very uncomfortable. My company was unfortunately being in tents, and the consequence was that every night we were drenched to the skin. At that time some of the men were provided with overcoats, which served an excellent purpose. Our daily rations at this time consisted of three crackers and a piece of salt pork, and sometimes a small bit of salt beef. In place of pork a small bit of salt beef. In place of salt-beef, during the first few days, we kept off the fever; but this healthy luxury was interrupted by Col. Lockridge, under whose command we were, gave as a reason that there were sharks in the surf, and that he feared we might be lost in this way. The suffering of the men was now increasing, and the exposure and want of proper care, growing out of the fact that the men were crowded together, and were in a most shocking condition—the fevered one having only a plank beneath them, and a rickety adze overhead, while the musketeers, sandflies and jiggers feast upon their mangled and horribly bruised and

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Below we give the statements of a number of men who came home in the Tennessee: THE EXPERIENCE OF A VOLUNTEER. One of the passengers who returned by the Tennessee to New-York was a young man of twenty four years of age named George W. Sites, who went to Nicaragua on the twenty-fourth of December last. Mr. Sites was a medical student in Philadelphia, but becoming tired of study, and being naturally of a roving disposition, he decided to try his fortunes among the Filibusters. He joined Capt. Coghlin's company, took a Lieutenant's commission, and was sent to Nicaragua, where he was provided with—being supplied with money, with a healthy experience, though one of privation and suffering, has been more fortunate than nineteen out of twenty of those who have enlisted in Walker's cause, inasmuch as he is enabled to return to his home with a fair prospect of recovering his health. When he left, in December last, he weighed 150 pounds. He has been taken down by one of the diseases peculiar to that climate, though wounded by gun-shots in the thigh and knee, yet he presented yesterday a sorrowful, scarcely a hundred pounds, and weighing scarcely a hundred pounds. He has written the history of his experience, partly written by himself and partly dictated to our reporter, as follows: We left New-York in the steamship Tennessee, on the 24th day of December, 1856, and for the first few days had tempestuous passage. The Tennessee having injured herself during the passage, she was forced to put in at Norfolk, where we remained some three or four days, and was finally relieved by the steamer Adger, upon which we proceeded to Greytown, experiencing pleasant weather. We landed at Punta Arenas on the 9th of January, and proceeded up the San Juan River a distance of half a mile, to a point which was situated in a state of the successive name of Point Misery. It was a swampy piece of ground, and if a soldier got a place sufficiently large to lie upon without having some part of his body in the water, he was considered himself fortunate. We had no shelter whatever, and the rain fell incessantly. The health of the soldiers suffered much from exposure. After remaining a week at this place, we were ordered to march to the Point Misery, where we became the insurgents, and Col. Lockridge was in consequence forced to come down to Punta Arenas, where he remained for some days. The agent of the Transit Company, a quantity of lumber. The British and the American sheds, under which a number of the companies sheltered themselves. The sheds afforded good protection from the rain, but the men were crowded together, and were very uncomfortable. My company was unfortunately being in tents, and the consequence was that every night we were drenched to the skin. At that time some of the men were provided with overcoats, which served an excellent purpose. Our daily rations at this time consisted of three crackers and a piece of salt pork, and sometimes a small bit of salt beef. In place of pork a small bit of salt beef. In place of salt-beef, during the first few days, we kept off the fever; but this healthy luxury was interrupted by Col. Lockridge, under whose command we were, gave as a reason that there were sharks in the surf, and that he feared we might be lost in this way. The suffering of the men was now increasing, and the exposure and want of proper care, growing out of the fact that the men were crowded together, and were in a most shocking condition—the fevered one having only a plank beneath them, and a rickety adze overhead, while the musketeers, sandflies and jiggers feast upon their mangled and horribly bruised and

scalded bodies. They present a spectacle terrible to behold, and to look upon. His Majesty, the Mosquito King, arrived here from Bluefields in his royal yacht, and is staying at the British Consulate. His yacht, with the royal coat of arms flying, is at anchor near H. B. M. ship Coscaek in our harbor. CONFIRMATION OF THE TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS. A reliable and intelligent officer under Col. Lockridge has given us a general account of the movements on the San Juan River, up to the time of the departure of the Tennessee for Greytown. Col. Lockridge retreated or repulsed the Kansas Titus, Col. Lockridge mustered all his available forces, consisting of from 250 to 300 men, and put them on board the two steamers, Scott and Rescue, together with the sick—75 or 80 in number—and got under weigh to go up the river and attack Castillo. About 8 miles below the rapids is a place called Kelly's Point or store; and here most of the men were landed in order to lighten the draft of the steamers, and enable them to ascend the rapids more easily. Two companies were left in charge at Kelly's, and the remainder marched to a point above the larger rapids, where they again went on board the steamers, while fifty rags, fastened around them with pieces of string. Their gaunt, famished, fever-washed faces were horrible to look upon, while their thin, attenuated bodies moved every beholder to pity. They were landed wholly destitute and penniless, and but for the exertions of a benevolent coachman, named J. A. Van Dyke, many of them, who were unable to help themselves, would have been left on the pier till the Governors of the Alma-Idiote could provide for them. He packed six of the most feeble into a couple of coaches, and drove to the "Head-quarters," where many of them had been enlisted. The place was closed, and he took them to the Washington Hotel, where Major Bartlett, who had good breakfast, and opened a subscription, which soon amounted to \$11, for their benefit. Thence they were taken to the St. Nicholas, where those distinguished filibusters, Gen. Cazneau and Gen. Duff Green, munificently contributed \$5 each to assist them. In this way about \$100 was raised, and they were taken to a clothing store and furnished with shirts, coats, pants, and hats. All of them then shed their rags, bathed, and came out once more with some semblance of civilization about them. After some difficulty luggage were found for them, and Van Dyke endeavored to get them free passage to their several homes.

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