

# THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

## THE FILIBUSTERS.

### COMPLETE FAILURE OF THE EXPEDITION—SEIZURE OF THE STEAMERS.

As was stated in THE TRIBUNE on Monday last, the great expedition to Cuba, over which there has been so much excitement and so many conflicting reports, has turned out a complete failure. The seizure of the propeller Catherine Whiting by the revenue cutter McCullough on Sunday morning last near Robbins's Reef Light-House, frustrated all the plans of the insurgents. It will be remembered that there was a heavy fog prevailing on Saturday night, which seriously interfered with the Staten Island ferry-boats. The Catherine Whiting, which loaded her cargo, consisting of coals of water, hay, and provisions, at one of the North River piers, was towed over to the Atlantic Docks where she took in her coal. On Saturday she got up steam, and about dusk she was towed to a point in the Upper Bay, about midway between New-York and Staten Island, where she quietly dropped anchor. After the fog had set in she extinguished her signal lights. Lying alongside of the ship Chieftain, outward bound, but detained by the fog, was the steamer Sarah E. Easton, having on board Deputy Marshal Bangs and a posse of men, all armed, who were watching the movements of the suspicious stranger. The Revenue-tug Jasmine, commanded by Capt. Josiah Pearson, was also in the vicinity, on board of which were Deputy Marshal S. R. Harlow and his assistants. In the Narrows, near the forts, was cruising the Revenue-boat McCullough, Capt. Merryman, having on board a full complement of officers and men, with her guns all shotted. After the rain the fog dispersed and the Government steamers met near the Catherine Whiting, and remained by her until morning. During the night several vessels were brought to and searched, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found. About 9 o'clock on Sunday morning the Catherine Whiting weighed anchor and headed down the Narrows. The McCullough fired a blank cartridge across her bow—a sign to heave to, which she did not obey, when a shot went whizzing across her bow, which had the desired effect. One of the McCullough's officers went on board and after searching her hold and examining her manifest, notified her captain that his vessel was under seizure by the United States revenue authorities. About noon Marshal Barlow boarded the Whiting, and placed his deputies in charge. She remained at her anchorage until Monday evening, when she was towed to the Navy-Yard, and placed in charge of Admiral Godon, who ordered a detachment of U. S. Marines on board to guard the cargo and prevent any of the crew from leaving the steamer. Our special correspondent embarked on one of the tugs which started from the city with a detachment of the filibusters, intending to accompany the expedition to its final destination. He gives the following account of the SAILING OF THE EXPEDITION.

Though several of the papers have given vague statements of the manner in which the expedition in aid of the Cuban patriots left New-York on Saturday night, the particulars are only known to those who accompanied the expedition, among whom was your special correspondent. Three steam-tugs were employed to convey the volunteers to the point of rendezvous near Gardiner's Island, at the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound, where the detachments were to embark on board a first-class steamer, chartered for the expedition. Previous to the starting of the expedition two schooners, loaded with supplies and munitions of war, safely left our port and went out to sea, there to await the arrival of the steamer and volunteers.

On Thursday night, the 26th inst., the steam tug Jno. Chase proceeded to Brooklyn and Hoboken to take on board her contingents, while the Hiram M. Cool steamed from Pier No. 5, East River, to the foot of Sixty-first-st., where she hastily embarked her contingent of about 200 men. The darkness and inclemency of the night so far favored the expedition and the movement of the men, who rendezvoused from several points, without creating any suspicion. These tugs soon afterward moved out in the river, and were followed by the steam-tug R. L. Maybe, which was chartered at the last moment, as the others were overcrowded.

The Hiram M. Cool, which had the largest detachment on board, left the dock about 8 o'clock, and, after landing at a few other points to take volunteers on board, steered up the stream, followed by the other tugs.

#### MEN AND OFFICERS ON BOARD.

The Cool had about 200 men on board, half of whom were Cubans; the remainder were New-Yorkers, chiefly Irishmen, all of whom had served in the late war either as officers or privates. The night was intensely dark and foggy, with a heavy, drizzling rain falling all the time. On board the Cool were several prominent Cuban officers and gentlemen, some of them members of the Cuban Junta, representing large property interests in their own country. Among the American officers were Col. Byron and Keats, Majors O'Leary and Courtney, and Capt. T. F. O'Neill, Wm. H. Lindsey, Kearns, Murtha, McCue, Lindsey, Simonsen, Gibbins, Tom Masterton, Dixon, Hoar, Harris, and several others, all of whom had acquired a reputation as brave officers in our late War.

