

# END OF THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.

## The Invasion of Gardiner's Island by Marines and Marshals.

### The Charge on the Filibusters' Camp.

#### No Blood Spilled—A Turnip the Token of Peace—147 Men Voluntarily Surrender—67 Stay Behind.

It might be premature to assume that the cause of Cuba as identified with the several hundred men lately encamped on Gardiner's Island, and now within the dismantled walls of old Fort Lafayette, has suffered a blow from which it can hardly recover; but it is safe to say the great expedition, which has been so long on the tapis, so long advertised and so long starting, has been finally knocked into a cocked hat. Marshal Barlow's deputies and fifty marines from the Navy Yard put an extinguisher yesterday upon Cuba's brightest hope of extraneous aid from New York city. This result has not been the fault of men nor officers. If no hope be left they indeed can well exclaim, like Francis the First, at Pavia, "All is lost save honor." An unhappy combination of circumstances—a hitch here and a hitch there, a lack of one thing and a surplus of another, traitorous members, Spanish gold and over zealous United States officials—all together spoiled the enterprise of liberation, drove it to desperate expedients and finally threw it into the arms that have sought so long to strangle its existence. Braver or more devoted hearts never accepted service in any cause under heaven than some of those that gazed gloomily yesterday afternoon at the ebbing waters of the East river from the deck of the revenue cutter Mahoning as she sailed for Fort Hamilton fortress with her freight of prisoned patriotism on board. There, for instance, on the quarter deck stood Captain Harrison, of Virginia, whose record as a soldier is extensive enough in all conscience. From Bull run to Appomattox was experience of military life sufficient to last a century. The Captain had no trace about him of the ideal filibuster, and certainly had no appearance of having passed a week or so among the woods and swamps of Gardiner's Island. He was well and cleanly dressed; modest and plain in his deportment, but wearing a troubled look, such as might be expected on the face of one whose high mettle spirit chafes and frets at inaction and disappointment, and with whom hope deferred turns to gangrene on the heart. A dozen Virginians, old followers of his across the Blue Ridge mountains, in the fighting days of Stonewall Jackson, stood ten or twelve feet away on the lower deck, looking up once in a while with eyes of true affection at their old and trusted leaders. Among the Captain's followers was a magnificent negro stretched out on the deck taking in a wealth of sunshine through his capacious mouth and looking as happy as a stall-fed and comestose porker. He was formerly a plantation slave of the Captain.

Charles A. Murray, son of Paymaster Murray, of the Navy, was another among these American prisoners whose soul was in the cause. He seemed penitive and reluctantly resigned, as though one great object of his life had slipped his grasp but still haunted him with the delusive promise of success. There were several native Cuban officers on the quarter deck, very bronzed in looks and more jolly under the circumstances than Mark Tapley would be apt to prove.

To continue the narrative of yesterday, however, which left off by stating that thirty-eight marines were despatched in the tugboat Hocket on Thursday night. This force reached Gardiner's Island on Friday morning and found the Mahoning lying off the shore. The military forces were at once consolidated, and footed up the formidable and faithful array of fifty-one men, exclusive of three deputy marshals, three handsome young men, more adapted to make an impression on the ladies of the Bumblebee Coterie Club than on the fierce and hirsute warriors living on the huckleberries of Gardiner's farm for the sake of one day blazing away in bloody battle against the panoplied hosts of Spain. The forces were duly landed and marshalled on the beach, where the sun peppered down the worst kind of a blessing on the heads of the unhappy marines.

Lieutenant Breeze took charge of one division, and Lieutenant McDonald of the other. They separated, and with old Hardee's tactics in their mind's eye resolved to capture the camp of the filibusters by a movement front and flank. The Deputy Marshals Christie, Winslow and Greig were divided among the two commands. Christie being equal to one and a half of a deputy, went alone with McDonald; the others went with Breeze.

Gardiner's Island is 130 miles from here and fifteen from New London. It is 3,600 acres in extent of upland land, and is owned by Colonel Gardiner, an elderly gentleman of very fine parts, hearty, hospitable and intelligent, combining the shrewdness of the Yankee with the whole-souled disposition of the highland Virginian. He lives in excellent style, and threatens to be on top of this earth when all the present generation are below. He has 2,000 acres under cultivation; the rest is in its primitive condition—part wood, part swamp. In the latter the excited fancy of Christie, the Marshal, saw snakes yards long, through which he tramped with as cool a courage as though he were only crossing a cobble stone pavement.

