

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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year; \$2.25 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cents for
single numbers. Subscribers for six months or less, to
be paid in advance. Resubscribers optional with the
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Advertisements—One square of 10 lines for one week;
one square of 20 lines for two weeks; one square of 30
lines for three weeks; one square of 40 lines for four
weeks; one square of 50 lines for five weeks; one square
of 60 lines for six weeks; one square of 70 lines for
seven weeks; one square of 80 lines for eight weeks;
one square of 90 lines for nine weeks; one square of
100 lines for ten weeks. All advertisements to be
sent to the Editor of the Chronicle, to be directed
to H. C. HICKOK, Editor, Lewisburg, Pa. Advertisements
to be sent to O. N. WORDEN, Printer, Lewisburg, Pa.
Office on Market Street, between Second and Third, over
the Book Store.

Plank Roads in Illinois.

A committee appointed at a meeting
of the citizens of Freeport, on the 26th ult.,
to collect and present to the meeting at
Oneco, suitable facts and statistics in relation
to the importance, feasibility and cost of
constructing a plank road from Monroe,
Wis., to Freeport, Ill., reported through
their Chairman, John A. Clark, as follows:

COST OF THE ROAD.		
The distance we assume is 25 miles—126,720 feet (board measure) 3 inch plank at \$9 per thousand—		\$1,140.48.
Grading 25 miles, \$300 per mile,		7,500.00
Labor for building plank, &c., \$50 per mile,	1,250.00	
Surveys and superintending,	2,000.00	
Five toll gates & houses, \$400 each,	2,000.00	
Bridging,	2,000.00	

Total estimated cost of road, \$14,840.48

RECEIPTS.

We estimate that there will
pass over the road, each
day, 50 teams of all kinds
per day, 100 in all, which
at one cent per mile, will
amount to, per year,

From other sources, to wit: from horsemen and droves of cattle, sheep, hogs, &c., the road will derive an income of not less than	\$9,125 00	3,000 00
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Total estimated income of the
road when completed, \$12,125 00 |

EXPENDITURES.

The expenditures on the road per year,
are estimated as follows:
Five gate keepers at \$200 per
year, each, \$1,000 00 || For keeping the road in repairs, per year, \$50 per mile, | 1,250 00 |

Total estimated cost of keepers
and repairs, \$2,250 00 || Leaving a balance of \$9,875 of receipts to be divided among the stockholders— equal to a trifle over 22 per cent. on the cost of the road. | |

New Organ at the Utica Museum.

So splendid a triumph of art, as the
new organ at the Museum, deserves more
than a passing notice. It is news to many
of our citizens that we have in this county
a manufactory of church and house organs
which would outperform those made in the
great cities, and can win the palm even at
the very doors of the New York and Boston
manufactory. But such is the fact.
A. Andrews, at Waterville, in this (Oneida)
county, N. Y., builds instruments which
yield in no respect to any made in the
Union. A sample of them, we have now
in the Utica Museum. The case is taste-
ful, and so small, that it is wonderful how
so much power can be obtained in so little
space. The size is ten and a half feet
front, by six and a half feet deep, and twenty-
four feet high. The compass of the in-
strument is from C to C. There are
two banks of keys, and 23 stops.—
Utica Herald.

TWO GOOD RECOMMENDATIONS.—A late

Grand Jury, in Philadelphia—a city in
which all of us are interested, as she now
contains more than the tenth part of the
population of the great State of Penn-
sylvania—denounces in strong language,
the practice among speculators of dividing up
building lots into spots just large enough
for the foundations of a house and surround-
ing it with meanly narrow streets. The avarice
and cupidity that would thus destroy the
health and beauty of that wisely laid
out city, deserves the execrations of every
friend of humanity and sound mind in the
community, and we hope a law will be
speedily interposed regulating this matter.
The other matter which they strongly urged
upon the attention of the community, is
the vast destructive sale of ardent drinks,
which are now disposed by licensed and
unlicensed houses.

