

# NIGARAGUA.

## DEPARTURE OF THE TENNESSEE.

Six Hundred and Fifty Emigrants on the Way to Walker.

Uncle Sam Takes it Easy—Examination of the Arrested Fillibusters Postponed—State of the Imprisoned.

The *Tennessee* succeeded in getting off yesterday at 1 P. M., for Nicaragua having abundant provisions and arms and two hundred and fifty emigrants on board. She sailed for San Juan—and upward, the fillibusters hoping that in the present high state of the San Juan River she may be able to force the blockade at its mouth and carry the peaceful emigrants up almost to Virgin Bay—within a short distance of Gen. WALKER'S own cramped quarters. There was no further interference on the part of the Government authorities. Uncle Sam did his duty on Wednesday. On Thursday he sat down, picked his teeth, and thought it all over.

It was announced that the steamer would leave at 10 A. M. At that time there was an immense crowd on the wharf, much larger indeed than on the previous day. It was a more "fancy" assortment too, and it was more excitable. There was more running about, more noise, more demonstrations for "grey-eyed Billy,"—more hubbub than on the day preceding. The crowd thought that there would be more arrests made, as the crowd took a big drink and stood by to see the fun. But the crowd was disappointed. No United States Marshal appeared to offer any resist-ance to the storing or luggage on board the steamer or the departure of passengers. One solitary policeman made himself visible on the wharf, but he professed that his only mission was to keep a look-out for pickpockets.

The best of humor prevailed among those on board and on the wharf. The delay in getting off occasioned considerable inquiry, but as the wheels were turned occasionally, and steam kept up, it was presumed to be all right. In the meantime, Col. GEORGE B. HALL, Commissary-General of WALKER'S army; Captain FARNUM, of the Nicaraguan army, both passengers by the *Tennessee*; Capt. FRANCIS O'KEEFE, who remains behind to drum up additional recruits for WALKER; ALEXANDER C. LAWRENCE, Esq., of the Nicaraguan agency in Broadway; Don PEDRO SILVA, Secretary to the Nicaraguan Minister, and other well-known sympathizers in the Nicaraguan movement, occupied themselves during the delay of the steamer, very comfortably in the main cabin. They spent the time in a jolly way, talking matters over and imbibing generously from a big demijohn.

Much amusement was got out of Sergeant McCORRY, who goes out with Col. HALL—he having been the Colonel's attendant in the Mexican war. The Sergeant is a character. He is bordering on fifty years of age, but glories in a vigorous constitution and a huge pair of brass spectacles, which he wears on the tip of his nose. He had lain all Wednesday night it seems in the Fifth Ward Station-house, having been arrested drunk. The drunk had not left him yet—at least three good drinks had the effect to lay him out a second time so that it was necessary to stow him away in his berth. He got out among the crowd on the wharf again, however, and was rolled about in the snow and mud to the infinite amusement of the lookers-on and the great damage of his Walker regimentals. When he recovered the gang-plank, as a farewell, he ejaculated the opinion that some of the crowd on the wharf were "Encemakal" to him.

While the party referred to were drinking, a boy brought in Captain FARNUM'S sword. The Captain seized it eagerly, and immediately related how it had mysteriously disappeared on the preceding day. A young "emigrant" on board the steamer had got possession of it and was brandishing it with all the gusto of a youthful aspirant for martial fame, when his mother suddenly "spotted" him, and rushing on board, hurried him from the vessel, with the sword in hand. Great delight was manifested by the Captain on its recovery. He recapitulated the exploits of the choice Damascus, terminating his recital with the announcement that three men were hung in Mexico some year ago on account of separate murders they had committed with it.

GEORGE CORWAY, the renowned Ojibway Chief, mentioned in Wednesday's *Times* as one of the favored recipients of a free passage in the *Tennessee*, was on board, but announced the fact that he had relinquished his free ticket; not, he said, that he had abandoned the intention of going to Nicaragua. His determination was still strong to go there. He wanted to get away from the conventionalities of civilized life—from dry bread and dry beef. He had no fear of suffering—of privation—of death. One thing he did fear though, and that was sea-sickness. He had, therefore, determined to take the overland route to New-Orleans.

