INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN.

Some time yesterday afternoon, as we are informed, Governor Johnston received, through the hands of a servant at the American Hotel, where he lodges, the memorial, or petition, or whatever else it may be called, which we give below. As the evening papers of Saturday, and the bulletin boards of the various newspaper offices, had published the fact that a large number of arrests had been made in Lancaster county, and that both the local authorities and the officers of the United States had been actively engaged in the discharge of their duties, it is certainly somewhat singular that the gentlemen signing this paper should assume that the ministers of the law were paralyzed. Directly the contrary was the fact, as the District Attorney and Sheriff of Lancaster county were diligently employed in tracing and arresting the offenders, and subsequently the Federal officers were similarly occupied, and it was well known in the city on Saturday that nearly all the suspected persons had been taken, and were then in custody.

The reply of Governor Johnston, which we also give, expresses in suitable terms his sense of the gross outrage which has been committed, and his determination to maintain and enforce the laws.

To the Governor of Pennsylvania:

The undersigned, citizens of Pennsylvania, respectfully represent:

That citizens of a neighboring State have been cruelly assassinated by a band of armed outlaws, at a place not more than three hours' journey distant from the seat of government and from the commercial metropolis of the State.

That this insurrectionary movement in one of the most populous parts of the State has been so far successful as to overawe the local ministers of justice and paralyze the powers of the law.

That your memorialists are not aware that "any military force" has been sent to the seat of the insurrection, or that the civil authority has been strengthened by the adoption of any measures suited to the momentous crisis.

They therefore respectfully request the chief executive magistrate of Pennsylvania to take into consideration the necessity of vindicating the outraged laws, and sustaining the dignity of the Commonwealth on this important and melancholy occasion.

[Signed by a number of citizens.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1851.

To Messrs. John Cadwalader, James Page, A. L. Roumfort, C. Ingersoll, R. Simpson, Isaac Leech, Jr., W. Deal, Geo. H. Martin, Samuel Hays, Thos. McGrath, S. R. Carnahan, Jno. Swift, Frederick McAdams, John W. Forney, Harry Connelly.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter, without date, was this afternoon put into my hands by one of the servants of the hotel. The anxiety which you manifest to maintain the laws of the land and the public peace is fully appreciated, and I have great pleasure in informing you that, more than twenty-four hours before the receipt of your letter, the parties implicated had been, through the vigilance and decision of the local authorities, arrested, and are now in prison awaiting an inquiry into their imputed guilt. The District Attorney and Sheriff of Lancaster county, acting in concert with the Attorney General of the State, deserve especial thanks for their prompt and energetic conduct. This was all done early on Saturday morning, and duly reported to me by the local officers.

The testimony taken by the United States Commissioner, who arrived at a later period on the ground—a printed copy of which has accidentally reached me this afternoon—confirms me in the belief that the State authorities had vindicated the law, and to a large extent arrested the perpetrators of the crimes.

The cruel murder of a citizen of a neighboring State, accompanied by a gross outrage upon the laws of the United States, in the resistance of its process, has been committed; and you may be assured that, so soon as the guilty agents are ascertained, they will be punished in its severest penalty by the law of Pennsylvania. I am very proud that the first steps to detect and arrest these offenders have been taken by Pennsylvania officers.

Permit me, gentlemen, having thus removed all just cause of anxiety from your minds, respectfully to suggest that the idea of rebellion, or "insurrectionary movement," in the county of Lancaster, or any where else in this Commonwealth, has no real foundation, and is an offensive imputation on a large body of our fellow-citizens. There is no insurrectionary movement in Lancaster county, and there would be no occasion to march a military force there, as you seem to desire, and inflame the public mind by any such strange exaggeration. I do not wish our brethren of the Union to think that in any part of this State resistance to the law goes undetected or unpunished, or that there exists such a sentiment as treason to the Union and the Constitution. The alleged murderers of Mr. Gorsuch, whose crime is deep enough without exaggerating it, have been arrested and will be tried, and they and their abettors be made to answer for what they have done in contravention of the law.—But, in the mean time, let me invite your co-operation, as citizens of Pennsylvania, not only to see that the law is enforced, but to add to the confidence which we all feel in the judicial tribunals of the land, by abstaining from undue violence of language, and letting the law take its course. Depend upon it, gentlemen, there is in Lancaster county a sense of duty to the laws of the land, manifested in the easy and prompt arrest of these offenders, which will on all occasions show itself in practical obedience.