But to return to the landing and tramp of the Trojans. McDonald bore down upon the swamps to cut off retreat from the camp. Breeze made for the camp itself with slow and stern step, fixed bayonets and arms at support. This was in the morning at eight o'clock. In the meantime, while the marine army was moving forward, a gallant filibustero elevated himself upon a stump and waved his handkerchief, as much as to say "Hurry up or the turnips will turn cold." Sure enough, it was breakfast time in camp, and vegetables were all the rage, while the only blood the bold and brave Cubans cared to spill was that in the veins of the aforesaid turnips. The army were soon in the camp. "Right shoulder shift," cried Breeze, then "Carry arms," and "Order arms," in quick succession. "What for you make all this noise?" asked a curious Cubano of the gentle Breeze. The latter simply smiled. His duty he felt was no pleasant one to do. His men fraternized freely with the gallant, seedy fellows, and no single expression of an offensive character escaped the lips of any man on either side. "Her agreement," speaketh Breeze, "you will leave this island and take passage on board the Mahoning for New York city."

Could United States government courtesy further go? Yet, wherefore is it that some of these poor men addressed will still linger on this almost desolate island? Is there a charm about it that New York does not present? Yonder is a splendid revenue cutter, with abundance of food on board, to which they are heartily welcome, and for any other comforts possible to get the genial and generous Captain Webster will hold himself responsible. As the army approached the camp those who were determined that no United States rations should ever pass their lips, and that no deputy marshals should boast of having captured with bare arms the mighty muscle dedicated to the cause of liberty and Cuba vamoosed towards the woods to the number of sixty-seven.

McDonald's force was working upon the flank at this time, but arrived too late to stop the windward movement. It arrived, however, time enough to see a dozen or more discontented spirits bolt for the swamps. Chase was given, Marshal Christie in the van, and snakes in the foreground. The boys for Cuba hopped like flying cranes across a broken morass. Christie stumbled, tumbled and went over among the snakes, six feet long and stout in proportion. He rose again, however, and firmly settling himself on a tuft of swamp grass blazed away with a four barreled revolver at a disappearing Dutchman in the distance. He aimed, however, not to hit the living, moving target before him, but simply to scare the Teutonic wits of the retreating warrior and bring him to a halt. By all accounts McDonald's division of twenty-six men and a half had the liveliest time on record pursuing the fugitives. In and out through brush and tangiewood, swamp holes and hell snakes, under a blazing sun and at a dead run all the time, "It was no child's play. I can tell yeas," said an Irishman of the party. Greig and Winslow, the other marshals, had a comparatively easy time, but being somehow or other mixed up in reputation with that obnoxious class of people who do the dirty work of the law, the filibusters did not "cotton" towards them much.

Finally, about one o'clock 147 men were got down to the beach and embarked, voluntarily as they reiterated time and again. Just before they went on board the carpenter of Colonel Gardiner, mounted on a bony sorrel horse, seventeen hands high and over seventeen years old, rode down among the departing crowd and called out to Captain Webster, "Cap'n, I's sarch these critters 'fore they go for my watch. It's a Connecticut tucker and I guess some o' these yere boys has got it in his boot. I's sarch 'em, Cap'n, do." Thus spoke the carpenter to the more than intense delight of everybody around. He had a coat like Horace Greeley's, and in every other respect was a living reproduction of Salen Shingle. "Sarch 'em, Cap'n, sarch 'em," he cried until his voice was no longer audible over the water, while the cutter steamed away with her prisoners. Here it might be as well to relate another funny incident. The Mahoning put fifteen men ashore at New London. The authorities heard of the occurrence, and immediately thereupon addressed the following note to Captain Webster:—

New London, July 13, 1893.

Captain WEBSTER, United States Revenue Cutter:—  
SIR:—I am informed that you have landed in this town some sixteen filibusters. I beg to call your attention to statute of this State, which impose a fine of sixty-seven

dollars for any such persons brought into this town (see Statutes, p. 639, sec. 11). We shall hold you personally responsible if they are not taken from here in reasonable time.

CHARLES R. HEWITT, Selectman.

The Captain sent back answer that they ought to feel a little more gratitude, as he had originally intended to land twenty, which would have been five additional subjects of nuisance.

The New Londoners cannot understand anybody landing among them except he has at least three Saratoga trunks—no beggars for them. They felt incensed more with the poverty than with the filibusters.

At ten o'clock yesterday morning the Mahoning anchored off the Brooklyn Navy Yard after a trip of seventeen hours. There she awaited orders, and at three in the afternoon word came to start for Fort Lafayette and put all her prisoners ashore. It was near seven o'clock when she reached her destination and got rid of her interesting freight. The men did the best they could to make themselves comfortable last night; but this was a mighty queer and disagreeable place to coop them up. When District Attorney Pierrepont returns to-morrow the final disposition of the men will be determined. Last evening, at about seven o'clock, the Rockett got again under way with a force of marines on board, it is supposed for Gardiner's Island, to disperse or capture the remainder, some sixty, of the filibusters. Neither Ryan nor Currier is among the present batch.