

THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE LATE  
EXPEDITION TO CUBA,

BY O. D. D. O.,

ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS, WITH

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING THE LAST SPEECH OF THE CELEBRATED ORATOR,

S. S. PRENTISS.

IN DEFENCE OF GEN. LOPEZ.

NEW ORLEANS:  
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# HISTORY

OF

## THE LATE EXPEDITION TO CUBA.

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### FIRST LEAF.

#### *An Introduction, and reasons for engaging in the Expedition.*

HAVING kept a diary of all the events that happened in a certain little affair which recently came off, and which seems likely to make some noise in the Cabinet as well as the courts, and as there seems to be a great diversity of opinion, originating, no doubt, from the various versions given of the affair, by those who were engaged in it, each being as much entitled to his statement as the rest, I feel that I owe it to the public, as well as the *President*, to give a true and impartial statement of the events attending this most extraordinary expedition—extraordinary, because those who believe in transubstantiation, are much inclined to the opinion, that the spirit of one Jason, of “golden fleece” memory, now animates a certain specimen of humanity called Lopez! How this may be, I will not stop here to inquire; but shall proceed with the facts contained in the aforesaid diary. Previous to which, however, I beg permission of the public, (for the benefit of the *President*, always!) to give the reasons which influenced me in engaging in the most extraordinary piece of Knight-errantry on record—at least since the days of a certain *Spanish gentleman* dubbed “*Don Quixote*.”

First then it was stated that the inhabitants of Cuba felt that the Spanish government was arbitrary and oppressive, that they were aggrieved by restrictions, burthened by taxes, insulted by soldiers: that by the edicts of an arbitrary government, their energies were paralyzed, their enterprise crushed, their commerce hampered, their intellects contracted and progress prevented.

Now, in these days of progress this last statement, if true, was considered sufficient cause of itself for throwing off the Spanish government and setting up for themselves. And that it was true could easily be proved by applying to one Gen. Lopez, who had once been Governor of one of the departments in Cuba, and one Gen. Gonzales, who was born at Matanzas among these same people, who were scarcely as far advanced in the arts and sciences as their ancestors were three centuries since.

Were these things to be endured? And this, too, almost in speaking distance of a people who had subdued time, annihilated space, overcome the elements, and rejoiced in the best government that man ever made!

Have the Cubans a right to wish for a similar government? Have they a right to possess it? And if they have a right to wish for, and have such a government, Have they a right to ask their neighbors to assist them in obtaining it? And having this right, have their neighbors a right to do it?

In short have the Cubans a right to progress?

To each of these questions, I, for one, was inclined to give an affirmative answer. Why? Because it is held by our glorious Declaration of Independence that all men are by nature born equal!! And it is also held by our laws, that all men have an inalienable right to life, liberty, the possession of property, and the untrammelled exercise of their religious opinions; and furthermore, that they have a right to change, alter, or amend their Government, improve their laws, diffuse knowledge, and better their social condition.

Did the Cubans ask us, not as a State, not as a Government, but as individuals, having a right to leave home and go to Cuba, California, Hungary, Italy, or anywhere else, and engage ourselves as sailors, soldiers, mechanics, merchants or legislators, to come to their assistance?

'They did! In the person of Gen. Lopez. Had we a right to go to their assistance? I presume no one who has any desire to be considered a man of sense, will deny that we had such a right; but at the same time, we wish it distinctly understood that we were well aware that we had no right to organize within the limits of the United States, nor did we. It is true, however, that it was understood before we left home who were to be our officers, but no elections were held, appointments made, or commissions issued, until we were in the Gulf of Mexico, and far more than three leagues from land.

What then had our Government to do with the affair? Nothing more than the Government of China, or any other Government that is not aware that there lives such a man as General Lopez, or Colonels O'Hara and Wheate. Hence, we conclude we had a right to go.

Having satisfied myself that I had a right to leave the United States and go to Cuba, the next thing to be considered was, ought I to go? I thought so then, and *still* think I did right! 1st. Because the inhabitants of Cuba wished to be free. But it was said that they were told that the moment they made the effort, the blacks would be armed and turned loose upon them. No government capable of conceiving such an idea, or making such a threat, either deserves the respect or allegiance of its subjects. 2d. Because I believe it to be right and proper to propagate republican principles, disseminate republican doctrines, cultivate republican feelings, and multiply republican governments. 3d. Because, if it was praiseworthy in Lafayette to come to the assistance of our forefathers, in their struggle for liberty, how much more glory would there be in striking the first blow for an oppressed people; assisting them to develop their resources, increase their commerce, establish schools, diffuse knowledge, build towns, make treaties, form alliances, make laws and send ministers, (*myself, for example!!!*) to our own government, *wouldn't that have been fine?* 4th. Because it was whispered about certain places that there was *gold* as well as *glory* in Cuba, almost any amount, awaiting us the day the revolution should be completed. Now, I do not believe that any gentleman engaged in the expedition was influenced in the least by mercenary motives, yet I feel compelled to acknowledge that the reflection of such a termination to

our landable undertaking was by no means disagreeable. 5th. Because it would be a very pretty little operation for the summer; there being but twenty-five or thirty thousand troops on the Island, we would, perhaps, have a right smart brush or so—nothing more—and in the fall, all that choose to do so could return to the States, resume their regular business, talk over their battles, their hairbreadth escapes, count their dimes and step in at Hewlett's!

Are not these reasons sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man? I think so. But there still remains another reason, that went as far, perhaps, as any other to convince me of the entire propriety of the undertaking, and it is this: It is well known that thousands of dollars are raised annually by the good people of the United States for the purpose of sending missionaries to the ignorant and heathen nations of the earth, and this, too, without being asked by those nations so to do. Now, if it is praise-worthy to raise men and money for the purpose of improving the *intellectual* condition of a people, why not raise men and money for the purpose of improving their *social* condition? The only difference, it seems to me, is this: in the first instance, the religion of the people is revolutionized; in the second, their government.

Suffice it to say, that in the short space of ten days (the time that transpired from the moment of my first thinking seriously of going,) I had fully convinced myself that it was not only my privilege but my duty to go to Cuba, and to battle for Lopez and liberty.

## SECOND LEAF.

### *The Events of the First Evening.*

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1850.—Took an affectionate leave of her who had divided my sorrows and doubled my joys for near twenty years, and, with carpet-bag in hand, proceeded to post No. 9, Second Municipality, where lay a certain brig called the Susan Loud—went on board at 4 o'clock, P. M.; saw there many fine looking specimens of humanity, whose faces I did not recollect to have ever seen before; I looked about for a convenient place in which to deposit my carpet-bag, and then turning to a very civil-looking gentleman, with hair on his face, accosted him thus: "For Chagres, I presume?" The fellow seemed as though suddenly

recalled from a revery, and eyeing me for a moment as if in doubt whether to knock me down or answer my question, a new idea seemed to strike him like a ray of light or spark of electricity, and putting his thumb to his nose and giving his fingers the most approved modern giration imaginable, turned on his heel and walked to another part of the brig.

Well, thought I, Chagres perhaps is not the most appropriate place to speak of in this crowd, after all; I then commenced a rapid scrutiny of the many quizzical-looking faces around me, for one that I might dare to address as a former acquaintance, and to my complete surprise I did not recognize ten persons whose names I could call. Every one seemed occupied in stowing away certain significant-looking demijohns, baskets (square ones of course), boxes, junk bottles, Bowie-knives, etc., etc. I walked to the side of the brig, and, taking a seat, was soon absorbed in a train of very serious reflections; what these reflections were is perhaps of more importance to myself than the public; I shall therefore pass them over, without comment.

I had remained in this mood for the space, perhaps, of near twenty minutes, when I was suddenly recalled to consciousness by a very belligerent demonstration on the part of a second hairy-faced gentleman on the person of a certain one-eyed *recruit*, who, it seemed, the hairy-faced gentleman thought had looked at him with an unsoldier-like leer. I immediately sprang to my feet, and was about to proceed to interfere, and endeavor to bring about a more amicable state of affairs, when a third hairy-faced gentleman laid hold of my arm, saying, as he did so, "Hold on, old boss, I reckon you had better let them have it out, seeing that all parties are generally better satisfied when you let them fight it through." I thought the fellow's reasoning good, more especially as it was spoken in that cool, quiet way, that showed at once that he knew exactly what he was about; in less than two minutes, however, and after the hairy-faced gentleman had pretty well broken his fist over the head of the *one-eyed recruit*, and the one-eyed recruit had broken his shin against the corner of the caboose in kicking at the hairy-faced gentleman, my philosophical friend suddenly changed his mind, and said to me, "Pitch in, and let's part them," which we did in less time than I can tell it; and the difficulty was soon

arranged over the contents of one of those aforesaid junk bottles.

The next individual that attracted my attraction, was a man in appearance about forty years of age, wearing a broad brimmed, half-worn wool hat, Lowell pants, and a New London cassimer coat without vest or suspenders. This man seemed to be deeply engaged in the study of physiognomy, according to the most approved rules of Lavater. In a few minutes it came to my turn to stand the test of his keen gaze. So soon as I discovered that his attention was fixed on me, I boldly stepped forward and remarked to him, "You are captain of the brig, I presume?" to which he replied, "I was this morning. Bound for Chagres, says I, at which, without saying a word, he took from his pocket a paper purporting to be a clearance from the port of New Orleans to Chagres, and also a contract with a certain individual to carry, transport, or convey a certain number of emigrants to Chagres, reserving to the said emigrants the right to change their minds when they should have gone beyond the limits of certain possessions known, held and acknowledged as the property of "Uncle Sam." I saw at a glance all was right, and felt gratified that we had managed the affair so as to leave our Government without reproach, and put ourselves in a position to be hung by the Spanish authorities, *provided always that they caught us*, which no one of us intended should ever happen.

Just at this juncture, there came aboard an Irish cab driver in a towering passion, with some gentleman who owed and had not paid him, a balance of six bits hire for the use of his hack that evening. The gentleman accused, asked him if he had not paid him \$3 25, he said he had, but owed him six bits still by contract. At this moment the hairy-faced gentleman, whom I first addressed on coming aboard, stepped up to the Irishman, and regarded him for a few moments as if to ascertain his weight, suddenly seized him by the nape of the neck and a certain portion of his unmentionables not generally visible when he sat down, he pitched him off the Susan Loud on to the next ship; the Irishman after recovering his feet, and regarding this modern Hercules for a moment, concluded that a good run was better than a bad stand, and accordingly left. Immediately after which, two young men came aboard without hair on their faces, but otherwise as fine specimens

of the Anglo-Saxon race as you would see perhaps in a month's travel.

It was then announced by Captain Pendleton that the tow-boat was ready to take us in charge, and being informed that every thing was on board, the captain threw his cable to the boat and we were soon on our way for the Balize.

When we had gotten fairly under way, Lavater, perhaps, never enjoyed so fine an opportunity to study character from the countenance as was then presented; some seemed inclined to talk, some to drink, but by far the greater number were taciturn and reflective. But why should they look sad? why should men in the vigor of manhood, with the prospect of honor in life, or glory in death, look sad at departing? because we were leaving the Queen City of the South, in which, whatever may be her faults or her follies, her virtues or her vices, she teems with hearts as warm as her summer's sun, and minds as noble as the mighty river on whose bank she rests.

I watched these silent workings of the mind, and felt assured of success; brave men who are capable of thinking are also of acting—to think and to act is to overcome the world.

Soon we had passed down the bend and lost sight of the Crescent City and its host of lovely daughters, when by a perceptible effort every one seemed almost simultaneously inclined to talk; then commenced a series of introductions, shrewd remarks, sallies of wit, knowing looks and significant nods, such as would have done the soul of *Punch* good to have witnessed.

Ten o'clock p. m.—All in high spirits; each one pleased with himself and every one else, commenced preparations for retiring for the night, and in a few moments all was still, save the paddles of the towboat, and thus ended the second day of May, and first of the cruise on the Susan Loud.

### THIRD LEAF.

#### *The Events of the 3d of May.*

FRIDAY, MAY 3.—Was aroused from the arms of Morpheus by the sudden stopping of the vessel, and, looking out, found we were at the Balize, the hour, 6 o'clock, A. M. The towboat had

dropped her anchor, to await the flowing, or, as the sailors called it, the "swelling of the tide." This was necessary, in order to enable us to pass the bar. Most of my companions were recalled to consciousness by the same circumstance; many of them had never seen the "deep blue sea," and it was amusing to see the expression of countenance with which they looked towards the Gulf. Quite a number, however, had served in the war with Mexico: these had crossed the Gulf before, and did not seem to notice or care for the world of waters just south of us, and which seemed piled up much higher out there than where we lay.

In a few moments each one was engaged in the commendable work of ablution, each according to his own notions of propriety in the premises, some by plunging into the river, some by having bucket-full after bucket-full of water poured upon them, while others were content with merely rubbing the face and wetting the head, an excellent antidote to headache (as I am told!) after a previous evening's over potations.

In a short time, all were ready for breakfast, previous to partaking of which, it was moved and unanimously voted that the gentleman had made a very sensible remark, who suggested the propriety of testing the quality of the contents of one of those demijohns, mentioned in a former leaf of this Diary.

So soon as we had passed upon the nectar cognac, and dispatched an excellent breakfast, consisting of stewed beef and pork, sea biscuit and coffee, each one repaired to some convenient place either on the brig or propeller to bid a final adieu (for the trip) to his wife or his betrothed, perchance to his mother or his sister, or to some less near and dear friend.

I wrote an encouraging letter to my wife setting forth the almost certainty, and consequent glory of success, and concluded by an exhortation to look to Him who is the father of the destitute orphan and prop of the disconsolate widow. This was a work of supererogation because *woman, lovely woman* is the last to give up earthly attachments, and the first to lay hold of the promises of life everlasting.

I had scarcely finished my letter when I observed a tall, rawboned, big-fisted private standing with his hands on his knees, bending over me. So soon as I noticed him, he addressed me thus: "Cap,

would you do me the favor to write a few lines to Gazella, for me?" "Certainly, but who is Gazella?" "Well, don't you know Gazella? However, everybody don't know everybody, and I reckon there *is* them that don't know Gazella, but, Cap, will you write a few lines for a poor fellow that understands fightin' better than he does writin'?" "To be sure I will, but what do you want written?"

"Well, now, you know how to write, but don't know what to write; why, Cap, wint you a married man, and did you never write to your wife when she war'nt your wife? but, never mind, just tell her that I am in favor of the three G's, and you may tell it in your own way."

"The three G's, and what do you mean by the three G's?"

"The three G's? well, Cap, you won't do, nair a time, you won't, but, seeing you don't 'zactly get the idea, it is this, the three G's stand for Glory, Gold and Gazella. Now you have it, and you can write it."

I saw at once his idea, and proceeded to write Gazella a letter, pointing out the glory of the expedition, (provided it was successful,) the gold that was to reward the patriotic effort for freedom we were about to make, and all the love for Gazella known to the innermost recesses of the human heart, and expressible by words. When I had finished and read it over to him, he snatched it from me, kissed it, folded it, and expressing himself perfectly satisfied, said, "Old fellow, slap a seal to it, and buck it to Miss Gazella B——, — street, New Orleans," which I accordingly did, and then proceeded to take some exercise, by walking over the decks of the Susan Loud and towboat.

Before I concluded my walk I had rambled to the stern of the towboat, when I was called to by two persons sitting behind the cabin, near the rudder. They were both young men, Kentuckians by birth, but Louisianians by adoption. One had written a letter to his mother, and as I was also a Kentuckian, he wished me to know what he had written, because his apology for engaging in the expedition was contained in the letter, and which ran about thus:

"Dear Mother,

"When this reaches you, I shall perhaps be far away on the blue bosom of the Gulf of Mexico, or perchance I may be in Cuba, a

prisoner in the Moro, a martyr at the stake, a criminal at the gallows, or a patriot on the field of glory. Start not, mother, at this announcement, you know the blood that my grandfather shed in the revolution hallowed the ground from which I have eaten bread; wonder not, then, that liberty is innate in the bosom of your wayward son.

"There is a people inhabiting the most lovely spot on earth; imagine a beautiful island, stretching its gorgeous length across the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, blessed with all that soil, climate and scenery can give a country, and you have but a faint idea of the natural wealth or beauty of *Cuba*! You know, mother, I have been there, I therefore speak knowingly, when I say that the people who inhabit this lovely spot are the most degraded, downtrodden dagoes on earth, but they have heard of the beauty, justice, liberty and fame of our glorious republic, and desire to have a government like it. They have sent their agents amongst us, they have told us the story of their wrongs and their oppressions, and have asked us to assist them in bursting asunder the bands of tyranny that bind them.

"Would you suppose your son would engage in such a work? Yea, mother, I know you will say God be with you, my son; the blood of a McAfee, or a Marshall, a McCormeck or a Morgan, a Crittenden or a Clark, a Desha or a Davis cannot be shed in a better or more glorious cause than that of spreading abroad human rights, and enlightening human reason.

"Mother, I may fall, but I shall never be taken! and if I should never return, rest assured that your son fell with his "face to the foe," and his last shout was for liberty."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus ran a part of this young man's letter. I then reflected with myself, can it be possible that we shall, ere long, be branded as pirates, robbers, freebooters? yea, verily, if we do not succeed; but, succeed, and history has no page pure enough for our patriotism, no leaf fair enough to record our fame.

I was aroused from these reflections by a bustle on the towboat; the sailors were weighing anchor to go over the bar, and we were all bustle and anxiety; soon we were under way and running over the bar, guided, mainly, by the leadsmen. When we had gotten

over, and the towboat had cast us off; I observed one of those hairy-faced individuals of whom I have before had occasion to speak, dragging a large demijohn from the store-room, and bringing it on deck, observed, "Men, I have crossed the Gulf four times, and have always found it advisable to enter upon salt water by *steam*." Three cheers showed the estimate we placed upon his remark, and especially the hit, as we were on a *sail* vessel.

In a very short time the demijohn was perceptibly lighter, while many of our heads were evidently heavier, thus demonstrating the philosophical axiom, that a "change of matter does not destroy the equilibrium of nature." By the time the siege of the demijohn was raised (razed?) the brig began to answer the helm, with all sail set, the wind blowing a gentle gale, W. S. W.; at 12 o'clock, M., we were off soundings, course S. S. W. The brig rode beautifully over the gentle swells of the deep-blue gulf, and all was hope, happiness and good humor. Thus the time passed off, until 2 o'clock, P. M., when the gruff voice of Capt. Pendleton was heard, "reef the mainsail!" "aye, aye," sir, was responded; "take in the spanker—haul aft the sheets—furl the main-sail—haul up the fore-sail—trim down your foretopmast-staysail-sheets—keep her close to the wind!"

While these orders were being given, and perhaps as many more, those who had been to sea before, and especially on the Gulf, knew full well that a gale was upon us, or soon would be, and accordingly they were on the alert; this brought the balance of us to our feet, and looking to the N. N. W., we saw the gale approaching. On came the dark cloud, accompanied by white-caps. A moment, and the bare masts of the bark bent before the blast, and the little brig commenced a series of such fantastic tricks, as made us lay hold of the shrouds, masts and cabin doors to keep our feet.

I looked at the Captain, and happened to catch his eye; he smiled, with a quizzical look from his left eye, his right being closed for the occasion, he remarked, "Neptune has come for his tribute." "Neptune be *blowed*, what is his tribute?" "I guess you wont need to ask me that by to-morrow morning." "But, Captain, what does the old Sea God demand?" "That which he will very likely have, your share of the contents of that demijohn,

together with your dinner, and a promise that you will neither eat supper nor breakfast."

"A shark!!" was echoed by half a score of those devil-may-care semi sea-warriors, who had "*fought, bled and died in the Mexican war*." Of course, those of us who had never been to sea, and by consequence had never seen a live shark, were anxious to get a glimpse of his salt-water majesty, no sooner had we gained the side of the ship than we heard the warning, "look out," and in an instant the captain of all the waves in that storm broke over the bows of the brig, drenching every one with his briny mantle, giving the vessel at the same time such a lurch as throwed all flat on deck. We had scarcely recovered our feet when we discovered that Neptune's high sheriff, (*sea-sickness*), was amongst us, and then commenced such another settlement as "your humble servant" will scarcely ever forget, since the miserly old rascal robbed my *physical* purse of all its contents, and then squeezed it for more! 10 o'clock, P. M., found us, (that is, most of us,) sick, sad and surly, lying on the wet deck, unwilling to move for wind or water, and thus ended the second day on the Susan Loud. "What a day may bring forth."