DECEASE OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

—This eminent novelist, gave up a life,
which he has made illustrious, on the 14th
instant. He was born at Burlington, in
N. Jersey, on the 15th September, 1799,
and was consequently within a day of be-
ing 62 years of age at the time of his death.
For some time past, his health has been
declining, and in June, to aid in its resto-
ration, he retired to his seat at Coopers-
town, which was named after his father,
Judge Cooper, who was a large landholder
in Otsego County, New York.

The following we heard, recently,
for the first time, although we are assured
it is an old song. We solicited a copy of
the words, and regret we can not give the
music also.—Ed. CHRON.

Song—Blue Juniata.

Will rove an Indian girl—
Bright Alfarata—
Where sleep the waters of
The Blue Juniata.
Swift as an antelope
Through the forest along,
Loose were her jetty locks,
In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song,
Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of
The Blue Juniata;
"Strong and true my arrows are,
In my pointed quiver;
Swiftly pass my light canoe
Down the rapid river.

"Bold is my warrior god,
The love of Alfarata;
Proud was his snowy plume
Above the Juniata;
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war cry sounds;
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding!"

So sang an Indian girl—
Bright Alfarata—
Where sweep the waters of
The Blue Juniata.
Fading years have borne away
The flow of Alfarata;
Still sweep the river on—
The Blue Juniata.

CUBAN EXPEDITION.

Full Account of it by Lieutenant Van Vechten.

[The steamer Winfield Scott, which arrived at New York, on Friday, from New Orleans, touched at Key West, where she took on board Lieut. P. S. Van Vechten, of Lopez's expedition, who has been pardoned and released by the Captain General of Cuba. Van Vechten has furnished the New York Herald with a history of the expedition, which, on account of its extreme interest, we insert entire.]

NARRATIVE.

I became connected with the expedition at New Orleans, receiving, on the 30th day of July last, an appointment as First Lieutenant of Company B, of Col. W. L. Crittenden's regiment (1st artillery), com-
manded by Capt. James Saunders. The expedition, as you are already aware, left New Orleans at day-break on the morning of Sunday, the 31st of August, in the steamer Pampero. We were towed to the mouth of the river, our engine being out of order. We remained in the river until Wednesday, the 6th, and left through the North-east Pass, at 6 o'clock, P. M., of that day, for Key West. The intention at that time was to go to Key West, and there take on board a pilot for the river St. Johns—at which place we were to embark a light battery of artillery, with caissons, ammunition and harness complete, together with a number of cavalry saddles—and from thence were to run to the south side of Cuba and land as near as possible to Puerto Principe.

We reached Key West, and anchored some distance from the city, at three, P. M., of Sunday the 10th instant. While at Key West, a quantity of brandy and champagne was received on board, which was imbibed tolerably freely by Lopez and his staff. About dusk of that day, no pilot appearing, Lopez called a council, composed entirely of Cubans and Hungarians attached to his staff, (no Americans being called), who decided to give up going to the St. Johns River, and run immediately for the coast of Cuba, which was done at about 10, P. M. The next morning, owing to the variation of the compass, from muskets being stacked near it, we found ourselves in plain sight of the Moro Castle, and about twelve miles distant; the vessel immediately headed to the north-
west and westward and run out of sight of land. About 3, P. M., of that day, Lopez took the captain and mate out of a Spanish schooner, to act as pilots, giving them to understand that they would be shot if they showed any disposition to escape or deceive. At 1, P. M., we again stood in for the land, and soon after dusk sent a boat in to reconnoitre, which was hailed by a sentry on the walls of the fort, situated near Bahia Honda, the ship not being more than a mile from it. As soon as the boat reported, lights were extinguished and a press of steam put on, the ship running to the westward along the land.

