

# PATRIOT ACCOUNTS.

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The Cubans publish periodical papers, not at regular periods, but on certain occasions. They are printed on slips of writing paper or any other paper that happens to be convenient. The following are translations of some that have come to hand:—

## General Inspection of the Camps.

[Supplement to the Mambi, Guaimaro, May 7.]

Our gallant and worthy Commander-in-Chief, before leaving for Bayamo, visited the troops of the garrison and made known the great satisfaction he felt at their discipline and martial bearing in their movements. He concluded his visit with the following address:—

An honorable deed of arms has showered glories on the brigades of Camaguey, Canuco and Perro.

Three hundred men have resisted the impetus of three thousand Spaniards. Neither the superiority of arms nor their discipline were enough to dislodge our brave fellows from their entrenchments.

Our country is satisfied. The noble behavior of those troops foretells a series of uninterrupted victories.

Our standard is liberty, and the soldiers of liberty have no rivals. Therefore, in this view, it is necessary that, by your efforts, your abnegation and your obedience, you win new laurels and new victories.

Ever in front of such brave soldiers I will lead you from victory to victory, until the odious Spanish dominion be exterminated and the assassins of old men and infants are cast from our shores.

## Reply to General Dulce's Announcement of the Suppression of the Revolution.

[From the Mambi, Guaimaro, May 10.]

By a circular of the 15th of April last Don Domingo Dulce, the Commander-in-Chief of the invading army, announces that the revolution in Cuba is at an end.

General Dulce has lied in his circular; and in thus endeavoring to deceive foreign nations he has failed in the loyalty of a respectable people and been devoid of the knightly character of a superior commander.

The revolution of Cuba is an accomplished fact, all Cubans being in arms against the tyranny of Spain. The revolution is advancing to its destiny in a way which neither the efforts of the Spaniards nor the continuous announcements of new expeditions of troops can prevent. All have risen in Cuba; everything has revolted; even the very trees conspire against the Spanish dominion, inasmuch as they are already given the fruit which will kill so many sons of friars and bullfighters as imbecile Spain has sent here.

Dulce has said, "Cuba will ever be Spanish"—a worthy exclamation of the representative of European Quixotism. Cuba is forever lost to Spain; Cuba is American and free—free because she can and will be unshackled—because her sons are conquering for that liberty with a patriotism and courage such as has not been surpassed by any other people. Without any elements and without arms, they launched into the fight, and in the midst of the revolution they have obtained arms, ammunition and all that is necessary to finish with the Spaniard.

Is the revolution, then, at an end? If so, why do the Spanish authorities not come to govern the localities we occupy? All the towns are pregnant with revolution and exercising their attributes, through their revolutionary prefects and other authorities, with more composure than General Dulce can boast of in his corrupt palace in Havana.

Well, then, the revolution has terminated, has been quelled—has it? If so, how is it that more than a thousand families have abandoned the protection of that paternal government? "The revolution has been put down," and yet General Quesada is marching with 2,000 men to Bayamo, to warm the heels of the thief Valmaseda!

It is very clear the Spanish General is dreaming, and his waking will be terrible when he recovers himself in his priest-ridden Spain, dishonored and tormented by the outpourings of his conscience; the cell of the insane asylum will be his palace, where to enjoy the robberies and iniquities he committed in Cuba—in this Cuba, the tomb of Castilian honor and the cradle of Spanish impotence.

But should misfortune compel us to lay down our arms, there will never be wanting twenty thousand Cubans, with poignard in one hand and incendiary torch in the other, to sweep the whole island before they would suffer themselves to return and fall under the Spanish dominion.