The people of that county are men of peace and good order, and not easily led aside from the path of duty which the Constitution prescribes. They and every Pennsylvanian love the Constitution and the Union. They will detect, as they have done in this case, and arrest and punish, all who violate the laws of the land. There is no warrant, depend on it, for representing the men of Lancaster county as traitors and participants in an "insurrectionary movement." You do them, unintentionally I have no doubt, great injustice.

I am deeply indebted to you for affording me this opportunity of expressing my views. But for your communication I might not have been able to do so. You, and my fellow-citizens at large, may be assured of my firm determination, at all hazards, and under all circumstances, to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and enforce obedience to the laws alike of the United States and of this Commonwealth.

In order that I may be sure that my answer may reach its destination, (your letter having but accidentally come to my hands,) I have requested Mr. White to put it in the hands of Mr. John Cadwalader, whose signature, I observe, is first.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

WM. F. JOHNSTON.

WOODWORTH PLANING MACHINE EXTENSION.

We understand that, at the recent Planing Machine Trial, in Cooperstown, (noticed by us in No. 49) one of the counsel, not particularly noted for his courtesy, after having poured the vials of his wrath upon the *unfortunate* patentees who have presumed to run their machines, knowing of the existence of the Woodworth Patent, announced that the assignees intended to ask an extension of the patent by an especial act of Congress, based upon the principle of planing by mechanical pressure. The assignees of this patent must have been deeply chagrined at the want of discretion thus manifested, to say nothing of the want of courtesy towards opponents, many of whom, doubtless, are honorable men, far above the suspicion of piracy.—By making such a statement at this early period, the public mind will prepare itself to resist to the last extremity so glaring an act of injustice to their interests.—Flushed with the success which has attended their past efforts in obtaining verdicts,—and a re-issue under circumstances which may suppose reflects anything but credit upon the actors in the game, the assignees presume to urge a powerful vital question upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress; and, as we learn, are now preparing themselves with every means to carry the bill through the next Session of Congress. That it can never be done, we hesitate not to state thus early; and so sure as the sun rises to-morrow, they will only meet disappointment in any such effort to saddle a hideous monopoly upon the American people. We have few legislators who would dare thus to trifle with an intelligent constituency,—trifling it is, because it is in direct contravention of the republican spirit of our patent laws. Such an arbitrary position might be assumed in half-civilized countries, and the writer of this guillotined for expressing his honest conviction, but it will not do here. The American masses are much too intelligent to permit any such encroachment. We are in favor of allowing everything to the Woodworth assignees which is justly belonging to them, and that their patent should now exist until the 27th day of December, 1856. We are then in favor of its becoming public property, and shall use our best exertions to accomplish this just end.

Let us briefly examine some points at issue in this question. In the first place, to claim mechanical pressure applied to planing, would interdict the use of any other than such machines as the assignees of Woodworth were willing to allow, as no planing except by hand can be done without mechanical pressure. Mechanics and manufacturers do you know that this claim, once secured, would prevent you the free use of the old Daniel's machine, which has become public property, and is now being generally employed in your shops? Most certainly you would be called upon to pay tribute to an inquisitorial monopoly, with whom the "quality of mercy is not strained." Again, in some instances the owners of this patent have attempted to stop parties from running machines applied to different purposes, which in no way could affect their interests—done for fees, of course. We have no guarantee that this system will not be pursued to an extent not before attempted.

This statement exhibits the tendency of the parties, and it must appeal strongly to the prejudices of our mechanics, whose interests become seriously affected thereby. We call upon the mechanics, manufacturers, and editors, throughout the country, to watch every movement made to further such designs, and be prepared to counteract any influence which may be brought to bear in carrying them forward. We do not mean to be misunderstood in reference to this matter; and, as occasion requires, we shall aim some well-directed efforts at this scheme, and explain the reasons upon which the appeal will doubtless be made to secure the new patent.

Scientific American.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO MRS. MARIA McE——,

(OF FLORAL, N. C.)

Mother, dear Mother! of the retrospections,
That my heart treasures, like Spring's withered flowers,
The fondest, purest, are the recollections
That mem'ry brings me of my childhood hours.

When every little scene of childish pleasure,
Or mishaps that befell thy wayward boy,
Found thee, however busy, still at leisure,
To sympathize, in sorrow or in joy.

How those loved images still round me linger,
As though of life itself they formed a part;
That even Time, with all-erasing finger,
Can blot them from my memory or heart.

Those halcyon days,—before a hard experience
And bitter contact with the world, had taught
How much the heart and lips may be at variance,—
How little that is said is truly thought.