Of the Cuban officers and men I cannot with safety mention the names of more than Ignacio F. Alfaro, member of the Cuban Republican Junta; Dr. Bonara, Secretary to the Junta; the sons of Aquilera, Secretary of War, and of Eduardo Agromonte, Minister of the Interior; Major-Gen. Eduardo Del Cristo, who was ordered to execution by Gen. Concho, in 1851, for his connection with the Lopez expedition, but reprieved, while his head was actually in the garrote; Cesar Pinto, whose father Leon was garroted by the Spaniards; Ricardo Ponce De Leon, whose father was Lieutenant-General in the Spanish service, and who himself had served four years honorably, on the Federal side, in the late war. These are but a few of the prominent Cubans who accompanied the expedition, many of whom were millionaires in their own country, but whose names I do not wish to publish from prudential motives, as their friends and families are living within the Spanish lines. The Cubans, to the number of about 100, were all on board the Hiram M. Cool, and a finer or more intelligent body of men I have never seen.

#### A DUELIST.

Among the Cubans is a chivalrous young man, named Charles Mayer, who fought the celebrated Spanish duelist and fire-eater Pepe Lluia of New-Orleans on the 9th of last May. Lluia challenged any Cuban in the city to fight him, if not he would brand the whole race as poltroons and cowards. Mayer accepted the challenge on condition that they should fight at ten paces distance with rifles. This the other refused, but would fight at twenty-five paces, with pistols, each party advancing at discretion. This being finally agreed upon, Lluia shot Mayer right through the breast at the first discharge. The Spaniards had so large a party there that it was evidently their intention to kill the few Cubans present had Lluia failed. It might appear strange why so many prominent Cubans should come to New-York to join the expedition, but we must recollect that the secret arms in the hands of the Spaniards, and the only chance the Cubans have of entering the patriot army is to join some expedition likely to reach the interior of the country.

#### SAILING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

As I have stated the night was intensely dark and foggy accompanied by showers of rain and thunder storms, so that the steam tugs had to move very slowly and cautiously, besides keeping a sharp look out for the Revenue cutters. Above Hell Gate the Webb joined the M. Cool, and transferred to her Col. Ryan and one or two other gentlemen. Col. Ryan was disguised with false whiskers and mustache, and wore a large overcoat.

The steamers then quietly steamed up the river until they came near Riker's Island where they parted, the Webb having returned to the city. The fog was so dense that the pilot could scarcely see his way and had to move with the greatest caution. As there was no accommodation provided for the men, they were soon drenched through, but the most of them being veterans were used to that sort of thing and did not grumble in the least. The men chatted, joked, and recounted their adventures in the Petonac Army with the same gusto as if they were enjoying a delightful picnic. They knew that they were bound on a dangerous expedition which required secrecy and caution, and were resolved to make the best of adverse circumstances. In passing Fort Schuyler all lights were put out, and the men lay under cover. It was well known that two revenue cutters lay outside the fort, between which we had to pass. We succeeded in doing so; but the Chase was hailed by a Government steamer, but in the darkness succeeded in passing her without being brought to. The H. M. Cool continued her passage up the Sound. On Sunday morning the meager rations on board were doled out to the men.

#### THE FOG CONTINUES—SCARCITY OF RATIONS.

On Sunday morning we were at anchor for some time waiting for the fog to clear off, which it partially did as the sun rose. We then proceeded at a slow speed, hugging the Long Island shore. The morning was very unpleasant, as a drizzling rain and heavy thunder storm combined to make us as uncomfortable as possible, and to aid the fog in retarding our speed. About noon all the crackers were consumed, and the water giving out the sufferings of the men began, chiefly from the want of the latter. Toward evening we passed Plum Gut and ran into Gardiner's Bay where we dropped anchor. There we were joined by the steam-tug Jno. Chase with about 200 men on board.

