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Life of General Lopez.



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# LIFE OF GENERAL LOPEZ,

AND HISTORY OF THE LATE ATTEMPTED

## REVOLUTION IN CUBA.



BY A FLIBUSTIERO.

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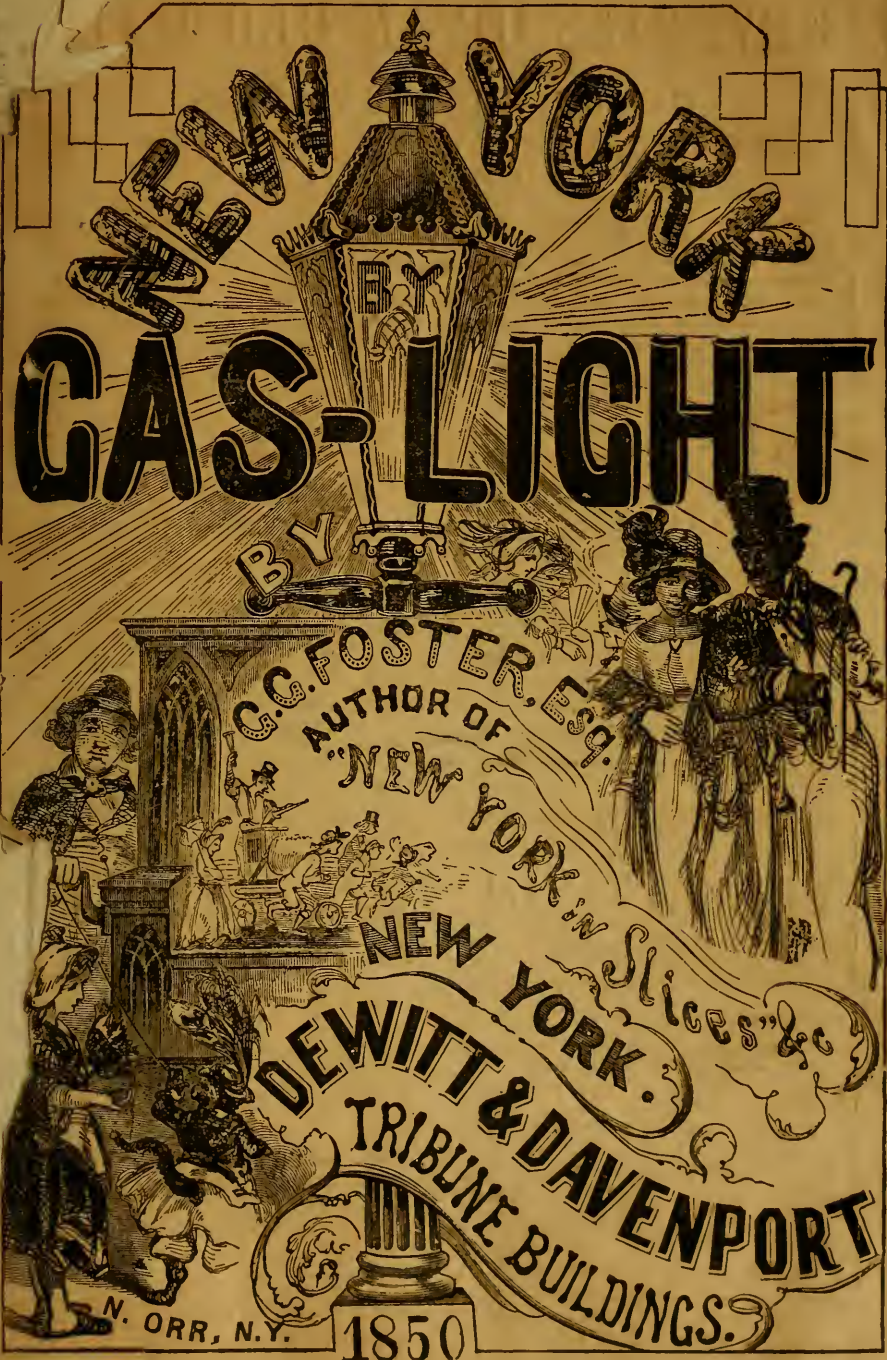
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LIFE

OF

GENERAL NARCISO LOPEZ;

TOGETHER WITH A DETAILED HISTORY OF

THE ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION OF CUBA,

FROM ITS FIRST INVASION AT CARDINAS,

DOWN TO

THE DEATH OF LOPEZ, AT HAVANA.

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BY A FLIBUSTIERO.

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NEW YORK:  
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# LIFE OF GENERAL NARCISO LOPEZ.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DAWN OF THE AGITATION.

EARLY in the spring of 1847, public attention was called to Cuba by a series of articles in the columns of the *New York Herald*, having reference first to its resources, then to its government, and lastly to the sufferings of its people. The first was represented as unparalleled in its brilliancy and abundance; the second was pronounced cowardly, treacherous, cruel, exacting, and fiercely oppressive; the third were pictured as at once incredibly fearful and appalling. Each of these positions was strongly fortified by graphically told facts, and the three united created a serious stir both among the people and the press. It was charged by *The Herald* that the agricultural and mineral wealth of Cuba were without precedent; that notwithstanding this glaring fact, its inhabitants were wretched and impoverished to an indescribable degree, in consequence of the despotic and oppressively exacting character of its government, which beggared them to enrich and uphold the power and standing of the mother country, Spain, of which Cuba was the chief support, reliance, and purveyor; that the suffering Cubans, having at length determined to shake off the iron hand which thus robbed and reduced them to the most abject bondage, and by virtue of that magnetic sympathy which runs between freemen and those who would be free, claimed the good wishes as well as the assistance of the people and government of the United States. To strengthen this appeal, and popularize the subject among the people, it was artfully suggested that Cuba was the key of the Mexican Gulf, and as such that it was dangerous to the well being of this Republic to allow it to remain in the hands of a monarchical power, allied like that of Spain to the crafty and unscrupulous

cabinets of Europe, which might at any moment with the Spanish sanction, run their fleets up the Gulf, and, if they felt so disposed, hurl their troops upon our shores, and lay at their mercy our whole Southern coast. These articles which were written with considerable force, were extensively copied and commented upon by the leading journals of the Union, and had the effect, as has since been learned, to strike the authorities of Cuba with terror. Suddenly, however, for some unexplained reason, *The Herald* ceased for a brief season all further allusion to the subject; and on resuming it, took a stand the very opposite of what it had previously maintained.

While the community was wondering at this singular conduct, while reports were flying that its notorious editor had been brought over to this astonishing change by certain agents of the Spanish government, who had been seen dodging in and out of the door leading to his editorial sanctum,—among others, a leading merchant of this city, largely interested in Cuban commerce—the interest felt in the matter was still further heightened by the sudden announcement on the part of the *New York Sun*, that measures were in progress for revolutionizing Cuba and transforming it from a Spanish dependency into a free and independent republic. This announcement was received at first as a mere gasconade; the public was smilingly incredulous; its faith in the statements emanating from that journal was somewhat weak; and it was subsequently but slightly strengthened when the proprietors of *The Sun* raised the *Free Flag of Cuba* in front of their establishment, and got up a small procession composed of Cuban exiles and others, which, preceded by a band of musicians performing martial airs, marched through the leading thoroughfares of the city to “hurry up an excitement.” The efforts of *The Sun* to popularize the subject

were greedily neutralized by statements in other metropolitan journals, to the effect that its leading proprietor was largely interested in Cuban properties, and that the success of a revolution in that Island would enrich him by millions; that it was with him a mere monetary speculation, to secure the success of which he was bending every energy to lure brave, penniless adventurers into a cause which, if triumphant, would render him a Cræsus in wealth, and if disastrous, plunge them into irretrievable ruin, and perhaps death. Notwithstanding these attacks upon his motives, the proprietor of *The Sun* calmly persevered in his course, and day after day the columns of that journal continued to agitate the subject, and to advocate with apparent earnestness and force the necessity of immediate emancipation in Cuba. By degrees, the attacks upon its proprietor lost their force, the subject gradually became notorious, if not popular, and *The Sun* began slowly to be regarded as the organ of the self-styled Revolutionists.

Gradually items of interest in connection with the matter leaked out. It was first privately understood and then publicly announced that an extensive organization was on foot to liberate the suffering Cubans, exterminate the Spanish power in their isle, render it a republic, and then tender it for annexation to the United States; that in this organization were some of our most able and widely known citizens; that money was to be had to any necessary amount, and that no less than six millions was already in the treasury; that this organization was known to the initiated by the name and style of the Cuban Junta, and that this Junta consisted in part of wealthy exiled Cubans, and the remainder of some of our most prominent and influential men, whose names if made public would startle the public; that this Junta had its secret agents all over the country, and that these were quietly and industriously engaged in gathering and selecting men of known strength, courage and intelligence, for the enterprise; that the places of rendezvous were principally at the South, say at Jacksonville, Fla., and New Orleans, La., to which localities men and munitions were being daily and quietly transferred; that steamers of a first class character had been bought and fitted up to transport the revolutionists to the shores of Cuba, and that ere long the contest would be begun under the command of an experienced and skilful General, who had already acquired a wide and enduring fame in the revolutionary struggles of Central America, and whose very name

was a guarantee of success; that the Creoles of Cuba, numbering some one hundred and eighty thousand, were anxious for freedom, had the utmost confidence in the brave officer referred to, and stood ready to place themselves in a body under his command at the moment of his landing, and to furnish him and all who might follow in his train with provisions, and everything else essential to their comfort and safety; that they—the Creoles—were ripe for revolution, and desired only arms, sympathy, and a small degree of help, to drive the Spanish despot from their Isle, and to achieve the darling wish of their hearts—the independence of their country.

All this, by persevering and long-continued iteration on the part of *The New York Sun*, and its Southern coadjutor in the cause, *The New Orleans Delta*, the editors and proprietors of which latter journal, were also of the Junta, was at length so far credited by community, as to enable the Junta to carry on its operations with a certain degree of openness, and to considerably popularize its movement.

The agents of the Spanish government, however, though deeply alarmed at the activity and extent of the Junta's operations, were not idle. Hired spies set upon those suspected of connection with the enterprise; their steps were traced, their movements watched, their letters in many instances abstracted, opened, and the information in them copied, a duplicate despatched to the captain general of Cuba, and another to the Spanish minister at Washington, and then, to obviate suspicion, the originals despatched per post to their places of destination; many—the most dangerous—were retained by the Spanish agents altogether, and their failure to reach those to whom they were directed warned the Junta, and those in its interest, that the most scrupulous caution was required to ensure the transmission of intelligence and to baffle the "familiars" even at their heels. But notwithstanding the secret surveillance thus arrayed against it to neutralize its operations, the Junta succeeded in obtaining men and munition, as well as eluding the interference of the United States government, which had been brought into action at the suggestion of the Spanish minister at Washington.

At length the hour had come, in the opinion of the Junta, when the initiatory step should be taken, when the long-talked-of promises should be redeemed, when the blow essential to give confidence to the numbers engaged that the Junta was in earnest, should be struck. According



ly, word was sent by the Junta to the officers engaged in the enterprise, and by them transmitted to the wavering, that "the General" was about to proceed to the future scene of action to open the ball; and then, for the first time, was given to the initiated the name, character, qualifications and previous achievements of the man chosen by the Junta to conduct the affair. That man was General NARCISO LOPEZ, and the following is his history; from which it will be seen that if he was to be the commander of the expedition, it was of an enterprise originating wholly and exclusively with himself.

## LIFE OF GENERAL NARCISO LOPEZ.

NARCISO LOPEZ was born in Venezuela, in the year 1798, or 1799, and was, accordingly, about fifty-two years of age.—His father was a wealthy landed proprietor, owning large estates on the *llanos* or plains, swarming with cattle, horses, &c. His mother, who is still living, is said to be a woman of rare moral dignity, combined with mental strength. Her children, imbued with that noblest inheritance of nature, are stamped from the outset as born to command. Narciso was the only son that lived beyond childhood, though of eight years his parents had some fourteen or fifteen; and according to the habitual life of the *llanos*, he passed almost from the cradle to the saddle, or further, we may perhaps say, to the back of a wild horse, without any saddle—a training well calculated to lay the foundation of that character and habit of fearless hardihood, energy, and resolution, which has been illustrated by his subsequent military career.

Though so successful as a soldier, and though that success was achieved only by the display of extraordinary capacity, as well as courage, it is singular that Lopez was never fond of a military profession and life. He did not enter it from choice, but simply as a resource of desperation, under circumstances forced upon him, at the age of fifteen, by the civil war then desolating all the Spanish South American provinces. His father had been stripped of nearly all his property, or had seen it rendered wholly unproductive, through the operation of that cause; and, with such means as he was able to realize, he entered into commercial life at Caracas, assisted by his son, who, boy as he was, was able to bear the burden of a large share of its responsibilities. At the town of Valencia, in the interior, he had the charge of a branch of his father's establishment at Caracas, at the spot of the sanguinary, and, for the

time, decisive battle of La Puerta, in 1814, in which Bolivar, at the head of the insurgent troops, was defeated by the Spanish army, under General Boves. Bolivar, though routed, sent orders to the garrison at Valencia, to maintain the place, which was done with heroism to the last moment, so long as resistance was possible—the inhabitants, who knew that massacre and plunder would immediately ensue on the entrance of the victorious army, uniting in the defence with the few soldiers of the garrison. The town being an open one, this consisted simply in defending the approaches to the plaza or square, in which were hastily collected all the property and effects which it was considered most important to protect. The house of Lopez's father happened to be situated at one corner of the square, and the boy took an active part in the defence at that point, and before long found himself recognised by those collected at that point, soldiers and citizens, without suspecting it himself, as their leader *de facto*. His father, however, who was in Valencia at the time, but a man of different mould from the boy who then made his maiden trial in arms, took no part in it. The resistance was prolonged three weeks, but no relief came from Bolivar, who, meanwhile, abandoned, indeed, all that part of the country which he had thus compromised, and made his way along the coast towards Barcelona. The inhabitants of Valencia felt bitterly resentful at this treatment by the patriot leader, who had sacrificed them for the escape of the routed fragments of his own force, by directing them to make a resistance, only justifiable on the idea of his coming to their relief; while it could not fail to provoke even a redoubled degree of the usual ferocity with which, in that terrible civil struggle, the conquering party was in the habit of treating any town falling into their possession. Massacre of the men was the general rule—a rule often enough made to include a proportion of women and children. After the surrender of the place, Lopez was separated from his father, being turned off as a child, while his father was herded with the men, supposed, in spite of the capitulation, to be reserved for massacre that night. The boy himself, indeed, escaped that very narrowly. With some other companions, he had joined a couple of negroes, slaves of his family, among a great number more who had huddled together in one spot for safety, that class not being usually included in the massacres of such occasions; but, during the night, fortunately issued forth with his two servants, in the hope of being able to do something for



his father, or to hear something of him.

In this hope, indeed, he was mistaken, (though his father, as he afterwards learned, did succeed in effecting his own escape,) but the next morning, on returning to the place which they had left for that purpose, they found the ghastly spectacle of eighty-seven bodies with their throats cut like sheep. After hiding about for some time, feeling himself constantly liable to the same fate, and reduced to a condition of entire desperation, he determined to seek safety in the only situation in which it was to be found, by enlistment as a soldier in the army; and selected an opportunity of offering himself to a sergeant of more encouraging countenance than the others, by whom, not without some entreaty, he was accepted as a recruit—the sergeant little suspecting that the boy of 15, and small in stature at that, whom he at first told to be off and play, was hereafter to become one of the most distinguished officers in the service. The former did not indeed live to see it, for this good-natured sergeant fell shortly afterwards, it having been Lopez's lot to convey to him, amongst others, the order for the service which was his last. This was on the occasion of the first battle of Maturin, when the Spanish General Morales, who was defeated, made good his retreat, only by sacrificing a column which he ordered to defend a certain position, a service which was certain death, in a war in which prisoners expected no quarter, and were not disappointed. Exactly three months afterwards, a second battle was fought near the same spot, in which Morales was victorious, and they found bodies of the column in question—that is to say, their bleached skeletons—to the number of six hundred, laid out on the ground in regular array, by the patriots, in rank and file, as though by a mockery of discipline in death.

