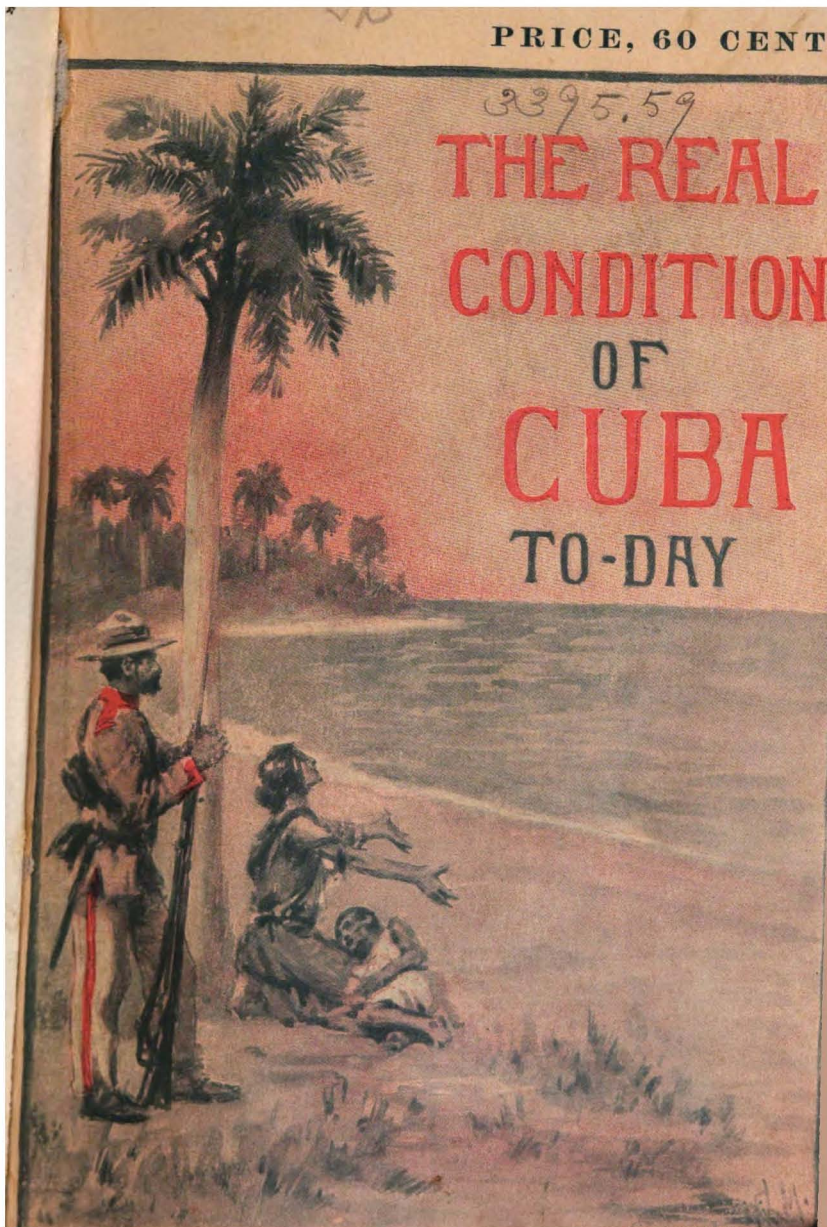
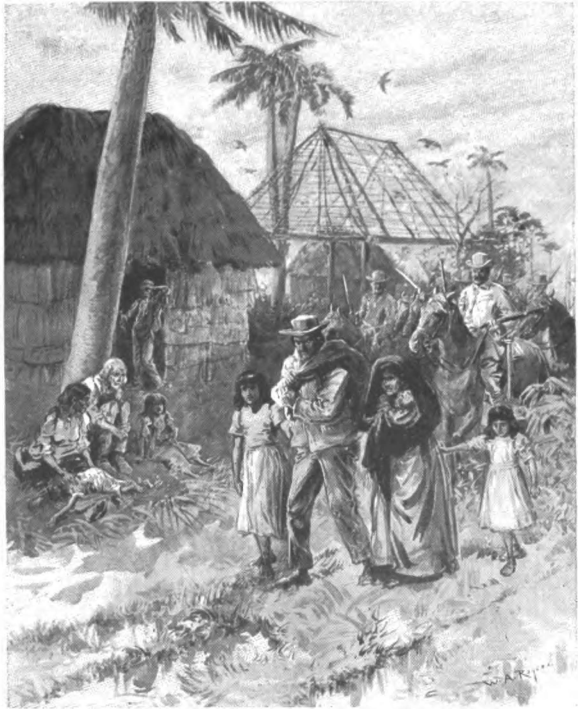


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THE REAL
CONDITION
OF
CUBA
TO-DAY





**GUERRILLAS DRIVING PACIFICOS INTO ONE OF THE STATIONS OF CON-
CENTRATION ESTABLISHED BY GENERAL WEYLER**
[Drawn by W. A. Rogers from Photographs by Stephen Bonsa!]

THE REAL CONDITION OF
CUBA TO-DAY

BY

STEPHEN BONSAL

LATE CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES AND SECRETARY OF THE UNITED
STATES LEGATION IN MADRID; SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT
OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD" IN CUBA; AUTHOR
OF "MOROCCO AS IT IS" ETC., ETC.

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND MAP

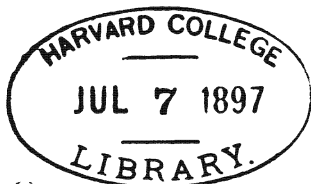


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By STEPHEN BONSAI.

MOROCCO AS IT IS, with an Account of Sir Charles Euan Smith's Recent Mission to Fez. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, \$2 00.

Mr. Bonsal's account of the English attempt, under Sir Charles, to open the country to British goods, is fresh and entertaining. . . . The chapter on the Jews in Morocco, the Spanish, Moorish, and Atlas Jews, will also be widely read.—*The Churchman*, N. Y.

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Dedication

To the starving and plague-stricken thousands in Cuba who besought me while I was with them in piteous accents to go and tell my people the story of their unimaginable woe, and who prayed in my presence to OUR LADY OF PITY that I might be imbued with the strength to accomplish the task which their entreaties as well as my appreciation of my duty imposed, I dedicate this inadequate but heartfelt description of their situation.

I am conscious that the task has proven beyond my powers. A Defoe could have aroused the world to humane intervention with the story of the plague that is upon them; a Manzoni could have moved humanity to tears, and, better, to effective aid and succor, with the picture of that death-cart that knows no Passover, of that Juggernaut which is moving incessantly from door to door throughout the length and breadth of the once beautiful island, and with the sound of that voice which is crying without ceasing, "Bring out your dead!" . . .

I have failed in the mission with which you charged me; my words, my prayers for intercession, have excited but the coldest of sympathy, and very little of that charity which is love. But, nevertheless, I beg you to believe that though I have failed in your mission, I have been true to the trust you placed in me and to the promise I gave you. With the words of terror that my ears have heard and the scenes of horror through which I have passed and in which you are living acting as a spell upon me, I have climbed the steep steps that lead to the seats of the mighty, and I have spoken in places where my voice sounded strange, where my presence was unfamiliar and my words unheeded. . . . And so I beg of you to believe, as I do, that upon this errand of mercy, though I have failed, I have done what I could.

STEPHEN BONSAI.

New York, Decoration Day, 1897.

The Author's thanks are due to Mr. Albert Shaw, the Editor of the "Review of Reviews," for his courteous permission to reproduce here portions of an article on the condition of Cuba published in the May number of the "Review."

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Part 1

**THE SITUATION OF THE ISLAND IN ITS
MILITARY, POLITICAL, AND FINANCIAL
ASPECTS AT THE CONCLUSION OF
THE SECOND YEAR'S CAMPAIGN**

THE SITUATION OF THE ISLAND IN ITS
MILITARY, POLITICAL, AND FINANCIAL
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ON reaching Havana, in January, my first visit was instinctively to the gray and lichen-covered cathedral of porous coral stone where rest the ashes of the man who, by a brilliant blunder, discovered the Americas, that Pandora's box of troubles and of woes for Spain. And I think that this view of Columbus's achievement has prevailed in Cuba; at all events, the great monument to his memory in the cathedral which was begun many years ago remains unfinished. Here even in this court of peace the rumors of war penetrate, and the horror of the situation cannot be concealed. The sanctuary is filled with veiled women who, shrouded in their dark mass robes, now and again interrupt the solemn services with sobs that cannot be repressed. Before the

main altar, and frowning down upon the mourners, who in their despair and utter desolation turn towards the mercy-seat, there stands a cannon, and over and above the image of the Prince of Peace there floats a gaudy war banner which the women of Castile have embroidered with trembling fingers and blessed between their smiles and their tears.

It only seemed a quaint anachronism, though distinctly picturesque, a barbaric custom which has doubtless survived since the days of the conquest of the Iberian peninsula by the Romans. I had then only been in Cuba twenty-four hours, and I could not know, and I would not have believed had I been so told, that the cannon that stands there in the cathedral, a barrier between the altar and the mourning throng, and the war banner over the crucifix, were the true and most appropriate symbols of a barbarous, merciless, and fratricidal war, without a parallel in modern history.

TWO PHASES OF THE WAR

The war presents two phases: the war which is waged upon the insurgents in the field, and that which is waged against the *pacíficos*, or non-combatants—old men, women, and children, who, driven together like herds of cattle from all over the island, are huddled together around the

fortified and garrisoned towns in the possession of the Spaniards, and there left to resume the struggle for existence without any assistance whatever from the authorities.

For the purpose of clearness, in describing the military situation, the island can be divided into two parts, where the conditions presented are distinctly different. The Jucaro-Moron trocha, as it serves no other purpose, we can utilize as our divisional line. To the east of this trocha lie the provinces of Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba, which is to-day to all intents and purposes Free Cuba—Cuba Libre. Here the *guajiros*, the small farmer class, have not been driven into the towns to sicken, starve, and die. They still occupy their homesteads in the *campo*; and while they have often suffered from the military operations carried on in their vicinity, both at the hands of the Spanish and the Cuban forces, they have in a very great measure escaped from the horrors which characterize this inhuman war. Within the borders then of Free Cuba, which in extent is about one-half of the island, the Spaniards hold some twelve or fifteen towns, which they are pleased to call strategic points of great importance. Bayamo, Jiguani, and Holguin are the only inland towns which now occur to me as being in the possession of the Spaniards. The other strategic points are on the sea-coast, open

ports and roadsteads, from which it would be easy to withdraw. The possession of these three inland towns is at present the chief drain upon the resources of the Spaniards. And, as I believe I have shown elsewhere, the withdrawal of the forces from these points by the military authorities would be a stroke of strategy and a great misfortune to the insurgents' forces in the field. For it can be said without fear of contradiction that during the last twelve months the army of Calixto Garcia has been almost exclusively fed, clothed, and armed with the stores captured from the military convoys which are weekly sent up from Manzanillo and other points on the sea-coast to revictual these inland garrisons, which are constantly besieged by the insurgent bands.

West of the trocha of Jucaro-Moron—in the four provinces of Santa Clara, Matanzas, Havana, and Pinar del Rio—the conditions observable are quite different. The whole country has been reduced to a mass of ruins and ashes by what General Weyler has been pleased to call due process of military law. With the exception of some twenty or thirty *Centrales*, or sugar estates, there has not been left standing a single house, not even a *guano* hut, in these four provinces, outside of the Spanish lines surrounding the occupied towns. While these sugar estates

have been guarded by large bodies of regular Spanish troops and by bands of irregulars—*movilizados*, as they are called—I am well within the truth when I say that not even upon these estates, which fly the Spanish flag, which are surrounded by innumerable forts and trochas on a small scale, a single sack of sugar has been made that has not paid the tax imposed by the local prefecto of the Cuban Republic.

In these four provinces, the western half of the island, which has been reduced to a mass of gray and smoking ruins, where not a single house remains standing or a single inhabitant following the pursuits of peace, in this desert, which was once the scene of marvellous fertility, every green and growing thing has been cut down, and every plant has been uprooted; in this wilderness which they have made, the Spanish guerillas, and now and again a column of regular troops, roam about in search of the patriot *partidas*, with whom, however, they very rarely come in contact. The Spaniards keep to the *calzadas*, or paved highways, the Cubans patronize the country roads and the open country. And so hostile meetings are generally obviated, except when one side or the other—because the Spanish forces have absolutely adopted the Cuban tactics—forms an ambuscade, or sees a good opportunity for a little bushwhacking.

Close reading of Weyler's proclamation of *reconcentracion* will show that men and women and children who may be found eight days after its publication in this desert, which was once the garden of a peerless island, are to be regarded as rebels and are treated as rebels by the officers of Her Most Catholic Majesty's army—that is, they are to be shot down in cold blood. Though sometimes, as an act of particular clemency, the women and the children are sent to the nearest *recogidas*, or prison for prostitutes. The proclamation authorizes this inhuman conduct, and the authorization is strengthened and sharpened by the private instructions to chiefs of guerillas and heads of columns to avoid taking prisoners.

The character of the operations carried on by the Spaniards in the western provinces is quite different from the tactics in the country beyond the eastern trocha. In the west, Spanish columns of any size move about with freedom, and are never seriously attacked, but merely harassed by a dropping fire from the hill-tops as long as they remain on the great highways, which they invariably do. But beyond the trocha in Free Cuba, for the last six months, there has not been an operation or a movement from the Spanish side which was not directly connected with the now long-sustained and most exhausting effort

to revictual the interior garrisons which are being maintained at such cost.

THE RESULT OF THE CAMPAIGN

By the time these lines are printed the rains—which have already begun to fall in Cuba—will have so increased in volume that all military operations, at least as far as the Spanish army is concerned, will have come to a stand-still. It is, then, a proper moment to sum up the results of the campaign and of General Weyler's policy, which was to meet war with war, a policy which he announced upon assuming command of the island fourteen months ago. During this period two hundred and fifty thousand men have been placed at his disposal, and \$130,000,000 have been spent by Spain on the lines suggested by him. The results of this exhausting effort, which has ruined for all time the resources of the mother-country, are almost microscopic, and nowhere is this better appreciated than in Madrid. Weyler's removal, however, would have brought with it the downfall of the Canovas Ministry, which had promised the people of Spain complete success under his leadership. It would also have entailed, perhaps, the admission of a bankrupt condition of the finances, and the utter hopelessness of ever reconquering Cuba. The serious men of both parties in Spain,

los hombres de gobierno, agree that the present edifice of state would collapse under the weight of so many accumulated disasters, that the monarchy, the Bourbon *régime* at least, would disappear, and the whole country be devastated and distracted by a war for the mastery between the Carlists and the Republicans. These are the weighty reasons that have led to the retention of Weyler in his position. An irate military critic has said, in summing up the meagre results of Spain's extraordinary effort, that General Weyler cannot carry two hundred and fifty thousand men in his head. And perhaps he cannot, but at all events he has landed them on the island and stowed them away somewhere, which in view of the size of Cuba, and the very small proportion of its territory at his disposal, is by no means an inconsiderable feat. His actual campaign and active operations have proven a perfect fiasco, and his plan to drive the insurgents out of the western provinces into Camaguey, a plan which he had six months to mature and to prepare for putting into execution, has failed in every detail. In the four western provinces the insurgents maintain their guerilla warfare, generally with considerable success; and Gomez, against whom Weyler marched two months ago with three columns of forty thousand men, has, instead of retreating across the trocha

or allowing himself to be compelled to fight overwhelming numbers under unfavorable conditions, turned up and given a good account of himself by operations in General Weyler's rear.

The net result of the Santa Clara campaign, from which such great results were confidently expected, has been the complete devastation of another fertile province, and a great reduction of the visible food supply, upon which the Spanish troops are more dependent than are the Cuban forces. It is only fair to state some of the difficulties of campaigning in Cuba, which are hard for any one to realize who has not visited the island; it is only fair also to admit that never was an army so ill-prepared for the work that was cut out for them to do. The troops were clothed in linen, while the experience of all the European powers who have colonial armies, such as Great Britain, France, and Holland, points to the absolute necessity of clothing men with flannel when campaigning in the tropics. They have been furnished almost exclusively with *alparagatas*, or straw shoes, which are excellent foot-gear for the dry Biscayan highlands, but which become as heavy as lead and go to pieces after a day in the Cuban swamps. There is not a commissariat train in the whole army of occupation, and not a single battery of mountain guns. Owing to these circumstances, whether the Spaniards win a bat-

tle or not they must within twenty-four hours of sallying out of the town return whence they came for provisions, and however desirable may be the strategic point which they carry with their impetuous charge, sooner or later, generally within a few hours, they are compelled to retreat to their base of supplies. In this way, of course, no headway can be made. Better results might have been obtained if, instead of these quarter of a million ill-trained and badly-equipped boys, fifty thousand picked and seasoned troops had been placed at the Captain-General's disposal, and the money which has been squandered upon the transportation and the care of the useless two hundred thousand been expended in the thorough equipment of this army. Under such conditions as these the Spaniards could have given a good account of themselves; they could have brought the Cubans to bay, and followed up their successes until they were complete and ended in the disbandment or surrender of the patriot forces. But, under the present conditions, the Cubans have never had to fight unless they wanted to, and they have always chosen the moment favorable for giving battle with rare discernment and judgment.

GOMEZ AS A LEADER

In the country which the insurgents command

—that is, in at least four-fifths of the island—into which the Spanish columns do not venture except in large force, food grows on every bush, and every root is edible for the Cubans, who know how to prepare it. There are hill-locked valleys which the Cuban forces hold, and where their cattle graze in safety. Here they have even planted quick crops, like sweet potatoes, which ripen five or six times a year. Gomez and his leaders have, one and all, availed themselves of the advantages presented by the nature of the ground to the fullest extent. Indeed, the campaign has shown Gomez to be not only a man born to command, but one who is abreast of the military science of the day, so far as it can be applied to the peculiar warfare upon which he is engaged. His masterly circular movements never fail to puzzle those who would bring his army to bay, and, worn out by the chase, the Spanish columns never succeed in cornering him. The half-grown and immature boys, the raw recruits which Spain has sent to the island, serve but as fodder for fevers and other diseases to feed upon. With half rations, scant clothing, and little or no pay, and that in a depreciated currency, the soldiers are only capable of doing one day's work in seven, but the wonder to me is that they are able or willing to shoulder a musket at all.

The result of the campaign is, then, that the

life-blood of Spain is flowing from every pore. The priceless lives of her sons and all her borrowed treasure are being poured out upon this thirsty island with as little result as though it were all poured into the Caribbean Sea. Certainly the campaign closes without the patriot army having placed to their credit any exploit which can be compared to Maceo's wonderful march from Camaguey to Pinar del Rio in the winter of 1895-96. But even had it been possible, the repetition of such a movement would have been useless; and, unlike the Spaniards, the Cubans never waste a man or a cartridge.

The campaign has been one of starvation rather than of fighting, and out of this the patriot forces have emerged successfully. They have with them cattle sufficient for several years to come, and crops growing in places where the Spaniards are unable, or do not care to go, to destroy them. In the Cienaga de Zapata, or the great salt swamp on the south coast, which the Spaniards have never dared to penetrate, the Cubans maintain their hospitals, their factories for the repair of rifles, their depots of stores, their tanneries, and their salt wells. Indeed, with the exception of the question of ammunition, which is not overabundant, they could stand isolation from the outside world much better than could the Spanish forces. Were Cuba to be blockaded by a

hostile power, within two weeks the Spanish army would be compelled to evacuate or to surrender, as almost everything that is necessary for the support of the army, even in the wretched condition that is maintained, is brought from abroad—from Spain, the United States, or Mexico.

