

THE
HISTORY AND ADVENTURES
OF THE
CUBAN EXPEDITION,

FROM THE FIRST MOVEMENTS DOWN TO THE DISPERSION OF THE ARMY
AT KEY WEST, AND THE ARREST OF GENERAL LOPEZ,

ALSO:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TEN DESERTERS AT ISLA DE MUGERES.

Richardson
BY LIEUTENANT HARDY,

OF THE KENTUCKY BATTALION.

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CUBAN EXPEDITION.

PART I.

ENLISTMENT AND EMBARKATION OF THE
KENTUCKY BATTALION.

The strenuous vigilance of President Taylor had stifled the Cuban Patriots in New York; the men whom they had assembled on Round Island had been captured by U. S. vessels, and brought back; a large quantity of munitions had been seized; considerable sums of revolutionary money were consequently lost, and "the cause" suffered a serious check. But nothing could, *or can*, shake the determination and confidence of General Lopez, in the final accomplishment of the grand aim to which his life has been devoted—the liberation of Cuba from Spanish domination. His friends in New York still continued to give him assurances that the Expedition should be set afloat from that city. The next time they would be more prudent than to let such a "*Bagwind*" as *Bennett*, of the *Herald*, into the secrets; who, by his continual allusions to the subject, mysterious hints, and flaming articles in favor of Cuban Independence,

brought the patriotic operations to public notice, and challenged the vigilance of the Government officers. General Lopez waited sometime on the movements of his friends in the East, but finding them so timid and dilatory, he at length resolved to rest his hopes upon men of the bold West and chivalric South. Accordingly, early in the Spring he left New York, and travelled *incog.* down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans—stopping at different places in Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, to confer with those interested in the Cuban project, and arrange matters for the speedy sailing of the Expedition from the "Crescent City."

It needs not be said that he found many gallant and gifted young men, ready, to become soldiers of fortune—willing to respond to the simultaneous calls of the oppressed for sympathy and assistance; of ambition to "glory or the grave; and the allurements of golden ease in the "Garden of the World"—so sure to be the reward of those who victoriously survived the desperate

struggle. And who might not survive it! The brave soldier in battle never imagines that he is doomed to fall until he feels his life-blood gushing forth!

A short time after this, the Queen City of Cincinnati, and the adjacent country in Kentucky, was considerably excited, and still more considerably puzzled, by the sudden announcement of Captain Hardy, organizing a company for *California*, the terms of which were most singular and extravagant. The qualifications required of those who joined this company were, that they should be the best quality of robust, active, brave, and adventurous young *Americans*. Now, such men were not the sort a mining speculator would desire to employ for labor in the "Diggins," at more than ten dollars per day, and all expenses paid—for one year; and so a great many very *long-headed* and remarkably *sharp-sighted* persons hereabout, soon made the wonderful *discovery* that the aforesaid Captain was not going to the real Sacramento Valley! But, where was he going, then? That *was* the question! Why, to Cuba, said one, scarcely knowing whether to believe himself or not. To the Great Salt Lake of the Mormons, said another; to dispossess and pillage the "Latter Day Saints," who were said to have piles of the "dust." Or to Hayti, imagined a third—to knock the tinsel crown off the curly noggin of his recently-created majesty, Faustin I. In fact, this company, according to madame Rumor, was going anywhere but to *California* proper; and would

engage in anything but the business of grinding gold out of mountain quartz. It might be, as was sneakingly surmised, that there was a little cruise of *piracy* in the wind!

Notwithstanding all these doubts and suspicions, the excitement waxed warmer every day. The spirit of adventure became fully aroused. Young men of fine prospects, staunch character, and creditable intelligence, flocked to the standard. They cared not where it was to be planted, so it should be the emblem of a noble cause, and those who flung it to the breeze peril all in its defence. More than five hundred men offered themselves in one week.

Captain Hardy continued to receive letters from highly respectable and reliable sources, full of details, promises and inducements, the most flattering and seductive. One said:

"After an interview with General Lopez, some three weeks since, in L—, *en route* southward—our plan was agreed upon. * * * * *

Such is the condition of things in Cuba that we must *hasten our arrival*. Everything there *is ready* for the *rising*. From a mass of authentic correspondence recently from there, and from the highest sources, Gen. L. is resolved to proceed thither without delay—convinced that it will not do to delay longer. I have seen all this correspondence, and am convinced that the revolution is not only imminent, but certainly and entirely practicable. * * * The terms on which the men are to engage are, principally,

that they shall receive the pay, &c., as are allowed in the U. S. Army, and, *at the end of one year* (or sooner if the revolution is completed before), a bounty of \$4,000 in money or lands in Cuba. The OFFICERS are offered *high rank* in the future permanent Army of the Republic, and at the same time with the men are to receive a bounty of \$10,000. These high inducements are offered, because the Expedition wears on its face the hue of great hazard, and men who will embark in it at this period will of course possess the highest merit. And, moreover, the future Government of the Republic can easily bear such a light burthen in consideration of so great a boon. * * * The General is now in New Orleans preparing a steamer, the arms, &c., &c. * * * * *

In a letter just received from Washington I learn that a number of Hungarian refugees have offered their services, with some artillery. Good news!"

From another letter the following:—

"We will not, I think, be able to start south before about the 1st of April, or a few days sooner or later. However, be ready to start at a day or two's notice. You say you are ready—I am gratified at your promptness, and can but applaud your activity. I hope your men are of the right stripe. We want the best quality of young, adventurous *Americans*. No Dutch or foreigners of any kind, and as many Kentuckians as possible. Men who can be relied on in all emergencies." * * *

But that which fully convinced and decided Capt. H. and his co-adjutors, was the following brilliant account of the fitting out at the South :

"I have this moment received the most important intelligence from New Orleans—of the extension of our organization by a Battalion of 500 or more men in Mississippi, a fine battery of artillery, and one of mountain howitzers, and other additions which will strengthen the expedition to almost the certainty of success. * * *

Be extremely cautious as we are now in the very crisis of the affair, when there is the greatest necessity for the most exquisite secrecy. The most distinguished men in Mississippi have now taken actively hold of the affair, and are engaged in raising a force of the very flower of the Mississippi Volunteers in Mexico. I consider the present favorable aspect of affairs as making the success of the Revolution *beyond a doubt*. They have already secured *two* steamers in New Orleans, capable of carrying more than a THOUSAND men. The organization of the auxiliaries, or Reserve Army, that is to come after us to the Island in a short time after we land, is going on bravely at the South. I tell you we are going to have glorious work! if no untoward event occurs to mar our movements. Be active, my brave fellows! You shall receive the due rewards from the *New Republic*."

This was enough—what more could be asked! Such a chance to carve out fame and fortune with the sword of Liberty, or at least to die gloriously

“mid the noble and the brave,” had not been offered since the Age of Chivalry. Such inducements, in these days of political enterprise and democratic progress, had something like the same *degree* of influence upon the impatient spirits to whom they were addressed, that the pious and pathetic ravings of “Peter, the Hermit,” exercised over the superstitiously religious masses who followed his banner to rescue the supulchre of Christ! The work of enlistment went bravely on. The complement was soon made up. All now was impatience to be off!

At last the order came to move. Notice was then given for all to be aboard the *Martha Washington*, by 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, the 4th of April. After taking the Ohio boys (*about one hundred and twenty*) on board, the steamer passed over to Covington after night, where the Kentuckians embarked. Then ho! for New Orleans! The rushing waters of the Ohio and Mississippi will soon bear us to that distant port, yet we will have time enough before reaching it, to make a few observations on the leading and prominent personages on board. The boat is crowded with *one hundred and seventy* adventurers.

First, without ceremony, we will walk into the ladies' cabin, which has been taken possession of by embryo officers of the future “Liberating Army of Cuba.” The first figure that here strikes attention is, of course, Major WILLIAM HARDY. A soldier of the Mexican war, in the Second Kentucky regiment, but a remnant of

which came back from the bloody charges of Buena Vista, orphaned of their chieftains, the coolly courageous McKee, and ardent, intrepid young Henry Clay,—he acquired his military knowledge in actual service. Capt. H. is a Kentuckian, “born and bred,” with all the bold characteristics of that sterling State. A democrat in politics, with sentiments and impulses ever ready to be enlisted in the cause of popular rights and elevation, whether to be contended for on the “stump,” or with weapons to tyrants and oppressors more eloquent than words. He is about twenty-five years of age, has a tall and athletic frame, and countenance uncommonly expressive. He seems, as we view him in the cabin of the *Martha Washington*, in good spirits, but quite serious and reflective. He has cause to be thoughtful. His all is staked on this enterprise, and it has just set out on a career of dangers and vicissitude. But he is extremely confident of success with half a chance at the *governmental pirates* and extortioners who sway with steel the “precious Antille.”

We next look upon Capt. HENRY ROBINSON, of Cincinnati. He, too, stood upon the field of Buena Vista, in the same regiment with Capt. H., and served through the Mexican war, under both Taylor and Scott, from its commencement until peace was made. At an early age he witnessed warlike arrays and operations in the Black Hawk war, and he now ranks as one of the most effective military men in this State. He is likewise about

twenty-five years of age; has a pleasing face, and well proportioned frame. It was but a night or so since he became acquainted with the nature, objects, &c., of the Expedition; but he at once joined it, and is now eager for active service. He also belongs to the "Young Democracy" of Old Hamilton; but is more devoted to the military profession than to political strife.

DR. SAM. SCOTT, the fatherly guide and counsellor of the gallant and true-hearted Florence Kentucky boys, next rises to notice—about six feet two inches! Certainly one of the most considerate, even-tempered and clever-hearted gentlemen anywhere. It will be his part to heal and save, not wound and destroy, in the prospective operations. His ambition is not for military fame and glory, though, "were it his cue to fight, he would not need a prompter." The Doctor always exercised much influence over the men, being universally respected.

Lieut. Richardson Hardy, another young man of Democratic propensities, and an editor and proprietor of the Cincinnati *Nonpareil*, finishes the coterie.

Thus having briefly sketched the qualities of those quartered in the ladies' cabin, let us now glance at the promiscuous crowd, the "outsiders." There are some rare and jovial b'hoys among them. Who that was along can ever forget the amusing *shines* and slang sayings of several chaps.

"Siksey," with his stage-struck tones, and attitudes *a la* Macduff, mak-

ing use of the significant and often appropos expression—"Come out on the square!" Long after I first heard this comical summons, it became the watchword of our mess. On the deck of the Georgiana—in the marquee at Contoy—in the secluded cottage at Key West—the cotton ware-house at Cedar Keys—and within the solid walls of old Fort St. Marks,—at all these places, during a pilgrimage of some three months, when sung out by the voice of Peter, the great—cook! it was as well understood and promptly answered to as the drum-beat of *Roast-beef*, or *Peas-upon-a-trencher*. "Siksey" was assistant commissary during the campaign, and discharged his duties faithfully and ably.

Bill Redding needs no introduction. Bill put in his best licks for fun and frolic on the trip, and was often the *moving* spirit in some bold pranks. The cry of "*Opening for a Row*" was sure to catch his ear and bring him to the spot, either to act as separator and peace-maker, or to decide the contest more summarily with "one fell swoop." He carried the Free Flag of Cuba, in the Kentucky Regiment, at Cardenas, through both the morning and evening fights, and brought the tatters left by the enemy's bullets back to American soil.

Ha! ha! I laugh at the bare recollection of "*Screw*," alias Tom Work—afterwards Corporal Work! It was better than a coming song to hear him ejaculate, when he wanted a comrade to be plain and point-blank, with inimitable cadences of voice and

distortion of physiognomy—"Talk to me like a mackerel!" A most inexplicable and puzzling request, which never failed to excite roars of laughter, when uttered by *Screw*.

Poor "Monkey" Kelley! sadly I recall his mimicry, in remembering his unhappy fate! How little did I think, when he was spouting burlesque heroics, and calling out tragically—"Follow your brave commander!" ever to say he *deserted*? Alas! foolishly deserted at Cardenas? I cannot think from cowardice; for he was under my eye on that memorable morning—in darkness amid death, uproar and conflagration—and then behaved like a true soldier. Poor boy! Ah! his murder at Matanzas was a cruel, cowardly work of bloodshed; a disgraceful display of Spanish vengeance and brutality. Roncah, Count of Alcoy! the deed is recorded against you! You may yet repent the hasty slaughter of two inconsiderate American boys, when that power which you swore "no human consideration should restrain you from exerting," will be no longer yours; when your vehement and bombastic anathemas against the "*Pirates*" will be changed to pitiful supplications for life and mercy at their hands.

Then there was strapping "Reuben," *alias* Levi Brown, full of grotesque ways and vulgar strokes of wit. But hold!—though "Reuben" started bravely, he afterwards backed out and figured as a "Contoy Prisoner," and therefore deserves no mention among those who followed the "Lone Star"

flag, though only to a brief victory, and unfortunate, hazardous retreat.

At Louisville our boat stopped several hours, and there we fell in with another detachment of about forty Kentuckians from Shelbyville, Louisville and Scott county. At Evansville we find another little squad from Frankfort, on the Chancellor. One of them was our future Colonel, who seemed highly elated at the fine appearance and genteel behaviour of the men. We remained but a few minutes at Evansville, and unfortunately left the Chancellor there. She, or rather those on board of her, should have preceded us to New Orleans one or two days, as was intended; so that everything might be ready on our arrival. As it was, we were two days ahead of her.

At all the principal places in the South where our boat stopped, the people were surprised at the crowd, and many remarks and inquiries were made as to who we were, and what was our destination. When told for *California*, they would put on dubious looks, that almost plainly said—"A nice party for California!" When we landed at Vicksburgh a goodly number of adventurers walked up the levee to see the city. The inhabitants stared at their appearance, and deportment. One very intelligent gentleman, standing on the wharf-boat as we came up, gazed at the crowd a few minutes, and then exclaimed involuntarily as it were—"Cuba, by G—d! No such men as these go to California to dig. Did you ever see such a body of men! D—d if they ain't

all gentlemen! What fire, intelligence and energy glows in every countenance!"

The amusements on board were various in character; a great many, as usual, were continually seated at the card-tables, a few spent the time in reading, and a good many in musing on the past, and imaging prospects for the future. There were several good musicians on board, among the company, and at night great hilarity generally prevailed—singing, dancing, &c. When about half-way down, however, Mr. Dumm, of gymnastic reputation, proposed a more useful method of killing time, viz: in learning to kill men *secundem artem*. A large class was soon formed to take lessons from Prof. D. in "The Six Divisions of the Sabre Exercise." He would have his class paraded on deck two or three times a day, every scholar with a cane, stick, umbrella, or some such substitute for the proper weapon, in hand. He would then mount upon the chicken-coop, and proceed—"Draw swords! Guard! Cut one, two, three, four. Give—point!" This spectacle furnished infinite diversion to all on board: It was indeed a rich scene to see such a performance, as the steamer plowed her way, under full press of steam, through the turbid waters of the Mississippi, which was then overflowing the whole lower country. But great was the astonishment of the natives along on the banks! Some were even alarmed on beholding such an armed host, in that warlike array, striking

such hostile attitudes. Our boat did not give the scholars much time to become proficient in the "manly art."

By this time we began to look upon the broad plantations of Louisiana. Baton Rouge attracted general interest. There was pointed out to many for the first time, the former home of General Taylor, and the beautiful, commodious garrison of which he was so long commander—above which floated "freedom's banner." What a pity the old General did not know how to protect that flag, and those who sailed under it, from insult and outrage, in the capacity of President, as well as he had been able to sustain its honor and add to its glory on the field of war! Many a gaze rested pensively on the pretty village, as we left it in the twilight of a magnificent southern evening—some of them for the last time.

About 3 o'clock on the morning of the 11th April, our boat struck the landing at Freeport, some three miles above New Orleans. Every man was ready with his baggage, and though the night was very dark, we began immediately to disembark. In a few minutes all were on shore, except Maj. Hardy and Capt. Robinson, who proceeded on down to New Orleans, to have an interview with those at headquarters, leaving the company under direction of Dr. Scott and Lieutenant Hardy. Those two functionaries immediately proceeded to all the Hotels they could find, engaging entertainment for the men. The little burgh was soon in an uproar, every bar-

room and coffee-house brilliantly lighted up, and crowded with *Californians*. The landlords scarcely new what to apprehend when they were roused up so early, and saw such a concourse in the streets.

"How many can you accommodate?" was the first question.

"Oh, plenty of room—for fifteen or twenty."

"Is that all! Can't you manage to provide for fifty or a hundred, a day or so?"

"A hundred!" exclaimed the drowsy Frenchman, opening his eyes and staring at the officers with suspicious amazement.

"Yes," they continued, to relieve his perplexity, "We are a *California* Company, and will probably be detained here a few days."

By breakfast time all were provided for; about eighty at one house, at a dollar a day—the balance in squads of twenty and thirty, at three dollars or three dollars and fifty cents per week.

Maj. H. had left orders for no man to go down to the city, on penalty of being dismissed from the Company. He was to be out at 8 o'clock, and then we would know the order of the day. Eight o'clock came, but no news from the city. Impatience and anxiety now rose at a rapid rate. Nine, ten, o'clock, and no messenger even. The men became rampant. It now required the most positive injunctions, and decided threats of Dr. S. and Lieut. H. to keep many from rushing to the city. Eleven o'clock

came, and still no news; but the men were by this time resigned to stay until after dinner, when a number declared their intention to go down in spite of orders. About twelve o'clock, Capt. Robinson arrived. An interview had taken place between Adj. Gen. Gonzales, Col. Pickett, Maj. Hardy and him; but he brought no news of import—only that Maj. H. was to have another interview at 2 o'clock and would be out towards evening. This, however, was enough to cool the impatience of the men and each one amused himself, as best he could, to while away the hours of suspense. At Company headquarters the time now passed in grave consultation on probabilities and possibilities, commenting on what had passed at the first interview, and resolving what our course should be in case everything did not go on smoothly. Freeport was a devilish dull place, and it would be a bad business should we have to stay there any time.—Oh! that the *Chancellor* would arrive! Then our destination would be decided on.

