

The Late Massacre at Santiago de Cuba.

Address of One of the Victims to the American People—Seizure of an American Vessel by the Spanish Authorities.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Feb. 25, 1870.

The American citizen Juan Francisco Portuondo, recently shot at the estate "San Juan," by the contra-guerrillos under Captain Boet, from the day of his arrest had a premonition of his coming fate. When in the office of the Chief of Police in this city, he obtained a sheet of note paper and indited a hurried address to the American people, in Spanish, the language he was most accustomed to write. It was entrusted to a friend, by whom it was handed to me, with the request that I should adopt the best means in my judgment to place it before the American people. I know of none better than forwarding it to the HERALD. I do this in the original, of which the following is a translation:—

AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE,
SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Feb. 9, 1870.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:—

In the year 1847, at Philadelphia, I became a naturalized citizen of the United States. Ten years after that period, on returning to Cuba, I was obliged to leave because I would not consent to a denial of my adopted country. I returned again to Cuba a few years ago on some private affairs, and have never accepted any position under the government, whose acts have always inspired me with horror. I have not meddled in politics. (Some few words here not intelligible.—Translator.) I have only been asked if I was yet an American citizen, answering in the affirmative. Threatening looks were thrown at me, and I feel already the end that awaits me. Myself and companions have been told that we are to be taken into the country, and this is for no other object than to shoot us. Can my Consul do anything for me? My friends must have spoken to him; but the Spanish government, if he has interfered, will only accelerate my execution. Thus Spain pays the sympathies by Mr. Fish and the weakness of President Grant. It is natural it should be so, when even their newspapers say the Americans fear Spain. American people! my life is but of little value. I do not ask for vengeance. I only ask to remind you that Cuba is a portion of America; that a people live here whose sympathies are yours, a people enslaved by a nation whom they do not, that assassinates your compatriots and will do you all the harm in their power.

American people, it is necessary that you comprehend that it is time to throw off your inaction and recall to mind that Jefferson and Monroe have traced the line of your conduct, which can save Cuba and that may avenge the death of your unfortunate compatriot.

JUAN FRANCISCO PORTUONDO.

Portuondo was a planter, having an estate near this city, and was never known or supposed to have had any connection with politics. It is confidently asserted by his friends that the supposition entertained by the Spaniards that he was the correspondent of the New York HERALD was, in reality, the only cause of his death. Like the others, he was a member of the Masonic order, and the establishment of this fact was sufficient for their condemnation.

Since the massacre numerous additional arrests have been made, but the parties are still in prison and apparently their trial will be conducted here and not in the bush, so there is a chance that they may escape the fate of their predecessors. It is confirmed the statement that the Colonel of Marines was sent from here with instructions to bring the prisoners in; but Boet refused to let them go and even threatened the Colonel's life. The prisoners were then tied together two and two and marched from San Juan towards Cuba. At a short distance out they were shot, the bodies stripped and left in a heap where they probably still remain unburied. The Coire volunteers, on receipt of this pleasant news, formed in procession and marched out with flags and music to the scene of the tragedy and satisfied their brutal instincts with a sight of the corpses of the supposed enemies of the national integrity. An attempt at rejoicing was made here among the Catalans but—to the honor of human nature be it spoken—it was promptly suppressed by the police.

On the 20th inst. the American sloop Champion, Captain Cox, entered the harbor in distress, having sprung a leak on her voyage from Aux Cayes to Jamaica. Some discrepancy existing in her papers the government seized them, placed a guard on board, prevented the captain from landing to communicate with the Consul, and finally moved the vessel from her original anchorage to a point under the guns of a man-of-war. The captain on getting ashore protested, and made formal abandonment of the vessel to the Spanish government, who refuse to receive her, and so a question has arisen which the home government may have to solve.

Mr. Parsons, the newly appointed Consul, arrived on the 23d. Mr. Phillips remains as vice consul. The latter is extremely unpopular here with the government and the Catalans from the uncompromising way in which he guards the interests of his fellow subjects who are the objects of injustice and private animosity, and it is to be regretted that an occasional man-of-war does not visit this place, in order to lend the United States Consul more weight in the eyes of the authorities.

The small Haytian steamer Mariani is under seizure by government.