Seeing that the waiting game has brought them within measurable distance of complete success, the Cubans are naturally reluctant to hazard their present position upon a battle. They have very little more to win, and a great deal to lose, and so, in the main, they confine their operations to harassing the Spaniards as much as possible with the least expenditure of men and ammunition, and to the husbanding of their not overabundant resources, and they do well. I saw General Weyler six weeks ago in Santa Clara, and he was loud in his expression of contempt for Gomez and his army. "I have never been able to get up with him," he said. It was the most complete and unconscious confession of failure that I have ever listened to.

Of course, the situation is very generally understood in Havana, though this understanding very rarely finds expression in words. Many a man has been sent to Fernando Po for less. But within the precincts of the palace itself, and from the lips of a Spanish officer, I have heard the

war characterized as *la lucha de dos impotentes*, or a struggle between two antagonists, neither strong enough to conquer, and it is a true description of the situation. The Cubans cannot drive the Spaniards from the island, and the Spaniards cannot capture the Cuban strongholds or compel surrender. It should be borne in mind, however, that while it is quite impossible to gauge the endurance or estimate the capacity of the insurgents to continue their struggle for liberty, we can foresee and predict almost to a day when the Spaniards will have to withdraw, and, sullenly folding their tattered banners, "scuttle" from the colony they have proven unequal to rule.

The army pay is now some four months in arrears, and the discontent is naturally great. The army supplies and commissariat bills it is difficult to speak of, as they are kept with such studied irregularity; but they are certainly greatly in arrears. By the aid of the fraudulent silver notes, the money in the treasury will last perhaps three months more. If the attempt to raise a loan of another hundred millions, which is now being made in Paris, giving the tobacco and salt monopolies as security, is successful, Spain will have money enough to maintain her present position on the island until the beginning of the next year.

WHAT SPANISH SUCCESS WOULD MEAN

To explain the ill-concealed indifference of many otherwise loyal Spaniards upon the island to the question of the ultimate success of their arms, it is necessary to present a tableau of the situation as it would then appear. We will suppose that the armies of Gomez and Garcia have been defeated, and that the *partidas* in every province have dispersed. What, then, would be the situation, supposing Spain to have been successful beyond the wildest dreams of the most silly *optimista* of them all? Even if this should be accomplished without recourse to a further loan, the interest on the Cuban debt would then amount to thirty millions per annum. The military party will insist upon an army of occupation of one hundred thousand men, and that number, at least, would be necessary to keep the Cubans in subjection. This army, supposing honesty in the administration, which is taking for granted a great deal, would cost the island about seventy-five millions per annum. The expenses of the civil administration, the judiciary, and the island's share in the naval budget will amount to some ten millions more, or, in all, *circa* \$115,000,000. Even should Spain care to assist Cuba in meeting this debt, her assistance would be of very little value, for when the war is over she

will be quite unable to make both ends of her own—the Peninsular—budget meet. To face this appalling yearly obligation, we have only the productive power of the island, which, even under the most favorable circumstances of peace and dear sugar, has never been able to produce more than thirty millions in taxes. At present this wonderful power of production is paralyzed, even if it be not completely destroyed, and no one who knows Cuba expects that for at least five years after the war, however it may end, the island will be able to carry a budget of more than twelve millions. So Spain, on the verge of bankruptcy herself, would have to make up a deficit of at least one hundred millions to retain her last colony, which is, of course, an absurdity. Even England or France could hardly stand such an annual drain, even supposing that they were so unwise as to care to do so.

It is only in studying these figures, which can neither be denied nor explained away, that I have been able to fathom the somewhat contradictory attitude of the Spanish land-owner, and, in fact, of every Spaniard who has a financial interest in the welfare of the island. He is invariably loyal, to a fault, but he earnestly prays that he may be spared from having to enjoy the bitter fruits of the victory to which he has so patriotically contributed.

The officers of the army and the army contractors are the only people to whom the war of extermination appears in a profitable light. The payment of their services in paper money, which is now being made to the officers, and is proposed for army contracts, will very soon, however, have a chilling effect upon their ardor. But up to the present the millions for which Spain has mortgaged future prosperity and the labor of coming generations has found its way into their pockets. For the officers, one year's service in Cuba counts as two at home, and they receive not only extra colonial pay, but the *plus de campaña*, or war pay. Promotion is, of course, most rapid. It is necessary to keep the army in a good-humor. Cirujeda, the lucky man whose column killed Maceo in the dark, was a captain six months ago, and to-day he is a colonel; and his promotion has not been exceptionally rapid. There are many others who have met with equal fortune or favor. These promotions, and the reduction by one-half of the time of service necessary to obtain a pension, add enormously to the expense of Spain's permanent military establishment, and the officers themselves do not see how unwise it is to bleed to death the hen that is laying the golden eggs. They seem to be laboring under the impression that money will always be forthcoming for them, and that down in the

vaults of the Tesoro are buried the riches of Pactolus.

The number of military crosses with pensions attached which are daily granted, and with large and generous pensions, too, in view of the conditions and cost of living in Spain, is almost incredible. In the army there is a strange custom. An officer who has been under fire, or even a soldier, and has come out of this ordeal, invariably expects a cross, if possible San Fernando *laureado* (the one with the laurel wreath), or, at all events, one of the other military orders of merit, with a little pension attached. In case his superior officer does not call the attention of the proper authorities to the bravery he has exhibited, it is the custom for the man in question to draw up a demand for the reward which he covets, and send it on to the commander-in-chief. This proceeding is customary, and is not considered immodest or vainglorious. The petitioner does not have to make good his claim or bring forward any evidence whatsoever. His word must be implicitly accepted. Should the hapless commander choose to refuse the recompense, the only way he can do so is to secure the testimony of an officer present, who must be willing to testify that the conduct of the petitioner was not so remarkable after all, and, of course, this is very difficult to do.

THE MILITARY MILL

The longer the war continues the higher will be the rank that the officers attain, and the nearer they will be to the pension goal. So it is, perhaps, natural that they hold their tongues, and do not admit the futility of the operations upon which they are engaged, submitting without a murmur to having their personal situations bettered at the expense of the country. From the foregoing, I think it will be clear what a strange and discouraging system Spain has adopted to suppress the rebellion. Instead of offering incentives to a speedy pacification, she is granting bounties and premiums upon delay and failure. She is in the position of a man who lets out a contract to rebuild a bridge connecting his estates, and who offers a bonus to his contractor for every day of delay in finishing the work. If the pay and the perquisites had been drawn up on a decreasing instead of an increasing scale, I believe the Spanish army would have made a better showing.

Of course, there are many officers who give blind obedience and bother themselves very little about the outcome of it all, but there are others who perceive the inevitable, and who view the approaching ruin with cynical indifference. Their point of view is shown very clearly

by a conversation at which I was present between an officer of the regular army and the proprietor of a sugar estate, who was naturally anxious to cut and grind his cane to save himself from bankruptcy.

“You make a crop of some sort at least every year,” said the officer, who was refusing permission to grind until the sum of \$3000 had been paid him personally. “But this war is the first crop of our military career; of course, we take advantage of it, and *estamos moliendo*—we are grinding.” And they are grinding exceeding fine.

The resources in men and money of Spain and Cuba are being ground to a death which will have no resurrection in the military mill, out of which only utter ruin and not pacification and prosperity will come.

I reached Santa Clara capital and province in January, after a journey of two days in a military convoy from Matanzas. Santa Clara is only two hundred and fifty miles from Havana, but our record of one hundred miles a day is considered altogether phenomenal.

The train was composed of two armored cars and six or seven third-class cars, crowded with soldiers, who were being pushed to the front to replace many who will be invalided by the severe marches which the army has made during

the last week, despite the almost incessant rains and a frigid norther which was blowing.

The whole country from Havana to Matanzas I found a scene of desolation which beggars description. There has not been left a green thing growing. Every now and then a palm-tree which has escaped the axe only serves to emphasize the sombre grayness and ashen hue. The railway is guarded by innumerable forts, very slight affairs they seem to be—log huts planked—with great ditches eight or ten feet deep surrounding them.

From Matanzas to Jovellanos, where we stopped for the night, we were never beyond the sight of the red and yellow standard of Spain which flies from the forts. About each fort are housed in wretched, leaky *bohios* the pacific population of the fields, who have been withdrawn from their little houses in the fields to live in squalor and wretchedness here.

Every day parties of guerillas sally from the forts, cut down everything which grows, and dig up even the edible roots and destroy them. What Sheridan said of the Valley of Virginia, that a crow flying over the country would have to carry rations, can, with strict regard for truth, be repeated of this distracted and luckless land.

These people will starve unless some intelligent, organized effort is made to save them from

starvation. General Weyler, under the pretext of the exigencies of the military situation, has pronounced against them, and contemplates their extermination with equanimity.

In the train I found all the officers speaking with certainty of their early return to the Peninsula, and I trust, however sad the situation may develop in the next few weeks, their natural yearning for home and escape from such a war as this may be satisfied. But I would like to have seen some appreciation shown of the state in which these poor peasants, innocent victims of the fratricidal contest, are to be left when the legions march and sail away with banners flying.

If, as his enemies say, General Weyler is of the opinion that the only Cuban whose loyalty to Spain can be relied upon is a dead Cuban, he could not be acting in a manner more likely to give color to the report.

“After seeing what I have with my own eyes, I leave the question as to whether peace or plague is to come to Cuba first undiscussed. The question of the hour is the prospect, nay, the certain approach, of famine, in this land of plenty.” I wrote the foregoing five months ago, and the development of the terrible situation has proven how well founded was my prophecy, based as it was upon careful personal observation.

The huts of the *pacíficos* seem to be pitched by design, or, at all events, are invariably to be found, in the low swamps about the forts, without the slightest appreciation of the necessity of cleanliness and the observance of the simplest sanitary rules.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE CUBAN DESERT

The column with which I travelled, numbering about eighteen hundred men, seemed to have sublime confidence that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, would shower down manna upon them as they traversed the wilderness of their own making. The column carried with it not a biscuit nor a single water-bottle, and at the frequent stoppages which were made along the route the soldiers would rush out of the cars to drink the green waters of the ditches and cut the sugar-cane, and this is all the sustenance they had until they reached Santo Domingo, where all descended and pushed on foot to the army head-quarters—from Jovellanos to Santo Domingo, and from there on to Santa Clara.

I am glad to say that the view from the slow-moving car became now less dreary, and the great, black blotches burned in the cane in the landscape were less frequent here, but I was assured by the many owners of estates I talked with on the way that the sugar that had been spared was,

as a rule, only half grown, owing to the difficulty of securing labor during these unsettled times, and, as a general thing, hardly worth grinding, even if the military authorities, directly or indirectly, did not make this operation impossible.

Saturday afternoon, when near Esperanza, the train was signalled to and stopped by a guerilla force, which for some moments we took for "men of the long grass," but they turned out to be an irregular body of Spanish troops, who had been sent to warn us that a bridge on the line had been destroyed by insurgent dynamite and that the repairs were not finished. We spent several hours sucking cane, and were at last allowed to proceed slowly into Esperanza, where, owing to the lateness of the hour, we were informed that the train could go no farther.

It is a dismal place, this same Esperanza, and we looked on life spent in Jovellanos as one of comfort and even luxury, though we were not all of this impression until hope died away as we caught sight of the *fonda* in Esperanza. In Jovellanos also there is more security than in Esperanza. There had been no raid upon it for weeks.

The Chinaman from Canton who kept a hotel told me the simple measures which brought about this peaceful condition, and I relate the

story because it lets in a flood of light upon the strange and wonderful conditions of this war in Cuba.

“We have never had a raid here since the new military governor closed the billiard saloon,” he said. “This governor has a big head. Other governors had built new forts after each raid, but all to no purpose. The boys from Manigua would fight their way into the town, have a game of billiards, and then, after killing a few people, ride away. The new governor closed and barricaded the saloon and broke the tables. Now the boys remain in the bush. They can amuse themselves in the bush now just as well as in Jovellanos.”

I trust they may. I never spent a more cheerless, dreary night than that in Jovellanos, until Esperanza, with its catching name, came to dispel all memories of my former sufferings with the full measure of despair it unloads upon the hapless traveller who enters there.

On Sunday morning we reached Santa Clara, a beautiful, comparatively clean, provincial town, one of the oldest in the island, where General Weyler will pitch his headquarters, and from there direct the operations which, as stated in no uncertain tones—about the staff headquarters, at least—will end in sending Gomez back of the trocha with his scattered braves to seek safety

in the dark recesses of Camaguey and Puerto Principe.

All day Sunday and Monday I awaited the arrival of the general-in-chief with impatience and some anxiety. Even the military governor of the province seemed ill informed as to the movements of his secretive chief, and at least a dozen times the bugle blew from the fort by the Gallego Bridge, which was to announce his coming, and every time it transpired that the bugler had blundered and the general had not come.

Monday afternoon, when the garrison and population of Santa Clara had been on the tiptoe of expectation more than twenty four hours, the announcement came from an official source that the supreme chief, General Weyler, was coming across the slope and would soon enter the town.

The garrison, the volunteers, and municipal *bomberos*, numbering in all about five thousand men, were immediately gotten under arms, and fully occupied in keeping back the crowds who thronged the streets leading out of the city to the Gallego Bridge, over which the general, it was announced, would come.

In the meantime members of the municipality, and the city fathers, robed in black, with yellow sashes, gathered in the municipal building. Here they were joined by the judiciary and priestly authorities and driven in carriages to the ceme-

tery, on a high hill, about a mile from this city. This is the exterior line of defence, composed of twenty-four small forts, and here the formal reception was to take place.

As the president of the *Ayuntamiento* disappeared from view in the dust, he was seen to be clinging to a roll of foolscap which protruded from his pocket, and every one recognized in it the substantial elements of an impromptu speech with which the general and his staff were to be welcomed.

WEYLER'S ANTICIPATORY TRIUMPH

There are many roads which lead into the city on the beach, and every one was spanned with at least two arches, under which the general must pass. It had been thought necessary to be thus profuse in all the proud paraphernalia of imperial triumph, because, up to that minute, no one knew by what road or at what moment the victor was coming, so reserved is the general as to his movements at all times.

“*Es el hombre el mas raro del mundo, el tio ese*” (he is the most extraordinary man in the world, this uncle of ours), murmurs the colonel of the Civil Guard, as he wipes the perspiration from his face and for the twentieth time recovers from a false alarm.

The popular centre was the Plaza de Armas,

and a pretty place it is. It reminds one of the great square at Salamanca. It is colonnaded at three sides, and one expects every moment to see a black-robed, cock-hatted *estudiante* emerge from the shadows. Here are the clubs, the military centre, and the old, quaint church, with its campanile tower, which would seem to have been brought over in a caravel from Toledo, for it must be older than the New World.

Six o'clock, and there came from the direction of the Gallego Bridge the heavy tramp and rattle of a squadron of cavalry, followed by the rumble of many carriages. The merry bugler along the line blew at the top of his breath, the bands spontaneously took up the royal march, and the proud young second lieutenants held their banners aloft and stalked up and down before their lines. The general is coming!

But there was another disappointment. The grave and reverend seigniors, notables, and dignitaries of the ancient city shouted to the bandmaster, and the bars of the royal march were cut short as though by some electric shock, and the flags which had waved so proudly aloft were lowered.

The notables explained to their friends as they trotted home that the general had sent word that he intended to camp two leagues out of the city and would come in in the morning, and the colo-

nel of the Civil Guard relieved his feelings with an expletive which I will not repeat here.

Segura's column, the favorite of the general-in-chief, then marched into the city, about three thousand strong. They are splendid-looking fellows, and seem well to deserve the confidence the general places in them. This was in January. The brigade has now dwindled to a small, ineffective battalion. They had marched all the way from Pinar del Rio, and had plenty of life and energy left in them. They marched into the great plaza, tying their horses and mules to the trees and iron bars of the *rejas*, much to the dismay of the young people disturbed in their favorite trysting-place.

But very soon these three thousand men were sleeping a sleep like that of death. Some fortunate few had swung their hammocks under the colonnades, but the great majority slept on the rough cobbles, with their heads resting upon their saddles. A few camp-fires were lit, and the wakeful gathered about them and wrote letters which would bring joy to their homes in the Peninsula.

Tuesday morning, with the bright sun to greet him and thousands to meet him, General Weyler came at last to his triumph, and entered smiling and most gracious in manner into the loyal city of Santa Clara.

The ceremonies between the civil and military

authorities of the place and the leader of the army, who was receiving a triumph without having scored a victory, ran off no more smoothly than the dress rehearsal of the evening before, and every one was glad, and especially the spectators, when the fussy councillors finally retired with many of their speeches unsaid, and, escorted by a squadron of cavalry and followed on foot by about fifty men of his black escort, the general descended the hill by the cemetery and commenced the slight ascent into the city.

He rode slowly through the main street to the plaza, surrounded by the military governor of the province and the ranking officers of the garrison. His passing provoked considerable cheering and shouts for the general and vivas for Spain. Reaching the grand plaza, the cavalcade turned sharply to the left and drew up in front of the Deputacion Provincial, where the general had decided to make his head-quarters during his stay in Santa Clara. Behind him drew up the civil and clerical authorities, and on his left the military governor.

The general rode a handsome black stallion, which was the only animal looking like a horse I have seen in the army. The march past was begun, but did not seem to arrest the attention of the general. His eyes wandered about over the sea of heads and the only answer ever paid to

the saluting of the captains was with an imperious sweep of the hand, to bid them march faster. Only the garrison took part in the parade and it was soon over, though quite apparently not soon enough to suit *el gran capitan*.

The triumph seemed to have tired him exceedingly, and as the last of the black *bomberos* went limping by he dismounted and strode into the habitation which had been most handsomely prepared for his reception.

The town now simply swarmed with rough, dirt-begrimed soldiers. Fifteen thousand came into the city itself, and at least twenty thousand more were encamped upon the low-lying hills which surround the city on every side.

General Weyler remained quietly in his office all during Tuesday until six o'clock, when he drove around the city with the president of the municipal council and an adjutant. He wore, as when entering the city, a thin blue linen suit, like all the soldiers in the army, and had no insignia to distinguish him from any of the subordinate officers. After dinner he held a reception in his office, and was visited by all the notables in the city. He was most affable and friendly with all who called.

Of me he asked, "Have you seen any rebels on the journey from Havana?" When I told him I had not, he said, "No more have I."

To one councilman, who was bold enough to ask him, not in words but in effect, whether he thought the insurgents in Havana and Matanzas provinces had taken unto themselves wings and flown away, the general replied :

“No, but they are disintegrating fast, and I am sure there are no *partidas* deserving of that name in those provinces now. There may still be a snake or two squirming about in the ‘long grass,’ but they will one and all be caught. I have taken my measures, and none will escape.”

MERCILESS WAR, EVEN MASSACRE, ADVOCATED

Since I have been in daily contact with the army, and have spoken much with both men and officers, I find there are many things about the situation in Cuba at the present time which escape the closest scrutiny in Havana, and I find that while it would be an exaggeration to say with Canovas that General Weyler is the idol of the Spanish army, yet he is undoubtedly well liked in certain quarters, and should the rumor of his removal, which is now in the air, prove true, there may take place at an early date a very forcible and unpleasant demonstration of this fact. The army, weary with futile marching and countermarching, wants blood, and it believes that with General Weyler it would have a better chance of whetting its appetite in this

direction than with any new man. To understand this and fully comprehend it, it would be necessary to see, as I saw, soldiers in the plaza at Santa Clara showing their blood-stained machetes to their comrades and varnishing the stains to keep them from wearing away.

