

FOREIGN NEWS.

CUBA.

DISPATCHES FROM ADMIRAL HOFF—THE MARY LOWELL CASE—PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS—RELEASE OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT GIBARA—DISTRIBUTION OF THE AMERICAN SQUADRON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 7.—Dispatches from Rear-Admiral Hoff, commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, dated Havana, March 31, have been received at the Navy Department. In pursuance of instructions, he was about taking steps to investigate the case of the American brig Mary Lowell, seized in British waters, when he understood from the English Consul-General that the matter was in the hands of the British authorities. The English Consul-General had received, in reply to his demand for the return of the vessel, a note stating that the case was in the Spanish Admiralty Court, and as soon as the decision was made known he would be informed of it.

Admiral Hoff forwards to the Department a list of American citizens, some with their families, who are in the interior, and for whom he had asked a safe conduct to Nuevitas through the Spanish lines. The Captain-General of Cuba promptly complied with the request, and issued the necessary orders. The want of vessels prevented Admiral Hoff from affording transportation to these people to Havana, from which point they could easily reach the United States. If, however, they could find their way to the coast, through the lines of both the Cubans and Spaniards, he hoped to be able to relieve them at an early day. Mr. Codrington, Consul at Gibara, on the northern coast of Cuba, who had been arrested on suspicion of conspiring against the Government, had been released at the instance of Admiral Hoff and the Vice Consul-General at Havana.

Admiral Hoff, in a dispatch dated the 1st inst., reports the distribution of his vessels as follows: The Contocook (flagship) was at Havana; the Narragansett was at Key West; the Penobscot was at Trinidad, the south side of Cuba; the Nipsic was at sea, on the way from Aspinwall to relieve the Penobscot; the Yantic was cruising in Haytian waters; the Gettysburg was at Aspinwall, having relieved the Nipsic on the 21th of March.

The following is the list of Americans referred to by Admiral Hoff in his dispatches to the Navy Department, as remaining in the vicinity of Puerto Principe and Nuevitas: Robert K. Bruce, Charles McCorinack, Patrick M. Carvil, John Titus, Alexander Crowley, Charles Smith, John Kemple, John Dalton, George Foster, Robert Stevens, wife and family, Henry Story and family, Jno. Carsneff, Thos. Ross, D. R. Simmons, Jno. Donahoe, Jno. Fulton, Mrs. Josephine Delrisco; near Principe, Mrs. Agremonde, Stephen Blake and wife; and at Nuevitas, Robert Fullerton.

INSURRECTION IN THE JURISDICTION OF SAGUA LA GRANDE.

HAVANA, April 7.—The *Diario* to-day says the rebels are leaving the jurisdiction of Sagua la Grande, the country is becoming quiet, and several men from Sagua, lately in the rebel ranks, have returned to the city and joined the volunteer forces.

CONTINUED BURNING OF FARMS—SALE OF PROPERTY OF CUBAN EMIGRANTS.

It is reported to-day that the burning of settlements and farms in the interior is still being carried on by the insurrectionists. The *Foro de Cuba* (newspaper) to-day comments bitterly on the sales of the property belonging to emigrant Cubans.

CUBANS DRILLING IN NEW-YORK.

ADVENTURE IN A CUBAN DRILL-ROOM—MISTAKEN FOR A SPANISH SPY.

An adventurous young New-Yorker having learned where he could see some Cuban patriots under arms took his way yesterday up one of the most famous avenues of this city.

He found a large hall, the walls of which were stacked against the wall, and the floor and ceiling were covered with arms and cartridge-boxes lay in heaps upon the floor. The other served as a cloak-room, in which the men hung their outer garments while engaged in drilling. Thanks to the stranger's curly black mustache, and somewhat foreign air and garb, the dozen men scattered around the room imagined him to be one of their own number, and offered no objection to his entrance. On the contrary, they very courteously answered the questions which he soon ventured to ask, and pointed out the captain of the company, a black-eyed, brown-featured, fine looking man, with jet-black mustache and whiskers. This officer said he had been in New-York only about 25 days, having fled from Havana with his family at two hours' notice, leaving all his property behind. "I have lost all," said he, "and I care not for my life; if we cannot make Cuba free, we will rather burn the whole island than that it should belong to Spain again;" and his resolute tone left no doubt as to his sincerity. "What good is the speech and the concert? Give us this!"—pointing to the muskets. In reply to other questions it was stated that there were probably 1,000 Cubans drilling in this city, in 13 different halls, besides four or five hundred in Philadelphia. When they would sail, no one seemed to know, as the leaders of the enterprise kept that a secret, even from the captain, but it was asserted that plenty of ammunition and Spencer rifles would be forthcoming whenever needed, and that two companies, one of 60 men and the other of 70, had already left. At 3 o'clock, a sentinel with bayonet fixed took his post before the door, and the roll was called. This covered both sides of a footcap leaf, and included about 70 men, but the stranger failed to catch the name of a reckless friend whom he had reason to think might have joined the Cubans, and to find some trace of whom was a principal object of his visit. So he asked if any Americans belonged to the company, and was told that only Cubans were admitted as a rule, and that a Southerner named "— — —" and another man named "—" were the only exceptions, although many Americans had applied for admission. The arms and equipments were all old and well worn, and the belts bore the familiar initials "S. N. Y." Only 30 of the company took part in the drill, but these went through the exercises with much spirit and earnestness. They were all young men, averaging probably twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and most of them looked resolute and intelligent. Three of the number were mulattoes, and drilled, shoulder to shoulder with their white companions, apparently on terms of perfect military equality. Several were very stylishly dressed, carried gold watches with heavy chains, and doubtless belonged to the Cuban aristocracy. Two of these curled darlings carefully hid their handkerchiefs down to protect the knee which one of the exercises required them to place on the dusty floor. All the orders were given in Spanish, and most of the conversation was in the same language. At the first intermission in the drill, the visitor, still anxious to learn something concerning his friend, accosted the muscular and handsome young Cuban who acted as drill-master, but the latter, muttering some unintelligible reply, called up a sharp-eyed fellow, who bluntly demanded, "What do you want?" The fellows who clustered around began to look so sharp that the startled stranger was glad to quietly resume his seat, but the consultation of which he was evidently the subject was by no means reassuring, and at the second intermission his consternation reached its height when the whole group gathered about him with flashing eyes and ominous looks and bayonets half drawn, demanded abruptly, "Do you know anybody here?" and then followed up his "No?" with "You're a Spanish spy, are you?" This accusation he could deny with the utmost truth, and by dint of much earnest assertion and explanation, he succeeded in pacifying the Cubans, who finally apologized and explained, in turn, that there were so many Spanish spies watching them that they had to be very careful, indeed.