

The condition of affairs in Cuba—vacillating for the last two years between murders and massacres, and promising neither peace to the people nor safety to property while Spanish dominion continues in that island—is one of those deplorable circumstances which almost lead us to regard the world as still in a state of chaos and barbarism. No more hostile elements than those which have been at war in the "Ever Faithful Isle" can well be conceived. The struggle of Spain to suppress the Cuban insurrection is a struggle of the father to suppress the natural inclinations of a child systematically plundered and outraged. The struggle of the Cubans and of the creoles in Porto Rico to overcome the influence of Spain in the only territory now left to her dominion in America is a struggle against a most unnatural parent. And so the war goes on, and there is no hope for peace, for industry or for civilization.

The Cuban revolution is ended, but the insurrection continues. In two years not fewer than sixty thousand soldiers have been sent from Spain to suppress a revolt which ought to have been successful from the beginning in both a moral and a military sense, and yet, notwithstanding fifty thousand out of those sixty thousand men have perished by the diseases of the country—the number killed by the *insurrectos* being infinitesimal—the Cuban revolution has died on account of its own inherent confusion and rottenness.

The Aldamas and the Ryans and the Jordans have done nothing for Cuban independence. They fought the Spaniards at a very safe distance. While there was a prospect of making money by this venture in the name of freedom, or of obtaining power over a people who are the veriest slaves, without any idea of the meaning of free government, these men were loud in their grandiloquent talk in behalf of the Cuban cause. But in the hour of extreme danger, when they were most needed in Cuba, those of the so-called "leaders" who were not fighting the battles of the republic in Broadway were seeking safety for themselves and their property by accepting the terms offered to them by Valmaseda. The "butcher of Cuba" became their savior, and to-day the army which sometimes, as at Mayari and Bayamo, deals death to the Spanish troops, is an army of Chinese and negroes and of freebooters, who assume the cause of the republic to destroy both friend and foe. In their mountain fastnesses these marauders and murderers are secure against the power of Spain. No Spanish soldiery can penetrate into retreats where the barriers of nature are in themselves insurmountable—barriers which are rendered more insurmountable still by the knowledge these people possess of every bush and every footpath. And this is one great reason why the insurrection can never be subdued while the hate of Spanish rule is fostered by Spanish rapacity and cruelty.

Another reason why the insurrection will continue is to be found in the fact that the Spanish officers are unwilling to end it. They come to Cuba to make money, and generally succeed in making it. While serving in the island their pay is doubled, and they have besides many opportunities to amass wealth in a country where honor or honesty, truth or justice, public or private virtue, are alike unknown. The only tenure by which Spain holds dominion in the West Indies is by the cupidity of her officials. The revolution was an opportunity for many of them that they scarcely expected, and it is still a mine of Spanish ounces to the impoverished friends and relations of men like Dulce and De Rodas. This view of the present state of Cuba is coincided in by the Duke of Montpensier, who, in a recent conversation with the *HERALD* correspondent in Madrid, which we present in another page, gives expression to sentiments akin to those which we now express, and which we have felt for some time past.

At the beginning of the present year there was still something like legitimate resistance to Spanish tyranny, but one never hears of President Cespedes now. One never hears of General Ygnacio Agramonte, "the Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban forces" and the dictator of the republic. Even the Cuban Junta of New York is silent as the grave. Plantations are burned, crops of cane are destroyed, industry is paralyzed; but the end seems further off than in the beginning. Then the Cubans had a chance of sweeping everything before them. The country was rife for revolution. Spain was hated as no government was ever hated by any people. A little military genius might have swept Spanish domination from the island forever. But while the yellow fever, aided by the worst commissariat and the worst hospital accommodations possessed by any army in the world, was destroying regiment after regiment, in a country where sunshine and death are synonymous terms, soldierly skill was wanting. Havana ought to have been in the hands of the insurgents from the beginning. Failing to possess the capital, the swamps of Cienago and the mountains of Holguin and Santi Espiritu are worthless to them except as the base of operations for murdering and marauding parties, deserving only the garrote and the halter. The only hope for the island is in annexation to the United States; but this is an event which may be in the near, but is more probably in the far future. Neither Cubans nor Spaniards now desire such a consummation, and until they have wrought out their own redemption through fire and blood they would make very undesirable fellow citizens for the American people.