

## A Romantic Story of a Cuban Gentleman.

[From the Providence Herald.]

For the past three days there has been staying in our city a Cuban gentleman, whose history, properly written, would be more romantic than any novel of the day. He was born in Mantanzas, in 1821, and from childhood has been a bitter hater of Spain. His father was a Spanish nobleman, but for suspected treason when a youth was arrested and condemned to death. He fled, and ultimately came to America, residing in New Orleans for several years. He finally went to Mantanzas under an assumed name, where he married. In 1830, Señor Mendez, for that was his name, was re-arrested, sent to Spain, and after a time executed. His wife died soon after, leaving the child, Carlos, in the charge of his uncle, a merchant in Havana. At the age of fifteen young Mendez was sent to Spain to be educated. Here he remained for nearly two years, continually in trouble with his teachers and fellow pupils on account of his political views.

His career culminated here in a duel with the son of a Spanish Cabinet Minister, whom he ran through the body, killing him instantly. He escaped almost by a miracle, and shipped as a common sailor on board an East Indiaman, then lying temporarily for repairs at Cadiz. Leaving the vessel at Calcutta, he obtained a position in a Spanish commercial house, but soon tiring of that, he enlisted into the British army, several regiments of which were then stationed in and near Calcutta. A year later his regiment was sent to England, and from thence to Canada. Tired of the army, he deserted and made his way over the line into Maine, and in December, 1841, he reached the city of Boston. Finding several of his countrymen, he concluded to remain there, and, assisted by them, he commenced as a teacher of the French and Spanish languages in a young ladies' academy in Pemberton square. Having an altercation one night in front of the Tremont House with a Spanish hair-dresser, he stabbed him, and fearing the consequences, fled to New York. Here he was arrested, but when being taken back he sprang from the car platform in the pitch darkness of a rainy night, breaking an arm and two ribs. He managed to escape, however, and by means of a fishing schooner got to Nantucket, where he stayed until he had recovered from his injuries. Shortly after the Cuban excitement broke out, and allying himself to a party of filibusters, he at last landed on his native soil, after an absence of nearly ten years. In a skirmish a few days after he was taken prisoner, and with several others was shot down without ceremony. With two bullets in his body and another imbedded in his right leg, he yet retained sufficient life to crawl out of the heap of dead where he was crest during the night, and with the aid of a sympathizer found refuge and shelter until his wounds were healed.

Six months later we find him again in this country, but in New Orleans. From there he went to California, and in 1853 sailed for Japan, was shipwrecked on the passage, and spent a little more than a year among the barbarians of a cluster of islands north of the Phillipines, known as the Bashee Islands. After his rescue he returned to New Orleans, where he remained till 1861, at which time the war breaking out, he went to New York, raised a company of Cubans and Frenchmen, was commissioned as captain and did good service in the field, rising to a colonelcy before the close of the war. He tasted of the horrors of Libby and Andersonville, was shot twice—once through the shoulder and once through the right arm; lost two fingers by a sabre-cut on a cavalry raid, besides having been blown up by the explosion of a mine near Richmond in 1865. One can well imagine that he is "one of the few, the immortal ones, who were not born to die." Since the commencement of hostilities in Cuba he has been exceedingly active in raising men and money, and has

actually visited Cuba twice with vessels bearing arms and volunteers, getting safely away again. He was with Colonel Ryan on the last expedition, which came to grief the first of the week. He landed in New London on Tuesday night with nearly a hundred men, who scattered at once—some returning to New York, and others where their fancy led them. For several reasons we do not need to recount, Colonel Mendez came to this city, where he will probably remain for the present.