#### FOURTH LEAF.

*In which the history advances two days, being the 4th and 5th of May.*

SATURDAY, MAY 4TH.—Cloudy this morning, the gale considerably abated but the sea very rough, breakfast was easily cooked for there was scarcely any one to eat, Capt. Pendleton, L. C. Thomas an ex-Texas Ranger, and G. B. Hayden, being the only ones immediately about the cabin who seemed to care as little for the gale, as the rest of us did, about that time, for *glory*?—The wind continued from the N. N. W. until about noon, when it ceased entirely. Then there was a pitching, rolling and lurching, that brought the sea-sick boys to the scratch at once, and perhaps greatly facilitated their cure by making them excessively sick.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., the wind (as the sailors say) hauled around to the E. and blew quite fresh, this brought on a reverse and consequently a very rough sea; by this time, most of us had gotten over our sea-sickness, and we had an opportunity of witness-

ing the grandeur of a gale at sea. The Captain took advantage of this wind to regain what we had lost the day before by the offing, and brought the course of the Brig to N. W. by W., on which course we stood until midnight, under close-reefed foresail and jib; shortly after we got under-way we found ourselves in the gulf-stream, here we saw many wonders of the "mighty deep" in the shape of sharks, porpoises, dolphins, flying-fish, and a singular looking white substance that looked more like jelly than anything many of us had ever seen in the fish *line*, and which the sailors very gravely affirmed belonged to the "Genus Piscus" and were called "Nautilus."

Here, too, we saw great quantities of sea-weed, loose sponge, and salt-water moss, such as is only found in the Gulf Stream and Pacific Ocean, (at least so the sailors said.) Query. Is not the Gulf Stream the great lever by which an equipoise is maintained between the mighty Pacific and the eccentric Atlantic? *We think the inquiry worthy the attention of the General Government!* But this being my essay on salt water, I will not presume to argue the point.

During the gale, I had occasion to remark, that the Deity has more clearly developed the wondrous power and glory of the GREAT I AM, in the collection of the waters into one place, "*Deus cogit aquam locum*," than in anything I had ever witnessed on land, because there are always three large waves together, (except in the Gulf Stream.) Another grave matter of inquiry? Now if any man can behold the grandeur of a gale at sea, and then deny the existence of a God, he must be an Atheist indeed. For myself, I found great reason to be satisfied with the trip so far, since the very waters taught me the existence of a God by sounding in my ears at regular intervals "FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST!" as often as the three waves struck the bow or sides of the Brig. But as I am no Theologist, I shall pursue this subject no further, if the idea is worth anything, I leave it to the learned Clergy of the day to make the most of it.

With these, and similar reflections, closed the 4th of May, and third of the cruise.

SUNDAY, MAY 5TH.—Appearances this morning, of clearing off after a very stormy night, the sea very rough, and continued so

until 10 o'clock, A. M., when it became more smooth, and the bark rode more easily. This was ordained as a day of rest, yet the wind still labored, and the brig rode on her track as "a thing of life." I took from my carpet-bag my little BIBLE, that had been placed there by my ever affectionate better-half, and turning to the XIX Psalm, by request, I read aloud to a little knot of my companions, who had gathered around me. Never before had I understood, or appreciated, the beauty and sublimity of this grand display of inspired thought—with the troubled sea around me, the broad blue vault above me, the heavens and the waters forming a horizon at the termination of vision in the distance, the sun peering down from the sky as the eye of the ALMIGHTY, all conspired to render this portion of the Book of Books, this terrestrial keepsake of celestial inspiration the more sublime and impressive. A young Student of Medicine, who had laid aside his anatomy to listen, remarked, as his manly face lit up with benevolence and reverence, that, Homer was grand, Milton sublime, Shakspeare inimitable, but that is DIVINE.

At this moment, a sail, the first we had seen since we put to sea, hove in sight, this of course drew the attention of all hands, and soon each had made his remark on the character and size of the stranger; she was bearing down on our starboard bow, but as we did not care to speak her, we stood away, and passed her about one mile to the southward, but near enough to see that she was a merchant Brig of about 150 tons, and probably from Galveston bound to New Orleans. Continued on our course, N. W. by W., until 8 o'clock, P. M., when a fresh gale sprang up from the N. W., and in 30 minutes, the Gulf was in a commotion of billows, froth and fire that far surpassed anything I had ever seen in grandeur and magnificence, indeed, I thought it *sublime*. Presently the rain fell in copious abundance, causing those who lay on deck to seek shelter in the hold or cabin of the brig, each of which, being crowded, rendered it anything but agreeable to be in them, accordingly, L. C. Thomas, J. J. McCormeck, H. F. Henning, and myself, with a few others, remained on deck, under cover of an India-rubber tarpaulin and coats of the same material, which the foresight of Thomas had provided, ere we left the *City of the South*.

About 10 o'clock, P. M., a heavy thunder-storm came on, and then indeed was the potency of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe most conspicuous, ever and anon the billows broke over the bows of the brig, while the red lightnings' gleam cleft the heavens in twain, and the deep-toned thunder drove the voracious shark from the surface of the waters, and warned "leviathan" that security lay in the fathomless bosom of the "mighty deep."

While thus we lay in deep meditation on the evidences of the *Alpha*, and the might of the *Omega*, I overheard the following conversation from beneath the India-rubber spread :

"Suppose the lightning should strike the main-mast and pass through the timbers to the water, what would become of us? We would sink of course, but why do you ask? Do you not feel that our cause is just? That it is the cause of humanity, equality and religion? Fear not then that our little bark will be struck by lightning or foundered in the billows? No, imagine Creole beauty insulted by Castilian bigotry, imagine intellect trodden down by impotency, human reason bowing to benighted rage, and all that is fair and comely on earth, overrun and disregarded by the most degraded of all the civilized nations that holds a place on this green earth of ours, and then ask yourself, shall we be smitten by the arrows of the Almighty, or fail in the most noble of human efforts, the elevation of our fellow man!" And thus passed the day and the night of our first Sabbath at sea.

#### FIFTH LEAF.

##### *The Organization of the Louisiana Regiment.*

MONDAY, MAY 6.—The gale abated about day-light this morning, and by 10 o'clock, A. M., the clouds were flying off to the S. E. in white sheets, as though they had been bleached by the recent wind and rain. At 12 o'clock, M., the sun was out in all his glory; the captain took an observation, and found we were within a few miles of our destination, (viz:) 26° N. L., and 87° W. L., tacked ship, and stood to the E. N. E. The Captain spoke to the steward of the vessel; Col. Wheate, Lieut. Col. Bell and Major Hayden conversed apart, in short, everything about the ship wore the aspect of an approaching event.

Dinner was quickly served, and soon dispatched. When it was

over, Col. Wheate summoned the men all on deck, aft the main-mast, and as soon as it was announced that all were present, and anxious to hear what next, he arose on the quarter deck, and addressed them about as follows:

"**FELLOW CITIZENS:**—We have now arrived at our point of destination and organization in the gulf. You are aware that we cleared from New Orleans for Chagres. Capt. Pendleton informs me that it is a matter of perfect indifference with him whether we proceed to Chagres or not, since he has been paid the charter for his vessel to that place; hence, if we stop short of our destination, he cannot be injured. I hold in my hand, a paper delivered to me by one of Gen'l. Lopez's aids, the seal of which he told me to break when in Lat. 26° N. and Lon. 87° W., which point we have now reached. I find on opening this paper, that I am directed to remain near this point until the 7th day of May, on which day, he expects to leave New Orleans on the Creole, on the 7th, to-morrow, we are to sail on a direct line for the Balize, and by Thursday evening, may expect to see the Creole and the Old General. I have addressed you as **FELLOW CITIZENS**, because it is perhaps the last time I shall ever address you as Citizens of the United States. Long ere the sun has sunk beneath the world of waters which now surround us, we shall perhaps have consummated an act that will throw us beyond the protection of the *stars* and the *stripes* under whose auspices we have sailed thus far. *This act* is simply organizing our little band into a skeleton Regiment for the purpose of landing on, and wrenching Cuba from the grasp of bigoted and besotted Spain. *The moment we organize, that moment we pass beyond the protection of our own government, we have no longer any right to sail under her flag—but, like Hagar when she went forth from the tabernacle of Abraham into the wilderness, we still have the right to call on Him who buildeth up the feeble and destroyeth the mighty; and doeth that at all times, amongst the sons of men, which seemeth good in his sight, I shall therefore henceforth address you as* **SOLDIERS of the LIBERATING ARMY of CUBA.**

"We, then, Fellow Soldiers, have arrived at the point for which we sailed, altho' many, nay most of you, sailed for Chagres, yet you all know WHERE you were then bound, and for WHAT. Does any here object to landing in CUBA a week sooner than he thought

to do when he left home? Does any grudge to the Cubans that boon of freedom, which it is our purpose to bestow, a few days in advance of the expected time?

"No, I feel that I address those who are not only fully imbued with the glorious principles of equal rights themselves, but who will seek the post of danger at any time, for the purpose of extending them to all who may desire their beneficial influence on their social and political systems.

"It has well been said,<sup>1</sup> that we live in an age of *progress*, and no circumstance, perhaps, is more indicative of the onward march of the time, than this *expedition*! When civilization was in its infancy, nation made war upon nation for conquest and booty, more recently, they have gone to war for principle, such was the case in the American revolution, and the memory of Lafayette is hallowed in every American heart, for coming to the rescue of our fathers in their struggle for principle and nationality, after they themselves had taken up arms to repel *oppression* and establish *right* on the basis *reason*! But the march of mind is onward, and that, which three quarters of a century since was considered patriotic devotion, is now considered every patriot's duty; and patriotism now consists, not so much in going to the rescue of an oppressed people, (as was the case very recently in the Texas revolution,) after they are in open rebellion, as, in striking the first blow for them, which we propose to do for the Cubans. Does any here doubt our success, let him return—Does any doubt the propriety of our undertaking, let him ask himself, if he would be free—Does any doubt the legality of the expedition, let him read VATTELL on international law.

[Just at this point, the Cuban flag was run up to the mast-head and thrown to the breeze.]

"Liberators! Behold your flag!! Three cheers for the Cuban flag!"

And three such cheers! perhaps it has never been "old ocean's" lot to hear so deafening a sound traverse her surface from the same or any number of men, as then went forth reverberating over the billows, and arousing the listless sharks.

"Soldiers of the Liberating Army of Cuba, you have embarked in a desperate and daring enterprise should the Cubans deceive us. If we are not deceived, then we have undertaken the most patriotic

and praiseworthy task of ancient or modern times, that of giving liberty and equality to an oppressed and degraded people, oppressed by heavy taxes and arbitrary exactions, degraded because they have neither religious nor political liberty, nor are the masses elevated above the savage, either by intellectual or moral culture.

"But let them be but true to themselves, to us, to humanity, morality, religion, the rights of man, and ere long, the atmosphere of Cuba, instead of having the fragrance of its many rich flowers mingled with the wails of the wretched and tyrant-trodden inhabitants, as it floats on the soft zephyrs of evening, shall ascend with the music of praise in the early dawn of the mellow and voluptuous morning, to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift;" and the very soil of this beautiful island shall be imbued with republican principles, as staid and as beautiful as our own dear native land, "The land of the free and the home of the brave."—[Cheers.]

"You are aware fellow soldiers, that we have come from the United States, without arms, without organization, without previous concert to commit any overt act which may, by any possibility, compromise the dignity, or disturb the harmony of our own government. Nor do we expect or intend to violate any law of nations, unless revolution be so considered, and this cannot be, because successful rebellion is always pronounced patriotism, while a failure is branded as piracy. We then shall soon be patriots purer than Cato, or conspirators more dark than Cataline. Then Soldiers of the Liberating Army of Cuba, while you gaze on that flag with its lone star, resolve to make it your winding sheet on the field of battle, or your beacon in the camp of victory.

"You will now proceed to divide yourselves into ten equal companies, forming a skeleton regiment, and select your officers, after which, they will draw lots for rank.

"And may success attend, not only this, but every other effort on the western continent, yea, in the world, to eradicate the last germ of Monarchy."

With these and many other remarks, did Col. Wheat entertain us for about 30 minutes, at the close of which, we gave three times three as follows; three for Col. Wheat, three for Cuba, and then some hair-brained customer proposed three cheers for Gen. Lopez, a certain old gentleman that not one in fifty of us had ever seen,

but who was to lead us to glory over the dead bodies of many mercenary Spaniards and unworthy Creoles—no sooner proposed than responded to, and we gave the cheers with a whoop, after which, our throats being pretty well expanded, we concluded it was best to take a drink all round, this being done, we proceeded to organize into companies as follows:

Company A,	Capt. A. C. Steede,	Lieuts. E. Vernon, and H. Peabody,
“ B,	“ J. C. Davis,	“ — Thixton, H. E. Henning,
“ C,	“ T. F. Fisher,	“ J. L. Dennett, — Morris,
“ D,	“ T. G. Hunton,	“ — Duncan, Jas. Foley,
“ E,	“ J. J. McCormeck,	“ — Bradford, — Mitchell,
“ F,	“ Thos. Kewen,	“ E. D. Lane, — Woodruff,
“ G,	“ N. C. Breckenridge,	“ J. C. Perkins, W. J. Burke,
“ H,	“ Thos. March,	“ — Parish, Thos. Lawton,
“ I,	“ H. C. Foster,	“ G. F. Sartin, — Hurd,
“ K,	“ M. J. Morgan,	“ E. L. Jones, R. A. Harris.

Theodore P. Byrd was appointed Adjutant, J. D. R. McHenry, Commissary, L. C. Thomas, Quarter-Master, and Thomas Wrigg, Sergeant Major, and 134 privates; rank and file, 170. Thus was the regiment organized, each man knew his place, and Lieut. Col. William H. Bell, and Major George B. Hayden, betook themselves to instructing the officers in their several duties; the evening passed away, and night found us collected around our field officers calculating the chances of coming events, all in high spirits, elated with the idea of liberating a little continent.

## SIXTH LEAF.

*The Events of the 7th and 8th of May.*

TUESDAY, MAY 7TH.—The night passed off quietly, and the morning broke forth bright and beautiful, the sun rose from the water like a globe of burnished gold, never had we beheld a sun rise with such feelings as we did this, we were afloat on the broad gulf, beyond the protection of our Great Republic, because we now sailed under a strange flag, one identified with no government, as yet, on earth, one that we might and probably would lose our lives in planting and defending, but which, if the Creoles of Cuba were true to themselves, would soon be the ensign of a new Republic.

We had not only placed ourselves beyond the protection of our own government, but should the authorities of Cuba have been informed of our sailing, and for what purpose, as they most likely were, and have sent out their ships to take us, we had no arms, except a few bowie knives and pistols, with which to defend ourselves, poor weapons to battle against 12, 18, or perhaps 24 pounders; and above all, if we escaped the dangers of the gulf, the guns of the Spaniards, and met our brethren who had preceded us on the Georgianna under Col. O'Hara, and those who were to come after us in the Creole under Lieut. Col. Bunch, and we all should effect a safe landing on the island, and then the Creoles should refuse to join us because our numbers was too small, our fate would be sealed at once, and our names would go down to posterity as pirates. These reflections were anything but agreeable, so we all took a drink around of what remained in the demijohn, and consoled ourselves with the reflection, that, as our intentions were good and patriotic, we would of necessity succeed.

This idea gave us a good appetite for breakfast, which being over, the officers and men passed the day pretty much in bathing, playing cards, reading, chatting, or sleeping, just as their inclinations led them.

Here was a fine field to study character—I accordingly set myself about divining the disposition of those, each of whose life depended, in a great measure, on the conduct of the rest.

At 10 o'clock, A. M., the wind had died away, and a dead calm ensued, several of the men jumped overboard and swam about the

ship, some one suggested that a shark might accidentally turn up, so they had better come aboard, which they all did, presently however, a young fellow concluded that there was a good deal of humbug about sharks eating a man, where there were no sharks seen, so with a sort of "devil me care" air, he sprang from the bow of the ship into the gulf, and had scarcely touched the water, when an old sailor cried out, "*howly saints and marlin spikes*, if there aint a shark!!" a shark! was echoed by half the crowd, and in an instant, all was excitement and confusion, meanwhile, the shark was taking his circuit preparatory to darting on his prey, just at this crisis, the individual seized a rope, that some one, more cool than the rest, had thrown him, and he was drawn aboard in double quick time, pretty well frightened for his fun.

About 2 o'clock, P. M., a gentle breeze sprang up, just enough to give the ship good head-way, altogether, this was the most pleasant day we had had at sea. During the card playing, I noticed that the boys not only betted very freely with the money they had before them, but they also bet in prospective, large amounts in certain stocks known (at least spoken of) as Cuban bonds.

These bonds were certain guarantees that they would be paid to bearer, in a certain event, which event was a contingency, and remains so, so far as I know, to this day; however, we had no doubt but they would, in a very short time, command a premium in *Wall street*, but I have understood, that the holders have declined bringing them into market for the present, so that the *Wall street* gentry will have to wait a little longer for this *valuable acquisition* to the money market.

Night came on apace, and found us all well and in high anticipation of deeds of daring and names of universal renown!

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8TH.—Last night was the night the Creole was to leave New Orleans, and if she got off, we will see her to-morrow evening.

This morning the atmosphere was heavy and the sky looked threatening, a light breeze prevailed until about 1 o'clock, P. M., when a regular "Norther" set in, accompanied by rain, this put quite a sudden stop to a very quiet little game of poker which was going on in the cabin at the time, by setting the Susan Loud to pitching in such a manner and so suddenly, that table, players, and

stakes were precipitated against one side of the cabin, and before they could recover their feet, they were as suddenly pitched against the other side. When they had succeeded in gaining their feet, and gotten some place to hold on to, one of the number, a tall spare Lieutenant who had a stoppage in his speech, looked around very composedly and remarked: "*wa-wa-was'nt that nearly hell.*" This fellow was somewhat of a wit, and notwithstanding this was much the hardest blow we had been in, his droll expressions, and odd sayings, kept us laughing in spite of the wind and rain.

The storm continued about four hours, and passed off as suddenly as it had come on, leaving the Susan Loud to the mercy of a tremendous sea, without wind enough to fill the sails, then came such another pitching, as gave many of us a second edition to our sea-sickness.

At sun-down, the western horizon was clear, and as we had the pleasure yesterday morning of enjoying the beauties of a sun-rise at sea, so this evening we had the pleasure of witnessing one of the most rapturous scenes we had ever beheld at sun-set, the rain cloud had passed off to the East, it was very black, and on its bosom lay the most perfect and beautiful bow we had ever looked upon, it extended from horizon to horizon, curved high up in the heavens and perfect in all its parts, while in the western hemisphere of the heavens were broken clouds of every possible shape and hue—altogether, the scene was grand beyond description.

About dusk, a breeze sprang up from the South, set all sail and bore away to the N. E., until about midnight, when we tacked ship and stood back to the S. W.

## SEVENTH LEAF.

*The History advances three days—the Susan Loud meets the Creole.*

THURSDAY, MAY 9TH.—This morning was clear and beautiful, and the sun rose as though emerging from the water, washed and refreshed for the journey of the day. A good deal of speculation to-day, as to whether we would meet the Creole out here in this waste of waters, without a foot-print or our-mark on its surface. It is true the Susan Loud was to meet the Creole on or near the point of Lat. 26° N. Lon. 87° W., but might we not be blown out of our way, may the Captain not have made a miscalculation, may

not the Captain of the Creole make a wrong reckoning. These matters afforded sufficient capital for conversation this day. In the afternoon a favorable wind sprang up, and Captain Pendleton set all sail and ran for the Balize.