That thus thy fond affection, which no distance,
Nor years, nor varying fortune could estrange,
Which, through the period of my whole existence,
From its first hour till now has known no change,

Boyhood has become manhood,—gathered round me
New hopes and busy scenes have clustered. Yet
'Mid all the ties with which the world has bound me,
Thine early love I never can forget.

The world has nothing like it,—though another
Might bless me with her love, and make her fate mine,
Yet even her affection, dearest Mother,
Could not. Oh! could not be compared with thine.

ED.

Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 1, 1851.

STATEMENT OF LIEUT. VAN VECHTEN.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP WINFIELD SCOTT, September 11, 1851.

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,) commanded by Capt. James Sanders. The expedition, as you are already aware, left New Orleans at daybreak on the morning of Sunday, the 3d 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 Northeast 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 3 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 Moro Castle, and about 12 miles distant; the vessel immediately headed to the northward 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 draught 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 being returned from the boat which contained Captain Gouti, (a Cuban commanding an American company,) Lieut. Laininghan, and about thirty privates of his company. One of Gouti's men was wounded in the arm and returned to the ship, and the cap of the lieutenant was cut into halves on his head.

At daylight Lopez sent a pronunciamento to Las 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 Cabanos, where we landed, Lopez ordered Col. Crittenden to remain there and protect our stores, consisting of one hundred thousand musket cartridges, three thousand muskets, and several 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. Dowman, and send from thence transportation; and that he would remain there until joined by Col. Crittenden. Accordingly Lopez marched at 8 o'clock with three hundred and twenty-three men, leaving Crittenden at Cabanos with one hundred and thirty men. At 11 o'clock that night Crittenden received two carts, and started immediately after to join Lopez at Las 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 Las 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 being 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 breakfast, 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 chapparral 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 Gen. Enna, attacked Lopez at Las 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 Downman and Lieut. Labizan were killed, and Gen. Pragay and Capts. 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 unarmed 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 Las Posas into the mountains, leaving there seventeen wounded Spaniards and thirteen of our side, all of whom were bayoneted by the Spaniards, and their bodies piled in a heap, cross 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 outpost, 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 horseback, with the loss of his saddle, pistols, and spy-glass—of every thing, 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 midday 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 every thing which could incumber 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 two hundred 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 "fillibusteros" 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 forty-seven prisoners, we left San Cristobal for Havana, and on Friday night reached Guyamos, 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 Almendares, to proceed to Havana, when an express arrived, bringing information of the capture of Lepez; and the steamer was delayed to await his arrival, which took place at 2 o'clock P. M. on Sunday, the 31st, when we immediately left for Havana. Lopez was entirely at liberty, and smoked his cigarito with apparently as much unconcern as ever he did in his life. Outside the harbor of Mariel, Lopez was transferred to the steam frigate 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 Ponta. 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 ten o'clock on the night of the 4th instant, there were one hundred and sixty 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 garroted 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 not 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 twenty-two, 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. Out of the whole number made prisoners, but two others besides myself have been pardoned. Those are Col. Haynes, and Capt. Kelly, whom the Captain General pardoned and sent home unsolicited. They were to leave Havana for this port in the packet ship Norma 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 blood-hounds, in the mountains, on the morning of Friday, the 20th instant. 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 $1000 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 Gen. 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 United 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 asserted, a large body of friends, with horses, stores, &c., for our use. Instead of finding the Creoles our friends, we found them our most bitter enimies—far more so than the troops—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 cannot but speak in praise, without a single exception. They treated the prisoners with the utmost kindness, giving them wine, cigars, bread, tobacco, and aguadente, freely, and from their own small means. I imagine no one will say that we had any 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, 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 the expedition deserved death. At the time I was made prisoner I fully expected it, and, although the reflection was any thing 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 for 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. States 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 could be condemned 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 William S. 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 most 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 Las Posas, instead of retreating to the sea, all would have been well—then he would have lost only the stores; 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, those 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 ten to twenty 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 burdened 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 precious 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 the mothers, wives, and sisters of the gallant men who formed this ill-fated expedition, who have been rendered utterly wretched and miserable forever? They do not feel the chains, the anguish borne by those one hundred and sixty 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 therein, 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 on the officers of the Albany at the time of the execution. At that time Mr. Owen not only was unable to do any thing 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.

But 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 me, assuring them that I shall ever remember them with gratitude.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

PHILIP S. VAN VECHTEN,
Late First Lieut. of the Cuba Expd'n.

AURORAL DISPLAY AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

From the Boston Transcript.

CRAWFORD HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAIN NOTCH, September 8, 1851.