About 10 o'clock, while running under the charge of a pilot, under a press of steam, the ship suddenly struck, and before the engines could be stopped had run more than her length upon a coral reef.— After examining her situation, it was found that she was lying in about eight feet of water, while her draft was over nine feet; and that it was necessary that the force should be immediately landed, which was done; and about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of August the last of us disembarked upon the shore of what we had been taught to consider would soon be the free Island of Cuba. The first boats which landed were fired upon by a party of twenty men, who fled on their fire be-

ing returned from the boat which contained Captain Gouti, (a Cuban commanding an American company,) Lieutenant L'ingham, and about thirty privates of his company. One of Gouti's men was wounded in the arm, and returned in the ship, and the cap of the Lieutenant was cut in halves on his head.

At daylight Lopez sent a pronouncement to Los Posas, a small village ten miles distant, in which he informed the inhabitants that he was about to march to that place, and would give no quarter to any whom he found there who did not join him. There being no means of transporting baggage at Cabanes, where we landed, Lopez ordered Col. Crittenden to remain there and protect our stores, consisting of 100,000 musket cartridges, three thousand muskets and seven hundred pounds of powder, in kegs, together with the personal baggage of all the officers, saying that he would march on to Los Posas with the regiment of infantry commanded by Col. Downan, and send from thence transportation; and that he would remain there until joined by Crittenden. Accordingly Lopez marched at 8 o'clock, with three hundred and twenty-three men, leaving Crittenden at Cabanes, with one hundred and thirty men. At 11 o'clock that night Crittenden received two carts, and started immediately after, to join Lopez at Los Posas.

The carts being heavily loaded and the roads bad, our progress was of necessity slow, not advancing more than a mile an hour. About two hours after daylight on the morning of the 13th, we reached a house containing a store and grog shop, about four miles from Los Posas. The advance guard and main body only had reached the house, (the rear guard with the carts being still some quarter of a mile behind) and were engaged in eating breakfast, their arms being laid aside; when they were surprised by the report of musketry and the whistling of bullets, which proceeded from the advanced guard of a body of the enemy, five hundred strong.— We immediately seized our guns and killed nine of the enemy, and made one prisoner, none of our party having been injured. Not seeing any more of the enemy, the Colonel concluded it was but a foraging party that had attacked us, and our rear guard having come up with the carts, ordered us to resume our breakfasts, which we did. About ten minutes after we were again attacked by the whole force of the enemy, they having the advantage of position, being posted on the brow of a hill overlooking our position, with a belt of chapparal, some three hundred yards wide, intervening, over which we could not fire. Crittenden immediately gave the order to charge, leading himself, and forced the enemy to retreat to a large body of chapparal some seventy-five or eighty yards in the rear of their first position, from which they opened a heavy fire upon our force as soon as it appeared in sight on the brow of the hill.

Finding that he could not maintain that position, Crittenden gave an order to retreat to the house, which was done, while the enemy resumed his position on the hill and again opened his fire; upon which Crittenden ordered a second charge, at the same time saying that he wished a small party to attain a position at the right flank of the enemy, to charge from that side the same moment he charged from the front. Second Lieutenant W. H. Crafts, (also of Company B,) and myself volunteered, and succeeded in attaining the position with twenty men. After remaining in it for about half an hour, and hearing nothing of Crittenden, we returned to the house, where we found Capt. Kelly, of Company A, with ten men, guarding the carts, but could hear or see nothing of Crittenden. The enemy soon after advancing towards the house, we were compelled to retreat, leaving our baggage and stores; and that night, or rather the next morning, we succeeded in forming a junction with Lopez at Las Posas, half an hour before his march from that place. At the same hour that Crittenden was attacked at the hacienda, a body of the enemy, eight hundred strong under General Enna, attacked Lopez at Los Posas.

After a hard fight of over two hours, the enemy retreated, leaving the Americans masters of the field, and over two hundred of their number (among whom were several of their highest officers) dead and wounded—the American loss being, in killed, wounded and missing, only about thirty men, among whom Colonel Downan and Lieut. Labizen were killed, and General Pragy and Captains Brigham and Gouti were mortally wounded. After the action, the Spanish wounded were brought in, and as well taken care of as circumstances would admit. Lopez rode entirely unarm-
ed over the field, through the hottest of the fire, occasionally applying a red raw hide, with a great deal of vigor, to the shoulders of such men as he thought could be hurried into firing a little faster. On the

morning of the 14th, at 2 o'clock, Lopez marched from Los Posas into the mountains, leaving seven hundred wounded Spaniards and thirteen of our side, all of whom were bayoneted by the Spaniards, and their bodies piled in a heap, across ways, at the foot of a hill.

