LATER FROM NICARAGUA.

ARRIVAL OF THE TENNESSEE.

NO NEWS FROM WALKER.

LOCKRIDGE RETREATING.

Castillo not yet Taken.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

Sixty Fillibusters Killed and Wounded.

ATTEMPT TO REACH WALKER ABANDONED

STATEMENTS OF RETURNED SOLDIERS.

List of the Killed and Wounded.

By the arrival of the steamship Tennessee at this port yesterday, we had practical proof of the discomfiture of the fillibusters 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 fillibusters, every man who helped to send them to Nicaragua deserves the most condign punishment. It will scarcely be credited that of the fifty returned fillibusters, 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 no other covering on their shivering bodies than filthy rags, fastenened around them with pieces of string. Their gaunt, famine-stricken, fever-wasted faces were horrible to look upon, while their lean, 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 Alms-House could provide for them. He packed sixteen of the most feeble into a couple of coaches, and drove to the "Headquarters," where many of them had been enlisted. But the place was closed, and he took them to the Washington Hotel, where Major Bartlett gave them a good breakfast, and opened a subscription, which soon amounted to $41, for their benefit. Thence they were taken to the St. Nicholas, where those distinguished fillibusters, Gen. Cazeneau 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 lodgings were found for them, and Van Dyke will endeavor to get them free passage to their several homes.

In the course of our conversation with these poor fellows yesterday, 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, sunk 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 spirited little fellows, who, owing to some fancied slight or injury, had run away from their parents, and falling short of money, rather than return home enlisted in Walker's service. Plenty 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 and thirst and nakedness, bear cumbrous rifles and drag heavy cannon through mud and forest, under a tropical sun, and at night lie down on the soaking ground, among the gnats, musketoes and jiggers, without a single 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, lest the lying bubble should burst sooner than it has. But fillibusterism is pretty nearly defunct now, and we do hope that our young men 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. war steamers Orion, Cossack, Archer, Tartar, Pioneer and Intrepid.

The following are the names of the return soldiers from Walker's army at Nicaragua:

Dr Geo S Welz,	Frank Wilson,	N Smith,
Lieut J H Tevis,	Thos Duncan,	J Mebegow,
Privates J D Borten,	G W Sites,	J Bleaker,
J M Holden,	A Smith,	M Riley,
J W Borten,	Alfred Goff,	W W Johnston,
J G Starr,	James Fitzgerald,	Wm Brandgold,
J Butt,	J Tully,	J Bleeker,
F Williams,	M Schreiber,	William Neep.
Joseph Taylor,	A Wolf,	J A Ward,
Wm Gensdower,	P M McClosky,	E S Baker,
R Hamilton,	J W Rilling,	J O'Connell,
A Hantzman,	H G Rousseau,	J Jackson,
William Wright,	C Brown,	N E Taylor,
J Wragg,	J McClinton,	F Klein,
W Carrotte,	J Eckerson,	P E Charlton.
Thomas Ferris,	J Logan,	T S McNeely,
J D Fenn,	S Shennessen,	Total.....50.

From Our own Correspondent.

SAN JUAN DEL NORTE, April 3, 1857.

The little steamer Rescue reached Punta Arenas, opposite this town, about 12 o'clock m. to-day from Machuca and Sarapiqui, bringing rather discouraging news from the fillibusters on the River San Juan. Instead of capturing Castillo Viejo with the ease they had anticipated, after several days of great expectations, they all of a sudden 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 fizzled out, and they beat a hasty retreat down the river to Sarapiqui, taking with them all of their effects. Here they halted, but it seems in such a state of 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 scalded 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 Sarapiqui and bring down the remainder to Punta Arenas, preparatory to quitting the country. Thus, so far, ends the solemn farce.

The steamship Tennessee arrived at about 11 o'clock last night, and left again at about the same hour this morning for Aspinwall. She is expected to return here on Sunday on her way to New-York. By the English mail steamer Clyde, which left early this morning, about twenty deserters were sent to Aspinwall, en route for the United States.

SUNDAY MORNING, April 5, 1857.

The little steamer Rescue, with Col. Lockridge and Commodore de Brissot on board, went up the river to Sarapiqui, 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 poor wretches likewise who had contrived to get to this side of the Bay. Those at the Point are in a most shocking condition—the *favored* once having only a plank beneath them, and a rickety shed overhead, while the musketoes, sandflies and jiggers feast upon their mangled and horribly bruised and scalded bodies. They present a spectacle terrible in the extreme to look upon.