Mr. EDITOR: Meteoric phenomena of such a wonderful kind were witnessed here last Saturday evening that they seemed to those of us travelling in this region who were fortunate enough to behold them to demand some public notice; and I trust you will concur with us in our opinion, although no description, much less my own, can do justice to this singularly brilliant and even appalling display of celestial fireworks. During the whole of the evening we observed the ordinary tranquil Aurora illuminating a portion of the northern hemisphere, and shining with a mild steady white light, but remarked no variation of color or form; and it was not till about half past eleven that the *avant-courier* of the coming exhibition appeared in the shape of a luminous band, stretching suddenly across the sky, and oscillating with a tremulous motion. A gentleman from Philadelphia had proposed walking down into the Notch to view it by moonlight, and, as we drew near it, the twin Titans guarding the entrance stood boldly forth against a sky of unusual clearness, while the mist collected in the valley, lit up by the moon and stars, resembled a sleeping lake.

Having advanced quite a distance into the Notch, we reclined upon an elevated rock to contemplate the rugged grandeur of the cliffs, as they rose in the clear silver light, when our eyes were greeted by the above-mentioned phenomenon. As we lay flat on our backs, on a sudden, from the upper edge of the shining segment in the north, while the lower part grew dark, shot forth innumerable rays, like jets of liquid light, which preserved their form a moment, appearing like a resplendent diadem of solid diamond on the Egyptian brow of night. Oblong spots of brilliant light now sprang into view in various quarters, which, becoming gradually elongated, burst at the top, scattering masses of light in all directions. Soon, broad shining columns emerged from different points in the horizon, moving slowly at first, then darting up with incredible swiftness—suddenly vanishing, and reappearing of increased brilliancy, eclipsing the light of the planets and the moon; now chasing each other in lightning race around the sky, and finally enlarging, after infinite changes of form, so as to occupy the whole heavens.

A universal undulatory motion, similar to the swell of the sea or the motion of a wind-swept field of grain, but more rapid than the dart of the frightened serpent, now proved the precursor of increased beauty and of the most truly amazing phenomena. A small pitchy cloud of irregular form appears at the zenith, which, as it were, kindles and emits tongues of flame of the most variegated and brilliant hues—green, purple, pink, golden, and violet, and streams of fire, shooting in a similar course, as when "Hell's standard-bearer

"From the glittering staff unfurled
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,"

while all over the heavens cloud-like masses, flushed with the richest tints, like the glancing light on the polished steel, emerge in the twinkling of an eye; countless forms of beauty, as, following the chieftain's ensign,

"All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rising in the air,
With orient colors waving;"

and sulphurous flames, seeming to issue *from* the mountains, darted from behind, resembling the bursting forth of volcanic fires.

Such a scene, calculated to excite the noblest emotions, I never expect to behold again; it were worth a voyage across the Atlantic. It might be compared to a canopy or tent, suspended from the zenith, inwrought with gold and silver, rubies and emeralds, and shaken by a mighty wind. And it would require no vivid imagination for one, shut in as we were by eternal pines, with the skies kindling over our heads, to see above him the fretted roof of Pandemonium set with "cressets, fed with naphtha and asphaltus," and around, gigantic forms reposing on their rocky couches, to think "her stores were opened, and the firmament," sporting cataracts of fire, portending horrors threatening hideous ruin.

Nearly all the colors of the spectrum were exhibited in dazzling succession, green being especially prominent, which our astrologer informs us has never been seen before, though red is quite common. Nothing was wanting except the hissing and crackling noises sometimes heard here and frequent in high northern latitudes; the solemn stillness, however, added to the thought, to the sublimity of the scene. After the lapse of about half an hour the varied colors gradually faded, and a dim white light alone remained in the northern sky. The aurora boreales of Lapland, as described by Maupertuis and others, are very similar to this display. The weather at the mountains, for two or three days has been the warmest of the season—the thermometer ranging from 90° to 98°.

Yours, truly,

A. RUSSELL, Cambridge.
W. S. ROGERS, Boston.
J. D. SARGENT, Philadelphia.

Col. James W. Northrup, of Magnolia, in this county, committed suicide by shooting himself, at his residence on Thursday, the 23d ult. He leaves a very large and estimable family, entirely dependent upon their own exertions for support.

Col. Northrup moved from Wadesborough, Anson co., North Carolina, to this State in 1838.—*Alabama Argus.*

We regret to have to announce the death of James Fennimore Cooper, Esq., which took place, after a lingering illness, at his residence in Cooperstown, New York.

TURNIP SEED.

ENGLISH White Dutch, large English yellow folk, Ruta Baga Turnip Seed, received this day and for sale by

S. J. HINSDALE.

August 4. 10-tf