It was late at night when Maj. H. arrived at the Jefferson City Hotel, in Freeport, the men were mostly at their quarters and nothing was communicated to them. He proceeded at once to the room of his deputies, who sprang up eager to learn the result of the day's debate! Owing to some woful misunderstanding, we had arrived ten or fifteen days too soon. Here was a great expense incurred—to say nothing of the risk of being stopped—which

the paymaster seemed reluctant to liquidate. He had also talked about the sum of *thirteen* cents a day being allowed to subsist men in the regular army, and intimated that \$1,50 per week was all that could be allowed each man during our detention in New Orleans! Dr. Scott looked blank at the idea, Capt. Robinson began to grow distrustful, and Lieut. Hardy declared emphatically that such talk was perfect nonsense under the circumstances. The Dons evidently did not understand the men with whom they were dealing. The *Chancellor* arrived next evening, and we were soon relieved from this awkward predicament.

Next day the bills at the Hotels in Freeport were all settled, and the men moved down to Lafayette, where they could be distributed about in smaller squads, and at cheaper rates. We were to remain there ten or fifteen days, until transportation could be provided. Company headquarters were established at "Smith's House." Maj. H. remained in the city, coming out only occasionally, leaving affairs at Lafayette under control of a sort of Committee, composed of Dr. Scott, Capt. Robinson, and Lieut. Hardy. This position was a little more conspicuous than pleasant. It was no easy task to restrict within the bounds of prudence and propriety nearly two hundred idle young men, in such close proximity to New Orleans. I rather think the services and sacrifices of the aforesaid "Committee" were never properly appreciated by those superior officers

who quartered at the St. Charles and Verandah, drank Juleps at Hewlet's, visited the theatres, masked balls, etc. at an expense of \$25 or \$30 per week, paid by the "New Republic." The Committee got such an idea into their heads a few days before leaving, and also began to indulge pretty freely in such luxuries as the place afforded, on the credit of the "New Republic;" and when about to start for the vessel, a neat little bill of extras for three was handed to his Paymastership, which he was half disposed, not to honor! But it must be done, or the Committee budged not, and had they not went aboard, there would have been plenty of room on the *Georgiana*.

But even the vigilance of the Committee did not at all times succeed in preventing outbreaks. One evening a large deputation from the various boarding houses called at headquarters to make some request of the Committee, but found that two of them had gone down to the city, and the remaining member could not satisfy them. Some mischievous fellows among them then determined on a grand procession. It was soon formed to the number of about two hundred, and marched in good order down to the city. The committee men happened to be in front of the St. Charles when the procession came filing down that street. They could not at first imagine what had "broke loose." The whole city was astonished at the extraordinary proceeding, and it was said that the Spanish Consul and the Editor of *La Patria*, imagining that

the adventurers were bent on their destruction, disguised themselves and fled for dear life to the obscure regions of "Shirt Tail Bend!" On the other hand the heads of the Expedition were fearful lest this imprudent frolic should so attract the notice of government officers as to oblige them to investigate, and give trouble to our own embarkation. The procession was therefore called to a halt, and dispersed. It did no harm, for our object and destination was then as well known in New Orleans as it could be. We had been the subject of several newspaper notices, and the Cuba expedition was the bar-room conversation all over the city.

No Government, in modern days, was ever compelled, or ever descended, to the employment of such base and undignified means and instruments, as the Spanish Government does to preserve its unprincipled sway over the Island of Cuba. No diplomatic or commercial representative of the least respectable nation, ever before disgraced himself and it, by intrigue and collusion with those outcasts of all society—hireling spies and kidnapers! It shows how little reliance the degenerate race place upon anything but brute force and treachery. The Spanish consul at New Orleans had a completely organized and well trained corps of such minions and wretches, constantly in active service. Sometimes one of them would appear among our men as a jolly tar, seemingly half drunk, invite them to drink, and talk with nautical eloquence of

life on the ocean, and adventures among the Islands of the Gulf; endeavoring by this means to discover the intended rendezvous of the Expedition. But this they failed to do, for the very good reason that not half a dozen in the battalion knew until we were far away from the United States.

One of the most amusing and imprudent attempts at "pumping" was made upon the "committee" itself, by a fellow known in the vicinity of the Bull's Head Wharf, as "*Lying Tom, of Lafayette*,"—alias Captain Thomas Spearman, of the brig *Heroine*.

I was sitting in the mess-room one evening, busily engaged in writing letters, when the aforesaid Tom inquired at the bar for Capt. Hardy. He was shown up. Supposing him to be another customer who wished to join us, as many had done, whose names I entered on the roll-book, I laid my hand upon it without looking at the chap; but my full attention was quickly attracted by Tom. He was a tall, sinewy fellow, sunburnt almost to Spanish darkness, with long black hair and flashing eyes in which the very demon of rascality seemed to revel. One of his cheeks appeared to have been branded, and the injured part was covered with a sort of court-plaster. His beard seemed not to have been cut for some time. His dress consisted of coarse shoes, no socks, a good pair of "regulation" breeches, check shirt, with handkerchief carelessly tied sailor-fashion, and a dirty slouched hat of the Buena

Vista style. Doffing this last article as he approached, he took a seat opposite to me at the table, and began with an apology after this fashion:

"Captain, I'm rather a rough-looking customer to talk with, but I don't always wear such clothes; only when it is necessary for my own safety, and the good of the cause." Then, suddenly stopping and staring me full in the face, he uttered mysteriously some sentences in a foreign tongue!

"What's the meaning of that?" I inquired, returning his gaze, and lifting my eyebrows in no little wonderment at the fellow's looks and words.

"Don't you speak Spanish?" he asked.

"No," I replied; then turning to Capt. Robinson, who was seated at one end of the table, I remarked—"Capt., I believe you understand something of Spanish; suppose you act as interpreter."

"Why, yes, replied Capt. R., "I can converse a little, but cannot make out what Mr. Spearman has spoken. Is it Spanish?"

"Oh no," said Tom, "it's Italian. But I may as well speak plain English. We understand each other. All right! I've been in the service before!"

We now began to suspect the fellow, and be he friend or foe, determined to give him no information or hold upon us.

"What 'service' do you allude to, sir," I asked.

"Oh! you needn't be afraid of me; I don't ask you to tell me anything—

not a word. I expect I know more than you do."

"No doubt, Mr. Spearman, if you have been in the service, for this is our first voyage to *Chagres*."

"Ah," yes, I understand—*Chugres!* about four day's sail from here—I know every inch of the way; it's a glorious place—just fixed up by nature for our special accommodation."

"Suppose you tell us something about it; anything in regard to the place of our destination will be interesting, just now. We thought, however, to *Chagres* was a longer voyage."

"No, sir! not *our Chagres!* I've run it in a little over three days with the jaunty little *Heroine*, just arrived from there last night. Everything is ready—waiting for you! About three thousand there already. Ha, ha, didn't I land those five hundred kegs of powder slick! They searched her mighty close, too; but whoever found what I hid! They suspected me strong, though. You know Don McGill Shusha! Well, one day Don McGill come and advised me to leave. He asked me how much I wanted—*there* was a pile of gold high and square as this table! I told him I wasn't particular—knew it was all safe. I took thirty ounces; jumped on one of Don McGill's mules, hired two *hombres* to guide me across the mountains, and started—disguised as an Italian traveller. They were after me; coming up a mountain road, I sees a file of white coats drawn up on each side with muskets. Never noticed them, but coolly lit my cigarito,

and sitting unconcernedly on my mule, passed them singing—(here Tom favored us with some verses of a song which he said was Italian.)—They couldn't find me; thought I was gone. I came back to the city in a day or so, got aboard, and cleared. Coming up that evening, the sloop of war Albany hove alongside. I had to lay to. Lieut Randolph came aboard—wanted to see that all was right. I handed him my papers; he looked at them, and returned the documents, observing, "Captain, won't you come aboard and drink a bottle with me?" Next morning there was a hell of a fog—wind dead ahead; I tucked every rag on the little Heroine—she run right in the wind's eye, and by daylight—godbye to the Albany!"

It was evident that he was alluding to the Isle of Pines, then generally supposed to be our intended rendezvous.

"And who is Don McGill Shusha?"

"Oh! why, he owns the whole Island—an enormously rich old coffee planter. I brought some good news from him; saw the nameless one last night, and had a long conversation. Glorious old chap!"

"Who was it you saw last night?"

"You know who I mean—I need not speak his name—walls have ears, sometimes."

"Well, then, where did you see him?"

"No. 31, Conde street."

The committee glanced at each other, seemingly to ask "How the devil does he know that?" We thought

none but the most intimate knew ^{his} locality.

"We won't get off so soon as expected," remarked Tom.

"Won't we! About when do you now think?"

"Twenty-fifth or twenty-eighth."

The very time we had counted on!—the committee exchanged glances again.

In this way Mr. Tom Spearman run on for about two hours—we saying very little, not knowing what to think of him, being so correct in many of his items about the Expedition. When he left us, I promised to call on him next day at the Bull's Head Wharf, where he said I would find him pretending to work, but merely fooling round to blind the eyes of those who were watching his *important* movements. I did call. Presently up comes Tom with a tremendous saw on his shoulder. I spoke to him. Without turning his head, he muttered in a suppressed voice—"Don't be seen talking with me here. That man yonder with a white hat and mustachois—he's a Spanish spy. Go over to the Bull's Head—I'll come." I did so, and in a few minutes Tom appeared. I then requested him to go down with me to the Verandah, designing to exhibit him to some officers to see if they would recognize him. He seemed disappointed—evidently had expected some disclosure or proposition from me; said he could not go down in his disguise, (a shabby suit!) but he intended to dress up and go down to see all of them in the after-

noon. He would also be at Smith's House that night. I left him, perfectly satisfied that he was an inflated humbug. We thought, however, we would for amusement let him go on as if we believed all he said.

He came, and with him this time another suspicious looking elderly covey, whom he introduced as his friend B. Taking a seat, Tom said decidedly:

"I heard some important news to-day."

"Ah" we exclaimed, as if eager to hear, "what is it?"

"All right!"

Quite important, thought we; but by no means definite or satisfactory. Tom continued—

"Mr. B. wants to become one of us; he's my friend; you can go on *and tell him all about it.*"

Now, this is the acme of impudence, I said to myself—this rascal thinks to have a witness to the *confessions!*

"We shall of course be glad to have Mr. B.; if he wishes to join us, here is the roll-book, which is all the explanation we have time to give."

Tom felt himself beat, and both he and his friend looked blank. But he did not let on. After talking away in the same strain of the previous evening, he got up and left, remarking that he was going up the river the next morning (which was Sunday), to settle some business, and also to draw all the spies after *him*, so that we could operate more safely.

On the evening of the next day, we happened in at Tom's boarding house,

and had a talk with his landlady. She said he was a wild sort of man; worked about the wharft, but seemed to be a lazy, drinking fellow, although he knew a good deal, and appeared once to have been quite a gentleman. He owed for three weeks' board, which she wished he would pay. This was enough! We had a hearty laugh over Capt. Tom, his 500 kegs of powder, the brig *Heroine*, and Don McGill Shusha! While still laughing and talking, the sounds of music floating on the still Sabbath air, caught our ears. We went towards it—to the German Beer Garden in Lafayette, which was crowded promiscuously with Californians, Cubans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, boatmen, sailors, women, &c., &c. The garden was brilliantly lighted up, and at one end a sort of bull-ring was filled with waltzers, heeling and tooting it at an expense of five cents a strain of music and treat to partner. Suddenly our gaze was rivetted to a post at one corner of the bull-ring. Can it be! yes it is! by all that's glorious, Capt. Tom Spearman, leaning against the post, grinning vastly at the waltzers! *He* who was to have been far up the river to-day, settling important business, and misleading the spies. Ah! he sees us, and is disposed to avoid; but no! we will head him! Just as we got near enough to speak to him, Tom turned quickly round, pretended to be startled, made divers ominous motions, winks and shirks, whispering—
"Don't *seem* to know me. I know what I'm after here. All right!"

We laughed outright. Tom disappeared in the crowd; he knew we had detected him, but wanted to keep up his pomp to the last. We never saw him more. But his friend B. joined us, proved to be quite a sensible man, attained the post of cook to the Colonel's mess, and behaved creditably throughout.

On the afternoon of the 25th of April, two hundred and twenty tickets, drawn up by Col. J. W. Breedlove, at his transportation office, on Poydras Street—securing to each man whose name was on it "One steerage passage on the bark *Georgiana* to *Chagres*," were handed over to Lieut. Hardy, and by him delivered to the men as they called at head quarters in small squads. They were all at the same time directed to go immediately on board with their baggage, which should only consist of carpet-bags and bundles, no trunks or boxes would be allowed on board. By dark the City of Lafayette was evacuated, and the battalion collected at the pier. Here we met about thirty more Kentuckians—Capts. Logan and Allen, and their men—who had been quartered in the city. In fine, ALL who belonged to the Kentucky regiment, except Lieut. Col. Pickett, who *preferred* to remain and come out with the General—were *doomed* to embark on the *Georgiana*.

The tow-boat did not come alongside until about 9 o'clock, by which time a large crowd had collected to see the embarkation. Old Capt. Benson was in an awful "stew,"—

He had never before appeared in such an important character, in so public a manner! At length, "All aboard! push her out, Captain," was shouted by a young gentleman whose acquaintance the reader will make before we have been long at sea. The crowd on the pier "lent a hand," and as the bark floated out into the channel, gave us three cheers, which were enthusiastically returned as the *Georgiana* moved down stream, disappearing in the darkness.

The Kentucky Battalion was then afloat! Two hundred and fifty gallant spirits had ventured their all upon the tossing sea; started upon a journey from which there could scarcely be a reasonable hope many of them would return. Three men stood upon the pier, waving adieus long as their eyes could discern the bark. They seemed to be overjoyed at our safe departure, and filled with admiration for all on board. Those men were—Narciso Lopez, Ambrosia J. Gonzales, and Gen. John Henderson.

We soon lost sight of New Orleans. All were much fatigued, feeling more disposed to dream of past joys or future glories, than muse on the present. A sadness crept over each breast as our bark ploughed her way towards the broad Gulf, and soon all sought relief from regrets and doubts in slumber.

PART II.

THE GEORGIANA'S VOYAGE—ARRIVAL AND
STAY AT CONTOY ISLAND—THE CREOLE
AND SUSAN LOUD—DEPARTURE FOR CUBA.

“Richmond, my Lord, is on the sea!”

The conclusion of the first part of this History left the Kentucky Battalion asleep, while the Georgiana was being towed down to the Balize.—They awoke on the morrow early, and as the mist of an April morning cleared away before the sun's bright rays, looked out far over the blue expanse of the Gulf of Mexico. To many this was a novel sight; to all a grand and beautiful one. There is something indescribably touching in the thoughts and feelings that come o'er us as we bid adieu to the shores of our native land. Americans, perhaps, more than any others, give way to these emotions in their fullest force; for oh! their's is a country where all that can bind the affections of man, all that can excite his pride, all that can gratify his ambition, may be enjoyed as nowhere else within the earth's circle! Even the blunt Yankee tar, who ploughs the ocean waves as the merchant and tradesman treads the city's streets, though he may have wandered often and far, scarcely ever loses sight of Columbia without some pensive and melancholy thoughts. How then should the “Cuban Liberators” feel? How should *they* look back with a long-lingering gaze, and yearning hearts, to the vanishing loom of their country's soil? That country whose every lineament they love, with the love of active patriotism—a patriotism which

once led many of them, under her flag, to the walls of Monterey, to the field of Buena Vista, to the gorges of Contreras, and Churubusco's heights. But how is it now? They are leaving that country in defiance of her laws. The same chieftain who not many months ago led them to victory, has told them in the voice of the nation, that they will be cast off from its protection—“lost to their friends, and to their country lost,” if they thus go to a foreign land with hostile intent. They will be outlaws; claimed by no nation, recognized by no flag. Once upon the high seas, legitimate prey for the cruisers of any nation; the hunted objects of British jealousy, of Spanish rage and terror, and of *Taylorish* ignorance and misdirected zeal. These are hard terms. To reflect upon them saddens the heart, momentarily checks hope and spirit. Yet they will not turn back; their resolution has been taken, and while the star of promise shines in the horizon of the future, onward is the only course of honor and courage. He who retreats *now*, at the mere thought of dangers, loses that which the most fatal fortune cannot take from those who manfully try the hazard of the die.

What is it that impels these “Liberators” to brave such risks and responsibilities? Why do they renounce their country, leave all that is dear to their hearts—home, friends, comfort and peaceful happiness, for extraordinary dangers, on sea and land,—subject themselves to hardships, deprivations, and war's unrest? Avarice and

piracy, indignantly says the puerile and ungenerous wretch, whose soul has never known a higher impulse than legal cheatery and civil despoliation. The creature void of sympathies beyond his own dim threshold; knowing himself base and cowardly in heart, ever ready to impute unworthy motives to those who would aspire above his groveling sphere, who would emulate the deeds and names that glitter on the brightest pages of history. Let such *rooters* rave on, snarl away, with their hypocritical professions of conscientious morality and scrupulous faith. Nothing less than a deep conviction of the rectitude of their course—a solemn consecration of their lives to the cause of human freedom and national independence, was the basis of those motives which inspired the heart of every true Liberator. True, the temptations of ambition and gold were strong; but never would these men go forth as they do with no higher or holier designs than personal aggrandizement. How much such motives may have weighed in any heart, is a question which, as in everthing else where justice, truth, charity and religion are concerned, every man must answer to his own conscience. It may be rash; they think differently. But if it proves to be so, they are resigned to suffer all the evils, and ask neither the hand of assistance nor the tear of sympathy from those who cannot appreciate their motives and applaud their conduct.

But let the *historian* proceed. When within a few miles of the mouth of the Mississippi, about daylight our bark

was hailed by a small fishing boat, in which were three men, besides the sailor who navigated it. The boat had left New Orleans the evening before the *Georgiana* cleared. The Captain of it was Senator L. J. Sigur, of the New Orleans *Delta*; his companions were Maj. T. T. Hawkins, and Lieut. Albert W. Johnson, of the Kentucky Battalion. It was well ballasted with something, which will presently be disclosed. The Captain of the tow-boat was requested to stop that the fishing smack might come alongside, but he would not do so, probably well knowing the object of such a junction, and not wishing to be an aider or abettor. The *Georgiana* shortly after came to anchor at the Balize, and as the wind was unfavorable it was concluded that we would not go to sea until next morning, and so the tow-boat left us.