Two days after, (on the 16th,) Lopez was again attacked by three hundred lancers and six hundred infantry, while encamped at a hacienda which formerly belonged to himself, but was confiscated some three years since. Here the action lasted from 12 to 2 o'clock, on one of the hottest days I ever experienced. The enemy were again compelled to retreat, with a loss of three hundred and twenty men; and at the same moment that the retreat of the Spaniards in one direction was reported to Lopez, he issued an order to his own force to retreat in an opposite, and actually, that day, made a forced march of eighteen miles in five hours, over a mountain road. On the 19th, being still on the mountains, we were overtaken by a severe rain storm, which destroyed the greater portion of our ammunition, and rendered our guns entirely useless. We encamped on the evening of that day at a rancho on the foot of the mountains, about two leagues from Bahia Honda. We remained undisturbed that night; and were attacked just at breakfast time on the morning of the 20th, being taken by surprise, the sentry on the out-
post having left his post to wash himself in a creek, where he was killed. Owing to the unserviceable condition of their arms, the force under Lopez was completely routed, flying to the mountains in all directions.—Lopez himself barely escaping on horse-
back, with the loss of his saddle pistols and spy-glass—of everything, in fact, but what he wore. That night he encamped on the top of one of the highest mountains on the Island of Cuba, exposed to all the violence of a terrific norther, without either shelter, fire or food.

It is impossible for me to describe the sufferings of that night. Heaven forbid that I ever pass such another. The rain fell in torrents, while ever and anon a terrific crash would announce that some massive tree had fallen, either before the force of the wind, or the still mightier lightning. That night equalled an ordinary lifetime. On the evening of the 21st, having been forty-eight hours without eating, we killed a horse, which was divided among one hundred and twenty-five men, who were all that now remained with Lopez. We wandered through mountains, unable to extricate ourselves, subsisting on such leaves and roots as we could find, until midnight of Sunday, the 24th, when we succeeded in reaching a road running from Bahia Honda to San Cristobal, along which we advanced until nearly night, when two Spanish lancers were discovered advancing, but fled on seeing us. A halt was immediately ordered, and an examination made of the state of our forces, which showed a total of one hundred and twenty-five men, eighty muskets, about twenty of which were serviceable, and about forty dry cartridges. Under this state of affairs, it was deemed advisable to retreat, which was ordered, and a pursuit commenced by the enemy, who lay in ambush some few hundred yards in advance, with a force of nine hundred men. On the approach of the enemy, the whole force of Lopez separated into small bodies, and dispersed through the mountains, throwing away their guns and everything which could encumber them in their flight, seven men only remaining with the General. A large number were overtaken and immediately killed. I, myself, was one of a party of eight who had previously determined on leaving Lopez, and attempting to escape from the island.

We remained in the mountains until the morning of Tuesday, the 26th, when, having had but one meal in six days, and feeling that we could bear it no longer, we determined to go into the plains, considering that it would be better to be killed outright than die a lingering death from starvation, which we certainly would up in the mountains.

We accordingly advanced to a house where we were treated with a great deal of kindness, and received a most excellent breakfast. An arrangement was made to procure a guide to the south shore, with provisions, &c., and we were about to leave and conceal ourselves until night, when, in the twinkling of an eye, we were surrounded by 200 armed countrymen, who immediately bound us securely, and inverted our pockets, considering the contents lawful plunder. That day we reached San Cristobal. Until we reached San Cristobal we were under the impression that we were to be immediately shot, our only consolation being that we were to die with full stomachs.

