

FILLIBUSTERING.

Secretary Marcy Cannot Help the Deluded.

CAMP LIFE.

Gen. Walker and his Men in Garrison—How they Look—What they Eat, Drink, Wear, &c.

Those who have seen the native Nicaraguan Elephant say that he looms up of magnificent proportions. They insist that whoever has walked all around him, and seen all his points, has of necessity an enlarged experience. We have lately been in conversation with some of Gen. WALKER's officers, now in town, and have found them, as we expected, "full" men. But none of their exploits by flood or field, none of their hair-broadth "escapes, none of their tales of skull-cleaving prowess, so entertain us as the simple rehearsal of how Gen. WALKER and his curious army live and behave themselves when not fighting.

Everybody is aware that the General is a small man, with large gray eyes, light hair, and a clean-shaven face. He looks about 33 years of age. He is effeminate in appearance, and rather spare and of sallow complexion, but has great powers of endurance! He is seldom inactive, and at all times shows himself to be of a nervous and restless nature. He is known to be a man very well read, speaking French, German, and Spanish fluently, while socially he is possessed of very gentlemanly qualities. Visitors may always count on a polite reception.

According to his officers, the General is kind and humane in disposition, frequently sharing his meal with a wounded or destitute soldier, and has often been known, when on a march, to surrender his horse to some poor, helpless fellow, and travel the rest of the way on foot. On one occasion he walked a distance of forty miles in this way—possibly to stretch his legs, but apparently from a dictate of kindness alone. One of his peculiarities is, that he never smokes.

Time was when Gen. WALKER's army was pretty well supplied with regimentals, but their present aspect strongly reminds one of an old militia training in Connecticut—some carry rifles, some muskets, some have bayonets and some have not; some wear colored flannel shirts and straw hats or Kossuth felt's. Gen. WALKER himself may be often seen in the streets arrayed in a black Kossuth hat and blue shirt, with huge side pockets, into which he habitually thrusts his hands while he walks. When on a march, he is usually attended by his Orderly and a single body servant; when in garrison, he has three or four of the latter, and two or three cooks.

While Granada was the General's head-quarters he lived in an easy, dashing style. He occupied a commodious house; superior French cooks were in his kitchen, and his table groined in a contented, quiet way, with all the delicacies of the country. It is said that you only need money in Nicaragua to procure everything desirable. You can get the finest of beef; venison can be had almost for the killing; fowls, eggs and delicious fish from the lake are in abundance, and nearly every variety of vegetable found in the markets of New-York can be had to order. At Granada, up to the time he left it, General WALKER was accustomed to give *sourees*, sometimes as often as once a week. A very neat ball-room was fitted up at his quarters, and the music was supplied by an excellent band. The cream of the native population of the town were usually in attendance—the ladies being dressed in elegant style. The officers of the "Army of Occupation" were present in force, sporting white kids and bestowing exuberant attentions on the fair sex. A sumptuous repast was invariably served up during the evening, and champagne and punches flowed freely at all times. At one of these *fetes* our informant remembers seeing Hon. PIERRE SOULE, who went through the mazy dance with amazing relish.

The nabobs of the place also gave entertainments in turn, and vied with each other in the exhibition of taste and costly expenditure. Serenades were very much in vogue on fine evenings, and a vast deal of sweet music was poured into the ears of the señoritas by the singers and musicians employed by the officers. Horse-racing was a favorite amusement with all hands, and betting in scrip and hard cash a necessary accompaniment. Gen. WALKER and his companions in arms frequently came the Yankee over, the native aristocracy in betting, and "did" them out of considerable sums.

But all this has changed. The hero of Nicaragua was obliged to evacuate and burn his capital a few months since, and in that conflagration disappeared all sports of the turf, *sourees* and serenades. He has been too busy lately to amuse himself with such trifles, and it will doubtless be some time before he again installs them as the pastimes of his capital.

General WALKER's soldiers seldom drink fourth-proof brandy, but Jamaica spirits and *aguardiente*—a kind of indigenous rum—are in request. A free use of these liquors by the men, after eating heartily of vegetables, is almost certain to produce cholera, too frequently leading to fatal results. Sometimes the rank and file can't get the ardent—the commissary having none to dispense, and their credit with the retailers being out at elbows. In such cases the poor fellows have to suffer patiently, and devote themselves the more earnestly to tobacco.