Such were the circumstances which threw Lopez into the military career, and which threw him into it on the Spanish side of the civil war of that wretched period. He was a mere boy, and it was the only chance of life—while, at the same time, there was probably then no inhabitant of Valencia who would have hesitated to shoot Bolivar, the chief of the patriot side, as the bitterest of enemies, had they had the opportunity. Spain was then, moreover, under the republican constitution of 1812—so that, in the civil war at that period, the cause of liberty did not appear to be solely on the patriot side. The battle of La Puerta was deemed then to have completely crushed the rebellion in that region, though in fact the

struggle was renewed and protracted, with various success, till the final evacuation of Caraccas by the Spanish army, in 1823.

At the end of the war, Lopez, who had thus entered in the ranks, found himself a colonel, having attained that rank at the age of twenty-three, through the brilliancy and daring of his services. The first occasion that attracted attention to him, was shortly after his enlistment, during an attack upon a certain place, which was defended by field-works, there being two bastions connected together by a curtain of about fifty yards in length. The Spanish force being divided into two portions, engaged in attacking the two bastions, the ammunition of the one portion gave out, and signal being made to the other to that effect, the commander called for volunteers to lead three mules, loaded with ammunition, from the one end to the other, a service requiring a passage along the line of fire of the enemy, stationed behind the curtain connecting the two. Lopez was the only one who volunteered, and he set out with the three mules in a string, according to the custom of the country, the head of each fastened by a cord to the tail of the one before it. At about half the distance across, one of the mules fell dead. The mule killed being unluckily the middle one, it was necessary to untie the cord, and re-fasten the first and third together, all under a severe fire, which was anxiously watched by both parties. He succeeded, however, in reaching his destination, unwounded, though his gun was broken by one ball, his pantaloons cut by another, and his cap pierced by a third, with the other mules wounded, but not to death; and the place was taken.

The next day the inquiry was made in a general order, for the volunteer who had offered for this decisive service, with a view to his receiving an officer's commission. The commission, however, he declined, considering himself not entitled to be thus raised over the heads of many men, both grown and better qualified, for an act which had proceeded more from the despair and recklessness of his situation, than from any other spirit, and in truth, still hoping for escape from service, to which he was still strongly averse; and the only reward he accepted was that of exemption from the drudgeries of a soldier's work, and of being mounted instead of marching on foot, to which he had never been accustomed. Still, once in the service, the genius of the soldier, and the spirit of emulation of military honor, prevailed over his own aversion to the career, and, at nineteen, he found

himself commander of a squadron of horse, a select force designed for critical occasions, to decide pending contests, a corps into which none but picked men were admitted, and with which it was a point of honor never to turn the back; and, at the age of twenty-three, a highly esteemed colonel of a regiment of cavalry.

Besides other distinctions, he received during this war the rare military honor of the cross of San Fernando, of the second (the most distinguished) degree, a reward not bestowed at pleasure, but which is to be obtained only by a public demand by the person claiming it, and on the institution of a formal process for and against his right, everybody being free to interpose an objection, or to depreciate the merit of the act for which it is demanded. In the whole army there was but one other individual who possessed this cross. Lopez, not attaching much importance to the act for which he was urged to apply, and caring little, moreover, for the honor himself, was only induced to demand it by the commander-in-chief, General Morillo, who taunted him with being afraid of a rejection of the demand, and who demanded his secretary to draw up the application, almost forcing the reluctant young officer to sign it. The occasion on which he received the cross of San Fernando, was as follows:—Morillo, at the head of a force of seven or eight thousand men, was pursuing the patriot army of Paez, numbering about 3,000, over the *llanos* or plains of Venezuela, trying in vain to bring the latter to an engagement. This the latter had, of course, no difficulty to avoid, his whole force consisting of first-rate cavalry, while the Spanish army was mainly infantry. Lopez was, at this period, as has been above-mentioned, at the head of a picked squadron, reserved for decisive moments, with which it was a point of honor never to turn their backs. He had lost half of it in a severe engagement that morning, and with the rest, thirty-eight in number, was marching on the extreme flank of the army, when he received an order from the general to gallop forward and harass the rear of Paez's retreating army. Morillo had not recognised, at the distance, the fragment which remained of Lopez's squadron; which he would never otherwise have sent on such a service, especially after the morning's work. Rash as the order was, it was of course obeyed. On the perfectly level prairie, which was the scene of the operation, what ensued was in view of both armies. Paez, provoked at the insolence of the little squadron, halted and put himself in person at the head of a splendid corps of about 300 men, his guard, the

well-known flower of his army, in scarlet uniforms, and every man superbly mounted; and this corps was seen to detach itself from the main body and rapidly approach the little band, whose destruction seemed inevitable before the swoop of that force. Lopez asked his men if they would stand or turn. The reply was that they would do as he should. His answer was to fling himself from his horse, and command them to do the same, thus burning his ships, and then to form his men in line, to stand their ground as long as they could, with the lances and carbines, which were their arms. He thus repulsed the charge of Paez and his guard, refusing to surrender, maintaining himself till Morillo could hasten up all his cavalry to their support, and till the able Paez, with whom his retreat was of much more importance than the annihilation of this handful of gallant fellows, whom none admired more than himself, withdrew his guard, and left Lopez, with what remained of his dismounted squadron, to receive the cordial embraces of his general, and the plaudits of the whole army, who had witnessed the scene.

In the negotiations for the withdrawal of the Spanish army, he contributed much to cause the Spanish general—who could have protracted the contest much longer, though with no hope of eventual success—to relieve the country from the further pressure of the evils of war, by his influence, exerted in every manner consistent with military honor; and it is no small proof of what must have been the appreciation of all his character, conduct, and motives, entertained even by those against whom he had thus served—having been thrown, by the circumstances above explained, on the Spanish side of the civil contest thus terminated—that, on the conclusion of hostilities, he was invited by the patriot government to enter its service in the same rank held by him in the Spanish army. He declined the offer, not considering that that honor which had kept him in the service, permitted him to accept it, and he retired with the evacuation army to Cuba, in the year 1823.

On one occasion, in South America, landing with an expedition, somewhat *a la Cortez*, in a wild and unexplored region, occupied by a highly warlike tribe of wild Indians, (*Indios bravos*), who never had, nor never have, been tamed, and with whom they had a severe engagement on landing, the whole party came well nigh perishing for want of water. Striking into the interior in quest of water, after marching in a tropical climate for a whole day without finding stream or spring, they were at last approached, at about sunset,



by an Indian warrior, mounted on a magnificent horse, cream-colored, with black mane and feet. Lopez was in advance, with a small column, when the commander summoned him to consultation. The vessels from which they had landed the afternoon before had sailed, so that they had no return. A number had already died of exhaustion and thirst. They contrived to make the Indian understand their want, and he, in return, conveyed to them that he could conduct them to water, which they could reach by daybreak. But here arose the perplexity—how far he was to be trusted. His purpose might be to decoy them away from the relief which they might otherwise, perhaps, find in the direction they were pursuing, and to lead them off astray to a certain and horrible fate. In the midst of this anxious uncertainty, Lopez solved the difficulty in a mode little likely to occur to another, by proposing to mount himself behind the Indian, on the powerful and fresh horse of the latter, and to go at the utmost speed in quest of the water, to verify what was understood from the signs of the Indian; telling the commander that if he returned all would of course be well, while if he did not return, it would prove that he was killed—that the Indian was playing false; and that, therefore, they should in that case infer that, by pushing on in the direction they were going, they would probably find relief. The offer was accepted, and his companions remained on the spot to await the result, all the bands of discipline being meanwhile wholly relaxed. As it resulted, the Indian conducted him truly, though of course Lopez had to plunge into the depths of the forest and of the night, mounted behind a guide who might lead him only into the midst of enemies. He reached the water, returned; and by conducting them to it, saved the lives of the whole expedition. It proved that the Indian was of a tribe hostile to those against whose territory the expedition was proceeding. Some of his wives had been carried off on a foray, and he was in pursuit of them when he came upon the strangers, whom he supposed, of course, the enemies of his enemies, and therefore his friends. The Indian Orpheus was rewarded not only by the recovery of his two or three lost Eurydices, but by liberal presents, and he afterwards proved a serviceable guide.

From 1823 he was a Cuban, having married and established himself in the island. The re-establishment of absolutism in Spain, by the aid of the French intervention, overthrowing, for the second time, the constitution of 1812, wholly

prevented his resumption of service, though retaining his nominal rank. The system then adopted was, to require a "purification" from all the officers of the army, especially those suspected of too much liberalism, a process consisting in the adjuration of such sentiments, and in an oath of devotion and support of the new order of things. Always not only liberal, but democratic, in heart as well as in principles, he would never consent to compromise with his conscience in that respect; and he accordingly remained in retirement until, on the death of the old King, Ferdinand VII., the long-smothered liberal party broke out from under the despotic incubus which had pressed it down, and assumed the ascendant in the government of the country. Maria Christina, the brilliant, bold, but unprincipled widow of the old King, after having caused the latter by his will to devise the crown to her infant daughter Isabel, in disregard of the Salic law, which had heretofore regulated the succession of the throne of Spain, and therefore to the exclusion of the rights of Don Carlos, the King's brother, and next male heir, threw herself on the liberal party for support, and even resuscitated from its grave the constitution of 1812. The absolutist or royalist party soon prepared to rise for the maintenance of the right of Don Carlos, whose character and views made him moreover their natural head. Christina, in anticipation of the severe civil struggle, which all knew to be about to ensue, adopted the vigorous measure of disarming at a blow the whole royalist party throughout the kingdom, so far as it was practicable; a service to which the people were summoned, and came forward eagerly enough to perform, with the aid of the troops that could be counted upon by the government. This movement, beginning at Madrid, was at each important point the work of a day, and by its suddenness so successful, that throughout the kingdom, six hundred thousand stands of arms were wrested from the hands in which they would otherwise have soon been employed for the re-establishment of Don Carlos, the priests, and absolutism.

It was in the midst of the tumult of this memorable day at Madrid, that Colonel Lopez, (who happened to be at the capital with his wife, to reclaim a large sum of money arbitrarily seized from the family of the latter by the government in Cuba,) reappeared on the scene, signally distinguishing himself by the activity and boldness which he exhibited in heading bodies of the people, in this operation of disarming the royalists. Always a thorough republican in heart and conviction, he was

one of the most enthusiastic to welcome the revival of the old constitution, and the constitutionalist party, and his joy took the natural form of zealous daring, in the performance of this practical service to the cause of his principles—a service which was not at all one-sided, a considerable part of the national guard and some of the troops being royalist, and several attempts being made by the latter party to rally, and make a stand against the tide of popular enthusiasm that rose and raged round them, and finally overbore all resistance. More than once in the course of the day, Lopez was seen driving before him, singly, with his sword, considerable bodies of the royalists, armed with their guns, to the principal guard-house, to deliver up their arms, treating them with little ceremony, and making them acquainted with the flat of his sword, and indeed cowing them into obedience to his command, as though he had been their own officer.

The consequence of this day was, that he was speedily despatched to join the army, as first aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, Gen. Valdez; and after taking a most active part in war, being usually selected for the most daring military work, he found himself, at its close, a general, and covered with military decorations, among which were the highly distinguished ones of the grand crosses of St. Hermengildo and Isabella Catolica.

General Valdez, the Captain-General of Cuba, to which post he was appointed, to a great extent through the influence of Lopez, who had urged it strongly as a means of affording to himself an opportunity of returning to Cuba, solicited permission that Lopez should accompany him, but without success; and it was not till several months afterwards, that he finally effected his object, partly through his threat of resigning his commission, and partly from the Regent's personal attachment, as we shall presently explain.

Even Carlist historians speak with high praise of their own most formidable enemy, Lopez; relating, among other acts, the manner in which he saved the army, and the honor of General Carondelet, who was almost beaten, by a surprise, allowed Lopez, though only a colonel, to rally the flying troops, assume the entire command, virtually supercede the general, and to a great extent retrieve the disaster of the day.

In Navarre, he saved the General Valdez, and a division of his army, under the following circumstances:—Valdez had allowed himself to be surprised with only a small part of his army, in a village named Durango, where he had established

his head-quarters; the rest of the army being scattered in various directions, on different services. Suddenly, through one of those rapid movements of concentration which marked the system of warfare of Zumalacarbai, the celebrated Carlist commander-in-chief, he found himself surrounded in every direction with greatly superior forces. Durango was situated in a valley, encompassed with hills of moderate elevation, of which the enemy suddenly took possession. Escape seemed impossible; a bird alone, as it seemed, could carry the intelligence to the nearest Christiano division, situated at Ermoa, ten or twelve miles distant, so as to summon it to the rescue. Colonel Lopez, however, volunteered to do it, claiming it as his duty and right, as first aide-de-camp, and pledging himself to bring up the division at Ermoa. The commander-in-chief, though regarding the attempt as desperate, yet yielding to his demand, told him he might then take what force he required for the purpose. "I could not do it with the half of the division," was the answer; "but let me have your piebald horse, which you bought on my advice." It was brought, and Lopez mounted it, taking with him only his orderly, (a fellow on whom he could trust to follow him over and through anything,) the latter being mounted on Lopez's own favorite charger. Directing him to keep close to him and to regulate his pace by his own; and since it was not likely that both would escape, instructing him as to the order to be carried to Ermoa, he set out at full speed from Durango, along a road which passed between two eminences, both occupied by the enemy. Slackening then his speed, as he got well clear of the former place, and approached the enemy, but riding with entire confidence, he and his companion preserved the appearance of deserters; and two squadrons, which had at first detached themselves from the enemy on both sides to intercept them, slackened the pace at which they moved down the road for that purpose. He then, with a nice calculation of the distance at which he might venture it, suddenly clapped spurs to his horse, and rushed through the shower of balls which immediately poured down from both sides, and, in the pursuit, cleared the gauntlet before they could cut him off, and the thing was done. In the words of Valdez's certification, "to the astonishment of the enemy, and of the army, both of whom were watching the operation, he traversed the line," and the army was saved.

Between himself and Valdez, (afterwards Captain General of Cuba,) a devoted friendship arose, which never sustain-



ed any diminution. Valdez was always regarded by Lopez as the most virtuous man breathing.

In all the acts of heroic daring, on the part of Lopez, which are familiarly current among the Spanish soldiers, and which, together with his humanity, kindness and freedom from the arrogant pride habitual to the Spanish officers, made him so popular with them, it is to be remarked that the boldness is never recklessness; but is always elicited by a worthy occasion, and combined with that quick and acute calculation of the possibility, which is the essence of military genius.