On our arrival there, we were informed that a proclamation had been issued ten hours before our arrest, sparing the lives of all "fillibusters" who were made prisoners, or gave themselves up, within four days, except the traitor Lopez, after which

an order, dated, I think, the 24th of April, (by which all foreigners found in the island were ordered to be put to death,) was to continue in full force. On the 28th, there being then 47 prisoners, we left San Cristobal for Havana, and on Friday night reached Guayama, the terminus of a railroad from Havana. There an order was received from the Captain General to proceed to Mariel and embark, he being fearful that the prisoners would be torn to pieces by the rabble at Havana. We reached Mariel on the evening of the 30th, and were embarked upon the steamer Almodares to proceed to Havana, when an express arrived, bringing information of the capture of Lopez, and the steamer was delayed to await his arrival, which took place at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Sunday, the 31st, and we immediately left for Havana. Lopez was entirely at liberty, and smoked his cigarette with apparently as much unconcern as ever he did in his life. Outside the harbor of Mariel, Lopez was transferred to the steamer figuero Pizarro, which conveyed him to Havana, and which he did not leave until he left next morning for the place of execution.

The remainder of us were confined that night in the city prison in the rear of the fort called the Pinta. The prisoners passed through a regular process, their hair being first cut close to their heads. They then passed into the hands of another barber, who deprived them of their whiskers; then another provided them with a prison uniform, and the exercises were terminated by a big negro, who securely fastened them in pairs by a chain, similar in size and weight to a log chain, firmly secured to the ankle.

At the time of my release from prison, which was at 10 o'clock on the night of the 4th instant, there were 160 of our force prisoners. They were all chained, and confined in one large room, hardly large enough, however, for all to lie down at once. They were treated very kindly, and allowed all the privileges that could be expected. As a matter of course, where so many men are confined in a limited space, and not allowed to leave it under any circumstances, it naturally follows that it must be very unpleasant. Their sentence is ten years' hard labor in Spain, probably in the construction of a canal. They all appeared to be in good spirits at the time I left, being under the impression that they would soon be released after their arrival in Spain.

Lopez was brought from the Pizarro, and publicly garrotted in the square adjoining the prison, at 7 o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 1st of September.— With him ended not only this expedition, but I sincerely trust all expeditions to Cuba.

Up to the time I left, the Spaniards could account for two hundred and seventy-one Americans—including Crittenden's command—whom they had killed, that is, in action; wounded men who were left on the field, and sick and fatigued men who gave out on the march, and were left behind, and men whom they hunted down in the mountains with dogs. Those with the one hundred and sixty taken prisoners, make a total of four hundred and thirty-one men accounted for—leaving a balance of twenty-two men whose fate is yet unknown—the total force landed being four hundred and fifty-three men. Of these

hundred and thirty-three, probably the greater portion are yet alive and in the mountains; and as the troops have all been recalled to Havana, it is probable some of them may yet succeed in getting home. Of the whole number made prisoners, but two others besides myself, have been pardoned. Those are Col. Hayes and Captain Kelly, whom the Captain-General pardoned and sent Havana unsolicited. They were to leave Havana for this port in the packet ship Normo, on Friday. My own release was granted as a special favor to Capt. Charles T. Platt, of the United States ship Albany, on board of which I was conveyed by an aid of the Captain-General, at 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night, the ship proceeding to sea immediately. His Excellency sent a Government tow boat and pilot to take her out.

Lopez was caught with bloodhounds in the mountains, on the morning of Friday, the 29th inst. The dogs being some distance in advance of the men, bit him badly in the left leg. There were seventeen countrymen in the party who captured him, each of whom was publicly presented with \$1,000 and a cross of honor, immediately after his execution.

Let us now review the cause and results of this expedition. At the time I received my appointment from Mr. Sigur, one of the editors of the New Orleans Delta, I was told by him that a revolt was regularly organized among the Creoles throughout the Island of Cuba; that they had elected General Lopez as their leader, and their object was to free Cuba from the tyranny of Spain, and either form a republic of their own, or annex the island to the Uni-

ted States. He told me that Lopez was about to leave New Orleans for Cuba, with about five hundred Americans, and that his landing was the signal for a general rising, and that within ten days after landing he would be at the head of an army of ten thousand men; that there were also two whole regiments of Spanish troops to come over to him with their equipments. The same story was told to all. Was it so?