FRIDAY, MAY 10TH.—Continued on our course until 12 o'clock M., when the Captain took an observation, and found, that we were within a few miles of the line on which to meet the Creole, he then asked Col. Wheat to give him his, and the autograph of all the officers of the Louisiana Regiment; the old gentleman averred, that he had followed the seas man and boy for over 30 years, and never had he met with so agreeable and gentlemanly a crowd, accordingly we procured a sheet of *foolscap* paper, and all the officers, from Col. Wheate to the Sergeant Major, put down their names and titles. Col. Wheate then assembled the officers on the quarter-deck, and proposed, that we should raise the Captain a sum of money sufficient to buy him a silver pitcher, upon which all of our names were to be engraven, we immediately made up the sum of \$62 50c. and presented it to the Captain, who assured us, that he should ever feel proud of having the names of a portion of the liberators of Cuba. He then went to his state-room, and lo and behold! he drugged forth an old rusty demijohn, with about 4 gallons of the best old whiskey, as we all said, that we had ever tasted, this no doubt we all thought, especially as we had been out of liquor about two days. However, we did ample justice to the Captain's treat, for we had not only to drink the health of the Captain, but success to the expedition. About this time, 1 o'clock P. M., our visions being somewhat sharpened, Major Thomas, Quarter-master, discovered the appearance of smoke in the horizon, and shortly after, we all had the pleasure of seeing the black curling smoke of the Creole. But says a quizzical genius, suppose it should turn out to be a "Spanish Steamer"? To which the Lieutenant who was supposed to be "*nearly hell*," replied: If it should prove to be a Spaniard, he for one, should feel "*perfectly disgusted with the expedition*." This seemed to be the prevailing opinion, nevertheless, we hoped for the best.

The wind was against us, so we had to tack frequently to keep on the line, just before dark, the Creole was close enough for us to see her red flag, which we answered by running up a white one, in

a few moments she was alongside the Susan Loud, the Cuban flag streaming from the mast-head of each vessel, and greeted by three as hearty cheers as stout men and old liquor could command. Gen. Gonzalez came aboard, and after enquiring after our health, spirits, (not liquor,) and feelings in regard to the expedition, after our eight days' cruise. Being assured that we looked as favorably on the matter as ever, he then gave us a glowing description of the bearing of the Mississippi Battalion, and especially Major Peter Smith, and Capt. Achilles Kewen, Capt. Mizelle who had an independent Company, and in fact, of all the officers and men.

He then gave some general instructions as to the method of proceeding during the night, &c., when he returned to the Creole.

The wind was unfavorable, in consequence of which, we made but little progress this night.

SATURDAY, MAY 11TH.—This morning was calm and the sea becoming smooth. Capt. Steele was officer of the day to-day. Immediately after breakfast, the Creole came close along side, and we commenced shipping aboard of her, which took us all day or nearly so, about 4 o'clock, P. M. we were all aboard, and Gen. Lopez having been informed that Captain Pendleton was well acquainted with all the principal harbors in Cuba, having traded to the island for many years, he sent for him to come aboard the Creole, and induced him to accompany us, the Captain being a pretty shrewd yankee had an eye to the trade between the *new Republic* and the United States, which of course will be ten-fold ~~what~~ it is at present, within twelve months from the time it becomes a free State.

Shortly after 4 o'clock the Creole was on her way to the Island of Mugeres. There was great good feeling manifested on the part of the Mississippi Battalion towards their Louisiana brethren; the Mississippi Battalion was composed of Lieut. Col. W. J. Bunch, Major Peter Smith, Capt. A. L. Kewen, Company A, whose Lieuts. were W. C. Capers,—Williamson, Jas. Lethers, and whose orderly was—McFarland a very intelligent and gentlemanly man, and who no doubt had we staid on the Island would have occupied a much higher position in a very short time. Capt. Keating Com. B, Capt. Hawkins Com. C, Capt. Hale Com. D, and Capt. Mizelle Independent, and 108 privates—rank and file about 130. Making

in all now on board the Creole about 320 souls. I cannot forbear mentioning here, that a young man named Estill who had been recently married in the upper part of the State and who happened to be in the city with his father-in-law at the time the Louisiana Regiment sailed; his father-in-law persuaded him to join the Expedition. He consented, but at the time we left the Susan Loud and went on board the Creole, he had concluded to abandon it and return home; accordingly he remained on board the Susan Loud, expecting to return to the United States in her, but the Spaniards took her, searched her, and carried her as a prize, and young Estill the mate, Mr. Hale and her crew as prisoners into the port of Havana; poor Estill is now dead, he thought he had a government to protect him, but General Taylor and Mr. Secretary Clayton not only permitted the American flag to be insulted, and American ships to be searched on the high seas, but they permitted American citizens to be taken prisoners in the Gulf of Mexico, carried into the port of Havana past our ships of war, and then confined on a prison ship, until two-thirds of them have died. If these are Whig principles, God save me from their practical operations.

In the course of the evening, the conversation, as usual, turned on the probabilities of success, and it was argued by the officers of the Louisiana regiment, that Providence was in our favor, because we had had rough weather ever since we got into the gulf, until today, when we had a calm all day, and besides, we met the Creole exactly without one moment's delay—two circumstances, which to say the least of them, looked very much like Providential.

I had occasion more than once on this expedition, to observe, that although we do not believe as the old Romans did, in the augury of the flight of birds, entrails of beasts, &c., yet we are constantly on the alert to find some sign of success beforehand in the various circumstances which occur, between the conception and accomplishment of any great or arduous undertaking, more especially if there be a doubt lurking somewhere in the recesses of the mind, as to ultimate success.

Nor am I prepared to condemn this apparent weakness, even in this enlightened age, because the greatest mental strength, as well as physical endurance, is frequently derived from the most absurd superstitions. No man meets his fate at the stake with more firm-

ness than the unlettered Indian—no one stretches himself on his faggot funeral pile with more composure than the idolatrous Brahmin—no one stands firmer in the fight in defence of his creed than the bigoted Christian, nor does any man meet his fate at the cannon's mouth with more determined bravery than the infatuated soldier.

The evening was spent in great glee and good fellowship by the two divisions of "Filibusters," the Louisianians, because they had met with many former friends and plenty of fire-arms, the Mississippians, because they had obtained so respectable an accession to their numbers; many old associations were renewed and discussed, many new acquaintances made, and our future greatness sufficiently magnified and admired!

In short, night found us all in *high spirits*, (about 4th proof,) and officers and men collected together in little squads, on deck, in the cabin, on the forecastle, in the hold, on the engine-house, and in the boats of the Creole, recounting their deeds of daring in the Mexican war, their soul-stirring adventures on the plains of Texas, or the mighty feats of valor shortly to come off, not only to the entire absolution of Cuba from Spanish rule, but to the utter astonishment of the war-worn veterans of Wellington.

Amongst the most prominent of these, might have been seen two Mississippians, named Archibald Moore and Tucker Holland, commonly called "Turk"; poor fellows, their ardor was too hot at first, by the time we got to O'Hara, they had concluded like the prodigal son, to return to "Uncle Sam" and be good boys in the future, so they with others thought to return on the Georgianna. But alas, the naughty Spaniards found and took them, and Uncle Sam so far from "killing the fatted calf" for them, *would not even protect them*, and they shared the same fate as young Estill—so far as to be taken by the Spaniards.

#### EIGHTH LEAF:

*The History of the 12th and 13th of May—a Storm—Character of Gen. Lopez, &c.*

SUNDAY, MAY 12TH.—At daylight this morning, the Creole was wending her way to Mugerres, we had run all night without

interruption, the sea being comparatively smooth. Captain Davis was officer of the day to-day, and Lieut. Lane officer of the guard. About 11 o'clock, A. M. a brisk trade wind sprang up from the N. W., and continued all day.

It was suggested by the officers, that as in all probability the Spaniards were on the alert and might overhau us out here in the Gulf even, should they happen to see us—the men would feel much better satisfied had they arms to defend themselves in such an emergency. Accordingly our ever able and efficient Adjutant General, caused several long and short boxes to be opened, when lo! to the greedy eyes of the lookers on, there appeared divers muskets, sabers, United States' rifles, horsemen's pistols, and a singular looking instrument of death called "Jennings' patent rifle," together with any amount of cartridges, balls, powder and percussion caps.

The men, at least, most of them, having received their arms, settled down quietly, not seeming to think of or care what came next.

Most of the officers, and such of the privates as wished it, were introduced to Gen. Lopez to-day; the General is a fine looking old gentleman, appears to be about 50 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches high, well set; to look at him, you would conclude at once, he is capable of enduring much hardship—he has a fine head, benevolent countenance, handsome black eyes, in which on close scrutiny, may be seen to lurk that love for deeds of daring for which he is so remarkable; he received officers and men all alike, and with a grace and dignity, which showed at once his raising and associations had been of the best order. No perceptible difference could be detected in the old General's countenance or manner, until a young Lieut. by the name of Leathers came up; Lieut. Leathers belonged to the Mississippi Battalion, is about twenty years of age, 6 feet 2 or 3 inches high, well proportioned, and weighs about 212 pounds, and was known in the expedition as the *big infant*! so soon as he came up, you could see the old General's eye twinkle with admiration, and the expression of his countenance seemed to indicate that this thought was passing through his mind: "my young friend, if I had one thousand such boys as you, I could drive the Spaniards out of Cuba without the assistance of the Creoles."

I shall here take the liberty of quoting from the Diary of a Liberator, a short description of the old General, both because it is just, and in much better phrase than the writer of these leaves can pretend to:

"His appearance is by no means calculated to disappoint preconceived opinions. The simplicity of his manners and dress wean at once upon those who will tolerate no assumption of superiority, whether it proceeds from address, or station, or mind. A benevolence of expression is admirably coupled with a delightful suavity of manners, which leads him to extend the same courtesy to the awkward private, as to the polished officer. Each saw before him a present republican, devoid of arrogance or ostentation, whatever may have been his previous history or predilections. The observer cannot fail to dwell upon his physical characteristics. Of medium size, a body of more compactness and strength, and agility, could hardly be imagined. It is one of those physical anomalies, rapid in every movement, and of capacity to endure every fatigue, and cope with every difficulty. A Mississippian, whose pale face and stalwart limbs clearly indicated his residence among the broad pine forests of the Southern portion of his native State, facetiously remarked that 'old Lopez was nothing softer than a pine knot.' You look in vain for that staidness of demeanor and solemnity of aspect, which we are accustomed to associate with the nation of which he is a distinguished descendent, and yet there is an air of stern romance and chivalric sentiment, that is only transmitted to us in the portraits of the self-sacrificing heroes of a bygone age. A strong, restless dark eye, and a greyish, wiry beard, complete the figure of this extraordinary man. A fitness for any emergency, an adaptation for any crisis, and a willingness to embark in any enterprise, however perilous, are clearly indicated in every feature and movement."

Towards evening, the wind increased considerably, and apprehensions were felt and expressed, as to whether the Creole would weather the storm, provided it increased as we supposed it would about dark, but there was no perceptible change until about 10 o'clock, P. M., when the wind freshened to a gale, and compelled Captain Lewis to run N. W., instead of S. W., which was our course. All the energy of Captain Davis, backed by the prompt

assistance of Lieutenants Lane and Williamson, were now brought into requisition to keep the boat trimmed; general alarm and consternation seemed to have possessed the "Liberators," and it was with the utmost difficulty they could be kept still; the timbers of the Creole cracked, she plunged heavily, and in short, presented every appearance of going to the bottom any moment. Most of the officers laid down in their birlths with an evident effort to appear calm; it was absolutely necessary that the men should come down from the hurricane deck, too much weight being above, this made the cabins and the hold very much crowded; it was found necessary also, to keep a portion of the men on the guards, because otherwise, they were so much crowded, that it was utterly impossible to get about the boat, this was the more difficult, as the sea broke over the guards almost constantly, and caused them to crack in such a manner, as to induce the belief, that they would be broken off by the next sea. Captain Davis, and Lieutenants Lane and Williamson, were on their feet constantly, and were materially assisted by Quarter-master Thomas, Commissary McHenry, and others. About 1 o'clock, P. M., the storm was at its height, and the alarm was intense, many who perhaps had not thought seriously on eternity for years, and perhaps never, now prayed with an earnestness that showed at once, they thought the last day had closed on the "Liberators," and the next morning that dawned for them, would be that of *eternity*! As I was passing hastily along, my attention was arrested by the supplications of an Irishman to the "Howly Vargin," just as I stopped, a very large wave broke over the ship, and completely drenched him and several others who had gathered around him. This sudden visitation of salt-water, entirely broke up Pat's devotional feelings, because as it struck him, he exclaimed: "Jusus d—n my sowl but that was a bender." About 2 o'clock, the storm began to abate, and by four, the danger was over—for that time at least.

Thus the day and the night of the 12th of May came and went: it was ushered in a beautiful bright morning holy and lovely, it went out a dark threatening and ominous night. No doubt many a stout "Liberator" wished himself on land that night. And thus ended our second Sabbath at sea.

MONDAY, MAY 13TH.—At daylight, the storm had entirely abated, and the gulf was becoming more smooth. Captain Fisher, officer of the day. Captain Fisher is an energetic man and good officer, looks well in uniform, and seems to have a predilection for arms.

Hazy in the East, made good way until 12 o'clock, M. when the wind freshened almost to a gale. Captains Pendleton and Lewis took an observation at noon to-day, and found, that in consequence of the storm last night, we were from 20 to 25 miles out of our way; expected to see land before night, this was welcome news to most of us who had never been to sea before; it was now eleven days since we had seen land, and we anticipated the sight with infinite pleasure.

About 11 o'clock, A. M. one of the guards handling his gun carelessly, it accidentally went off, the ball passed through the hurricane deck, and instantly killed a private belonging to Capt. March's Company, Louisiana Regiment; the ball passed through his heart, he had been laying on the deck, and was just in the act of rising when the fatal accident occurred. His name was John Moore, he was said to have been a practical printer, and we could all testify that John was a bit of a wag, and the first man that offered up his heart's blood on the Altar of Liberty for Cuban Independence; he rejoiced in the possession of a stentorian voice, and he composed a song while on board the Susan Loud, suitable to the occasion, which he and others used to sing every evening, with great good will. I remember none of John's song but the Chorus, I remember however it went to the tune of Susanna, and the Chorus ran thus:

"O Cuba, Cuba is the land for me,  
I'm bound to make some money there!  
And set the Cubans free—"

This Chorus shows clearly, that although the promise of money may have been the moving inducement or mainspring of action in this hazardous undertaking, yet it was well understood, even by the privates, that the purest patriotism was expected as the return. Now I am fully aware, that there are many persons who believe, or affect to believe, that patriotism is a pure and disinterested love of country for the sake of the country, while others think, it consists

in the unbought admiration or devotion to those great principles of fraternity and equality that are soon to revolutionize the world. But I for one, don't believe in any such nonsense, hear a man make loud assertions of his love of country, he wants an office; hear him speak frequently and vehemently of his disinterested patriotism, he will do to purchase; hear him always finding fault with this, that, or the other measure of the government, and he just won't do at all.

But to return to John Moore—his Captains and comrades made of his blanket a winding sheet, and laid him on the deck by the engine house, there to await his removal to his last resting place; he was not consigned to the "briny deep," because we expected to be at land to-morrow, when the prejudices of the lands-men could be gratified by burying John on land.

About 4 o'clock, P. M. this evening, saw land, the coast of Yucatan, and soon discovered that we had been forced by the storm of last night much out of our way, hence we must coast for twenty-five or thirty miles before arriving at Mugerres; but it was soon found that we had struck the coast of Yucatan much further down on the north side than we at first supposed, hence we kept on soundings all night.

#### NINTH LEAF.

*In which the Creole finds Col. O'Hara on board the Georgiana, and runs to Mugerres.*

TUESDAY, MAY 14TH.—Hazy at day light this morning, still on soundings; Capts. Pendleton and Lewis held a short consultation on the propriety of running east for a time to avoid the Island of Contoy, which lay about ten miles to the south; but a sail was seen to the S. E. which determined them to run on soundings, in order to be near land, should it prove to be a "treacherous Spaniard." This circumstance brought us the fourth palpable Providential interference in our behalf, and which was no less than that of finding Col. O'Hara at the Island of Contoy, from 20 to 25 miles distant from where we expected to find him. About 8 o'clock A. M. we saw the Georgiana at anchor, close under the lee shore of the Island, and bearing down on her, were soon greeted by the brave Kentuckians on her crowded deck.

Col. O'Hara and Major Hawkins came on board; Lieut. Col. Picket having remained and gone out with General Lopez on the Creole. Three tremendous, to say nothing of deafening cheers showed the joy we all felt at being thus, by accident united, without delay. After Col. O'Hara had consulted with the "Old General" for a short time, it was thought advisable for the Creole to go to the Island of Mugerres for a supply of water, and in the mean while Col. O'Hara and the force under him, were to remain at Contoy, the wind being unfavorable for reaching Mugerres in a sail vessel. At this time you might have seen in the faces of the officers and men on board the Creole, that indication of joyous confidence, which ever gives men and armies success in the uncertain issue of an approaching battle. Said they "we met the Creole exactly;" we had a calm day to go on board of her, we rode the storm of yesterday night without breaking a timber or springing a leak, and now that same storm has thrown us on O'Hara whom we should otherwise have missed, and probably been a day or two in finding. From these and various other reasons we had come to the conclusion that GOD was with us and "if the LORD be with us, who shall rise up against us."

But previous to leaving Contoy, General Lopez had discovered that there were several fishing smacks in the neighborhood; accordingly he sent for the Capt. of one of them, and seeing from his countenance that he was the man, treachery being the most characteristic trait in it, he unfolded to him who he was, and what were his intentions, at all of which the Spaniard expressed infinite delight, he shook the old General's hand cordially and left; it was amusing to see with what alacrity he got his little smack before the wind, and was off for Havana; but does he know all the plan—any thing but the plan—General Lopez started him off on a wrong scent, that the Spanish ships, and especially the steamers should not be in our way of landing.

We then put on a good head of steam and ran for Mugerres, Capt. Hunton was officer of the day to-day on the part of the La. Regt, than whom a mere gentlemanly little fellow was not in the expedition; and Capt. Hawkins, on the part of the Mississippi Battalion, whose deportment was courteous and gentlemanly.

About 2 o'clock P. M. came in sight of the Island, and shortly

after discovered on the southern extremity the remains of an old fortress, of Spanish origin no doubt, and in all probability two hundred years old! At 4 o'clock we had reached the little Bay on the west side, where we found signs of inhabitants, in the shape of about thirty or forty ranches, and from sixty to one hundred men, women and children, of Spanish descent, and driven from Yucatan a year or two since by the Indians, all presenting an unusually neat and tidy appearance, the men were mostly clad in a loose drawers with a white or check shirt over them, giving the body all the advantages of unrestrained ease in its motions. The women were for the most part dressed in a loose flowing gown, with large sleeves, no waist, and fastened around the neck by a drawing string and not drawn over tight at that. The children were dressed after the same fashion, that is, those of them that were dressed at all, for many of them were yet honoring by their nudity, the early customs of those unsophisticated old people known in all the catechisms as Adam and Eve.

Within a very few moments after we dropped our anchor, the officers discovered that all discipline was at an end, at least for the evening, and making a virtue of necessity, they put the boats of the Creole, as well as the piroques of the inhabitants, into requisition, and all were soon busily engaged in conveying the impatient "Liberators" ashore. But notwithstanding there were 7 or 8 small vessels thus engaged, such was the impatience of the sea-cramped soldiers, that many of them swam ashore. The first care of Capt. March, was to take the martyr, John Moore, ashore and consign him to his mother earth, out of respect to the Captain, or good feeling for the deceased, quite a number accompanied poor John to his last resting place; a rough square box encased his body, one that had brought out a dozen muskets, fit forerunners to the last bed of a "Liberator." Like his illustrious namesake, he was consigned to the grave without "musket or drum," but the funeral service was read by our excellent Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. McCann, late of Paris, Kentucky. When the rough hewn cross was placed at the head of the grave, the manly form of Captain March bent over it for a moment, and then turned away as the big tear started down his manly cheek, and many were the friends, that this manifestation of feeling made the warm hearted Captain that evening.