There she lay in the broad stream, literally covered with men—having on board nearly fifty more than her tonnage allowed herto carry. A number of vessels and boats were all around and below her, and everything that was going on could be distinctly seen from the pilots' houses at Balize. A United States revenue cutter was cruising about in the offing, and it was soon evident that the *Georgiana's* suspicious appearance had attracted her attention.

No little anxiety and trepidation was felt among the officers who knew her character, as the cutter came tacking up stream, and sailed completely around us two or three times, within good reconnoitering distance. She

finally sailed away, without any closer investigation; and a few minutes after she left, the fishing boat came alongside. It was lucky that the smack had not done so before the cutter came around; for had it been there then, the suspicion would doubtless have been too strong to be overlooked. The three gentlemen in the boat then came aboard, and orders were immediately given for the hasty transfer of its cargo to the *Georgiana*. Several of the stoutest men went to work, and ten boxes of splendid, recently cleaned United States muskets were soon stowed away in the hold, and about ten thousand ball cartridges in the captain's cabin. During this operation, countenances wore a serious aspect. Whoever had been so credulous as to entertain a doubt as to the character and destination of the Expedition, could do so no longer. Only a few jocular allusions were made by some of the men, to the *California* pretext: "What's in those boxes?" asked one.

"Oh! a few spades and pickaxes that were forgotten!"

"Yes," was the reply, as the top of one box broke off, displaying regular old brown muskets and shining bayonets—"Curious looking spades and pickaxes—we've shouldered those old fellows before!"

A few, however began to grow exceedingly anxious; to feel either compunctions or fears, and they began to talk around in tremulous accents.

The chieftains were all assembled in the cabin, where much writing was

going on. Adjutant Titus and Lieut. Hardy made out a list of the names, residence &c., of every man on board which the General had directed to be sent back to him at New Orleans. Others were inditing affectionate, and no doubt affecting, farewell letters to their parents, friends, and sweet-hearts. While this was going on, Senator Sigur complacently smoked his *segur*, conversed in a low tone, and smiled as he read the ladies' names on many of the letters handed to him, to put in the post-office on his return to New Orleans. The letters all sealed at last, he got into his boat again, a perfect post-office, pushed out, and the last chance of communication with home was gone.

Soon after this, the anxious and fearful having all got together, with a pusillanimous, impudent fellow named *Winter* at their head, made a rush to the cabin door, called for Col. O'Hara, and demanded an explanation. He came out, and briefly said, that the expedition was going to Cuba to engage in a revolution. We were first going to rendezvous on an Island, where in a few days, we would be joined by Gen. Lopez in a steamer with several hundred more men. He spoke of it as a patriotic and glorious enterprise, which he had the utmost confidence would succeed, and redound to the honor and benefit of all engaged in it. If there were any who did not feel disposed to encounter the hazards which of course belonged to such an enterprise, he would prefer that they should return, and all they had to do was to get aboard the

tow-boat when she came to take us out to sea. He only regretted that they had not made known their disinclination to go to Cuba sooner.

Brief as was this explanation, it satisfied all, except perhaps three or four, who had not resolution to decide whether they would go on or return, and kept muttering senseless and unmanly complaints. Next morning very early a tow-boat came to take the *Georgiana* out to sea. The boat was alongside at first, while the Captain was settling his business. During this time the few who were disposed to return busied themselves in endeavoring to get others to do so, instead of getting on board the steamboat, when suddenly they were reminded that the boat was going ahead to tow us out. Then some *three* or *four* ran and got their baggage; but were too late—the boat was beyond jumping distance. For this they had only their officiousness in the affairs of others, and hesitation in their own, to blame.

In a few minutes sails were hoisted, the ship began to roll, and with a stiff breeze, the *Georgiana* sped rapidly on her course to *Isla de Mujeres*.—We will pass over the scene of seasickness that ensued—only remarking that nearly all were tremendously retched for a day or so, and lay about, *so sick*, that they would not have cared had they been consigned to the Gulf, food for fishes. As they recovered, however, they felt as if new stomachs had been given them, and made the pork and beans suffer considerable diminution.

It was lovely weather, and the grandeur of the broad Gulf, as we passed out of the Mississippi's muddy waters into the dark blue waves, far from land, caused much sublime and romantic musing. There was, indeed, something dramatic and poetic in the story of that ship; the wild, adventurous characters she bore, the momentous results that were identified with them—all, all completely resigned to the hands of *Fate*, to terminate in glorious renown or tragical death. A people's hopes clung to that bark! To those familiar with Byron came thoughts from "*The Corsair*," and from "*The Prisoner of Chillon*," and in his words they felt themselves sailing—

"Far o'er the waters of the dark blue sea,
Their thoughts as boundless, and thir souls as
free."

Such flights of imagination and poetical images are all very fine and agreeable, but rather fruitless of anything in the practical world; and as this is an appropriate time and place for the introduction of new characters in this History, let us take a few *handsome* profiles.

Col. THEODORE O'HARA, of Frankfort, Ky., was not "unknown to fame" previous to the Cuban Expedition.—A lawyer by profession, he is a young man of great educational acquirements, with talents that would command respect in any sphere or circle, and at an early age began his experience in public affairs. Several years ago he was an associate editor of the organ of the Democratic party in Kentucky. In 1844, during the exciting Presiden-

tial canvass between Clay and Polk, he edited, in conjunction with the late Capt. Henry C. Pope, of Louisville, the "*Democratic Rally*," one of the most effective, spirited and popular campaign papers ever published in Kentucky. He afterwards resided about two years in Washington city, engaged in one of the Departments of Government, and was there when the Mexican war was in progress. He then received the appointment of Assistant Quarter-master, with the rank of Captain, and reported himself to General Taylor some time before the battle of Buena Vista, at Victoria; was transferred to Gen. Scott's line, and landed with him at Vera Cruz. He continued on that line, and at the city of Mexico, until the American army was withdrawn, having been present at all the memorable victories there gained; and on his return to the United States was breveted with the rank of Major, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Cerro Gordo and Contreras." He again resided some months at Washington city, where he became acquainted with Gen. Lopez, and the scheme of Cuban Independence.

Previous to the revival of the second Expedition, he had returned to Kentucky, and but a few weeks before he engaged to raise a Battalion for it, issued a Prospectus for the publication at Frankfort of the "*Champion of Reform*," a campaign paper, advocating the adoption of the then recently formed New Constitution of Kentucky. The renewal of the Expedition, with

other reasons, induced him to abandon it, and we now find him on board the *Georgiana*, at the head of two hundred and fifty Liberators, *practical* "Champions" of reform and liberty. Those among them who knew him before—some from boy-hood up—had all confidence in his judgment, fitness, capacity, and courage, for the place of leader. That he fulfilled all their expectations, I will not say, but at the proper place endeavor to show wherein he erred or failed. Let it be remembered though, that many a man who would make a fine Colonel in the regular service, might be unfit and incompetent as the officer of such men as composed the Kentucky Battalion, in the irregular service of the Republic of Cuba!

Lieut. Col. JOHN T. PICKETT, of Washington City, is a young gentleman of remarkable exterior, quite refined, if not *fancy*, in many things. He is, nevertheless, much of a gentleman, and something of a scholar, having been raised in "high life," and associated with good society. Col. P. passed some time at the National Military School at West Point, but was probably of two wild and erratic a disposition to remain long enough to graduate. He was United States Consul for Turk's Island, at one time; and has travelled considerably in South America and the West Indies. While at Turk's Island, he began to think about the project of revolutionizing Cuba. He returned to Washington City, and engaged in the organization of the first Expedition, which

was suppressed at New York. He afterwards came out West with Col. O'Hara, and was a prominent agent in reviving the last Expedition from New Orleans. Col. P. before enjoyed the honor of being *outlawed* by the Spanish authorities of Cuba, with a \$25,000 reward for his head!

With Major T. T. HAWKINS, of Newport, Ky., I am not much acquainted, having first met him at Evansville, on our way down the river. This is not his first campaign, for he was in Mexico during the latter part of the war, as Lieutenant in the 16th Infantry. But his actions in the future part of this History must speak for him further. There is something quite military in the manners and appearance of Major Hawkins, though of a slight and delicate frame. His bright black eye strikes one at the first glance, reflecting high spirit, pride, and cool courage. Of a dark complexion, with black mustache, slow and studied in his ordinary attitudes and conversation, when he came aboard the *Georgiana* many of the men took him for a Spanish officer—it might be the grand Lopez himself. He was the most intimate friend and adviser of Col. O'Hara, who received, with great respect, his suggestions in "council of war," and with whom he must share the censure of bad policy and erroneous action. He acted as Major in the Kentucky Battalion, but Major Hardy was entitled to and held that commission.

Captain JOHN ALLEN, of Shelby county, Ky., is one of the staunchest

men to be met with, and a gentleman of fortune and influence in his county. He was an officer in Col. Marshall's cavalry regiment, which did such gallant service at Buena Vista. A fine, soldierly-looking man.

Captain JOHN A. LOGAN, likewise of Shelby county, which he had represented in the Legislature of Kentucky. Capts. L. and A. were fast friends; Capt. L. having also served as an officer in Mexico, where he acquired high reputation for bravery, all of which he sustained nobly at Cardenas, where he fell mortally wounded, his body being afterwards consigned to the waters of the Gulf.

Nor can I forget Adjutant H. T. TITUS, of Philadelphia. "Gallant Harry!" Jovial and laughing even in the midst of fight; and a perfect Ajax in courage and proportions. Titus had "travelled some" before, as Secret Agent of the Post Office Department. He joined the battalion at New Orleans, and was well qualified for the office he held.

Quartermaster THOMAS P. HOY, of Galveston, Texas, was in his element. He was a young lawyer, but had served under Jack Hays as a Texan Ranger, who, in conjunction with bowie-knives and five-shooters, was his adoration. A tall, gaunt fellow, and comparatively rather desparate adventurer. Tom's departure from New Orleans corresponded with the manner in which *we al!* afterwards left Cardenas and Key West—there was *somebody* in pursuit—and he came aboard as did the arms at Balize!!

Perhaps I should give old Captain BENSON, of the *Georgiana*, a place in these memoirs; but his conduct towards the Expedition, and treatment of the "Contoy Prisoners," after the Expedition left that place, was so decidedly shabby—as will be seen hereafter—that he almost deserves what has befallen him, and is remembered with more disgust and indignation than pity.

We had a fair wind for four or five days, and kept bravely on our course towards the coast of Yucatan, passing and meeting numerous vessels of all nations, and occasionally sheering off when we happened to see the rig of a war vessel, or the smoke of a steamer rose up like a cloud from the sea. The men began to grow tired enough of the crowded deck and sweltering hold, and Columbus himself could hardly have manifested more joy than the pent-up Liberators, at the cry of "land ho!" that echoed through the *Georgiana's* sails on the evening of the fifth day out from Balize. Many of them wanted to land anywhere, they didn't care a d—n who inhabited the land—Mexicans, or Patagonians ten feet high—lizards, leopards or sea-horses; they wanted to run and jump, and would fight for the privilege without supper, against barbarians, fishes or wild beasts! It was a sad, enraging disappointment, when they were told there was no chance to land before a day or so.

We came within sight of the Mexican coast somewhere about Sisal,

eighty or a hundred miles too far South for Mugerres. The wind was dead ahead, and beating up against it the flat-bottomed, crab-sided old bark would not gain twenty miles in twenty-four hours. Three times in three days did she strike the coast within a few miles of the first place; but at last, on the evening of the fourth day, doubled Cape Cartoche, and came to anchor in a pretty little bay, about a mile from the desolate Island of Contoy, and some ten or twelve miles from the mainland of Yucatan. Capt. Benson had concluded that it was impossible for him to get around to Mugerres, though only twelve miles distant, and Col. O'Hara therefore resolved to remain at Contoy. Officers were then appointed for six companies—thirty-five to a company—and the men directed to make choice of the companies which they preferred to join. Orders were then issued to prepare for landing next morning, to establish a camp on the Island. The excitement of these arrangements revived their drooping spirits, and good humor, which for two or three days past had deserted all—even Harry Titus—beamed on almost every face again—particularly on those of the newly-made officers. The military phrases—"Officer of the Day," "Lieutenant of the Guard!" "Turn out Relief No. 2!" were regularly heard, giving affairs the sound of quite a warlike discipline.

Early next morning, the 7th of May, the landing commenced.—In two or three hours the battalion was disembarked. In the afternoon,

Col. O'Hara, having had a small boat rigged up, departed in company with the Mate, on an excursion to Blanquiti Island and the mainland, to gain some information as to water, &c. &c. Contoy was a lively place that day. The men on landing had taken possession of a few thatched huts, but finding them full of bugs and insects, removed to the most elevated portion of the Island, and went actively to work erecting tents with poles, bushes, and branches of small trees. Before night most of the companies had booths up to keep off the dew at night and the hot sun by day. CAMP PELICAN was the name given to these, suggested by the immense number of those ugly birds which are continually flying over the Island, and diving into the water.

The Island of Contoy is a desolate spot, about seventy-five miles distant from Cuba, and by no means a suitable place to rendezvous men for any length of time: they would do better at once to "beard the lion (or *snake*, to use a more appropriate comparison) in his den." It is visited regularly by Spanish fishermen from Havana, in neat looking and fast-sailing American built schooners or smacks. The Yucatecos from Mugeris Island and Yucatan, also come to it in their canoes. The Island is something like half a mile in length, and several hundred yards in width. On its Western side there is a small bay, where vessels of a large size can approach within a mile of the beach, while on the opposite side, and around its North-

Eastern point, ceaselessly dash waves from the Caribbean sea. Between it and Yucatan lies Blanquiti Island, five or six miles distant, which is inhabited by a few Indians, of whom the puny Yucatecos and Spaniards are greatly afraid. Contoy is nothing but rocks and sand, the only specimens of vegetation being immense prickly pears, some bushes, long grass, a few dwarf trees, and numberless *lizards*! About the middle of the Island there is a sort of lake, almost completely hid from view by the shrubbery around its margin. The placid water of this lake is beautifully clear, so that large fish may be seen far down below the surface, and occasionally an alligator may be heard to bellow among the brush and plunge into its bosom! Mugeris Island, which had been selected by Gen. Lopez as the place of rendezvous, is some twelve miles South of Contoy, and inhabited by about three hundred Spaniards and Mexicans—two thirds probably of whom are females, from which fact it is commonly called "Women's Island." The men mostly engage in fishing, hunting shells, and cutting logwood along the coast, while the women, boys, and a few men cultivate small patches of ground. There is good water on this Island, but on Contoy there is none fit to drink.

The first thing in order after the Liberators were assembled on Contoy was a general bathing in the breakers,—a most delightful, refreshing and invigorating sport. After dark camp guard was mounted, and by direction

of Major Hawkins, three signal fires were kept up. It must be evident that this was a very dangerous measure, and entirely unjustified by any sufficient necessity. We were indeed expecting the *Creole*, who would look to find us at Mugerres, unless her attention was attracted to Contoy. But there were many chances to one that our signal fires would attract Spanish cruisers instead of the *Creole*, while there was scarcely any danger but what the latter would be sure to find us, even if she went to Mugerres first. The result of those signal fires will presently be seen; in the end a most unfortunate one, at least for the *Georgiana* and *Susan Loud*.

After the first comfortable night's rest since leaving New Orleans, the *Liberators* were up betimes next morning; companies were paraded, and some of them—particularly Capt. Robinson's—had quite a creditable drill on the sand, for men who had as yet hardly lost the motion of the ship. Very early, three sails had been discovered to the southward, all bearing rapidly down upon us. They had doubtless been at Mugerres, when they saw Major Hawkins' "signal fires." In a few hours, one by one, they came into the bay, sailed around the *Georgiana*, and came to anchor; one on each side and the third directly in front of her, thirty or forty yards nearer to the Island. These manœuvres created no little excitement on the Island, which almost amounted to consternation when all of them run to the mast-head the colors of Old Spain.

Only eight or ten men remained on board the *Georgiana*; those on the Island had scarcely provisions for a day, and in the way of arms only a few pistols and bowie knives, and there was only one boat, which was at the ship, for communication. Thus, if the Spaniards had any hostile intent we were completely in their power. Capt. Allen was the officer on our bark. After waiting a while to see what demonstrations would be made by his new neighbors, he got into the boat with two or three men and pulled for the Island, passing boldly between two of the smacks. The moment he reached the beach, Maj. Hawkins, with fifteen men under Lieut. Hardy, jumped into the boat, to reinforce those on the *Georgiana*. In passing back, Maj. H. held a parley with one of the Spaniards, who asked if we were *Americanos*. He was told we were, and bound for California; and in return he informed us they were *pes-cadores* from Havana. On getting aboard the bark, Maj. H. determined to pay the Spaniards a friendly visit, but before starting ordered Lieut. Hardy to get out twenty muskets and a supply of cartridges, keep vigilant guard, and be prepared to do battle at any moment. All the smacks were within range; and if any treachery appeared, twenty muskets well handled could make their decks too hot for comfort! Maj. H. and Quarter master Hoy accordingly went aboard one of the smacks, where they were treated most cordially by the Spaniards, who set out their wine, fruit, &c., and con-

versed in a very pleasant manner. The Spanish skipper wanted to know why we did not show our colors when he ran up his; jokingly, said he didn't know but what we were some piratical craft, and if he had a gun he would have given us a shot. The fact was, old Benson hadn't sense enough to run up the stars and stripes, or he was so badly scared he did not think of anything but the probability of swinging from the yard-arm, or languishing in Moro Castle. The interview over, Hoy returned to the bark in our boat, while Maj. H. was taken to the Island in one of the Spaniard's skiffs. To be on the safe side, Capt. Allen put a box of muskets in the boat, with five hundred catridges, which he took to the Island. The Spaniards gave Hoy some fine fish, after feasting on which the ship-guard felt better able to pay them in leaden coin, if they did not keep their distance.