His Majesty, the Mosquito King, arrived here from Blewfields in his royal yacht, and is staying at the British Consul's. His yacht, with the royal colors flying, is at anchor near H. B. M. ship Cossack 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 from Greytown.

After the retreat or repulse of 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 Kelley'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, which proceeded at once toward Fort Castillo. The Fillibusters expected to find the fortifications in a good state of defense, and well garrisoned, but they were not prepared to find it impregnable, as far as the strength of their force was concerned. At the sight which met their view there was a spontaneous indulgence in severe epithets and profane allusions. Some cursed Col. Titus for letting the opportunity of blowing the "Greasers" to a certain place pass, while others execrated the Costa Ricans for showing so much industry and judgment.

A flag waved defiance from Fort Castillo, and a water battery was discovered, which had sprung up since Col. Titus last saw the place. Beside this, an 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 Kelley's Point. From thence the steamers proceeded on, and when near Sarapiqui were run bow on to the shore, to enable a reconnoisance to be made of that place, so as to see whether the enemy had reoccupied 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 aground at her bow, only partially filled. Subsequently she was scuttled by order of Col. Lockridge, and now lies at the bottom of the river, a total wreck. Her machinery is believed to be uninjured, and may hereafter be raired; but the boat itself is worthless.

After the accident the wounded and most of the sick were placed on a large bungo 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 via Aspinwall, when the Tennessee left. As the Commander of the British fleet was in the habit of giving a chance to all the fillibusters who came within his reach to leave and go home, it was thought the force of Lockridge would 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 Fillibusters. He joined Capt. Coghlin's company, took a Lieutenant's commission, and came on to New-York, well equipped and provided—being supplied with means by a wealthy father. His 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 none of the diseases peculiar to that climate, though wounded by gun-shots in the thigh and knee, yet he presented yesterday a sorrowful spectacle—emaciated, pale and haggard, and weighing scarcely a hundred pounds. The brief history of his experience, partly written by himself and partly dictated to our reporter, is as follows:

We left New-York in the steamship Tennessee, on the 24th day of December, 1856, and for the first few days had favorable passage. The Tennessee, having injured herself during the stormy weather, she was forced to put in at Norfolk, where we remained some three or four days, and was finally relieved by the steamer James 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 subsequently given the suggestive name of Point Misery. It was a swampy, miry 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 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 Point Misery, the soldiers became insubordinate, and Col. Lockridge was in consequence forced to come down to Punta Arenas, where Mr. Morris, the agent of the Transit Company, had a quantity of lumber. This we took and erected sheds, under which a number of the companies sheltered themselves. The sheds afforded good protection, but the tents in which others of the soldiers were quartered were practically of no value. My company was unfortunate in being in tents, and the consequence was that every night we were drenched to the skin. At that time some of us had no blankets, but having left in the Winter time most were provided with overcoats, which served an excellent purpose. Our daily rations at this time consisted of three crackers and a piece of pork, and sometimes instead of pork a small bit of salt bacon. By sea-bathing, during the first few days, we kept off the fever; but this healthy luxury was interdicted by Col. Lockridge, under whose command we were, who gave as a reason that there were sharks in the surf, and that we might be bitten in this way. The great sufferings of the men up to this time, growing out of exposure and want of proper care and attention, led them to seek every opportunity to desert by crossing over to Greytown, where, if they sought British protection, they received it. Desertions became so numerous that, finding there were but few Costa Ricans, Lockridge decided to cross the river and take possession of a point called Patacka, which, at that time, was held by a small force of Costa Ricans. A good-sized hacienda existed here, with a plentiful supply of green corn, oranges lemons and other tropical fruits. The Costa Ricans deserted the place as soon as they heard us steaming up the river. When we landed here we had about 250 men; but we had hardly been there 24 hours before we began to suffer from sickness. The sickness was caused by eating green corn and green limes and lemons, and by drinking the fresh, unwholesome water of the San Juan River. Twenty-five were taken down here very soon with the diarrhœ, though none died that I remember. We lost two men, however, who were sent out as scouts. The presumption was that they must have been killed by some parties of Costa Ricans who were known to be lurking in the vicinity. A day or two subsequently some of our men found two newly made graves, but they did not wait to open them. They supposed them to be those of the two missing men—Elton or Elden of Alabama, and Colville or Caldwell, residence unknown. After remaining one week at Patacka, which had been named Fort Anderson, after Col. Frank Anderson, we went up the river a short distance by steamer, where we disembarked, and commenced a weary march by land. We were compelled to cut our way through tangled forest and swamp until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached the San Juan River again opposite Sarapiqui, at Cody's Point. An attack was commenced immediately upon the enemy at Fort Sarapiqui. Some of our men rushed madly into the attack and acted very unadvisedly and without orders. The first battalion was commanded by Col. Anderson and the second by Col. Titus. The latter were all dressed in blue shirts, by which they were readily distinguished, but Anderson's battalion were dressed in every conceivable irregularity of costume. Cody's Point is a high hill, and while Anderson's followed around it, keeping the course of the men, Titus's battalion marched over the hill; as they came over the top they discovered us, from the distance they did not recognize us, and supposing us to be Costa Ricans they fired. All the Americans who were killed or wounded in that attack, with one exception, were shot by Titus's battalion. The only one wounded by the Costa Ricans was Major Robert Ellis, who imprudently got from behind his shelter to observe the manner in which a cannon was moved out. He was struck in the forehead by a ball. Before the retreat was ordered, Company B, Captain Harris, had become separated from our main body, and passing round to the river side they fell into an ambuscade of the enemy, who were hid behind a chaparal. Capt. Harris ordered his men to charge upon the pickets, by whose fire they were exposed, though his men were armed with rifles without bayonets. Lieutenant John P. Homan, a Texas Ranger, and one of the bravest men in Nicaragua, drew his sword and endeavored to rally the men to charge, but before he had succeeded he was struck in the head by a bullet and fell dead; as he fell the men lost their courage and retreated in a disorderly manner. Capt. Harris is said to have acted cowardly in the affair. In retreating we took the same path by which we came, and it was not until two hours after dark that we found Titus and his battalion. I then commenced to rain heavily, and continued during the whole night. We wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and without shelter, drenched to the skin, enjoyed a good night's rest after the severe labor of the day. The next day we embarked aboard the steamer Rescue and went up the river to within a mile of Sarapiqui, where we disembarked and fortified a point which we called Fort Titus. Here we remained one week, during which time we suffered much from sickness. On the last afternoon each company was called before the officers and every man furnished with a minié musket and balls; we were told that we must prepare for a hot engagement the next day, and each company was informed that upon it alone would rest the honor of the victory. About three o'clock the next morning we were called up early and sent across the river in the Rescue. We cut our way up to the mouth of the Sarapiqui River opposite Sarapiqui, while in the mean time Gen. Wheat had dragged a bungo out with the aid of two or three companies on the other side of the river, so that we had the Costa Ricans between two fires. The undertaking was one of an almost herculean nature, but it was successfully accomplished. Gen. Wheat commenced the attack about sunrise, at the mouth of the Costa Rican—they being encountered in a line in the fort at the time. The fire was immediately returned by the Costa Ricans with cannon and muskets, and was kept up on both sides until about 12 o'clock, when we reached our position on the opposite side, sheltering ourselves behind logs; four companies, under Major Hunter Brady, a valiant officer, and myself, succeeded in dislodging the Costa Ricans from their position. They retreated to the woods, and among the first was Gen. Mateo Mora, said to be a brother of President Mora, who left an elegant sword in the fort, on which his name was inscribed. We took one prisoner, who was wounded, and from him learned that the Costa Rican General left the place at noon, about 150 men left in the afternoon, and the rest during the night, after destroying their ammunition and whatever else they could, in their hurry. They threw overboard two cannon and some cannon balls. Our loss was two killed (whom we buried) and several wounded. We found in the fort a quantity of female clothing, a thousand pairs of pants, 200,000 rounds of cartridges, seven cannon, two pieces of artillery, silver tea kettles and muskets to bare, the luxury of which we appreciated. The succeeding day we sent out scouting parties to ascertain whether the Costa Ricans were still near us. They found that in their retreat they had thrown away muskets, articles of clothing, money and bijouterie. In that attack I was wounded by a buck shot in my knee and a bullet in my thigh. Capt. Schleitz, one of the bravest men in the army, had a ball through the shoulder, which the doctor extracted from behind. He was afterwards killed in the steamboat explosion. All the wounded were well cared for. A Costa Rican was wounded and lay in the grass, and when we were placing our picket guards, raised himself up, when one of our men levelled his musket and blew his head off; so we lost that man. It would have been much better to have saved him as then we should have had two prisoners, each to corroborate the other's statement. He would not have been killed had he not at the time been acting as an ambuscade, and the guard-house being full of Costa Ricans. The other prisoner was slightly wounded, but he afterwards died of fever or cholera.