Mugeres we found to be a delightful island, about 8 miles long, and from one and a-half to two miles wide, and about 12 miles from the main land. It seems to be of coral formation, being composed of shells, and a very hard coral stone, somewhat resembling lime stone in color and consistency; and such is the variety and beauty of the shells, that the conchologist might linger here for months, and still find something rare and exquisite to adorn his cabinet, or increase his shelly lore. Such too, is the salubrity of its climate, that not a mosquito was seen on the island, and most of the men and officers slept ashore on the bare beach, with the white sand for a couch, and the blue sky for a covering.

In the meanwhile, our ever energetic Adjutant General, had most of the natives engaged in conveying water on board the Creole.

I could not help observing the singular partiality of these unsophisticated people, for Spanish or Mexican money—they would eagerly snatch at a smooth spanish quarter, while they would allow you but twenty cents for the handsomest American.

The soldiers spent the evening in bathing, washing their clothing, and trading with the islanders, of whom they bought hen's eggs, corn bread, coffee, chocolate, turtle eggs, (dried,) and rum and brandy. The trade of the island, is principally carried on in fishing smacks, to Cuba and Yucatan; the exports of the island, are salt, white sponge, hammocks, dried turtle's eggs, and fish; their imports, are fabrics, such as fine cottons, linens, liquor, and a few of the most simple implements of husbandry.

They obtain their salt from a lake on the island, of semi-circular shape, and about two feet deep, except in one place, where the natives say it has no bottom. When we were there, 14th and 15th of May, the water was much lower than it had the appearance of being at other times; it may be, that it is connected with the sea someway, and at the spring and fall tides, which are much higher here at these seasons than at others, it may fill up. The method of obtaining the salt is, to take a basket and wade in to a stone, of which there are many in the lake, and set their basket on it, and proceed to scoop up handfuls until the basket is filled, when they carry it ashore and pile it up to the height of 3 or 4 feet, and then leave it to drain and dry—when it is sufficiently dry, it has a crust on it, which being broken, the salt is as white and fine as the best Liverpool.

They also take great quantities of turtles in the spring months, by means of decoys; these they destroy for their eggs, some large turtles yielding as much as half a bushel, these they dry in the sun, both as an article of traffic and food.

### TENTH LEAF.

*Part of the Events of the 15th May.*

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15TH.—Remained at the island all day to-day. For several days past, small whispers of discontent had been heard on board the Creole—now, they thought they had an opportunity of leaving the Expedition entirely, so they spoke out more boldly.

Those of the Louisiana Regiment, because there was a great probability that the Creole would not be adequate to carry nearly as many more men as she now had on board, and it was now understood, that Col. O'Hara's Regiment was to be taken on board also.

Those of the Mississippi Battalion, because of the petulance and arbitrary disposition of the Lieutenant Col., who never seemed satisfied, unless he had a quarrel with some one; and in fact, I never knew a man succeed so well in making himself unpopular as did the Col.

In addition to all this, one of the engineers was heard to say, that the Creole had been condemned in the lake trade two years ago, and further, that some one had chartered her about a year since to go to Havana, and had got about 40 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, when he was obliged to put back, in consequence of a leak, that was near sinking her before she got in. These things, it is true, were sufficiently discouraging, but what was to be done, we had proceeded too far to retreat without better reasons even, than any of these, so we set ourselves to recounting the many evident Providences that had attended us already, and besides, we were now within 90 miles of the coast of Cuba, this we could run in 24 hours, hence the danger was much less, than if we had to cross the gulf again. But this discontent could not long escape the Argus eyes of our field officers; after a short consultation therefore between Col. Wheat, Lieut. Col. Bell, and Major Hayden, it was

determined, that Col. Wheat should assemble the regiment on the beach, and endeavor by an address, to rekindle their waning patriotism and fading devotion to the cause of universal liberty! Accordingly, the Louisiana Regiment was drawn up in order, and our gallant Colonel, impressed with the importance of the occasion, stepped out in front of the line. It would have done you good to have seen him. His regiment on the point of disaffection—not that they objected to him, or any other officer that their free suffrage had placed over them—but because, from what the engineer had said, it was suicide to proceed; and again, it was now ascertained that 600 men would be the extent of the "Liberating Army." These reasons he could not very well answer. You see him then stand forth impressed with the necessity of remedying by rhetoric that which he could not answer by reason; accordingly, his manly countenance lit up with conceptions grand, as he addressed them thus:

"FELLOW SOLDIERS.—This day a perfect organization of the Army of Liberators has been effected. Your wishes, previously expressed, have been carried out by our noble head—I now bear the commission of Colonel of this detachment. [Cheers.]

"I therefore seize the present opportunity of conveying to you, my unfeigned thanks for the preference you have shown me, as also to detail in a few words, my views of the Expedition in which we have jointly embarked, together with the line of conduct I shall, with the assistance of divine Providence, endeavor to pursue. While yet within the borders of our beloved country, the distant wail of the oppressed Cubans, to whose rescue we are now rushing, saluted our pained ears, every breeze from the southward that should have been laden with the sweet perfume of tropical flowers, was freighted with cries of anguish and shrieks of despair. Men born in the image of their maker, entitled, as are the whole human family, to rights and the delicious boon of liberty, are trampled in the dust. The iron heel of oppression is upon their necks. A bigoted tyrant in a distant land sends forth her cohorts to enthrall and enslave them. The lovely island, blooming with perennial flowers, about which, are clustered the fond associations of birth and early childhood, is made the theatre of a brutal oppression, unprecedented in the most direst periods of a Nero or a Caligula,

and this too, within a short distance of a land that boasts of a Washington, an Adams, a Hancock, and a Patrick Henry! [Cheers.] Of a land whose offspring shudders more at the least infringement of right, than at the tiger's leap.

"The inhabitants of this beauteous isle, have learned the distinction between freedom and slavery, they have occasionally seen how everything prospers under the glorious influences of institutions based upon correct principles, and they burn to throw off the grievous chains that environ them. But the eye of the bloody monster never sleeps, and his nostrils are keen scented, his arm is nervous and strong. The slightest manifestation of dissatisfaction is detected, and the poor victim sacrificed ere he has breathed his wish to escape from the loathing embrace.

"I have said, fellow soldiers, that the cry of their distress has long floated in the breeze. With tearful vision, they have gazed upon the broad blue waters that sever the soil of freedom from the isle of debasement, wrong and outrage. They ask in plaintive tones, is there no sympathy for the helpless and down-trodden Creole? Will not those gallant souls that rushed so nobly to the aid of Mexico, Poland, Hungary, and Texas, will they forget their poor neighbors who groan under a vassalage more galling, and who seek deliverance with emotions as strong and ardent as these? Will not, they ask again, the hardy offspring of revolutionary sires facilitate them in making an effort for manhood and nationality? You my worthy comrades, heard those rending cries and warm appeals. When did a deserving American listen to the cry of distress, and not fly to succor and relieve? (*"Nary a time,"* said one Lieutenant; *"never,"* said another; and *"never"* said we all; just at this time, the tall Lieut. said, *wa-wa-well we will o-o-offer them the cup of liberty, and they may use it or refu-fu-fuse it as they like.*) Order being restored, Col. Wheate proceeded: "I glory in being connected with so noble an enterprise, I thank God that I have contributed my mite, in furtherance of the great cause of human rights, I thank you from my inmost heart that you have placed me in your van!" [Cheers.] (Here the Colonel was sensibly affected, and wiped off with a new kerchief, the flowing perspiration.) He resumed—

"The kindly interposition of a superintending Providence, is

clearly apparent in every step we have thus far taken, but our government, though every artery is throbbing with pulsations of sympathy for our success, is compelled to make peace offerings to a silly code of international law. If our own government, my gallant friends, should think it their duty to exercise a ridiculous espionage over our movements, then indeed, will our chances of success be much diminished; but land us once in Cuba, let the standard of liberty be raised, let us make a successful stand, and that mighty engine, public opinion, will sustain us at home, while our arms will sustain us in Cuba, and soon, 'we shall feed in green pastures by the side of still waters,' in this gem Republic of the Ocean. [*Cheers and evidences of returning enthusiasm.*]

"But I thank God our little vessel has so far carried us safely past the booming cannon of our vessels of war. The Spanish government too, made acquainted with our designs by the officious intermeddling of foreign and mercenary spies, has been upon the alert. Her steamers and vessels of war are known to be cruising upon the gulf in search of our glorious band, yet thanks to the powers that be, here we are, escaped from perils and released from dangers.

"I tell you my noble soldiers, success must perch upon our banner. The one starred flag will soon float over the gloomy battlements of Moro's dismal dungeons, (loud cheers.) Cuba shall yet be free! and the blood-gorged tyrants shall lick the dust, or run howling to their mountain caves, or seek for safety on board their tall masted vessels, (cheers.)"

"I need not, soldiers, utter one word to stimulate you to deeds of daring and hardy valor. The daring of American troops is a part of their nature and being, the world echoes it to the skies—the Lion of England has twice quailed, when the American Eagle stooped from her eyrie. (great cheering.)

"We may die perhaps, the future is in the womb of time, but there is no such word as fail, (*"die first," said the Lieutenant.*) Should the humble individual who now addresses you, fall beneath the sword of the foe, he asks but a soldier's grave and a soldier's tear!"

"In conclusion, permit me to urge upon you all, the necessity of the most rigid discipline, for in that consists our strength. Let it

not be said that female virtue has been violated by one of my brave Louisianians—guard strictly too the rights of property. (*I've lost a plug of tobacco I notice, said a Punchified private, aside.*)

“And now my brave boys, let us under command of our noble chieftain rush to the field of glory, pluck the besotted usurper from her Island pedestal.”

—“Our watch word shall be,  
On to the battle! Let the Cubans be free!”

When Col. Wheate had concluded this patriotic address, three times three deafening cheers rent the air, and we all felt that dissension was at an end. Just as the cheering had ceased, some wag, perhaps a staff officer, cried out:

“The Tocsin sounds, arise and muster,  
Each brave undaunted ‘Filibuster.’”

Lieut. Col. Bunch with his Mississippians now joined us and we spent an hour or two in drilling.

#### ELEVENTH LEAF.

*In which the history proceeds to the conclusion of the 15th May.  
Discovery of the big Lizard, Salt Lake, &c.*

After the drill was over, Gen. Lopez assembled the principal officers of the expedition on board the Creole; (Lieut. Col. Picket representing the Kentuckians,) and submitted to them a declaration of rights, similar in many respects to our own glorious declaration of Independence, together with the basis of a provisional government, for which to raise the standard in Cuba, both of which being highly approved by them, the next thing to be done, was, to issue commissions to the whole batch of officers, in which I noticed that two individuals obtained much higher commissions than they expected, viz: L. C. Thomas, Quartermaster to the Louisiana Regiment, who had discharged all the duties of his office promptly and faithfully so far, received the appointment of Quartermaster General; and J. D. R. McHenry, Commissary of the same regiment, than whom, a more attentive or faithful officer could not have been found, received the appointment of Commissary General. These appointments showed at once that Gen. Lopez, although he appeared to notice very little, had an eye to all that was going on onboard the Creole, for they were unsolicited by

either of the parties; but such was the confidence the men of the Expedition reposed in their capacity and integrity that the appointments gave entire satisfaction.

So soon as the affairs of the family meeting had been satisfactorily arranged, a member of the staff, Capt. March and myself, set out for the purpose of visiting the Salt Lake, said to be situated about one mile in the interior, we accordingly got directions how to proceed, and started off on our tour of discovery. We had progressed as far perhaps as half-a-mile, on the bench of the little bay in which the Creole lay at anchor, when our nasal organs were saluted by the most infamous stench it had ever been our misfortune to encounter, quickening our pace, we soon passed beyond the influence of this malarious current, when we stopped to ascertain the cause of so villainous a smell on so salubrious an island, and, to our surprise, we saw hundreds of the largest sized sea turtles piled up in different places near the beach, and there left to rot, we immediately understood the secret of the great quantity of dried turtle eggs we had found amongst the islanders. [*See conclusion of the Ninth Leaf of this Diary.*] But there was evidently a great waste in another, and perhaps more valuable, article of traffic, than the eggs taken from these turtles—I mean the shell, or thin coating which covers the bony substance of these sea monsters, great quantities of which, had already peeled off and lay scattered about, as valueless trash. Continuing our journey, we soon came to the little path that led to the highlands and the lake. Shortly after, we reached the highlands, we were lost in admiration of the many beautiful specimens of the Cactus, (many of which were now in bloom,) and other rare and beautiful tropical flowers, when we suddenly came on the largest lizard, that any of us had ever seen, heard or read of, he was of a dusky brown color, about 18 inches long, had a vicious look, and did not seem inclined to give the road even to “Liberators.” This circumstance drew our attention entirely from the flowers, but we did not kill him, expecting soon to be engaged in slaying treacherous Spaniards, we thought it wrong to commence on so noble an animal as the lizard, so we passed him by. We had gone but a short distance beyond the great grandfather of all the lizards, when we came on a village of Gophers, real genuine Mexicans, at least, we supposed so, from the structure

of their burrows, *not one of which did we see*, the lynx-eyed whelps had been too quick for us, and had made good their retreat before we came on them. Walking a short distance further, we entered an open space, which we discovered to be a corn field, here then, was the place where the islanders obtained their corn; there seemed to be, as near as we could judge, about one hundred acres in corn, in all possible stages of growth, from the tender shoot to the "sear and yellow leaf." It seems, the natives gather and plant at all seasons; the corn was small, resembling that known in the States as "pop corn." It is about two months in maturing in the dry season, somewhat longer in the wet.

Passing through the corn-field, we came to rather an abrupt descent, densely covered with small trees, undergrowth, vines, cactuses, &c., so as to be nearly impassible; our bowie knives, however, soon found us a free passage, and lo! we stood on the edge of the salt lake. Looking up and down, or rather in each direction of the lake from where we stood, we supposed it to be about one half mile in length, and varying in width, from 50 to 400 yards, the water was of a reddish green color, and seemed to be about two feet deep, with numerous rocks peering up at short intervals; we felt disappointed both as to the extent and beauty of the lake, and were about to retrace our steps, when we discovered on the other side, certain white cones, resembling a sugar-loaf in shape, but about four feet high and large in proportion. Taking those conical piles to be salt, and wishing to ascertain its quality, we proceeded along the lake a short distance, when we came to a narrow place where a path led across it, we crossed over, and on examination, found those piles to be of the very finest salt; some of the cones were still wet, and had the appearance of having been recently piled up; others were dry, those were coated over by a crust. [See Ninth Leaf.] After we had examined the salt sufficiently, we went on the top of the ridge on this side the lake, to take a look at the sea; when we had arrived on the top, we found the scene beautiful beyond description; off to the East, lay the broad Caribbean sea—to the North, the island, variegated with little knowls covered with flowers of the richest hue, seemed to melt away into the blue water—to the West, was the coast of Yucatan, varied and beautiful in the distance—to the South, the island rose much higher than where we were, but

the ruins of the old Spanish fortress were visible; we at once concluded to pay a visit to this ancient vestige of Spanish dominion, remarking to each other as we walked along, Cuba, too, will soon pass from Spanish rule, and the Moro perhaps, some centuries hence, will be the only vestige left in the western world, of the former prowess of the patrons of Columbus. *Capt. March suggested we had better blow the Moro up!* The staff officer replied, we had better leave it stand to hold "QUEEN VIC" at bay, should she see proper to make a fuss about the independence of the island. When we had arrived at the spot, we were struck with the evidences of taste displayed in the selection of the site, as well as the arrangement of the grounds. Here we could see as far as the eye could reach in all directions—there too lay our little Creole in the bay—there was the little Mexican town—there also was the salt lake, looking for all the world, like a track of the war-horse of Mars, such was its shape. Indeed, such was the beauty of the surrounding scenery, that we forgot for a time, that we were amongst the ruins of some ancient fortress, perchance a gloomy prison, or perhaps a Temple where the weary mariner might rest from the perils of the "mighty deep," and turn his thoughts from storm and strife to the worship of the true and living God.

On examination, we found the main building to have been octangular, with four wings corresponding to the cardinal points, the one to the South being much longer, and the one to the North much shorter, than the East and West wings, which were of the same length. From the appearance of the ground on the East and West sides, there was evidently subterraneous passages from the sea-shore to the building, but the arches have fallen in, perhaps a century since, and now look like immense ditches dug in days of yore, and for which we should have taken them, but for the fact, that a small portion of the arch on the East side still remains. To the South, is a beautiful broad slope for more than a mile down to the sea, that was evidently graded at the time this singular edifice was constructed. What its uses were, or by whom built, must perhaps, like "Uxmal" in Central America, ever remain a mystery.

We were now warned of the propriety of returning to the boat, as it was drawing near sun-down; accordingly, we set forth, but

thought we would find a nearer way by going straight through the woods—but we had not gone over a mile, before we were convinced we had missed our way, because we again found ourselves on the lake, which from the observations we made on the ruins, was much too far to the right. What was to be done? It was getting late, we had no compass, and did not know the exact direction. After a short consultation, we agreed to go to those Mexicans we had seen on the salt lake as we went out, and get them to guide us home; accordingly, we set out at a brisk pace to reach them, if possible, before they left for the village, we did so, but they did not seem inclined to go—we motioned, scolded, exhausted all our store of spanish; *they would not budge*—at last, our patience was all gone, so we drew our bowie knives, and made at them: this had the desired effect, they took to their heels, we after them; through the corn-field, through brush, over stones, across valleys, in paths, out of paths, helter skelter—poor fellows, they thought their ears were gone. But they led us in sight of the Creole, when they halted, made very polite bows, and pointed towards the vessel, which of course we returned in as polite a manner as could have been expected of “Filibusters,” and proceeded on to the boat, laughing heartily at the affair. The rascals knew well enough what we wanted, all the time, but they wanted money, this we had not, but bowie knives answered the purpose just as well.

#### TWELFTH LEAF—IN TWO PARTS.

*The Creole leaves Muges, and returns to the Georgiana—  
Deserters, Letters, Col. Bunch's speech, &c.*

##### PART I.

THURSDAY, MAY 16. This morning Capt. J. J. McCormeck, who had been officer of the day on yesterday, together with Capts. Fisher, Kewen, Breckenredge and Foster came on board the Creole very early and reported some of our men on the Island, at first it was proposed to go after them and bring them on board, but upon more mature deliberation it was thought best to let them remain without molestation, as the rest were better off without them. On calling the roll, thirteen were found missing, let them go, brave men only have a right to progress, cowards stand still or turn back.

We got up steam and started about 8 o'clock A. M. for Col. O'Hara; as we passed down the little bay where we had lay at anchor, those scoundrels we had left on the Island, came out of a “ranch” in the outskirts of the little village and raised the “black flag,” the man that held the flag staff was named Philip Reinhart, a Prussian as I was informed, and deserted from Com. B, of the Louisiana Regiment; he would have been fired at and probably killed had it not been for Gen. Lopez, who wished to let all, that chose to do so, leave the expedition; there was also another deserter from Com. B. by the name of Patrick Galway, a Scotchman, who was well acquainted in these waters, and spoke the Spanish language well, and who no doubt was a great scoundrel. This Galway and Reinhart had told one of their mess as an inducement for him to leave the expedition, that they intended as soon as the Creole left, to go aboard a Spanish smack that lay in the bay, murder the men, and run the smack to Tampico and sell her, and then come back to the States. This being told to Gen. Lopez he immediately ordered the Creole to put back and take the smack in tow, the wind being unfavorable for her leaving the bay; the poor Spaniard thought he was a “goner” when the old General ordered him to throw his cable aboard the Creole and hoist his anchor, but when we had towed him out of the bay and told him the reason, his gratitude seemed to have no bounds—we cast him loose and let him “go on his way rejoicing,” and I suppose if any poor devil ever rejoiced this Spaniard did, for he had seen the black flag as well as we, and we noticed that he involuntarily put his hand to his throat as he thought of the narrow escape he had made of having it cut.

