

CUBA.

**Execution of Albert Wyeth, an American—
Last Moments of the Condemned—How He
Went to the Island—A Brave Man Taken Off.**
On the 20th of June last Albert Wyeth, an American youth, not yet twenty-two years of age, was tried by drumhead court martial at Santiago de Cuba, sentenced to death, and seven hours thereafter cruelly executed by the Spaniards. What his offence was and in what spirit he met his fate will appear from the following letters. They are published without the knowledge of his immediate family and without consent sought; for this is a case which concerns the whole American people, and no other mind may hope to state it so clearly, so calmly, so strongly, with such directness and such moving pathos as has here been done, in his last hours, by the young sufferer himself:—

THE VOLUNTEER AGENCY.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 20, 1898.

I told you that a Mr. Jimenez, whom I knew in New York, told me I could go with him to Falmouth at his expense, which offer I accepted gladly, hoping in three or four weeks to return to employment benefited in health. Instead of going to Jamaica, as the papers of the vessel were made out, we were, when near the Cuban coast, suddenly told, or rather ordered, to disembark in Cuba, and the vessel was accordingly run in to this coast. As soon as I learned the object of this movement I strenuously objected to taking any part in it; but I was told that if I attempted to escape they would shoot me, and I was, therefore, forced to remain with them until an opportunity occurred of presenting myself to the Spanish troops. This opportunity fortunately presented itself about five or six days ago and I took advantage of it at once. I have been a prisoner in close confinement ever since. A great many of those who were on the vessel, about twenty eight or thirty in all, have been shot, and this will be my fate unless the fact of my having been so miserably deceived, and of having presented myself to the authorities as soon as possible, will prevail with the Governor. I have met kindness from everybody here, and am not without hope of obtaining my liberty soon. I care less for myself than for mother and father and all my dearly loved ones at home. I know what a dreadful and gloomy surprise my death would be. God grant it may not be so. I have trusted in Him fully and made up my mind to yield to His will, whatever it may be. I have heard that the Governor here is a just and kind hearted man, and I hope he will be induced to consider the circumstances under which I came, and that he will soon restore me to that liberty which I so unfortunately and without fault of my own lost.

ALBERT.

LAST WORDS.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 21, 1898.

I have been sentenced to die at seven o'clock this morning. It is now about two o'clock. I will be shot. I have just received the holy baptism in the Catholic Church. The priests are very kind to me, and I with five others—four of whom were companions of mine on the vessel—will pass the night here in the chapel. This city is generally called Cuba, but the proper title of it is as above.

Remember the day, the 21st of June.

I have little time to write, but the American Consul will, I hope, give my family all the information he can by letter. I will die bravely—without a tremor. I do not fear death at all. My only regret is the pain and distress it will give my mother and father and my beloved sisters and brothers, as well as all my dear ones. Mother, remember you have some children in heaven, and you and father will soon be there, and then we will see each other again. This life is so full of vicissitudes that, although God has ever been more than ordinarily kind to me on earth, I embrace eternity with infinite joy. Oh, be comforted through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Think of the blessed change that I told you had lately come over me in New York, and how happy I am now in the assurance of God's merciful goodness. I die happily, joyfully. Be comforted. We will meet each other soon. Oh, glorious philosophy of Christ's religion! What delights it gives promise of!

To father, dear, dear father, to Mary and Lucy, Lou and John, Gertie, her husband and their children, my love—my eternal love. And to my dear aunts and cousins, cousin James and his children, and, in fine (pardon the necessary brevity), to all my dearly loved ones, good-by for a little while, and everlasting love. If you knew how happy I am in the prospect of heaven you would rejoice and be comforted. Let us prepare to meet in God's bosom. A thousand last kisses and good-by—good-by! I am full of thoughts of you all.

Your loving, happy son,

ALB.