We had been at Sarapiqui but a few days before we found the locality to be very sickly—the chills and fever prevailing to an alarming extent—four or five persons dying a day from fever and general debility. After he had taken Sarapiqui, Col. Titus marched against Castillo, and might have taken it but for a blunder in allowing them twenty-four hours to wait for reinforcements. When the reinforcements came they fired upon Titus's command, and he shouted: "Re" "treat, boys, retreat; you might as well retreat," and ran away himself first. His men remained and fired a few rounds, and finding that they had no commander, of course retreated. They did not shoot him for cowardice because he was a colonel, and nobody was above him in rank. He left Brantley's command in the lurch and everybody else, and ran away to save himself. On the 27th of March, Col. Lockridge finding that Sarapiqui was too unhealthy for his men, many of whom sickened and were thrown as mere burdens upon his hands, conceived the idea (unhappily too late) of advancing up the river and attacking Castillo Viejo. This is a large fort, built upon a high bluff, commanding the entire river for some two miles on either side. If well manned and well defended, it is almost impregnable. We reached Kelly's store, a point some eight miles below Castillo, late in the evening of the day of our departure from Sarapiqui. On the 29th, orders were given for all the able-bodied men (saving two companies which were left at Kelly's store to guard the sick and wounded from any surprise on the part of the enemy,) to form in line and prepare for march. The Rescue carried the surgeons and a few men as guard until they passed the Machuca Rapids, when it took on board the men who had left Kelly's store by land, and thus with the full force it proceeded on its way to Castillo Viejo. The men were landed some distance below the fort, great care having been taken that the steamer should run no risk from the guns of the Costa Ricans. Having left their way through the woods, they were astonished upon arriving in sight of the fort to find it fortified so strongly that it was madness to attempt an assault with the weak material they possessed. Nelson's Hill, a most important post, hitherto neglected by the enemy, had been strongly fortified; trenches had been dug, barricades had been built and water batteries erected, rendering the place absolutely impregnable to the force that Lockridge could bring to bear against it. Retreat was inevitable, and without a shot being fired upon either side, the men turned back and reached Kelly's store on the 31st of March. On the 1st of April we embarked in the steamers Rescue and J. N. Scott, to return—hoping to reach San Juan del Norte by the next morning. The Rescue led the way with men well armed, to clear the river in case the enemy had retaken any of the points below. In tow of the Scott was a heavy scow known as the launch, used to store provisions. On board of the Scott were over fifty sick and wounded, about a hundred and fifty able-bodied men. The day was one of the loveliest I had ever experienced on the river. We were all felicitating ourselves on the prospect of being able to leave a country which thus far had only been fruitful to us of disease, poverty and suffering. About 11 o'clock we had reached a point about a mile above Sarapiqui. The Scott is a little stern-wheel steamer, made in the form of small steamers used on the Western Rivers. On the lower deck a large number of persons were near the boilers. On the second deck a few who were seated, but most of the sick were on the back part of the boiler-deck or in their berths. We were first startled by the steamer running aground, but we had hardly recovered from this surprise before we heard a heavy, stunning report. Fearing that the Costa Ricans had come down from Sarapiqui, and had posted themselves to attack us on our way down, my first impression was that they had fired upon the steamer from the river bank, and that the shot had struck our boiler. A moment, however, sufficed to show our true situation. The boiler had exploded. Over thirty of the soldiers had been blown into the water or in the sand, and soon the spaces were filled with the most heart-rending cries of agony which it is possible to conceive of. Many begged piteously of their more fortunate companions to shoot them to put them out of their misery. Their ragged clothing was in many instances entirely blown from their mutilated bodies. As soon as possible, the sufferers were hurried on board the launch, and a barrel of lard was broken open and applied to the wounds. Of the 60 who were put on board of the launch, 20 died before they reached Greytown and were buried. About 30 were killed instantly, and 40 remained at Greytown at the date of the departure of the Tennessee, so badly scalded that it would be dangerous to have removed them at that time. Of the two engineers, one was killed instantly, and the other, James Wilson, was badly scalded. He died in my side of the launch as we came down; his injuries were not dangerous, had he not in the madness of his suffering insisted upon drinking copiously of cold water against the advice of the surgeon. When we arrived at Punta Arenas, the officers of the English men-of-war immediately sent their staff of surgeons to the shore with every variety of medicines, wines, and everything requisite to ameliorate their sufferings; and nothing could exceed the kindness they manifested. The cause of the explosion is yet unexplained. The fact that the faces of those who were near the boiler were blacked with powder, has given rise to the belief that some desperate character, determined to do all the mischief he could, had thrown some powder into the furnace; and the fact that there was no powder near the boilers and that none of the powder in the hurricane-deck ignited, would seem to support that belief. The hospital at Sarapiqui was under a large shed perfectly water proof; each man was there provided with two blankets. The surgeons who attended upon us were quacks, who, in addition to an ignorance of their assumed profession, had but a limited supply of medicines, and that often inappropriate for the prevailing disease. The rations the soldiers received consisted of one cracker and a half and three tea spoonsful of boiled rice per day. The pretense for giving this scanty allowance was that to give more to sick or a wounded man would result in his death. Men able to do duty were allowed three crackers per day and a piece of salt pork. Sometimes scouting parties were allowed to go out on hunting parties, which in every case was appropriated by the officers—they sometimes allowing those who had killed and brought it in a small piece for their services. There was no nursing, and no further attention paid to the sick than the formal call of the *quasi* surgeon, and the supply of medicines mentioned. At one time there were seventy-five persons sick at Sarapiqui. I should have written letters to the United States, but having seen the fate of the letters of others, I thought it would be useless to attempt it. Lockridge never permitted any letters to go out of the camp either from officers or soldiers, they being in every case destroyed, and in many instances thrown open by him with the view of ascertaining the feelings of men whom he udged to be in any way doubtful.