Another fact which one does not notice in Havana is that the Spanish elements of the country—the small farmers, the store-keepers, and tobacco merchants—are all against granting any reforms to Cuba under the present or any other circumstances, and that should these new reforms turn out to be anything at all but the words of politicians at the end of their rope, printed on stamped paper, they will conspire to defeat them. I make no comment. I merely state the facts. Of these men it can truthfully be said that General Weyler is the idol. They believe in his plan of campaign, which they admit is the merciless extermination of all Cubans who are not loyal to Spain and contented with the present régime. They point to the fact—I am merely quoting their statements—that though Garcia and Sanguily were fully pardoned after the last insurrection and given lucrative positions under the government, they never ceased to conspire against the crown and preach open rebellion, even while drawing pay from the treasury.

I had a most important conversation in this

connection with a man who is one of the most notable tobacco planters of Santa Clara province, an Asturian by birth, married to a Cuban woman. He said :

“The only way to end this Cuban question is the way General Weyler is going about it. The only way for Spain to retain her sovereignty over these islands is to exterminate—butcher, if you like—every man, woman, and child upon it who is infected with the contagion and dreams of ‘Cuba Libre.’

“We tried other methods the last time, and see the result. What the contagion is I do not know. It is something in the air that these Cubans breathe. No one is safe from the infection. I never see even my own half-grown boys start to school in the morning but what I hold my breath and say, ‘Will they too succumb to the infection? Who knows but that they too will start for the long grass to-day?’

“Owing to the preaching of Cespedes and of Marti, a father, even a Spanish father, in Cuba cannot have confidence—perfect, implicit confidence—in his own children. They may leave the family hearth at any moment to join those vagabonds in the bush.

“I pass for a humane man in these parts. Ask and you will find that I give to the poor and succor the needy and turn no man away

from my door unfed ; but I say, and so do all the Spaniards who have lived and have a stake in the island, that these people must be exterminated, and we consider no measure too ruthless to be adopted to secure this end.

“I read in an American paper the other day that General Weyler was poisoning the streams from which the insurgents drink in Matanzas province. It was not true, but I only wish it had been.

“General Weyler is our man. We feel sure of him. He will not be satisfied until every insurgent lies in the ditch with his throat cut, and that is what we all want.

“I do not believe in this talk of reforms or of Martinez Campos or any other kid-gloved political soldier coming out here to bring about pacification with soft words and fair promises. Why, he would be shot down in the streets of Havana, and Spain will be confronted with a serious rebellion in Cuba for the first time, and it will be the Spaniards who will rebel against such ignominy and truckling to treason.”

I quote this man because I have become convinced that what he says is representative of what a very large proportion of the Peninsular element here feels, and because his words shed a strong light upon the innumerable dangers ahead for the Spanish government.

He said to me further :

“ And if the United States or any other civilized power should intervene and say, ‘ This war of extermination must stop, it is a disgrace to the age we live in,’ you must be prepared to act as well as talk, for we will not stop until the last Cuban traitor is dead.

“ Why, we have them now just where we want them, in the bush, away from our homes and cities, which they were infecting with their plausible but treasonable talk.

“ We will not stop until the last one is killed; and if the United States should intervene in the name of humanity, your government will have to fight for it, and we would like to fight you for many reasons, but most of all because we know it would be a stand-up fight, and no game of hide-and-seek in the long grass.”

After you have seen these things, and heard these expressions of opinion, and dwelt amid these horrors, I think you will come to the conclusion that I have reached, which is, that the Spanish rule and the Bourbon yoke should be confined to the Iberian Peninsula. In the early Middle Ages, before the days of the daring navigators and the grim *conquistadores*, the old Spanish sequin and the ducat bore, I am told, the image of the Pillars of Hercules, which marked the confines of the then known world, and beneath the

picture of the border columns there was inscribed the prohibitory legend, *Ne plus ultra*—"Thus far, but no farther, shall man go."

Charles V., who conquered and ruled two worlds in the heyday of his youth, changed all this, removed the prohibition, and wrote beneath the forbidding columns of stone, which mark the outlet of the midland dolorous sea into the fresh and joyous ocean of the West, *Plus ultra*, or "Farther and onward."

After a review of what this civilization has wrought, and but a glimpse of the despotism that is exercised in Cuba in the name of the brutal Bourbon yoke, I believe that all fair-minded men—certainly all true Americans—will say that it is time—and, indeed, high time, if it be not too late—to place back upon the pillars of stone that prohibition, and that command which the spirit of the age of Columbus removed; and the New World should say to Spanish colonization and Spanish conquest as exemplified in the person of Weyler, "To the Pillars of Hercules you may come and even to the Canaries, but no farther—*Ne plus ultra*."

WEYLER APPROVED IN THE CORTES

It may be objected to this harsh condemnation, that Weyler, though the viceroy and personal representative of her Most Catholic Maj-

esty in Cuba, is, after all, but a subordinate officer of the crown, and that his savagery may be only personal to him, and that his barbarous methods would be generally disavowed were they more widely known through the Peninsula. In answer to this I wish I could think that this were so, but I cannot. Twice at least during the debates in the Cortes, in which the atrocities that are being committed in Cuba by the representatives of a Christian and a civilized people have been discussed, twice—and the most recent occasion was in the last month—Señor Canovas has said: “The government of his Majesty approves every act of General Weyler’s policy in Cuba, and accepts the fullest responsibility for him and for his acts.” And this acceptance of their responsibility for all the shame and blood-guiltiness that has been perpetrated in Cuba was greeted by the henchmen and the manikins of the Conservative leader with applause so uproarious that perhaps it hushed and drowned for a moment the still, small, but insistent voice of conscience, which is speaking to the Spanish people, and will not be silenced.

It was an accident of travel, which I now consider a most fortunate one, that I chanced to land in Cuba and the West Indies almost directly and without any delay, which might have weakened the sharp contrast, coming directly from Java,

in the East Indies, and this accident gave me an unrivalled opportunity to compare the colonial methods of the Spanish and the Dutch, which I will only be able to briefly sum up here.

JAVA AND CUBA—A CONTRAST

The Dutch came into their East Indian possessions about the same time that the Spanish began to exploit the West Indies, and while the most selfish and mercenary motives have been the ruling characteristics of both these colonial policies, one cannot fail to see how much more humane and meritorious from the standpoint of the well-being and prosperity of the world at large the rule of the Dutch in Java has been.

When the European conquerors landed about the same time upon these islands which are so distant from each other geographically, but which are so nearly alike in physical conformation, political situation, and natural products, they each found the great tropical island they coveted in the possession of a few hundred thousand natives or aborigines. The Spaniards immediately set to work to persecute and slaughter the natives until the race had disappeared under a process of extermination which their own historian and priest, Las Casas, has described in every terrible detail.

But the Spaniards soon began to feel the

want of a native race which, being sons of the soil and inured to the climate, could, and undoubtedly would, have proved of invaluable assistance in the development of the material resources of the treasure-island. Failing them, the Spaniards encouraged and played a most important part in the development of the African slave-trade, which has had such wide-spread and far-reaching consequences upon the course of the world's history. When humanity rose against this enormity, and it was first controlled and then stopped, the Spaniard was forced to turn to another continent for labor to replace the race they had exterminated. And the Macao coolie traffic—a commerce in men and in souls—arose which, in the variety of hardship and suffering that it occasioned, surpassed all belief. And now that this too has happily ceased, the Spaniards, proof against the lessons of experience, are now engaged in exterminating the Creole race, their own children. These sons of the soil—*hijos de la tierra*—have done all that has been done towards the cultivation of the island and the development of its unsurpassed resources. It seems, then, that the proper moment has arrived when the opinion of the civilized world should be spoken in no uncertain tones. The same outburst of righteous indignation which put a stop to the African slave and the Asiatic

coolie trade should intervene now and say and enforce its dictum that a country with such a colonial-policy and such a colonial record shall no longer be permitted to exploit transmarine empire and convert the gardens of the tropics into solitary wastes and charnel-houses where only vultures and carrion-birds can survive. The Dutch in the meantime, while they have done particularly well for themselves in Java, have also done well for the prosperity of the world, and, though in a secondary degree, for civilization and that human family of which they are a branch. The population of natives which they found, perhaps only a few hundred thousand—certainly under a million—though treated with great harshness at times, has increased to thirty millions, and there is not an acre of arable land on the island which is not under the most scientific and intelligent cultivation. The railway system, the roads, and other means of communication are almost, if not quite, as perfect as in Holland, and in Java law and order and the sanctity of the home are never disturbed. On the whole, while they have their grievances, and some just ones, the Javanese under Dutch rule have prospered mightily, and the outside world has profited by their progress, and the Javanese themselves have as much chance of success in the pursuit of happiness as any other

people on the globe. It is a wonderful contrast, that, which is furnished by a comparison of the Roman and almost classic methods of the Spanish in the West Indies and the cold, business-like, commercial procedure of the Dutch in the East Indies, and the inevitable conclusion which we reach as a result of the contrast is basis enough—were there not many other good and sufficient reasons to be advanced—why a country that continues to rule its colonies in this our nineteenth century by such barbarous methods should be compelled to relinquish all colonial possessions and stand aside to give place to others with more civilized, with more humane and progressive methods of procedure. The energies of Spanish administrators would find ample scope for at least a century to come in placing their own house in order. The recognition of this fact justified many Spanish statesmen, a few years ago, in saying to me that the loss of Cuba would be an unmixed blessing to the kingdom. But, with party feeling running so high, and national pride aroused, they now hold their peace.

It is most difficult for any one acquainted with the true situation to seriously discuss the so-called administrative reforms for the island of Cuba which the Canovas Ministry published last February, with the announcement that they would be put in force when the opportune mo-

ment should arrive. A statesman of the calibre of Señor Canovas could hardly have been unaware of the reception that would be accorded his project in the land which it was designed to benefit and pacify.

THE MOCKERY OF THE REFORMS

Doubtless the reforms were only drawn up for the purpose of arresting the change of attitude on the part of the Cleveland cabinet, which was apprehended, during the last weeks of the outgoing administration. If they were drawn up with the sincerity and with the purpose claimed for them, the reform project serves a useful purpose in demonstrating the profound ignorance of Cuban affairs which is still dominant in Madrid. If this is the last word of concession and of conciliation, all the world must know that Spain has learned nothing by experience, and rather than be taught by the spirit of the times she prefers to sink and disappear as a great—once the greatest—colonial power, with the colors of reaction and anti-progress nailed to the mast. In the new scheme which had been published, but not as yet promulgated, the unlimited powers of the captain-general remain the same. He is an imperial viceroy to-day, as he was in the time of Carlos Quinto. Spain calls the tune, and Cuba, as ever, must pay the piper. The Cor-

tes in Spain may decree the amount of the contribution due the kingdom by the island, and the local assembly that is created under the scheme has little or no control over the amount that the island must contribute to what may be called the budget of the imperial military and naval expenses. The judges of the Audiencia, or Supreme Court, are still appointed by the crown, or, rather, by the political group in power. The politicians in Madrid will, as usual, draw up the estimates, and Cuba will, as ever, have to go deep down into her pocket to pay her, the lion's, share. For in all questions of taxation haughty Spain has ever yielded to humble Cuba an unenviable precedence. The *consejo de administracion*, now created, is not wholly elective, as was promised, and the twenty-one elected members will be chosen, should the scheme ever be put into operation, by the old voting-lists, upon which are inscribed only the names of Tory Spaniards, who, though nine-tenths of them have long since departed this life, never fail upon election day to leave their narrow resting-places and vote the straight Union Constitutional ticket. This *consejo* has not only little to say in regard to the money bills which concern directly and exclusively the island, but the crown expressly reserves the right to "protect" the Peninsular interests in all tariff legislation to the extent of a differ-

ential duty of forty per cent. *ad valorem*. In estimating the extent of this provision, one must bear in mind the time-honored traditions of the Cuban Custom-house, where the sworn value given in the invoices is always multiplied by three, and then the so-called *ad valorem* duty is estimated upon this basis. As formerly, under this *régime*, American flour could only reach the island by Cadiz or Barcelona, disguised as a Spanish product.

In the paragraph of the reform bill which deals with that hitherto very important individual, the Municipal Alcalde, the utter sham of the whole scheme is revealed in a peculiarly cynical way. Every concession that the most assertive home-rule municipality could desire is granted; and there seems no possible reason why every town should not have a mayor of its own choosing. But on reading the next paragraph we discover that the hitherto omnipotent Alcalde is to be stripped of all his powers and that he remains merely as an ornament to occupy the brass-nailed Cordovan leather chairs which are to be found in every well-appointed *Alcaldia*; but so far as power to promote the welfare of his fellow-citizens is concerned he is now as impotent as the town-pump. An entirely new figure, with undefined powers, takes his place. This gentleman is the Delegado, appointed by the

captain-general, and he is apparently a Viceroy himself on a local and smaller scale. The captain-general can appoint whom he pleases to this important position, with the single condition that he shall have lived two years on the island.

Though still-born, the reforms served the useful purpose of clearing the atmosphere and simplifying the situation. The war on one side has become openly and frankly a struggle for the extermination of all who desire to throw off the Bourbon yoke, and on the other is clearly a war for independence, complete and unconditional, and without any limitations of any kind or description. Autonomy would not be satisfactory, not even the autonomy of Canada.

THE CUBAN MARION

Nestor Aranguren with his little band of one hundred men, all members of the best Havana families, and all graduates of the University, is the Marion of the Cuban Revolution. After startling the Spaniards by some daring raid through Havana and Matanzas province, he disappears to rest his tired horses and recruit his men *al monte* in the long grass of the Manigua, as did our own "Swamp-fox" of our Revolution in the everglades and the cypress retreats. One of the most successful and daring of Aranguren's raids was the capture of a train at the

very gates of Havana in January, which I described at the time as follows :

A train from Havana to Guanabacoa, *viâ Regla*, was derailed near Cambute, at the very gates of the capital, shortly after ten o'clock one night in January, and the passengers were captured by the insurgent party under the command of the young leader, Nestor Aranguren, who has been operating in Havana province for more than a year past.

The first news was received in Havana with incredulity. On Sunday morning, however, the news was confirmed, and I saw at the palace several of the liberated passengers, who had come there to give the governor-general a circumstantial account of this most dashing stroke of the insurgents in the vicinity of the capital since the commencement of the war.

The news spread with great rapidity through Havana. It was stated that ten unarmed officers and several soldiers who belonged to the garrison of Guanabacoa, had been bound and carried away by their captors, and that all the Cuban passengers were liberated unharmed.

As the high official world was streaming out of the gray cathedral the news came from the palace and was whispered from ear to ear that the bodies of two of the captured officers had been found hanging from a tree in Campo Flori-

do, about two leagues from the scene of the captures. The officers were well known in the capital, and Havana became on the moment a mourning city.

There seemed little room for doubt that a war of reprisals had begun, and that upon these, his officers, the Cubans had determined to seek full vengeance for the atrocities committed in Guanabacoa by their chief, Colonel Fondeviela.

It was recognized as probable that Gomez had proclaimed a policy of retribution, of a life for a life, and was closing in upon Havana for a struggle to the death and a war of extermination.

I reached Guanabacoa early in the afternoon and saw Colonel Fondeviela, surly and sleepy after a fruitless night in the saddle. He had gone after the insurgents with the Numancia cavalry regiment.

"I caught sight of them," he said, "about midnight, but they were better mounted than we, and so I could not come up with them."

Cambute, where the train was derailed, is the name of the switch where the Guanabacoa line branches off from the main trunk line to Matanzas. The country is open and almost treeless, and half a mile away stands a small fort, or block-house, with a garrison.

One of the most extraordinary details of the incident, as at first related in Havana, was to

the effect that the captures had been effected in sight of this fort, and that the garrison of fifteen hundred men had refused to proceed to the rescue. I went to the fort and found this story to be without foundation.

There are only thirteen lonely men stationed here, and they heard nothing, so quietly were the captures effected, until Lieutenant Alonzo, who escaped, came running up and gave the alarm. They went with all haste to the scene, but the insurgents had disappeared, and it would have been worse than useless to have pursued them with so small a force and on foot.

Havana went to bed in tears, but awakened early Monday morning with the glad news that Aranguren had delivered up unhurt the missing officers and men.

HOW THE CUBANS TREAT SPANISH PRISONERS

It would not be fair to underestimate the enthusiasm and generous appreciation shown by the Spaniards here upon the receipt of these glad tidings. There was none so narrow-minded as to be piqued that the insurgent leader had played the rôle of a gentleman throughout the affair, nor did they stint their praise, although they well knew and admitted that the moral force and prestige of the capture and of the liberation would be worth to the Cuban cause

more than a mere army corps of recruits or ten ship-loads of arms.

I returned to Guanabacoa early Monday afternoon, and saw and conversed freely with six of the liberated officers. They were surrounded by friends who had mourned them as dead, and now welcomed them back out of the shadow of death. They were one and all brawny, handsome fellows, and told their story to me most courteously and with great simplicity.

"I had been sleeping," said Captain B——, "when I was awakened by a great jolt, and the train came to a stand-still. Suddenly a man stood at the door of my car and shouted to me and my brother officers, '*Abajo bajar en el nombre de Cuba libre!*'"

"We were unarmed, and I said so, and added, 'We will make no resistance, because we can't.'

"They stood us all up in line, with two men on either side of each of us, and they ransacked the train from end to end. They seemed greatly disappointed at not finding Fondeviela with us, but one of them said, 'At all events, we have ten of his imps.'

"This gave us food for bitter reflection. We then and there agreed with one another not to plead for our lives, but meet our fate as coolly as possible.

"We were then hurried away from the train

by our captors, who numbered about thirty men, all armed with rifles and pistols and holding drawn machetes. Three hundred yards away we came up to the main body under Aranguren. Lieutenant Hernandez, who had led the capturing party, led us to Aranguren and said :

“ My colonel, here are your prisoners. What are your orders ?”

“ To horse as quickly as possible. Gentlemen, your safety depends entirely upon your behavior.”

“ We were put on led horses and were soon galloping away in the direction of Jaruco.

“ Aranguren was very attentive and kind during the march. He was always giving us cigars and asking if there was anything we wanted. He is a small, young man, not more than twenty-three, with fiery, beady eyes. His doctor was a young man, not twenty. With the exception of eight mulattoes, all the insurgents were white, principally young men of Havana, scions of wealthy families, and university men. Aranguren talked most vivaciously on a variety of subjects, especially about the theatre, of which he seemed to be very fond as an amateur, an *aficionado*.

“ We have a happy life in the long grass, but I miss the Havana theatres,” he said.

“ But not a word did he let drop on the subject

naturally uppermost in our minds—whether or not we were to be killed as members of Fondaviela's command.

“‘You are our enemies,’ he continued, ‘but I do not consider you mortal enemies. You are sent to fight for Spain in Morocco, the Philippines, and in Cuba, and I do not see very well how you could get out of it.’

“Then we saw that we were not to be killed; but among the captured officers were two Cubans—Barrios and Betancourt. To the former the chief turned and said:

“‘You are a Cuban, and you are murdering your brothers for pay. You will surely die.’

“He turned to Betancourt and said: ‘You are a Cuban, too, and you and I were schoolmates. I will not kill you, but I am ashamed to find you here.’

“A detachment then filed away from the main body, carrying with them Barrios and the switchman, Misa, against whom the insurgents said they had an old grudge, as he had often informed against them. Barrios heard his sentence bravely and in silence. As he was carried away, Aranguren followed him with a look of withering contempt.

