

derstanding with the Steamboat Company, which could not be fully explained, none were received. The following letter may possibly throw some light on the subject:

New-York, Feb. 21, 1857.

John McKeon, Rag.

DEAR SIR: It having been reported that a large number of Walker men were intending to go to Nicaragua per steamer *Tennessee* this day, we request that you send a proper person down, to see that no other passengers are going than by the laws of the United States we have a legal right to carry.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

CHAS. MORGAN & SONS.

Deputy Marshals THOMPSON and BURZA were present, but their services were not required.

There will be disappointment when the *Tennessee* arrives at San Juan del Norte.

P. S.—Ex-Councilman WILD did not go out in the *Tennessee*.

## DEPARTURE OF THE TENNESSEE.

### No Recruits for General Walker—An Exciting Scene.

Notwithstanding the declarations of those in the City who are devotedly attached to General WALKER'S cause, that the steamship *Tennessee* would not sail until to-day, she sailed yesterday promptly on her time, and without any recruits for Nicaragua. The fact that she was of necessity, under the then existing circumstances, several days behind time in arriving, and that her day of sailing had, for a similar reason, been postponed before, led Captain BOLTON, and others of the Nicaraguan Agency, to believe Captain TINKLEPAUGH would not be able to get his freight and passengers on board in time to sail per announcement. But they were mistaken, for, as we have said, she went out on the minute, and with a good freight and passenger list. She had one hundred cabin, and one hundred and ninety second cabin, and steerage passengers for California, and several for Punta Arenas and San Juan, who are residents there.

At the time of sailing there were a large number of persons present who had been drawn thither by curiosity to learn what number of recruits for Gen. WALKER would succeed in getting on board, who, together with those who went to mingle parting tears with, and throw small oranges at their friends, caused the pier at the foot of North Moore-street, to be crowded to excess. But they saw no recruits, and consequently there was not much enthusiasm nor excitement. In fact there was nothing but tears and small oranges, and a few "Winter pippins," until the arrival of Messrs. LAWRENCE and McKIBBIN, and Captains O'KEEFE, WATERS and BOLTON. They arrived and rushed on board, and then the gang-plank was drawn in. The wheels moved slowly, and there was a terrible jostling of the spectators at the upper end of the pier. Cries of "He comes!" "he comes!" were heard, notwithstanding the engineer was blowing off steam at the time, and soon a majestic individual was discovered pushing the crowd away on either side with Herculean sweep of arms, as with "giant tread" he bore down upon the steamer. "Where the d—l is Sandy!" shouted he of the Herculean sweep and giant tread.

And immediately all who heard him knew that he was Ex-Councilman WILD, the bondsman of Mr. ALEX. LAWRENCE. "He's on board!" responded the now excited crowd.

He of the majestic mein gazed with piercing eye along the interesting line of passengers on board. Catching a glimpse of Mr. LAWRENCE, he cried aloud, "Come back, Sandy!"

Mr. LAWRENCE now discovered that the plank had been drawn in, and he struggled through the passengers to the ship's side. He halted for a moment—it was but a moment.

But his bondsman saw him hesitate, and believing he would not get ashore, he gave one despairing look and cried—"There's three thousand dollars gone to a warm climate, and the costs of Court beside."

There was not a moment to be lost.

Mr. LAWRENCE sprang upon the wheelhouse.

His bondsman saw him and took courage.

With frenzied nerve he grasped an old cotton umbrella that lay across the basket of a very fat apple woman, and rushing to the side of the pier opposite where Mr. LAWRENCE stood, he extended it, and, with a politeness that never forsakes him under the direst circumstances, said with a patronizing air:

"Sandy, jump so as to straddle it and you are safe."

Mr. LAWRENCE jumped, but not astride of the umbrella. It was soiled, and therefore he preferred the pier, on which he, with the others, succeeded in landing without injury.

The Ex-Councilman then resumed his accustomed composure, and gave it as his private opinion that "Sandy was a veritable brick."