A gentleman on board, of unusually grave and amiable deportment, afforded no small amusement to a select circle of his friends by the statements he was vouchsafing in a private and confidential way to a verdant reporter. The zealous young newspaper man wrote it down stenographically, how there were 40 tons of gunpowder stowed in the hold, sixteen 12-pounders placed in the stowage, 2,000 Minié rifles and Colt's pistols packed in different staterooms, and that 800 additional recruits were to be taken on board off Sandy Hook. A sympathizing friend took occasion subsequently to post the reporter and cheat a cotemporary of his exclusive information.

On the wharf there were two or three drunken squabbles, but nothing of serious character. A strong man kept guard at the gang-plank to prevent parties not having tickets from coming on board the steamer. A somewhat elderly woman insisted on boarding the vessel to search for her missing liege lord. She said he had deserted her and five little ones, and she had reason to believe he was among the emigrants. They let her search, but she found nobody she was willing to claim.

At 1 o'clock P. M. the word for hauling the gang-plank was given, the parties in the cabin came on deck. Loud cheers for BILLY WALKER were given from the wharf, and responded to by those on board. Amid the mutual interchange of snow-balls and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the steamer left the pier and was soon lost to sight, gallantly plowing her way through the loose ice, that does not much obstruct the East River.

Following are the passengers of the *Tennessee*: Henry Mellus, John Jones, Mrs. A. W. Wittington, 2 children and servant; Mrs. H. R. Monomy, J. D. Childs, Mrs. Ann Warner, infant and servant; Mrs. Sheldon, Miss Margaret Howard, Mrs. Gage and daughter, A. Lewis, Miss B. A. Weatherwate, C. Weatherwate, Capt. D. C. Mitchell, lady, child and servant; L. L. Batchiden, K. Heller, wife and daughter; H. Bloomenthal, wife and sister; John Sullivan, J. Garratt, wife and 2 infants; Miss M. Swift and boy, Miss O. Bigelow, John Diderot, Henry Lewis, Chas. Weatherwate, Thos. Nichols and 3 children; C. N. Sharpe, S. J. Perkins, A. H. Tidball, J. C. Tidball, O. A. Tidball, and about 300 stowage passengers.

The number of actual recruits is said to be about 250, well armed and equipped.

THE ARRESTED FILLIBUSTERS.  
The examination of Col. FABENS and ALEXANDER C. LAWRENCE, Esq., arrested on Wednesday on charge of violating the neutrality laws, it was expected would take place yesterday.

Col. FABENS did not appear personally, but at 12 M. the hour fixed for his examination, Judge MORTON and Mr. BLANKMAN appeared as his counsel, and expressed a wish that the examination be proceeded with at once.

Mr. McKEON, the U. S. District-Attorney, said he was not ready to proceed then, and it was finally arranged to postpone the examination till 12 M. Saturday.

In the case of Mr. LAWRENCE, of the Nicaraguan Agency, the District-Attorney declared that he was not then entitled to an examination. His having given bail to appear before the U. S. District Court, he contended, was a waiving of this right. The Commissioner decided in accordance with the views expressed by the District-Attorney, and the examination was not granted. It was announced that it would take place on the first Tuesday of February, before Judge INGERSOLL.

Similar action was taken in the case of HENRY BOULTON, the Clerk at the Nicaraguan Agency, as with Col. FABENS.

ANDREW FINNIGAN was discharged on his own recognizance to appear.

ROBERT FULLER and JOE BROWN, held as witnesses against the above, were released from custody upon giving bail of \$500 each.

One of our reporters visited Ex-Consul FABENS in the Eldridge-street jail last evening. He found him sitting in the lower parlor in cosy conversation with Gen. CAZNEAU. There was a cheerful coal fire glowing in the grate; books and papers and other appliances to while away time were scattered upon the table. Our reporter envied the Ex-Consul in his retirement, thinking there could scarcely be a pleasanter spot in town to plant a family circle in. At the hour of ten pre-

cisely, the polite jailor presented himself with a bow at the door and retired. Instantly, seeing that the Ex-Consul did not start, he presented himself again and named the hour. So it seems that the sentiments of Mr. GARDNER with reference to early retiring and proper hours have been obtained in orthodox schools.