We are unwilling to omit another incident in the military life of General Lopez, in which your readers will not fail to recognise the 'high Roman fashion.' Together with a large number of others, he was at one time a prisoner in the hands of the Carlists, at a place named Contavieja, a fortified place in the depths of the mountains of Aragon, which was supposed a safe place of custody. There were about seven hundred prisoners collected there. Lopez was the highest in rank among the prisoners, and was confined in a small room apart from the rest, with four other superior officers. The governor of the place was a brutal and bloody wretch, who lost no opportunity of outraging his prisoners. He was greatly enraged when a Christino army, under Gen. San Miguel, now one of the most respectable officers in Spain, began to approach the place to besiege it, overcoming by extreme exertions, the difficulties which had been supposed to make it inaccessible. The Governor thereupon declared that the first gun fired against the place should be the signal for death of all the prisoners in it, from Lopez down, (an act perfectly in accordance with the system of war of Cabrera, who commanded for Don Carlos in that quarter;) and offered Lopez permission to write to San Miguel to that effect—in the belief of course, that he would dissuade him from the enterprise. Lopez accordingly wrote, indeed simply mentioning the fact which he had been requested by the governor to communicate; but adding, that Gen. San Miguel would, of course, carry out his own plans, without regard to this circumstance, which was, moreover, a proof that the governor was afraid he would not be able to maintain the place against the apprehended siege. San Miguel, at length, made his appearance before Contavieja, and began to throw up his siege works. The governor then went to the room in which Lopez was confined, and told him that he deeply deplored the necessity under which he was now placed, of ordering

the execution of the prisoners, but offered them another chance, by saying that Gen. Lopez might go out to San Miguel's camp, to explain, in person, the state of things, so as to induce the latter to withdraw—giving his word of honor that he would return immediately. Lopez accepted the offer; and, presenting himself to San Miguel and his officers, who welcomed him as a favorite friend, sat down to a cheerful breakfast, at which he explained the errand on which he had been sent. He executed it, however, in his own way, by advising San Miguel of the best mode of attacking the town by storm, giving him the benefit of the observations he had been able to make of its defences inside; and it was agreed that the attack should be made the next day.

The prisoners had contrived to obtain the promise of some forty muskets from some of the Navarrese soldiers in the place, with which they would make at least some resistance to the amiable purpose of the Governor—a resistance which might thus afford a useful diversion during the attack. This being all discussed, together with the breakfast, Lopez rose to depart, which he was not suffered to do till he had overpowered the chorus of opposition he encountered, by the declaration of his inflexible resolution. The Governor confessed himself very much astonished to see him back. The town was vigorously attacked the next day, and taken by assault, the prisoners escaping the impending fate (which, by the way, a certain cura, or priest, who was one of the principal Carlist officers in the garrison, was the most eager to inflict,) by the rapidity of the operation, and the terror with which the garrison was impressed.

"They had no time, and they were afraid of reprisals, that was all," was General Lopez's modest commentary, on a recent occasion, when the inquiries of some friends elicited the particulars of this story, in which we see a ray of the classic glory of Regulus, though he himself was the only one who saw nothing in it remarkable.

In his political sentiments, General Lopez never wavered from his fidelity to the democratic party, known in Spain as the liberal *exaltado* party. As a known and reliable member of that party, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guard of the kingdom, a post created for him at a critical period. He, at different periods, filled the post of commander-in-chief of various provinces. Though excessively caressed by the queen mother Christina, he early learned to despise and distrust her and her false, selfish, and intriguing politics.

On the occasion of the popular insurrection at Madrid, which resulted in the expulsion of Christina from the Regency, Gen. Lopez was earnestly solicited by the people to assume the command of the capital, as Governor of Madrid, which, when he found it incumbent on him as a duty of humanity at a difficult and critical moment, he consented to do. The city being threatened by the army, he made the most energetic preparations for its defence; but happily the withdrawal of the obnoxious queen mother to Paris averted the necessity of the struggle, for which he had braced the nerves of the people, by the firmness of his resolution and the vigor of his measures. Espartero, on whom the government then devolved, and who was soon after appointed Regent by the Cortes, was anxious to induce Lopez to retain the post of Governor of Madrid; but the latter would not remain beyond the period of emergency for which he had been called upon by the people themselves, in a situation in which it might become his duty to act against the people for the repression of tumults, and three times pressed upon the Regent his resignation; which was only accepted, when he positively refused to take a negative answer, and he relieved Espartero from the difficulty of filling his place, by himself recommending a competent successor.

Anterior to this period, he had been appointed a Senator of the kingdom by the liberal city of Seville. Authorized by the constitution to nominate three persons for the Senate, from whom the crown had to select one, Seville took effectual means to make good its desire to be represented by Lopez, by naming as his colleagues in the nomination, two candidates whom it was impossible for the court to adopt, the one being the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, the uncle of the young Queen, and brother of Don Carlos, and the other being a distinguished Carlist bishop.

His office of senator afforded General Lopez an opportunity of studying the politics of Spain, the spirit and action of its government, especially in reference to its American colonies, (Cuba, his country by adoption and marriage, being the principal one,) which, amidst the clash and splendor of arms, he had never before possessed; and he willingly, for a while, forgot the latter, glorious as they had been to him, to avail himself of the advantageous facilities of his position for the former. Disgust and indignation were the first fruits; resolution to be the liberator of Cuba the next. The repulse of the Cuban deputies from their seats in the Cortes—a Cortes existing by virtue of a

constitution which gave to those deputies the same rights with those whose votes repulsed them—had already awakened a deep feeling of resentment in his breast, as in that of all his Cuban compatriots. Though a soldier from childhood, he had never had other than an American heart, and he soon learned to regard with self-reproach his own glory acquired in the Spanish service, and to despise the glitter of his own uniform as a mere livery, no more honorable in his eyes than that which bedizened a rich man's negro *calesero* in his own country.

Such thoughts in the breast of a man, so honest in conviction, so resolute in will, so fearless in execution, was no barren sentiment; and he deliberately determined to devote the rest of his life to the liberation of his country, and the recovery of his own dignity—measuring the latter by a far higher standard than the vulgar one of rank, military distinction, power, or court favor. Resigning his seat as a Senator, he insisted with Espartero on being allowed to return to Havana—a permission which he did not obtain without extraordinary difficulty, nor until after a long resistance on the part of the Regent, it being contrary to the jealous policy of Spain, in the government of her rich colony, the Queen of the Antilles, to allow an American born officer of rank, of importance, to go there. An intimate friendship with Espartero, the noble head of the liberal or progressist party in Spain, alone made practicable the importunity with which Gen. Lopez insisted on his demand, which he even enforced by making it the alternative to a resignation of his commission; and it cannot be denied that his own determined purpose in going, and the consequences which have resulted from it, prove clearly enough the policy of that rule, on the part of the Spanish government, to which he thus succeeded in causing himself to be made the fatal exception.

It may be added that Lopez's secret wishes and views early adopted, have made him an object of at least so much suspicion, in reference to Cuba, that several years before, by a proceeding emanating from Havana, and from Tacon, then Captain General, he had been subjected to a formal trial on a charge of conspiring for the independence of that colony, and of having, at a public dinner, proposed as a toast a sentiment to that effect. He succeeded, however, in baffling his enemies, and was acquitted.

It was, we believe, in 1839 that he returned to Cuba. During the period of the Captain Generalship of Valdez, honor, friendship, and gratitude combined to re-



quire him to postpone any steps towards the accomplishment of that great purpose which never slept within his breast. The downfall of Espartero, and the restoration of Maria Christina to power, supported by Narvaez and the army, by causing the recall of the virtuous Valdez (who was succeeded by O'Donnell, the predecessor of Roncali,) released him from the personal obligations by which at first he had felt himself fettered; and his friends in Havana were surprised at the evident content and cheerfulness with which he received a change of parties, necessarily depriving him of the posts which he held in the military government of the Island. Under Valdez he was Governor of Trinidad and Commander-in-Chief of the Central Department, as well as President of the Military Commission. He gladly laid down these posts on the arrival of the period of opportunity and freedom, for which he had impatiently waited; and creating a pretext for returning to the Central Department, in retirement, (retaining, of course, his position and rank as general, though not on duty,) by undertaking the working of an abandoned copper mine, he devoted himself mainly to his object of organizing preparations for his intended rising of the people against their oppressors—an object which, it is scarcely needed to say, required extreme caution and tact, as well as boldness, though he believed that the general sentiment of the people was already strongly disposed to a movement for independence. With this view he exerted himself in many ways to establish a personal popularity and personal relations, as extensively as possible, with the country people of all the surrounding region, the *guajiros*, every one of whom is more accustomed to the saddle than to any other seat, so that they may be called a population of cavalry, whom a very little training, under the inspiration of such a leader, would make a mounted force inferior to none in the world. He employed every mode in his power to make himself personally familiar with them, to win their confidence, and to attach them by services and favors—an operation in which always lavish and careless of money, he spent with an unre-served hand.

Mingling thus familiarly among the *guajiros*, in their own costume, and, as one of themselves, he thus prepared them to be in readiness for the approaching day. Aided by the respect due to his rank, the brilliancy of his military reputation as the well known bravest and boldest officer of Cuba, his generosity and character for humanity and good nature, he thus established an influence such as made him

always confident that the whole region would rise at his voice, whenever he should summon the people to rally round the flag of liberty and independence.

Having determined, early in 1848, that the proper time had arrived, he was only induced by some friends to postpone his intended rising for a short time, in order to await the result of some communications which had proceeded from a highly distinguished American officer in Mexico, who knew the state of public feeling in the island. This delay led, through an accidental cause, to the discovery of his plan by the government, and the sudden arrest of his friends, and the necessity of his own precipitate embarkation for this country, from whose friendly shores he hoped soon to be able to return. His plan for Cuba has always been independence and annexation to the American Union. After his escape he was condemned to death.

Among his papers seized by the government, was a letter to the Queen, resigning his commission, which was to have been sent to the Captain General a day or two before the rising. This has been described, by one who has seen it, as a very noble and beautiful production, finely reconciling the duty of military honor with that of patriotism.

Against the persons who had been arrested, (some of them, perhaps, with reason, and some without,) no evidence existed, and the greater part were released—some being sent out of the country.

Lopez himself escaped in a vessel called the Neptune, and soon after landed at Bristol, R. I.

While at Bristol, Lopez completed the contemplated details of his plan for the emancipation of Cuba, amusing his leisure moments by indulging in his favorite pastimes of fowling and fishing, till late in autumn, when he bade adieu to Rhode Island, went to New York, introduced himself to the editor of the Herald, stated the object of his visit, which was to agitate the question of Cuban independence, requested and obtained the assistance of the editor of that widely circulated paper, with what result the reader is already aware.

This, then, was the man into whose hands were to be entrusted, first, the confidence, and secondly, the lives of those engaged in the enterprise.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BATTLE OF CARDINAS.

THE hour at length had come. Private letters from Cuba notified the junta that



the Creoles were ready for the reception of their American friends, and eager for the rising. The junta, and all engaged in the enterprise, were in high spirits; the utmost confidence was reposed by the heads of the expedition in the valor of the Americans; nothing was wanted but a field in which to display their prowess, and then "wo to the Spaniard."

On the 15th of May, 1850, three divisions, of two hundred men each, that had concentrated off the Island of Mageres, near Yucatan, embarked on board a steamer in the pay of the Junta, though ostensibly held by others, and started direct for Cuba. Early on the morning of the 19th, the steamer glided quietly into the port of Cardinas, and succeeded in landing her men, but not without discovery. As Lopez drew up his divisions upon the shore, the signal of alarm was given, the Spanish troops were hurriedly drawn out, and arrayed in order of battle, the people were summoned to the rescue, the order given on both sides to fire, and as the smoke of the first discharge rolled away, a hundred Spaniards and some half dozen of the invaders lay weltering in blood. Without giving his enemy time to recover from the shock, Lopez ordered a second division to advance, which was done almost simultaneously with the passage of the word from his lips; and the next instant scores of Spaniards went down, and the air rang with their agonizing cries. The second division now opened and fell back, and the third advanced, and in obedience to the order of the General, opened another volley upon the troops, who, unable longer to endure the terrible fire of the invaders, hurriedly discharged and then threw by their pieces, broke, and scattering in all directions, fled. After a short pursuit, Lopez recalled his men, called upon the inhabitants to join him, marched triumphantly into the public square, threw up the Free Flag of Cuba, pronounced the Spanish authority at an end, and formally took possession of the town.

It was the intention of Lopez, once he had taken Cardinas, to leave it in the hands of the Creoles, and then proceed, by rail-road or otherwise, to Matanzas. The people, however, showed neither enthusiasm at his success, nor willingness to join his ranks. A few—a very few—only displayed a desire to take up arms, rally under his banner, and battle for the independence of their country. Lopez scarcely knew what to think of this. It was impossible to reconcile such conduct with the promises and statements of the Cubans. His brow became painfully thoughtful. His men, too, grew mutin-

ous. It was plain to them that the Creoles of Cardinas, at least, felt no disposition to revolt; that their sympathies, or what was more probable their fears, were with the government, and the chances of their joining in the rising were visibly unpromising. To crown the General's anguish, intelligence was received to the effect that troops were on their way in large numbers to the city, both by sea and land, to crush at once the invaders, their sympathizers, and all hopes of a revolution at a blow. This, in the estimation of the General and his men, was of no consequence, if the people showed any inclination to join them; they did not, and Lopez, perceiving that without such encouragement, it would be useless for him to attempt to hold the city, sorrowfully relinquished his design upon Matanzas, re-embarked, and the Creole moved off with the invaders, in the direction of Key West, where she arrived in safety, closely followed however by the Spanish war steamer Pizarro, from which she very narrowly escaped.

Shortly after reaching Key West, the Creole was seized by the United States authorities, and Lopez proceeded to Savannah, where he was arrested on the 27th of May for his connexion with the expedition. No delay being granted by the District Judge to procure evidence against him, he was acquitted and discharged amid the cheers of an immense concourse which had assembled to learn the result of the trial.

From Savannah, Lopez proceeded to New Orleans, the head quarters of the Junta. Here, with others, he was again arrested, by order of the government, and a true bill found against him by the Grand Jury of the United States Court, for violating the act of 1818. The government failed however in making out its case against one or two of his colleagues, and finally relinquished the prosecution.

Though somewhat disturbed at the result of his operations at Cardinas, Lopez was in no wise disheartened. Letters subsequently received from various sections of Cuba strengthened him in the conviction that the Creoles of that Island were not all composed of the same ignoble stuff which marked those of Cardinas. His correspondence, as well as that of the Junta generally, with the resident Cuban Creoles, was of an extensive character; and his letters encouraged him to proceed, promising him at the same time the most liberal co-operation, and the heartiest and readiest assistance, both in money and men.

And now, one word in respect to his motives.

Lopez had nothing to gain, and every thing to lose by his connection with this enterprise. An ardent lover of liberty, hating oppression, naturally chivalrous and of enlarged and comprehensive views, his clear intellect saw the evils of despotism, his noble heart was indignant at the sufferings of the oppressed Cubans, his generous soul inspired him with the determination to free them from the Spanish yoke, and to this idea he devoted his genius, his life, his fortune. The first, those friendly with him never dreamt of calling in question; the second he regarded of but little value except so far as it enabled him to serve what he supposed to be the interest of humanity; the third, he spent free as water in the cause in which he had engaged. He was old, and glory had but little effect upon him; as to the pecuniary reward, he was already rich, and his nature was by no means sordid. If he failed in his design of emancipating Cuba from the despotism which wrapped her in its black embrace, distorting her beauty, stifling her energies, and robbing her with the rapacity of a tiger, of her riches, strength, and blood, his life was the penalty. If he succeeded, the hope, the dream of his life would be realized, and the joy attending *that* was in itself the best and the only recompense he could expect. I will not say that the ambition of being pronounced the Saviour of Cuba, and of obtaining an honorable rank among the true heroes of the world, the Soldiers of Humanity, had no place in his thoughts. Let those who would pronounce judgment against him, because *failure* attended his latest effort to disenfranchise the Cubans of the gyves which held them in bondage, charge him with a *baser* motive, and fasten it upon him. I am not of their number.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RISING AT PRINCIPE.