“‘That Cuban must die,’ he said. ‘I must rid my country of such an unnatural son. Thank God there are few such traitors! but I will not

compel you gentlemen to assist at a spectacle which could not but be painful.'

"The hanging took place an hour later in Campo Florido. But the only details we have are the copies of the inscriptions over the bodies of the victims. That over Lieutenant Barrios read :

"*'Bernardo Barrios, Cubano. Actos como este son sensibles pero necesarios paro ejemplo de tanto traidor.'*

"Over the head of Misa, the switchman, was written :

"*'Muerto por delator.'*

"We then rode on until eleven o'clock, when we breakfasted. The insurgents' breakfast was not as good as their cigars, but Aranguren had some roast pig, cooked, as he said, laughingly, for his Spanish guests. We then rode on again until about three o'clock, when we were within two leagues of the Spanish lines.

"*'Here,'* said Aranguren, *'our ways part. If I accompany you farther we will only attract the attention of your sharpshooters, and perhaps your own men will not treat you as well as we have. I shall send, however, a small detachment after you to watch that no harm comes to you from the rear.'*

"As we prepared to leave, and were shaking hands right warmly, I said: 'My colonel, how

is peace to come? We can never concede the independence of Cuba under pressure of the machete.'

"'If Spain should grant a generous and a liberal autonomy,' Aranguren said, 'peace is not only possible, but probable; but if she should persevere in her false colors she will not regain control of this island until every true soldier of Cuba is dead, and that will take a long time. God go with you.'"

This statement of Aranguren's views, which I published oftentimes, on the evidence of the liberated officers, has since been denied in the most authoritative manner.

By this act of self-restraint, under terrible temptation, for the officers who were captured had all been concerned in Fondevielas' treatment of *pacifcos*, which has been undeniably atrocious, Aranguren achieved the belligerency of the Cubans and a status for them not only as legal combatants, but as soldiers who are capable of exercising the power of mercy when, humanly speaking, it must have been difficult. This will be recognized by the civilized world, and does not require the sanction of the United States Senate, or any other assemblage, however august.

And for days we were all under the spell which the details of Aranguren's daring feat cast about the hearts of those who can appreciate a

soldierly stroke given with directness and with dash, controlled by self-restraint which could resist the temptation to retaliate and take life for life when it lay within his grasp.

I thought for a time that this exploit of the young Havana partisan, his power of self-restraint, the exercise of mercy towards men against whom he had every reason and cause to be exasperated, was a very noble thing, indeed, and could not fail to exercise a humanizing effect upon the way the war was to be waged in the future. I did not see then how these Spanish officers who had been treated with such courtesy and respect by their gallant captors could ever order out a file of soldiers again to shoot a Cuban prisoner in the back. Indeed, I heard several Spanish officers of rank give voice to this sentiment, which I thought so natural under the circumstances. But the next day the fusillades, early in the morning, in the Cabaña prison went on, and soon sixty men—Cubans in the prison—whom Aranguren, had he been a little less chivalrous and exchanged his captured officers for them, might have saved, were led out and shot as before; and then I saw that against such an implacable and unrelenting foe, such acts as those of Aranguren—noble, superb, almost sublime in the power to pardon a merciless foe, were very much out of place.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER OF LIBERTY IN THE
"LAUREL DITCH"

Despite what has been said in some quarters of late, the Cubans have in no single instance departed from this policy of mercy towards every Spanish soldier of Spanish birth who falls into their hands, and they have been one and all liberated. But it is not to be expected, nor in my opinion is it to be desired, by those who sympathize with the Cuban cause, and would see the triumph of the lone-star banner, that they should continue to return good for evil with meek humility until the end of the war. Flesh and blood cannot longer stand the massacres of men and boys which take place every morning behind the ramparts of the Spanish fortresses; and I take this opportunity of repeating openly that when my advice was asked by General Gomez I wrote to say that if the Spanish authorities continued to refuse to exchange prisoners, and invariably shot down in the back those Cubans who fell into their hands, that it was his duty, his stern but inexorable duty, to retaliate in kind, and exact a life for a life.

I went to the slaughter-pen in which so many patriots have been butchered once, and can never forget what I saw there. Don P—— said, "We can go any morning, and there is little fear

but what we will find them putting some one to death in the *Foso de los Laureles*—in the laurel ditch of the Cabaña. If it is not a shooting, there will be a garroting, and then you can go again." And so, when the day was breaking, we hurried down to the quay by the palace, and long before I caught sight of the waters of the bay or the grim granite walls of the ancient fortress, I was wishing and praying that there might be no shooting, no murder this day, for on this morning the world was too beautiful and too fair, and life too tempting, for the most despicable criminal to have died. The waters were still; the sound of the waves lapping against the battlements of the Moro and the Cabaña was like the sigh of a gentle caress. The sky overhead was a soft blue, not of this world, but heavenly.

We got in the little boat and were ferried across to the prison dock. "There will not be many passengers this morning," said the boatman, who came from Vigo, in old Spain, with resignation, "for only one Cuban cock will crow his last to-day—at least, only one in the Cabaña."

Up the narrow causeway we walked, winding our way through the dark granite galleries, now and again coming out upon a little esplanade or grass-plot, where there were trees filled with twittering birds, and where we could stop a breathing spell, look at the blue heaven and the

swift white-vapor clouds that were scudding landward from across the placid mirror of the summer sea. At last we came behind the top-most rampart and walked along in the "laurel ditch" for several hundred yards until we came to the place. There was no mistaking it—there was a fetid, sickening smell about the place of decomposing human flesh, and here and there, under our feet, were clots of dark human blood, upon which we slipped and which clung to our feet like glue; and the wall before us was covered with asphalt and with lime, in which were perforated a thousand ghastly bullet-holes, each with its tale of murder to tell. A negro came up out of another gallery of the fortress, carrying, single-handed and right jauntily upon his shoulder, a pitiful pine coffin, thin and smelling of cheap varnish. The negro put it down, and, lighting a cigarette, prepared to take his ease sitting upon it; but, after several ominous creaks and groans, he had to take his rest sprawling on the ground, which here and there was dark and moist with human blood. Then there came another man who joined us carrying a hodful of sand. He leaned it against the rampart, lit his cigarette, and, turning to the coffin-bearer, said, "I wonder how long these *sin verguenzas* (shameless fellows) will keep us waiting?" The coffin-bearer replied, "C——!" and went on

smoking. In the nooks and apertures of the ramparts the *inutiles*, or invalided soldiers, gathered, preparing to enjoy the sport. As they peeped out from the many places of vantage to which they had crawled, their brutal, callous faces protruding above the walls, they looked like so many gargoyles or cathedral sprites, fit to serve as illustration, if not as ornament, to a temple erected in deprecation of hideous war!

The shooting party was coming; for several minutes before they appeared we could hear the echo of their steady, martial tread reverberating through the granite galleries, and now and again the burst of dance music that announced their approach came to us and made us shudder. I never will forget the valse they played in the gray dawning of that still morning—the music to the measure of the dance of death. With a great clashing together of brasses and the booming of drums the troops came out of the sally-port and took up their stand about the square, in which a man was doomed to die like a dog—as much like a dog as a brave man can be made to die.

“They play so loud and so gayly,” said a crippled sergeant who sat by me, “because the Ñañigos * often yell and howl, and it is unpleasant to hear . . .”

* Ñañigo is an Afro-Cuban word originally descriptive

“ And what do they say ? Is it from fear they cry out ? ”

“ No,” said the sergeant, emphatically. “ Since I have been in the Cabana, these five weeks, I have seen fifty men die, and they all died like men. As they fall they cry out ‘ Long live Free Cuba,’ or ‘ Liberty and Patria,’ and some curse Weyler, the hangman, the butcher, for a cowardly hound. So they keep the music playing. ”

Then out of the sally-port the victim, the Cuban cock who was to crow this day for the last time, appeared. He was a young man barely twenty, very blond and with gray eyes ; his arms were tied behind his back, his brawny shoulders were bare, and over his heart there hung a little crucifix. His light, wavy hair had been clipped off the back of his head and around the base of his brain, so that the bullets might easily penetrate there. Though hobbled and compelled to walk slowly, there was much of dignity in his carriage. Around him came, in skirmish order, a dozen soldiers with rifles ready levelled upon him, and their keen machetes drawn. He walked through the rows of invalids who crowded together to see him pass, and seemed not to hear the cry of “ Ñaño ! Ñaño ! ” which went

of negroes addicted to Voodoo practices and superstition. Now a common epithet of reproach and contempt.

up, or the other insulting words which some of the more vile of the human vultures that were gathered there hurled after him. A priest walked by his side, speaking earnestly to him; but I believe there was another, a more consoling voice that was calling to him, for he walked serenely through the files of those who would insult him with a calm, unruffled face. It seemed that in his last moments he was looking forward, and that the prospect was too inviting, his moments too precious and few to look backward or about him, and his soul was engrossed in the contemplation of the things that are eternal.

I have seen many die, and many die very bravely, but I have never seen before a man die with the serenity and the quiet satisfaction that this man showed. He was prepared for the journey, without the shadow of a regret or hampered by a single earthly desire. He had closed his accounts with life, and, conscious of having done his duty as he saw it in this world, his eyes seemed fixed upon something that was far over our heads and away from this ghastly blood-stained ditch, which he alone did not seem to notice or shrink from. His thoughts soared above his surroundings, and his soul looked out of those clear, gray eyes upon the waters of the bay in undisturbed contemplation of the clear

and open sea, upon which, as his earthly moorings were severed, he was so soon to sail.

He stood still for a moment under the crucifix which was borne aloft in the middle of the hollow square. The lieutenant gave a sharp, quick order, and in a moment five hundred bayonets had been affixed to the rifles and presented, pointed at his bare breast, that heaved not nor gave a sign of natural emotion. Then the *cabo* of the platoon that was to fire the murderous volley came up, and with a rough shove twirled the victim around, made him turn his unflinching eyes from the sight of the bare steel and the black muzzles of the rifles, stood him face to face with the granite wall of the rampart, which rose to the height of forty feet above him and only a yard before him, upon which so many men now dead had looked their last look.

He knelt down, this soldier of liberty, as he was ordered, upon the ground, that was damp with blood, and his eyes rested upon the granite wall before him, riddled with bullet holes and bespattered and grewsome with the brains and the blood and the clotted hair of his brothers who had been shot the day before. The little priest came and knelt by his side, and his shoulders rose and fell with emotion as he gazed too at the wall that rose before him and contemplated the tragedy that was to be enacted.

But the great dead-wall that rose before the soldier of liberty was no barrier to the brave soul that was to be freed, and he only gazed upon it with a slight, unconscious smile upon his face. He seemed to me to be looking through the wall upon the invisible, and listening to voices that no one else there could hear.

Suddenly there rang through the appalling stillness the click of a rifle-trigger, and the frightened priest sprang up, putting his foot through his skirt and nearly tearing it off as he jumped to one side, and trotted away from his charge. The officer took his cigarette out of his mouth and held it in his hand, while the men of the platoon that were to fire the volley took up their stand but ten feet behind their kneeling victim. He paid no attention to them, or seemed to care whether they were quick or whether they were slow. He even seemed to ignore the fact that they were there at all, and knelt on, looking steadfastly at the gray wall that rose before him, covered with blood and clotted hair, with an unconscious, happy smile upon his face.

"*Apunten!*" (take aim!) "*fuego!*" (fire!) muttered the officer, and returned his cigarette to his mouth. You can hardly hear the report of these Mauser guns, and so, suddenly, without warning, the kneeling man sprang into the air and fell a writhing, bleeding heap upon the

ground, and we saw before us the gray, gaunt wall, bespattered again with fresh gore, and the soft ground where he lay was warm with the blood that flowed from his brave heart. The man who carried the hod now sidled forward and sprinkled the dirt over the pools of blood. The coffin-carrier shoved his burden along lazily over the slippery, oozy ground. The priest came up with his mouth full of pins to mend his torn skirt, and mumbled a few words of prayer. The soldiers marched past with banners flying, and with music attuned to a quick and lively step, and as they passed out of the ditch into the inner fortress every eye was turned upon the mangled and bleeding body of their victim who lay so still.

Then four black men threw the body into the coffin, tacked the top down, and with it on their shoulders disappeared quickly around a turning of the wall, looking for a hole in the ground in which to put him away.

And there was one man there, at least, who, could he have died like that, so sure of his past and confident in the future, would gladly have taken his place.

“Is there anything else you would have me see in the Cabaña to-day, Don P——?”

“There is nothing more. That is the end. *Nada mas.*”

But I do not believe it. I cannot believe that is the end, Don P——. I believe that every man who is done to death in the “laurel ditch” will wear a crown of bays, and that the heroism that has been shown there, and is daily shown there, will be remembered by a people who will live and grow strong because their men knew how to die so well.

THE MURDER OF CHILDREN

“You may be glad you were not here yesterday morning, and if I had anything to do or anywhere else to stay I would not be here to-day,” said the crippled sergeant, later, as we met again at the canteen. “I had to drink many a *copita* before I felt like myself, or could trust myself to taste the soup, weak and thin and easy to stomach as our *caldo* is. The *hermanitos*, as we called them, the brightest, merriest little boys I ever saw, were shot in the ditch yesterday morning. They were not more than fifteen or sixteen years old, and how they came to be with the rebels I do not know. We were very fond of them, and tried to slip in what food we could through the iron bars of the *galera*, where they seemed so out of place, where they never should have been put, we thought, and so did many of the officers. But were they mambices rebels? Well, they were, and red-hot ones, and whenever

the governor came around on his inspection they would always shout, 'Long live free Cuba!' and other deviltry, and that is why they had to be shot.

"Well, they came marching out of the chapel yesterday morning as pert as you please, and hopping along with their hobbles as cheerfully as though they were going to a picnic, and not to their death. They were very much pleased when the lieutenant said of course they would die together; he would not separate them. Then the eldest lost his pecker a little, whispered imploringly to the captain, and we thought he was going to give way, poor little worm, and I would not have blamed him. He should have been at home with his mother, curled up in her lap. But then the captain answered, loud and sharp, and we knew he had not been wavering. The captain said, 'What you ask is impossible—I cannot have your arms unbound. I must obey orders, and you must be shot just as you are, and like all the other prisoners sentenced to death for rebellion.' Then the little chap, who was not a year older than his brother, blew out his chest, like the little gamecock he was, and said, 'I only asked because Carlito is so young; because I wanted to put my arms about him when you fired, to save him all I could when the bullets came; but Carlito is a

Cuban; he will be brave.' Then the sergeant made them kneel down three feet apart on the ground with their backs to the firing platoon. It was hardly a second; the file was drawn up and the lieutenant cried '*Apunten!*' (aim). But you know those little fellows had edged towards each other, working on their knees hard, and were kneeling shoulder touching shoulder, and with cheek to cheek. Then the volley came and the bullets lifted the poor little feather-weights that they were off the ground and blew them against the wall. You know, *paisano*, I have been not at all easy in my mind about the rights of these things which I see, and sometimes I think that you and I, who sit here and see these things done without trying to stop them, are *vin serguenzas*, like all the rest, no better and no worse." * * *

WEYLER AND THE STREET OF THE BISHOP

There are one or two newspaper correspondents in Cuba. They are not Americans by birth or education, I am glad to say, who so little understand or care about the tableau of unspeakable suffering by which their horizon is bounded on every side as to find time and the inclination to inform the world of the tittle-tattle of the palace and the petty events at the viceregal court, and from these men we learn that the Street of the Obispo—the principal commercial

street of the city of Havana—is to be renamed the Street of Weyler. It took the name it has borne for so many years from a good bishop who fed his lambs, and who, when the yellow pest was raging in the city, went from house to house blessing by his holy presence the dying moments of his people; and they called it the Street of the Bishop because, in the grateful remembrance of the Cubans, the beauty of this prelate's life and the noble self-sacrifice of his death shone out like a bright star in the overcast heavens. But the change was made at the instigation of the jackal Palmerola. It was the first compliment and serenade he brought his chief on entering upon the office of Governor of Havana, for which, both through want of ability and of character, he is so eminently unfitted. It was, as it were, the ceremony of the kissing of hands upon appointment. From this incident it would appear that there are some among Weyler's followers who would seem to think that the name of the chief they serve is not assured of immortality. I believe their fears are quite unfounded. It is true the little rambling street will soon shake off the name that has been given it. I can see, in my mind's eye, the procession that will one day pass through it with swinging censers and fragrant incense to wash away and sweeten it from the contamination of an unholy name of bloody memory. A butcher

of men can never displace in the hearts of an affectionate people the memory of a worthy shepherd who died in the discharge of his noble duties. Indeed, it has been unwise of the general's friends to bring his name and his life into contrast with that of the noble bishop.

Should they be wise, and they will have a moment of clairvoyance soon, or they will disappear as a nation, the Spaniards should seek to cast a mantle of oblivion and forgetfulness about the wretched name of Weyler, and all the ignoble deeds that have characterized his rule. While it cannot be expected that the bishop will be displaced by the butcher, there is one whom Weyler will displace upon his unenviable pinnacle of prominence in the temple of infamy, and that is Alba. His name is destined to become in every tongue that is spoken by civilized people a synonym of bloody, relentless, and pitiless war waged upon American soil, upon the long-disused methods of the Vandals, and the Visigoths, and Alba, who had the cruel spirit of his age and a sincere religious fanaticism as his excuse, will step down and out into an oblivion which will doubtless be grateful to his shade, and most certainly so to those who bear his execrated name.

I wish General Weyler no ill. I would deplore his death as deeply and as earnestly as any of his lick-spittle followers of the army staff, and should

some day the attempts which have twice been so nearly successful to reach him as he moves about the country surrounded by his body-guard of brutal blacks be crowned with success, and he be stricken down by the hand of a son of the soil he has outraged, I would, indeed, be deeply grieved. I have never seen Weyler, or seen him moving about with restless hands and shifty, uneasy eye, but what I have wished, though with a different and less selfish motive than his henchmen wish, and prayed too, in the language of the old Spanish formula of courtesy, "May God guard your Excellency and preserve your life for many years!" for I saw that the life he is leading is a living hell, that he knows the full enormity of the crimes he has committed, and that none of the thousands whom he has tortured can have suffered as this man is doing during the eternity of each and every hour he lives. I could ask no more terrible punishment for him than many years of life to listen to the voices of despair he has heard ring out upon his path through Cuba, to hear again and ever the accusing voices which no human power can hush, and to review the scenes of suffering which he has occasioned, which no human power can obliterate from his memory.

A SOLDIER OF GOTHIC BLOOD

It is not alone in prowess or in success that Spanish arms have fallen since the days they fought the Moors as in a tournament in the great *vega* by Granada. The decay has been even more strongly marked in the decadence of their chivalry than in any other military quality, and of the truth of what I say, you, General Ahumada, second in command over the whole island, you, who were "twice born" of Gothic blood, as they say in Castile, springing from a long line of gallant soldiers, are a striking example, for you, with all the odds of opportunity and training upon your side—you have not shown yourself the soldier that the dusky Maceo proved himself to be in many a stubborn fight, and in many a gallant ride from Camaguey to San Antonio's light. And where he showed himself immeasurably your superior, my general of Gothic blood, was in the treatment of his prisoners and the respect he paid to your gallant dead. But you, at the banquets you give in the palace, wear the ring that was only severed from Maceo's finger when he was dead, the ring that bears the legend, "Antonio y Maria," and the date and the day of the betrothal, and you have been known, my general of Gothic blood, to wax ribald as you looked deeper into your glass and to wonder behind

what hedge they were wed. He was a nobler soldier than you, despite your Gothic blood, your courtly manner, through which, however, the hyena heart that desecrates the dead appears.