Soon we were in sight and quickly along-side the Georgiana—there was great joy at this second meeting; Col. O'Hara informed us that two small Spanish sail vessels had reconitered them the day before and then sailed for Havana, it was therefore thought advisable to use as much expedition as possible, in trans-shipping his troops to the Creole; accordingly the sea being smooth the two vessels were lashed together and the trans-shipment of the men provisions and water went on rapidly.

This was the last opportunity that any man would have to leave the Expedition; Gen. Lopez called a council of war and submitt-

ed to them the propriety of offering to all that wished to return to the United States, an opportunity of doing so. This proposition meeting the approbation of the council, it was made known by a general order to that effect, when Archibald Moore, Tucker Holland and thirty-seven others left the "Liberating Army," to return to the United States: poor fellows, little did they know or think of the fate that awaited them!

Capt. Thomas Kewen was officer of the day to-day: Capt. Kewen is a quiet gentlemanly officer, a man of few words, but does not know the meaning of fear.

This was also considered a favorable opportunity of writing to our friends at home, accordingly most of the officers of the three regiments wrote a letter each, and some of them more. I again wrote to my wife, giving a description of Mugerres, the organization of the regiment, &c. But our letters all fell into the hands of the Spaniards, as did our National honor, and the prestige of the American name, under the potency of General Taylor's military renown, and John M. Clayton's diplomatic skill.

These letters were opened and published in the Havana papers, with much merriment at our expense; poor devils they have their day now, but we will have a change of rulers in the next three years, thank the Lord, and with this change will come our day.

One of these letters as it was translated to me at Key West, by a gentleman who first called my attention to the fact, that our vessels had not only been taken on the high seas, but searched, and the letters exposed, seems to have been written by the one armed Colonel to some fair "Dulcinea," residing in the great State from which he hails, and which ran thus:

"Dearest,—I am now on my way to Cuba; you will say this is because I am fond of the battle field—but let me assure you once again that this is a wrong imputation; I never was fond of fighting, I never, that I now remember, sought a difficulty with any one, but you know, and you have told me you like that trait in my character; I have never taken an insult from any one.

"But you will say as you said when I went to Mexico, I need not have gone; It is true, I need not have gone to Mexico, my country was then engaged in the war, and was able to have gotten out of it without my help, but she called for volunteers—I was young and

vigorous—I offered my services—they were accepted—I lost an arm in defending her rights and the National honor—I regret the loss of the arm, but glory in the cause in which it was lost.

"I have another left, that I am now going to peril for the liberation of the Cubans, and if it shall be my good fortune to aid in promoting the independence of Cuba with this right arm, I shall be fully rewarded, if on my return, after having wielded my sword in defence of the fair daughters of this beautiful isle, I am permitted to encircle your delicate waist with this same right arm, and call you my own, my own dearest — — —. You told me you loved me, I knew it was true, your tell-tale eyes had told your secret before your lips made the confession. I told you that I was poor, without a name, and no prospect before me that justified my aspiring to call you mine. But, thank God, an opportunity has offered, which should I be so fortunate as to survive, I shall have not only fame, but fortune. And the very day that Cuba is free, I shall fly on the wings of love to the home of my dearest, and lay, whatever of fortune or fame I may have acquired, at your feet.

"I left home a Captain—I am now a Lieutenant Colonel. But I am still true to my promise, at sun-rise I think of you, and as oft as it sets beneath the western horizon, my thoughts wander back to Mississippi: do you think of me then, yes I know you do, and it is pleasant to commune with thy spirit, though the broad blue Gulf separates us.

"I have ever worn your likeness next my heart, and if I fall, it shall be buried with me.

Yours as ever, faithful and true,

W. H. R."

When I had taken down this letter, I wondered to myself, what the one-armed Colonel thought of the fortune and fame of the Expedition now. Just as I had made this reflection, who should come up, but the one-armed Colonel himself. "Cap," said he, "don't you think the d—d Spaniards have taken the letters that were left on board the Georgiana, and they say here, they have published them." "Did you have a letter then Colonel?" "I did, and d—n them, if they have opened that letter, I intend to kill a Spaniard for every line in it." The Colonel walked off, my friend winked, and I slipped the translation of his letter into my carpet-bag.

lost life  
arm

William  
Hall

Don  
Quixote  
girlfriend  
A novel read  
by Gonzie

I hope the Colonel will take no offence at the publication of his letter in the book. I am fully aware that it must have lost much of its original point and beauty, this being the second translation, or rather a translation from a translation. My main object in publishing the letter, is to ascertain how many Spaniards, the Colonel from his own threat, is expected to kill. But we have wandered from the busy scenes on the Georgiana. It will be remembered, that the Louisiana Regiment lost thirteen at the island, by desertion, we therefore felt solicitous about losing any more; hence we went to work to remove their apprehensions, or their prejudices, as the case might be, to which end, no one contributed more than the tall Lieutenant, in the following little address:

*stuttered*  
 "Ma-Ma-Men! you all recollect that but y-y-yesterday, Colonel Wheate told us, w-w-we sh-sh-should soon 'feed on gr-gr-green pastures by the side of still waters on the g-g-gein Re-Re-Republic of the ocean.' I never knew Col. Wheate to *lie standing*, I th-th-therefore think we had b-b-better go down and see those pa-pa-pastures anyway, s-s-something may turn up green down there, if it is only a turtle."

Just at this time, a little fellow came briskly past, announcing as he did so, that Col. Bunch was going to speak. The Lieutenant thought the Col. should be a long time silent if he didn't speak.

At which little Gus. stopt, and perpetrated the following pithy puns:

Gus. A critic I presume?

Lieut. If you're a horse, I'm the groom?

G. To lend to cognac or to water?

L. Nothing shorter!

G. Then which, the cognac or the water?

L. The brandy sure, to drink which you had'nt 'orter!

G. You're a goose!

L. As you choose.—

Just at this time, Col. Bunch commenced speaking—having some curiosity to hear him, I repaired on deck, when he spoke about as follows:

## PART II.

### Colonel Bunch's Speech.

"In a short time, my companions in arms, we will reach the land destined to be a scene of conflict. I conceive the present, therefore, a fitting occasion to address to you a few observations. It is idle for me to say that I esteem it the greatest of all honors, to be the leader of as brave and determined a body of men, as ever assembled together in a good cause. In times past, Mississippi has become known to fame by the gallantry of her noble sons. Wherever the contest has waged the hottest, her offspring have been found. No tarnish rests upon her escutcheon, and to be the commander of her worthy lads, under any circumstances, is sufficient to swell the heart with gratitude and pride. I need not here repeat that every effort will be made on my part, to lead you on to glory and victory. Sooner would I die, than pluck one flower from the garland of honor and reputation, which has been woven by her Quitmans and Davises. [Cheers.]

"We have much reason to congratulate ourselves, upon the favorable progress of our projects thus far. The distinguished warrior who heads our enterprise, has already secured our confidence and esteem, and if I may be permitted to gather your sentiments from my own, there is not one among us, that is not ready to pour out his heart's blood in defence of a General, whose prudence, and sagacity, and valor, are equally manifest. In addition to our reliance upon so exalted a chieftain, it is a subject of gratitude that we have been permitted to mature our plans, without interference from our own, or the government against which we are about to array ourselves.

"Everything is now prepared for our anticipated descent, and but a few short hours will elapse, before our ears will be greeted with hostile cannon.

"It is not for me to urge upon you, the necessity of stern valor. Bravery has ceased to be a merit with the American character; cowardice has become a fable, a chimera of the mind. Rather is it my duty to warn you, against reckless courage, that will not bow to discretion—there is more danger to be anticipated from wild displays of frantic valor. Let me be permitted to enforce upon you, a

subserviency to the laws of strict discipline. Towering above the feelings of gratitude and friendship which this occasion is so eminently calculated to inspire; allow me for a moment, to assume the stern position of a military commander. Our duties will lead us into the heart of a densely populated country, and opportunities will not be wanting to stimulate to the baser passions of our nature, particularly in the dull hours of a soldier's leisure. I now declare that I will visit the extreme rigors of martial law upon the unfortunate man who will so far forget his honor, and the moral character of the land of his nativity, as to violate female chastity. In this particular, my own views correspond with the orders of our commander-in-chief. Let it not be said, my brave comrades, that your Colonel was forced to so cruel an alternative—that a Mississippian permitted his lust to outrun his valor and his honor. Nor less severe shall be the penalty upon such as infringe in the slightest degree upon the rights of property. We did not leave the protection of the stars and stripes, to revel in besotted madness, or to pursue a life of buccaneering. Ours is a higher, a nobler motive. We went to a land of dire oppression, that we may aid a struggling people in their efforts to obtain a freedom, such as the God of Nature has destined to the whole human family. The painful information has reached me, that a few of our number have determined to withdraw from our glorious expedition. Use no efforts to detain them. By our side lays the Georgiana, fully competent to transport such to the United States. Base, cowardly traitors, if there be any in my ranks, stand forth, that the ineffaceable mark of infamy may eat readily into your craven foreheads. Stand forth, I say. I will have no tainted knaves in the midst to pollute my valorous men. None? God be thanked, and I earnestly entreat your forgiveness for the suspicion.

"In conclusion, let us with lusty lungs raise cheers for our glorious chieftain." [Great Cheering.]

### THIRTEENTH LEAF.

*Conclusion of the History of Thursday, the 16th day of May.*

At the conclusion of Col. Bunch's speech, most of the officers of the "Liberating Army" were on deck, they all joined in the cheer-

ing because the Mississippi Colonel had spoken well, and uttered sentiments to which they could all subscribe.

The Kentucky Regiment was now on board the Creole, it consisted of about 240 men, rank and file. This would have made our number 560 men, had all gone on, but 39 had left the Expedition, hence the exact number that belonged to the "Liberating Army" was 521, from which, deduct those who were unwell and those who belonged to the Commissary department, and we had of efficient men about 500. The Kentucky Regiment, though the largest of the three, was incomplete in the number of Companies—but they were very hard to beat in any country. The officers of this Regiment were splendid men, all of them, descendants from and members of the best families in the State, and consisted of, Theodore O'Hara, Colonel; John T. Picket, Lieutenant Colonel; and Thomas T. Hawkins, Major; and Captains John Allen, Logan, Wilson, Knight, and Albert W. Johnson; and Adjutant Titus, a fine officer; and Sergeant Major McDonald, a gallant and gentlemanly man. The three field officers of this Regiment, are all Cadets of West Point, and have all held United States' commissions. In short, better men or officers than composed the "Liberating Army" (with a few exceptions,) will rarely ever be found in the same number. As we have given a description of the officers of the Kentucky Regiment and Mississippi Battalion, I will take the liberty of quoting from the Diary of a Liberator, a short description of the three principal officers of the Louisiana Regiment:

"Col. Wheat is a noble fellow, young, and ardent, in dangerous enterprise. He was a pet with the generals of the Mexican war. The ladies of the Crescent City frequently speak of his flashing, dark eyes, his frank and ingenuous countenance, and his Herculean, but graceful frame. A favored mortal, who, at his age, can win the confidence of rough soldiers, and arouse to palpitation and fluttering the swelling bosom of fair maidens. Lieut. Col. Bell, an observer would say, delighted less in woman's smile than in the flashing of bright swords and the roar of cannon. The loss of an arm at Monterey, has by no means diminished his military ardor, or impaired his ability to cope with a stout foe. Careless, 'sudden and quick in quarrel'; you detect at once a reckless valor, a wild enthusiasm, and an unconquerable resolution in the 'one-armed

*Gonzile  
pirate*

Colonel.' Now, Maj. Hayden, you would declare at once, is a bold man, but you would likewise discover that he was entirely devoid of that impetuosity and apparent recklessness, that characterize his two superiors. He possesses to an infinite degree, that phlegmatic coolness, and correct appreciation of motive and character, which is gathered by a legal practice in one of our frontier States. Discreet in council, careful in details, and unimpassioned, but firm upon the field of battle, is the Arkansas Major of the Louisiana Regiment."

We have had a calm, cloudy day, favorable as heart could wish for taking Col. O'Hara and his brave Kentuckians on board the Creole; as night came on, unmistakable indications of an approaching storm were seen in the horizon to the N. E., in the "red lightning's vivid flash" and the "distant thunder's warning roar."

About midnight, all was ready for the departure of the Creole—the storm is approaching—a short consultation between Captains Lewis, Pendleton, and Gen. Lopez, determines the former to put to sea; but again we are thrown 4 points out of our way by being compelled to keep the bow of the Creole in the "eye of the wind;" this brought us the sixth evident Providential interposition in behalf of the "Liberators," because, had we gone on the point we wished, we should have met the Spanish steamers that had been sent from Havana to the island of Mugerres to apprehend us, and which captured the Georgiana and Susan Loud the next day.

We learned at Key West, that the Pizarro and Habano left Havana, on the morning of the 16th of May, to go to Mugerres, and search the sea for us from thence to the coast of Cuba. Now had we run E., or E. by N., instead of N. E. by N., we should have met those steamers exactly, and from what has been done with those who had abandoned the Expedition, it is not difficult to tell, what would have been our fate, had we fallen into their hands.

When we had gotten fairly under way, the renewal of old acquaintances had brought some twenty of the young officers of the Expedition round the festive board. When they had gotten a little mellow, some curious fellow proposed Alphabetical toasts, in which it seems the first man that hesitates three full minutes, to respond with three words, all beginning with a certain letter and

making sense, is to pay the score. I noted some of these toasts at the time—I took down the following:

- A. Amity amongst Americans.
- B. Beauty bestowing bliss.
- C. Charity crowning Christianity.
- D. Deity directing Democracy.
- E. Enterprise enjoying ease.
- F. Freedom following friends.
- G. Gratitude giving glory.
- H. Heralds hallooing Havanna.
- I. Independence invading Islands.
- K. Knowledge killing Kings.

Just at this stage of the sentiments, the one-eyed recruit pitched into the short Lieutenant, with a vengeance, that seemed to threaten annihilation; but the prompt interference of the one-armed Colonel, restored tranquility, and soon they were round the table and at their old tricks of poker, cucre, or vingt et-un.

Very shortly after the difficulty was settled between the recruit and the Lieutenant, Gen. Lopez issued an order to have the lights put out—so we retired for the night at 1 o'clock, just as a severe storm commenced; we soon ascertained, that the Creole was safer than she was before she took on the additional load, of O'Hara's regiment and provisions, because, she was now deeper, and consequently was knocked about less than when light. Accordingly, we all lay down on deck or anywhere we could, and slept soundly until morning.

In the course of the evening some one proposed that a song should be written, as a kind of address to the Creoles, to be sung at the first place we landed, and translated into Spanish as soon as possible. Next morning the following lines were found on deck:

Live's there a Cuban on this Isle,  
Of mind so low or birth so vile,  
He will na strike for liberty!  
If one be found in this fair land,  
Let him join the craven band,  
Who with fetters bind the free.

CHORUS.

Oh no there's none! We find not one.  
So base and low—as to forego  
The cup of Liberty!

Then come on boys to glory's goal,  
 Let's free this people, mind and soul,  
 From old Spanish tyranny!  
 As friends of freedom let us go,  
 With shock and shout we'll rout the foe,  
 And strike for "God and Liberty."

CHORUS.

Then Cubans come, we offer you,  
 If to yourselves you'll now be true,  
 The Heaven-born boon, LIBERTY!  
 Then join the band, the time has come,  
 When you may have a happy home,  
 Your sons and ones all be free.

CHORUS.

(Of course, the sentiments being good, made the poetry good, intrinsically, so we set about to find a tune for it, but I have now forgotten what—for, at the time the Pizarro was chasing the Creole from Cardenas to Key West, I became so much disgusted with the Chorus, that I actually forgot the tune. Perhaps, some queer individual in the next Expedition may find the same or a better tune; but I don't think our failure was owing at all so much to the tune, or the song, as it was to the number of singers.)

#### FOURTEENTH LEAF—IN TWO PARTS.

*The History proceeds one day.*

##### PART I.

FRIDAY, MAY 17th. After a very stormy and perilous night, morning at length arrived, borne, along on the ear of time and illuminated by the sun! we rejoiced much to see it because it brought with it calmer wheather.

Captain Breckenridge officer of the day. Capt. Breckenridge is a member of one of the best families in Kentucky, he is brave almost to rashness, and generous to a fault, is a man of quick discernment and high sense of honor, a warm friend, a bitter enemy and withal an agreeable companion; his character may be expressed in two lines, I quote from memory, but dont know whom :

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows,  
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glow."

Captain Allen was officer of the day on the part of the Kentucky Regiment. Captain Allen is a lineal descendant of Ethan Allen's of Green Mountain Memory, and is as brave a man as his "illustrious predecessor," (ancestor;) he is an intelligent man, not

easily provoked to deeds of resentment, but desperate as the tiger when compelled to defend himself or a friend:

Slow like to distant thunder, 'till aroused,  
 Then vivid, quick and fell, as forked lightning.

Captain Achilles L. Kewen was officer of the day on the part of the Mississippi Battalion. A look at Captain Kewen's face is sufficient to convince you at once that his sparkling eyes were the windows to a chivalric soul; indeed were I a general, I would prefer him to lead a desperate charge to any one I know, unless indeed it were the one-armed Colonel.

After breakfast was over our ever indefatigable and industrious Adjutant General A. J. Gonzalez, proceeded at once to the task of making a final distribution of the arms and ammunition. I had thought for some time of giving a short sketch of this extraordinary man, but I find the task much more ably performed by a "Liberator," than I could hope to do it myself, I shall therefore assume the thirteenth number of the "Diary of a Liberator," for the next leaf.

At 9 o'clock, saw the smoke of a steamer off to the S. E., but the wind was blowing at the time from her to us, so that altho' we saw her, she evidently did not see us, for we afterwards learned that it was the Habano, or Pizarro, both of which were in these waters, and took the Georgianna and Susan Loud this day; so soon as the smoke of the steamer was seen the course of the Creole was changed so as to run out of her way—this we succeeded in doing in about two hours, and then the course of the Creole was again brought to E. two points S., on which course we kept all day.

During the excitement in the morning, remarks were made by the various "Liberators" according to their different temperaments, says one, "we will soon have to run or fight for it now." "Why so?" said another. "Because" said the first, "I have no doubt that is a Spanish steamer, and if so, she can scarcely miss seeing us, and if she does see us, she will just as surely bear down on us and board us." "Board us be d—d," said a dry looking Lieut. of the Kentucky regiment,— "I should like to see her try that; if she did not get boarded, it would be because there was no room for more company on decks." Now wa-wa-wouldn't that be a commentary on th-th-these green pastures sh-sh-should they turn out to be but blue waters after all? "For my part I should have

an n-n-utter contempt for the su-su-substitute just now," said the tall Lieut. While this conversation was going on, near the old General's state room on the upper deck, he was standing, glass in hand, by the pilot house, while many of the officers were quietly prosecuting a small game at poker in the cabin, in which I noticed the one-eyed recruit was taking the "shucks off the boys" at an awful rate. Whether he was scared and the others careless, or whether they were scared and he desperate I could not tell—not one of them moved during the excitement; the only circumstance which indicated that they had any knowledge of suspected danger might have been confined to a few such circumstances as these: one enquired, "Tom, is my pistol loaded?" "Bob, what did you do with my patent rifle?" "Does she seem to be nearing us?" "Where away is she now?" &c., &c. The one-armed Colonel was seen to put another pistol in his belt, while a certain Major was seen to put another glass of liquor under his.