The reporters gathered around, and Mr. LAWRENCE read to them the following letter, which he had just received from Capt. FARNHAM, *via* New-Orleans.

TWENTY MILES UP THE SAN JUAN RIVER, }  
ON BOARD STEAMER DESPERADO, }  
Feb. 10, 1857—5 P. M. }

DEAR SANDY: After a very delightful trip, we arrived at San Juan on Sunday evening, the 5th. Learning that Colonels LOCKRIDGE and TITUS, as well as our old BOB, (WHEAT,) were up the river at Serapiqui, which they had partially taken by a brilliant assault on the 6th, we were transferred to the *Texas*, which had laid several days in the harbor awaiting us. This morning early, the *Clayton*, which I have named the *Desperado*, took my command on board, and we are now steaming up the river for the purpose of joining in the expected dash of to-morrow.

Sandy, you *ould schemer*, the river is ours! All hell can't keep us from routing the yellow-bellies. To be brief, but circumspect, here is the review.

On the 23d of Jan., Col. LOCKRIDGE left San Juan with 225 men, on this steamer, and proceeding to within six miles of Serapiqui, there threw up a fort, (named Fort Anderson,) which enabled him to land all his supplies of ammunition, &c. He immediately commenced cutting a road through the chapperal, and on the 6th came upon the pickets, (ought to be spelled with a "q," I think,) and quite a force of the enemy's advanced guard. A row commenced immediately, of course, and of course, they, the enemy, were slaughtered. Our side lost some 3 or 4 killed and several wounded, among them Col. RUDLER and Capt. ELLIS—neither dangerously. Lieut. HOBAN, 1st Infantry, was killed—the only officer. The enemy lost SEVERAL. No knowing how many. Call it 50, and I suppose you will be about right.

Since the little muss, BOB (our BOB) has been moving his command (Artillery, and which everybody concurs in saying, he served like a devil) to within some 400 yards of the enemy's camp. The whole command, which, by the way, was reinforced by Col. TITUS, with 200 and odd men, on the 4th, are now there, and we expect, to-morrow, or the next day, at latest, blow them into hell. When I arrive this evening with my command, the ranks will be swelled to some 500.

Everybody is in good spirits, and more than elated, by the ease with which the enemy are routed. They (the enemy) are commanded by foreign officers; but, then, we have General BOB, Col. LOCKRIDGE, Col. TITUS, and any number of brave, efficient and skillful officers, who have under their orders men upon men, who are natural soldiers—and my word for it, "There is no such word as fail." I prophecy! Five or six days hence, and down goes *Cas'illo*!

For myself, I am well—not only well, but I am prime. I do not look as if just "resurrected from the ruins of Herculaneum or of Pompeii;" but I look and feel like a brick.

Dear Sandy, all the news that I give you is gospel, and you will do me a favor if you will call upon Mr. RAYMOND, of the NEW-YORK DAILY TIMES, and give him the leading topics I have spoken concerning.

Give my best regards to Generals CAZNEAU and GREEN, and to Mr. BOYLE, whom I shall write to by first mail, and whose kindness I shall never forget. There is no use sending my love to Capt. FRANK O'KEEFE, ALICK MASON, and others of that stripe, they know I love them; but do say to FRANK, for it may be good for his stomach, that every officer here thinks he is a brick, and that he was right in going home on the *Adger*—so thank I. God bless you all. We are a band of brothers, and though disunited, will yet see a happy reunion. "Six feet of Nicaraguan soil, or a yellow sash, for me," so said old Col. RILEY, in the Mexican War, and he got the "yellow sash." Should you visit the TIMES, remember me kindly to Mr. NORVILL, Mr. RAYMOND, and others. In slight haste, of all your kindness to me and all in the cause.

J. EGBERT FARNHAM,

Captain Nicaraguan Army.

As the spectators retired there were many questions asked, as to why no recruits had gone on to General WALKER. In answer, Mr. LAWRENCE stated to our reporter, that from the day on which the *Tennessee* sailed before, several hundred men had expressed a desire to emigrate, and had made application for passages at the agency, but in consequence of a misun-