The campaign is on such a large scale, the news of the operations so confusing, that it is very difficult to give a clear and faithful reflection of the military situation; but by examining one single, yet characteristic feature of the Spanish operations, I think it will be easy to see how ineffectual the campaign is on the whole, and in what a senseless manner the resources of men, money, and munitions which were placed at General Weyler's disposal are being wasted.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MINIATURE

About a year ago one of Garcia's lieutenants made a raid into Bayamo, a wholly unimportant town in Puerto Principe, and was beaten back by the Spanish garrison. Since then Bayamo has been almost constantly besieged by the various *partidas* operating in the east under Garcia. So far as I can see, no good military or political reason can be advanced why Bayamo should be retained. It is of not the slightest value strategically, and there are no Spanish sympathizers there with property to be protected. But the Spaniards have made a point of honor out of the siege and have addressed

themselves to the defence of Bayamo with as much fervor as though it contained the Holy Sepulchre and was also the absolute key to the military control of the island. Instead of withdrawing the troops from a position which is a source of weakness and in the long-run will prove untenable, they have thrown a larger garrison into an indefensible place. This garrison now numbers, perhaps, a thousand men, and the whole energy of at least fifteen thousand men has been fully occupied for ten months past in carrying munitions of war and supplies to this useless outpost. Convoys are sent weekly up the Cauto River and overland from Manzanillo. Not a single one of these convoys has ever reached Bayamo without having to sustain repeated attacks in most disadvantageous positions from the insurgents, with the result that as a rule General Garcia has obtained a larger share of the munitions of war than ever reached the besieged garrison. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago the gunboat *Relampago* was blown up and destroyed while escorting a fleet of transports up the river to relieve the siege, and with this disaster the attempt failed. The garrison has stuck to the position with great gallantry, and the tenacious courage of the Spanish soldiers has once again been illustrated; but the cost is altogether out of proportion to

the results. I am speaking with official figures before me when I say that in dead and wounded, sick and missing, the Spaniards have lost over five thousand men during the last six months in the various operations incident to the relief and provisioning of this besieged town. Of course the insurgent losses have been infinitely small, as they have never attacked the relief columns and the convoys except when they could do so with every advantage. On the way from the sea to Bayamo the Spanish columns have been constantly harassed, and even when they have succeeded in reaching the besieged city, their effective strength has always been reduced from one-third to one-half by losses and the fatigues and fevers incident to and occasioned by the hardships of the journey. Three or four operations as successful to the Spanish arms as the defence of Bayamo would place nearly all the remaining soldiers in the hospital and reduce the greatest armada that ever crossed the ocean to the strength and effectiveness of a corporal's guard.

To resume, the net results of the Bayamo campaign have been, first, that the effective force of the Spaniards has been reduced by five thousand men; and that, secondly, General Garcia, with little effort and insignificant losses, has drawn his supplies and munitions directly from the

Spanish commissariat department. On the other side of the ledger, the Spanish position on the point of honor question has been gallantly maintained. Clearly, common-sense is at a discount among the responsible officers of command rank in this part of the island. Like Don Quixote, their professional reading would seem to have been exclusively confined to books of *Caballeria*.

Of one thing I am quite certain, no assistance can be expected for these people from the Spaniards. Even if in this our day a miracle were wrought and they could be endued with the spirit of the good Samaritan, they would not have the means to alleviate the sufferings which they have so wantonly occasioned. It has been proposed that the sentries who surround the starving thousands and shoot down all who, reckless of the danger and maddened by the sight of their starving women and children, attempt to pass the cordon, should be withdrawn, and the *concentrados* of penned-up peasantry be allowed to go out and seek for food in the *campo*, or country districts. I do not believe that even if the Spaniards could be induced to take such a step it would afford very effective relief, for this most rich and fertile country, the "most rich and beautiful that ever human eye beheld," as Columbus wrote back to Spain after his discovery, is

now a smoking ruin, a heap of ashes and of graves—a grim, gaunt panorama of what savage man is capable of in the way of destruction. It is to-day a land where spring-time has brought not a single blossom or a promise of harvest. I am referring now exclusively to the four western provinces, where Spanish influence is paramount, and not to free Cuba beyond the trocha, where, fortunately, the spectacle is a more pleasing one.

THE CALVARY OF THE SPANISH CONSCRIPT

If all the Spaniards, from Weyler to the last corporal of the convict and jail-bird guerilla, were suddenly to be invested and animated by a spirit of brotherly love, even then the situation would be but little changed, and the outlook only a shade less sombre. The Spanish army in Cuba is absolutely destitute. There never was an army so wanting in everything which soldiers of a temperate country require when campaigning in the tropics as are these wretched conscripts of Spain. They are without those things which are the common necessities of life to the Digger Indian or to the most primitive and self-sufficient cave-dweller. Leaving out of consideration the guerillas, those convict-trained bands who steal right and left, who lay hands upon all they see and covet, and who

will be the last to starve (it is to be hoped that they are reserved for hanging, although that is almost too good for them), and confining our attention to the regular army alone, we will find that of all the two hundred and fifty thousand men of that great armada, the greatest in point of numbers that ever crossed the western seas, there are not left to-day five thousand men capable of marching from the Battery to Central Park with campaign equipment. Some military critics have expressed their wonderment as to how Weyler could get a quarter of a million men upon the little island. He did accomplish it, but it is only fair to say he might have failed for want of room had he not put so many of them underground and not in the barracks. There are no reliable figures as to the mortality in the Spanish army of occupation during the last two years. We can only judge of the ravages which the climate has wrought as we see the skeleton regiments and the shrunken battalions limp by. Fortunate indeed have been those who have fallen by the Cuban bullets. Fortunate indeed those who have escaped the Calvary that awaits the wounded or the sick Spanish soldier on his way from the colors to the hospital and to the grave. A Spanish soldier with sturdy constitution may survive the swamp fevers and the utter want of wholesome rations

and proper clothing in the field ; but once, however slight his wound or his sickness—once despatched to the hospital, his case is hopeless indeed, and his comrades do not scruple to divide up among them his poor belongings, knowing full well that while some may have returned from the dead and the grave, no man ever comes back from San Ambrosio or similar hospitals. The army surgeons have little or no quinine, and in the few places where antiseptics have been provided they are doled out so carefully as to defeat their purpose ; for it is announced that when the present supply is exhausted there will be no more forthcoming from Spain, and this is probably true.

I have found it wellnigh impossible either to grasp myself or to present to others on a large scale the spectacle of human misery and of woe which Cuba reveals to the traveller to-day. But we may perhaps draw aside at least one corner of the heavy pall that the last days of Spanish rule have thrown about the land of sunshine and flowers, and look, if we have the heart, at one scene at least of the ghastly blood-curdling panorama. The Mariel-Majana trocha, which was devised to cut off the Cuban forces in Pinar del Rio from all assistance of the Cuban armies in the east until the Spanish columns in the fields could hunt them down and compel surrender,

will serve as an illustration of the useless labor upon which the Spanish troops have been engaged, and how deadly to the soldiers the perfectly silly and useless task has proved. The trocha, or military trench, across Pinar del Rio was dug out and an embankment thrown up, with little forts built here and there, by the Spanish government. In many places the trenches ran through swamps, and the long-covered-up and decaying vegetable matter that was now exposed to the hot rays of the tropical sun bred a malarial pestilence which, from November 1st last to March of this year, invalided 12,000 men, only counting those who were working upon the trench and the detachments that were stationed there to guard it. These figures, from Spanish sources, are reliable, though the figures that the same doctors of the Spanish army, from whom I gathered the foregoing, send home to Madrid are not. The reason or argument of this singular system of "double-entry" book-keeping is somewhat as follows: It is not worth while lying about the number of the sick. In fact, it is just as well to have a good round number of them as a pretext and excuse to draw the medical supplies, which never reach the hospitals. But it would not do to announce anything like the real number of deaths, because, among other reasons, the names of the dead soldiers would

then be taken off the pay-rolls, and that would never do; for the officers, who are drawing the pay of these dead men, need these little perquisites so much.

I have often thought, as I rode along the trocha, which, even in its palmy days, immediately after its construction, seemed to me the most useless and ineffectual of mediæval devices, what a senseless and sinful waste of human energy and life there has been here. For the banks are lined throughout its length with at least ten thousand graves. The Suez Canal, that will live through all the ages as one of the crowning achievements of our century, hardly cost humanity as many victims, and the monument they builded to themselves will survive imperishable for all time. But the ditch which the poor conscript of Spain built has gone to rack and ruin, and the rains of the last month have wellnigh washed away alike all traces of their useless labor and their shallow graves, and they are no more remembered save in the darkened homes in the tawny Peninsula, where Rachel is weeping for her children and will not be comforted. It is only the mothers of Spain who realize the terrible discrepancy of numbers between the list of soldiers that is sent home to the treasury department in Madrid, and that sadly shorter list which is furnished to the commanding officers—

a list of really effective men, which is sent up to Havana when every now and then it is proposed by Weyler to undertake active operations in Cuba.

A MONUMENT TO A MURDERED RACE

There stands in the Prado, the Havana park, a memorial monument to the native Cuban, now as extinct as the dodo, which a somewhat belated though beautiful sentiment of piety has inspired the Spanish to erect to the memory of a race it butchered off the face of the earth. Las Casas, their own historian, tells us in his truthful relations the mode of procedure they employed. This aboriginal race has disappeared almost entirely, and in fact in its purity quite entirely. Here and there in the Orient you are struck by a face, a cast of countenance, that reveals a characteristic of the race done to death. One of these men is Rabi, the Uncas of the Siboney, a guerilla chief in the patriot army, of whom Campos said he could well understand his rebellion, because it was the outbreak of the long-suffering and the conquered against the dominating and subjugating race. General Weyler is undoubtedly engaged upon an attempt to repeat the performance of the stern *conquistadores*. At the end of the nineteenth century of boasted progress, he proposes to exterminate the

American-born race of creoles which represents all that is worthy of attention, consideration, or respect in the island of Cuba. If successful in their diabolical project, the Spaniards doubtless propose to do something picturesque and appropriate to commemorate the race they would exterminate, and, indeed, I have no doubt that a proposal to erect a monument to the creole Cubans just opposite, and in the same square, to the statue of the extinct Siboney, would meet with general approval and generous subscriptions in the camp of the Union Constitutional party.

But Weyler's plan of repopulating the island by immigration from Spain, which is behind and the corollary to the present policy of extermination, would not succeed, even if it should prove successful as far as the killing every native Cuban is concerned; for the love of freedom and the longing for independence, and the determination to obtain it, which animates all those who are fighting under the Lone Star banner, is native to the soil—the most beautiful flower and the most characteristic one of the American flora. The love of liberty is inherent to the island, it pervades the atmosphere, and it dominates and controls all those who breathe the breezes that blow across the rolling savannas and the flowery vegas of the island, which has well been called the

Great Antilla, the pearl in the setting of a beautiful archipelago. This love of liberty inspires all alike. It animates the soul of Roloff, who first saw the light of this world in far-away Russia, the same as it does Rabi, the last of a mysterious race that has disappeared, or Miro, a child of Spain, born in the lap of the stern Asturias, who, with many of his brothers, is fighting for Cuban liberty. And should they all be killed—all these brave soldiers of liberty—there would spring up, I believe, with the rapidity of the crop that Cadmus sowed, another generation of patriots born to be free and addicted to liberty, because they breathed the virile and invigorating atmosphere of the Western World.

But the policy of extermination will not be successful, for the Spaniards can only put it into execution over that portion of the island which they hold, that is, less than a third of its area, with lines that are gradually becoming smaller, for steadily the straggling regiments of Spain are retreating to the sea. And the soldiers of liberty, by their bravery, by devotion to duty, and their exercise of self-restraint, are hastening every hour the day of evacuation, which, now in sight as an immediate military necessity, cannot much longer be postponed. But until this day of deliverance shall dawn, the Spaniards hold in their power, without hope or thought of resistance, at

least 400,000 peaceable peasants and non-combatants, who have been torn from their homes and despoiled of all they held dear, even as Pharaoh despoiled the Egyptians, and who are wandering in a desert to which the only succor, the only fall of manna, which, humanly speaking, can come, must come from our shores; and, from the last accounts I received, it is falling in a very slow, ineffective stream, not sufficient to save.

WHAT THE SPANISH VOLUNTEERS WOULD DO

When that evacuation day, the *dies ineluctabilis*, dawns, and the Spaniards sullenly furl their banners and row away to their boats, there must be a strong arm stretched out over Cuba prepared to save the defenceless and stay the slaughter of a departing and a truculent foe.

As I am one who would gladly give the devil his due, and even justice to Weyler, much worse as he is than his great prototype, I would now give him full credit for turning a deaf ear to a project so blood-thirsty and so inhuman that I almost hesitate to ascribe its conception to a human being; and while giving Weyler that credit for resisting the sanguinary counsel I am about to relate, it would be hypocritical if I did not confess my belief that this rejection was due not to his appreciation of the duties of humanity, but because he knew that the adoption of such

sharp and sanguinary methods would defeat the very ends he is seeking to attain, and which he is attaining by processes which, though they possess less strikingly the imagination of the spectator, in their scope and sphere are no less sure of obtaining the goal which he so wickedly desires—namely, the extermination of all Cubans that are within his jurisdiction. Some months ago, in Pinar del Rio, I met quite casually a lieutenant-colonel of that famous organization, the Spanish Volunteers. In one of our conversations he told me that he did not approve of General Weyler's methods of warfare, nor did they commend themselves to the judgment of any of the superior officers of his corps. "The only thing that can preserve the island to us," he said, "is a sudden rising *en masse* of the Spaniards in the towns and cities, and the murder of all Cubans, something in the style of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; but up to the present we have not been able to bring the Captain-General to our way of thinking, though he is coming our way slowly. We would easily be able to deal with the Cubans in the field, if it were not for their sympathizers, who, under the protection of our own laws, give them secretly comfort and supplies. The partisans in the field could soon be subjugated or scattered, once their main source of supply was cut off." And this lieutenant-

colonel of the Instituto de los Voluntarios de Cuba did not have the slightest objection to initiating me into all the details of the diabolical plan by which it is hoped to maintain the sovereignty and flag of Spain over the island. It was not his conception, he said, this plan, and he had not initiated it, though he would have been very proud to have done so. However, it had occurred to himself and to half a dozen of his brother officers simultaneously, and though General Weyler had put them off for the moment, they were convinced that sooner or later he would take their view of the situation, when the opportune moment presented itself, to put their plan into execution. "And in this hope and belief," he continued—I am transcribing the notes of the conversation I made at the time—"we are preparing for each and every town or village of the island that is in our possession a list of all those Cubans who sympathize, however passively, in the separatists' movement. Of course, this list will be identical with the list of all the Cuban-born population of these towns. When the opportune moment has arrived, and all our arrangements are perfected, at a given moment and at a preconcerted signal, we shall sally out from our armories and enter the houses of the Cubans in numbers sufficient to overcome all resistance. We shall make very

short work of them, I can assure you ; and to do our work properly and thoroughly, we will have to kill their wives and their children." On several subsequent occasions I met this officer and found that I could lead him back with ease to speak upon the subject, which was evidently the darling project of his blood-thirsty heart, and on one occasion I was successful in having him unfold all the details of his projected massacre in the presence of Mr. Akers, the correspondent of the London *Times* in Cuba, who listened with attention to him ; and when the monster left us, Mr. Akers assured me, with all the weight that comes from his knowledge of, and his years of residence in Cuba, that blood-thirsty, revolting, and incredible as it seemed, he had been for some weeks aware that there was such a project on foot, that he believed that the partisans of a massacre of the Cubans on a colossal scale were growing stronger and more numerous, and that unless the situation improved shortly, from the Spanish stand-point, they would soon carry the day at the palace, and, once in command of the situation, place their diabolical plot into execution. I must add, to be perfectly fair, that this advocate of the devil's work is not, as one might fairly suppose, a disreputable scamp and pariah, an outcast from Christian society. After the most careful and painstaking investigation,

I am able to say most emphatically that such is not the case; indeed, I heard nothing but praise of him, and it was said that his course in commercial and private life had always been characterized by strict integrity and rectitude. He held, and still holds, a position of trust in a corporation which is controlled by foreign capital and management, and one and all of the foreigners who came in daily contact with him told me they knew no more honorable or upright man; and I believe that the blood-curdling sentiments which he expressed and the diabolical project which he entertains are acceptable to, and will be executed when the opportune moment arrives, if they are permitted, by the 60,000 men which form the Spanish Volunteers in Cuba, who, possessed with a homicidal mania to an overpowering degree and callous alike to the calls of conscience and the counsels of common-sense, seem only desirous of quenching their thirst for gore in a general uprising and a massacre of all their opponents.

THE FATE OF THE FLAG THEY FIGHT FOR

Some day soon it will be seen that the rivers of blood have been bidden to flow to no purpose, and the banner which floats over the crucifix and the seat of mercy in the Havana Cathedral will be taken down and sullenly folded away. It will

be carried back over the sea to the mourning country from whence it came, and it will be hidden away, and the coming generations will try and forget that it ever waved in the breeze and was the rallying-point of many of Spain's bravest sons. Those who fought for it, and those who gave their lives that the banner might wave on, are laid away in the shallow trenches and the unmarked graves, from whence the voices that cannot, and will not, be still are saying to the little politicians in Madrid, who are responsible for the situation, "We lie here, having obeyed your orders"; and some of these men have died as bravely and as heroically as the men who fell at Thermopylæ. I saw a little Manchegan boy in San Ambrosio who bore upon his person thirty-eight machete cuts, and there was not a single one upon his back. Aid came to him as, beaten down on his knees, with his back to a tree, he was facing, without flinching, a dozen foes. They had nothing to do but to die, these poor conscripts of Spain—no choice save between death and disobedience—and that option has always been answered in one unanimous and noble way by the Spanish soldier.

This banner, that symbolizes the war of extermination between brothers in Cuba, will never be carried about the narrow, reverberating streets of the Spanish towns as are to this day those pre-

cious tattered relics, like the Santa Maria and the other war-worn standards, which waved over the victory and the glory of Lepanto. Upon their great anniversary days the Knights of St. James of Alcantara and Calatrava stand guard and watch their sacred streamers as, suspended from the cathedral piers and wafted to and fro in the gentle, caressing breezes, the tattered edges brush away with tender, affectionate touch the dust of the ages that would fill and render obscure the chiselled epitaphs of the soldiers who have been sleeping their long sleep for so many centuries under the cathedral floor, and under the protecting shadows of the banners they died to defend.

The standard that has been borne throughout the Cuban war will not be cherished with the love and adoration which are bestowed upon the conquering cross of Pelayo, the sacred symbol that led the Spaniards out of the Asturian cave, that went before them, a star of promise and a sword of flame in one, and supported and comforted them like a ministering angel in all the battles that were fought in that war which lasted many centuries, until at last it was placed on a pinnacle to shed forth its light from the topmost tower of the Alhambra, while the crescent moon sank out of sight into the darkness of Africa. No, the flag which stands as the symbol of the inhuman struggle that has been waged

in Cuba will be furled and folded away and put out of sight altogether, as the unhallowed remembrance of a blunder which has entailed a thousand, and tens of thousands, of crimes, and cost an incalculable number of precious lives.