*William  
Hardy?*

While these things were going on in the cabin, and on deck, my attention was arrested by the energy with which a private seemed to be addressing a little squad of listeners he had gathered around him. I drew near and listened to him expatiate about "coming events," as follows: "Yes, gentlemen, we are now on the verge of great events—the heaven of Republicanism and liberal principles are working amongst all the "nations, kindreds and tongues" on earth; there is not a city or village on the globe that the yankee has not found—he learns their language, and adapts himself to their laws and their customs from policy, but retains his innate love of his own language and government from nature. The American people are ever restless, and ever progressive; civilization has made the circuit of the world. In ancient times the nations of the earth looked to the East for light and knowledge. More recently science has flourished and we may say culminated in the West. Where is the country that can boast a Franklin, a Fulton, a Whitney and a Webster in the same century, or indeed in all time! Franklin with his battery—Fulton with his engine—Whitney with his cotton gin and Webster with his law books? Where is their like? The red lightning so far from being an object of terror, is now a medium of thought. Steam instead of passing into empty air, is now the great motive power of com-

merce and transit: while the Cotton Gin prepares material to clothe the nations, Webster expounds the principles of international law. These things are gradually finding their way into the minds and hearts of savage as well as civilized nations. The Autocrat of Russia is becoming more lenient, while the Sultan of Turkey is becoming more tolerant.

The English are fast losing the prestige of their former Aristocracy, while the French have already adopted Democracy. The tendency of intellect is onward, while the natural state of man is progress. And this same Expedition, that is now looked on by many, nay perhaps, by a large majority of the people of the United States, as not only whimsical and hazardous, but criminal and foolish, will in a few years be considered both patriotic and praiseworthy. Because, the masses in all countries are beginning to read, to reason, to think. And if Republican Institutions are better than Monarchical, the masses will have them, and that they are, may be shown by comparing the United States with England; what England has been one thousand years in accomplishing, we have completed in three-fourths of a century. We are now her equal in everything, and her superior in many. Her equal in the education of the few, we are her superior in the intelligence of the masses. Her equal in the skill of our sailors, we are superior to her in the knowledge of the seas. Her equal in surgery, her superior in pharmacy. Her equal in policy, and her superior in honesty. In short, the history of the world produces no parallel with our people or our progress. And it is all owing to the fact, that our forefathers built the School-house by the Church; and instilled into the minds of their children, ideas of liberty and equality, until they have become a part of the nature of every American—and such is his generosity, that he enjoys a good thing in a very small degree, unless he can divide it with his neighbor. Hence we have started out on this Expedition. If the Creoles of Cuba wish to be free, *they shall be free*, is the feeling of every true American.

#### PART II.

"But" (remarked one of the auditors of this infatuated private,) "it will be said that we should not have gone to Cuba until the inhabitants were in open rebellion, then we could have gone with

impunity, and our own government would not have said a word, may even it would have been considered patriotic and praise worthy."

"Yes I know," said the private, "that such is the theory, but progress is the word, and a vast amount of blood and treasure will be saved by this new method of revolutionizing. Suppose for example, there are 1,000,000 persons subject to a government that they find arbitrary and tyrannical in every way, they wish to throw it off; the theory is, that they must do it themselves, or at least, they must make the effort—in other words, one half of them must get their throats cut, to show that the other half have some claim to the consideration of the neighboring nations. But *Progress* says, invite your neighbors in sufficient numbers to come to your assistance, that the revolution may be effected at once, and all live to enjoy the sweets of liberty and nationality. Hence this Expedition! I am aware that it will be said, in the event of a failure, that you should have waited until the Cubans made the effort: but this they never can do, because they have no arms, nor are they allowed them; they would look well therefore, rising up with sticks and stones to drive out, not only a large, but a well-armed and well-drilled body of soldiers. The idea of such an attempt is ridiculous. Again, any attempt at revolution on the part of the Creoles, would inevitably be followed by servile insurrection, unless indeed, they had the presence and assistance of the people of the United States, as they will have in this instance."

Here the disquisition of this wofully mystified private, was cut short by a rumper in the forward part of the boat near the Commissary's department.

It seemed that a German recruit had become offended with his mess the day before, and refused to eat or be comforted. After fasting 24 hours, getting more and more angry as his hunger increased, he concluded to go into a mess by himself, accordingly he applied to the Assistant Commissary for rations about 10 o'clock at night. It struck the Assistant, as being a little out of time, so he refused to issue, upon which, the recruit being wrought up to desperation, gave him a punch somewhere in the region of the belt, and then thought to escape, but the Assistant being a very athletic man, was just in time to reach a certain part of the recruit with his

foot, as he turned to flee, which sent him head foremost on to one of the largest sized sea turtles that lay near by, the turtle not being exactly aware of what was going on, commenced blowing at a terrible rate. The recruit, meanwhile, thought that it was himself from whom all this wind was proceeding, and judging it would soon all be gone at that rate, commenced shouting lustily for help—hence the interruption. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that the private lost the thread of his story; the recruit his supper; and the balance of us the reflections.

We were first informed this evening, what the plan of operations on the Island of Cuba was, as at present fixed on by Gen. Lopez.

First, we were to land at the town of Cardenas in the night, surprise and take it; and as we ascertained that we could not reach there before morning, the Creole bore away North, in order not to be too near in-shore to-morrow.

Secondly, after taking the town of Cardenas, we were to proceed at once to Matanzas, distant 30 miles, where we expected to arrive at 7 o'clock, A. M. Gen. Lopez expected but slight resistance at Matanzas; this town being taken, 100 picked men were to be sent forward to within 9 miles of Havanna, there to blow up some big bridge, and tear up the road generally.

Thirdly, they were then to return to Matanzas, when the three Regiments would be filled up, and three new ones raised, making in the aggregate, about 5,000 men, these were all to be mounted; within two days from the time we landed, Gen. Lopez expected to be ready to take up his line of march at the head of this number, and at the expiration of eight days, he expected to be at the head of 30,000 troops, and to be encamped before Havanna.

This was a splendid scheme, and but for many little circumstances, insignificant in themselves, but formidable when combined, I believe he would have carried it out. What these circumstances were, I shall make known in the proper place.

## FIFTEENTH LEAF.

### *Sketch of Gen. Gonzales and others.*

I promised in a former leaf, to give a sketch of Adjutant General Gonzales from the "Diary of a Liberator," here it is:

"A. J. Gonzales, who received at Mugerres, the appointment of Adjutant General, was born of respectable parents, at Matanzas, in the Island of Cuba. He left the place of his nativity at an early age, and in the City of New York, carried off the highest honors of his class. By excellent fortune, the directors of his college were exiles from sunny France, who spared no pains to imbue the young man and promising Cuban, with correct ideas of republican principles. Returning to his oppressed country, the pursuit of the law seemed to afford the best avenue for his restless spirit. We find him graduating in that department at the age of 20. The rank pollution that beset him on every side, soon disgusted him with the avocation in which he had embarked. Until the age of 26, (a thing unprecedented in the history of literary institutions,) he remained a professor of latin, mathematics, geography, and modern languages, in the two royal colleges of Havana. There are few instances on record, of one so young, possessed of such varied accomplishments and occupying so prominent a position. It is not surprising, that the requisite confinement, and application, and assiduity would soon impair the most vigorous constitution. At this time, the sudden death of a beloved parent weighed heavily upon the natural buoyancy of his spirits. He resolved upon a change of employment and scenery. Two years were now spent in the excitement of travel in Spain and the United States. If his ardent soul had faltered, at any previous time, in the choice between tyranny and the glowing charms of republican freedom, he could palter to the sense no longer. Oppression, in its most abject and loathsome character, afforded a wonderful contrast to the pervading happiness and prosperity of a people, who exercised, in its fullest extent, the right of government. He loved his native isle, and, like the daughters of Judea, he wept in secret, as he remembered her woe and captivity. The polished man of letters, the adept in ancient and modern lore, determined, from that time forth, to devote his recruited energies, and the talents which the God of nature had bestowed upon him with no unsparing profusion, to the redemption and disenthralment of the bright and sunny island that gave him birth. We find him again in Cuba, a full-blown conspirator, plotting, in conjunction with the noble Oreales, against a foul, foreign domination. While we reflect, that a very large body of

the more gifted and influential of the islanders are solemnly committed to this enterprise, and that Gen. Gonzales was unanimously appointed one of the four of the secret "junta for the promotion of the political interests of Cuba," and that he was deputed a commissioner to solicit the services of Gen. Worth in aid of the contemplated revolution, it can well be imagined that a spotless reputation, and inordinate talents, could alone have inspired such boundless confidence.

"A casual observer would pronounce Gonzales a deep and powerful thinker. A heavy, and somewhat sluggish, yet strongly marked countenance, would indicate a preference for the closet, with its seclusion and dusty tones, rather than a desire to mingle in the fierce excitement and personal hazards of a dangerous revolution. We would say that the extreme benevolence and kindness of heart apparent in every feature, would induce the General to perform acts of private and unostentatious charity, and then hurry to his studio to pen a political essay enforcing the amelioration of his fellow creatures. But a glance at his strong, and full, and restless dark eye, dissipated the illusion. You might as well attempt to confine the Hyrcanian tiger in a fisherman's net, as subject to the quiet walks and pursuits of life this same Gonzales. Converse with him five little minutes and he will display to you the most erudite knowledge of character and the general world. I shall say that deep policy and mental activity were his distinguishing characteristics. I have often thought that a blending of the different traits that distinguish Lopez and his Adjutant-General, would revolutionize the world—the tiger and fox, divested of ferocity and meanness. Without any tuition in that particular department, General Gonzales has displayed, upon several occasions, powers of oratory of no ordinary character. One instance suffices in corroboration. Upon a complimentary dinner given to Edward Fisher, by the Legislature of Virginia, some time during the year 1849, he startled the assembled crowd by the pathos in which he depicted the horrors of his native land, and the wild tones of defiance he launched against her besotted oppressors.

Though unknown at the time, he was the moving spirit in the previous effort against Cuba, that so signally failed, from the nonsensical and unauthorized interference of the United States.

But see Gonzales upon our merry little craft. He is the embodiment and incarnation of ubiquity—here, there, and every where—now ready to intervene, and palliate, and remove entirely, any acerbity of feeling that may spring up among the officers; and again, pausing for hours by the side of nuclear privates, to afford every explanation and dissipate every doubt and fear. Without ostentation or intrusion, he enters into the most minute domestic arrangement of the boat. I have seen him, wearied with the cares and exertions of a hot tropical day, surrender his berth to some gaping officer, and with joy on his face betake himself to slumber upon the hard deck, without even the consolation of a knapsack for a pillow.

His labors are the more arduous, as he is the only medium through which the Commander-in-Chief diffuses his wishes to the force under his command.

Gen. Gonzales has secured warm friends in this expedition, and should success perch upon the one-starred banner, Cuba should grace her noble and accomplished son with her brightest jewel.

To pass from Gonzales, we have E. Sanchez Iznagu, a native of Trinidad, Cuba. His position is First Aid-de-Camp to our General. He was educated in Philadelphia. Born of wealthy parents, and of known integrity, he exercised much influence in the "Junta." Participating in the conspiracy of July, 1848, he was compelled to leave his native shores. His appearance indicates intelligence, capacity, and energy. Speaks the English language with fluency.

E. M. Macins, Second Aid., is a native of Matanzas. Fine personal appearance, and with Iznagu, connected with the former expedition. Speaks our language well.

E. M. Hernandez, also a native of Matanzas, is the son of a distinguished patriot of Cuba, who was poisoned in his dungeon by the Spanish authorities. E. M. H. served under Bolivar in South America, and is fully imbued with his father's principles. He, of the four already mentioned, is not a citizen of the United States. Attached to the staff.

## SIXTEENTH LEAF.

### *The History of the 18th day of May.*

SATURDAY, MAY 18TH.—Clear and beautiful this morning. We looked at the rising sun as on the face of a near and dear friend, whose smile we never expected to see light up his countenance again. To-night, we will be in Cardenas—How will we be received? What is to be our fate? Who will be killed, provided they make a stand and fire at us? All these things were sufficiently exciting. Things remained in this state until after breakfast; when the tall Lieutenant addressed himself to a Captain, as follows:

Lieut. "We-well Captain, what do you think of Col. Wheate's green pastures by the side of st-st-still waters?"

Capt. "I don't know, I think however all will turn out well."

Lieut. "Well, it has occurred to me more than once, that we may find ourselves following in the foot-steps of our illustrious predecessor that spoke once on a very important occasion."

Capt. "I don't exactly understand you; you don't mean to say that were our ears of sufficient length, we might with propriety claim relationship with the "*Pegasus Assinus*" of Balaam?"

"A vessel ho!" "Where away?" "Three points off the starboard bow!" This put a very sudden stop to the interesting conversation between the Lieutenant and Captain. Another sail, and another, and another, until there were nine in sight at the same time, all becalmed, not breeze enough to ruffle the waters. Gen. Lopez was busy sweeping the horizon with his telescope. At length he laid it down, and issued a general order for the "Liberators" to doff their "*red shirts*," which very singular uniform had been selected by the Old General, for reasons best known to himself—I never heard what they were, unless on account of the cheapness, which was probably the reason, together with the desire to exhibit to the Cubans a specimen of republican simplicity.

Now this order was given, not because Gen. Lopez was afraid to pass these vessels in such raiment, but because we were now approaching the coast of Cuba, some one of these might turn out to be a Spanish gun-brig, and it would be anything but agreeable to

be fired on out here at sea, and perhaps sunk or crippled, hence it was easier for us to take off our "*red shirts*" than it would have been to have given the Spaniards a satisfactory reason by having them on just at that time.

After the lapse of two hours, we had passed all the vessels in sight. Gen. Lopez then called a council of war, which I find explained in the 15th number of a "*Diary of a Liberator*." I shall therefore take the liberty of quoting from it, for the remainder of the history of this day.

"Early on the morning of Saturday, the 18th of May, a council of war was held, composed of the principal officers of the army, to determine upon the details of operation, and to reconcile certain differences that have sprung up among the commanders of the three battalions. Each betrays a laudable desire to be foremost in the acquisition of the little town of Cardenas, shortly to be ours. The council, in a short time, was joyously dissolved. Two sails now heave in sight. Apparently they are innocent merchantmen, but from extreme caution, we determine to avoid them. After having proceeded so far unscathed amid so many besetting perils, it would be decidedly unpleasant to encounter a Spanish man-of-war. Our good little captain, it is true, with bold front, and unquailing eye, might display his clearance to some port afar to the southward, but what plausible excuse can he offer to a wild stroll in the present latitude. Then again, should the suspicious Andalusian take occasion to peer about, he would detect few peace-offerings upon our crowded vessel, bristling with bayonets, and sweating and groaning under the weight of warlike provender. Another object of the utmost importance, under present exigencies, is essential of attainment. The authorities of Cuba have been made acquainted with the designs that have been fomented in the United States against the present form of government upon the island. A whisper of an armed force hovering upon the border, would enable them to anticipate our approach, and perhaps effectually guard against the anticipated descent. A double purpose is therefore subserved, in the avoidance of vessels of every description. So Captain Lewis stands at the helm, and Gen. Lopez by his side, throughout the live-long day, winds his powerful glass about the horizon, while our ever-active and energetic Adjutant is busy below, distributing arms.

"A strange preference is manifested in the selection of these deadly instruments of war. The Kentuckian is cradled by the side of his rifle. 'Tis his plaything in the halcyon hours of childhood—his caressed comrade in the stubborn days of manhood. He loves it, though tottering under its weight, when his eye 'purges thick amber,' and the trump sounds him to his last account. In mercy to the prejudices of the fearless and keen-sighted Kentuckian, his favorite rifle should be buried by his side. No wonder that the rifle proper was awarded to the Kentucky Regiment. In the stirring days of our contest with Mexico, the Mississippians fought with the Yager. The peculiar weapon became proverbial under the sobriquet of the Mississippi rifle, and the regiment from that State selected their favored arms. The Louisianians were left to the musket. Mizell's independent Company, and Capt. Morgan's, of the Kentucky Regiment, were accoutred with Jennings' patent rifle. In addition to the weapons awarded, there was scarcely a man who had not provided himself with a bowie knife or a revolver. Before sundown, the whole crew were completely caparisoned—for it was known that an effort would be made to effect a landing sometime during the night. Indeed, the vessel was now making rapidly towards the Cuban coast; and, ere the red sun had plunged beneath the ocean wave, an indistinct, hazy appearance, developed itself towards the Eastward. It was evident that we were not far from the destined point of our operations. It was impossible to court the drowsy god, under such circumstances. The most intense excitement pervaded the entire mass. I much fear me that unquiet scenes await the dawning of to-morrow's sun. Perhaps many a poor fellow, now animated with the fires of Adventure, and burning for distinction, will lay stark and cold on a foreign strand, long before that sun shall shoot his first morning ray.

## SEVENTEENTH LEAF—IN THREE PARTS.

### PART I.

#### *Commencement of the Battle at Cardenas.*

SUNDAY, MAY 19TH.—The town of Cardenas is located upon the North-western coast of Cuba, thirty-five miles to the Eastward of Matanzas. It is settled in the main by emigrants of

wealth from Old Spain, and its existence dates but a few years back. Its late settlement, satisfactorily accounts for the newness and magnificence of its buildings, the prevailing architecture of which is a beautiful blending of the antique Moorish with the more modern and fantastical Spanish orders.

The town is charmingly situated upon a compact and rocky soil, that gradually slopes upward from the bay that bears its name.

The Creole, on the morning of the 19th, was quietly and noiselessly entering the bay, when, about the hour of half-past two, she was discovered to be aground within twenty yards of the projecting pier. Every effort to reach the quay seemed exhausted, and occasional lights flitting about the wharf conveyed the fearful intelligence that suspicion was aroused. At this moment, a gallant little fellow by the name of Fayssoux, who had been netting in the capacity of first mate upon the vessel, swam to the shore with the cable in his mouth. This daring act enabled us to effect an approach, but the delay of some thirty minutes had sufficed to communicate the alarm. A Spanish sentinel, surmising the character of the crew, was distinctly heard to shout "los Americanos," long before the boat struck the pier.

All was now hurry and commotion. A force of sixty Kentuckians, under command of Lieut. Col. Picket, first effected a landing. This precedence was the result of an order to take possession of the second railroad depot. To understand why the term *second* is employed, it should be premised that the railway conducting from Cardenas to Matanzas, pursues a circuitous and zig-zag route to a point distant a mile and a half south-west of the town, and then takes a direct course to its extreme terminus. It was to secure this point that Lieut. Col. Picket's efforts were directed, in order to intercept communication with Matanzas, and although the enterprise was successful with scarcely an effort and without the loss of a single man, subsequent events developed that couriers had already been dispatched to the latter place.

Immediately after the debarkation of Lieut. Col. Picket, Col. O'Hara, with the residue of the Kentucky Regiment, accompanied by Gen. Lopez and his staff, proceeded upon the shore. The arrest of a few flying sentinels, and other unmistakable manifestations of alarm, satisfied the Commander-in-chief that a peaceful surprise

was now impossible. The original orders were therefore countermanded, and the Colonel received instructions to proceed at once to the premises occupied by the Spanish soldiery, and effect, if possible, a forcible capture. Forming his command, he proceeds up the main street conducting from the pier towards the barracks, located in the central part of the town.

Col. Wheate with his Louisiana Regiment, now hurries from the boat. It is ascertained that dispatch is more urgent than secrecy or concealment. Concentrating his force upon a street to the Eastward, but parallel to that occupied by Col. O'Hara, he moves rapidly to the scene of future operations.

Finally, Lieut. Col. Bunch, with the control of the Mississippi Volunteers, retires from the Creole, and advances in the same direction with the forces that preceded him, though in a street to their Westward.

Leaving, for a moment, the three battalions pursuing their way to the point of attack, through different channels, it is necessary to pause briefly to gather some conception of the locality.

In the heart of the city, fronting upon the main street, stretches out a large, open area, beautifully surmounted with shade trees of luxuriant tropical growth. This is denominated by the citizens, "The Plaza." This grove or Plaza, in the direction of the bay, is flanked by the fortress or barracks which are tenanted by the resident troops. The building is of the most compact and solid stone architecture, and impervious to every onslaught, save perhaps the most searching artillery. Upon the opposite side of the Plaza, still fronting the main street, the Governor's palace rears its stately and secure walls. Immediately in the rear is seen the magnificent Cathedral, at once the pride and boast of townsmen, and denizens of the surrounding country. This, then, is the position of the separate forces, when Col. O'Hara presents himself in front of the barracks. His command is drawn up on the main street, the extreme flank resting a few yards from the Plaza. The battalion of Col. Wheate is already up and parallel with him, but removed the distance of one square to the Eastward, while the Mississippians are formed to the Westward, immediately in the rear of the Cathedral.

