

## FIGHTING THE TIGER.

These are hot days in Cuba. The Spaniards appear to be sunning themselves in their burning hate of the Cubans. We hear that the men who keep the fortresses in the harbor are as angry with their Governor as ever. The Captain-General is weak, and a little savage. The sun of the tropics pours down its fiery and vertical rays upon the just and unjust in the strife. What with heat and stupidity, stupidity simmering in its own wrath, the place where the Spanish Government holds sway is a dull one to give the world so much concern. But the season has come which is to try, if not the souls, at least the passions and appetites of the men who came to devour Cuba, or lay her waste with fire and sword. There is something in the land at this date which reminds us of a jungle. The weather is hot, and we see the eyes of the tiger. But there is that in the atmosphere of the torrid Indies that may match the eyes of the beast. We may call it the tiger of diseases and name it yellow fever.

Generally speaking, the Spanish power, fierce as it is, will have to fight the tiger. Having managed its revenues savagely, it must now meet the tiger of finance. Having with bull-like obstinacy insisted upon maintaining a fraudulent and cruel Government, it must now encounter the roused wild beast in the hearts of a people. Having vaunted that nothing should save its enemy from vengeance, or wrest the property of God out of its hands, it may have yet to do vain battle with the pestilence. The world will not be profoundly sorry, whatever be the agency that shall put a close to the frightful little drama, carried on with the intellectual elevation of a farce, and in the spirit of the veriest blood and thunder, which such patty heroes as Dulce and Valmaseda are exhibiting in Cuba. The Spaniards are in a charming temper for hot weather, if what the rebel Gen. Maimel says, not without sanguinary heat on his side, be true: "The blood of the mutilated body of Miguel Milanda is still warm; that of Palado, 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 Adolpho Rodriguez and Florence Villanore, both quiet young men, without any other crime than 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 brother Nerviola, Luis Mestre, Frasco. Puente Aguerre, 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 Louis Reyco, and a great many others, whose disfigured bodies were abandoned on the high roads, at the mercy of beasts of prey—these, all these, are the bloody proofs of the kind indulgence of the never

"highly enough praised humanity of the gentle-  
"manly and philanthropic Count of Valmasade."

We expect to hear the Spaniards recount similar misdeeds of their adversaries, and we know not how we shall dare credit those whose propensities and fear keep alive the abused system of suppressing and falsifying news which is chiefly responsible for whatever ignorance exists as to Cuban affairs. The Spaniards of Cuba are famous for two passions—blood and money. Let us add that they are ravenously patriotic. The bosom of Spain is torn with the love of country, the body of Cuba is gashed and bleeding with it; and they declare they will die rather than give up their bloody tooth-oll. Cuba feels in dread earnest the force of the passions of her gipsy mother for money, and blood, and territory. For money, perhaps, both territory and blood may be realized, and the wild beast may be appeased. But what shall be said of a Government, or rather an oppression, which at the end of the illust experiment can only extract a curse from its children—such an intense curse as was uttered on the 9th of April last by Gen. Mammel, when he said to his brethren in arms: "Our everlasting curse  
"be upon Spain; let vengeance make us tigers;  
"let hatred swell our veins, and let us die  
"before surrendering!" This wild cry tells us volumes as to the nature of the Cuban War upon both sides.

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