Part 11

**THE WAR AS IT IS WAGED UPON THE
NON-COMBATANTS**

THE WAR AS IT IS WAGED UPON THE NON-COMBATANTS

EXTERMINATION BY STARVATION

THE policy which is now in force, of driving the peaceable Cubans of the four western provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, and Santa Clara into certain specified stations of concentration, was conceived by General Weyler early last fall. Permission having been duly obtained from the home authorities of Madrid in October last, he published the *bando*, or proclamation, under which the various commanders of military districts were instructed to give the *guajiros* a period of eight days in which to leave their homes and to take themselves to the stations designated. The soldiers then burned down their homes, confiscated their horses and cattle, and took all that belonged to them that was worth the taking. They then escorted these trembling herds of *pacificos*, or non-combatants,

and their families to the low-lying, swampy, and malarial stations which had been selected as suitable places for them to dwell in. These stations are one and all well within the Spanish lines, and surrounded by little forts. When you remember that the execution of this simply barbarous proclamation was intrusted almost exclusively to those convict gangs who are known as guerillas, or irregular troops, you can form a fair estimate of how often these military evictions and the plunder of private property gave rise to bloodshed and cold-blooded murder. Indeed, murder and bloodshed were of frequent occurrence in every district of these four provinces, and not a few, fearing the end of a policy which began in this way, preferred to incur the risk of endeavoring to escape and of disobeying the proclamation, and are now living in caves and concealed hovels. These refugees, should they be discovered by the Spanish columns, would be, and often are, shot down in cold blood. General Weyler's proclamation of October 21, 1896, authorizes such a course, and disobedience would be punishable by death. It was with the purpose of starving out these people, as well as the armed insurgents in the field, that the orders were given at the palace to the commanders of the respective military districts to burn and ravage the country, to cut down every green thing

that grows, and to dig up every root that might help to sustain human life.

With the exception of the few towns and villages which are held and occupied by the Spanish troops, and are within the military lines which they still maintain, there has not been left standing a single home, however modest and lowly, from the Jucaro-Moron trocha to Cape San Antonio. By the 1st of December last 400,000 of these non-combatants and peace-loving peasants, including their aged and infirm parents, their wives, and their children, were "concentrated" in the stations, which, whether they were chosen with this object in view or not, have proven admirably adapted to the realization of a policy of extermination. Military cordons were thrown about these stations at that time, and from that day to this not a single one of these *pacificos* has been allowed to cross the lines of the station where he is penned up, except on exceedingly rare occasions, when one has now and again been granted a military pass as a special and often a very dearly bought favor, and the permission given was, of course, for only a very few hours. Another exception to this general statement should be made in speaking of Matanzas and Artemisa, where, on many occasions, such of the starving peasants as seemed able to do any work at all were told off to dig in the

trenches, or for any other work which the Spanish soldier disliked, and to which the unarmed Cubans were driven at the point of the machete, and to which they were held at the muzzle of the rifle.

A PLAN OF THE STARVATION STATIONS

Since the month of January, when the scant supply of provisions which they were able to bring with them secretly from their homes was exhausted, as well as their still more scanty supply of money, these 400,000 people have been existing in abject misery and want, and face to face with a struggle for existence, which, however bravely and courageously they may deport themselves, is doomed from the very beginning to be a hopeless and unsuccessful one. In Pinar del Rio, the most westerly province of the island, these stations of starvation are situated for the most part along the 180 kilometres of the Western Railway, which extends from Havana to the town of Pinar del Rio. In the stations at Guana-jay, Mariel, Candelaria, Consolacion, San Cristoval, and Artemisa alone these starving and homeless multitudes number 60,000 souls, and the number of those who have been delivered by death from their captivity is estimated by the most conservative observers of this colossal massacre by decree at 10,000 since the begin-

ning of this year. I have visited each and every one of these stations, and believe that the mortality has been much greater than this, but I give the lowest figure that has ever been stated by any one at all conversant with the conditions of life in which these wretched people are existing, or, rather, being put to death by a process of slow, cold-blooded torture. The deaths have resulted from starvation and from small-pox, as well as a score of other diseases which eagerly attack and easily overcome those who are penned up in unhealthy, malarial places, without food of any kind, without work, and without medical assistance. On the line of the railway through Havana and Matanzas provinces to the city of Matanzas there is another series of starvation stations, of which Jaruco and Matanzas are the most populous and have suffered the largest mortality, and from Matanzas to Villa Clara and Cienfuegos this panorama of human destitution and suffering extends uninterruptedly, and with a monotonous repetition at every station of heart-rending scenes of want and of abject and hopeless misery. In these last-mentioned stations there are to be found to-day at least 200,000 starving people, without the barest necessities of life, and with no hope or prospect of obtaining them, or of any escape from their deplorable and wellnigh incredible situation, except for those

who prefer a quicker death and attempt to escape from their pens, knowing that the chances are more than ninety-five out of a hundred that in endeavoring to cross the lines they will fall into the hands of a blood-thirsty and brutalized soldiery.

In addition to the stations already mentioned the Cubans of the peasant and small farmer class are "concentrated" on the northern coast, principally in the towns of Cardenas, of Sagua la Grande, and of Caibarien, and upon the southern coast in Cienfuegos, Trinidad, and in Jucaro. In the instances mentioned, where the places designated as stations of concentration have been situated outside the towns of some importance and population, the starving peasants have been unable to get work in the few instances that they have been allowed to seek it, from the fact that in these towns, before the country people were driven there, was already a large population absolutely without occupation or work of any kind, and in a condition only a degree less deplorable than that of the starving country people themselves, because in these towns, as well as everywhere else in Cuba, all trade and industry have been paralyzed, if not completely destroyed, by the war.

There remain about twenty or thirty sugar plantations in these four devastated provinces

where attempts are or were being made a month ago to grind the cane and to make the sugar crop. The permits to do so were only obtained by bribing the officials of the palace in Havana and by supporting the troops who are guarding the small *centrales*, and paying the blackmail which the officers of these troops exact with cynical frankness. These planters—Spaniards, Americans, and foreigners—have endeavored to recoup themselves for the heavy expenditures outlined above by reducing the monthly wage of their laborers from thirty or forty dollars a month to from six to ten dollars a month. Their laborers have had no alternative but to accept these starvation figures, and in the very few instances that they have refused to work, a bribe administered to the Spanish commandant of the station has always been successful in having the laborers forced to work at the point of the machete. So the condition of these five or six thousand men, who are permitted, and in some instances compelled, to work under these peculiar circumstances, is hardly more enviable than that of those who are penned up in the starvation stations and doomed to die without any prospect of relief. Indeed, their condition is a degree worse, as their starvation, though no less sure, is a little slower.

I spent three days in February seated on the

top of an armored car, creeping along the railway from Havana to Santa Clara with a column of three thousand raw recruits that was being rushed across the country to reinforce the army of operation, with headquarters then in Las Cruces.

Our progress, though the troops were needed, and orders had been given to push on as speedily as possible, was about three miles an hour, and the journey of less than two hundred and fifty miles occupied three long days—the longest of my life. Here we were delayed by a bridge that had been cut away, and there by a yawning gap in the road-bed where a bomb had been exploded.

For three days the troops had nothing to eat but the sugar-cane that we cut by the way, and when we reached the city of Santa Clara the troops marched up from the station to the Plaza de Armas through five or six triumphal arches, and were then allowed to go supperless to such beds as they could find on the rough cobble-stones of the public square.

Along the line of the railway every two or three miles there was a little fort, garrisoned by the detachments whose duty it was to patrol and guard the line. As we approached these forts a signal would be run up the flagstaff that brought the train to a stand-still, and the men of

the garrison would appear carrying upon their shoulders or in hammocks three or four, and sometimes as many as ten, of their comrades, ill with paludic fevers.

NO PLACE FOR SICK AND WOUNDED

It was the first train that had come through in many days, and pitiful it was to hear the words that were exchanged between the sergeants in command of these little deserted forts and the colonel who was hurrying on his troops to the front, where medals and pensions and glory were awaiting their coming. There was no room on the train for the invalids, and slowly the train steamed on.

I see now as though it were yesterday the face of a young officer, who, though his voice trembled and his eyes were wet, tried to maintain an impassible military demeanor as the colonel ordered the hammock-bearers to carry the sick back again to the fort that rose out of the swamp, where they were destined to die like rats in a hole, where there was no relief or salvation possible.

“*Estamos muy abandonados,*” the young officer ventured to say. “We are quite without resources. We have neither food nor medicine. Could you spare us a few grains of quinine? It might save the life of many of my poor fellows.”

The colonel looked very grave as he signalled the engineer to turn on steam. He knew, too, what it was, this being *muy abandonados*, for he and his men had been despatched upon their errand—they, too—without a single ration or even a grain of quinine.

And along the railway we passed through the innumerable stations of the *reconcentrados*, country people who had been driven from their homes and plenty to die in these noisome low-lying stations, where they could not live, and where the happiest fortune was that of those who died the first.

I saw thousands upon thousands of them without food, without money, without proper clothing, without work, and shut off from outside help, if any such there might have been in the vicinity, by military lines which it was death to cross.

I could not recognize in these spectres the gay and light-hearted Cubans as I had known them. The *zapatero*—their merry, joyous dance—had ceased, and the tinkle of the guitar, and the sharp sound of the castanets, which one heard every now and then, were but a doleful echo of happier days, and only serve to heighten the misery and the wretchedness in which they lived and were soon to die.

A PROPHECY OF PLAGUE AND FAMINE

Under the impression which the scenes I had witnessed could not fail to make upon even a heart of stone, I wrote in my first letter to the *Herald*, from Santa Clara, a plain and detailed description of what I had seen, and I predicted that unless the Cuban war came to an end within three months, the island would be visited by a famine, and the inhabitants of it decimated by epidemic disease in a way that would not find a parallel in the history of human suffering. I wrote the picture as I saw it, and the *Herald* printed it; but my words fell upon deaf ears, and nothing was done. The world was interested in other things—the Inauguration, and in the Eastern troubles—and before I left Cuba, in the first days of April, it was my sad privilege to see my prophecy fulfilled—to see famine and disease engaged upon the extermination of a kindred people, and a race of Americans, without a hand being extended to succor and to save, and with no preparations made against the coming of the evil days, which many besides myself must, however, have foreseen.

Since my return from Cuba not a day has passed but that again in thought I have walked through the long, interminable files of *bohios*, where the wan, anæmic men and women, and

their puny children, are dying, and not an hour has passed but what I have heard their gentle, musical voices, with the parting wish, "Adios, may you walk with God, and may Our Lady of Pity accompany you, señor, and when you reach your happy home and see your boys again in the land of plenty, oh, think of us and help us!"

It seems to me a very idle waste of time now, when the delay of a day means another five hundred or a thousand deaths, to discuss whether this policy of concentration and of starvation of the Cubans was designed in cold blood, or whether it be but another of the blunders which the Spaniards have committed in Cuba.

This is a very important question, but it will keep, while the rescue and the feeding of the starving cannot be long delayed, and should not be delayed a moment, whether the attempt is made with diplomatic notes or quick-firing guns.

The following is the text of the proclamation, which outlines the plan of that campaign which now threatens the very existence of the Cuban race, and which falls with especial severity upon the peaceable inhabitants of the island:

"I, Don Valeriano Weyler y Nicolau, Marquis of Tenerife, Governor-General, Captain-General, of this Island and Commander-in-Chief of the Army, etc., etc., hereby order and command:

"1. That all the inhabitants of the country districts, or those

who reside outside the lines of fortifications of the towns, shall within a delay of eight days enter the towns which are occupied by the troops. Any individual found outside the lines in the country at the expiration of this period shall be considered a rebel and shall be dealt with as such.

"2. The transport of food from the towns, and the carrying of food from one place to another, by sea or by land, without the permission of the military authorities of the place of departure, is absolutely forbidden. Those who infringe upon this order will be tried and punished as aiders and abettors of the rebellion.

"3. The owners of cattle must drive their herds to the towns, or to the immediate vicinity of the towns, for which purposes proper escort will be given them.

"4. When the period of eight days, which shall be reckoned in each district from the day of the publication of this proclamation in the country town of the district, shall have expired, all insurgents who may present themselves will be placed under my orders for the purpose of designating a place in which they must reside. The furnishing of news concerning the enemy, which can be availed of with advantage, will serve as a recommendation to them; also, when the presentation is made with fire-arms in their possession, and when—and more especially—when the insurgents present themselves in numbers.

"VALERIANO WEYLER.

"HABANA, October 21, 1896."

With the exception of the foregoing document, which I was able to copy from the archives of the general staff in Havana, these *bandos* have not been publicly published and promulgated as is required by law. It is only charitable to suppose that even Weyler and the palace authorities have some sense of shame, and had no desire to

attach their names to a document which was, as they knew it would be, the death-sentence of thousands and thousands of innocent people, particularly of women and children.

In Havana, Matanzas, and in Santa Clara the *bando* was sent to the governors of the various military districts, its contents made known to the leaders of guerillas and columns in the field, who were intrusted with the task of informing the country people that they must leave their homesteads and all their belongings and remove to the appointed stations of concentration. They were not allowed to bring with them any property but what they could carry on their backs, and before starting for the stations, where they were destined to die from starvation and epidemic disease, they saw their homes go up in flames, their crops burned down, and their cattle and oxen confiscated. In some places the peasants very naturally resisted such an inhuman order, especially as it was not delivered in due legal form, and in many instances they were shot down.

Inhuman as has been the treatment of these non-combatants at the hands of the local guerillas, who are, as is well known, composed exclusively of convicts and jail-birds from the Spanish penal settlements, liberated for the purpose of doing the butcher's work in the war, together with the local scamps who were enlist-

ed for their local knowledge of the country and the people, there are instances where the fear of them has caused even greater atrocities than their acts. I know of one instance, near Baladron, in the province of Matanzas, in the month of January, where a party of peasants, hearing that the guerilla was coming to their village, hurriedly took refuge in a cave, and eight of their number died of starvation before the survivors summoned up sufficient courage to give themselves up to the Spanish troops.

The deaths which have occurred in such ghastly numbers have been occasioned principally by small-pox and by starvation fever, *calentura del hambre*, as they call it, while dysentery, yellow-fever, and typhus have done their share.

DEPOPULATION BY PROCLAMATION

In observing the results of this infamous proclamation, by which, whether by accident or with design, the Cuban people are being exterminated, I have visited the principal stations of the *reconcentrados* in all the four western provinces. The ground allotted to them, upon which they have built their palm-leaf *bohios*, or huts, is invariably low-lying, swampy, and malarious. With very few exceptions, the places selected for their residence have been military or stra-

tegic points, and not towns of any size, where possibly work might have been obtained or private charity active in assisting them. Indeed, it is fair to say, after careful examination of all the stations, that the people have been concentrated in greater numbers where the accommodation for them was least adequate; and the only explanation I can give is, and it is, I believe, the true one, that the Spanish inhabitants of the populous towns brought pressure to bear upon the military authorities to induce them to herd the country people together in places where there were no other, or few, inhabitants, knowing full well the dangers from disease that would follow the crowding together of such a number of people in conditions which were in defiance of even the most rudimentary sanitary laws.

Again, the fact that the stations of concentration are also military and strategic points has added to the difficulty of obtaining information as to their exact condition. In San Cristobal, and again in Jaruco, I spent several days without being able to obtain a word from soldier or peasant, Spaniard or Cuban. My footsteps were dogged by a soldier, and wherever I went to visit the *pacifcos* I was always preceded by a corporal, who warned the peasants against opening their lips, and the only information I gath-

ered was from what I saw. Owing to this circumstance, and from the fact that any statement I would make concerning the conditions of the people in these military stations would simply be met by round denial, I have determined to confine the picture which I propose to draw of the process by which the peaceable Cubans are being exterminated to the town of Matanzas, the second city of the island. Here the country people have been given a healthy station. There is not another station on the island that can be compared to it. And here the scenes of starvation and of suffering which are to be seen are of a less intense character than in any of the other places. Here starvation does not reign absolutely as it does in Artemisa and San Cristobal. Disease, though its ravages are terrible to behold, is not so rampant as in Mariel and Jaruco, nor are the Spanish troops here so oppressive, so absolutely lawless, as they are in Jucaro, Guines, and Consolacion. Only in a milder form are the peasants who have been driven into Matanzas exposed to all the ills and misfortunes which the last days of Spanish rule over this plague-stricken island have brought with them. Still the picture is a comprehensive one. There is no feature of the terrible situation lacking, and I select this scene because, of necessity, all that is done here is done openly and cannot be concealed from the

world, because there are hundreds of reliable witnesses, Spanish, Cuban, and foreigners alike, who can and will confirm every statement I make, and testify to the moderation with which the picture is drawn.

A MOURNING CITY

Two years ago the beautiful bay of Matanzas very frequently was enlivened by the presence of a hundred and fifty sail, all merchantmen, coming and going. Last March a solitary American schooner lay in the harbor. Her captain died of the yellow fever, and six of the crew are now in the hospital with that dread disease. Sickness, want of supplies, caused them to put into Matanzas, not business or commerce, because both have ceased in Matanzas. This cessation of commerce has paralyzed every industry of the city, and it is a fair and moderate statement to say that early last fall, and *before* the country population was driven into the town, at least twelve of the forty-five thousand inhabitants of the city were penniless, without work or means of any kind, and subsisting entirely upon private and unorganized charity. This was the situation when in November fifteen thousand country people were driven in, without means or provisions of any kind, or without any provisions being made for their accommoda-

tion and support. They came from the districts of Yumuri, Corral Nuevo, and Porto Carrero. They number about twelve thousand now, and while there are absolutely no figures of any kind forthcoming, those who have died during the last four months, at a low estimate, must number two thousand five hundred. In this number there are very few men between the ages of twenty and forty, capable of bearing arms. All such joined the patriot forces before the scheme of concentration was put into force.

In assuming that all Cubans are disloyal to the crown and are opposed to the continuance of Spanish rule over the island, General Weyler is absolutely right, though of course this does not justify him in waging that war of decimation, or, more truthfully speaking, of extermination, upon the Cuban race, which has won for him the title of *El Vencedor de los Pacificos*, or *The Conqueror of the Non-Combatants*, a name which will never die, because it justly describes a campaign which cannot escape a shameful immortality, which will be remembered when every Spaniard worthy of the name will wish to cover up its many atrocities and many crimes with the cloak of oblivion.

It is upon the aged mothers and fathers, the helpless wives and sisters, and the innocent children of those who are fighting for liberty that

General Weyler is waging his most successful and atrocious warfare, which, if allowed to continue for many months longer, will seriously threaten the existence of the race against whom the only charge that can be brought is that they are Americans and dare to assert it. Early in January I visited Matanzas for the first time. The streets were thronged with beggars clamorous for something to eat. A certain indefinable smell of poverty and starving thousands pervaded the atmosphere. Crowds of poor country people, visibly starving, hung about the windows of the hotels and restaurants, and from every quarter came the beseeching, the pitiful prayer, "*Señorito, damè las sobras de su plato*" (Sir, give me the leavings on your plate). This heart-rending cry rang on my ear from morning till night. Go where you might, there was no escape from the spectacle of the hungry droves and the famishing thousands who wandered about the streets of the city.

A WAGE OF A CENT A DAY

I have already shown that there was no work to be given to those who were driven into the city, where there were already many thousands without employment. And had there been work it must be confessed that the men and women of this *quajiro* class are not very quick at turning

their hand to new pursuits. They are excellent and hard-working farmers on a small scale. On three or four acres of ground they raise all the necessities of their simple lives, and even the luxuries, including coffee and tobacco. But their struggle for existence had hitherto been easy, and the sudden change in their surroundings seems to have nearly paralyzed all effort. The women at first, and as usual, made the bravest fight, and through January and February hundreds of them could be seen drying straw in the sun, splitting it into narrow strips, and weaving sombreros. The straw costs them four cents a hat, and the *bodeguero*, or grocer, would only pay them five cents apiece for a hat, which, even with the wonderful dexterity they exhibited, required a day's work.

