

SPAIN.

The Despatches from Cuba—How Public Men are Deported from the Island—A Game of Chess with the Captain General—What Happened to One of the Players.

MADRID, Feb. 9, 1870.

When will the Cuban atrocities cease? When will despotism in that unhappy island terminate? Among the political prisoners lately arrived from Cuba—some forty in number—is Señor Moliner, a gentleman who has never mixed in politics, and to make the matter more strange he is an intimate friend of General Rodas, Captain General. The evening before the steamer which brought over the prisoners sailed, Señor Moliner was at Gen. Rodas' palace and played several games of chess with him. Late in the evening, after taking a most friendly leave of the General, Señor Moliner returned to his house and retired to rest. On the following day at about three P. M., an hour before the steamer put to sea, a government official called upon Señor Moliner and informed him that he had an order to take him on board the vessel. The surprise of the gentleman can easily be imagined; he told the official that some mistake must have been made, and begged to be taken before General Rodas, but was not allowed to go. The gentleman told the officer that he was making some great blunder, which if he did not at once correct he would have reason to repent. "Take me before General Rodas," he said, "with whom I passed last evening, and all will be cleared up."

"I can take you nowhere but on board the steamer that is about to leave for Spain."

"You will allow me, I suppose, to take leave of my family?"

"Not even that!" was the stern reply.

"But I am without means; will you allow me to send to my brother for some?" This was also denied him. "But as I have on a summer dress, and you oblige me to cross the Atlantic, I hope you will allow me to get a change of clothes."

"No," answered the official; "you can take nothing, and so it is of no use to ask any more questions; we must go on board at once, for we have no time to lose."

Meeting with a friend he stated his case to him, and told him to advise his brother at once, which was done. The brother got on board just before the vessel started, and had only time to give the victim of a most brutal despotism a fraternal embrace and leave him some few articles of dress which he had hastily got together. He was put among the third class passengers, but being a man of money he soon got more comfortable quarters. On arriving at Cadiz he was thrown into a dungeon, which, as a matter of course, greatly surprised him. After being confined some few days a government employe paid him a visit and offered to liberate him from prison for the sum of eight onzas (\$128), which he paid and on the following day was liberated.

Was ever such brutality witnessed? An honorable man, without any known cause, forced away from his native land at a minute's notice, not allowed even to bid farewell to his wife and children. Who can be surprised at the Cubans fighting for freedom? Who can wonder at their spilling their blood to shake off the yoke of a government that treats them with such unheard of brutality?

I have just heard that Señor Moliner's brother and sisters have just arrived under similar circumstances.

The republican General Don Blas Pierrad still remains confined in a military prison at Tarragona. A few days ago was the anniversary of his birthday, and the good folks of that town gave him a grand serenade under the prison walls.