

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA.

Bad State of Affairs—Refugees—Fervor of the Spanish Troops—The Shooting of Capt. Lopez.

The letters received from Cuba give a sad picture of the unhappy state of affairs in that island. Many outrages are committed by the Spanish troops and volunteers. Arrests are very numerous, and a widespread alarm prevails among the people, hundreds of whom are fleeing from the island to places of safety, many of them seeking refuge in the United States. A letter from an American in Cardenas says:

"The revolution is progressing, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Spaniards to stop it. The treasury is bankrupt, and appeals are made in the papers for subscriptions to support the volunteers in the field, but I think all will be in vain. In a few months more the yellow fever and cholera will find abundant food in the ranks of the unacclimated Peninsulars that are coming or are already here. They are afraid here that the insurgents will make a raid upon them and destroy the crops, though they try to put a bold face upon the matter. Hundreds are being arrested all the time. The Maro Castle is said to be full of prisoners."

A letter written from Manzanillo by a native Cuban says:

"Affairs here are growing worse and worse every day. The insurgents are rapidly increasing in number and extending themselves all over the island. They have taken away the slaves from all the estates in the neighborhood, and have armed all the able-bodied negroes. The captain general granted a general amnesty for all the insurgents who would lay down their arms, but they have not taken the least notice of it. On the contrary, their hatred toward the Spanish government seems to increase daily, and they all appear determined to throw off the Spanish yoke. The city of Bayamo, which was the focus of the insurrection, was completely destroyed on the approach of the Spanish troops, and now thousands of families are wandering about the country homeless, and in the most deplorable state imaginable. The government forces are acting shockingly, stealing and assassinating in every direction. Here we see nothing but soldiers and Spanish volunteers, for all the Cuban young men have joined the insurgents."

The following is an extract from a letter dated Cienfuegos, Cuba, March 10, written by a highly intelligent Cuban lady to a friend in Philadelphia:

"A deep gloom hangs over our beloved island. Our brothers, men of heart and intellect, are daily arrested and imprisoned or exiled, and the few who remain at liberty have no alternative but to flee the country or join the insurrectionists in the interior. You can form no idea of what we suffer; and if it were possible, we would shut ourselves up, refusing to see our friends, for the theme of conversation is nothing but the war and its incidents, so gratifying to our feelings. We are watched and surrounded by spies; for, as you know, the largest proportion of the population of this town are natives of Spain, and they openly proclaim that they will not be satisfied until emigration or extermination has swept all the natives from the island and left them sole possessors of our idolized Cuba."

"No information has reached us to what success the Spanish troops have had who a few days ago went in pursuit of the insurgents."

"It is stated here that Adolph Cavada, chief of the patriot forces of this district, and also Felix Bouyon, have captured a large number of Spaniards, soldiers and civilians, and instead of putting them to death, as the Spaniards do with the prisoners they capture, have invariably treated them with the greatest humanity. God grant, if these two men should ever fall into the power of the Spaniards, that they may receive the like treatment; but I doubt it much, for these cruel Spaniards have an unquenchable thirst for blood."

"Yesterday was a day of mourning. Poor Don Juan Caporte Lopez was arrested in his own house, a few miles from town. He was brought here, judged by a military commission and shot. He died with the most heroic valor, exciting the greatest grief in the hearts of his countrymen and feelings of compassion among the few Spaniards who have any heart left. He asked for an interview with his wife and children, which was refused, and they kept him from 7 a. m. to 4 p. m. in an open field, exposed to the fiery rays of the sun, with his hands so tightly bound as to cause them to be much swollen, giving him great pain."

"As he was entirely surrounded by troops, and it was impossible for him to escape, this was wanton cruelty. The object of this cruelty was to force him to denounce some persons as being implicated in the insurrection; but this he refused to do, and with his last breath denied having had anything to do with the insurrection himself, which is doubtless true, and his judges knew it. But he was sacrificed to the clamors of the Spanish mob. At 4 p. m. this unfortunate man, with a firm voice and serene countenance, asked those present to forgive him if in any way he had ever given them offense, knelt as he was ordered, his eyes were bandaged, and he was shot in the back, receiving six wounds. While in the agonies of death the sanguinary mob of Spaniards, who came to gloat over his execution, heaped curses on him, some threatening to drag him through the streets, and others proposing to rub him with coal oil and set him on fire. Immediately after the military band, heading the troops, marched around his body, playing lively airs and dances. What fiends!"

"As yet the insurrectionists have put no one to death. But can they forgive the assassination of Captain Lopez and others equally innocent? May they not think reprisals necessary. It is feared they will. If they do, much blood will flow, and God only knows what awaits us."

You may well imagine that all these terrible occurrences fill the hearts of Cubans with hatred for the Spaniards, but we are obliged to bear all in silence. The Spaniards, no doubt, some day

will have to answer for the numerous assassinations committed by them on this island, for by no other name can the execution of political prisoners be called. For my part, I call down upon their heads the vengeance of a just God."