As I have said, Lopez and the Junta generally were in continual correspondence with resident Creoles of Cuba, after the affair of Cardinas, and that they promised liberally both men and money. Though Lopez and his coadjutors had the utmost confidence in these promises, as well as in the earnestness of their correspondents, it was not so with "the men" engaged in the enterprise. They said: "The people charge us with endeavoring to create a revolution for the sake of pillage; they state that the Cubans do not desire freedom, if they did they would

strike for themselves. We will not waste any more time, nor take another step until we see something on the part of the Creoles besides promises. We took the first step at Cardinas, and gave them an opportunity to show their hands, which they did not. They must take the next, and then we will go to their assistance; otherwise, we shall not budge an inch."

This was good reasoning, and Lopez, as well as the Junta, had to acknowledge the force of it; and they immediately despatched intelligence to that effect to the revolutionists of Cuba. Replies came back that the creoles *would* take the desired step, and at once. This was all that was demanded, and the hopes of the Junta again rose high. It was announced by the creoles that a demonstration would be made at Puerto Principe, sometime between the 1st and 4th of July, when a Declaration of Independence would be read, and the People called upon to rise. July was close at hand, too close to despatch assistance with the hope that it would reach the patriots in time, and the Junta could therefore do but little else than wait impatiently for tidings from Principe. At length it came.

True to their promise, the Cuban revolutionists took the next step.

The town of Puerto Principe, which is the capital of the Central Department of Cuba, is situated in the interior, a little to the east of the centre of the island, and 450 miles from Havana. It is 36 miles from Neuvas, which is its seaport, and through which all its foreign trade passes. The town is situated between two rivulets, which unite and form the San Pedro river. The country in the neighborhood formerly produced immense quantities of cattle, and supplied the markets of Havana. The soil is exceedingly rich and productive, but much of it lies waste and uncultivated. The mountain range of Cuba flanks the city on either hand. The eastern chain, running to the point of the island at Cape Maysi, is savage and broken, some of the peaks rising to the height of 8,000 feet. These mountain valleys and defiles would afford ample shelter to the revolutionists, who might also draw their supplies from the rich agricultural region adjoining.

The Creoles of this region are excellent horsemen, strong, athletic, and hardy men, always on horseback, and accustomed to thread the dense and intricate forests of the Island, in which the Spanish soldiery would be found completely useless, however brave.

The rising began on the 3d of July, and continued, though somewhat bunglingly managed, till the 13th, when it ceased.



The following intelligence of the details was transmitted to the Junta.

On the morning of the 3d of July, Joaquín de Aguero y Sanchez, with a small body of Creoles, made his appearance in the town of Principe, uttering loud cries of "Liberty—death to the Spaniard!" and, with his companions, calling on the people to join him and strike for freedom. Although he had previously received the promises of some three or four hundred that they would respond to the call the instant a demonstration was made, only fifteen, all told, redeemed their pledge. Though somewhat disturbed at this result, the Creole chief, followed by his small troop, hurried through the town, uttering defiance to the authorities, and as before, calling on the people to join him. The latter displayed no decision, and the Spanish troops, outnumbering the insurgents twenty to one, perceiving the inhabitants were too timid to join them, thus heading off all idea of danger, sallied forth to attack them. The odds were too fearful for the contest to last any length of time, and, as might have been expected, the patriots were routed, and Sanchez taken prisoner.

Notwithstanding this result, the Creoles made another stand on the following day. They gathered in large numbers, on a plain, at the foot of the hills of Najassa, a few leagues from the city. Here, it was determined, in case of interruption by the Spanish troops, to strike boldly and manfully for the cause. The flag of the Liberators was unfurled, and the following Declaration of Independence read :

TO THE

### Inhabitants of the Island of Cuba.

*Manifesto and Proclamation of their Independence by the Liberating Society of Puerto Principe.*

HUMAN Reason revolts against the idea that the social and political condition of a people can be indefinitely prolonged, in which man, stripped of all rights and guarantees, with no security of person or property, no enjoyment in the present, no hope in the future, lives only by the will, and under the conditions imposed by the pleasure of his tyrants; where a vile calumny, a prisoner's denunciation, a despot's suspicion, a word caught up by surprise in the sanctuary of home, or from the violated privacy of a letter, furnishes ample grounds for tearing a man from his hearth, and casting him forth to die of destitution or despair in a foreign soil, if he escapes being subjected to the insulting forms of a barbarous and arbitrary tribunal, where his persecutors are themselves the judges who condemn him, and where, instead of their proving his offence, he is required to prove his innocence.

A situation so violent as this, Cuba has been for many years enduring; and far from any promise of remedy appearing, every day adds new proof that the policy of the mother-country, and the ferocity of her rulers, will grant neither truce nor rest till she is reduced to the condition of an immense prison, where every Cuban will be watched by a guard, and will have to pay that guard for watching him. In vain have this people exhibited a mildness, a prudence, and even a submission and loyalty, which have been proverbial.

When the iniquity of the government has not been able to find any ostensible grounds for persecution, it has had recourse to cowardly arts and snares to tempt its victims into some offence! Thus were various individuals of Matanzas entrapped into an ambuscade of soldiery, by the pretext of selling them some arms, under circumstances which made them believe those arms were necessary for self-defence, against threatened attacks from the Peninsulars. Thus have sergeants, and even officers, been seen to mingle among the country people, and pass themselves off as enemies of the government, for the purpose of betraying them into avowals of their sentiments, to the ruin of many persons so informed against, as well as to the disgrace of military honor on the part of those who have lent themselves to so villanous a service.

If the sons of Cuba, moved by the dread of greater evils, have ever determined to employ legitimate means of imposing some law, or some restraint, upon the unbridled excesses of their rulers, these latter have always found the way to distort such acts into attempts at rebellion.

For having dared to give utterance to principles and opinions, which, to other nations, constitute the foundation of their moral progress and glory, the Cubans most distinguished for their virtues and talents have found themselves wanderers and exiles. For the offence of having exhibited their opposition to the unlawful and perilous slavetrade, from which the avarice of General O'Donnell promised itself so rich a harvest of lucre, the latter satiated his resentment with the monstrous vengeance of involving them in a charge of conspiracy with the free colored people and the slaves of the estates; endeavoring, as the last outrage that an immoral government could offer to law, to reason, or to nature, to prove the object of that conspiracy, in which they implicated whites of the most eminent virtue, knowledge, and patriotism, to have been no other than the "destruction of their own race."

All the laws of society and nature trampled under foot—all races and conditions confounded together—the island of Cuba then presented to the civilized world a spectacle worthy of the rejoicings of hell. The wretched slaves saw their flesh torn from them under the lash, and bespattered with blood the faces of their executioners, who did not cease exacting from their tortures denunciations against accomplices. Others were shot in platoons, without form of trial, and without even coming to understand the pretext under which they were massacred.

The free colored people, after having been first lacerated by the lash, were then hurried to the scaffold, and those only escaped with life who had gold enough to appease the fury of their executioners. And nevertheless, when the government, or its followers, has come to fear some rising of the Cubans, their first threat has been that of arming the colored people against them for their extermination. We abstain for very shame from repeating the senseless pretences to which they have had recourse to terrify the timid. Wretches! how have they been able to imagine that the victims of their fury, with whom the whites of Cuba have shared in common the horrors of misery and persecution, will turn against their own friends at the call of the very tyrant who has torn them in pieces? If the free colored people, who know their interests as well as the whites, take any part in the movement of Cuba, it certainly will not be to the injury of the mother who shelters them in her bosom, nor of those other sons of hers who have never made them feel the difference of their race and condition, and who, far from plundering them, have taken pride in being their defenders, and in meriting the title of their benefactors.

The world would refuse to believe the history of the horrid crimes which have been perpetrated in Cuba, and would reasonably consider that if there have been monsters to commit, it is inconceivable that there could so long have been men to endure them. But if there are few able to penetrate to the truth of particular facts, through all the means employed by the government to obscure and distort them, no one will resist the evidence of public and official facts.

Publicly, and with arms in his hands, did Gen. Tacón despoil Cuba of the constitution of Spain, proclaimed by all the powers of the monarchy, and sent to be sworn to in Cuba, as the fundamental law of the whole kingdom.

Publicly, and by legislative act, was Cuba declared to be deprived of all the rights enjoyed by all Spaniards, and conceded by nature and the laws of nations the least advanced in civilization.

Publicly have the sons of Cuba been cut off from all admission to the commands and lucrative employments of the state.

Public are the unlimited powers, of every description, granted to the Captain-Generals of Cuba, who can refuse to those whom they condemn even the right of a trial, and the privilege of being sentenced by a tribunal.

Public and permanent, in the island of Cuba, are those court martials, which the laws permit only in extraordinary cases of war, for offences against the state.

Publicly has the Spanish press hurled against Cuba the threat of converting the island into ruin and ashes, by liberating the slaves, and unchaining against her the hordes of barbarian Africans.

Public are the impediments and difficulties imposed upon every individual, to restrain him from moving from place to place, and from exercising any branch of industry—no one being safe from arrest and fine, for some deficiency

of authority or license, at every step he may take.

Public are the taxes which have wasted away the substance of the island and the projects of other new ones, which threaten to abolish all the products of its riches—nothing being left for its people but the toils to produce them.

Public are the petty exactions and plunderings, at every turn, inflicted in the most unblushing manner, in addition to the general impositions by the subaltern mandarins of authority in their respective localities.

Finally, the government has publicly and officially declared—and the journals in its pay have labored to sustain the declaration with foul commentary—"that the inhabitants of Cuba have no organ nor right of action, even for the purpose of directing an humble prayer to the feet of the sovereign." The fact that the corporation of Puerto Principe, with the authorization of the Governor, who presided over it, addressed to the Queen a memorial to the effect that the royal court (audiencia) shall not be suppressed in that district, gave rise to the removal of the members of the corporation from office, and to the unheard-of arbitrariness of that declaration, in which to increase the outrage, it added that the government is not bound in its proceedings to consult the opinions and interests of the country.

Outrages so great and so frequent, reasons so many and so strong, suffice not merely to justify, but to sanctify, in the eyes of the whole world, the cause of the independence of Cuba, and any effort of her people, by their own exertions, or with friendly aid from abroad, to put an end to the evils they suffer, and secure the rights with which God and nature have invested man.

Who will in Cuba oppose this indefeasible instinct, this imperative necessity of defending our property, and of seeking in the institutions of a just, free, and regulated government, that welfare and security which are the conditions on which alone civilized society can exist?

The Peninsulars, (natives of Spain) perhaps, who have come to Cuba to marry our daughters, who have here their children, their affections and their property, will they disregard the laws of nature to range themselves on the side of a government which oppresses them as it oppresses us, and which will neither thank them for the service, nor be able, with all their help, to prevent the triumph of the independence of Cuba?

Are not they as intimately bound up with the happiness and interest of Cuba as those blood natives of her soul, who will never be able to deny the name of their fathers, and who, in rising up to-day against the despotism of the government, would wish to count upon their co-operation as the best guaranty of their new social organization, and the strongest proof of the justice of their cause?

Have they not fought in the Peninsula itself, for their national independence, for the support of the same principles for which we, the sons of Cuba proclaim, and which, being the same for men in all countries, cannot be admitted in



all countries, cannot be admitted in one and rejected in another without doing treason to nature and to the light of reason, from which they spring?

No, no—it cannot be that they should carry submissiveness to the point of preferring their own ruin, and the spilling of the blood of their sons and brothers, to the triumph of the holiest cause ever embraced by man—a cause which aims to promote their own happiness, and to protect their rights and properties. The Peninsulars who adorn and enrich our soil, and to whom the title of labor gives as high a right as our own to its preservation, know very well that the sons of Cuba regard them with personal affection—have never failed to recognise the interest and reciprocal wants which unite the two—nor have ever held them responsible for the perverseness of the few, and for the iniquities of a government whose infernal policy alone has labored to separate them, on the tyrant's familiar maxim—to divide and conquer.

We, who proceed in good faith, and with the noble ambition of earning the applause of the world for the justice of our acts—we surely cannot aim at the destruction of our brothers, nor at the usurpation of their properties; and far from meriting that vile calumny which the government will endeavor to fasten upon us, we do not hesitate to swear, in the sight of God and of man, that nothing would better accord with the wishes of our hearts, or with the glory and happiness of our country, than the co-operation of the Peninsulars in the sacred work of liberation. United with them, we could realize that idea of entire independence which is a pleasing one to their own minds; but if they present themselves in our way as enemies, we shall not be able to answer for the security of their persons and properties, nor, when adventuring all for the main object of the liberty of Cuba, shall we be able to renounce any means of effecting it.

But if we have all these reasons to expect that the Peninsulars, who are in nowise dependent on the government, and who are so bound up with the fate of Cuba, will at least remain neutral, it will not be supposed that we can promise ourselves the same conduct on the part of the army, the individuals composing which, without ties or affections, know no other law nor consideration than the will of their commander. We pity the lot of those unfortunate men, subject to a tyranny as hard as our own, who, torn from their homes in the flower of their youth, have been brought to Cuba to oppress us, on comments and hopes of life. If they shall appreciate the difference between the condition of themselves renouncing the dignity of men and all the enjoyments of a free and happy citizen and a dependent and hireling soldier, and choose to accept the benefits of liberty and prosperity, which we tender them, we will admit them into our ranks as brethren. But if they shall disregard the dictates of reason and of their own interests, and allow themselves to be controlled by the insidious representations of their tyrants, so as to regard it as their duty to oppose themselves to us on

the field of battle as enemies, we will then accept the combat, alike without hate and without fear, and always willing, whenever they may lay down their arms, to welcome them to our embrace.

To employ the language of moderation and justice—to seek for means of peace and conciliation—to invoke the sentiments of love and brotherhood—befits a cultivated and Christian people, which finds itself forced to appeal to the violent recourse of arms, not for the purpose of attacking the social order and the lives of fellow beings, but to recover the condition and the rights of man, usurped from them by an unjust and tyrannical power. But let not the expression of our progress and wishes encourage in our opponents the idea that we are ignorant of our resources, or distrustful of our strength. All the means united, at the disposal of the Peninsulars in Cuba, against us, could only make the struggle more protracted and disastrous; but the issue in our favor could not be any the less sure and decisive.

In the ranks of independence we have to count all the free sons of Cuba, whatever may be the color of their race—the brave nations of South America, who inhabit our soil, and who have already made trial of the strength and conduct of our tyrants—the sturdy islanders of the Canaries, who love Cuba as their country, and who have already had an Hernandez and a Montes de Oca, to seal with the proof of martyrdom, the heroic decision of their compatriots for our cause.

The ranks of the government would find themselves constantly thinned by desertion, by the climate, by death, which from all quarters would spring up among them in a thousand forms. Out short of means to pay and maintain their army, dependent on recruits from Spain to fill up their vacancies, without an inch of friendly ground on which to plant their feet, or an individual on whom to rely with security, war in the field would be for them one of extermination; while, if they shut themselves within the defences of their fortresses, hunger and want would soon compel them to abandon them, if they were not carried by force of arms. The example of the whole continent of Spanish America, under circumstances more favorable for them, when they had Cuba as their arsenal, the benefit of her coffers, and native aid, in those countries themselves, ought to serve them as a lesson not to undertake an exterminating and fratricidal struggle, which could not fail to be attended with the same or worse results.

We, on the other hand, besides our own resources, have, in the neighboring states of the Union, and in all the republics of America, the encampments of our troops, the depots of our supplies, and the arsenals of our arms. All the sons of this vast New World, whose bosom shelters the island of Cuba, and who have had, like us, to shake off by force the yoke of tyranny, will enthusiastically applaud our resolve, will fly by hundreds to place themselves beneath the flag of liberty in our ranks, and their trained and experienced valor will aid us in annihilating, once and for always, the la

badge of ignominy that still disgraces the free and independent soil of America.