Towards evening, Col. O'Hara returned from his excursion. His party had passed the night on Blanquiti Island, where they found two or three Indian girls, from whom, however, they could not gain any information, as the girls did not seem to understand Spanish, or any other civilized language, nor indeed to have any of their own. The Col. was rather taken aback on finding the Georgiana so surrounded, and landed at the Island to learn the position of affairs. Several of the men had taken badly sick during the day, in consequence of drinking the brackish water, and it was evident that it would not do to remain there, for sev-

everal other reasons. Col. O'Hara therefore went to the Spanish skipper, engaged one of his sailors to pilot us around to Mugerres, and hired his skiffs to assist in immediately re-embarking the battalion. All the companies, except those of Cpts. Wilson and Robinson, were got on board again that night. The two companies named passed a second delightful night on Contoy, "alone in their glory"—some of the boys having managed to get a bottle or so of *mus-cel* from the Yucatecos who came to sell turtles and vegetables. They were taken aboard early next morning, and shortly after, with our Spanish pilot—a nicely dressed, fine looking sailor,—who afterwards piloted the Pizarro to that very spot, (and who it has been learned since was none other than a Spanish marine, acting as spy—we sailed out of the bay for another attempt to reach Mugerres, followed closely by all three of the smacks.

About this time Captain Benson's *conscience* began to trouble him. He had for some days been in a bad humor; the sight of the Spanish flag had brought vividly to his mind dangers and terrors of which he had thought but lightly, when he was chartering the Georgiana at New Orleans for five hundred dollars a month; the last circumstance, which seemed to finish his afflictions, was the conversion of his little cabin into a hospital. He now hoped the wind would blow us to Havana instead of Mugerres; said he would not go there unless compelled, and when told that he would be chained

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in the hold unless he ceased to be so fractious, "wished to God he could fall in with a man-of-war." Poor, niggardly, and treacherous old *slink?* all too soon was his foolish wish accomplished.

For four days we kept tacking about, endeavoring to reach Mugerres. The first day we had gained a few miles, were almost in sight of the Island; but during the whole of the second day there was a dead, breathless calm, in which the old bark drifted off sixty miles out of her course. The pilot became disgusted with her, saying she sailed like a crab; old Benson and Mate seemed determined to make no extraordinary exertions to get there; the men were getting exceedingly tired of such useless cruising; impatience and discontent began to breed mutiny, and so, on the evening of the fourth day we were at our old anchorage in Contoy bay—all hands from the Col. to the cooks, in a most unamiable mood.

That night Capt. Benson turned *traitor*, and leagued himself with two or three cowardly wretches, who had all along been trembling, and whining, and grumbling to get back to their *mammies*. There were also other causes for discontent, which had been brought by the impolitic and injudicious course of Col. O'Hara, and most of his staff, from the start. The Colonel, Maj. Hawkins, and one or two satellites, seemed poorly to appreciate their position, and their conduct in many respects evinced a sadly deficient knowledge of human nature.

What folly for leaders like them, of a band of men, nearly every one of whom had intelligence enough to know what obligations his situation imposed, together with spirit and independence, such as *no* official power could abuse,—to affect a supercilious dignity and high-toned authority? *Their* commission was nothing more than the acquiescence and support of those men, yet they for a long while acted as if it bore the signet of a nation. They heard that discontent was threatened, but merely made use of some scornful expression or abusive allusion, and kept their "awful state," without *deigning* to make an effort for pacification.

The men had all along been promised a full explanation of the whole plan, designs and prospects of the Expedition, but up to this time the Colonel had observed a wonderful silence, an *important* secrecy, giving no one, except perhaps Maj. Hawkins, the slightest hint as to the course he was pursuing and intended to pursue. Many of the company officers even, had become indignant at this pompous affectation. They were not men so slavish and puerile as to be *forced* to commit their lives blindly and ignorantly to *any* man; it was enough that they should do so willingly and understandingly. Such was the state of affairs when old Benson put himself at the head of the mutineers. And more than this, discord had reared its head in the very "staff," in consequence of an attempt to give the office of Major in our battalion to Hawkins,

instead of the elder Hardy, who was entitled to it by the preference of four-fifths of the men, whom he and his friends had enlisted, as well as by a written promise, which for some sly motive was now ungenerously sought to be broken or evaded. The Colonel was even blind and vain enough, to try and shift the evils of his own folly upon the men, by depreciating their character, and upon the manner in which they had been enlisted. Thus discord and disaffection pervaded every rank, and was allowed to strengthen with scarcely any opposition.

The night after our return to Contoy, a desperate plan was proposed to the mutineers by a rapsallion from New Orleans, one *J. Klengen Smith*:

"Oh! for a a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
To blast them in their hour of might!"

This wretch proposed that they should all get down in the hold near the boxes of muskets, and at midnight when all the officers were asleep, take out the weapons, confine them to the cabin at the point of the bayonet, and return to New Orleans. Accordingly, near the appointed hour, a number of them assembled around some boxes which were already broken open, waiting for the word to make the onslaught. But the plot was known in the cabin, and by the officer of the day, Capt. Robinson, who just at the critical moment appeared before the mutineers, informed them in a determined tone, that all the ammunition was in the cabin, and sooner than

they should succeed in their cowardly design, he would blow them, ship and all, "sky high." They were terrified and never again thought of attempting to carry things by force. Capt. Benson then told the chief plotters, that if they would get a majority to sign a paper, expressing their wish and determination to go back, he would make the attempt to set sail. The renegade Smith went actively to work, and before night had got fifty or sixty signatures.

That evening Maj. Hardy, after conferring with his friends, determined to inform Col. O'Hara that unless he came out before the men, with some explanation of the scheme, they should return; he would go no further with men so disaffected, but felt confident a proper course would fully satisfy and inspirit them. So now at last, came forth the "*Compact*." Immediately after supper, Col. O'Hara read it to the assembled battalion, adding a few remarks as to the prospects of success, the time, place and means; and concluded by stating that if General Lopez from any cause failed to join us in eight days, he would return to New Orleans. This explanation was received with great and almost unanimous enthusiasm, and responded to by three cheers for Lopez, three for Cuba, and three for "*annexation*." Then followed a regular mass meeting—speakers were called out, and nearly a dozen of the officers made glowing speeches, full of war, glory, heroism, independence, "*Lone Stars*," fame, and immortality! while the shouting

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and hurraing of the men drowned even "old ocean's roar." The Spanish smacks were at anchor near about us, and must have been somewhat astonished, and perhaps frightened, as they set sail before daylight for Havana. Next morning the few inveterate conspirators found themselves minus their host, and sneaked off ashamed of themselves. An oath was that day drawn up for every true Liberator to sign, pledging himself to obey the orders of his officers, to submit to the rules and Articles of War of the U. S. Army, with true allegiance and support to the Republican Government of Cuba, at present represented in the person of General Narciso Lopez. This document was signed by all but fifteen or eighteen, several of whom were sick; no man who declined to sign it was permitted to be in a company or go with the battalion to Cuba. Thus by a very little exertion and *condescension* was harmony and spirit restored to the battalion.

By this time the supply of water began to grow scarce. Mugeris was the only place near where more could be obtained, and all hope of reaching there with the *Georgiana* had been given up. At this juncture Lieut. Sayre, with the Spanish pilot, and several men were sent out in a small boat for Mugeris, to make arrangements with the natives for furnishing us with water, and to apprise Gen. Lopez of our situation should the *Creole* arrive there. Nothing now remained but to wait patiently for the steamer.

What added to the general satisfaction and harmony was the fact that the Yucatecos now visited us in their little canoes, bringing large turtles, fish, turtle eggs, water melons, vegetables, &c., which were readily purchased, and furnished a change from the salt meat, beans and hard crackers upon which we had subsisted for some days. These half-barbarian people had not the slightest notion of what our objects were in those waters. Their supposition seemed to be that we had come to fight the Indians, and they spoke in raptures of the "great, tall *Americanos*," who had come to help them a few months before. Indeed, with good humor restored, and a perfect understanding existing all around, the time began to pass very pleasantly. Occasionally there was some little excitement caused by a knock-down or wool-pulling between two Liberators who had not on the crowded ship "room and verge enough" to carry on their operations without collision. The most *serious* disturbance of this description occurred early one morning among the cooks for the several messes, before many others were up. They had nearly a dozen coffee pots on the stove, all boiling away at a fine rate, and promising a good breakfast to their proprietors. Suddenly hard words passed between two cooks, which was succeeded by rough pushing, and the next moment—horror of horrors!—coffee and coffee pots began to fly! Had the "moon-eyed herald of dismay" just lighted on the mainmast, there could

scarcely have been a more instantaneous uprising of sleeping Liberators, at the yells of the scalded and battering of tin as the hostile coffee pots, hurled like the thunderbolts of Jove, met in mid air! But this dire combat was brought to a speedy close by the gallant Lieutenant of the guard, Joe Wheeler, who seized the principal combatant by the throat, and seated him in the midst of the spilt coffee his impetuosity had sacrificed. To those not engaged, this comico-tragic tableaux was extremely laughable, and was joked about for some time after, even by the sufferers.

The night of May 13th was a jolly time on board the *Georgiana*. Had the battalion been within hearing of any portion of "God's country," where the redeeming graces of the Wesleyan Gospel were practiced and sought after, passers-by might very naturally have imagined that christian glory was being poured out upon a fervent camp-meeting assemblage! There were a large number of very creditable vocalists on board, for comic, love, pastoral, serenade, patriotic and martial songs, or sacred and psalm singing. Some of the more refined performers were entertaining the Staff with a concert, in the stern; while the great mass were congregated forward, singing in full chorus parodies on old familiar hymn tunes. The burden of one of these was—

"Oh! *Cuba!* oh! *Cuba!* I'm bound for the land of *Cuba!*

Oh! *Cuba* is my happy home—

I'm bound for the land of *Cuba!*"

The symphony to this was an in-

strumental (fiddle) performance by "*Squiseks,*" of "his favorite"—"*Kitty and the Babies,*" and it was succeeded by Milburn Souther's regular old Kentuck, "*Grey Eagle.*" "*Santa Anna's Retreat,*" a really beautiful and touching piece of music, was often called for, and played by Joe Smith, of Louisville, with most creditable skill. That, and sometimes a fine song from Jack Reading, of Shelbyville, almost brought tears to eyes which but a few days after flashed fire in the battle of Cardenas. Surely such men were *not* "fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils."

By many that night will ever be remembered. Long after all noise was hushed, and the singers wrapped in sleep, a few admirers of beautiful scenery still sat enwrapped, musing on the vast solitude, and silence broken only by moaning breakers that lashed the rocks of Contoy. What a poetical situation! Above, "*Pale Cynthia,*" Queen of the Stars, in majesty serene and modest beauty, on her nightly promenade through the deep, distant blue, spangled with burning gold! Below, the placid Bay, returning the starry gaze from heaven with a "long, long kiss" of deep and true reflection! Around, the dark shadows of the lonely Isles. The sighing breeze through furling sails! *Within,* what treasured memories of home and friends in a far-distant clime! For the future, what glorious anticipations! No fears, no doubts, no regrets—there the self-devoted "*LIBERATORS*" lay, calmly, within a few score miles of those

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fields whereon they expected to regenerate a nation by deeds of patriotic, inspired valor, or sink in heroic death beneath the iron hoofs of myriad remorseless, sanguinary tyrants. But, ah! little did they then think disappointment so sure and near, destruction so fearfully imminent. Too true, amid all the grandeur and sublimity of this soul-inspiring picture—

“Oh! Death with what an eye of desperate lust,
From out thy gaping vaults thou *then* didst look!”

We will now recur to New Orleans, where, during all the time we have been voyaging with the *Georgiana*, important movements in the grand revolutionary drama were taking place. When the Kentucky Battalion left, the Mississippi regiment was expected down the river, by the 28th of April, three days later. The extracts given in the first part of this History show what that force was expected to be—“five hundred men, the very flower of the Mississippi Volunteers in Mexico,” with batteries of artillery, &c.—All looked to this regiment as the chosen corps, the “Old Guard” of the Liberating Army. It was not certainly known, but what they would be led by the old warrior, Quitman himself. The Kentuckians were even prepared to yield them the post of honor, nor feel degraded in doing so to such veterans of war and sons of chivalry, as the Mississippians were—to have been! Col. C. R. Wheat, of New Orleans, was also at that time raising a battalion in the city, which did not have such high pretensions. In fact, many of the worth-

less characters and blackguard rowdies composing no small part of the population of New Orleans, who had applied for and been refused admission into the Kentucky Battalion, were sent to Wheat’s rendezvous. About a week after the Kentuckians embarked, Col. Wheat and his Lousianians set sail on the brig *Susan Loud*. They were one hundred and fifty or sixty in number, and, although generally a “rough set,” there were among the officers many who joined to good soldiership undaunted gallantry. Col. Wheat himself had served with distinction on Gen. Scott’s line in Mexico, and possessed a flattering reputation as a cavalry officer. The *Susan Loud* cruised about in the Gulf at no great distance from the Balize, three or four days, when she was overtaken by the steamer *Creole*, which left New Orleans about the 10th of May, with the Mississippians, Gen. Lopez and Staff. The Lousianians were then transferred from the brig to the steamer, the Captain of the former being *impressed* into the Republican service. That done, the *Creole* ploughed her way in search of the *Georgiana* and Mugeris Island, leaving the brig to follow as she could.

On her first night out the *Creole* encountered a heavy gale, during which the officers concluded she would certainly go to pieces, and for several hours were in momentary expectation of watery graves. On her journey also, it appears a mutiny broke out, which was quelled by speeches from General Lopez, and others; Gen. L.

promising the men that they should receive their four thousand dollars, be permitted to return so soon as the revolution was accomplished, and the Republicans in possession of Havana, even if it should be within a few weeks.

Very early on the morning of the 14th of May, the joyful cry of "steamer! steamer!!" roused the Kentucky Battalion in Contoy Bay. At first, only a moving cloud of smoke could be discerned, but in a few minutes Col. O'Hara, with the spy-glass, made out a steamer of the Creole build, heading directly for us. In a short time more, the patriot signal was clearly seen—a white flag, which was also soon flying at the main-mast of the Georgiana. Words can give but a faint expression of the feelings which now swelled the hearts of both divisions on this safe and glorious union. With what straining eyes we watched the approaching steamer, until her name, long familiar to our thoughts and ears, was read with the naked eye. Great heavens! had she been the Pizzaro, instead of the Creole, what a tragedy should have there been enacted! Prisoners, the Spaniard could never have taken them alive. It was somewhat singular that the thought or fear of such a catastrophe never once disturbed the Liberators.

When within a few hundred yards of each other, cheering commenced, the Kentuckians giving some of those famous Old Kentuck' yells, which used to terrify the Mexicans so awfully. The enthusiasm grew sublime,

when, as the beautiful "FREE FLAG OF CUBA" was unfurled to the breeze, shout after shout by the United Army rent the air. The noble old General stood uncovered on deck as the Creole came alongside, while Capt. Lewis, with a speaking trumpet, delivered his salute, "General Lopez's compliments to the Kentucky Battalion,—the Colonel will please come aboard." Col. O'Hara and Maj. Hardy accordingly went on board the Creole, and a brief council of war was held. In a few minutes they returned, it having been determined that the Creole should go immediately on to Mugerés for water, return next day, take the Kentuckians on board, and proceed at once to Cuba.

She was soon on her way, leaving the patience of our Battalion to undergo another trial. No little disappointment was felt when it was ascertained that there were only about four hundred and fifty men on the Creole, and it was extremely doubtful whether there was a single piece of artillery. The five hundred Mississippians, "flower of chivalry," turned out to be about one hundred and seventy-five men, very few of them Mississippians at that. The Lousianians were about the same number, and the privates mostly men of degraded character.—The Kentucky Battalion was therefore the right wing and van guard of the Liberating Army. It will soon be seen how well they deserved the post of honor, and how gallantly they sustained their world-renowned character—the fame of "Old Kentucky." (I

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speak of all as Kentuckians, but it must be remembered that more than one-half were staunch "Buckeyes."]

Immediately on the arrival of the Creole, the following Address was distributed among the Liberators. Its reading greatly elevated their previously high ideas of the glorious mission on which they had embarked, and made them rank General Lopez with the most daring patriots and soldiers of any age or clime :

Soldiers of the Liberating Expedition of Cuba!

The noble mission on which we have started together, is one which would alone suffice to nerve to heroism the arm of every one holding a place in our ranks, even if you were not already the men of the field of Palo Alto and Cherubusco, or brethren and worthy peers of the men of those immortal victories.

Citizens of the great Republic, you are going to give to Cuba that freedom for which your example has taught her to sigh; to strike from the beautiful limbs of the Queen of the Antilles the chains which have too long degraded her, in subjection to a foreign tyranny, which is an outrage upon the age; to do for your Cuban brethren what a Lafayette, a Steuben, a Kosciusco, and a Pulaski are deathless in history for having aided to do for you; and eventually to add another glorious Star to the banner which already waves, to the admiration of the whole world, over "The land of the Free and the home of the Brave."

The people of Cuba would not need that the first guard of honor around the Flag of her nascent independence should be mainly composed of their future fellow-citizens from the United States, but for the peculiar circumstances which have hitherto given to her tyrants a paralyzing clutch upon the throat of their prostrate victim. Unarmed, unable to effect the first beginning of organization for insurrection, and menaced by Spain's perpetual threat of converting into a worse than San Domingo, the richest and loveliest of Islands beneath the sun: your Cuban brethren have been compelled to wait and long for the hour when a first nucleus for their revolution shall be afforded them by a gallant band of sympathizing friends, like that which I esteem it now the highest honor of my life to lead to this brilliant enterprise. The Flag on which you behold the Tricolor of Liberty, the Triangle of Strength and Order, the Star of the future State, and the Stripes of the three departments of Cuba, once unfurled to the wind on her shores, and guarded by a legion of choice spirits, amply powerful to deal Buena Vista fashion with any force which the detested Spanish Government in Cuba will be able to bring against it; the patriotic people of Cuba will rally in joy and exultation to its support; while you leave behind you untold thousands, eager to tread in your glorious track, under the head of one of the most eminent chiefs of the unparalleled Mexican campaigns, unless in-

deed we anticipated them by consummating our splendid task before they have time to follow.

Soldiers of the Liberating, Expedition of Cuba! Our first act on arrival shall be the establishment of a Provisional Constitution, founded on American principles, and adapted to the emergencies of the occasion. This Constitution you will unite with your brethren of Cuba in swearing to support, in its principles as well as on the Field of Battle. You have all been chosen by your Officers as men individually worthy of so honorable an undertaking. I rely implicitly on your presenting to Cuba and the world, a signal example of all the virtues as well as all the valor of the American Citizen-Soldier; and cannot be deceived in my confidence that by our discipline, good order, moderation in victory, and sacred respect for all private rights, you will put to shame every insolent calumny of your enemies. And when the hour arrives for repose on the laurels which await your grasp, you will all, I trust, establish permanent and happy homes on the bountiful soil of the Island you go to free, and there long enjoy the gratitude which Cuba will never fail generously to bestow on those to whom she will owe the sacred and immeasurable debt of her LIBERTY.