THE EXPLOSION.

A fillibuster who was on board the Scott at the time of the explosion thus describes it:

The steamer left Kelley's Point and proceeded down the river toward Sarapiqui, conveying Lockridge's troops from Castillo, after the unsuccessful expedition. She was accompanied by a small iron steamer called the Rescue. On the first day out two of the firemen of the steamer died. This was about twenty-five miles from Fort Hunter. The intention was to endeavor to reach Greytown, to leave the sick and those who were determined to return home, while those bound for Walker proceeded. On Wednesday, about 11 a. m., when a mile and a half from Sarapiqui, and about four miles from Kelley's Point, we were all startled by the explosion. I was at the time on the second deck, among the sick. There were about one hundred at that moment standing around, just over the boiler. The sick were all confined on the second deck, aft of the boiler. Within about ten feet of us were about two and one-half tons of powder, covered over with canvas and guarded by a sentinel. Fortunately none of this took fire. I myself helped to put it on board. Quite a large number of those on the second deck were blown into the river, and one or two were blown on to the shore. They had just turned toward a little island in the river, where they were about to lay to to get wood, when the explosion came on, that they might go down the river and see whether the enemy had fortified Sarapiqui, and intended to oppose them in Castillo. Lockridge felt solicitous about this point, because the steamer had so much powder on board, which a chance shot might destroy. The Rescue (tender) had about two hundred men on board. At the time of the explosion the Rescue was about a quarter of a mile behind us. The Rescue, and those on board the steamer not injured, immediately proceeded to pick up the injured and take them ashore. There was no accommodation, and they were all put on the ground, with nothing on or over them. Their sufferings were lamentable. Lockridge and Weeks were both on the steamer at the time. Lockridge was uninjured, but Weeks, who was washing on the second deck, near the wheelhouse, was blown out of a window into the river. As soon as he got up and got his head out of water, he exclaimed to the boys who were jumping overboard, "Boys, don't jump; there is no danger!" Instead of the panic, and prevented further loss of life by drowning. There were about twenty-five killed, and thirty or forty wounded. Some eight or ten of the wounded died after being got ashore. At the time of the explosion the men were scattered all over the steamer, some playing cards, some singing, and one party was conversing, wishing themselves home. Instead of the explosion, I was informed from what I could ascertain, was caused by one of the heads of the boiler being blown out. It carried away all the upper deck and the larboard wheelhouse, and a portion of the bow of the boat. A large hole, too, was knocked in the bottom. The boat instantly filled, and went over on her side toward the beach. The force of the explosion drove the bow of the boat some little distance on to the sand bar. There were on board the steamer J. N. Scott, among other fire-arms, two little guns, one four-pounder, and two six-pounders, and a howitzer. Most of the men killed were of the hundred who intended to proceed with Lockridge to join Walker. All were finally taken on the Rescue—the wounded and all—to Greytown, where they found the Tennessee. Here they were told by the agent they could come home in the steamer if they chose. Some got aboard, and some did not, but all would have been glad to come.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