If we have hitherto hoped, with patience and resignation, that justice and their own interests would change the mind of our tyrants; if we have trusted to external efforts to bring the mother country to a negotiation which should avoid the disasters of war, we are resolved to prove by deeds that inaction and endurance have not been the results of impotence and cowardice. Let the government undeceive itself in regard to the power of its bayonets and the efficacy of all the means it has invented to oppress and watch us. In the face of its very authorities—in the sight of the spies at our side—on the day when we have resolved to demand back our rights, and by force to break our chains, nothing has prevented us from combining the plan of our revolution; and the cry of liberty and independence will rise from the Cape of San Antonia to the Point of Maysi.

We, then, as provisional representatives of the people of Cuba, and in exercise of the rights which God and nature have bestowed upon every freeman, to secure his welfare and establish himself under the form of government that suits him, do solemnly declare, taking God to witness the ends we propose, and invoking the favor of the people of America, who have preceded us with their example, that the Island of Cuba is, and, by the laws of nature ought to be, independent of Spain; and that henceforth the inhabitants of Cuba are free from all obedience or subjection to the Spanish government, and the individuals composing it; owing submission only to the authority and direction of those who, while awaiting the action of the general suffrage of the people, are charged, or may provisionally charge themselves, with the command and government of each locality, and of the military forces.

By virtue of this declaration, the free sons of Cuba, and the inhabitants of the island who adhere to her cause, are authorized to take up arms, to unite into corps, to name officers and juntas of government, for their organization and direction, for the purpose of putting themselves in communication with the juntas constituted for the proclamation of the independence of Cuba, and which have given the initiative to this movement. Placed in the imposing attitude of making themselves respected, our compatriots will prefer all the means of persuasion to those of force; they will protect the property of neutrals, whatever may be their origin; they will welcome the Peninsulars into their ranks as brothers, and will respect all property.

If, notwithstanding our purposes and fraternal intentions, the Spanish government should find partizans obstinately bent upon sustaining it, and we have to owe our liberty to the force of arms, sons of Cuba, let us prove to the republics of America which are contemplating us, that we, having been the last to follow their example does not make us unworthy of them,

nor incapable of meriting our liberty and achieving our independence.

JOAQUIN DE AGUERO AGUERO,  
FRANCISCO AGUERO ESTRADUA,  
UBALDO ARTEACA PINA.

July 4, 1851.

After the reading of the above, the utmost enthusiasm prevailed; the mercurial Creoles rent the air with cries of "Liberty—death to the Spaniard—Cuba without chains." Suddenly there was a commotion in the crowd; all eyes were turned to the left, and they beheld a large troop of lancers and another of infantry approaching them. In a moment, Agüero, the leader of the Liberators, spoke a few words, in a low voice, to those immediately around him; these filed off from the platform, mingled among the throng, hurriedly communicated the order they had received from their chief, and the concourse formed at once into divisions of 100 men each.

Agüero Agüero placed himself at their head, gave them a few hurried directions, and then calmly awaited the approach and action of the foe.

The latter advanced with great confidence, and when within about fifty yards of the patriots, the infantry opened a fierce quick fire, when the lancers, with a wild shout, rushed forward to follow up the advantage. Six of the patriots fell at the first discharge, but ere the lancers could reach them, a sharp, fierce volley from Agüero's divisions unhorsed some twenty-five of them, when the remainder wheeled, and hurried back to the rear of the infantry. Agüero now ordered his divisions to advance, and another discharge settled the fate of the contest, and so operated upon the nerves of the troops, that they turned upon their heels and fled, with all speed, back to Port Principe, whither the patriots did not deem it politic to follow them, inasmuch as the inhabitants of that city, perfectly cowed down by the queen's troops, were not brave and generous enough to join them, even in the flush of victory, whereas the Creoles of the interior were not only brave and patriotic, but also willing to encourage, protect and succor them in every extremity.

They therefore, instead of proceeding towards the city or remaining in the adjoining neighborhood, pushed on still further into the interior, and finally pitched their camp on the plains of Guanamaquilla. Here they were followed and attacked on the 6th, by General Lemory at the head of six hundred men. The battle was short and decisive; the Spaniards



were routed, leaving forty of their number, killed and wounded, behind them. General Lemory fled with great rapidity, with a severe wound in his left arm, and losing his sword in his flight. Thus far the troops had proved themselves unequal to a contest with the Creoles, and the latter, flushed with success, quitted the plains, divided into divisions of one hundred men each, separated, and started off in various directions, to extend and increase the revolt. This was their first error. So long as they remained together, they were capable of maintaining their position against all the forces that would be likely to be arrayed against them. It was at this stage of their operations, viz: their defeat of General Lemory, and the scattering of their divisions to extend the revolt, that they transmitted the details of their success to Lopez and the Junta.

Let us now see what became of them subsequent to the commission of this fatal error.

One party of a hundred men, under Agüero, proceeded to the small town of Las Tunas, where they arrived late in the evening. Filing off into two divisions of fifty each, they entered the town with loud shouts, at two different points, and awakening the inhabitants, called upon them to join with them in their struggle for delivering their country. In a brief season, Las Tunas was in a violent commotion; the alarm was rung, the garrison with its five hundred men was hurriedly aroused, the lieutenant-governor called on the troops for protection, and while the latter went out to meet the liberators, the worthy governor carefully sought safety in the garrison. A few of the inhabitants responded with alacrity to the call of the patriots, who now, under the guidance of the new recruits, directed their march towards the garrison, for the purpose of demanding its surrender. As we have said, the hour was late, the night somewhat dark, and the liberators divided into two parties, and while each was proceeding towards the garrison, they suddenly met in a dark street, when each deeming the other the enemy, they fired, and engaged in fierce conflict. The sound of their guns served to direct the troops who were in search of them, and the latter fell upon them. In an instant, the patriots perceived their mistake, panic seized them, and they turned and fled. The troops pursued them, but succeeded in bringing down only two of their number, whom, with their usual barbarity, they instantly disembowelled.

Another party of a hundred men, proceeded south of Puerto Principe, and encamped on the plains near Santa Isabel,

where they were speedily joined by seventy Creoles of the neighborhood. They had scarcely assembled, however, when they were attacked by a large force of the queen's troops, comprising three hundred and fifty cavalry and five hundred infantry. Notwithstanding this great disproportion, the patriots decided upon yielding only with defeat. The contest was brief, sharp and decisive. The Creoles, indifferently armed, were speedily routed and dispersed; some twenty-five slain, and forty taken prisoners. Of the troops, fifty were killed, and eighty wounded.

Another division, commanded by Don Serapin Recio, advanced towards Santa Cruz, and shortly before reaching the river, was informed that four companies of the regiment of Cantabria were marching in the same direction, under command of Col. Conti; but that the river being swollen, they were occupied in making rafts to cross it. Recio, immediately ordered a march towards that point. He watched the enemy's movements, and when sufficiently near, without being seen, he planted his men in ambuscade, and waited till they should begin the crossing on the raft. That took place. The commander of the enemy crossed at the head of the first company, and landed, and the raft, drawn back by the ropes, returned to the opposite bank to bring over the second; the patriots remaining meanwhile motionless and ready for the attack. The raft began to move with the second company, and then the patriots fell upon them desperately, scattered confusion among them, took prisoner Col. Conti, six officers, and fifty-six soldiers. The number of killed on the banks was thirty-six, without counting a great number of wounded, together with various materials of war taken from the enemy. With these, Recio continued his route, but was suddenly beset by about four hundred cavalry, himself taken, fifty-six of his men slain, and the balance either captured or put to flight.

Another division, of a hundred men, proceeded to Punta de Ganado, where they had scarcely arrived, when they were attacked by five hundred horse and an equal number of infantry. The battle lasted about fifteen minutes, resulting in the utter defeat of the liberators. Many were captured, a few killed, and the remainder sought safety in the mountains, whither they were unsuccessfully pursued by the troops.

Another party, of a similar number, directed their steps to La Siguanea, where they were met and routed by a vastly superior force.

Another, and the last division, proceeded, under Agüero, to Nuevitas, which



they entered in triumph. The people joined in considerable numbers, and if they had been armed, all would doubtless have went well. The troops evinced no anxiety to attack them, and quietly awaited the arrival of reinforcements. The latter soon arrived in great force, when the Spanish commander, Don Carlos Comus, finding that he had seventeen hundred well appointed troops to fight two hundred and fifty badly armed men, marched out with a great flourish of trumpets to attack them. The patriots, however, received him with considerable bravery and skill. At the first fire, sixty-five of the Spaniards went down, and their weapons were speedily transferred to the hands of the opposing party. The battle was continued for three hours, at the end of which time the force of the patriots was reduced to eighty men, and these without powder. Hope now was at an end, and since it is impossible to fight without means, Agüero and his party sought safety in flight, but were finally captured.

These events were concluded on the 27th of July, at which time the whole of the patriots who had assembled on the 4th, to hear the Declaration of Cuban Independence read, and who performed such brilliant feats on that eventful day, were either taken, killed, or had abandoned the cause through terror.

Military commissions were ordered at Puerto Principe and Trinidad, by Concha, the Captain General, to try the Chief Armenteros, and part of his followers, all of whom were condemned—the Lieutenant Captain of Militia, D. Jose Isidoro Armenteros, D. Fernando Hernandez, and D. Rafael Arcis, to the punishment of death, to be shot in the back; D. Ignacio Belen Perez, D. Nestor Cadalso, D. Juan O'Bourke, D. Abeja Iznaga Miranda, and D. Jose Maria Rodriguez, to the punishment of ten years' imprisonment abroad, with perpetual prohibition of returning to this island; D. Juan Hevia and D. Avelino Porada, to eight years' imprisonment under the same condition; D. Pedro Jose Pomares, D. Foribio Garcia D. Cruz Birba, and D. Fernando Medinilla, two years' imprisonment with the same prohibition. The sentence was approved by the Captain General, and executed on the 18th of August, the three first in the field called del Negro, near Trinidad.

On the 9th of August, the first sentence of the *consejo* of war of the Military Commission of Puerto Principe was given, condemning D. Joaquin Agüero y Agüero, D. Jose Thomas Betancourt, D. Fernando de Zayas, and D. Miguel Benavides, to the punishment of death by garrote; and

D. Miguel Castellanos, and D. Adolfo Pierre Agüero, to ten years' imprisonment, the first not being of age, and the second having circumstances in his favor. The sentence was approved by the General Commander, and, not having an executioner in the city, the four first were shot, on the morning of the 12th.

Intelligence of the preceding disasters had not as yet reached the Junta. The last despatches received were those relating to the success of the patriots. Profoundly ignorant of what had followed since the date of their last letters, judging by them that the Creoles were thoroughly awakened to a sense of their own power, that they were arousing their countrymen to action at every point, that their triumphs over the Spanish troops had not ceased, and that the Island was now, as they were led to infer by the tenor of their last despatches, in a complete state of revolt, Lopez and his coadjutors came at once to the unanimous decision, that now was the hour.

Intelligence to that effect was therefore transmitted to the agents of the enterprise in various sections of the Union, instructing them to get ready and start immediately to the assistance of the Creoles, designating the points of the Island at which they were to land, and promising that Lopez, with five hundred picked men, would precede them.

To comply with this order was, as the reader is no doubt fully aware, and as the agents of the Junta very well knew, not the simplest and easiest of feats. Hired spies were continually at their heels; they did not make a movement that was unwatched. Added to the spies in the pay of the Spanish officials, they had the argus eyes of the United States authorities to blind and evade. This was easier to conceive than to execute. Nevertheless, in defiance of all of these difficulties, the agents calmly set to work to fulfil the instructions of the Junta.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LAST MOVEMENT OF LOPEZ.

A FEW days only were necessary for the Junta to complete the preparations necessary for an immediate departure. This accomplished, Lopez went on board the Junta's steamer, the Pampero, accompanied by his staff, and four hundred men. Steam was instantly put up, and the Pampero glided, amid the cheers of a large throng of spectators, out into the stream. While passing down the Mississippi, the

steamer was hailed by a large number of filibusteros, the majority of whom were taken up; but on the captain stating that it was impossible to carry them all, a portion of them debarked, leaving four hundred and eighty on board, and with this number, the Pampero proceeded to Key West, for stores, where Lopez found a letter from a correspondent at Havana, stating that Pina del Rey, and almost all of the Vuelta de Abajor, were in open insurrection, and that he had better proceed thither at once with his forces. This letter, as has since been learned, was written by the treacherous correspondent, a well known speculator of Havana, and a former friend of Lopez, at the instigation of Concha, the Captain General of Cuba, and was false in every particular. Deeming it accurate, however, supposing it to have been written with the most friendly motives, not dreaming for an instant that it was an infamous snare to lead him to destruction, Lopez at once resolved to forego his original intention, which was to go to Port Principe, to act upon the advice of the letter, and to proceed and land at some point of Vuelta de Abajor. He communicated his wish to Capt. Lewis, the commander of the Pampero, and that gentleman turned the vessel's head in the desired direction. Lopez then summoned his officers, and laid before them the contents of the letter.

The following is a list of the force under his command.

Six companies of infantry, including officers, 219; three artillery, 114; one Cuban patriots, 49; one Hungarian, 9; one German, 9.

**LIST OF OFFICERS.**—General-in-chief, Narciso Lopez; second in command, and chief of the staff, John Pragay; officers of the staff, Captain Emmrich Radwitch; Lieutenants Joseph Lewohl, and Jigys Rodendorf; Adjutants Colengen and Blumenthal; Captain Ludwig Schlessenger; Lieutenants Ludwig and Miller; Surgeon Hega Lemngue. Commissary, G. A. Cook.

**Staff of the Regiment of Infantry.**—Colonel R. L. Dorman, Lieutenant Colonel W. Scott Harness, Adjutant George A. Graham; Commissary Joseph Bell. Adjutant of the Regiment, George Parr.

**Company A.**—Captain, Robert Ellis; Lieutenant, E. McDonald; Sub-Lieutenant, J. L. La Hascan; ditto, R. H. Beeslinbridge.

**Company B.**—Captain, John Johnson; First Lieutenant, James Dunn; Second do., J. F. Williams; Third do., James O'Reilly.

**Company C.**—Captain, J. C. Bridgham; First Lieutenant, Richard Vowden; Second do., J. A. Gray; Third do., J. N. Baker.

**Company D.**—Captain, Philip Goiday; First Lieutenant, David L. Rassin; Second do., John H. Landingham; Third do., Jas. H. Vowden.

**Company E.**—Captain, Henry Jackson; First

Lieutenant, William Hobbs; Second do., J. A. Simpson; Third do., James Crangh.

**Company F.**—Captain, Wm. Stewart; First Lieutenant, James L. Down; Second do., John L. Bass; Third do., Thos. Hudwall.

**Regiment of Artillery.**—*Officers of the Staff.*—Chief, Wm. L. Crittenden; Adjutant, R. L. Stanford; Second Master of Commissariat, Felix Hustin; Surgeon, Ludovic Vinka.

**Company A.**—Captain, W. A. Kelly; First Lieutenant, N. O. James; Second do., Jas. A. Nowens; Third do., J. O. Bryce.

**Company B.**—Captain, Jas. Sounders; First Lieutenant, Philip Van Vechten; Second do., Beverly A. Hunter; Third do., Wm. H. Craft.

**Company C.**—Captain, Victor Kerr; First Lieutenant, James Brandt; Second do., Wm. T. Vienne.

**Regiment of Cuban Patriots.**—**Company A.**—Captain, Ilde Fousee Overto; First Lieutenant, De Jiga Hernandez; Second do., Miguel Lopez; Third do., Jose A. Planos; Fourth do., Henry Lopez.