Cigars made from superior tobacco raised in the country are abundant, but in manufacture they are much inferior to the long nines employed here to puff smoke into ladies' faces. The women prepare the cigars in Nicaragua, and they make them too soft and porous to smoke well; but what is wanting in quality is partially made up in quantity. Now and then a box of Havanas finds its way into the country, and happy is the man who can secure it for his own use.

In the palmier days of Gen. WALKER's rule, provisions were abundant, even to the man without a dime. At Virgin Bay, for example, the men when off duty would get permission to go out and shoot a few deer, or catch a mess of the lake fish. After supplying their own needs, perhaps they would turn over the balance to the St. Charles or United States Hotel in payment for a wash bill or rum account. But now such sporting is played out, and a piece of fresh beef rare, roasted on a stick or a ramrod, stands in lieu of venison and fried fish.

The soldiers generally do their own washing, for the native laundresses turn up their noses at scrip, and wouldn't take the best New-York bank note at one cent on the dollar. The hard cash is their delight, and with the money in advance they will condescend to wash any man's linen at a price ranging from one dime upward.

When off duty, with nothing else to do, the men eagerly pounce on a stray novel or newspaper, and circulate it around for the convenience of all hands. Games at cards, either brag or monte, are favorite pastimes, and occasionally there is somelively betting going on.

"Affairs of honor" among the soldiers are not of infrequent occurrence. Such meetings take place unknown to the Commander-in-Chief—for he has forbidden dueling—and seldom result in anything more serious than a flesh-wound.

If General WALKER has demolished his foes in the great battle that, according to the last intelligence, he was about to fight on the 4th or 5th of the present month, his followers may stand a better chance than they have lately done, of going back to venison and chickens, *sourees* and serenades.

THE VOICE OF A PRIVATE—SECRETARY MARCY CANNOT HELP WALKER'S MEN.

We have been rehearsing above the tales that returned officers tell us. But now we give a letter from a private himself. Out of his sky the rose tints have faded pretty generally, and his sky and his soul alike reflect only the blues. JOSEPH HALL—for that is the lad's name—was beguiled by the New-York Nicaraguan Agency's offer of a free farm to accept the offer of a free ticket to Punta Arenas. But, arrived there, he found that he must lay down the shovel and the hoe, or rather that he was not privileged to take them up, but instead must shoulder a shooting-iron and go soldiering after Gen. WALKER. He told his story by letter to his mother, and she wisely transmitted it to Secretary MARCY, asking aid from the highest earthly source for the recovery of her disappointed son. That letter we cannot reproduce; but here is another received soon after, which we are furnished for publication:

GRANADA, Oct. 22, 1856.

DEAR MOTHER & UNCLE.—I write these few lines to you hoping to find you in good health. Dear mother & uncle I am sorry to say I am in bad health since I came to this country from being out at night on picket. Every one that comes to this country with free passage has to join the army and can't get home without he pays 25 dollars. Dear mother and uncle we don't get no pay nor a half a nut to eat. We are continually fighting with the natives. The last battle we fought was in Granada and ten of my company was killed and nine wounded. I come clear thanks be to God and there was five to two of us. Dear mother and uncle I wrote two letters to you,

since I come here and got no answer, I hope to see New York once more. Dear mother and uncle I hope you will let me see this letter. Send me account as quick as possible and let me know how all our friends are. No more at present from your son and nephew.

JOSEPH HALL.

Secretary MARCY could do nothing to relieve Mr. HALL, nor to comfort his friends. The following is his reply which was received at the District-Attorney's office yesterday:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 19, 1857.

Mrs. THOMAS CASEY, No. 175 Washington-street, New-York:

MADAM—Your letter of the 12th inst. was received yesterday. I regret that it is not in the power of the Department to facilitate the return of your son, JOSEPH HALL, from Nicaragua, even if he should be successful in procuring a release from military service in WALKER's army. Our Government has not at this time any Minister in Nicaragua, nor has it any officers in the neighborhood where WALKER is supposed to be, through whom representations, on behalf of your son, could be presented.

Returning your son's letter as you request, I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

WM. L. MARCY.