We have collected the names of the killed and wounded by the explosion on the steamer J. N. *Scott*, and append them, as far as known:

KILLED.

Major W Morris,	Charles J Hale,
Lieut John Coghlin of Phila,	Harrison M Tunstall,
Capt Shiels,	Peter C Baird,
Lieut Volger,	Joseph G Turner,
Lieut Ferris,	Charles McCrea,
James Nelson, Engineer,	—— Robinson of Mississippi,
—— Alexander, artillery corps,	Robert J Crawford,
Daniel Burke, artillery corps,	John Buffington,
Thos J Lansing, hospital steward,	Joseph Murray of N Orleans,
Privates—	J L Hewett,
Edwin G Raymond, New-York,	W Edmonson,
J C Klepton, Miss,	M M Friedhaunce,
James Cox,	—— Robinson, artillery corps.
—— Carpenter of Pennsylvania,	

SINCE DIED OF THEIR INJURIES.

Joseph Wilson of New-York,	Thos Alexander of Penns,
Robert Huggins of New-York,	Charles York,
	Calvin J Thomas.

About 20 others are missing.

BADLY WOUNDED.

Lieut J A Cisdear, N O,	Clark Nott,
Lieut Mulholland, St Louis,	D Stapp,
Capt Kinnedy, Ireland,	D Burt,
Lieut G Doubleday, N Y,	—— McCrea,
Capt Marcellus (French) Texas,	—— Lansing, Texas,
Capt W W Barrington, Ky,	—— Holmes,
Privates—	—— Blunt,
F Crawford,	R P Shoemaker,
E Baker,	Emanuel, a Nicaraguan boy,
A Bailey,	

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

J. Rose, private, Ohio.	Capt W H Scott,
Col Frank Anderson, NY,	Adj't A C Hill,
Maj W C Capers,	Lieut Samuel Jackson,
Lieut Thomas Smith.	

RECAPITULATION.

Killed and missing	60
Badly wounded	17
Slightly wounded	8
Total	85

On the body of Harrison Magness Tunstall a memorandum was found containing this entry:

"I left my native home on the 5th day of January, 1857, and came to New-Orleans, and left New-Orleans for Nicaragua on the 11th day of March, 1857.

"My residence is Jacksonport, Jackson Co., Ark., and if I am killed and wounded a liberal reward will be given for my body at said place by my father, Thomas Todd Tunstall. HARRISON MAGNESS TUNSTALL."

STATEMENT OF CAPT. J. W. PATTERSON.

One of our reporters obtained the following statement from Capt. Patterson of the Tennessee:

The Tennessee brought 49 disabled men of Col. Lockridge's forces. Most of them were the sick of the army; but ten or twelve were of those who had been injured by the explosion of the steamer J. N. Scott. We left three of these at the Hospital at State Island, N. Y. Harbor, and just Walker by way of Aspinwall. Panama and San Juan del Sur. He didn't want any more Dutchmen with him; but those who would volunteer to go and stick to him, he wanted them to step forward, and he would furnish the means to take them along with him. About one hundred did step forward and gave three cheers for Col. Lockridge. The balance, comprising about 200, declined doing so, and gave three groans, and intimated their desire to return to their respective homes. Col. Lockridge told them that he would send them down to Greytown, and then they might either go home or to h—ll, just which they pleased, for all he cared—he didn't care a d——n where they went to. From this time nothing more was seen of Col. Lockridge by the latter. They then embarked on board the two steamers and barge and started for Greytown. At this time the pipe of the reverser J. N. Scott leaked so badly as almost to put the fire out; but they were temporarily fixed at Fort Slater during the night, and next morning they again started for Greytown. While near Fort Sarapiqui, the J. N. Scott was stopped for a few minutes, in order for the other steamer Rescue to come up, when the boiler of the Scott exploded, and was thrown into the river. Three of the passengers (Major Norry, William Conklin, and a private whose name was not learned by me) were found dead in the river. Those who had escaped immediately set to work to clear the wreck and to take care of the wounded. It was discovered that the steamer Scott was sinking. The Rescue came up and rescued the passengers, as well as the arms and provisions that were on board, and took them to Fort Sarapiqui. The next day, the men who were most injured and sickly were first sent down to Point Arenas, and the balance on the second trip. Some of those who had escaped succeeded in getting down in small boats and on rafts. We remained at Point Arenas until the arrival of the Tennessee, which, I think, was the following day. A barge loaded with the worst cases of sickness and injury was then taken to the side of the Tennessee, but thirty-five only of them were selected by our doctor, and received on board, and were sent back to the shore. Those left behind then expressed their intention to fire into the Tennessee if she started without them, and they would certainly have done so had not the British officers notified them that in such case, the fire would be returned from their own gun-boats, for of which there were several. It is needless to say action should such a step be attempted. A very bad feeling appeared to exist among the men against Col. L., and had he shown himself, it is probable that he would not have escaped their vengeance. They are in the most destitute condition, without food or money, and are hetter off than those who are with Walker. How they will get back to the States remains to be seen. It was feared that there would be a riot at Point Arenas, should they be detained there for any length of time. They think hard of Col. Lockridge, particularly on account of sending them off from Sarapiqui without provisions, of which it was said he had got plenty with him at the time. After the disaster to the Scott a large proportion of those who had previously promised to accompany Col. Lockridge across the Isthmus declared that they would not do so, and manifested as much bad feeling toward him as the others had done.

MARTIN SCHROEDER'S STORY.

I left my home in St. Louis, Missouri, on 12th of November last, for California, and went as far as New-Orleans, where I remained until the 23th of December, while there I got in company with a number of men who were going to Nicaragua, and accordingly enlisted under Major Ellis. Martin, who has been in the various engagements which have taken place since the first of January, and suffered as much for the cause as any body, thus describes the operations of the valiant Titus: Col. Titus sent down a small bungo to Greytown, to Lockridge, with word that he had surrounded Fort Castillo, and had given the enemy 24 hours to surrender. At this time the Rescue returned with provisions, and Company B, Capt. Harris, to which I belonged, were conveyed within about seven miles of Castillo, where we found the steamer Scott, with part of Titus's men on board. We were told that during the 24 hours, the Costa Ricans had received reinforcements, who made an attack in the rear of Titus's men, when they beat a retreat, the officers taking the lead. We had a number of men taken by the Costa Ricans, and killed. It was supposed by many of us that Titus sold out to the enemy. On the 13th of March, the Texas arrived at Punta Arenas, with about 145 men, who joined the other forces. Sarapiqui was then vacated and destroyed. All of the forces, together with the artillery, embarked on board the two steamers, when we once more proceeded up the river to attack Castillo, but found it so strongly fortified that the idea of an attack was abandoned. Col. Lockridge then mustered the men, and informed them that he intended to abandon the river and attempt to join Walker by the other route. He then gave them their choice to follow him or, if they preferred, they could return home. He then pressed a hope that all who could speak plain English would continue with him. At this time there were about 400 men under his command, and of these about 100 signified their intention to continue with him, and the remainder to return home. We then proceeded down the river in the boats within six or two miles of Sarapiqui, where the Scott was to land a scouting party, who were to ascertain if the enemy had taken possession of Sarapiqui during our absence. While she was lying there for the Rescue, which was coming up, and when we were about 200 yards off, her boiler exploded. I think there were 18 persons injured, that died within 24 hours, and some three weeks after, a portion of whom came over. The wounded and sick were taken on board the Rescue and landed at Punta Arenas. At this time I was on the sick list; two days after the Tennessee came in and took away about 40 of us that were sick. We left there on the 5th and arrived here on the 9th. After we had got on board and started, we learned that the Rescue came alongside with about 200 of Lockridge's men, but the officers of the Tennessee refused to take any of them on board. Lockridge is a man of energy and great endurance, but I do not think he has much military skill. He was kind to the men when they were able-bodied, but as soon as they became unfit for duty his treatment was very hard. The greater part of the officers treated the men worse than they would beasts. I think that at least one-fourth of Lockridge's army were less than 17 years of age, and some were not more than 12 years old.