**Regiment of Hungarians.**—Major, George Botilla; Captain, Ladislaus Polank; Lieutenants, Sermerby, Johan Petroce, Adambert Kerskes, and Conrad Richner.

**German Regiment.**—Captain, Hugo Schlyet; Lieutenants, Paul Michael, Biro Cambeas; Captain, Pietra Muller; Lieutenant, Giovano Placasee.

After hearing the purport of the letter, the officers agreed with Lopez, that it was their best policy to proceed at once to Vuelta de Abajor.

Thither, then, the Pampero was headed; and about 11 o'clock on the night of the 11th of August, she landed Lopez and his men at Morillo.

As he touched the shore, he perceived, by the clear moonlight, that the place was comparatively deserted; the buildings were open, empty, and forsaken; with the exception of a few countrymen, who fled at a few discharges, Morillo was without inhabitants. Lopez turned to Captain Lewis, and bade him return to Florida for further recruits. The Pampero accordingly moved off, when Lopez, leaving Col. Crittenden with fifty men, to look after the unnecessary arms and provisions, advanced to the next town, Las Posas, without encountering anything but a few countrymen, who fled as he approached. On reaching Las Posas, he found the town abandoned, nor could all his best efforts persuade its inhabitants to return. He remained at Las Posas till the following morning, when he was attacked by twelve hundred of the Queen's troops, who, in the end were forced to retire, leaving him in possession of the place, with the loss of Col. Pragay, Capt. Oberto, and some fifty killed and wounded. Finding he did not encounter the expected sympathy amongst the people, and was attacked by the very troops whom



he expected to join him, he resolved to resort to the mountains, and with this object started for Pinar del Rio, but by the error or treachery of his guide was conducted to the coffee estate of Frias, where he had another encounter with the troops, when they killed a large number of Spaniards, including Gen. Enna; this encounter resulted in the loss of four or five men, which with what were before lost, reduced the force at Frias to 220 men, including 12 or 14 wounded. With these he passed to Brujo, and spending the night in union, went to Martitorenea or Candelaria, where on the 21st, his force not exceeding 200 men, when breakfasting, he was surprised, attacked, and his men dispersed by the troops of the Queen. An hundred or more hid themselves in the forest, one-third without arms, where they remained for four days without any food except Lopez's horse, some corn, and wild plants.

Shortly after the battle of Las Posas, Lopas received a note from Colonel Crittenden, complaining of the ignoble position in which he found himself at Morillo, and requesting permission to join him. Lopez sent him word by the messenger to do so, and at two o'clock of the following morning, Crittenden took up his march for Las Posas, some eight miles distant. He had scarcely proceeded three miles, when he was attacked by five hundred Spanish soldiers. In spite of this extraordinary disproportion, the gallant Crittenden, and his no less daring followers, turned upon the troops, who, astonished at such unlooked for audacity, gave way before them. They returned to the charge, a few minutes afterward, and this time, succeeding in routing the little band, who fled into a deep chapparal on the right, where they remained two days and nights, without the slightest particle of food or drink. At the end of that time, they succeeded in working their way to the sea shore, where they found four boats, which they entered, and with what little strength they had left, pulled out to sea. They lay and tossed all night upon the ocean, when, hunger and thirst rendering them feverish and delirious, they returned at daybreak to the sea shore, amid the rocky turnings of which they rowed, weary and faint, in search of food. The following is the official account of their capture, as related by General de Bustillos, in a despatch to Concha, the Captain General:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY:—I started yesterday from Bahia Honda, in the steamer Habanero, with a view to reconnoitre the coast of Playitas and Morillo, in order to remove all the means by which the pirates could possibly escape; or, in case of more expeditions to these

points, to remove the means of disembarkation. At seven o'clock in the morning, I communicated with the inhabitants of Morillo, and was informed by the inhabitants that, at ten o'clock on the preceding night, one part of them embarked in four boats, which were on the shore, in order to go to New Orleans, by taking the first vessel they could find. Having calculated the hour of their sailing, and the distance probably made in ten hours, and supposing they had taken the direction of New Orleans, which was the cause of their having disappeared from the inhabitants of the neighborhood, I proceeded in that direction eighteen miles, with full steam; but, after having accomplished that distance, I could not discover any of those I pursued. Believing the road they had followed was within the rocks, I directed my steamer to that point, and made the greatest exertions to encounter the fugitive pirates. At ten o'clock in the morning I found myself in the proximity of the passage, and detected the four boats navigating along the coast, but so near to it that I was afraid of my inability to seize them. In order to take them, I ordered the steam to be pressed as much as possible; and I think myself correct in affirming to your Excellency that the steamer was running thirteen miles. This was not enough to overtake them. I could only seize one. Two others were upon the rocks of the island, the fourth upon the rocks of Cayo Levisa. When I seized the men of the first boat, I armed the boats of the ship in order to pursue the second and third, which were on the rocks; but the officers of the army who were in the boats, as well as the troops and sailors, the commander of the boat, D. Ignacio de Arellano, and the captain of the steamer Cardenas, D. Francisco Estolt, threw themselves in the water to pursue the pirates, of whom two only escaped. Having left their arms, we did not pursue them, in order to occupy ourselves with the boat in Cayo Levisa, for it was one of the largest and contained more men. In short, I armed the boats, and directed them to stop the debarkation of the men who were looking for a landing, and to pursue these fugitive pirates. These, twenty-four in number, were hidden within a small creek, having the boat drawn up among the rocks; and here the pirates were seized. The number of the prisoners was fifty, well armed men, headed by a chief and five officers.

This important result proves that the faction is dispirited, and that the greater number have sought their safety by flight, astonished at the bravery of our soldiers, and convinced that their doctrines cannot find an echo in the country.

At half past two o'clock in the evening I returned to Morillo, as the inhabitants, who informed me of the departure of the pirates, told me, also, that some parties of the fugitives were wandering in the neighborhood, and that the troops of her majesty were at a small distance from this place. I sent to the commander, by a faithful peasant, this communication, with the names of the prisoners, whom I keep, for the disposition of your Excellency, in the frigate Esperanza, in which I am just now starting again to sea."

The arrival of the party in Havana was received by the Spaniards and blacks with demonstrations of the wildest delight. It was plain, these wretches were not accustomed to the taking of prisoners, or they would not have made such a fuss over so small a number.

The gallant Crittenden and his brave companions were hurried on deck, and exposed for a few hours to the wildest and most blasphemous imprecations of the cowardly dastards around them. The Spaniards make short work of men, once in their power, who have compelled them to tremble and taste of the bitterness of fear.

The Captain General despatched an amanuensis to each of the prisoners, under the pretence of allowing them to send a parting word to their friends, but in reality to discover if there were any secrets to be thus obtained, of which he was not already in possession. Meanwhile, he was himself engaged in writing out their death warrant, and in despatching orders for their immediate execution. The following is a copy of the death-warrant :

"It having been decreed by the general order of the 20th April last, and subsequently reproduced, what was to be the fate of the pirates who should dare to profane the soil of this Island, and in view of the declarations of the fifty individuals who have been taken by his Excellency the Commander General of this naval station, and placed at my disposal, which declarations establish the identity of their persons, as pertaining to the horde commanded by the traitor Lopez, I have resolved, in accordance with the provisions of the Royal Ordinances, General Laws of the Kingdom, and particularly in the Royal Order of the 12th June of the past year, issued for this particular case, that the said individuals, whose names and designations are set forth in the following statement, suffer this day the pain of death, by being shot, the execution being committed to the Senor Teniente de Rey, Brigadier of the Plaza.

JOSE DE LA CONCHA."

The following is a copy of the list of names attached to the statement referred to :

Colonel W. S. Crittenden,  
 Captain F. S. Sewer,  
 " Victor Kerr,  
 " T. B. Veacey,  
 Lieutenant James Brandt,  
 " J. O. Bryce,  
 " Thomas C. James,  
 Doctor John Fisher,  
 " R. A. Tourniquet,  
 Sergeant J. Whitereus,  
 " A. M. Cotchett,  
 Adjutant R. C. Stanford,  
 Lieutenant M. H. Homes,  
 Private Samuel Mills,  
 " Edward Bulman,

Private George A. Arnold,  
 " B. J. Wregy,  
 " William Niseman,  
 " Anselmo Torres,  
 " ——— Hernandez,  
 " Patrick Dillon,  
 " Thomas Hearsey,  
 " Samuel Reed,  
 " H. T. Vinne,  
 " M. Philips,  
 " James L. Manville,  
 " G. M. Green,  
 " J. Salmon,  
 " Napoleon Collins,  
 " N. H. Fisher,  
 " William Chilling,  
 " G. A. Cook,  
 " S. O. Jones,  
 " M. H. Ball,  
 " James Buxet,  
 " Robert Caldwell,  
 " C. C. Wm. Smith,  
 " A. Ross,  
 " P. Broucke,  
 " John Christides,  
 " Wm. B. Little,  
 " Robert Cantley,  
 " John G. Sanka,  
 " James Stanton,  
 " Thomas Harnatt,  
 " Alexander McIlcer,  
 " John Stubbs,  
 " James Ellis,  
 " William Hogan,  
 " Charles A. Robinson.

This list embraces forty-nine, there were fifty-two shot.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of the 16th August, the order for their transfer from the steamer's deck to the place of execution was delivered, and they were marched down the vessel's gangway, one by one, stripped to trowsers and shirt, some even without the latter covering, bare headed, hands tightly bound behind their backs, into a ferry boat, transported to the foot of the Castle of Atares, at the head of the harbor, a distance of about one mile, and there landed for execution.

An eye-witness thus describes the frightful scene :

HAVANA, August 16—4½ P. M.

I am too much affected to write to you more than to say that I have this day been witness to one of the most brutal acts of wanton inhumanity ever perpetrated in the annals of history. Not content, this government, in revenging themselves in the death of these unfortunate, and, perhaps, misguided men, and which, it may even be said, was brought upon themselves; but these Spanish authorities deserve to be most severely chastised for their exceedingly reprehensible conduct in permitting the desecration, as they have done, of the senseless clay of our brave countrymen. This morning

Forty Americans, One Italian,  
 Four Irish, One Philippine Islander,  
 One Scotch, Two Habaneros, and  
 Two Germans, or Hungarians,



were shot at 11 o'clock—after which the troops were ordered to retire; and some hundreds of the very vilest rabble and negroes, hired for the purpose, commenced stripping the dead bodies, mutilating their limbs, tearing out their eyes, cutting off their noses and fingers, and some of the poor fellows (privates) these wretches brought to the city on sticks, and paraded them under the very walls of the palace. Oh, the very remembrance of the sight is frightful.

I never saw men—and could scarcely have supposed it possible—conduct themselves at such an awful moment with the fortitude these men displayed under such trying circumstances. They were shot six at a time, *i. e.*, twelve were brought to the place of execution, six made to kneel down and receive the fire of the soldiers, after which the remaining six were made to walk round their dead comrades, and kneel opposite to them, when they also were shot. \* \* \* They died bravely, those gallant and unfortunate young men. When the moment of execution came, many, Colonel Crittenden and Captain Victor Kerr among them, refused to kneel with their backs to their executioners. "NO," said the chivalrous Crittenden, "AN AMERICAN KNEELS ONLY TO HIS GOD, AND ALWAYS FACES HIS ENEMY." They stood up, faced their executioners, were shot down, and their brains then knocked out by clubbed muskets. After being stripped, and their bodies mutilated in the barbarous manner I have described, they were shoved, six or seven together, bound as they were, into hearses, which were used last year for cholera cases. No coffins were allowed them; and I think the manner they were put into the hearses was equally as disgusting as the other acts; the heads of some were almost dragging on the ground, and it had more the appearance of a slaughter cart on its way to market from the slaughter-house, than that of a hearse conveying the dead bodies of human beings.

A finer looking set of young men I never saw; they made not a single complaint, not a murmur, against their sentence, and decency should have been shown to their dead bodies, in admiration for the heroism they displayed when brought out for execution. Not a muscle was seen to move, and they proved to the miserable rabble congregated to witness the horrid spectacle, that, it being the fortune of war that they fell into the power of this government, they were not afraid to die. It would have been a great consolation to these poor fellows, as they repeatedly asked, to see their consul, and, through him, to have sent their last adieus, and such little mementos as they had, to their beloved relations in the States. But Mr. Owens, the American Consul, did not even make application to the Captain-General to see these unfortunate countrymen in their distress, and their sacred wishes in their last moments have been unattended to. Lastly, at the very hour of their triumph, when the people of the Spanish steamer Habanero knew that the execution of the American prisoners, which they had taken to Havana, was about to take place, two

shots were fired across, or at, the steamer Falcon, off Bahia Honda; and, notwithstanding that this vessel was well known to them, having, as she had, the American flag hoisted, &c., she was detained and overhauled by these Spanish officers, who, upon returning to their vessel, commenced cheering and hissing at the Falcon, proud, no doubt, of the impunity with which they had detained an American mail steamer on the high seas, at their pleasure!

Let us now return to Lopez, whom we left with his companions in a state of starvation, in the wild intricacies of a forest. While in this position, the Spaniards, trembling lest he should, after all, escape, sent word to Havana that it was impossible to take Lopez by the ordinary means of warfare, that himself and men fought like devils, and that though unprovisioned and hemmed in on all sides by an immense number of troops, every attempt to capture him was utterly futile; that the only hope of his destruction consisted in his abandonment by his men, and that inducements to that effect must be thrown out. In accordance with this suggestion, the Captain-General issued the following

#### "PROCLAMATION.

"The Most Excellent Senor, the Captain General, has seen proper to direct, under this date, to the Chiefs of columns in the field and to the Lieut. Governors of Bahia Honda, Mariel, San Christobal, and Pinar del Rio, the following circular:

"The greater part of the pirates who dared to invade the Island have been destroyed by the valiant troops of that army to whom the lot fell of being destined to pursue them, as well as by the not less decided and active co-operation of all the loyal inhabitants of the district they had sought to make their den. Considering, at once, the unanimous confession of all those who have been taken and executed, that they had been brought here into a foreign territory through a complete deception, having been made to believe that the country called them, that the army would make common cause with them, and that triumph would be as easy as it was certain, such being the promise of the traitor who led them; and that the directors of such a foolish and disorderly enterprise could not, in any other way, have got together the multitude connected therewith; and also that public vengeance has already been satisfied by the severe chastisement inflicted on those individuals hitherto captured, as well as those that have perished by the balls or the bayonets of our gallant troops; and that, finally, the time has arrived to make use of clemency, according to the dictates of humanity, I have determined:

"1. That quarter shall be given to every individual belonging to the band under command of the traitor Lopez, who shall surrender or be taken by the troops of her Majesty within four days from the publication of this resolution in the respective districts; it being well understood that after the expiration of that period,

the general army order of April 20, last, will remain in full force, as it has up to now.

"2. The individual or individuals belonging to said band who shall surrender said leader, Lopez, shall be free from all punishment, and if he be a foreigner, shall be restored to his own country.

This I communicate to you for your exact observance, ordering that it be immediately published in all the district under your command. God guard your Excellency many years!

Havana, Aug. 24, 1851.

JOSE DE LA CONCHA."