Making a wage of one cent a day when salt pork, or *tasajo*, is being retailed to them by the grocer at thirty cents a pound was a hopeless task, and I was not surprised to find on my return to Matanzas in March that this industry had come to an end. In fact, upon my second visit I found the whole attitude of the starving multitude changed. You could walk through Matanzas for hours and not a single beggar would come out of his rat-hole to importune you for alms. You could dine at a table on the sidewalk and no one would ask you for the leav-

ings of your plate. If you wanted to see them you would have to go to their *bohios* on the hill-sides, where, stretched out upon the damp ground and gazing vacantly before them, they passed away the weary, endless days. Now and again I met in the streets a wretched, despairing mother, clasping a puny, ailing child to her shrunken bosom, hurrying to and fro, through the mourning, famishing city, with a terrible expression of dread anxiety depicted upon her drawn features, and crying out as she went, "*Leche*" (milk). Milk for her starving child. Once I saw seated in the plaza, half clad and shivering with the cold, for the keen norther was blowing, a mother who clasped convulsively in her arms a child that was dead. And she was trying to nurse it, begging and imploring it with all a mother's caressing words to drink, to live. Friends came down from the Cascoro Hill at last and began to lead her away. A moment later she fell exhausted, and while she slept in the sight of the curious bystanders the convulsive grasp with which she hugged her little one relaxed, and while she slept on the child was taken from her bosom, thrown into the passing dead-cart, and carried out into the country, where lie hundreds of but half-buried dead who have fallen victims to this atrocious system.

ZONES OF CULTIVATION—ON PAPER

You can obtain a bird's-eye view of Matanzas and its once beautiful surroundings from the great hill, on the top of which is enshrined the famous image of Our Lady of Montserrat, to whom all Spaniards, and as their special patron all Catalonians, pray. Here to the right stretch out before you the beautiful valley of the Yumuri and the clear, pellucid stream in which are mirrored the waving reflections of the graceful royal palms which line its banks. To the left, and stretching down towards the city and the bay, are the *lomas*, or slopes of Simpson. Upon these little hills the *concentrados* have erected their palm huts. The little hill of Cascoro in particular is simply covered with them. Here and there, interrupting the long, interminable rows of yellow huts, are to be seen heaps of ashes and the long, black lines which mark the spot where stood the houses which have been burned down when their inmates were attacked with small-pox. It is wonderful to see how quickly the country people can erect these huts. One sees how capable they must be in occupations which are familiar to them. Give a *guajiro* a cane knife, and in two hours he has run up a ridge-pole and half a dozen supports for the framework, and then in another hour the wom-

en and children of the family can thatch it over with the dried palm leaves, and the house, such as it is, is ready.

The position chosen for the residence of the *concentrados* upon these high, wind-swept hills is a most healthy one, with perfect natural drainage, and I believe that though herded together in this indiscriminate way, had the scantiest rations been served out to them, or even the most ordinary sanitary laws been enforced, there would have been but little danger of sickness breaking out among them. Without exception, I must say, all the other places of residence which have been assigned to the *concentrados* I found to be uniformly upon swampy and low-lying ground, where the most intelligent care and the best of attention could not have prevented the outbreak of the several epidemics by which they are ravaged. As a sequel to the proclamation of reconcentration, certain orders were issued to the military authorities in the different districts with the purpose, as it was said, of giving the non-combatants, who were herded together in the way I have already described, an opportunity to support themselves and families. There was at the time, in November, much talk of *zonas* of cultivation which were to be surveyed and then allotted to the heads of families. These lands were to be close

to the stations of concentration, and at their peaceful labors the non-combatants were to be protected by forts and by the presence of armed guards. But in no single instance has this plan been carried out, and there is not a single zone of cultivation, so-called, in the whole island, which is under cultivation. I know of several places where such lands have been marked out, but not one where they have been allotted, or where the country people have been permitted to plant their simple crops. Many reasons are given for this failure to carry out the only humane and redeeming feature of an otherwise wholly diabolical plan. I cannot enter upon them here, but simply state the facts — first, that no rations have ever been given to the *reconcentrados*, as often stated in the most official way; and, secondly, that no opportunity has been given these people to become self-supporting, and that they have been prevented from becoming so; and I have no hesitation in adding that I personally believe that this failure to carry out the whole programme is not to be ascribed to accident or to the disobedience of subordinates, but that it was part and parcel of the original plan conceived by Weyler for the purpose of exterminating a race he had failed to conquer in battle.

It can be truthfully said of the whole province of Matanzas that it resembles nothing so much

as a great ash-heap. And the same is true of the three other western provinces. But there was a radius of five miles around the city of Matanzas that had not been destroyed in January. This had been pointed out as the zone of cultivation, where some day, some remote *manaña*, the land would be allotted to the *pacíficos*, and seed be given them to plant. But finally more cruel counsel prevailed, and in March the destruction of all this property, and even the growing crops, was decreed by General Molinas, the military governor. The last time I stood on the summit of Montserrat there were three great fires burning to the right and to the left of me and before me. Everything was on fire except the sea, which cannot be made to burn, even by royal decree. And for a week Matanzas, usually so bright and clear, was as smoky and sooty as Birmingham.

A DEMONSTRATION OF THE DYING

Here in Matanzas, as elsewhere at every station of reconcentration, I noticed that the people are without any organization whatever, and they seem to be lacking absolutely in the Anglo-Saxon faculty of combination, by which they might possibly make their wants and their grievances heard. They have no committees and no selectmen. Each family starves alone. Not but that

they are not very kindly and charitable the one to the other. They are helpful to one another to a surprising degree, but they do not organize for self-preservation, and do not seem to understand the suggestion when it is made to them. I found them everywhere in the same state, completely stupefied by the sufferings and the misery they had undergone and the prospect of impending famine, starvation and plague which confronts them.

On March 22d it had been raining continuously for three days. The want of food had never been greater, when suddenly the glimmering of an idea of self-preservation seemed to dawn upon the starving thousands on Cascoro Hill. Without any plans, or without any leaders, those in the settlement who were still able to walk marched down the hill towards the palace, which lies in the heart of the city. As they staggered along through the muddy streets, in motley, half-clad groups, they were joined by many other fellows in misery, who live in the stations known as Chafarinas, Melilla, and the *bohios* across the river in the Pueblo Nuevo. When they reached the palace of the civil governor, they must have numbered two thousand men, women, and children, with wan, drawn faces, and features pinched by hunger. The palace guards were about to drive them away in short order, when

a young officer of the government came out and asked what they wanted. They were thoroughly frightened now at what they had done, and not a man could be induced to say a word, and not a few began to sidle away. But several of the women spoke up right bravely with their weak, shrill voices, and said they meant no disrespect to his excellency the governor; all they wanted, and what they had come to ask for, was simply a little bread and a little milk for their starving children. The adjutant returned to the governor, leaving the starving, helpless people out in the pelting rain, very much frightened at the possible consequences of their audacity. In a few minutes, however, he reappeared and led them around to the new artillery barracks, where to each and every one of the crowd a single sweet potato was given. Encouraged by this kind treatment, several of the men now found their voices and spoke out, saying that if the governor would only allow them to go outside the military lines they believed they could find enough potatoes, yams, plantains, and *boniartos* to keep their families from starving. A long consultation ensued, and finally the civil governor, Señor Posset, agreed to allow them to go out into the open country in the morning under the escort of the local guerilla, and spend the day digging for roots, or whatever means of sustenance were to

be found. Early the next morning they set out with bags and pails and baskets to bring back food to their families, but I saw them return to the city shortly before mid-day, quaking with fear, and with empty pails. I talked with several of them, and they told me what had happened. When they had gone several miles out of the city the officer of the guerilla, which numbered about one hundred men, told them they might scatter, the better to prosecute their search. In a few minutes, however, they were alarmed by the sound of a volley, and on running together they saw the dead bodies of four of their comrades in starvation who had been shot in the back by order of the sergeant, who asserted that he surprised them as they were attempting to escape into the open country. But those who stood nearest the dead men when the shooting took place assured me that there was not the slightest excuse for the shooting, and not a word of truth in the sergeant's story; that the men had not made the slightest attempt to escape, and that the shooting was simply a cold-blooded murder.

A CHOICE OF DEATHS

Life seems to be dear even to those who are starving and who have two or three epidemics raging about them; for the *pacifcos*, one and all,

gave up digging for potatoes, and returned immediately to their leaky *bohios* and their starving families. Of course no one in Matanzas believes for an instant that the four men had endeavored to escape and were shot down in the attempt. It was thought that the sergeant had taken it upon himself to order the shooting in order to frighten the *pacificos* from bothering the governor again with their foolish complaints, and to prevent the guerilla from having to escort them out of the city again on a hopeless quest for food. But the *pacificos* have never asked to be taken out again. They seem to prefer the lingering death that awaits them from starvation, small-pox, and yellow-fever to being shot in the back.

This, then, is the situation here. Private charity is absolutely exhausted, and perhaps now the military authorities have no rations to spare, even if they had the will to give them. In Matanzas, as in the other stations of concentration, the country population is being exterminated with all the refinements of slow torture, and there seems no possible relief for their suffering save only should it come from without the island of Cuba. In addition to the many forms of typhus prevalent, and the small-pox which is raging among them, yellow-fever is now to be expected. Indeed, in Matanzas and in Jucaro, and in many other seaports, the

yellow-fever has been prevalent all winter. Now that the rains have begun to fall heavily it will undoubtedly break out among the *pacíficos*—who are without medicines or medical attendance—with unexampled violence, for it should be remembered that these people from the *campo* are unacclimated to the fever, quite as though they were not Cubans, but Germans and Swedes recently landed, for on the highlands where they have lived a case of fever is quite as rare an occurrence as it is in New York City.

Nowhere in the world is the blessing of sleep more difficult to woo than in Matanzas during the present reign of terror. And early in the morning there comes a sharp awakening, one that freezes the heart and makes the blood run cold. Across the blue waters of the bay, out of the golden sands of the beach, rises the fortress of San Severino, a great mass of gray, frowning granite, with here and there an aperture out of which a distinctly sixteenth-century cannon peeps. Here on the esplanade, and in full sight of the town, are shot in the back the young boys who have been captured in various ways and charged with the stereotyped crime of “rebellion and incendiarism,” and have been found guilty by a summary court-martial. As a matter of fact, and no one knows it better than the Spanish officers, very few of these victims have ever

been in the patriot ranks. The very great majority of them are simply peasants who have not heeded the proclamation of reconcentration, or who, starving, have attempted to escape through the Spanish lines, and have fallen in with the bushwhackers who, day and night, lie in waiting on all the roads and by-ways that lead out of the town to the country districts. As a general thing, all those who are caught in the open without a military pass are simply shot down in their tracks. Some, however, are bound and brought into the town to be tortured in the hope of obtaining information. Those who are shot down where found serve a useful purpose too. For days their mutilated bodies are dragged about the towns and shown to the morbidly curious and the bloodthirsty.

TO WARM THE SOUL OF THE SPANISH SOLDIER

One sergeant of the regular army with whom I talked in Jaruco told me he thought this a most excellent plan, for, as he said, the sight of the fallen foe was a good thing—“*para calentar l'anima*” (to warm the soul of the soldiers). These mutilated and desecrated bodies are useful in another way. They serve as corroborative evidence of the daily reports that are ground out by the official mill of crushing defeats of the insurgents. And many a glowing account of Span-

ish valor has no other basis in fact than the shooting down of some peaceful *guajiros* as they walk along the country roads. During the last days of my stay in Matanzas, at seven o'clock every morning the report of this murderous volley came over the blue waters. Sometimes the names of these poor fellows, generally half-grown lads, are published in the *Rejon* and the other papers. Twelve hours before the execution takes place they are taken to the chapel, where priests visit them; so it is murder with ghostly comforts. From the housetops and from the docks you can see and hear, and you will have to hear though you may not have the heart to see, the sixteenth-century spectacle which survives in no other part of the world save upon this corner of American soil.

Shortly after the sunrise gun you hear the first signal of the grewsome spectacle—a military band playing waltz music. Then you see three or four companies of infantry troop out of the sally-port and form on the esplanade three sides of a square, the fourth side being the rampart of the fortress. Then follows another procession—a troop of soldiers in skirmishing order, and in their midst three or four peasant boys, with their arms tied behind their backs and their legs hobbled, come shuffling down towards the wall facing which they are to die. Over them is

borne—horrible mockery and sacrilege—the image of the Prince of Peace, of our Saviour Crucified, and one of His shepherds stands by, to lend by his presence at the shambles the dignity of an act of state to what is simply cowardly murder.

Across the water you can see the boys kneel, you can see the murderous platoon advance; you can almost hear the word of command, and in a moment those who were men and brothers lie writhing on the ground, mutilated beyond recognition.

A few minutes later the dead-cart, the *lechuza*, or owl, as it is popularly called, appears coming out of the prison gate, and is driven at great speed towards the cemetery. It is a great box on wheels, inside of which is another rough box, which slides in and out like a coffin from a hearse. And indeed it is a coffin—the communal coffin, as it were—in which those who are shot down in San Severino as well as those who die of small-pox in the *pacífico* settlements, in which those who die of yellow-fever in the hospitals as well as those who are found starved to death in the streets, are all laid and jostled during the mad gallop to the cemetery, or rather to the trenches adjoining the cemetery, where the dead are shovelled away out of sight under a few inches of sand. The great communal coffin holds four

corpses "comfortably," as the driver told me; but very often he has to pack five or six bodies into it—the bodies of blacks and whites, children and men and women, all together. When the trench is reached they are pulled out by the legs and thrown, without a coffin, and often without clothes, into the trenches. From morning to night this cart is always on its rounds, with two or three changes of horses; from morning to night you can see it, always moving swiftly through the streets of Matanzas, and always going in one direction; and from morning to night, through the cracks in the roughhewn boards there drips to the ground the blood of the martyrs who were murdered in the morning on the yellow sand of the esplanade by the blue waters of the bay.

There is no record kept, or at least there is no record that is accessible, of the number of so-called insurgents that have been shot down since the beginning of the war. Be it said to his credit that during the *régime* of Martinez Campos, the first year of the war, but one Cuban patriot was murdered in this dastardly way, and General Campos has said openly and publicly that he deplored it, and would regret not having prevented it, every day of his life. Under General Weyler there have been at least a thousand assassinations of this order during the last year. I refer,

of course, only to the shootings that have taken place in public and in fortresses after court-martial proceedings have been held. How many executions have taken place out in the fields no man can even conjecture. During the six days from March 17th to 23d in Matanzas seventeen were shot in this way that I know of and can personally vouch for, and I am creditably informed, and I draw my information in this instance from Spanish sources, that ninety-two men have been shot in San Severino during the period from December 1st to March 20th, and during the same time there took place in the Cabaña prison in Havana sixty-four executions. In Santa Clara prison and in Cienfuegos, during the same period, there have taken place at least a hundred and sixty of these executions, to which the Spanish public is admitted, doubtless, as in the case of the mutilated bodies, "to warm the soul."

The dead-cart is next driven up Cascoro Hill, and from here it never returns empty, but always filled. On this hill there are living, or rather dying, about three thousand people. The number of corpses carried away is about twenty-five or thirty daily.

The *guajiros* hate to give up their dead, although the deaths occur principally from small-pox, and many are buried secretly by night outside the cabin doors. And so the dead-cart goes

upon its round where I have no longer the heart to follow.

On my way back to the hotel I fell in with the local guerilla marching in triumph through the principal streets of the city. There were about eighty men, with brutal, jail-bird countenances, and indeed they were, as I afterwards learned, liberated convicts to a man. In the midst of them, and the occasion of their triumphal bearing, I saw the naked body of a white man tied on the back of a mule, with stomach slit open and nose cut off, and horribly mangled in the face and in other unspeakable ways. As they lounged through the streets they shouted to their friends that they had just had a sharp engagement with Betancourt's *partida*, which they say numbered about five hundred men, and that they had killed a score or more, whom the insurgents had carried off to rob them of their triumph, all but this one. They marched on with their reeking trophy to the headquarters of the civil guard. Here they untied the body and threw it on the ground.

THE GLORY OF THE GUERRILLA

Hundreds of soldiers and Spanish civilians, too, now filed past, gloating over the sickening spectacle, turning over with their feet the dead body

and closely scrutinizing it, as perhaps one might do on seeing a great tarpon or a moose. The *cabo*, or corporal, of the guerilla held forth the while in a loud voice how the battle had been fought, and what a charge he had made *al machete*, and how he had brought down two more men with his revolver. One of the civil guards came out of the building while the tall talk was going on, and, after examining the body, said, "*Hola, amigo*, I imagine this *sin verguenza* (shameless fellow) must have died of hunger before you cut him up with the cold steel. Just look at him a moment, will you?" And with this the guard lifted up the corpse and disclosed the emaciated condition of what was really nothing but a skeleton, and none of the Spanish soldiers there doubted but that the occasion of this triumph was simply some poor fellow crazed by the pangs of hunger who had attempted to slip out of the town during the night, had been shot down, and then carved up with the machete so as to make as gory an exhibit as possible.

While watching this disgraceful spectacle I caught a passing glimpse of one who illustrates in his own mangled person the disgraceful fourteenth-century methods with which the Spaniards in Cuba prosecute the war, and who furnishes at the same time a type and an instance of the unexampled heroism with which these

barbarous methods are met, and by which they will in His own time be vanquished. Some two months ago, a cattle drover, Fidel Fundora by name, was arrested in Matanzas charged with attempting to ship to some point on the Havana railway a box ostensibly filled with hides, but which on being searched was found to contain a large supply of antiseptics, quinine, and some percussion caps. The Spanish authorities concluded that Fundora was not acting without assistance. They suspected the existence of a patriot junta in Matanzas, and concluded that Fundora was acting as their agent, so they determined to discover who the members of the junta were. Instead of dragging him before the *sumarissimo*, or summary court-martial, to receive his sentence, they began to torture him. First with thumb-screws, or rather with thumb-strings, for the modern Spaniards have invented a torture more cruel than the old *questio* of their Inquisition. They bind a chord tightly about the thumb with slow but ever-increasing pressure, until after days of incessant torture the thumbs are severed from the hands. In Fundora's case the very brutality of the treatment came near defeating its object. Gangrene set in, and to save the life of the tortured man, which with all his secrets untold was valuable to them, they amputated both hands above the wrist. I could

see the half-healed stumps as he was marched by me this morning between a *pareja*, or pair of civil guards.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

I have heard many accounts of further tortures, including the terrible *componte* and other excruciating tortures to which he was subjected in his cell. I believe them, and everybody in Matanzas believes them, Spaniards as well as Cubans, but I prefer to confine my statement of the treatment to which this man has been subjected only to what took place in public, and which can be proved before all men. Whatever may have been the means taken in the secrecy and the solitude of his cell to make this man betray the trust that had been placed in him, they were all unsuccessful. So in February he was brought before the court martial, and sentenced to be shot in the back. He was placed in chapel twelve hours before the time appointed for the execution, and every hour of this, which he supposed to be his last night on earth, there came to him an officer wearing the Spanish uniform, who offered him life, liberty, and money if he would betray the names of the men for whom he was acting in making the contraband shipment.