#### LOOKING OUT FOR THE CATHERINE WHITING.

As we were now near the point of rendezvous, and were anxiously looking out for the Catherine Whiting, which was to convey us to our destination, we steamed for some time around the Bay, but night coming on we were compelled to anchor off the light-house. The fog again set in, accompanied by heavy rains. The most of the men on board the Chase were transferred to the Cool, so that she was unaccountably crowded.

#### OF PROVISIONS.

There was not a single cracker or drink of water on board. The men were all suffering, as they had not a single meal since they left New-York the previous evening. It was arranged that the steam tugs were to meet the steamer early on Sunday morning. The darkness of the night, independent of the fact that the authorities had seized the steamer the previous night, rendered this impossible. Believing in the consumption of their plane, the officers of the expedition had not provided any supplies on board the tugs, the steamer and schooners being fully provisioned for the voyage.

#### EVERYBODY GRUMBLES.

The rain fell in torrents and the men were all drenched to the skin, hungry, and fatigued, they lay around the decks as best they could. Owing to the crowded state of

the boat the cabins were able to shelter but a small number and the rest had to huddle together without the least covering. Considerable discontent was manifested by the men, which was, however, allayed by the officers explaining the cause of not having supplies. On Monday morning the tugs steamed around the bay for some time in search of the steamer, not having heard of her detention. About noon a boat was sent to Gardiner's Island after provisions, but the men were unable to procure anything except some gulls' eggs and a peck of potatoes. Toward evening a council was held, when it was decided to transfer most of the men from the Cool to the Chase and have the former run into New-London for provisions, and also to try and ascertain something of the steamer.

The point at which we cast anchor in Gardiner's Bay is about 12 miles from New-York and 15 from New-London. We reached New-London about 7 p. m., and a select few went on shore to secure provisions. These were soon followed by the hungry men, who had money to buy provisions. About forty men went on shore, attracting the attention of the citizens to the steamers. They soon crowded the pier in front of the boat, anxious to learn the particulars of the affair. Señor Alfaro telegraphed to New-York, and learned the fate of the Catherine Whiting. Disheartened, he and his friends returned to the boat. Several of the men who went ashore to the number of about twenty-five, deserted. Some of the officers, in trying to bring back one of the deserters named Leech from Brooklyn, attempted to shoot him, and it is said that he immediately lodged information before the authorities, who telegraphed to New-York. As we cleared the dock, the inhabitants greeted us with three cheers, thus showing their sympathy with the cause.

#### HOMEWARD BOUND—A SECRET COUNCIL.

During our return trip a secret council was held by the officers, at which the seizure of the Whiting was made known, and their views taken as to the best course to follow under the circumstances. It was finally agreed, that owing to the fact that we had but a small supply of provisions, and there being no chance of obtaining a steamer to convey the expedition to its destination, the best course to follow would be to try and secure the arms and ammunition, land most of the men, and let them make their way to their respective homes.

#### AN IRISH STEW.

As soon as we left New-London, the boys immediately proceeded to cook some provisions; some were so hungry that they ate them raw. Your correspondent and several others were invited to partake of an Irish stew prepared by Capt. M., who had graduated in the culinary art in the Army of the Potomac. We thought it superb, in fact, that Delmonico never cooked anything like it. There was many a rich joke and a choice bottle of spirits cracked over that delicious stew.

#### RETURN TO OUR RENDEZVOUS.

Owing to the fog prevailing, and some mistake on the part of the captain, he did not rejoin the Chase until Tuesday morning. The men on board, having fasted for some 30 hours, hailed us with a cheer, and were soon enjoying a rude but hearty meal.

#### THE MEN DIVIDED INTO SQUADS.

The Chase and Maybe took over 800 men on board, portions of whom were to separate at different points, while about 100 remained on the Cool, willing to take the risk of running into New-York. Thus this small but valiant expedition of men was broken up, and as it was chiefly composed of officers and men who had served in the late war, the Cuban cause has suffered a serious loss in being deprived of the services of such men.