Copies of this document were spread like rain drops. They were posted on the highways, on the mountains, on the borders of the forests and chapparals, on the bushes, in the towns, villages, on the plains—in fact, everywhere. The result was, that the scattered members of the expedition, losing all hope, cut off from their chief, perceiving that the people afforded them neither sympathy nor assistance, and that all further resistance was idle, came out from their retreats in the woods and hills, and, making their way to the Spanish commandants, gave themselves up. The great majority of these, instead of receiving the protection promised by the captain-general's pronunciamiento, were treacherously murdered in cold blood. Instead of being served as prisoners who, trusting in the pledge of their enemy, had voluntarily thrown down their arms and entrusted themselves into his hands, they were brutally and treacherously given over to the fury of the cowardly troops, who, with the black instinct of savages, fell upon them like hounds. The miserable wretches were slaughtered like beasts. The Spaniards, to whom nothing is too infamous, ripped open their bowels, dug out their eyes with their bayonets, flayed them in the fierce rays of a broiling sun, bayoneted them through the spine and skull, and literally tore them to pieces; and during this frightful butchery, their black-hearted officers calmly looked on, with smiles of encouragement, and chuckled over their suffering victims. In their reports to the captain-general, of the destruction of these men, the officers interlarded them with the most ludicrous gasconade, stating that they had *heroically captured!!!* them, in the course of which they performed the most remarkable feats of strategy and heroism witnessed in modern times!

Hunger at length drove Lopez and his few remaining followers from the forest to the mountains. Of course, watched as they were on all sides, it was impossible to do this in a body. They therefore separated into small parties, took different directions, and made for the moun-

tains. In this only a few were successful. The majority were discovered and captured. Lopez was not of these. Familiar with the ground, and the character of the Spaniards, he succeeded in quitting the forest, accompanied by six devoted followers, whose attachment would not permit to them to leave him upon any consideration. Weak, hungered, and weary, he staggered across the country, and finally stumbled upon a coffee-plantation in Los Pinos de Ranges. The proprietor was a Creole, and received Lopez and his small party with every assurance of protection. He took them into his house, gave them what they most desired, and what their famished appearance told him plainly they had long been without—a substantial meal. Having partaken of this, the party, at Lopez's request, were shown to a chamber, where they sought the (to them) luxury of repose. Scarcely were they asleep, when the treacherous Creole despatched intelligence to the nearest Spanish outpost of their position. The messenger, while on his way, met a Spanish scout, by the name of Jose Antonio Castenada, to whom he mentioned the object of his errand. The latter immediately collected some fifteen or more peasants, and hastened to the plantation. The Creole conducted him to the room, where Lopez and his six companions lay wrapped in slumber. Castenada and the peasants cautiously approached, seized, and bound them. When Lopez and his companions awoke, it was to find themselves tied fast, and prisoners. Half an hour afterwards a large force of Spanish troops made their appearance, into whose hands they were delivered by the treacherous host and the scout Castenada. The news of Lopez's capture spread with the rapidity of light. He was conveyed with all speed to Havana, and thrown into prison. The inhabitants were wild with delirious delight at the capture of this man who had caused them so much terror. They could scarcely credit their senses. They danced, raved, shouted, and capered about like so many idiots. The news of his capture was received on Saturday, the 30th. It was announced to the people by the discharge of cannon, and every demonstration of rejoicing. The day was made one of jubilee. Stores were closed, business was neglected, and Te Deums were sung in all the churches. Havana was absolutely rabid—the Spaniards, Creoles, and blacks, were like a populace of lunatics. In the evening all the public and a majority of the private buildings were illuminated; torchlight processions were formed; strangers shook hands, and danced ridiculously in the



streets; the silliest antics of a silly, cowardly, treacherous, gasconading people, were indulged in. A stranger looking on them, would naturally fancy that he had got, by some strange chance, into a city of fools. The following day, Sunday, which is usually a holiday with the Cubans, was rendered doubly so. Cannon roared from dawn till sunset. The air rang with the din of ordnance, and wild shouts for Concha and the Queen. Effigies of Lopez, dressed in the uniform of a General, with a game-cock under his left arm and a pack of cards in his right hand, were raised, dragged, rent, and shot at, by the insane rabble, in every part of the town. The Captain-General was not exempt from the general folly. The milk in his organization was displayed in ludicrous flatteries of the people for what he was pleased to call their enthusiasm, and in compliments to the Spanish officers and troops for what he saw fit to term their nobleness, patriotism, and valor, in routing, slaying, and capturing seven hundred men with a force on their own side of *nineteen thousand*. BRAVE HEROES! The following was his gratulatory pronouncement:

#### PROCLAMATION

OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL. GOVERNMENT AND  
CAPTAIN-GENERALCY OF THE EVER FAITHFUL IS-  
LAND OF CUBA.

##### *Inhabitants of the Island:*

It is my duty to manifest to you my satisfaction at your deportment during the events which have just terminated in a manner most glorious to the great Nation to which we all belong.

It is notorious that in a foreign country sundry persons without law or conscience have designed to snatch this lovely island from the very Nation which endowed the world with the hemisphere of which it forms the most beautiful part. Frustrated in their attempt at Cardenas, they believed they might accomplish the criminal object to which they aspired, by seducing a few inexperienced and incautious youths to rebel against their queen and their country. But your loyalty and the valor of the army have brought to an end their insignificant movements as soon as they had begun by their intriguing promoters. And as if they had proposed to remove every slightest trace of doubt concerning the true origin of their movements, they subsequently organized an expedition under the leading of the traitor Lopez, which embarked on the northern coast of the western part of this Department.

Hardly two weeks have passed, and all that composed this expedition, including its traitor chief, have fallen dead or alive into your hands or into those of the troops sent to pursue them. Perhaps history, in all its pages, does not present a single example of invasion so promptly and completely exterminated.

It could not fail to be so. The valor of the troops put them to rout in battle; and you,

wherever they set their disgraceful feet upon your soil, converted yourselves into other soldiers, capable as any of bearing arms. Not only have you aided the army and authorities with every kind of succor—not only have you deprived the enemy of every means of assuring his flight—but, like worthy rivals of the army in valor and enthusiasm, you, without cessation or fatigue, beset the pirates, encountering the dangers and sharing with the troops the labor and fatigues of a war at this season, and in one of the roughest parts of the island. Fortune has crowned your efforts and set the seal to your unequalled loyalty, one of you being the instrument of surrendering the traitor chief, as he fled, wandering and fearful of the just punishment that threatened him.

With the decision and enthusiasm of which you have now given so many and such distinguished proofs, with the generous patriotism which has impelled the merchants, proprietors and corporations of the Island to place their fortunes at the disposition of the Government—in fine, with that intimate union which subsist between the army and the people of all classes and conditions, a union cemented by the *loyalty and national feeling* which have immortalized the name of Spain, your tranquility is insured and the Queen of the Antilles will never cease to be Spanish; for, when a people repels those who assail its nationality as you have done, there is no force sufficient to subjugate it. History offers us a palpitating example of the truth of this assertion in the memorable War of Independence. You have shown yourselves the worthy sons of those who then astonished the world with their valor and constancy. Receive, therefore, my sincere and cordial felicitation, secure that your august Sovereign will learn with rejoicing this new proof of loyalty given her by her *ever faithful Island of Cuba*.

JOSE DE LA CONCHA.

*Havana, Aug. 31, 1851.*

After the above exhibition of fanfaronade, the Captain General called his Secretary to the composition of a document of a totally different character—the order for the execution of Lopez:

“GOVERNMENT AND CAPTAIN-GENERALCY OF THE  
EVER FAITHFUL ISLAND OF CUBA.

TOWN ORDERS, for Aug. 31, 1851.

By a superior decree of the Most Excellent Senor, the Governor and Captain-General, Don Narciso Lopez, who commanded the band of pirates that disembarked at the place called Playitas to the leeward of this capital, on the morning of the 12th inst., has been condemned to the infamous punishment of the garrote. The execution is to take place at seven o'clock in the morning of September 1. The troops of all arms composing the garrison of this town, and the forces from elsewhere, will assemble at a sufficient time beforehand, at the camp of the Punta, where the scaffold is placed, around which they will form a square. The regiment of Galicia will take its station in front with a banner displayed. The other corps will be



present with all their disposable force. The artillery will take the right, with the engineers next them; the other forces, without distinction, will occupy the places assigned them. The cavalry will be stationed according to the directions of the Brigadier, the Royal Lieutenant commanding the town, who will command the troops, having under his orders the staff officers of the army, and an equal number of town adjutants. A true copy.

ZURITA."

On Monday morning, September 1st, at dawn of day, a platform, perhaps ten feet high, was erected on the flat space opposite the Moro. Projecting up through the platform to a distance of perhaps five feet, was a strong wooden post, fourteen inches in diameter. To this was fastened the instrument of death, the garrote. A stool is placed up against the post, in which the prisoner sits, and an iron collar is then clasped around his neck, which fastens him immovably to the post, and then a screw, having long arms, also attached to the post, is by one turn forced into the neck of the prisoner, producing instant dislocation and death.

The troops were assembled at the appointed time, as indicated in the order. Just previous to seven o'clock, all the American prisoners were brought out and arranged on the Moro, so they could witness the end of their General.

There were on the ground at the time 3,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and about 20,000 people. A few minutes before seven, Lopez was conducted to the steps leading to the scaffold, which he ascended with a calm, firm step. His person was enveloped in a cloak; as he reached the platform, the executioner removed it, and Lopez appeared in the military uniform in which he had been taken.

His appearance was calm, dignified and heroic. Not a muscle quivered. He looked upon the preparations for death unmoved; his countenance changed not,—and his whole bearing was firm and manly.

The executioner now removed his embroidered coat, his sash, cravat, and all the insignia of his military rank, in token of disgrace.

General Lopez, with his hands tightly bound together in front, stepped forward, and in a strong, clear voice, slowly spoke to those around as follows;

"I pray the persons who have compromised me to pardon me as I pardon them.

"My death will not change the destinies of Cuba." [The executioner, standing a little behind, here interrupted him in an insulting tone, with—"Come, be quick, be quick."] ]

General Lopez, turning his head partly around, fixed his eye on the man, and

said sternly, gritting his teeth, "Wait, Sir." He then continued:

"Adieu! my beloved Cuba! Adieu, my brethren."

The General then stepped back, seated himself on the stool. A priest with the crucifix and taper stood on one side of him, the executioner on the other. The collar was then placed around the prisoner's neck. The priest now placed the crucifix between the General's hands, and just as he was in the act of inclining his head to kiss it, the executioner swung the fatal screw, and the head of the unfortunate man at the same time dropped forward, touching the crucifix. He never moved again. There sat the body of one of the bravest men that ever drew breath, but a moment ago alive, now a ghastly corpse.

The execution was conducted in the most orderly manner and in perfect silence. No shouting or any other exhibition of applause was manifest. Whether this was the result of respect for the heroic bearing and dignified air with which the brave chief faced death, or the express orders of the Captain-General, is not known.

Thus perished Lopez. A nobler-hearted man never took up arms to strike for suffering humanity; a bolder soldier never raised weapon in the field; a braver prisoner never went to death with a calmer or more intrepid step. He devoted himself to Freedom and Humanity, and evinced the earnestness of his sentiments and his confidence in the cause, by offering to it man's chiefest pearl—his life. Reposing confidence in the false missive which he found at Key West, he followed the tenor of its treacherous advice—discovered too late the trick of which he was the victim, and when taken, knew intuitively the price of his rash confidence, and PAID IT, without a murmur.

The following are the names and places of nativity of the prisoners who appeared upon the Moro at the time of the execution. It will be seen that they comprise only a part of the 155 said by the Spaniards to be in their hands:

*New York.*

Elias Otis,  
Michael O'Keenen,  
John Danton,  
1st. Lt. P. S. Van Vechton,  
M. L. Hefren.

*Washington.*

Capt. Robert Ellis.  
Thomas Hilton.

*Mobile.*

1st. Lt. E. H. McDonald,

D. D. Waif,  
H. D. Thomason,  
Charles A. Donunea,  
Emanuel R. Wier.

*New Orleans.*

1st. Lieut. Jas. G. Down,  
J. G. Bush,

W. Wilson,  
W. Miller,  
P. Lacoste,  
M. Lieger,  
P. Coleman,  
Henry Smith,  
John Cline,  
Geo. Forster,  
C. Knoll,  
Nicholas Port,  
John Martan,  
Patrick McGrath,  
Charles S. Daily,  
Jas. Fiddes,  
S. H. Prenell,  
Conrad Taylor,  
Thomas Denton,  
C. A. McMurray,  
J. Patan,  
Conrad Arghalir,  
Jose Chiceri,  
G. Richardson.  
John B. Brown,  
Thomas S. Lee,  
Capt. James Aquelli,  
Harvey Williams,  
Franklin Boyd.

*Philadelphia.*

Thomas Little,  
Commiss'y J. A. Simpson,  
George Wilson,

*Kentucky.*

1st. Lieut. D. D. Rousseau.  
" Robert McGrier,  
J. D. Hughes,  
Wm. H. Vaugale,  
Francis B. Holmes,  
Malbone H. Scott.

*Memphis.*

1st. Lieut. W. H. Craft.

*Alabama.*

J. D. Prenit,  
W. L. Wilkinson,  
C. Cook.

*Charleston.*

James Chapman.

*Galena, Ill.*

James Brady.

*Petersburg.*

Henry B. Hart.

*St. Louis.*

Jacob Fonts,  
Preston Esces.

*Virginia.*

William Cameron.

*Mississippi.*

Thomas Mourou,  
Wilson E. Rieves.

*Ohio.*

Isaac Freeborn.

*United States.*

Cornelius Derby,  
Peter Falbos,  
Benjamin Harrer.

*England.*

William Caussans,  
John Nowes.

*Ireland.*

Henry B. Metcalfe,  
George Metcalfe,  
James Porter,  
Thomas McDellans.

*Cuba.*

Bernardo Allem,  
Julio Chasagne,  
Francisco Curbia y Garcia,  
Ramon J. Arnau,  
Jose Dovren,  
Manuel Martinez,  
Antonio Hernandez,  
Martin Melesimo.

*Germany.*

Johannes Sucit,  
Edward Wisse,  
Wilhelm Losner,  
Robert Seelust,  
Ciriac Senepli.

*Matanzas.*

Ramon Ignacio Amasa.

*Hungary.*

George Baptista.

*New Grenada.*

Andres Gonzalez.

*Alquizar.*

Francisco A. Leve.

*Bayamo.*

Manuel Diaz.

*Navarre.*

Antonio Romero.

*Spain.*

Francisco J. Zamora.

*Not Stated.*

Antonio L. Alfonso,  
Manuel Aragon,  
Jose Bojjanotie y Rubina,  
Joaquin Casanova,  
Miguel Guerra,  
Wm. Mac Kinney,  
Dandrig Seay,  
Leonardo Sujliort,  
J. D. Baker,  
Luis Bander.



The intelligence of the disastrous fate of Lopez and his men was received by the Junta, and its agents, as well as by the exiled Cubans in the United States, with tears. By these, Lopez was regarded as a pure, high-minded, noble-hearted patriot, and the tears they gave to his memory came up from their hearts. Whatever might have been the cause of *their* connection with the enterprise, whether it was founded on sympathy, chivalry, or private pecuniary interest, they *knew* that his was dictated by the purest, simplest and noblest of motives: and the tears they shed were so many tributes, from the purer chambers of their souls, to his exalted mind, his *genuine* patriotism, his pure worth. They could not have wept more agonizingly for a father; they could not have bowed their heads in deeper

grief for a brother. Their pale, wan faces, the spasmodic working of their features, the trembling of their voices, as they asked one another whether the crushing intelligence could be true, and their low, broken cries, the convulsive tremor which tore their frames as each shook his head with the significant "no hope" in response, attested the sincerity of their woe. In *their* hearts, at least, as in those of all who knew and had opportunities of studying and judging him, the memory of LOPEZ will ever be revered; his name everlastingly cherished as that of a pure, upright, and high-minded man—a brave, generous and unflinching soldier—an uncompromising foe of oppression, and an earnest battler for the rights and relief of suffering humanity.