As I have already stated, our first salutation was a volley of musketry, instead of, as the Delta asserts, a large body of friends, with horses, stores, &c., for our use. Instead of finding the Creoles friends, we found them worst enemies—keeping the troops constantly informed of our movements, and hanging on our skirts, putting to death, without mercy, all those who straggled on the march. Of the troops I can not but speak in praise, without a single exception. They treated the prisoners with the utmost kindness, giving them wine, segars, bread, tobacco, and aguardiente, freely, and from their own small means. I imagine no one will say we had a right to expect such treatment. Our conduct forced and demanded their respect, but certainly we had no claim either on their sympathy or generosity.

Much has been said relative to the execution of Crittenden and his men. Among all the prisoners now in Havana, much as they admired Crittenden, there is but one opinion, and that is, that that execution was justifiable—was merited. That they were deceived, all know; but that was no business of the Spanish authorities. Surely the provocation received was sufficient to justify not only the execution of those men, but of every man connected with the expedition. Why, look at this affair in its proper light! Where even in history, in the annals of the world, do you find a similar occurrence? Here four hundred and fifty men, without having received the least provocation, leave their homes, and invade the shores of a perfectly peaceful island, expressing a determination to take that island from its lawful owners, by force. Self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature; and if the law will uphold and protect that American citizen, who, without hesitation, shoots down the midnight robber, in defence of his property, certainly that law will uphold the officers of the crown of Spain in exterminating a band of men who attempt to wrest its brightest jewel from that crown. I consider that every man connected with that expedition deserved death. At the time I was made prisoner I fully expected it, and, although the reflection was anything but pleasant, my own conscience told me that it was just. Crittenden with his force not only committed a crime in landing on the island, but actually committed an act of open piracy in taking those vessels in which he was caught, the punishment of which is, by the laws of all nations, death.

Much has been said relative to the mutilation of their bodies. Certainly I was not present at the time and cannot speak positively, but I cannot learn from a reliable source that such was the case. I have conversed with the officers of the U. S. ship Albany on the subject. They are men of high standing in society, and they assure me that such was not the case—that they were shot in accordance with military usages on such occasions, and that the only thing that occurred that could be deemed was the way in which they were dragged to and thrown into carts by the negroes ordered to bury them.

It has been reported that Crittenden wrote home that he had been abandoned by Lopez, without arms or ammunition. I do not believe that Crittenden ever wrote anything of the kind. Attached to his command—in hourly contact with him—I knew him, and do not hesitate in saying that a braver, nobler, more honorable man than Wm. L. Crittenden, never lived. Instead of having no ammunition, he had all, and was particularly selected to guard it—that being a most difficult and yet honorable service. Lopez did not desert him, but in leaving him, in dividing his command, committed one of those errors which eventually cost him his life; but had Crittenden, on the morning of the 13th, gone on and joined Lopez at Los Posas, instead of retreating to the sea, all would have been well—then he would have lost only the store; as it was he lost all. Why he did so, is inexplicable, and must ever remain involved in mystery.

Had Lopez carried out his original intention of landing near Puerto Principe, the result might, perhaps, have been different—he might there, perhaps have found friends, and raised a force sufficient to sustain itself until reinforcements were sent out from the States. In landing where he did, Lopez without doubt acted as he thought for the best; but there, as in many other instances, he erred. Of his personal courage there is no doubt; but when we speak of military knowledge, of judgment, of his ability to lead an expedition, I say at once

he had neither. Lopez was probably as much or more deceived than any man in the expedition. His ambition led him to be the tool and victim of heartless speculators. Avarice, not philanthropy, was the main spring of this expedition.