Sharing his prison is Mr. HENRY BOULTON, Clerk of the Nicaraguan Agency. Mr. BOULTON went to bed last night at 10 o'clock. Before going he expressed his grief over the fact that he was left by the *Tennessee*, but expressed a greater grief that he must go to bed at so reasonable an hour. Sharing the same prison, but not the parlor and the carpet, and the cheerful fire in the grate, is Mr. MILLER, an emigrant. Neither of these gentlemen seemed likely to break their hearts over their cruel fate. The ex-consul tells us that the reason why he didn't give bonds and enjoy his liberty was simply this: On the occasion of his previous arrest, he gave bail in bonds of \$20,000, and after months of detention, hope deferred and expectation disappointed, being detained in the City while his business was calling him to the South, he utterly failed to get an examination. Uncle Sam, who was so very fearful that he would escape the reach of his interrogations, refused to be curious enough to put a query, or even to let him answer one. He is disposed now to try the virtue of a different policy. They will hardly consent to keep him locked up and oblige him to go to bed every night at 10 o'clock for many months in succession. In jail he is kept before the people and an end must come to it, and so it was that the ex-consul refused to get bail. He is hardened yet in his hopes of WALKER—says the Nicaraguans, are all WALKER men; there are 700 American settlers there who rest their hopes in him, and after a little parenthesis of blood and battles, he is sure there will come a happy day for Nicaragua. "So mote it be."

We received last night by telegraph from New-Orleans, the following announcement—another chapter of comfort for WALKER:

SAILING OF THE STEAMER TEXAS FROM NEW-ORLEANS.  
NEW-ORLEANS, Thursday, Jan. 23.

The steamer *Texas* sailed this morning for San Juan de Nicaragua, and took out 400 recruits, and a great quantity of arms and ammunition for WALKER.

## A Nightingale Among the Fillibusters.

### MRS. BINGHAM.

A True and Romantic Story of Bravery, Want, Poverty and Devotion—In Hospitals, on the Plains, on the Stage.

In Gen. HENNINGSEN'S report to Gen. WALKER, detailing the destruction of Granada and the successful retreat of their remaining forces from that place, the following passage occurs:

"The wife of Mr. BINGHAM, the actor, a noble woman, deserves the thanks of our army, of which she was the Nightingale. She was suddenly cut off with her child by fever."

Mrs. BINGHAM went out to Nicaragua with her husband and family in the month of October last. Her husband was at that time unable to walk, having been deprived of the use of his limbs about two years ago from a bullet wound in the back. From the time of her arrival in Nicaragua, Mrs. BINGHAM has occupied herself with attending to the sick and the wounded of Gen. WALKER'S army—braving all the perils of camp disease, everywhere bestowing on the invalid soldiers such kind attentions and careful treatment as to elicit the deepest gratitude and most friendly regard.

But her brave devotion in the hospitals proved fatal to herself at length—the intelligence arriving by the last steamer, that she had sickened from the prevalent fever and died.

This is not the first time Mrs. BINGHAM has been found on the battle-field and contributing solace and good offices to the convalescent and the dying. Her life has been a checkered one, full of suffering and heroic endurance.

Her husband, CHARLES EDWARD BINGHAM, familiarly known to a large circle of acquaintance as "Ned" BINGHAM,—is an actor, and has followed that profession since early youth. During the Mexican war he was one of the aids of Gen. TAYLOR, with the rank of Orderly, and served through the whole Campaign under old Rough-and-Ready. His daring gained him much reputation, and he was frequently sent upon enterprises requiring great boldness and an adroit expedition. In the course of the war Mr. BINGHAM became acquainted with the daughter of an American officer, at that time a widow, in Gen. TAYLOR'S camp; a woman whose kindness of spirit had already made her a frequent and welcome visitor to the sick and wounded. Struck with her noble sympathy and generous nature, what was at first admiration soon ripened into love. They were married, and remained two years at San Luis Potosi, the husband meanwhile having resigned his position in the army. At the end of this time Mr. BINGHAM conceived the hazardous project of an overland journey from Potosi to San Francisco, where he proposed to resume his profession. Accordingly he set out in the middle of Winter for San Francisco with his wife, who was the mother of twins a few months old, and accompanied by only a single attendant. The party were provided with mules. After a long succession of privations and suffering they reached their destination, having traveled a distance of some fifteen hundred miles.