But Fidel Fundora held his peace. In the

morning he was led out into the barrack-yard. The priest, who, it is charitable to suppose, did not know the trick that was being played, kissed him on the cheek and threw a scapular around his neck. The troops were drawn up, the square was formed, and the silver crucifix was raised aloft. The officer gave the order, and four feet away from the muzzles of the muskets Fundora knelt, bowed his head, and made his peace with his Maker. True to his trust, he was ready to die. Again the officer approached him and whispered something in his ear, but Fundora paid no attention, and the officer withdrew. He gave the order to fire. The sharp, rattling report reverberated through the confined space, but as the smoke cleared away it was seen that Fundora knelt on quietly in his place with head erect. The volley had been fired over him.

What the fate that is now reserved for him is to be I do not know, but I must say—and I am glad to be able to say—that the steadfast courage of the man has captured the admiration of many of the Spanish officers, and some I heard denounce the whole proceedings, as well they might, as being a disgrace to the Spanish name and flag.

AMERICANS EXILED TO AFRICA

No presentation of the woe of this mourning city would be complete without a description,

however hasty and imperfect, of the crowds of handcuffed and hobbled citizens who every ten days or so are driven through the streets, which so few of them will ever tread again, on their first day's march towards the penal settlements on the African coast. A very great majority of these men represent the *élite* of Cuban society. They are lawyers, doctors, planters, and merchants. As a general thing no direct charge is ever brought against them. They have simply been denounced to the authorities by police spies as sympathizing with the patriot cause. Others have been selected simply because of their intelligence and of their leading position in the community; for in their police proceedings, at least, the Spanish authorities never fail to recognize the fact that every *hijo de la tierra* of ordinary intelligence and character must sympathize with those who are bearing the brunt in the struggle which can only terminate in the emancipation of an outraged and long-oppressed people. They are given no trial or opportunity to prove the falsity of the charges preferred, or to show that there is no charge against them at all; and they are sentenced to exile for life on what is merely an administrative order, not seldom inspired by personal feeling and private revenge. The mail-steamers leave Havana for Spain every ten days. During the *régime* of General Weyler

these packets have carried on the average two hundred *deportados* each voyage, or six hundred a month, or about eight thousand four hundred during the fourteen months General Weyler has acted as captain-general. Campos deported fewer, about two thousand during his stay in Cuba. So we find that since the beginning of the war at least ten thousand of the most prominent citizens of Cuba have been torn from their families without charge or explanation, and sentenced to exile, generally for life, to the filthy, over-crowded *galeras* of Ceuta or the deadly swamps of Fernando Po, in comparison with which places Siberia is a terrestrial paradise. I cannot recall a single Cuban family of prominence that does not mourn as dead at least one member banished to these penal settlements. With a good constitution and plenty of money to bribe the jailers it is possible to survive in Ceuta, but no one comes back from Fernando Po. The last convoy of these unfortunates that I saw was in Matanzas on March 23d. It was larger than usual, numbering ninety-eight men, almost all citizens of Matanzas. As I saw these men, with arms tied behind their backs and their feet hobbled, passing perhaps for the last time through the familiar streets of their native city, as I saw the convicts who composed the guerilla escort drive back with bare machetes and filthy

oaths the wives and the mothers who rushed after them for a last kiss from those they were in all human probability destined never to see again, I could not believe my eyes, and for a moment I did not. I was dreaming. This is not the nineteenth century. This scene occurred under the Pharaohs. This cannot be American soil, but the land of some Indian satrap ruled over by a tiger in human form. But I was not dreaming. It was all a stern, shameful reality that left me humiliated indeed. The sad procession passed on towards the railroad station. Little groups of men and women remained kneeling in the street, some made the sign of the cross over their heaving bosoms and then turned wearily away. To me the whole spectacle seemed an outrage upon the humane spirit of the times in which we live, and a humiliation and degradation for every American.

The convoy of exiles numbered ninety-eight when the train drew out of Matanzas; but three hours later, when Havana was reached, only ninety-six of them were alive. Two of them lay on the floor of the baggage-car almost shot to pieces. The guards made the usual report of the occurrence. They stated that the men had been shot while endeavoring to make their escape; but the other exiles said, and I believe them, that the two victims were led out and shot upon the plat-

form between two cars, in cold blood, because the order had come from above through their officers that exile was too good for them.

Of the many true statements of fact and accurate descriptions of the situation that are to be found in President Cleveland's comprehensive message on the Cuban question which was sent to Congress in December last, no one was recalled so frequently to my recollection as I travelled in Cuba as that sentence in which he says: "The United States nevertheless has a character as a nation to maintain." Perhaps after our delay, our inactivity, which has permitted atrocities to be committed and a policy of extermination to be enforced which is without a parallel in modern history, and a war to be waged according to the Mosaic law almost within our borders, and well within the sphere of our political influence, we must admit that if six months ago we had a character to maintain as a nation in the vanguard of the powers of civilization and of humanity, we now have that character to redeem. At all events, our government and our people are on trial before the tribunal of the civilized world. And the result of the trial will be to prove whether Romero Robledo and other Spanish statesmen of his rank, and a very great majority of Spanish publicists, are correct when they describe the Americans simply as a race of

white Hottentots, singularly successful in barter, in packing pork, and in other revolting ways of amassing sordid gold; but a civilized people with traditions and ideals, never!

Since the beginning of this century our government has always asserted peculiar rights and admitted especial responsibilities in regard to Cuba. And our position has been conceded by Spain and by other powers; that such is the case is clearly set forth in the notes which were exchanged when we refused, during the fifties, to enter into the tripartite convention and accept Lord Malmesbury's suggestion that the possession of Cuba be assured to Spain for all time by an agreement of the interested powers.

During the forty years that have since elapsed all the powers concerned have recognized expressly or implicitly the position that was then publicly assumed by our government. So, however unpleasant it may be, we must admit that when the consular representatives of France and of England in Cuba say, as I have heard many of them say, in commenting upon the unparalleled horrors of the situation, that the government and people of our country are directly responsible for all the bloody crimes that are committed in the name of warfare, they are right. I believe that our share of responsibility for all this blood-guiltiness is a heavy one. We have

announced our peculiar rights as to Cuba; we have said to other nations that they must keep their hands off; we block the way and stop all outside interference, and assist Spain the while to encompass her ends by the activity of our fleet and the exertions of our federal officers.

TURKISH AND SPANISH METHODS COMPARED

I once remember hearing a Congressman say, one who has since been retired from public life by a wellnigh unanimous expression of public opinion, that "We want Cuba, but we want it without a single Cuban on it." There have been moments during the last few months when it almost seemed as though the policy of this Congressman who has returned to private life had been adopted by our government and indorsed, at least not openly, and publicly reprobated by our people. I do not want Cuba, but I protest against our government assisting the Spaniards in the campaign which, if not interrupted, will end in the extermination of a race which, born on American soil, has not unnaturally accepted American ideas and American aspirations. As I claim, the warfare that is being carried on in Cuba under our auspices is without a parallel in modern history. The atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria, in Macedonia, and in Armenia pale before the acts which are

committed in Cuba at our very doors, not covertly and in secret, but publicly and before all the world, in obedience to a proclamation of the captain-general, the responsible officer of her Catholic Majesty. I make this broad statement advisedly, and I think with justification, for I visited the scenes of the Bulgarian atrocities a very few years after they were committed, when their memory was fresh in the remembrance of the survivors, and I was personally an eye-witness to the outrages in Macedonia during the summer of 1890.

But if to the end of the chapter, and to the end of the book, the situation in Cuba is only to be viewed by us from the purely selfish standpoint, it is my duty to call attention to the imminent danger to our national health and prosperity, which are menaced by the present sanitary condition of the island. There, with two terrible epidemics in progress, all the conditions are ripe for an outbreak of the black death, the bubonic plague. It may break out spontaneously, or it may be brought from Eastern Asia. Ships, principally transports, are constantly entering Havana only two or three months out from Manila, Formosa, and other parts of Eastern Asia, where for the last two or three years the plague has been endemic. These ships are in an unspeakably filthy condition, and they

carry ragged, wretched soldiers, the chosen propagators of every plague. And not a few of these soldiers, and a very great many of the officers, have been transferred directly from the Philippines, and bring into the island, without any attempt at fumigation or disinfection, their clothing and belongings, which have come in many cases from plague-stricken ports. If the black plague should break out this summer in Havana, should the black death and the yellow death join forces in devastating the island, there would be but little chance of keeping it out of our own borders, even though a policy of absolute non-intercourse were enforced, as it probably would be. The black death has jumped a greater expanse of water than lies between Florida and Cuba. The Japanese authorities in Formosa, two years ago, when the plague was raging in Amoy, established and executed with great thoroughness just such a policy of absolute non-intercourse. But the plague came across the Formosan Channel and decimated the inhabitants of the port towns just the same.

SHOT DOWN BECAUSE THEY SEEK FOOD FOR THEIR
STARVING CHILDREN

The situation in Cuba to-day is perfectly clear and simple, seek to confuse and confound public opinion as some eminent though conscienceless

casuists will. In the western provinces we find between three and four hundred thousand people penned up in starvation stations, and a prey to all kinds of epidemic disease. They are without means and without food, and with only the shelter that the dried palm leaves of their hastily erected *bohios* afford, and in the rainy season that is now upon them that is no shelter at all. They have less clothing than the Patagonian savages, and, half naked, they sleep upon the ground, exposed to the noxious vapors which these low-lying swamp-lands emit. They have no prospect before them but to die, or, what is more cruel, to see those of their own flesh and blood dying about them, and to be powerless to succor and to save. About these starvation stations the savage sentries pace up and down with ready rifle and bared machete, to shoot down and to cut up any one who dares to cross the line. And yet, who are these men who are shot down in the night like midnight marauders? And why is it they seek, with all the desperate courage of despair, to cross that line where death is always awaiting their coming, and almost invariably overtakes them? They are attempting nothing that history will preserve upon its imperishable tablets, or even this passing generation remember. No, they are simply attempting to get beyond the starvation lines, to dig there potatoes and yams

to bring home again to the hovel in which their families are housed with death and hunger all about them. And they do their simple duty, not blinded as to the danger or without warning as to their probable fate, for hardly an hour of their interminable day passes without their hearing the sharp click of the trigger and the hoarse cry of the sentry which precede the murderous volley; and every morning, through the narrow, filthy lanes upon which their huts have been erected, the guerillas drive along the pack-mules bearing the mutilated bodies of those who have been punished cruelly for the crime of seeking food to keep their children from starving. This colossal crime, with all the refinement of slow torture, is so barbarous, so blood-thirsty, and yet so exquisite, that the human mind refuses to believe it, and revolts at the suggestion that it was conceived, planned, and plotted by a man. And yet this crime, this murder of thousands of innocent men, women, and children, is being daily committed in Cuba, at our very doors, and well-nigh in sight of our shores, and we are paying very little heed to the spectacle.

THEY KNOW WHAT THEY KNOW

Outraged humanity in Spain itself has protested, and that noble paper, the *Imparcial*, of Madrid, has told the Spanish people of all the

horrors and the cruelties that are being perpetrated in Cuba in their name. The whole infamy of Weyler's scheme of pacification has been exposed in eloquent and adequate language in the columns of this and other Spanish papers, which have refused to allow themselves to be blinded by the bull-baiting fury that is prevalent in Madrid to-day. They know, then, what they do and what is being done in their name by the viceroy. No help to the starving or a word of rebuke for the slaughter can be expected from the far-away powers of Europe. We alone have the monopoly of long-distance philanthropy, which is practised only in the antipodes, and not at our doors, where it is most needed.

In these leaking huts, where the dead and the dying lie huddled together, unceasing prayers are being offered up to Our Lady of Pity, whose shrine in the far-off Cobre Mountains they have all visited and in happier days decked out bright with flowers. And I believe these prayers will be heard in these United States. If we look away and turn a deaf ear to these cries of our brothers, if we send out succor only to the starving Hindoo and our arms only to the Greeks, we shall stand revealed and disgraced before the Christian world, and, what is more, before the tribunal of our national conscience as not "doers of the Word, but hearers only."

After three months spent in travel over the island and observation of the war, I again visited the cathedral. Again I saw the bronzed cannon frowning down upon the grief-stricken worshippers, and the gaudy war banner, heavy with gold and precious stones, that almost concealed from view the image of our Saviour crucified. I now knew too well what the war meant that was symbolized in such a place in such a manner. Before my eyes passed the panorama of the scenes I had witnessed. I saw again the Eden of the New World as it now is—a mass of smoking ruins, a heap of ashes moistened with blood, and a gray, gaunt picture of hopeless despair. I saw again the blackened rafters of the deserted hearths, and the fields laid waste. I went again between the interminable files of the dead and the dying, crowded together in the sickening field-hospitals. I heard the death-rattle of a poor boy who thought he was dying for his country, and told me he was so glad to die for Spain. Again, I saw in the gray of the morning a mere child—a boy of but seventeen summers—who looked without blenching at the twenty muskets that were levelled at his breast, and shouted, “Cuba Libre!” as he fell. Again I saw the spectacle of a Cuban hanging from a tree limp and lifeless—left there for crows and vultures to feed upon because he had seen his duty in a different light from his

brethren, and, though a Cuban, had been loyal to his king rather than to his country. I saw the interminable files, the endless rows of noisome, filthy huts in which the famished *concentrados* are dying. I saw the innumerable throngs of invalids—the *inutiles*, as they are called—which every train brings back to Havana from the front. I saw them as they crept about the hospital and barrack-yards, following the sunlight—white, haggard, wan, and bloodless, with blankets wrapped about them and shivering with cold, with the thermometer standing at almost boiling heat. And yet but a few months ago they were as brave a set of conscripts as you could see—the very flower of the youth of Spain.

But what I saw most clearly of all was our share in all this shame—our direct and moral responsibility for this reign of terror, this carnival of crime, and all the atrocious incidents which characterize the inhuman strife—which it is our plain duty, both to humanity and to ourselves, to stop; and we can stop it with a single word.

THE BELLIGERENCY OF THE CUBANS

The belligerency of the Cuban patriots is a question of fact, not one of opinion, and the recognition of the fact by our government cannot be resented by any one, least of all by the government of Spain, which was one of the first

powers to recognize the belligerency of the Confederate States, and did so a very few days after Fort Sumter was fired upon, and before the Confederate government had placed an army in the field or a single ship upon the seas.

Circumstances alter all cases, and this is particularly true of all questions that properly come into the unchartered domain of international law, where the law of nations will never succeed in having its decrees respected until there is instituted one court of the last instance to which the weakest can appeal, and before which the strongest power will have to plead. In other words, a supreme tribunal, whose decrees will be enforced by the comity of civilized nations; but even judged by this ever-changing criterion and standard that international law furnishes to-day, the belligerency of the Cubans is quite as indisputable as was our own until the glorious day of Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the ragged Continentals and the soldiers of Rochambeau. At that time the British held the great strategic points of our country very much as the Spaniards hold their fortified positions in Cuba to-day, and we could not have afforded to attack the British strongholds, or, if we did, to hold them permanently. And so again, both in their strength and their weakness, the present position of the Cuban army is analogous to and on all fours with

our situation one hundred and sixteen years ago. We held a few minor sea-ports, and so do the Cubans. But we held no port which the British fleet could not enter and take possession of whenever it seemed desirable, and this is the situation on the coast of Cuba to-day.

Our recognition of the belligerency of the soldiers of liberty in Cuba will be followed by all the republican governments of Central and South America. It is known that the governments of several of these republics, notably Venezuela, Brazil, and Peru, are awaiting with undisguised impatience the action of the mother-republic upon this vital question, the solution of which has been too long delayed. With concerted and united action on the part of the powers of the New World to enforce, if necessary, this recognition of belligerency, Spain, should she persist in her infamous and hopeless war, would have to conduct it in the future upon the humane principles which are recognized as binding by all civilized nations. It is upon these grounds that I base my belief that the recognition of belligerency, though late in coming, should even now be proclaimed. The only objection that can be urged against the taking of such a step is the fact that a state of public war being once declared, the Spaniards would have the right to search our ships, as well as those of other neutrals; but, as

any one at all acquainted with the incidents of the last two years must know, the Spaniards have always exercised as a privilege what was not their right, and searched American ships wherever they found them, and whenever they wanted to. By means best known to themselves, the Spanish authorities have been enabled to act in this way without exciting the slightest opposition on the part of our government in Washington. Let us, at least in this instance, legalize the Spanish position, and permit them to exercise as a right the privilege which they have exercised, without asking or receiving permission, and in the most high-handed manner imaginable. The few meagre honors resulting from the Cuban war belong undoubtedly to Spanish diplomacy and Señor Dupuy de Lome, who richly deserves the dukedom that is awaiting him upon his return to Spain. For while sturdily denying the existence of a state of public war in Cuba, and so defrauding the belligerents of all the advantages that would ensue from a recognition of their legal status, the Spanish Minister in Washington has obtained, and the Spanish officials in Cuba have exercised, every right and privilege which would accrue to them had the condition of the island which is undeniable been admitted in an international sense. By means best known to himself, and which at least as a diplomat are

extremely creditable to him, the Spanish Minister in Washington has succeeded in winning from our State Department perfect acquiescence or tacit permission to avail himself of all the advantages which belong to combatants when a state of public war has been admitted without being compelled in return to accord to his adversary belligerent rights. The awakening of the national conscience to the shame of the situation, of which there is evidence on every side, will none the less defraud every legitimate expectation based upon it, and come to a most lame, impotent conclusion if our government should rest satisfied with proclaiming a tardy recognition of the state of public war; nor can our national self-respect be safeguarded by any plan or proposition such as that which it would seem the President and the Houses of Congress had in view when they authorized our consular officers in Cuba to spend the sum of fifty thousand dollars in feeding American citizens penned up in the starvation stations on the island. It is not known with what instructions the order to expend this money has been accompanied, or what method of procedure has been prescribed to our agents, but I trust and believe that our government cannot contemplate such action on the part of our consuls as has been from many sources ascribed to them. Does President Mc-

Kinley, or any member of his administration, suppose that there can be found a consul of the United States in Cuba who will go into the starvation stations, and, amid a throng of ten thousand starving Americans, seek out, say, ten who by the accident of birth, of education, or of residence have secured the rights of United States citizens, and give to these ten food and drink, while the ten thousand about them hunger, and thirst, and die? I do not believe that such a man can be found in our consular corps in Cuba. I have, on many occasions, found good reason to be proud of them, one and all. They are, indeed, an honorable body of men, and they have well understood throughout the trying times they have served their country in Cuba, and throughout all the arduous and unusual duties that they have been called upon to perform, that they represented the American people with all its ideals and aspirations, and not a party, or a policy, or a passing administration. And should such a consul be found, and a banquet be spread in the homes of the dead and the dying, who would feast there with the speaking, pathetic eyes of the starving women and children of Cuba upon him? Certainly no one worthy of American citizenship.

PEACE WITH INDEPENDENCE

While I have views, based upon the foregoing facts and my personal experiences, as to how the situation might be saved, and this horrible spectacle of a race being starved and butchered at our very doors stopped, I have not thought it best to obtrude them here. I believe that an earnest and a sincere effort is now being made by the executive in Washington to study the difficult situation, and that a policy is now being considered, and will shortly be resolved upon and put into execution, which will bring peace to the war-ridden island, and food to those who are starving, and the blessings of freedom to those who have won it and richly deserved it with the sacrifice of many a precious life. We are on the eve of the emancipation of a race that will show, I believe, that they know how to prize and cherish the liberty they have fought for so bravely, and which they are now at last about to secure.

THE END