Our return trip was rather pleasant as the weather had cleared off. About 7 o'clock in the evening we were approaching Fort Schuyler when the Revenue cutter McCullough fired a gun across our bow, bringing us to immediately. The officers soon came on board and ordered us to steam up alongside the Mahoning, to which we were soon lashed. Dr. Saora and biquet Alfaro were immediately transferred to the Mahoning. As they stepped into the boat all hands on the steamer gave three hearty cheers.

#### COURTESY OF THE OFFICERS.

Capt. Webster immediately invited the representatives of THE TRIBUNE, Herald, and Sun, who accompanied the expedition, on board the Mahoning, where he treated them and his prisoners to supper, and had beds laid down in his state cabin for their accommodation. After the hardships and fatigues we had gone through, we could fully appreciate the kindness and courtesy of Capt. Webster and his officers. While at supper with Capt. Webster he informed us that he was signaled that another tug was captured. It turned out to be the Maybe, with about forty men on board. We had about one hundred men on the M. Cool, but not a single piece of arms.

#### ESCAPE OF COL. RYAN.

It is most likely that Col. Ryan has made his escape, also some 200 men, among whom are several prominent officers and Cubans.

#### ARRIVAL IN BROOKLYN.

About 6 o'clock yesterday morning a tug took us in tow under the convoy of the McCullough, and brought us alongside the Catherine Whiting in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. Marine guards were immediately placed on board of the tugs. The men had no breakfast, and, though they applied to the officers in command, nothing but a little hard crackers were given them. The marines and men on board the Whiting divided their rations with them. About 1 o'clock, Commodore Godon, Commandant of the Navy-Yard, Marshal Barlow, and Judge Pierrepont, came on board. They inquired how many men were on board. Commodore Godon asked who was in command and what was in the case. He was informed that no person was in command; this not satisfying him, he said that he could not send any provisions unless some one was in command to divide them. Some American officers then stepped forward and assumed command. Gen. Barlow being satisfied with the correspondents' credentials released them. While leaving the steamer we were informed of the capture of the Chase in Gardiner's Bay. Judge Pierrepont also said that he had telegraphed to the President announcing the capture of the tug, and that he was instructed, through the Secretary of War, to hold them until further orders, and that he had now turned them over to the Commandant, and that the affair was entirely out of his hands. He also stated that the action of Col. Ryan in breaking his parole and making a prisoner of the deputy had a very injurious effect, which only increased their zeal. This, combined with the publicity given the expedition, conducted much to its failure. I also learned from another official that the movements of the Catherine Whiting were told to him, and that he exactly knew the time and place to seize her.

#### HOW THE CUBANS FELT.

When the captured tugs were brought alongside the Catherine Whiting, they cast a sorrowful look upon her, and some nearly wept. "My God!" exclaimed one of them, who spoke English fluently, "how could we think that this Republic would tie up our hands from freeing our country of despotism, while they are selling the rifles and bullets to the cruel Spaniards that shoot us down!" They still feel confident of success, despite their many disheartening disappointments. I have conversed with some of them who have lately been fighting in the Cuban ranks, but passed through the Spanish lines with information for the Junta. They state that they are resolved to be free at any sacrifice; that they have already liberated their slaves to the value of several millions; that they are organizing colored regiments, and that so far they are making first-class soldiers.

#### SEARCHING THE STEAMERS.

A posse from the Marshal's Office arrived at the Navy-Yard yesterday afternoon, and proceeded to search the Maybe and Cool, the two steam tugs that were captured on Tuesday evening. The filibusters who are now prisoners had been transferred to the receiving ship Vermont, where they were under a strong guard. On the deck of the Maybe were several cases containing medicines, surgical instruments, ammunition, knapsacks, and firearms of various descriptions. On the Cool were a number of boxes of ammunition and several flags; also a bundle of Cuban bonds, with which the volunteers were to be paid. The paper on which they are printed is scarce. The following is a copy:

#### REPUBLIC OF CUBA

#### ONE DOLLAR.

This note will be redeemed in actual money of the Republic of Cuba, and will be received in payment of all obligations for customs duties and private obligations.

The prisoners on board the Vermont will be detained until further orders are received from Washington. They seem to take the situation of affairs very easy, and have little doubt but what they will be released in a few days. The Chase, which has also been captured, was expected to arrive at the Navy-Yard this morning.