NARCISO LOPEZ.

While awaiting the Creole's return, the time was occupied in putting on our temporary uniform, which had been provided, viz: a red flannel shirt, a black cloth cap, with a Lone Star

cockade, and "any sort" of pants—the Captains generally wore white, the Lieutenants black, the men, of various shades and stripes.

The Creole had a hard voyage to Mugerres against wind and tide, and after her arrival found it a difficult and tedious job to get a supply of water. While there, one of the Louisianians, who had been killed a day or so before by the accidental discharge of a sentinel's gun, was buried, Mr. John M. McCann, chaplain of the Expedition, officiating according to the ceremonies of the Episcopal Church; General Lopez also had a review of the Mississippi and Louisiana Battalions.

Ten men deserted the night before the Creole left Mugerres. An account of what befell them will be given hereafter. Gen. Lopez was told they intended to capture a Spanish smack, which lay there, and return with it to New Orleans, upon which he towed it around to Contoy. The General also brought back to us Lieut. Sayre's party. He proposed to the Spanish Pilot to go with him, but the latter could not be induced to desert; not because he had any great partiality for old Spain, but he had a *Dulcinea* on Mugerres. Before the Creole got far from the Island, the deserters congregated on the beach and hoisted a black flag—piratical colors, by way of adieu! At this indignity, the Liberators were strongly disposed to return and chastise the impudent rascals, but time was too precious. It will yet be seen how sadly they repented the joke.

The Creole returned to Contoy on the 16th of May. The first thing after her arrival was the presentation of a flag to the Kentucky Battalion. This duty Lieut. Col. Pickett performed on joining his command. It was done in a rather weak manner, but of course did not fail to elicit tremendous huzzas, and greatly revived the fierce flame of chivalric ambition. With joyful hearts, the Kentuckians then went aboard the Creole, glad to get away from the filthy bark and her contemptible old Yankee captain. After all had left her but the *crawfishers*, Dr. Knight, of Shelbyville, addressed them from the deck of the Creole in the most scornful and condemnatory terms, which were concluded by three *groans* for the deserters. Some of the Louisiana deserters fared worse still. Their hands were tied behind them, and they were thus marched around the deck for hours, before the whole army, hissing and groaning. They were all finally set to work heaving coal on board from the Georgiana.

A heavy sea was rolling while the vessels were lashed together, and the surges drove them against each other with fearful force. At every jam it would seem as if the old Creole was stove or broken in two. At length sufficient coal had been got aboard, and about midnight, the brave little steamer again struck out to sea, driving her course through the mountain billows that dashed across her boiler deck all that dreary night, toward that bright goal of the hopes and ambition

of the "Liberators"—THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

PART III.

VOYAGE TO AND LANDING ON THE ISLAND OF CUBA—BATTLES AT CARDENAS—VICTORIOUS RETREAT—THE PIZZARRO—THE CHASE—ARRIVAL AT KEY WEST.

"Cheerly to sea! the signs of war advance."

The Creole, on leaving Contoy, bore the "Cuban Expedition," *in toto*—Generals, soldiers, proclamations, arms and ammunition. Never was a vessel so completely filled, and crowded with destructive materials. The strictest military discipline prevailed. Guards were regularly detailed to keep the men in their quarters; none but commissioned officers, or those under their direction, were permitted to pass from one part of the ship to another. This was necessary to keep her trimmed, having to run for the first two days against a tremendous heavy sea, so that without the best management her wheels would not half the time touch water. Several companies were almost smothered in the hold, whilst others scorched on the deck, during the heat of the day; but in the morning and evening deck quarters were really delightful. Besides, those companies had the advantage of being able to drill several hours a day, and some of them attained a most creditable state of discipline. General Lopez occupied the Captain's cabin on deck, and often walked among the men. The perfect confidence and coolness they exhibited seemed to please him much. A finer body of men never appeared in any

uniform. The Kentuckians were easily distinguished from those who came on the steamer. They had already undergone quite a campaign; their long beards and dusky countenances gave them a fierce, uncivilized aspect, but more in consonance with the nature of their expected business than the new-reaped chins and tidy apparel of the other battalions, fresh from New Orleans. But all this inconvenience and deprivation was easily and cheerfully put up with, under the consolation that it would last but a few days, and be succeeded by plenty and luxury in the rich cities of "the Indies." The place at which we were to land was said to be forty-eight hours sail from Contoy.

At the time the Kentucky battalion came aboard, a Court Martial was sitting for the trial of a Lieutenant, on charges of disrespect to his superior officer. He was broke and reduced to the ranks. This proceeding, at so early a stage of the war, smacked of rigorous discipline, rather new to the Kentuckians. After the Court Martial had adjourned, Gen. Lopez convened all the field officers, and laid before them his plan of attack. He had resolved to land at Cardenas. His reasons for this change from the first design were, that he felt confident the Spanish fishermen who had seen us at Contoy, would report the facts at Havana; upon which the authorities in Cuba would at once conclude where he intended to land, and be prepared at those points. Thus, by changing his de-

sign, he could surprise them at Cardenas, where they would have no expectation of his landing, after seeing him at Contoy. As we neared the Island, the old General began to grow visibly more restless. He usually sat upon his bed, smoking a cigarito and conversing with his Aids, or examining a map of Cuba. Now he paced the deck rapidly, spy-glass in hand, eagerly watching and examining the vessels, numbers of which were all the time in sight. Once a large steamer was discovered running athwart the Creole's bow; her course was immediately changed, and steam put on for a race, but in a few hours she had lost sight of the strange steamer. The order, "off with your red shirts!" was repeated several times a day, as we ran close to suspicious looking ships.

The 18th of May was a beautiful, glorious day, in the genial clime of Cuba. The Gulf had become smooth, the winds were calmed, all save a gentle, delicious breeze. The Creole was gliding gracefully and rapidly on with her cargo of *War*. Her deck was bristling thickly with bayonets, that glittered in the fierce rays of a southern sun. On the afternoon of that day, we came in sight of the Bahama Banks, and town of Nassau. In the distance, it appeared like a great city, with steeples towering to heaven. The hearts of the Liberators leaped at the scene of civilization again in view. They began to snuff the approaching contest. Friends gave to each other their final injunc-

tions and pledges, for the survivor to carry back from those who should fall "amid the carnage and roar of battle."

Immediately after passing the Bahamas, orders were given for a grand review of the Kentucky Battalion.—Red shirts were carefully adjusted, muskets rubbed, and swords buckled on. But just before the appointed time, came the astounding order—"off with your red shirts—down in the hold!" In an instant the deck was cleared. The Creole was completely surrounded by vessels—from fifteen to twenty being counted, on every side. The General stood long at his spying post, and then it was the Creole performed the artful dodger. It was almost a dead calm—the sail vessels could make little progress, while the steamer running first one way and then another, at last left them all astern, after passing within speaking distance of several. About sundown the review took place. The battalion was drawn up, forming nearly a circle around the entire deck; General Lopez and staff being at the open space. They passed around in review, the old General fixing his keen black eyes upon every man, as if he would penetrate the soul. On regaining his position, he addressed the troops warmly in Spanish, his speech being interpreted and delivered to them by Col. O'Hara. He expressed his gratitude for the generous confidence they reposed in him, and hoped soon to show them that it had not been misplaced. They were about to strike the *first*

blow in a glorious revolution, the success of which would crown all with honor equal to that which clusters around the memories of their revolutionary fathers, with present rewards far greater. All must observe the strictest honesty and respect for the property and persons of the people of Cuba. They would meet no enemies but the Spanish army. He enjoined unhesitating obedience to orders; said that the fate of all might depend upon strict *silence* when ordered. To take Cardenas was the first and most necessary achievement, which *must* be accomplished.

This strange scene took place as the setting sun threw its last beams upon the Gulf, and was witnessed by several merchant ships, whose captains and crews were greatly frightened, and ran into port as soon as they could to learn the meaning of it. Some of them saw us in Cardenas next day, and said they had seen the red shirts and bayonets for many miles at sea.

The following General Order was then issued to the Army:

GENERAL ORDERS, No. I.

On addressing for the first time the troops composing the advance of the Army of Liberation of Cuba, who have so generously attached themselves to the glorious cause of giving Liberty and Free Government to the people of my country—and whose hearty co-operation has flattered me in the highest degree, and inspires the confident hope that the glorious enterprise we are about to embark in will

be as gloriously ended as it has been generously begun—

I find it necessary to have my views translated into a language native to yourselves, and with which I am unfortunately unacquainted.

I desire that the accompanying address, expressive of my respect for and confidence in the officers and privates composing this command, shall be recorded in the roll book of each company, that each of my brave companions may know my kind respects to him.

Soldiers! I give you my solemn assurance, that nothing that depends upon me as your commanding general shall be omitted to render the campaign of short duration, and full of brilliant achievements, worthy of the high estimation in which the American char-eld throughout the world.

NARCISO LOPEZ,

Commander-in-chief.

On board the steamship Creole,
May 18, 1850. By Order,

A. J. GONZALES,

Adjutant General.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

First officer of the Day for to-morrow, will be Captain A. L. REWEN, of company B. La. Reg't.

J. IGNAGE, will be recognized as my First Aid-de-camp.

Captain MURRY, as my Second Aid-de-camp, as also I. M. MACIAS.

As Ajutant General of the Day,
AMBROZIA J. GONZALES.

Annexed to the Staff, Col. G. N.

L. SMITH, and Captain BEVERLY MATHEWS.

As Quarter-master of the Day,
Capt. J. VESEY.

As Commissary of War, Capt.
MOORE.

It was nearly dark when the work of distributing ammunition commenced; the greater part of it was performed by moonlight. While this was going on Gen. Lopez exhibited, for the first time, considerable excitement. The ammunition boxes were all open on deck, when suddenly sparks of fire from the chimneys began to fall around. The General was the first to notice this danger, and called out loudly to Gonzales, who was superintending the business. The idea of being blown up on the eve of landing, might well agitate the old hero. Each soldier was supplied with sixty rounds of cartridges. The commissioned officers, in addition to large U. S. sabres, were armed with "Jenning's Patent Rifle," which fired a leaden cartridge, deadly as grape shot, at the rate of fifteen per minute. Two-thirds of the whole were also armed with bowie knives, and revolvers and five shooters. When all had been prepared for battle, the Kentucky Regiment took up its position on the boiler deck, in readiness to land first.

By ten o'clock at night the Creole had passed the light house some fifteen miles from Cardenas, and was groping her way slowly up the bay, between numerous small Islands and fleets of ships. The full moon shone clear and bright; one could almost

read by its light. A fine breeze was blowing off the land, and occasionally vessels would fly past the steamer under full sail. The Liberators stood motionless and silent; the whispered cry of the leadman, or the officers giving orders, with now and then the clank of a sabre as they moved about, was all that broke the dead silence on that stealthily moving ship for hours.

The moon had gone down, when at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 19th May, the Liberators caught a first glimpse of the promised land. A few lights were glimmering in the distance, while anon sounds came wafting o'er the water,—we gazed upon CARDENAS! The city lay sleeping in beauty; sweet odors from its gardens already scented the air,—the Sabbath had just begun! Never shall I forget the exulting looks and tones of Gen. Gonzales, as he stood gazing upon his native land,—the proscribed and condemned exile—the wanderer—returning upon his heartless oppressors in the power of patriotism and steel. “Ah!” he exclaimed between shut teeth, “we’ll soon sway it over them!”

In a short time more the Creole was within a few yards of the pier. It was necessary to take a line ashore. Capt. Lewis ordered his men to do it; they hesitated; in a moment, the dauntless little fellow plunged into the water with the line in his mouth. He gained the pier, fastened it, and in a few minutes the steamer lay snugly alongside. Some watchmen on the wharf fled in dismay.

The Kentuckians now began to land, filing off the steamer on a plank, and forming in column of companies as they reached the street. They were followed by the Mississippians, the Louisianians being in the rear. Two companies of Kentuckians, under Lt. Col. Pickett, without halting, passed rapidly through the city, following the railroad track, to take possession of the locomotive and cars. The remaining four companies, under Col. O'Hara, were obliged to halt two or three times, the Cuban guide who had come with the Expedition having got lost from the Col. who consequently did not know which way to go in search of the garrison. The street too was full of teams and large wagons, under charge of negroes, who had to be driven out of the way. Col. O'Hara was countermarching his men, after several attempts to get information from citizens and negroes, whom he seized in the street, but who were so terrified they could not speak, when he met Gen. Lopez, &c., who pointed out the way. The column was again put in motion for the garrison, and had proceeded about two squares into the city, when the sentinels began to challenge, “*Halta! qui vive! qui vive!*” rang through the midnight air. The Colonel's answer was “*Friends and Lopez,*” upon which the sentinels fired, and our gallant leader was badly wounded. “Column forward!” was his last order, as he scrambled to one side, and the batta-

lion rushed on in pursuit of the flying sentinels.

The garrison was situated about three squares from the pier at which our steamer lay, on one corner of the Plaza; on the opposite corner, across the Plaza, was the Governor's palace; between them a large and massive church occupied one whole side of the square; on the opposite side, being a long, low, black-looking building, the uses of which is not known, but which was, soon after the fight commenced, filled with men. One or two companies had marched past the Garrison before the firing commenced, but by the time the others came up, incessant volleys poured from three immense iron-barred windows. This was returned by each company as it marched up, notwithstanding the efforts of the field officers to prevent it. While this was going on at the Garrison, the advanced companies encountered a detachment of Spaniards on the Plaza, marching toward it. A brisk firing ensued between them, and the Spaniards, after delivering several fine volleys, finally retreated into the Governor's Palace before a charge of bayonets by Capt. Wilson's company. The Louisianians had turned up a cross street before reaching the Garrison, and taken a position in its rear.

The Mississippians and part of the Kentuckians were now fairly engaged on all sides, part of them occupying the open square, and storming the Governor's house, while others as-

saulted the Garrison with great spirit. The Louisianians also finally came around to take a part in the contest, raising a savage yell as the loud voice of their Colonel was heard exclaiming—"Louisianians! your Colonel is killed! Go on and avenge his death!" This was a *mortal* mistake; his Colonelship having been only smartly scratched on the shoulder by a ball from some house top!!

In the absence of official reports, it would be impossible to give any intelligible account of the different movements during the battle. General Lopez soon saw that his plan of taking Cardenas without fighting had been frustrated, and rushed into the battle with perfect fearlessness; sometimes approaching within a few feet of the Garrison windows, careless of the tremendous firing on both sides, endeavoring to speak to the Spaniards within. For three hours the firing continued furiously. Some companies stood pouring volley after volley of musketry against the thick garrison walls, against the Governor's house, and even the church, of course doing very little damage, but making an awful uproar. Others rapidly traversed the streets in search of foes, whose locality could only be made out in the thick darkness by the flashing of their guns from house tops and windows. So long as the Spaniards kept their concealment, they fought with deadly determination; but about daylight the garrison door was battered down, when, before the Liberators had time

to rush in, the Spanish soldiers rushed out, threw down their arms, and surrendered. A few minutes before this General Lopez, finding but those on the Governor's house kept up a deadly attack without being the least exposed, set fire to it in the lower story. It was soon enveloped in flames; but even after the roof had fallen in, a party of soldiers kept firing from one corner, killing and wounding several men. This was after the Governor had surrendered, and was taken prisoner—probably unknown to those soldiers—which fact so enraged the Liberators, that they raised the cry of "no quarter," and surrounded the entire square that not a soldier should escape slaughter. One party entered the iron gates in rear of the house, where they found some Spaniards whom they instantly bayoneted and cut to pieces with sabres. But in a few moments these terrible proceedings were stopped by Col. Bell, of the Mississippians, who drew off the companies, and formed a line on one of the streets. After daylight, parties of lancers several times made a show of charging down the streets, but retreated as soon as they were faced by a company of Liberators. During the whole day they kept galloping about the outskirts of the city.

By 8 o'clock in the morning, the Liberators were in full possession of Cardenas; they held as prisoners the Lieut. Governor, and three other of the highest civil and military functionaries in the District; had suffered

a loss of some six or eight killed, and twelve or fifteen wounded; the Spanish loss was probably about the same, notwithstanding they had fought most of the time behind impenetrable walls.

On the cessation of hostilities, the grand inquiry was for something to eat and drink. The Liberators had, during the morning, occupied a number of large stores of every description, but most scrupulously abstained from appropriating the least article even of food; although for three days past but few of them had eaten anything more than hard crackers, with a very small allowance of water. General Lopez established his head-quarters at the Garrison, and walked about among the people, talking to them as he distributed his proclamation. He also made a speech to the Spanish soldiers, who had been captured, giving them some of his printed appeals to the Spanish army, after which they tore off the uniform of Queen Isabel, trampled it under foot, shouting "Hurrah for Lopez and Liberty." The General's Aids were also very active, in riding about the city endeavoring to rouse the Cubans. One of them with a drum and bugle paraded the streets, beating for volunteers. *Not a single Cuban fell in.* During the day some sixty or a hundred went to head-quarters and signified their willingness to join the Liberators, whenever they could be provided with arms and officers. Others brought in a few old shot-guns, and forty or fifty fine horses, for the use of the army.

The universal remark of the Cubans was that the force was too small; that before the next day five thousand Spanish troops would be upon them, and therefore to join Lopez, or show him the least favor, would only be to ensure their ruin and destruction. With so small a force, and no artillery, it was impossible that he could get possession of Matanzas, between which place and Cardenas he would have to meet several thousand Spanish troops well appointed. These things were apparent to every man, and of course all were greatly disappointed. Where were those "hosts of friends" who were to have welcomed us? The Cubans scarcely dared to speak. They merely walked about, bowing and scraping to the red shirts. In truth, never were six hundred men in a more hopeless, lost, and desperate situation. All, however, remained perfectly cool; walked around the city, eat, drank and slept, as if there were no Spanish army on the Island. The men drank a great deal of liquor, of every description, most of which had a stupifying effect; from which it was afterwards generally believed to have been drugged. The railroad cars, under charge of Quarter-master Hoy, ran from the steamer to the depot all the afternoon, conveying baggage. No one had any other idea but that Gen. Lopez still intended to go towards Matanzas. But toward evening, he announced his determination to re-embark. Capt. Robinson's Company was then ordered down to

the steamer, to reship the baggage, and get coal and water on board. The Louisianians and Mississippians were also ordered down about five o'clock. About one hundred and seventy-five men of the Kentucky battalion remained up in the city as a rear guard. It was known that a Spanish force of about two hundred Infantry and one hundred Lancers had entered the city, but they appeared to be in no hurry to make an attack, and as nothing now was to be gained even by a victory over them, General Lopez desired if possible to embark without an engagement.

