

General Marmol's Reply to the Recent Proclamation of Count Valmaseda—War to the Knife and to the Hills.

A private letter from Santiago de Cuba of the 20th of April states that a column of 2,000 troops had left that city a few days previously to operate against the insurgents in the vicinity of Jiguaní, and that on the first day's march they encountered them at "Suena del Agua," where the troops received a severe check. It also states that the insurgents occupied Santa Susana and San Luis, and that the Spanish hospitals in Palma Soriano were filled with sick and wounded. The writer adds that the American flag had been raised and saluted in Camp El Ramon, the headquarters of General Marmol, who had issued the following proclamation in reply to the recent one of Count Valmaseda, commander of the Spanish forces in the Eastern Department:—

TO THE PEOPLE OF CUBA:—

FELLOW CITIZENS—The Spanish General Valmaseda issued a proclamation on the 4th instant to the inhabitants of the country, the object of which is to authorize arson, murder and disregard of property, and to sanction all the horrors which vile mercenaries, without conscience or religion, are capable of committing.

This decree, with the preamble that precedes it, is an evident proof of the most barefaced cynicism. The prologue is the song of praise of a conduct which has not been observed. The proclamation is the official sanction of practices that have been enforced for three months.

The Señor Count prides himself on having pardoned us; of having offered protection to our mothers and to the women we had abandoned; and this same most excellent Count, wishing to make a chronological event in his personal history, threatens us with a new era, to begin on the 14th inst., when, to quote his own words, "the man of yesterday will be no more."

Cubans—On the 15th of January the Spanish general occupied the place whereon Bayamo once had stood—now covered with rubbish and ashes. Almost three months have passed since that fatal day, and this period is stained with the blood of hundreds of victims and the burning of their quiet homesteads.

While the "illustrious" Count, hiding his obesity in the tower of Zarragoltia, keeps up the appearances of an indulgent tyrant, his soldiers and the Spanish volunteers—hateful tools of a thundering Jupiter of modern times—murder women, children and old men, burn houses, rob, violate the wife before her very husband, kill the child before its father, and invent, in their fury, horrors that the most barbarous ferocity would shudder at.

The blood of their victims is still warm; the mutilated body of Miguel Milanes; that of Palalo, murdered before his mother, wife and sister; that of Ramon Martinez and his son Lucas, the one aged and crippled and the other a mere stripling; that of Adolfo Rodriguez and Florencio Villanova, both quiet young men, with no other crime than that of having preserved pure in their hearts the sacred fire of liberty; that of Bernardo Camacho, torn from the arms of his wife after scarcely a month of marriage; the body of Bartolomé Tamayo, guilty of having sons that loved their country; those of the brothers Nuvoia, Luis Mestre, Francisco Puente Aguirre, Luis Guerra, Diego Batista; that of Vian, a Frenchman, eighty years of age, murdered in his own house, where he lay covered with leprosy; those of Luis Reyes and a great many others whose disfigured remains were abandoned on the high roads to the mercy of birds of prey—these, all these, are the bloody proofs of the kind indulgence, of the never too highly to be praised humanity of the gentlemanly and philanthropic Count of Valmaseda.

And while he authorizes the execution of these impious slaughters do you know the protection he offers to the women taken by force to the ruins of Bayamo and Jiguaní? My blood rises with indignation when I remember that they serve as pastimes to his licentious troops. Officers and soldiers, without respecting a mother's, a wife's or a sister's grief, force their way into their houses, scoff at their affliction and take pleasure in repeating to them that the objects of their love are dead or will soon die at their hands, and, using violence, profane the sanctuary of grief, converting it into an impure spot by menacing with sword or bayonet the unfortunate woman who resists their lascivious proposals.

Citizens—The General Valmaseda who for three months has authorized these butcheries and atrocities has the boldness, the unheard of impudence to present himself before you as the indulgent and loving father of so many straying children.

Brothers—Your country needs all your efforts; come all, to die if necessary, fighting and untiring to save Cuba from the hateful tyranny of Spain. There can be no wavering between dying like sheep at the hands of the Spanish executioner or dying on the battle field defending our holy independence. Brothers, our everlasting curse be upon Spain; let vengeance make us tigers, let hatred swell our veins, and let us die before surrendering; let us fly together to the fray, for we will be strong united and victory will crown our sacrifices.

Patria y Libertad. DONATO DEL MARMOL.

HEADQUARTERS AT EL RAMON, April 9, 1862.