#### PARTING WORDS TO THEIR FRIENDS OF A PORTION OF THE CRITTENDEN PARTY.

*From Victor Kerr.*

MY DEAR FELICIA:—Adieu, my dear wife, this is the last letter that you will receive from your Victor. In one hour I shall be no more.

Embrace all my friends for me. Never marry again; it is my desire. My adieus to my sisters and brothers. Again, a last adieu. I die like a soldier.

Your husband,

VICTOR KERR.

August 16, 1851—6 o'clock.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I leave you forever, and I go to the other world. I am a prisoner in Havana, and in an hour I shall have ceased to exist. My dearest friends, think often of me. I die worthy of a Creole, worthy of a Louisianian, and of a Kerr. My dearest friends, adieu for the last time.

Your devoted friend,

VICTOR KERR.

To N. Larese, H. Boulogny, Leon Fazende, William G. Vincent, Felix Arrayo.  
August 16, 1851—6½ o'clock.

Captain Kerr served his country gallantly in our war with Mexico, as the following extract of a letter from his commanding officer amply testifies:

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1851.

I will also state, that Victor Kerr was one of the gallant Creoles of Louisiana, enlisted in the company (G) I had the honor of recruiting and commanding during the Mexican war. He was at the battle of Tolome, fought by Colonel

McIntosh, U. S. A., June 6, 1847, and distinguished himself in the highest degree.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

A. M. DUPERU,

late Captain Company G, 3d Dragoons.

*From Thomas C. James.*

SPANISH FRIGATE ESPERANZA, }  
Harbor of Havana, Aug. 16, 1851. }

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—This is the last letter you will ever receive from your brother Thomas. In one hour more I will be launched into eternity, being now a prisoner, with fifty others, aboard of this ship, and now under sentence of death. All to be shot! This is a hard fate, but I trust in the mercy of God, and will meet my fate manfully.

Think of me hereafter, not with regret, but as one whom you loved in life, and who loved you. Adieu, forever, my brothers, sisters and friends.

THOMAS C. JAMES.

Robert, our poor friends, G. A. Cook, and John O. Bryce, are with me, and send their last regard to you; also Clement Stanford, formerly of Natchez.

*From Adjutant Stanford.*

HAVANA, Aug. 16, 1851.

DEAR HULING:—We arrived on the island of Cuba after the most horrible passage you can conceive of, cooped on board with 400 or 500 men.

We arrived on Sunday last, I believe—dates I have almost forgotten. The next morning,

Lopez, with General Praguay and all the commanding officers, left us—(I mean Crittenden and his battalion.) We heard nothing more of him for two days, when Crittenden dispatched a note. He then requested we should join him at a little town some six or eight miles off, leaving us in the mean time to take care of all the baggage, &c.

We started for him on Wednesday morning at two o'clock, and had proceeded only three miles when we were attacked by 500 Spanish soldiers. In the first charge I received a very severe wound in the knee. We repulsed them, however. They made another charge, and completely routed us. We spent two days and nights, the most miserable you can imagine, in the chapparal, without anything to eat or drink.

We made the best of our way to the seashore, and found some boats, with which we put to sea. Spent a night upon the ocean, and the next day, about 12 o'clock, were taken prisoners by the Habanero, were brought to Havana last night, and condemned to die this morning. We shall all be shot in an hour.

Good bye and God bless you. I send the Masonic medal enclosed in this, belonging to my father. Convey it to my sister, Mrs. P——, and tell her my fate. Once more, God bless you.

STANFORD.

*From J. Brandt.*

HAVANA, Aug. 16, 1851.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have but a few moments to live. Fifty of us are condemned to be shot within a half hour. I do not value life, but deeply regret the grief it will cause you to hear of my death. Farewell, then, dear mother, sisters and all; we may meet again in another world. Think of me often; forget the causes I have given you for grief; remember only my virtues. Farewell, again, dearest mother, and believe me to be your affectionate son,

J. BRANDT.

Mrs. Maria E. Brandt.

*From H. Vienne.*

ON BOARD THE MAN-OF-WAR ESPERANZA, }  
August 16, 1851. }

MY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE SISTERS AND BROTHERS:—Before I die, I am permitted to address my last words in this world.

Deceived by false visions, I embarked in the expedition for Cuba. We arrived, about four hundred in number, last week, and in about an hour from now, we, I mean fifty of us, will be lost. I was taken prisoner after an engagement, and with fifty others, am to be shot in an hour.

I die, my dear brothers and sisters, a repentant sinner, having been blessed with the last rites of our holy religion. Forgive me for all the follies of my life, and you, my dear and affectionate sisters, pray for my poor soul.

A——, go to my dear mother and console her. Oh! my dear child, kiss her a thousand times for me. Love her for my sake. Kiss my brothers and all your dear children. To Father,

Blackney, my last profound respect; to Father Lacroix and Father D'Hau, a mass for the repose of my soul.

My dear mother-in-law, farewell! Poor Tacite is shot and dead by this time!

I give and bequeath my dear child to you and you alone. Good bye, H——; good bye, G—— and T——. I did my duty. Good bye, all.

Your dear Son and Brother,

HONORE TACITE VIENNE.

Mr. Antonio Costa has promised to do all he can to obtain my body. If so, please have me buried with my wife.

*From Patrick O'Rourke.*

The following letter we find in *The Natchez Free Trader* of the 27th inst., from a young Irishman of that city—one of the sacrificed:

"The letter below is from Patrick O'Rourke, to his poor widowed mother and sisters, living in this city. He was a brave and chivalrous youth, who never feared danger. His distressed mother and three sisters are left to mourn his untimely death.

HAVANA, Aug. 16, 1851.

MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS:—My day is come at last. We were taken yesterday on the coast of Cuba by a Spanish steamer, and we are to be shot in an hour from this time—fifty of us in all. I have, to say it is my own doings.

For God's sake pray for me, and tell Father Raho to do so too. I have made my confession to a Spanish Priest. May God bless you! and keep his eye on you! Farewell, dear mother; farewell dear sisters—Maria, Margaret and Kate. But my last words are, may the Lord have mercy on my soul, and I hope to see you all in heaven, with my father.

Your affectionate son and brother,

PATRICK O'ROURK.

*From Thomas H. Hearsey.*

HAVANA, Aug. 16.

DEAR MOTHER:—I now sit down to write to you these few lines, hoping that you are well, and to inform you that your son is condemned to death. I hope that we will all meet in heaven. Dearest mother, bid them all good-bye for me, and kiss them. Forgive me, dearest mother, for what I have done. God bless you all. Tell my dear sister and brothers that I shall never see them again on earth, but hope to meet them in heaven.

I have not seen James for several days.—When I last saw him he was well. We got into an action a day or two after landing, and were separated; but I think he will escape.

I have had a hard time, dear mother, since I arrived, but do not fret. Dear mother, we part to meet again. Tell George I have remembered him; he was a true friend to me. Tell Mr. Glenn good-bye—Claiborne and Letitia, good-bye,—Caroline and David, and all my friends and relatives, good-bye! Forgive me, dearest mother; I go to meet my Father in Heaven. Farewell, dearest—farewell!

Your ever devoted son,

THOMAS H. HEARSEY.



THE HAVANA VICTIMS.—*Another Victim.*—The following letter from one of those shot at Havana, is addressed to the editor of the Louisville Courier. The writer belonged to Louisville, where he followed the business of cupping and leeching. It will be seen that he fiercely attacks Lopez—probably under the influence of that peculiar irritation which takes possession of certain organizations when they find themselves in trouble. The idea that Lopez deceived his men, is simply and ludicrously absurd.

HAVANA, August 16.

MR. W. HALDEMAN,

*Editor of the Louisville Courier :*

Dear Sir,—I take this last opportunity and liberty of sending you this letter, for the benefit of those who will probably come to Cuba. Sir, Gen. Lopez has deceived us all. He is a traitor and no gentleman. There is no revolution here as the papers have stated. Tell all those who intend to visit Cuba, not to come, for they all will be shot. There is no chance to get back again. If any officer has raised a company or companies, tell them through your paper, if you think proper, to disperse, for the expedition is all a great humbug. I don't like to see O'Hara bringing men here from Kentucky to be shot.

Sir, I am condemned to be shot, and as I have only a few minutes to live, I thought I would inform you that fifty of us will be shot shortly. Colonel Crittenden, of Louisville is

among the lot. Give my best respects to all my friends. I would write more, but cannot do so for the want of time.

Very respectfully,

J. FISHER,

Hospital Steward of the Army of Cuba.

*From G. A. Cook.*

HAVANA, ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR, }  
8 o'clock A. M. Aug. 16, 1851. }

STANTON & Co.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—About fifty of us—Col. Crittenden's command—were taken prisoners yesterday; have not received our sentence yet, but no doubt we will be shot before sunset. Lopez, the scoundrel, has deceived us; there is no doubt that all those reports about the Cuban rising were trumped up in New Orleans. Lopez took nearly his command and deserted us. We were attacked by some 500 or 700 of the Queen's troops the second day after we landed. Our own gallant Crittenden did all that any man could do—but we saw we had been deceived, and retreated to the seashore, with the intention of getting off to our country, if possible. Got three boats, and got off with the intention of coasting until we fell in with an American vessel, and were taken prisoners by the steamboat Habanero.

Explain to my family that I have done nothing but was instigated by the highest motives, that I die with a clear conscience and like a man with a stout heart. I send my watch to you, it is for little Benny, my nephew. Good bye, God bless you all.

Truly yours, GILMAN A. COOK.

## BRIEF NOTICES OF THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF SOME OF CRITTENDEN'S COMMAND.

### COL. WILLIAM S. CRITTENDEN.

*From the Louisville Courier, Aug. 25.*

The Colonel Crittenden who was one of the Americans executed at Havana was, doubtless, William Crittenden, formerly of this city, and brother of John Crittenden, late Marshal of the Chancery Court here. Patrick Dillon, Dr. Fisher, and Manville, who were also executed at the same time, were from this city, and we understand some two or three others of the unfortunates were from Indiana.

*From the New Orleans True Delta.*

Long and well did we know him. We knew him first in the Mexican war, and in many a bivouac shared his blanket. Educated at West Point, he graduated with honor. At the opening of that war, he occupied the position of adjutant of the 1st. infantry, and for several months discharged the highly responsible duties of post-adjutant at Vera Cruz, with merited honor. He was the son of a brother of the distinguished gentleman who now fills the office of attorney-general of the United States.

His father emigrated to Arkansas, when that state was in its infancy, and died in early life, filling a community with universal regret for the loss of a man as highly endowed with the loftiest virtues, as he was gifted with the rarest genius.

Will Crittenden, as he was familiarly named by his friends, was worthy of the stock whence he sprung. A nobler specimen of the Kentucky gentleman, a worthier servant or citizen of the Republic, we have never met. A lion heart, a love of truth, of honor, and of liberty, were his. An accomplished soldier, a votary of letters, he was as gentle as he was brave. At the close of the Mexican war, he resigned his military office, and became a citizen of New Orleans, where he resided until he embarked with Lopez.

Our blood has boiled to hear the base inuendoes of the argued lip-lovers of Cuban freedom against him, as well as his companions, for permitting themselves to be captured. The dying missives of his compatriots reveal the causes that compelled his heroic soul to yield. If ever a man fell a victim to atrocious decep-

tion, it was he. A few days before he left, we met him, and a wish that we would accompany him was expressed.—We earnestly advised him against embarking in the enterprise; we spoke our incredulity of the reports that the Cubans had risen. He answered that he was no freebooter; that he could not be induced to join the expedition, were not the people of Cuba in arms against their rulers.

That a revolution had actually commenced, that the Cubans were in the field, he assured us he knew from statements of parties who had given him their confidence. Against this faith, we had nothing but our incredulity to present, and we parted never to meet again. We have felt it a solemn duty to state this, to remove the impression that he, from his position in the expedition, was a party to the cruel artifices practiced by the unseen heads of the scheme.

#### LIEUT. THOMAS C. JAMES.

*From the Wilmington (N. C.) Herald.*

Among the victims of the recent execution in Havana, a report of which will be found in another column, we were pained to discover the name of Lieut. Thomas C. James, formerly of this place. We knew him well in days gone by, for he was a school-fellow of ours, and we can bear willing testimony to the many excellent qualities of his mind and heart. He was of an ardent, impulsive temperament, fond of excitement and adventure, and was deservedly esteemed while a resident here. But he has fallen in the full flush of manhood, and whatever may be the shades of opinion with regard to the character of the cause in which he was enlisted, still the warmer emotions of our nature cannot but revolt at the inhuman sacrifice which robbed him and his daring associates of life. One consolation, at least, remains to his kindred and friends—and it is that he died like a hero, without a sign of fear.

*From the New Orleans Delta.*

We give below a letter sent to us by Col. R. W. James, brother of that gallant young man, Thomas C. James, who was one of the fifty so cruelly murdered in Havana. Col. James was also the intimate friend of Mr. G. A. Cook, (another of the murdered patriots,) having accompanied him through a long and perilous service in the reconnaissance of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec:—

NEW ORLEANS, August 25, 1851.

Though oppressed with grief for the loss of a beloved brother, and of my dear friend Gilman A. Cook, who was brutally murdered in Havana, on the 16th inst., by the Spanish authorities, I cannot refrain from performing an act of duty, by stating what my intimacy with Mr. Cook enables me to say—that, in going to Cuba, he was neither deceived nor persuaded by any one, but acted from his own noble impulses, which were always on the side of the oppressed. His determination to accompany

my brother, with whom he had passed through many dangers, and to whom he was warmly attached, was made but a few hours before the expedition sailed. He had no knowledge whatever of the plan of operation. My brother and myself, from motives of friendship and regard, knowing that he was the only surviving son of a large family, endeavored to dissuade him from going; but his mind was made up, and he said he would shrink from no dangers which his old friend Thomas C. James might encounter. I am satisfied that he could have had no consultation with Gen. Lopez before he left. I would also add my belief, as one who felt deeply the effects of the calamity, that the command of Col. Crittenden could not have been deserted by Gen. Lopez, but that the gallant old man no doubt did all that mortal could do to save the very flower of his little army, and that their destruction was effected somewhat in the manner described by General Huston, in Sunday's *Delta*—by the unexpected interposition of a large Spanish force between the party with Gen. Lopez, and the command of Col. Crittenden, which had charge of the baggage. In justice to the old hero, I would oppose the charges of his assailants in this city, who accuse him of treachery, my own, and what I believe is the sentiment of nearly our whole people, that his conduct was brave and honest.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,  
E. W. JAMES.

*From the New Orleans Crescent.*

A letter from Alex. McAleer, one of the Havana victims, to Mr. John McGinn, was shown to us yesterday. Mr. McA. writes that on the 12th of August they had a fight with the Spaniards, killing thirty of them and losing three men; that they then returned to take a vessel for New Orleans, but not arriving in time, took four boats and put to sea, and were captured. The remainder of his letter is in reference to private matters.

*From the Washington Southern Press.*

We learn that Alexander M. Colchett, one of the victims of Cuban vengeance, was the son of a wealthy and highly respectable merchant of Charleston, S. C., and a brother of John M. Colchett, of the firm of John M. Colchett & Co., of New Orleans. He was between 20 and 21 years of age, and a respectable member of one of the most wealthy and respected families of South Carolina. He had resided for some time in New Orleans, and was a member of the Washington Artillery, of that city.

The *St. Louis Republican* states that S. C. Jones and T. C. Veasy, included in the list of the persons shot at Havana, were two young and promising lawyers of that city.















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