Soon after the Mississippians and Lousianians retired, the Spanish soldiers began to make a show of fight. The Infantry were concealed in yards and houses on the upper side of the Plaza. The Liberators were drawn up in line of battle on the lower side, with flanking companies one square to the right and left. The Spaniards opened the battle by firing upon the Rev. John McCann and Maj. Dixon, of Mississippi. These two gentlemen had been walking about the city, unaware of what was expected; on returning to the Plaza they passed within a few feet of a yard and house, behind which the Spaniards were concealed, several of whom rushed out and fired upon them. Mr. McCann fell mortally wounded into the arms of his comrade, who essayed to carry him off, but seeing the Spaniards approaching, the generous young man desired Maj. D. to save himself, tell-

ing him that he was killed. Neither of them had any fire arms. Maj. Dixon, however, drew his sword with a tremendous sweep, which brought several Spaniards "up standing."—He reached the line in safety, and the next moment six or eight Spaniards were brought to the ground by a volley from the Liberators. The Spaniards shot Mr. McCann several times after he fell, and were rushing up to bayonet him, when the Kentuckians fired upon them effectually from "long law." The whole body of Spanish infantry then suddenly appeared in line of battle on the opposite side of the Plaza. The Lancers were two squares further up the main street, going through a variety of brilliant movements preparatory to a charge. The houses and by-streets were full of citizens, gazing with intense anxiety upon the scene of approaching battle.

The Kentuckians stood their ground, coolly eyeing the enemy's manœuvres, with considerable admiration for their beautiful precision. These through, the Spaniards began to advance at a "charge bayonet," and when within good musket shot the Liberators poured into them a few vollies, which drove them back in confusion. Firing then commenced in every direction, numbers of the hostile Spanish citizens having got up on the housetops around the Plaza. Three times the Spanish officers rallied their troops for a charge, but each time they fell back with increased confusion and

loss, and in a very few minutes retreated off the Plaza.

Major Hawkins then ordered his men to fall back one square toward the bay, that they might not be attacked in rear. The Lancers seeing this, thought them in retreat, and immediately came charging down in glorious style. They came very near cutting off the flanking companies, who had to travel faster than double quick time, but fell into line soon enough to face about and give their pursuers a hot reception. Whirling their lances and quickly dodging from one side of their horses to the other, the Lancers came thundering on in gallant style. But they were soon taught that it would take something more than a brilliant display to conquer American Liberators. No sooner had they come within range, than horses and riders began to bite the dust in bloody confusion. Before reaching the line, more than one-half lay stretched in death, the balance flying up cross streets in dismay. Again and again they returned with desperate fury, and senseless rashness, until the last squadron galloped into the very midst of the Liberators, and but a single Lancer made his escape. Out of a hundred, seventy or eighty lay killed and wounded, their maddened horses dragging and trampling them to death. The Liberators lost eight or ten killed, and twenty odd wounded, almost entirely in their contest with the Spanish Infantry, of whom they could not have killed and

wounded less than fifty. The wide street and Plaza was strewn with bodies for to squares.

Such was the result of the battles at Cardenas, which have since been celebrated as magnificent Spanish *victories!* Truly *Spanish*, indeed! May they celebrate many such. But the loyal Castillian lady, who has composed music on the "*Retreat from Cardenas*," should be careful to give her notes mournful and lamenting sounds! It is almost as bad as the Mexicans celebrating *their* victory of Buena Vista! Her Spanish Majesty's ships deserve more credit for running than her soldiers for fighting.

The Kentuckians maintained their position sometime after slaying the Lancers, but no more foes appearing, they picked up their wounded and marched on down to the pier. It was now dark—about 8 o'clock at night, but the vessel was not ready to go out, so they formed a breastwork of hogsheads at the far end of the pier, to obstruct the Spaniards, should they design to attack the steamer as she went out. There they waited for more than an hour for the order to come aboard.

The Mississippians and Louisianians had been at the pier and aboard the Creole two or three hours. Some of the companies had formed to go up on hearing the fighting of the Lancers, but the General forbade them. Some of them, however, became very anxious to be off. It is asserted, by a number of most creditable witnesses,

that Lt. Col. Bunch, of the Mississippi battalion, at one time was about to cut the steamer's cable and go out, leaving the Kentuckians on shore. He was prevented by Captain Lewis, of the Creole, as true and undaunted a man as ever breathed,—who drew his pistol and stood by the rope, declaring he would shoot the first man who attempted to cut it. The deep infamy of this act of Col. Bunch needs no comment. It is said he has since shot Capt. Lewis for stating the fact; if he intends to treat all in the same manner, there are plenty of fine targets in this region of country!

During the day passed at Cardenas, Adjutant Titus, of the Ky. Battalion, called at the custom-house, and demanded the "availables," belonging to her Majesty's government. The polite officers set out their wine and fruits, pointed out the safe, and furnished two negroes to carry it to headquarters. It was an amusing sight to see the gallant Adjutant guarding the safe several squares by himself, sword in hand, having thrown away his coat and hat in the heat of the engagement. The safe was with difficulty broken open, and found to contain only *eighty-four doubloons*. These were the *first fruits* (and only) of victory!

About 9 o'clock the Kentucky Battalion was ordered on board. Before the Creole got beyond musket shot, a volley of balls came whizzing over her deck from some Spaniards on the pier. The Governor, and

other Spanish officials, with thirty-four soldiers who joined the Liberators, made the vessel more crowded than she was in coming in, the cabin being filled up with wounded men. The deck was literally covered with loaded muskets, rifles, pistols, sabres, and bowie-knives, thrown down by the exhausted men, who lay down to sleep in the very jaws of death. Several were accidentally wounded within a few minutes, among them one of Gen. Lopez's Aids, Maj. Hawkin's, and an officer of the Mississippians.

And now the Liberators are leaving those shores for which they had longed so many weary days and nights,—in what a sad, and unfortunate condition! Let *si'ence* speak their feelings. Language is dull, and but few hearts could ever appreciate the emotions which crushed and tore every sensitive bosom on that awful night. The day may not be distant when the cowardly detraction, the taunts and jeers of ignoble tongues, will be hushed in shame.

The Creole had proceeded some five miles from Cardenas, when she grounded on a sandbar. The tide falling left her there, and now commenced a scene of horror rarely equalled. The whole night was spent in tremendous efforts to get her off, the officers well knowing that unless she got off before many hours, all were destined to perish miserably. Many began to regret having left Cardenas, where they might at least have died fighting; but caught by a man-of-war on the sea, they were totally helpless, could only go to the bottom in despair.

After trying several hours to warp the steamer off, an order came to throw overboard the heaviest articles of provision. It was soon done. Still she would not move an inch. Then the ammunition was thrown over in immense quantities, the boxes piling up above the surface of the water in several places. This was equally ineffectual. The last resort was then tried, which, assisted by the rising tide, proved successful. Nearly two hundred men were landed on a small island a few rods distant, and then the Creole was once more afloat. They were taken on board again, and at the dawn of day, our steamer was carefully running out of the bay. The sun was up, and mist cleared away, as the light-house appeared in view. Here Gen. Lopez stopped and put off his Spanish prisoners in a small boat, after a very earnest interview, giving to each of them a few dollars in silver. The Lt. Governor was a very fine looking, dignified and soldierly man. He took everything very complacently, sleeping at night on the bare deck in front of General Lopez's cabin. On leaving the steamer he waved adieu with his handkerchief in handsome style. The other two seemed more fearful and disheartened.

Among the dead left at Cardenas, was Lieut. J. J. Garnett, of Virginia. Lieut. J. served as an officer in a Virginia regiment during the Mexican war. He was of a good family, high-spirited, fine looking, and what rendered his death a peculiarly melancholy event, was the fact of his having torn

himself from the entreaties of a beautiful young lady in New Orleans, to whom he was betrothed. His loss was deeply regretted even by those who had known him but a few weeks. He was killed instantly by a ball through the brain.

The mournful death of Mr. John McFarland McCann, has already been detailed. Mr. McCann was raised at Paris, Bourbon county, Ky. He was well known throughout middle Kentucky, where he had figured as a speaker and writer, before he had attained his majority. He was not yet twenty-two years of age at his death. Mr. McCann was a printer by profession. From early age he had devoted his leisure hours to study, and acquired a fine scientific and classical education. His mind was of the most forcible cast. Few men of his age are more deeply versed in the philosophy of the human heart and character than was Mr. McCann. Latterly, he had devoted himself to the study of Theology, intending to become an Episcopal minister. He removed to Cincinnati nearly two years ago, where he for some time edited the *Nonpareil* with distinguished ability, and was for some months a tutor in St. John's College. He had already passed an examination, with high credit, before distinguished clergymen. His idea of accompanying the Expedition as Chaplain was somewhat singular; but he was welcomed by Gen. Lopez with great cordiality, who assured him that he looked upon his presence in the army, and

contemplated plans in the future Republic, as an interesting feature of the revolution—an omen of liberality and reform in matters religious as well as political.

Alas! his hopes were “strewn like leaves on the blast.” In his tragical death he displayed all those generous and heroic qualities which characterized his life. Had he been spared, he would no doubt have become a bright ornament to his country.

“But he lies in dust, and the stone is rolled
Over his sepulchre dim and cold.”

Capt. Logan, was brought on board the Creole terribly mangled, and the next day his body, with that of a Mississippi officer, committed to the deep—Judge Pinckney Smith making an appropriate funeral oration.

An hour or so after getting out of the bay, a large steamer was discovered. The Creole immediately tacked about and ran from her. By this time an excited discussion was going on among the officers as to what course should be pursued. General Lopez had expressed his desire to land again on the Island at Mantua. In this he was at first supported by a few officers, particularly Col. Wheat, of the Louisianians, and Maj. Hardy, Adjutant Titus, and Capt. Allen, of the Ky. Battalion. They were violently opposed by other officers, particularly Capt. Knight, and several other Captains and Lieutenants; Col. O'Hara also declared the proposition to be madness. It was finally agreed to leave the question to a vote of the men. Col. Wheat had pledged him-

self that his regiment would be willing to land again, but on taking the vote only seven men in it were found to be so! I do not know that a single Mississippian was willing to go back. In the Kentucky battalion fifteen or twenty expressed themselves willing to go *anywhere* with General Lopez. When the decision was made known to the General he resigned his command, asking it as a favor of the men that they would land him in Cuba alone, or with the few who were still willing to follow him. On investigating to see whether this could be done, it was found to be simply *impossible*, for want of coal and water. Key West was the only place the vessel *might* reach with her supply of coal, a great portion of it having been consumed while she was aground. After this, no man was in favor of going to Mantua, or rather *trying* to get there. That night the Creole came to anchor within forty miles of Key West.

Early next morning a pilot was taken on board from one of the numerous wreckers on the Florida coast, and the steamer got under way for Key West. When within about thirty miles of that port, the smoke of another steamer was seen several miles off. The stranger was soon found to be going in a different channel; but not long after the old General's keen eyes made her out a Spanish man-of-war. The Spaniard did not at first appear to have discovered the Creole, until he got abreast of her, four or five miles to windward. Immediately on doing so, the immense Pizarro whirl-

ed about with astonishing rapidity, and then the chase commenced. To keep the fearful calm, a report had at first been circulated by the officers that the smoke of the Spanish steamer was a brig on fire. Now there could be no deception. Her towering bulwarks were plainly to be seen, and with a spy-glass the Spanish flag, flying from her mast head.

The Gulf was smooth, the wind in her favor, and under a perilous press of steam, the little Creole flew through the water as if she knew what stakes depended on the race. The Pizarro, too, was throwing huge clouds of black smoke from her chimneys, and ploughing the waves with a stately speed, as if confident of achieving a great and memorable service to her Queen. It was soon apparent that the man-of-war was gaining on the Creole; the vessels were now within two miles of each other, and Key West yet eight or ten miles distant. The Creole's coal began to grow scarce, and by the time the light-house could be seen, the last shovel full was thrown upon her fires. Bacon meat was then substituted, with red shirts, and such other combustibles as could be found, which kept up steam, and still the little steamer darted towards her haven. Occasionally the Pizarro would attempt to cut across over the reef between her and the victim, but failed, with a loss of time.

A few minutes more, and the Creole went round the point, losing sight for a moment of her savage pursuer. Hundreds of people at Key West were on

the house-tops, watching the chase with intense anxiety. As the Creole ran into port, many a hat and handkerchief waved in welcome to her worn and weary passengers; while flags ran up on every ship and public building, in anticipation of a bombardment.

The Creole had not yet touched the pier, when the Pizarro also came round the point, bearing down as if it was intended to run directly over her. But the General of Marines was not quite so lost in excitement; he knew that on his action at that moment depended the fate of Cuba, and contented himself by sheering off when within a few yards of the victorious Creole, while he protested in a loud voice against the *Pirates* being permitted to land. But they did land, and most of them yet hope, under more favorable stars, to *land again*—on the
COAST OF CUBA.

PART IV.

THE LIBERATORS AT KEY WEST—DISPERSION OF THE ARMY—CONCLUSION.

It would require a pen far more graphic than that of the humble author, to give a just description of the grateful and joyful feelings which filled the hearts of the Liberators, on landing at Key West. Even those, not of the Expedition, who witnessed the landing, could hardly conceive the full extent of those feelings, for they were not manifested in any extraordinary manner. Indeed, from the behaviour of the men generally,

during the chase, one would have supposed but few of them realized the desperate chances they were running for life. Col. Bunch exhibited the most active display of terror, as the steamer neared Key West. The cooler and more intelligent officers, felt quite confident that the Spaniard would not fire upon the American flag, which floated above the Creole, in American waters. But Col. B. determined to trust nothing to laws or flag. Being in momentary expectation of a broadside from the Pizarro, he jumped into one of the small boats, suspended on the side of the Creole, and stood, bowie-knife in hand, ready to cut the boat loose at the first fire, and make for the shore. His conduct after landing was equally disgraceful, being among the very first to get off, leaving his men without even a word of advice or consolation, much less an act of assistance. The universal opprobrium which followed him is doubtless well remembered by all who were then on the Island. It was even said that, on a rumor being circulated of an offer of fifty thousand dollars for Gen. LOPEZ, by the Spanish General, he expressed himself in favor of delivering Gen. L. over. But I record with pleasure that the bare idea of such an act was repudiated and abhorred by all.

The Pizarro had been at Key West the evening before the Creole arrived, inquiring for her, and the General of Marines had reported an exaggerated story of the doings at Cardenas—that the *Pirates* had sacked

the city, indiscriminately slaughtered five hundred citizens, and robbed her Majesty's custom house of sixty thousand dollars, besides kidnapping a number of slaves and soldiers. The people, therefore, knew the state of hostility between the two vessels; but, under the exciting circumstances, they could form no certain idea as to what would take place on the belligerents coming into such close quarters, even in a neutral port. From the Pizarro's movements it was feared that the Spaniards intended to bombard the town, or at least to blockade the harbor. She had run in without firing the customary salute, paying no attention to the Health officer, and the General of Marines was evidently in a prodigious state of wrath and excitement. Nor could the inhabitants well guess what might be the conduct of the Liberators—six hundred men thus thrown upon a small Island, in most desperate condition, with no authority or force sufficient to restrain or control them. Their appearance, too, might well excite apprehension. Their beards were unshaven for many days, countenances sunburnt, and hair uncombed; hunger and thirst, joined with the intense excitement of the chase just over, had given to many a wild, fierce, lawless, and wreckless expression of countenance;—being also armed to the teeth with various weapons.

The Creole had scarcely touched the pier, when the men began to jump hastily upon it. Order was, however, soon restored, the men formed in line

and marched to the United States barracks—winding along the beach for half a mile, in full view of the Pizarro, whose broadside was directly toward them, and her officers watching their movements through spy-glasses with great curiosity. There were ten or twelve large pieces of artillery in the garrison yard, about which the men collected, discussing the feasibility of knocking the Pizarro to pieces. Many were strongly in favor of doing so; but the more influential had determined to do nothing in violation of the laws of their country.

A few moments after the Creole was moored, at the pier of the Spanish Consul, the United States Marshal and Revenue officer seized her. Lieut. Rodgers, of the Navy, shortly after went on board and seized the arms, which he had transferred to his cutter. The officers, however, mostly retained possession of their side-arms. A great many of the men also levied on the patent rifles.

It was soon generally understood that each man must take care of himself—the organization was dissolved, and officers no longer claimed authority. General Lopez immediately retired to a private room, and did not show himself in the street during the day. Very few of the American officers assumed to give direction. Confusion and uncertainty reigned for nearly two days, while the Pizarro remained anchored off the town. None were willing to risk going out in boats, lest they should be captured. Among other things, it was rumored

that the Spanish General designed to land his four hundred grenadiers. This produced no little stir; most of the Liberators heartily wished that the General would try that game. The citizens also took a lively interest in the project, and expressed themselves ready to furnish ammunition, arms, &c., whenever its execution should be attempted. It turned out to be nothing more than a bullying Spanish threat. During the first night, both parties were very uneasy, each expecting an attack from the other. General Lopez himself, for some reason, thought it safer to sleep among the men at the garrison than in the town; and accordingly he lay down on one of the porches, while most of his Aids patrolled around the garrison and along the beach, during the whole night.

On the next day some of the U. S. authorities at Key West went on board the Pizarro, and held an interview with the General of Marines. They found him in a very surly humor. He demanded indignantly why the *Pirates* had been permitted to land? Judge Lancaster aptly retorted the question, by asking why his Generalship had *permitted* them to land at *Cardenas*, notwithstanding his big guns and picked men, none of which they had ready for use at Key West! Upon this, it was reported, the Spaniard *magnanimously* offered to put his entire force under command of the U. S. officers, to capture and destroy the Liberators. The offer was declined; but by way of pacifying the General, seven niggers

who had secreted themselves on board the Creole while at Cardenas and been brought away, were delivered into his august possession.