Soon after arriving at San Francisco, Mr. BINGHAM, in connection with others, erected the first theatre built in that city, and became its manager. Mrs. BINGHAM made her first appearance on its boards, showing a fair degree of talent, and considerable versatility. During his stay in California, Mr. BINGHAM'S pecuniary fortunes greatly fluctuated. Twice his theatre was burnt down in San Francisco, once in Sacramento, and once in Marysville. About one year before he left California he sent his wife home to the States, on a visit to her friends. When his resources were nearly exhausted, he chanced to meet SUSAN and KATE DENIN, who were then on a professional tour in California, the former of whom became enamored of him, and as she was about to return to New-York, urged him to go also, promising to secure him a profitable engagement at the Bowery Theatre here. It will be remembered that SUSAN was some time previously married in this State to Mr. WOODWARD, a merchant of Syracuse, who accompanied her to California, in the double capacity of husband and business agent. Mr. WOODWARD could not regard the growing intimacy between his wife and Mr. BINGHAM without feelings of jealousy and displeasure; but his efforts to influence her were of no avail, and the party, consisting of the DENINS, WOODWARD and BINGHAM, finally sailed together for this City, in the year 1851.

While on the passage to Panama, WOODWARD succeeded in exciting, among certain of the passengers, a strong dislike towards his rival, which at length took the form of open threats, and led Mr. BINGHAM to secrete himself from their search. On arriving at Panama a number of the friends of WOODWARD assembled about Mr. BINGHAM'S state-room door, armed with knives and revolvers. Through this crowd "NED" forced his way, revolver in hand, without being assailed; but, while in the act of mounting the steps of the American Hotel, at Panama, in the midst of a promiscuous crowd, just landed from the steamer, he was shot in the back, and fell to the ground. In the confusion the assassin was not detected, though suspicion was fixed upon a certain individual, supposed to be the tool of WOODWARD. From the effect of this shot BINGHAM was laid up, in Panama, for about seven weeks, and completely lost the use of his lower limbs; nor has he at any time since been able to walk. Recovering sufficiently to be moved, he came on to New-York, physically helpless, and completely destitute of funds. For a time he was nursed at the house of a friend, and was thence removed to the City Hospital.

His wife, who was playing at some Provincial Theatre, now heard of the arrival of her husband and as soon as possible, joined him. Mrs. BINGHAM procured employment at the Bowery Theatre, and endeavored to support her husband and three children, all of whom were entirely dependent on her exertions. After struggling in this way for some months, the Bowery Theatre was closed last Summer in consequence of difficulties between its proprietors, costing her a situation, and with it her only means of subsistence. During the past year, BINGHAM and his family occupied wretched apartments in a tenement house in Stanton-street, and after the theatrical resource failed were obliged to rely for subsistence on the voluntary contributions of friends and public charity. In August last Mrs. BINGHAM was confined. Deprived of her assistance, the family was almost reduced to starvation. Frequently, Mr. BINGHAM relates, he passed thirty-six and forty-eight hours without tasting a morsel of food, and knew of no source from which relief would come. The Baptist Society in Stanton-street contributed something to their support, and a trifling aid came from members of his own profession. Two of the children—boys, aged eight and ten years—were taken by the

proprietor of a traveling circus, who agreed to support them for their services, such as they might be.

The mother at length became well enough to go out, and spent several days in the futile attempt to procure work.

At length when the hope of bearing up against misfortune was almost exhausted, she came across the advertisement of the Nicaraguan Agency, which offered to every emigrant who would go to Nicaragua a free passage and a certain number of acres of land. Mr. BINGHAM, being well enough in body, except that his lower limbs were useless, and thinking he could teach school or otherwise employ himself in Nicaragua,—that at all events he was no more likely to starve there than here, concluded to take his family thither as soon as possible. Another inducement was that he had known Gen. WALKER in San Francisco, who confided to him his plans of invasion at that time, and urged him to join his fortunes.

In October last this unfortunate family "emigrated" for Nicaragua, as already stated, and it seems, became conducted in some capacity with WALKER'S army. Since their departure nothing had been heard from them here until the receipt of the news of the death of Mrs. BINGHAM. Mr. BINGHAM, we may add, has a brother, now residing in New-York, who recently returned from a three years' visit to the Sandwich Islands, where he was engaged in the service of King KAMEHAMEHA II. We are not aware that there are any other immediate relatives of the family here. We have detailed the curious story as we have been able to pick it up from those who knew them. It is certainly a curious one. We shall await with interest the further statements of some of those who have experienced in the Hospitals the kindly attentions of the Florence Nightingale of the Nicaraguan Army.