A watchful sentinel has already sounded the note of preparation

*A college graduate wrote this,  
not a Kentucky farmer.*

*Gonzalez  
dramatic  
writing  
style with  
minute  
descriptive  
details*

by a single discharge, which has been followed at slight intervals by a scattering fire, until the building seems to vomit forth a volume of continuous flame, as the order is given to halt within its belching distance. The Colonel now gives the command to charge, and while gallantly heading his daring Kentuckians in their advance towards the fortress, receives a severe and disabling wound.

In the absence of his senior officer, the control of the regiment now devolves on Maj. Hawkins, who dashes off in the charge commenced by his wounded Colonel. Gen. Lopez, meanwhile, rushes up and commands a cessation of the return firing. Fearless of consequences, he proceeds towards the barracks and demands a surrender of the garrison. In a short time the heavy doors swung upon their hinges, and the stout fortress yields to American prowess. During the progress of the parley, however, the Spanish troops had effected their escape from a side entrance conducting from the Plaza.

To return to Col. Wheate: This credulous, but gallant and handsome officer, imbibed the unwholesome delusion that the firing from the barracks was a salute in honor of our fearless General, so with stentorian lungs he raised three cheers for "Lopez and Liberty," and immediately proceeds through a cross street to participate in the supposed jubilee. His march brought him directly in front of the Plaza and Cathedral, and between the force under the command of Maj. Hawkins and the Governor's palace. The Colonel with his stalwart Louisianians, hove in sight just as the escaped soldiery were retreating in good order across the Plaza to the Governor's palace. The Spaniards now halted and discharged their pieces, when the American force arrived within a few yards of their position, and Colonel Wheate was disabled by a serious wound. A random fire was returned, which killed a few of the enemy, but did not materially check their progress. Lt. Colonel Bell now assumed command of the Louisiana battallion, with instructions to charge upon the Governor's palace.

But we must give some time to our two wounded Colonels, to effect their passage to the Creole.

It should have been mentioned that previous to the assault on the barracks, Captain Achilles L. Kewen of the Mississippi Battalion, was despatched with his company consisting of nineteen men, to take possession of the Rail Road Depot at the terminus of the road next the Bay and within the precincts of the Town. Surrounding the large building, he immediately demanded a surrender, and succeeded about day-light in capturing the guard consisting of twelve armed men, and twenty-four employees, in all thirty-six prisoners.

Upon the surrender of the barracks or fortress, Major Hawkins with the force under his command, was despatched to occupy the entrance at the Southern extremity of the Town, to intercept ingress from that quarter as it was known that an armed force were occupying quarters some three miles distant from the Town in that direction.

The storming of the Governor's palace was conducted by the Louisiana Regiment assisted by one company of Kentuckians under command of Captain Robinson, and Capt. Mizelle's Independent Mississippi Company. Lieut. Col. Bell dashed up to the building under a heavy fire from the doors and windows of the second story, and under protection of the broad verandah, succeeded in forcing the barricaded doors facing on Main street.

The Governor now despatched an envoy to Genl. Lopez with a proposition to capitulate. Lieut. Col. Bell was therefore ordered to retire from the building. Meanwhile a report became current that the soldiers were escaping from the Palace in disguise. The regiment, or rather forces under command of Lieut. Col. Bell were then divided, and Major Hayden was despatched with one portion, to the rear of the square containing the Governor's palace and buildings attached, to cut off their retreat. While in this attitude, Capt. Foster shot a Spaniard who was coming out of the rear of the building, and who ran when he was challenged; another came out at this instant and seeing the fate of his comrade surrendered at once.

It was now near sun up, and seeing that the Governor evinced no disposition to comply with his proposition, Lieut. Col. Bell was ordered back to the Plaza. While advancing to his position, his

command received a severe discharge of musketry, in which Sexton of Mizelle's company, and Lieutenant Jones of Captain Morgan's company both fell, supposed to be mortally wounded.

He faltered not, but dashed on with madness towards the building. Gen. Lopez exasperated at the perfidy of the Governor, seized a firebrand and rushed into the entrance already effected, and with his own hands set fire to the building. Still the firing continued, and many instances of daring and recklessness were manifested between the firing of the Palace and surrender of the Governor. Captain Mizelle attempted to discharge his patent rifle while gallantly advancing in front of his corps. Failing in his efforts and being informed that the whole company were equally unsuccessful, he immediately ordered them to the Creole, under his 1st Lieutenant to get muskets, while he remained in front of the Palace for the space of five minutes at least, to satisfy himself with cursing his gun, and then broke it over a stone near by and walked off under a sharp fire from the palace, not a ball of which touched him except to cut off a portion of his goatee.

In the meanwhile, although debilitated by sickness, he joined the ranks and fought with all his Texas valor until the return of his company.

Genl. Gonzalez exposed himself in the thickest of the fight and danger, passing from place to place communicating the orders of the commander in chief; he at length received a severe wound which compelled him to leave the scene of action.

Genl. Lopez was everywhere, now conversing with his aids while the bullets were whistling thick around him. At one time standing alone in the centre of the street shouting to the inmates of the Palace, and again penetrating the building in the attempt to seek some entrance to the second story. The only way to account for his salvation was the celerity of his movements; it was impossible to take a correct aim at him, unless the Spaniards could shoot on the wing, which I am told they cannot do.

Captains Elliott and Hall both of the staff, while the flames were ascending, each shot his man upon the parapets, standing out in the middle of the street exposed to a continuous fire.

The Palace being surrounded, and the heat of the flames becoming intense, about 8 o'clock, A. M., a white flag was thrust out at a

window, a parley ensued and the Governor and Garrison surrendered unconditionally to the Liberating Army. Adjutant Byrd of the Louisiana Regiment received the Governor's sword, while Quartermaster Thomas proceeded to relieve him of a variety of concealed weapons.

From conversations held with Ceruti it was ascertained that more than half of the garrison had escaped before measures to prevent it were resorted to, so that the entire number that surrendered with the Governor, did not exceed forty men.

The prisoners were ordered to the Barracks in charge of Captain Steede.

Thus was the town of Cardenas, with a population variously estimated at from four to seven thousand inhabitants, in the possession of the American forces, some blood was shed, and a few killed, but the wounded of both parties were either conveyed to the boat or cared for in the barracks.

Great consternation pervaded the entire population. The wealthier portion either sought a refuge upon the vessels in the harbour, or retired to the country.

General Lopez coursed through the streets in all directions communicating his peaceful intentions, and soliciting adherence to his plans. Now and then a crowd would collect around him, and at the termination of his address a cheer would go forth for "Lopez and Liberty, and death to the tyrants."

At 10 o'clock A. M. he returned to the barracks and addressed the captives, he promised them all liberty, free and unconditional, except to the Governor and the Commander of the Garrison. He respectfully solicited the soldiers to join him in the good work of rescuing their country from the foulest tyranny; the soldiers responded with a loud shout, stripped off their uniform and put on red shirts in imitation of those who had come to aid Cuba in making an effort to be free.

An order was now issued for the Liberating Army to procure some refreshment. Just as they had stacked their arms in the Plaza, the Cathedral bell sounded the alarm of fire; two engines repaired to the spot, but who shall tell the astonishment of the Cubans when the Louisianians shoved them aside and seizing the engines, put out the fire in half the time the Cubans would have done it themselves.

In a short time red shirts were seen in every part of the town, and in fact the Liberating Army seemed entirely disbanded. The soldiers mingled freely with the inhabitants, some of the poor fellows who had not slept for twenty-four hours stretched themselves on the Plaza and slept soundly, while others strolled to and fro in search of something to eat; in a short time all evidences of fear on the part of the inhabitants had entirely disappeared, as well as caution on the part of the new comers.

Spaniards and Americans were seen conversing in the most amicable manner at the corners of the streets, in restaurants and in private houses, invitations were extended to the officers to partake of the hospitalities of the Town, where liquors and provisions were furnished gratuitously. The inhabitants were surprised at the pertinacity with which the Americans insisted on paying for every thing they got. Those who had fled in the morning early returned in the course of the day and sought out Gen. Lopez to thank him for the safety of their property. During the latter part of the morning engagement Captain McCormeck discovered a very rich jeweller's shop near the burning Palace entirely abandoned, he immediately placed a small guard to protect it; the jeweller on his return, when he found that not an article had been touched, burst into tears and offered the indignant Captain choice of the valuable articles in his shop. An American at the time the Palace was on fire offered Captain March \$5,000 to protect his property, and it was with great difficulty the Captain was restrained from chastising his impudent countryman, for supposing him a robber in the first place, and in the next for supposing he could be bribed with \$5,000. In short with all the facilities that were offered, it is well ascertained that not one penny's worth was abstracted from the town of Cardenas during the entire day of the 19th, nor was there an outrage of any kind committed.

#### PART III.

After the morning fight was over and it was ascertained that we had lost three killed and nine wounded, four of the latter being important officers in our little army, to wit, Gen. Gonzalez, Adjutant General and principle interpreter, (Gen. Lopez not speaking English) Col. O'Hara of the Kentucky, and Col. Wheate of the Louisi-

ana Regiment, and Captain Murry an active and important member of the Staff. Gen. Lopez concluded to leave Cardenas and go to some other point in the Island for the following reasons:

1st. In consequence of getting aground at the pier before landing in the morning, the Governor had been apprised of his approach and had despatched a messenger to Matanzas, all thoughts, therefore, of surprising that place were at an end; moreover the Governor had despatched a small force to tear up the rail road some five miles from town, which would have required a whole day to repair, hence he could not go to Matanzas by the way of the rail road that day.

2nd. The inhabitants of Cardenas as has before been stated, are principally "Castillian Spaniards" and averse for the most part to the revolution; he therefore thought it unadvisable to remain amongst enemies with so small a force at a point where he might be so easily annoyed by superior numbers.

3d. Gen. Gonzalez the life and soul of the Expedition was so badly wounded as to be unable to take an active part on the field for the next three weeks.

4th. He saw the propriety of having the troops better drilled, because from the unrestrained manner in which they had been permitted to go about Town that morning, and from the apparent generosity of the inhabitants, the boys thought the fighting was over, and the more so because they had seen the troops join us; they therefore from excess of good feeling got "pretty well corned."

5th. From a want of baggage wagons or other means of conveyance, it was found impracticable to go into the country from that point, with any prospect of being able to stand a siege of any length of time, should we even get to the mountains and succeed in fortifying.

He, therefore, determined to re-embark on board the Creole and run for Mantua or some other town where he had friends, and friends to the cause, and begin the Revolution there; accordingly at 2 o'clock P. M., the troops were ordered on board the Creole. The officers immediately set about gathering their men together; this took some time as we had neither drum nor bugle, or other means of summoning them to one place, the only way, therefore, was to send out and gather them up two or three in a place. And besides there

was an evident unwillingness on the part of both officers and men to go again on board the Creole, hence the greater delay. In the meanwhile Commissary McHenry was ordered to get the provisions again on board the boat, while Quartermaster Thomas was busily employed in removing certain muskets, escopets, sabres, swords, pistols, colors and other trophies of war. I have heard the Major often since jocularly remark that "the only command he had at Cardenas, was that of some thirty-five negroes, whom he had employed in removing to the boat those captured weapons."

About 3 o'clock, Gen. Lopez received a dispatch from Matanzas, saying, that two thousand troops had left there for Cardenas and would be there in the course of the evening. The inhabitants of the town hearing the same thing, and not doubting but we would all be cut to pieces if we staid, and if we left they would be held to a strict account for treating us so kindly. They thought it best for their own safety, to attack us before we got off; accordingly all or nearly all the male inhabitants of the place, repaired to a barrack just out of town, where were kept arms and ammunition for defence in case of invasion or insurrection.

So soon as Gen. Lopez was informed of what was going on, he ordered the troops, now in motion towards the boat, to halt, and at the same time, dispatched a messenger to Lieut. Col. Picket to notify him, that he might not be surprised and cut off from the main body. And at the same time, ordered Major Hawkins to prepare to receive them, Cavalry or Infantry; and Lieut. Col. Bell to hold his command in readiness to act at a minute's notice, Lieut. Col. Bunch having gone on board the boat with the Mississippians. Major Hawkins had scarcely put his command in order, by throwing them across the street in two divisions, when the cavalry, or rather lancers, were seen approaching at a brisk gallop, on they came nearer and faster, until within a very short distance of the lines, when they put their horses to the top of their speed. Murat never made a bolder charge than did these lancers, nor did Wellington's troops ever stand firmer than did the Kentuckians; they reserved their fire until the lancers were within a few feet of them, and then fired in such a cool and determined manner, that not one of the front squad, man or horse escaped; but the lancers quailed not at the fate of their companions, on they came to the

charge and broke the line of defence, mortally wounding Captain Logan and killing three privates. Lieut. Dear then took command of Captain Logan's Company, ordered them to form on either pavement and load; by this time, the second division under Captain Knight was attacked; now the lancers had to stand a fire on each flank and front, but still they faltered not, but pressing on and on, they broke the second rank killing Lieut. Garnett, when Lieut. Col. Picket made his appearance in the street, just in time to intervene between the lancers and Louisianians. Col. Picket's command killed all but about seven out of some thirty lancers, that had escaped the other two divisions of Kentuckians; one fellow when Col. Picket's division fired on them, was not touched, but his horse was killed under him, immediately springing to his feet, he attempted to draw his sword on the Colonel, when with a single stroke of his sabre, he severed the Spaniard's head from his body.

Seven of the lancers took through an alley, and thereby escaped the Kentuckians, but poor fellows, they fell into hands quite as bad, Captain Mizelle's Independent Company, who fired on and killed four of the seven; the other three separated, one was killed by the Louisiana Regiment, the other by Capt. Achilles L. Kewen's Company. The one killed by Capt. Kewen's Company was a brave fellow, when he and his comrades dispersed, he attempted to escape in the direction of the pier, this brought him just in the rear of a very tall red-haired Kentuckian, who was proceeding to the boat with five muskets he had taken from the dead, the lancer darted at him, and just as he had poised his lance to strike, he was fired on and killed, both him and his horse; but such was the impetuosity of the charge, that his horse pitched forward and knocked down the Kentuckian, scattering his muskets in every direction; he recovered his feet immediately, and looking well about him, took from his belt his bowie knife, and cutting the girths of a very fine saddle, deliberately took it on his shoulders and walked leisurely on to the boat.

The lancer who escaped, as I have since been informed, finding himself cut off from the town, made his way onto an old wharf long since considered unfit for use, his horse broke through and was drowned, he climbed to the top of one of the piers under the wharf, where he remained until morning.

educated  
author  
knows  
History

Just at the instant that the affair with the lancers was over, the Rev. Mr. McCann, Chaplain to the Kentucky Regiment, who had proceeded a short distance up the street to a corner, was seen to turn round and make energetic signs, as much as to say, they are coming, and started back to the Kentuckians; but three men were seen to come out of a house, shoot him down, and were proceeding to bayonet him, when they were fired on and all three killed.

Major Hawkins now discerned, that a large body of Infantry had arrived on the opposite side of the square next the Plaza, he therefore dispatched Capts. Allen and Johnson in one direction, while Captain Knight, with Lieut. Dear at the head of Capt. Logan's Company, and Captain Wilson, charged them in the other direction. These latter, though less than half the number of the enemy, compelled them to give ground and retire round the square in the direction of Capts. Allen and Johnson, who they encountered just as they were turning the corner; the Kentuckians, led on by their brave commanders, charged them with fixed bayonets; the Spaniards finding themselves hemmed in between two steel walls, threw down their arms and fled precipitately in all directions, where it was possible for a man to run. The Kentuckians did not pursue them, but returned to the street where the lancers and horses lay as thick as the "dry bones in the Valley of Jehosiphah." Captain Allen was seen to proceed to the spot where his Company had encountered the lancers, and looking intently at the dead body of one of them, called to Lieut. Jarvis, and asked him, if this was not the man that had thrown open his house in the morning, and gave the "Liberators" of the best he had in his house. This man was recognized by twenty at least, as the great friend of the revolution in the morning, and he lay "stark and cold" pierced by more than twenty balls. What can be said in defence of a government, whose subjects dare not express a liberal opinion at the peril of their lives?

This man, although in favor of throwing off the Spanish government, felt that neither his life nor his property was safe, unless he made some show of hostility to the "Liberators."

How many of the Spaniards were killed in this engagement I have no correct means of information, the number is variously estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and seventy; there

were fifteen Americans killed and nineteen wounded—some slightly, some severely. The Americans after seeing that there were none of their wounded left on the ground, moved two squares towards the boat, that they might keep up a communication with it, and, at the same time, repel or fight any force that might be brought against them; waited until 8 o'clock, P. M., at which time, no other force appearing to attack them, they went on board the boat in good order, and by 9 o'clock, were under way.

There were many instances, both in the morning and evening fight, in which, privates as well as officers distinguished themselves, to relate all of which would require a volume. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that both officers and men behaved with the utmost intrepidity and bravery during the whole affair, each vying with the other, who should do the most gallant and daring deed.

It was thought advisable to go out the middle channel, since if we went out through either channel next the shore, we were liable to be fired on, and being so crowded on the boat, we could not well escape without some one being killed. Thus we were proceeding slowly out through the middle channel, guided mainly by the lead, when at the cry of "mark twain," from the leadsmen, the Creole was brought up hard and fast aground, just before 10 o'clock, in five feet of water.

#### EIGHTEENTH LEAF.

*The night of the 19th and day of the 20th.*

The Creole got aground about half way to the bar, at the entrance to the harbor, which is eight miles from the town of Cardenas. At first, no one seemed to think much of it, but in the course of an hour, after all efforts had failed to move the boat, Gen. Lopez first ordered the heavy provisions to be thrown overboard; this did not succeed—all the extra arms and heavy ammunition were next consigned to the sea, and still she moved not. General consternation now pervaded the "Liberators"—we were hard aground within four miles of Cardenas, our ammunition, at least most of it, was in the sea. It was now 1 o'clock in the morning, to undertake to go back to Cardenas in our boats was utter madness, as they would not carry over thirty at a load, fifteen

each. Those troops that left Matanzas were probably there by this time, and if so, they would butcher us as fast as we could go ashore. What was to be done? Our provisions and ammunition both gone, and we unable even to run away! Our position was, to say the least of it, not a very enviable one.

There was a little island about a quarter of a mile from us, to which Gen. Lopez ordered the men to be conveyed; the sailors immediately commenced conveying them thither by means of our two little boats; sixty had already been removed to the island, and when the boats took aboard thirty others, the boat, to the great joy of all, got up steam and backed off the bar at four o'clock, A. M. The morning of the 20th got the men on board again, and by half-past 4 o'clock we were on our way over the bar, which we cleared about 6.

Capt. Logan died last night about 10 o'clock, and little Sexias at 12.

During the excitement while the boat was aground, a certain private, who was very zealous in lighting the boat, was discovered to have Gen. Lopez's large spy-glass, and about to heave it overboard, when the old General seized the instrument, and wresting it from him, sent for an interpreter to say to the private that he had a notion to give him a cursing.

MONDAY, MAY 20.—This morning there was a good deal of talk as to where we intended to go, or what were Gen. Lopez's plans, and being informed that he wished to land somewhere on the Island of Cuba, there was an almost universal expression of unwillingness to do so, because our ammunition was gone, and the whole Expedition almost were in favor of coming home, because they thought our number too small. The officers expostulated with the men; some were in favor of landing on the island, but by far the greater number said Key West, and to Key West they would go. It is needless to say that Gen. Lopez was extremely mortified at this determination, but what could he do; he did not wish to land on the island with open mutiny in his ranks, nor did he wish to come back to the United States, where he might be branded as a *pirate*; but there was no alternative, a majority of the officers as well as men had determined to run for Key West, so the old General was compelled to submit with the best grace he

might. Accordingly, the course of the Creole was brought up to Key West, and we sped on our way.