Toward evening a fishing smack from Havana arrived, and after communicating with the Pizarro, the latter immediately went out, having kept up steam during the whole time she remained in port.

The Liberators, aided by the citizens, then began to devise ways and means of getting off to the main land of Florida. Officers and men were nearly all in the same situation—destitute of funds, having thought it altogether unnecessary to take money with them on leaving New Orleans. General Lopez was in possession of about fifteen hundred dollars. This he handed over to the American officers, for them to do with it what they thought proper. It was agreed among them, to take eleven hundred dollars for distribution among the wounded men, and the Spanish soldiers who had joined General Lopez. The balance was returned to the General.

At twelve o'clock of the night on which the Pizarro went out, the Isabel, mail steamship between Charleston and Havana, arrived at Key West. It was supposed by many that the Pizarro had only gone out a few leagues, with the intention of boarding the Isabel when she came out on her way to Charleston; and of taking prisoners all the Liberators who might embark. General Lopez, on hearing of these apprehensions, at once determined to take passage, first arming

himself with the determination to fight to the death before he should be captured. He arrived at Savannah two days afterward. The history of his several arrests, and proceedings since that time, are well known. A few small parties also got off the same night in boats for Tampa.

On the evening of the third day at Key West, the citizens held a meeting to decide upon measures in reference to those men unable to get away. At this meeting an excited discussion took place, which resulted in a knock down, after it adjourned, between a friend of the Liberators and one who denounced them. No measures were proposed by the meeting, but several citizens waited upon the officers of the Expedition, and informed them that if they desired to take the Creole by force from the U. S. authorities, they (the citizens) would not interfere to prevent it. Coal and water could be put on board in a few hours, and the vessel taken to Mobile or New Orleans. This proposition was declined, though some of the officers wished to accept it, and set men to work putting coal on board. Finally, however, they gave up the attempt.

With very few exceptions, the people at Key West were disposed to act cleverly towards the Liberators. The most conspicuous exceptions were Marvin and Douglass. The meanness of these two renegades utterly disgusted their own friends, and they were reprobated by every true Floridian. In truth, any American who would not, under all the circumstances

which there surrounded them, evince more sympathy towards countrymen, is a disgrace to any city. Generally the people of Key West exhibited more kindness and generosity than was expected. Judge Lancaster particularly did all within his power to assist and keep up the spirits of the Liberators.

On the fifth day after the Creole arrived at Key West, there remained, besides the wounded and their attendants, but one party of twelve, who had taken a cottage on the outskirts of the city, and lived in a very secluded style. All but these had been sent off to Tampa, Pensacola, &c., by the contributions and exertions of the citizens. In the party here mentioned, we recognize our old friends with whom we started down the Ohio river some two months before. It is therefore peculiarly proper that we should see them home again.

This party, during the reign of confusion, had got together with the idea of taking a small boat and coasting around to some ports on the Florida coast, probably Pensacola, which was several hundred miles distant. After all things had been provided for this wild trip, as it would certainly have been—if not fatal—they were unable to procure the boat. Thus disappointed and provoked they resolved to settle down and calmly await the chances. Mr. Patterson, the U. S. Marshal, was kind enough to give them the use of a snug little cottage, into which they immediately moved their goods, chattels, and provisions,

and went to house-keeping. Being gentlemen of address they soon became acquainted and popular with their neighbors, who offered many little kindnesses, so that their situation was for the time quite comfortable and pleasant.

At length, after a residence of several days in the cottage, during which time they managed to replenish the outward as well as inward man, a brig arrived from New York bound for Cedar Keys, a cluster of little Islands within four miles of the main land, between Tampa Bay and St. Marks. Being informed that this was a favorable opportunity of getting nearer home, they took passage on the aforesaid brig, commanded by Capt. Barrett, and on the 29th of May the last detachment of the Liberating Army sailed from Key West. Capt. Barrett was a down East Yankee, and what was worse, a *Christian*. He was at that time a student for the Ministry in Yale College, and having been a sailor in early life, occasionally made voyages during vacation. Morning and evening he would have all on board assembled, when he would read the Scriptures, pray, and preach. But during the brief acquaintance of this wandering party with Capt. B., the truth of a remark which the sailors often made of him, was strongly impressed upon their minds, notwithstanding his prayers, full of world-wide charity and solicitude for the welfare and salvation of the "rest of mankind," viz: that "h—ll is full of *such Christians!*" He was likewise a

poor excuse for a sailor, knew well enough how to make sail, but not to take it in.

Early on the morning of the 4th of June, the Suwannee arrived at Cedar Keys in a tremendous squall of wind and rain. After cruising before the harbor several hours with signal flying for a pilot, that important functionary was at last discovered scudding out in his little boat. With some difficulty he got aboard, and presented, in the person of Capt. Sam. Johnson, a most remarkable countenance, figure, and costume. Rude was he in speech, and little blessed with the captivating graces of oratorical delivery; so little consolation did his answers to the numerous interrogatories forthwith propounded to him by "the party" furnish to their luxurious dreams of good coffee, ham, and biscuits, which they had expected to revel in at Cedar Keys. Capt. Sam. Johnson was a man apparently about forty years of age, and his beard was probably half that old, if shaggy, length, and thickness, be the usual signs of age in that ornament of the "human face divine." His long sandy hair was rolled, plaited and curled round about his head in all that wild beauty which surpasses the barber's skill, and bids defiance to the training of a comb. His eyes, grey and glaring, peered from between masses of hair, with a combination of animal fierceness and intellectual fire. His voice was a singular mixture of sounds—loud and harsh, clear and soft, commanding and superior, as he gave quick orders in piloting a vessel through the

narrow and crooked channel from "Sea Horse" to the pier—"hard lee—let her luff! luff her! luff her!" Capt. Sam's costume was in keeping with this description of his manners and appearance. Capt. Barrett gazed at him in silent meditation, until his little boat, having broke loose and in danger of being lost, Sam discharged a few broadsides of oaths and cursing which fairly horrified the Puritan Captain, who immediately retired to the privacy of his cabin to pray for a suspension of eternal judgment against his desecrated deck and sacrilegious pilot!

On the next day after arrival, the party disembarked at Cedar Key. Here they found themselves in a worse situation than at Key West, with provisions, that is, hard crackers and raw pork—for only a few days, and no means of getting away. They had been entirely misinformed as to the facilities of transportation at Cedar Keys. There was not a single vessel in port; the only chance of getting on to St. Marks was in a small schooner lying high and dry in a bayou, from which it was questionable whether it could be launched. Through the influence of Mr. Richards, Deputy Custom-house officer at that place, and a whole-souled Virginian, an old gentleman named Oglesby agreed to take the party to St. Marks in the schooner, could it be got out. An attempt to do so was immediately made by some of them, without success. It was, however, firmly and unanimously resolved that as to getting the schooner out there

should be "no such word as fail." Accordingly all were assembled that evening for a launch. It was necessary to push the schooner through mud almost knee deep more than a mile. Ten or twelve of the party, some wholly and others partially naked, soon surrounded the vessel; a hearty push together was given, and away she slid in cheering style, and was in a few minutes moored at the pier. The spectacle presented by this unique launch was extremely ludicrous, especially from the characters engaged in it. Among them were three doctors, three Captains, four Lieutenants, an editor, two law students, and a grand-son of Davy Crockett.

On the following morning, all was ready for an early start, anchor weighed and sails spread, when Sam Johnson sent an order to detain the schooner until he came down. What he wanted no one could imagine; some began to fear a difficulty. In a few moments the Pilot made his appearance, in one hand carrying a jug of whiskey, and a box of cigars in the other! These he presented to the party with a neat and eloquent address, very suitable to the occasion, which was responded to by a celebrated stump orator, of Shelby county, Kentucky. Then, with three cheers for their friends at Cedar Keys, the party sailed for St. Marks. Men of proper feelings will always remember with pleasure those who befriend them in a strange land.

Our little party left Cedar Keys with a fair wind, which promised to bring them to St. Marks' light before the

moon went down. Four o'clock in the afternoon, however, found them floundering in the rough waters of Dead Man's Bay, with contrary winds. This Bay is one of the most dangerous for small craft on the Florida coast. It is very deep, and some fifteen miles wide; squally winds blow over it at all times, and its waters continually roll in heavy, broken waves. Our party was fortunate enough to get across it with no more serious damage than an unsolicited salt water bath. Nine o'clock at night saw them in Ocilla Bay, eagerly on the look-out for the St. Mark's light. It grew very dark soon after, and Capt. Oglesby became rather confused in his reckonings on the coast, so that it was finally thought safer to come to anchor and await the morning light. They were then within about twenty miles of St. Marks.

After passing a most disagreeable night on the crowded vessel, they got under way again in the morning soon as the dense fog was sufficiently dissipated, and by nine o'clock reached "Jackson's Point," near the mouth of the St. Mark's River, so called from being the point at which General Jackson landed his forces when he attacked and destroyed Old Fort St. Marks, or the Spanish bomb-proof, as it is called, during the last war with England—when Florida was a Spanish possession. If the place was in the same condition then that it is now, "old Hickory's" troops must have had a hard march through the high grass which grows on the marshy ground

where they are said to have been disembarked. The effects of his red-hot shot are yet to be seen in the ruins of the massive walls of the Magazine which was blown up. It is a very extensive fortification, capable of being defended against a great force by brave soldiers and skilful commanders. At present it lies neglected, under control of the Custom-house Officer.

In this fort our party, after their arrival at St. Marks, took up their quarters, to await the sailing of a schooner for New Orleans. They passed several days there, being treated by the people with the greatest kindness. Three of their number concluded to go through the country, and on the day after arriving at St. Marks took the Railroad for Tallahassee. During a short sojourn in that beautiful city, they made the acquaintance of the principal citizens, who tendered them every hospitality, and offered everything necessary to enable them to reach home comfortably. Ex-Gov. Call tendered an invitation to the whole party, at St. Marks, to visit the capital of Florida, which they did. Col. Fisher, of the American Hotel, freely entertained a great many of the wanderers who passed through Tallahassee on their way home, and his generous hospitality will be gratefully remembered by every Liberator. In fine, the people of Florida everywhere manifested the greatest sympathy, and extended the most liberal aid towards the unfortunate strangers who passed through their State.

CONCLUSION.

In concluding this History, it is not necessary to "sum up," at any great length, by way of explanation or elucidation. It has been written during the author's leisure hours, somewhat hastily, and from no other data than recollection of the facts and circumstances; which, however, were most forcibly impressed upon the mind, and so vividly retained as to insure correctness, if not always that order and arrangement desirable. Still I cannot say, that it is not best as it is. More like the Expedition itself, in its incompleteness, casualties, and disconnected action. So that every reader of the History can more easily form a proper and practical opinion as to what sort of an affair the Expedition *was*; perhaps enable them to account very well for its failure. Such only was the author's desire and expectation in writing it.

But since the return of those who participated in the Expedition, some differences have sprung up between them, which it is but fair should be set forth, in addition to the plain, straight-forward narrative. Their origin was in the desire of some *devoted* friends of General Lopez to exonerate him entirely from censure for its failure, without offering any satisfactory explanation of it, to remove the responsibility which naturally falls upon the General's "conduct of the war." It is certainly no difficult matter to decide upon whom the responsibility of the failure rests, or at least, to decide

whether it attaches to General Lopez, or to those under him.

One thought will strike every one who looks back and reflects upon the hazardous career which the Expedition ran, from the moment it left New Orleans, which is, that but for unparalleled *good fortune*, amounting almost to a "special interposition of Providence," it never would have returned in safety as it did. Even those accidents which at the time seemed most fatal, were in fact the very means of saving it from otherwise certain destruction. There is about the scheme and attempt, when impartially, coolly reflected upon, a seeming wildness, an infatuation, which almost makes one blush to have been concerned in it. We scarcely know how to account for being thus totally "carried away," from sober judgment, calculation, and faithful reason; fearing that those considerations which can be offered in extenuation will not be appreciated by those who have never felt their force, where alone it could be fully felt, in the same situations we occupied, and under the same influences that controlled our conduct. What we have all so effectually learned and seen demonstrated, at the greatest risks and by most unhappy examples, it seems to me General Lopez, as the projector and leader of the Expedition, might and should have known, before so grand and momentous a scheme was attempted as it was, only to be exposed to the mean insults and pitiful sneers that ever wait on failure, and hound-like track the course of defeat.

That General Lopez is a brave soldier, and sincere patriot, no one who knows aught of his character will deny; still his best friend, his greatest admirer, need not have felt called upon to defend his reputation, by casting ungenerous imputations, undeserved censure, upon men whose services and sacrifices in his cause challenge rather gratitude and respect. Never did soldiers repose more perfect confidence in their General, until under his leadership they found themselves in a condition which left but one course—a plain one to the most ordinary instincts of reason and self-preservation, as opposed to utter recklessness, complete desperation. It is but just, too, to say, that guiding intelligence and independent resolution were possessed in a more eminent degree by the men generally who composed the Liberating Army of Cuba, than by an equal number in any army ever raised, even in this land of "citizen-soldiers."

The following article from the *New Orleans Delta*, of May 17th, 1850, sets forth, in a very truthful light, the hopes and expectations of the Expeditionists, and will give an insight into the plans which General Lopez designed to pursue, on leaving New Orleans. It was written by Mr. Sigur, of that paper, who was a promoter of the enterprize, and doubtless well acquainted with the whole plan as laid out at the start:—

"A little more than a week ago, the good steamer *Creole* sailed from this port with the last detachment of the gallant band which has gone to com-

mence the noble work of Cuba's regeneration. That steamer carried the brave Lopez, a veteran soldier of forty years' experience, devoted, soul and body, to the cause in which he has embarked. We saw him when he left, and as his bright eye flashed with enthusiasm, and his proud lip curled with defiance and resolution, were confirmed in our assurance that the cause was committed to steady, faithful, and devoted hands. This feeling experienced no abatement, when we viewed the calm, determined, sedate faces which surrounded him—the faces of the very choicest of South-Western chivalry, of young Americans, heroes by nature, soldiers by experience, and patriots by birth and education. A nobler and more chivalric body of soldiers never left any shore than the small but choice band which, we trust, ere this, has safely landed on the coast of Cuba. They are mostly young men of distinguished connection, tried gallantry, and of some military experience. Three-fourths of them have served with distinction in Mexico. They have embarked in this enterprize of their own free will, without solicitation or persuasion. They go with desperate determination to do or die. They are not mere adventurers. They go not, as the hired organ of the Spanish despot in this city falsely asserts, as pirates and robbers, to reft a people of their liberties, or a government of its lawful possessions, but they go as proud admirers and imitators of the self-devoted patriotism of Lafayette, De Kalb, Pulaski, and the

other foreign allies of their fathers in the struggle of 1776. They go to achieve proud names for themselves in history, lofty niches in the temple of renown. For this, they take all the risks of defeat, disaster, annihilation. They laugh at the barbarian threats of the Spanish despots.

“Ere this, if the storms or other causes have not prevented, General Lopez has effected his landing at a point on the Island, where he has hosts of friends who have long been urging him to come to them, if he brought but twenty men. His expectation was to make such landing on Monday last. We await with intense interest to hear of the result. All will depend upon the verity of the promises made by the Creoles of the Island. If they are true—and with the proofs before us, we can admit no doubts into our minds—if they give practical proofs of the sincerity of their declarations, there cannot be the slightest doubt of the event. Thousands of the gallant youth of our country will flock to their standard, and the contest will assume that elevated character which will attach to the side of the regenerators the hopes, sympathies, and cordial cooperation of all freemen and patriots.”

From this it appears that General Lopez expected to effect a landing on the Island of Cuba “*at a point where he had hosts of friends.*” Did he land at such a place? Those friends were to give “*practical proofs,*” &c. Did the Creoles at Cardenas do so? No! General Lopez did not make such a landing as was first intended; nor did

he meet with such a reception as was expected. His motives and reasons for changing the original plan, on arriving at Contoy, may have been good and sufficient, or not. It seems that he afterwards discovered that the first plan would have been best, when it was beyond his power to retrieve the fatal error of landing at Cardenas, instead of going to Mantua in the first place. Then again, a different course might have led to a more fatal result, so totally inadequate were the numbers and means to successful operations in any field. Or, in homely phrase, we might have “gone farther and fared worse.” The real error, the grand miscalculation, therefore, lies farther back than either the council of war at Contoy, or the plan of attack adopted at New Orleans.

But one thing is contended for against the assertions of a few persons who have thrown out inferences to the contrary, which is, that the Expedition did not fail, *because* the army lacked either resolution, courage, or subordination. When they were at Contoy, the men were perfectly willing to follow Lopez wherever, in his wisdom and knowlege, he might wish to go. They did so. At Cardenas, they were still willing to march toward Matanzas, had he seen fit to lead on. He did not do so; and they next find themselves, after useless sufferings and loss, on the high sea, with no choice as to what port they should sail for, had they all been even as desperate and reckless as General Lopez himself then was.

It is not worth while to go more fully into a discussion of the points at issue. The following letter, addressed by Major Hardy to the *Kentucky Yeoman*, in connection with a "statement" published in the *Tallahassee Sentinel*, soon after the Liberators reached Florida, will sufficiently explain them, and doubtless enable every intelligent and impartial reader, on reviewing this "round, unvanishing tale," to do justice to General Lopez, to the "Liberating Army," and to the cause of Cuban Independence—a revolution which for one I feel a fervent hope and confidence will yet be accomplished at no distant day. And when the rich "Gem" is torn from the dilapidated crown of Old Spain, it will soon after be added to the constellation of freedom, being, as Thomas Jefferson openly avowed, "the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States, which would fill up the measure of our political well-being."

LETTER OF MAJOR HARDY.

Monticello, Ga., June 28, 1850.

To the Editor of the *Kentucky Yeoman*:

Dear Sir: I have just read in the "*Commonwealth*," of the 18th instant, a "statement" from the "*Mobile Register*," perporting to be "of the officers of the late Expedition under General Lopez." From the tenor of this "statement," it seems that whoever may have written it, was more anxious to relieve General Lopez from any censure that our unfortunate failure might entail, than to adhere to truth and do simple

justice to those gallant Americans who so generously rallied themselves around his flag of liberty, to aid him in giving freedom to his oppressed countrymen of Cuba; and to do for Cuba, what Lafayette and a host of foreigners did for our own country during her struggle for independence, and for which their names are immortal in American history, and hallowed in the hearts of millions of freemen, still grateful for the great and sacred boon bequeathed them by the valor and blood of foreign patriots.