I now distinctly, openly assert that all those letters purporting to be from Cuba, which were published during the month of July last, and copied throughout the Union, were base forgeries, for the express purpose of deceiving the citizens of the United States, and advancing the sale of Cuban bonds. Knowing the ambition of Lopez, and that strong disposition to extend the glorious boon of freedom which fills the breast of every American citizen, these speculators in human blood took advantage of their knowledge to further their own end. They well knew how little effort was required to start and keep alive this excitement. They thought, or at least they fondly hoped, that more men would go out to join this little band, and that eventually the Island would be free.

Cuban bonds were worth, or were selling at from 10 to 20 cents on a dollar, when this expedition left. Naturally they would increase in value, as the prospect of liberating Cuba became more certain; and if this expedition succeeded, as they pretended to think it would, Cuba, when liberated from what they denominated the tyranny of Spain, would have been burthened with a debt of from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars, at least fifty per cent of which would have been in the pockets of these would-be philanthropists, who, active as they wished to be thought in the holy cause of liberty, took the best of good care to peril neither life nor their own personal liberty in its behalf. At the expiration of the war, and after Cuba should have become free, then it was to be annexed to the United States, and as a matter of course the payment of these Cuban bonds was to be assumed by that Government. What do they care for mothers, wives and sisters of the gallant men who formed this ill-fated expedition, who have been rendered utterly wretched and miserable for ever? They do not feel the chains, the anguish, borne by those one hundred and thirty noble fellows, doomed to spend the best ten years of their lives in a Spanish prison. No; they feel the blood money in their pockets, and laugh over the result of their speculation. They are the men to be punished. It is on them the shades of our murdered countrymen call for vengeance. Heavy, indeed, must be their punishment when, at the last day, an offended and just Judge shall demand of them retribution for their deed.

This is, I believe, a correct account of the causes, proceedings, and results of the unfortunate expedition. I have endeavored to give an impartial account, and if any man, either North or South, considers himself aggrieved by any remark contained herein, I will endeavor to afford him such satisfaction as the nature of the case may demand. There have also been, I understand, some reflections made on the conduct of our Consul at Havana, Mr. Owen, and also one of the officers of the Albany, at the time of the execution. At that time Mr. Owen not only was unable to do anything to assist them, but, as I am informed and believe, was actually in danger himself, from the rabble at Havana, a guard of Spanish soldiers having been placed over his property and person by order of the Captain General. As for the Albany, she was powerless on that occasion. Her officers and crew to a man, sympathized with and deeply regretted the melancholy fate of their unfortunate countrymen; but they could do no more. My word for it, if ever an opportunity should occur, the officers and crew of that ship will not only uphold the honor of the American flag, but add new laurels to its wreath.

And now, in conclusion, let me, through the medium of your columns, return my sincere thanks to his Honor the Mayor, to Col. O'Hara, Capt. Cary, and other citizens of Key West, for the many kindnesses and attentions shown to me, assuring them that I shall ever remember them with gratitude.

I annex, for the benefit of their friends, a list of the officers who left for New Orleans, in Crittenden's regiment.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
PHILIP S. VAN VECHTEN,
Late 1st Lieutenant Cuba Expedition.
OFFICERS OF CRITTENDEN'S COMMAND.—
Col. W. L. Crittenden; Com. Gen.—
Cook; Q. M. Gen. Vesey; Reg. Q. M.
Felix Huston, Jr.; Reg. Adjt.—Stau-
ford; Reg. Com.—Bell; Capt. J. A.
Kelly, Co. A.; 1st Lieut. Jno. Brise, do.;
2d Lt.—Stevens, Co. A.; Capt. James
Sander, Co. B.; 1st Lieut. P. S. Van
Vechten, do. B.; B. E. Hunter, Co. B.;
2d do. Wm. H. Crafts, do.; Capt. Victor
Kerr, Co. C.; 1st Lt. James Braudt, do.;
2d do.—Robinson, do.; Serj. Maj.
Veau; 1st Lt. T. C. June, Co. A.
Of the above, Capt. Kelly, Lieut. Crafts
and myself, now only survive. Yours, &c.
P. S. V. V.