About 11 o'clock, it was proposed by Captain Logan's friends, and the friends of Sexias, that they should be buried in the "Deep Blue Sea," accordingly the engine of the boat was stopped, and preparations made to consign them to a watery grave. Each was sowed up in a blanket, with thirty pounds of lead at the foot, and when all was ready, Capt. Logan's Company being drawn up on the guard, Judge Smith, of the Staff, delivered the following address:

"FELLOW-SOLDIERS.—The painful duty devolves upon me to consign to the deep the lifeless forms now lying stiff and stark before you. Forgive me, my friends, should I betray emotions unusual to the soldier. I knew Logan well. In the halcyon days of childhood I knew him—in boyhood I loved him, and as years stole on apace, we became companions and friends in maturer years.

"Kentucky never boasted a nobler son. Descended from one of the earliest Judges of the State, he inherited his parents' talents, and that devotion to right, and fearlessness in its defence, that characterized the hardy pioneers of his native State, I never knew him to swerve one tittle from the path of rectitude.

"Last night when the death-sweat was upon him, he summoned to his side his esteemed friend, Capt. Allen, and poured into his ear a kind father's behests for a far distant, but much beloved son. When his noble soul was about to extricate itself from its carnal casement, and wing its way to realms of bliss reserved, for the brave, he forgot not his little son. When the cries of the oppressed Cubans reached our shores, he was the first to espouse her cause, and he has been among the first who has poured out his heart's blood in her holy cause. A curse upon the hand that slew him. A hecatomb of Spaniards would not make one Logan."

"Friend of Freedom farewell."

And Sexias too! The wag, the life of our noble enterprise, where now are your songs, your flashes of wit, and your ever welcome jests. Alas a watery grave is now your portion, unscathed by the bullets of the serried Mexicans, you were doomed to fall while nobly bearing the one-starred flag that yet shall float o'er Cuba—then shall the first martyr to the flag be remembered. A

dependant mother will wail as she hears of the untimely fate of her darling boy. The glorious cause of human rights shall buoy aloft her broken heart to heaven.

"Forgive a soldier's tears, I find a faithful response in your unalloyed sorrow."

Their bodies were then consigned to the "vasty deep," and the Creole again sped on her way. During the time that the Creole lay too, we saw off to the westward the smoke of a steamer, she ran out of sight before we started again. Thus bringing us the *seventh* evident Providence in our behalf. The smoke we saw was that of the Pizarro hunting for us, and had we been running, would in all probability have seen us; but we were laying to, and she missed us. We continued on the direction we first took, when the bow of the Creole was brought to bear on Key West. It will be remembered however, that the Creole had made considerable progress to the eastward, before she was brought up for her present destination.

At 7 o'clock, P. M., found ourselves on soundings, and by 8 o'clock, found we had missed the N. W. pass, at which we were aiming, and were now on eight feet water and getting shallower. Capt. Pendleton said, that we had missed our way some ten miles, so we threw over our anchor, and remained at this place until morning. This brought us the *eighth evident Providential interposition in our behalf*. Because, the Pizarro was waiting for us in the N. W. Pass; had we made therefore, the point we wished and tried to make, we should have been taken prisoners or sunk in the Gulf. But these things we did not know at the time, so we rested perfectly quiet this night.

## NINETEENTH LEAF.

### *Arrival at Key West—Pursued by the Pizarro.*

TUESDAY, MAY 21ST.—Clear this morning, with a brisk wind from the West, all stirring very early. Directly after daylight, several pilot boats came to the Creole. Found that we were near the inside channel, got a pilot, and got under way. The pilot advised the Captain to run the inside channel, as there might be

some danger in undertaking to run outside the reef in *deep water*. Gen. Lopez is seen conversing with Col. Picket, and they take their stand near the pilot-house. "The signs of the times" indicate that "something is in the wind." We are forty miles from Key West, we think the Creole will run it in four hours. About 8 o'clock, A. M., Gen. Lopez brought his glass to his eye, and after an attentive scrutiny of the North Western horizon, he handed the glass to Col. Picket; just at this moment, curling black smoke is seen off to the West. It seems to be coming towards us. One says, it is one of our steamers. The pilot to prevent alarm, says it is a brig on fire—we can now see the masts, she has two, and the black smoke rolls up in heavy masses. The old General again brings his glass to his eye, gazes intently for a moment, and then hands it again to Col. Picket with a significant nod, the secret is out, it is a Spanish steamer, and she is bearing down on us. We thought however, that we could out-run her, but she is nearer Key West than we are, on she comes, there is no use now in donning *red shirts!* she knows us, and will either try to take us or *sink us!* And still she comes! I looked at the officers and men, I saw no indications of fear, each wore on his countenance, an expression of that settled determination to meet his fate like a man, which is nearly allied to desperation. We are now thirty miles from Key West, we are carrying all the steam we dare, and more than is safe. To our right is a chain of Islands, to our left is the Pizarro, nearing us very fast—the moment is exciting, but no one moves or says a word; suddenly she stops her engines, she is on the reef or very near it; she changes her course, and runs down the reef from us for perhaps half a mile; we now have the start of her, and can beat her in. She wheels round, and runs up the reef towards us, we soon discovered she could beat the Creole very easily; some restlessness begins to manifest itself—she can't get to us until we are within five or six miles of Key West—she can beat us then if she has a pilot. Now our channel runs out towards the reef—we are running towards her—she slackens her speed—we are within a mile and a half or two miles of her—she stops her engines—this is a moment of intense excitement—she is going to fire at us—our channel just at this critical juncture bears off from her—she does not fire but again starts her engines—a small vessel, probably a

fishing smack is seen off in the distance; she runs for the vessel; we know now that she wants a pilot, and intends pursuing us home. Can we beat her in? Doubtful! We have all the steam on the Creole we dare carry; we are thirty miles from Key West; we have the advantage of her some four or six miles. Now there is a prospect of getting in safe; all thoughts of fighting are now abandoned, and we think only of reaching Key West without being sunk. The pilot to whom the Pizarro applied was an American; he parleyed and delayed. She took him at last by force, and ordered him to catch the Creole. He soon discovered that they could outrun us, he therefore ran the Pizarro aground to give us more the start of her—when she again got under way, we had about eighteen and she about twenty-four miles to run. Now the excitement began to wax warm—"go it little Creole," she is after you with hot shot. We have yet twelve miles to run, and she is gaining on us! "Fire up!" we can see the town. "Go it Liberators!!" you can beat her in if nothing breaks! Could *Punch* just have seen us then! When we first saw the Pizarro, and expected to have to fight if she gave us a chance, or drown if she did not, we didn't care, but now we had a chance, and a good one for safety; but still she came on, we could see she was doing her best, so were we. We are nearing the town rapidly; Oh! it was a beautiful looking place, it was American soil, "O my country" how I love you. We are now entering the little bay at Key West—the Port Warden and health officer came aboard and order us to stop on the quarantine ground, but we go ahead of Port Warden, Doctor and all; we ran past the wharf and dropped our anchor about two hundred yards from land. Still the Pizarro comes thundering on—will she have the impudence to enter an American port? Yes, she is coming round the point into the bay; Port warden meets her and orders her to stop on quarantine; she heeds him not, but bears down on us, and at the distance of from three to four hundred yards brings her broadside to bear on us, but the Petrel lies just beyond us, and Lieut. Rogers runs up the "stars and stripes;" *beautiful sight!* She saw the dilemma, if she fires on us she may hit the Petrel, which would have been a very unwholesome operation; in the meanwhile, we are getting up our anchor; it is up and we are making for the wharf. She takes another position, but she finds if

she fires, we are now in a rage with the town; so she runs off sullenly to about four hundred yards and drops her anchor; in the meanwhile we reached the wharf, and you may depend we were not long on board the Creole—and thus ended the most daring enterprise, as well as the most lucky adventure on Record.

## APPENDIX.

THE LAST SPEECH OF THE CELEBRATED ORATOR, S. S. PRENTISS,  
MADE IN DEFENCE OF GEN. LOPEZ, BEFORE THE UNITED  
STATES DISTRICT COURT.

REPORTED BY THE "DELTA."

MR. PRENTISS stated that the point which had just been raised was one of great importance, and it was very proper that it should be carefully examined and deliberately determined. Decisions upon these questions become precedents, the reversal of which, as well as their reiteration, are highly injurious to the administration of justice. The question here is, upon what grounds you may arrest and detain a man in the custody of the officers of the court? Can you do this upon your simple dictum, upon the mere suggestion of some other person—from your mere caprice and suspicion? Can you arrest me now for murder, because you choose to do so—because I may look like a murderer, or somebody else may have whispered into your ears that I had committed murder? Is this the law of the United States? Have Judges and District Attorneys this enormous power of issuing warrants, upon any grounds that may please them, for the arrest and detention of prisoners? The telegraphic wires bear, with the lightning's swiftness, the orders of the President to the District Attorney. The electric agent has done its duty—finished its mission when its message is reduced to writing—but here the District Attorney takes up the matter, seizes the thunders of Jove, and launches them with gigantic power against the object of the Executive wrath, through this new and extraordinary process of dragging a man up for trial on a simple dictum. Because a little political excitement has been raised throughout the country, and some elderly females are fright-

ened from their propriety, are we to disregard the established rule and principles of law? We have a great many laws in these United States. Our statutes have grown quite respectable in number and ponderous in weight. These laws create numerous crimes, misdemeanors and offences. Now, suppose the Judge of this Court undertakes to enforce these innumerable statutes, by issuing arrests against any man he suspects of having violated any of these laws? The District Attorney, too, in this view of his legal powers, may go forth into the streets and seize the first man he meets, as a thief, or he may take up another who has murder in his face—in the true spirit of *Dogberry*, he may "comprehend"—any man he meets as "no true man," and be justified in his construction of the law by the judgment of neighbor *Ferges*! This is the consequence of the doctrine maintained by the District Attorney. Sir, it is not the law, The Affidavit must swear to some facts or circumstances of the alleged offence—his belief here will not do. If persons may be arrested on such affidavits as this, alleging no facts or circumstances of the offence charged, on the simple belief of a party that an offence has been committed somewhere; if this were the law, I would rather live on that poor, miserable, afflicted Island of Cuba, which certain gallant young men of our country have lately visited, for the purpose of aiding the oppressed people to achieve their liberties, than reside in a country, where the law is carried out in the manner and form of this proceeding.

Your Honor did not issue this warrant on your own knowledge or belief. It rests upon the belief of another party. And now, because the Court is open, and we are ready for the investigation—and it is convenient to examine into this matter—we must proceed and try somebody, in some way, and for some offence. Why not, with equal propriety, take up somebody for some other offence? There are men here in this Court, whom you may believe guilty of some one of the innumerable statutes in the law books—men, who have, perhaps, violated your revenue laws—imported tobacco without paying duties, or committed some offence of that nature! Suppose, I say, I believe my friend before me has been guilty of murder! Will that justify his arrest, trial, and commitment? No, Sir; I must allege and swear positively that a murder has been committed. My belief here cannot be sufficient. It

seems to be the opinion of many District Attorneys, that all that is necessary in an affidavit is to spread the law on it, just as a boy spreads his butter on his bread; and very often it happens, in both cases, that there is too much butter for the bread.

In this view of the law, a man may, under a general averment that another is desperately wicked, have him arrested and tried for theft, burglary, murder, piracy, or rape.

[Mr. PRENTISS here referred to the citation of the District Attorney, from Chitty, and showed that the authority required that the warrant must rest upon "some evidence."]

What is the "evidence" set forth in this affidavit? It is the belief of the Spanish Consul? Is that "some evidence?" Peradventure, the Spanish Consul is ready and willing to swear that he believes Cuba is a perfect Entopia of political felicity—that it is the best governed community in the world, and its rulers are individuals of unequalled purity and wisdom. Is that belief, evidence of the facts stated, which should carry conviction to the minds of the Court and the District Attorney? When was such a doctrine ever maintained before among a civilized or barbarian people? Sir, an affidavit resting upon a mere belief is utterly worthless,—it is as hollow as a nut that has been weaveled for a thousand years, as hollow as a biscuit that has made the longest voyage since old father Noah commenced his cruise on the great deep?

We desire to know the facts and circumstances of his belief.—What does he mean by it? He speaks of "setting an expedition on foot." What does he mean by that? His setting on foot may be different from your Honor's idea of setting on foot—it may be standing on his head, or some other extremity. He speaks, too, of supplying the "means" of an expedition. What does he mean by the "means?" He may consider four bits "means," and your Honor may differ, and think a dollar "means," in the sense of the law. We have not yet seen anything in the life or character of the Spanish Consul which should lead us to attach such solemnity to his words, his belief that they may be received without a why or wherefore—a privilege not even extended to the oracle of Dodona. Is your Honor, at the bid of this Spanish Consul, to walk Spanish with the District Attorney as your aid?

Judge McCaleb: No reflections, I trust, are intended by the

counsel on the Court, by this course of argument. I desire to call the attention of the counsel to the points in discussion, which I wish to hear discussed with as little irrelevancy as possible.

Mr. PRENTISS: I meant no disrespect to the Court or the District Attorney. I was illustrating, in my own humble style, the tendency of this doctrine of arresting parties upon the simple belief of an individual. I maintain that if an individual can be arrested upon the Spanish Consul's belief, it is more than was ever claimed for the belief of an American citizen. Let the Spanish Consul state, as any man of sense would state, the grounds of his belief, the facts and circumstances of this alleged misdemeanor. [Mr. Prentiss here read Chitty, to show what are the essential requisites of an affidavit.]

It should be borne in mind that it is no small matter to arrest a man charged with a high misdemeanor. The clutch of the law is terrible,—its touch is contaminating,—it inflicts a stain, an ignominy, a sense of debasement upon the most innocent and upright. No man can stand before its awful majesty in the attitude of one accused, without feeling his soul darkened, his heart oppressed, and his purity soiled. The powerful machinery of the law should not be put in motion on slight grounds, and without the solemn sanctions which surround and accompany its administration. It is our duty, not only to see that the course of justice runs smooth and strong, but that it flows through the channels carved by the fathers of the Constitution and guarded by locks and bars, and that it is not drawn off in any particular direction to irrigate any man's plantation who may by turning the cock of his belief thus divert the natural flow of this great and fructifying stream. Shall the great powers of this machinery be brought into action upon the simple belief of an individual? This arrest cannot stand.

This proceeding has no foundation. It must be dismissed. It will not dispose of the case. It can be proceeded with in a more regular and proper manner. If this prosecution is to be seriously carried out—if the President of the United States, or Secretary of State, have anything hard on their consciences, in relation to this Cuba business, and are so anxious to maintain their friendly relations with her Catholic Majesty—if they are determined to put into effect the antiquated statute, which has lain on the shelf so long,

a mere toy for children to laugh at, and not to be seriously used—if as we grow older in the natural course of affairs, we become more moral, law-abiding, and neutrality-loving, and the strongest and most noble sympathies of our nature are to be subdued to the cold, narrow, selfish demands of your so-called neutrality—if what was considered quite a pardonable departure from this neutrality in the cases of Mexico, and of Texas, now one of our most beautiful, though the youngest of these sister States, snatched from Mexican misrule, through the sympathy and aid of citizens of these United States, if similar conduct is now to be denounced as a lawless misdemeanor—a high crime—a piracy—let us at least proceed regularly and lawfully in the matter. If the rings and bolts, the armor, the pincers and screws are to be taken down from the walls, and under the direction of the Grand Inquisitor, to be applied to these offenders, let it be done with a pure conscience, under the compulsions of the law, and in conformity to its strictest requisitions. Let the Spanish Consul speak out with the grandiloquence of his nation and not warble in the cuckoo notes of this affidavit, stating his belief, when we want, and the law wants the facts and circumstances of the alleged offence.

Let me chop a little logic with the District Attorney. It won't be large, but mixed with a few herbs, such as they put into their Creole gombos or Spanish olla podrida. I may make a tolerable dish of it. It is charged that an expedition has been fitted out in the United States, and has sailed from the United States, to proceed to Cuba, to engage in hostilities against the government of that Island. Well, if such a fact has taken place, are there no circumstances to indicate or prove it, to which the Spanish Consul might take his oath? Now, if this Spanish Consul is at all like the rest of his countrymen, he is not slow at talking. Their proclamations show that they are hard to beat in piling up the agony, in the way of strong phrases, big words, and powerful assertions. Why, then, is this representative of Spanish grandeur, so modest, silent and backward? Why does he not come up like a lusty fellow, and swear to some facts? Show us something to sustain your charge, though it be only as big as a pin's head,—though it be only enough to scare a mouse—not a rat. Could he not swear that he saw several mysterious looking men, in a colleehouse, with

moustachios, smoking Spanish cigars, and looking daggers? Here would be a fact and circumstance tending to justify and confirm his belief. No—he has not even this small nail to hang his belief upon. It floats unsupported in mid-air, with not even a clothes line to hold it up. If you could get a fact only as big as a man's hand, you might puff and blow it up into a big and black cloud full of muttering thunder and forked lightning.

But we have no such fact,—how can we, then, judge of a belief founded upon circumstances not stated or alleged? How can you deprive a man of his liberty, drag him from his bed, and subject him to the contamination of an arrest and the gaze of the multitude, upon a belief founded upon facts not stated? When Nebuchadnezzar asked Daniel to interpret his dream, Daniel said unto him, "Tell me, first, thy dream, and I will truly interpret it." So we say to the Spanish Consul, tell us the circumstances of your belief, and we will interpret it for you.

As to this point of the sufficiency of affidavits to justify warrants, the law is clearly laid down in these words: "Magistrates must not grant any warrants groundlessly or maliciously, without such probable cause as might induce some discreet and impartial person to believe, not that an offence had been committed only, but that the party charged is guilty of the offence." If a man swears to nothing,—to no fact or circumstance, his oath, like that of lovers, passes away in the idle wind, and is heard of no more. The Spanish Consul's belief may be a matter of little importance to the rest of the world. He may swear to his belief in the New Jerusalem; but does that prove the existence of a New Jerusalem? If a man's belief is to prove a fact, we shall then have a great variety of curious facts afloat in the world. This would be a dangerous doctrine in these days of credulity, when strange rumors are abroad in the world, and the wildest fictions obtain believers. Our brethren at the North believe that we are cut-throats and barbarians; but that does not prove that we are those disreputable characters, so we return the compliment by believing that they are the bigoted and fanatical followers of a true God. But these beliefs prove nothing. And why should there be no facts and circumstances set forth in this case. Was this alleged expedition so private and secret an affair, that no proof of it can be found? When our Gilt

is dotted with ships of our squadron, and the public ear is on the *qui vive* to catch the reverberations of cannon along our shores, when the telegraphic wires are occupied in the transmission of Executive orders relative to this Cuban affair, and a great excitement pervades the whole country, is it possible, that no fact or circumstance can be found to put into an affidavit against the supposed leader of the cause of all this disturbance. [Mr. Prentiss then read an authority from Burr's Trial, and proceeded to argue at length that the fitting out of an expedition being a physical fact, admitted of the most positive averments and direct evidence.]

In conclusion, Mr. Prentiss invoked for Gen. Lopez, a stranger and sojourner in our country, the same justice, the same rigid rules which are extended to other persons charged with offences of the courts, and if officers of the law deviated a hair's breadth from the uniform practice and principles of law, they would find no justification in the public sentiment of the country. A thousand Argus eyes are watching these proceedings with intense interest. Let the rules of the law, therefore, which guard the liberty of men, be strictly observed, so that the people may believe that justice has been faithfully done to the foreigner who places himself under our jurisdiction. Do not stretch the law, do not leap over the barriers imposed by legal wisdom against judicial tyranny, in order to clutch this party and offer him up as a sacrifice to this new-born virtue of neutrality. Prepare your affidavit in proper form, let it allege the facts and circumstances of the offence, so that we may know what we have to answer for. When parties profess to be so intimate with the affair, they surely can hunt up some materials for such an affidavit as the law requires. Until this is done, I am satisfied this court cannot legally entertain the charge.

Mr. Prentiss here took his seat, much exhausted by his effort, and after awhile retired from the court-room.