My object is to show that this statement in the "*Register*" not only fails to do justice to the American soldiers, but commits a great injustice upon them, in saying that "they refused to land again upon the Island,"—implying that they were deterred by the warm and hostile reception with which they were met by the Spanish soldiers at Cardenas—without giving the reasons why they declined to attempt another landing at Mantua—and in not stating that most all of the men and officers were aware that we had neither fuel or water sufficient aboard the Creole to last us to Mantua, nor even to Key West, as proved before we landed there; and further, in failing to state that we were forced to go to Key West, and finally abandon the enterprise, by disastrous and untoward circumstances, with no less reluctance than General Lopez himself. And considering as I do, that the statement alluded to, tends to create the impression, that the American soldiers, engaged in the Cuban affair, were want-

ing in that courage and determination which had hitherto characterized them and their countrymen generally on former glorious occasions, I feel it to be my duty, as well as an act of justice to my brave companions, to make the remarks I have relative to the Mobile statement. But, as I am particularly authorized to speak only in behalf of my own regiment, I will crave of you the kindness to publish in your paper the enclosed "statement of the Kentucky Regiment," which was published upon my arrival at Tallahassee, Florida, and which I believe contains the facts relative to the affair.

"I, too, and I believe my companions generally, are "desirous of rendering General Lopez the amplest justice;" but I do not consider that to do justice to General Lopez demands a suppression of facts, or a hinted stigma upon myself and countrymen. Gen. Lopez was as much forced, by the unfortunate circumstances and difficulties that surrounded us, as we were ourselves, but he was perhaps more reckless under circumstances so desperate and perplexing than we felt authorized in being. We could not for a moment think that we would be justified in sacrificing the lives of those under our command in a hopeless effort to land again upon the Island. To go to Key West was our only reasonable alternative; and now, with a proper consideration of the facts and circumstances, we are willing to abide the opinion of our friends and countrymen, both as to the cause, and our conduct.

"I can afford General Lopez no more

"ample justice" than to state, that I, and the mass of those lately under his command—believe him to be a good man, a brave soldier, and a true patriot!

Respectfully and truly yours,

W. HARDY.

To the Editor of the *Yeoman*,
Frankfort, Ky.

STATEMENT OF THE KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

Editor Tallahassee Sentinel:

SIR—On leaving Key West some eight days ago, to return home, I was authorized by Col. O'Hara, Lt. Col. Pickett, and other officers of the Kentucky regiment engaged in the late Cuban Expedition, to correct, on their behalf, any misrepresentations that might appear relative to our embarking in the affair; and to give the unvarnished facts touching the conduct of the American soldiers engaged in it. Through your kind indulgence, I hasten to do so, as I have already noticed in different accounts many great mistakes, and some gross misrepresentations. The latter particularly in the *Savannah Georgian*, the editor of which says he obtained his information in an interview with Gen. Lopez.

I will first briefly state the reasons why we engaged in the Expedition, and why we abandoned it after so signal a victory at Cardenas.

We wish our motives and conduct to be fully understood, that our countrymen may appreciate the one and justify the other; our deeds are before them, and, with a proper commentary, we are willing to submit to the decision

of those from whom we inherited the spirit which impelled us in the adventure that now brings us before them. We feel sure that intelligent, chivalrous, and patriotic Americans will not censure us for what we have done, nor condemn the high motives and bright hopes that urged us on in this desperate undertaking. Nor will they fail to justify our return to "freedom's soil," after seeing the indifference and abject timidity of the people of Cuba, which seems to have restrained them from rallying around their chosen leader, and his little band, who had come thousands of miles to unfurl the banner of Independence.

If more is needed, I will also state the insurmountable difficulties which surrounded us on every side. We ask not that the mantle of charity may be thrown over our acts, for we are proud of the impulses that led us from our homes and friends to a foreign land, to aid an iron-ruled people, who, we were told, and believed, sighed for aid to sunder the chains that Spanish tyranny had rivetted on them. Our appeal is to those who have been taught to value liberty dearer than life, to those who would rejoice to see freedom—the off-spring of our own beloved country—given to the oppressed of every land.

It is well known that Gen. Narciso Lopez has been for nearly two years engaged in organizing an expedition to aid the Creoles of Cuba, whom he stated were ripe for revolt and determined to be free; and that all they required was to have him at their head.

His landing on the Island was to be the signal for a general rising of the people. He wanted but a small force to accompany him from the United States, as a nucleus around which the people could readily rally. He exhibited correspondence with some of the leading citizens of Cuba, urging him to come to their assistance as soon as possible—*alone*, if needs be. We were to land at a point on the Island where a large number of the people were already organized and armed, in readiness to receive us, and join in a glorious struggle for their liberty. Much evidence was adduced going to show that the Cubans were competent to achieve their independence, that they only wanted the banner to be raised and the first blow to be struck. He was represented to be the Washington of Cuba, and we would appear as the little band of Lafayettes, De Kalbs, and Kosciuskos, fighting with him, that our own proud eagle might ultimately spread her free pinions over the "coral-bound Queen of the Antilles!!"

Those who enlisted us in the enterprise—men of the highest character and station—were perfectly convinced, by the representations of Gen. Lopez and others, that a speedy revolution in the Government of Cuba was certain. And being animated by that noble ambition which warms the hearts of the truly brave and generous, they were willing to offer themselves on the altar of freedom, and were anxious that their friends might have an opportunity to wreath their blows with victorious

laurels in so noble a cause. Many distinguished men in our country encouraged those engaged in it, vouching for the statements of Gen. Lopez, and thus leaving in our minds no cause for doubt. That we did not intend a mercenary *invasion* of Cuba, our numbers will show; nor injury to the property of the people, as our conduct at Cardenas, attested by the Governor whom we took prisoner, and afterwards released, fully establishes.

With these facts before our countrymen, we leave them to censure or admire the spirit that prompted us to make the sacrifices we did, to endure the privations we have, and brave the dangers that were sure to surround us even in the realization of our most sanguine hopes.

I will now turn to the active operations of the "Army of Liberation." The Kentucky regiment, 245 in number, left New Orleans on the 25th of April, on the bark *Georgianna*, to rendezvous on the Island of Mugerres, or Women's Island, near the coast of Yucatan, and there await the arrival of Gen. Lopez with the other regiments. The *Georgianna* anchored off Contoy Island, twenty miles North of Mugerres, in consequence of adverse winds. On the 13th, the steamer *Creole* arrived at Contoy with Gen. Lopez and the Mississippi and Louisiana regiments, numbering 175 men each. After a consultation, the steamer proceeded to Mugerres for a supply of water. On the 15th she returned, when the Kentucky regiment was taken on board the *Creole*, and on the morning of the 16th,

we were under way, with light hearts and bright hopes, for the coast of Cuba.

It was generally understood up to this time, that we would land on the south-western coast of the Island, at a point where, to use the very words of Gen. Gonzales, "they had 4,000 troops in commission." But Gen. Lopez thought proper to change the design of landing at the point alluded to, and determined to proceed to Cardenas, on the north-east coast. Accordingly, the army arrived at that place about three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 19th ult. Shortly previous to landing, Gen. Lopez called a council and stated to the field officers his plan of operations. We were not to fight at Cardenas, as it was expected that the garrison there would surrender immediately they were called upon by Gen. Lopez, who would surround them with two regiments. The other regiment would march quickly through the city to the Railroad depot, seize the cars, and cut off communication with Matanzas and Havana, the first thirty and the last ninety miles from Cardenas. By daylight our army was to take the cars, proceed to Matanzas, a city of 18 or 20,000 inhabitants, and there make the first demonstration. A detachment of fifty men from the Kentucky regiment, under Lt. Col. Pickett, did take possession of the Railroad. As the remaining force was moving on, by column of companies, they were received with volleys from the garrison and Governor's palace, and a general engagement soon ensued.

Brisk firing continued for nearly three hours, through the windows of the garrison and Governor's house, and from the tops of houses. The doors of the garrison were finally battered down, when thirty-odd of the Spanish soldiers came out, threw off their uniforms and shouted "viva Lopez!" A destructive fire being still kept up from the Governor's palace, General Lopez at length set fire to it, and the house was soon reduced to ashes. The Governor then surrendered the city, and the fighting ceased.

During the day, preparations were making for our march on Matanzas; but towards evening, Gen. Lopez received intelligence that a large force was already coming against us from Matanzas and Havana. Orders were then given to re-embark. Several companies were sent down to the steamer, and were engaged in re-shipping the baggage and provisions, which had been placed on the cars. About sundown, the troops who remained up in the city, numbering probably 200 effective men, were attacked by a body of infantry and some lancers, their number being, from the general account, 200 of the former, and nearly 100 of the latter. The infantry were quickly repulsed, and scattered off. The lancers made some gallant, but very rash charges, as our men were so posted along the streets, that scarcely a man or horse escaped—nor could many have escaped, had there been twice the number of lancers, for our men "shot to kill." Our loss, as near as can be ascertained in the absence

of an official report, was, in all, from ten to fifteen killed, and from fifteen to twenty wounded.

In going out of the bay of Cardenas, after night, the Creole got fast aground about five miles from the city, where she remained until daylight next morning. All the ammunition but eight boxes, some arms, and a large quantity of provisions were thrown overboard, and the steamer was finally got off by putting a great number of the men on a small Island, who were taken aboard again when she floated.

As soon as we got out of the bay, the officers and men began to discuss affairs among themselves. General Lopez was asked where he proposed to go? He stated to Mantua. It was then submitted by the officers of companies to their men whether they would return to Cuba, and a great many objected to do so, having lost all confidence in Lopez, his promises, and the disposition or ability of the Cubans to revolutionize the Island. When this was made known to Lopez, he resigned his command, and asked it as a favor of the army that they would land him on the Island, with his thirty Spanish soldiers, and as many others as were willing to go with him. The question then arose, can this be done? The Captain of the steamer was called, and stated that there was not fuel enough to run to the proposed place. The Quarter-master stated that we were already nearly out of water, as very little had been got aboard at Cardenas. Even the few officers—my-

self among the number—who had before signified their willingness to accompany the General, now declined the attempt. The steamer, therefore, headed for Key West. We lay at anchor some forty miles from the city until a pilot was procured next morning. The Spanish steamer was at Key West early in the morning. As she was coming out, she discovered the Creole, then twenty-six or thirty miles from Key West. The Pizarro immediately tacked about, and a race commenced which was intensely exciting, and decidedly critical, so far as we were concerned. Within six or eight miles of Key West our coal was exhausted, and the Captain then resorted to burning pork and rosin. According to the statement of the fireman on the Creole there were but two barrels of rosin left, when we reached Key West, which we did twenty or thirty minutes ahead of the Spaniard. As the Creole struck the pier, after drawing up her anchor at quarantine,

the cannon of the Pizarro passed within a hundred yards of her. The Spaniard was greatly excited, but he *did not fire*. Above the unfortunate adventurers the American flag again protectingly floated!

Respectfully and truly yours,

WILLIAM HARDY,

Major Kentucky Regiment.

TALLAHASSEE, June 7, 1850.

The undersigned members of the Kentucky Regiment, concur in the account given by Major Hardy, as a fair and correct statement of the facts and occurrences connected with the Expedition.

Dr. S. S. SCOTT, *Surgeon.*

H. H. ROBINSON, *Capt. Co* D.

F. C. WILSON, " " H.

R. HARDY, *1st Lieut.* " D.

J. McDERMAN, *2d Lt.* " F.

L. CRISLER,

W. H. BARTON,

C. H. RAWLINGS.

St. Marks, June 5, 1850.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

It is but proper to insert in this History the official reports of those in command, which were made by them on their arrival at New Orleans from Key West; but I must do so with some reservation as to acknowledging them altogether authoritative and correct.

In the first report, that of Col. O'Hara, there is nothing objectionable. He has said nothing positively wrong; but might, and, as many of his companions think, should have said much more that would have been right.

REPORT OF COL. O'HARA, KENTUCKY REGIMENT.

New Orleans, June 26, 1850.

SIR—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the regiment under my command in the late effort to aid the people of Cuba in their meditated struggle for independence:

I embarked from this city on the night of the 25th of April in the ship *Georgianna*, with some 250 friends, who had accompanied me from Kentucky, and sailed for the Island of Mugerres, on the coast of Yucatan, where I was directed by

Gen. Lopez to organize my party into the skeleton of a military regiment, arm them, and employ the interval in drilling on shore until his arrival there with similar parties, who were to rendezvous at that point, and to be formed into like military organization—the whole to constitute an expedition destined to proceed to Cuba and unite with the Creoles of the Island in a revolt against the Spanish Government, then, from all accounts, imminently impending. Owing to the unfavorable currents and bad sailing quality of our vessel we were ten days in making the Island of Contoy, which lies in front of Cape Captoche, and twenty miles short of the Island of Mugerres. Here the adverse winds and currents, and the complete ignorance of our navigator respecting the coast, preventing us from proceeding further, I ordered the vessel to be anchored inside of Contoy, and disembarked my men on that island, for the purpose, while waiting, for a change of the wind to proceed to Mugerres, of refreshing and exercising my men on shore, purifying the vessel, and reconnoitering the neighboring islands with a view to ascertain with

certainly the locality of our place of destination. I here addressed myself to the partial organization of my regiment, forming six companies and appointing the officers; and, leaving it under command of Major Hawkins, I set out in a boat to explore an island about twelve miles off, which was supposed to be Mugerres. I learned from some Indians whom I found on this island, which they called Ancon, that Mugerres lay some distance further. I returned to Contoy, and finding that my men were already beginning to be made sick by the water there, (obtained by sinking barrels in the sand,) I resolved to make an effort to reach Mugerres, though with little hopes of success, no change having as yet occurred in the course of the wind. During my absence on the reconnaissance above mentioned, three fishing sloops had sailed in and anchored near the Georgiana. Learning upon my return that they belonged to Havana, I boarded them with a view to discover if their people possibly had any suspicion of our real design, and if, in that event, they might feel an interest in hastening to Havana to report us to the Government there. The men on them seemed to be simple-minded, unsuspecting fishermen. They had just come out from Havana on their fishing voyage, which usually detained them from ten to sixteen days. I did not feel sufficient apprehension from them to induce me to detain them forcibly.— I employed a pilot from one of them, to navigate our vessel to Mugerres,

and my men being re-embarked, the Georgiana again weighed anchor for Mugerres; but, after ineffectually buffeting the stubborn trade-winds and current outside of Contoy for four days, we were again compelled to return to our former anchorage. Our supply of water was now alarmingly diminished; and upon the alternative of despatching a party under command of Lieut. Sayre, with the Cuban pilot, in a small boat, to Mugerres, for the purpose of contracting with the fishermen there for a supply of water, and to await the arrival of Gen. Lopez with the intelligence of our situation, if perchance he should not see us in passing.

On the morning of the 13th May, the steamer Creole arrived at our anchorage, having on board Gen. Lopez and staff, Lieut. Col. Pickett of my regiment, who had remained at New Orleans, the Louisiana Regiment and Mississippi Battalion, and after communicating with us, proceeded to Mugerres to take in water. On the 15th, the Creole returned from Mugerres, and I immediately proceeded to transfer my regiment, baggage, arms, &c., on board of her; which being completed by 12 o'clock at night, the steamer started on her way to Cuba. Some ten or twelve men (not Kentuckians) who had come in the vessel with my party, under the belief that we would rendezvous at Chagres, and whose intention was to desert us there, and thus pilfer a free passage so far on the way to California, I was glad to get rid of by leav-

ing them on the Georgiana to be taken back to New Orleans.

On the next day, the boxes of muskets which had been taken out as cargo in the Georgiana, intended for the arming of my men without the jurisdiction of the United States, were opened and the guns issued to the companies. On the 17th, Gen. Lopez assembling all the field officers, announced his plan of operations, the outline of which was to land at Cardenas by night, surprise the garrison, seize the railroad depot, and cut off all communication from the town; after which the whole force was to be placed in the cars, and fall in a few hours on the city of Matanzas, taking that place also by surprise. He gave his orders, disposing our forces for the accomplishment of these objects. I was ordered, the moment we reached the pier in the harbor of Cardenas, to land first with my regiment as quickly as possible, to detach a force of sixty men under the direction of Lieut. Col. Pickett to seize the railroad depot, and with the remainder of my command to move rapidly through the town and dispose them in its rear, in such a manner as to cut off all communication from the place. The town being flanked on either side by impassable swamps, as it was represented, thus invested on the rear, and the railroad in our possession, it would remain for the General, with the rest of his force, to operate upon the troops in the town. As soon as the steamer neared the pier, on the morning of the 19th about 3 o'clock,

which was not without some delay, I landed my men as rapidly as possible, and formed them on the nearest practicable ground. Lieut. Col. Pickett moved off with his detachment directly for the depot, and I held my command waiting for one of Gen. Lopez's Aids, who, he had told me, would guide me through the town to the point I was to occupy. In a few moments, Gen. Lopez came up and ordered me to march at once into the town and capture the barracks and the garrison.

I presumed, which was the fact, that our delay in landing had caused the alarm to be given to the town, and his consequent inability to surprise the place, had caused the General to change his plan with regard to my command. A mulatto who was found in the street was given me as a guide to enable me to find the barracks of the troops, and forming my command into column of companies, I marched immediately to execute the order of the General. My guide, either from fright or stupidity, proved unequal to his task, and, after being evidently carried some distance out of my way, I countermarched my command to the mouth of a street which seemed to lead towards the centre of the town, near which I was met by General Lopez, who gave me as a better guide a citizen whom he had found in the streets and impressed for the purpose. I wheeled into the street just mentioned and marched rapidly up it with my guide, who, stupified with fear, could give me but a confused idea of the

position of the barracks and whom I let go upon hearing the first challenge of a sentinel. The sentinels now challenged lustily from a building which proved to be occupied jointly as a prison and a barrack for a part of the garrison, and I marched on to charge it. In a few minutes after the first sentinel had fired, a considerable fire was opened upon the head of my column from this building, and kept up as we continued to advance upon it.

From this fire I received a wound which disabled me from further duty, and the command of my regiment devolved upon Major Hawkins, than whom, for every quality of an excellent officer, it could not have found a better commander. Up to this period my whole command, officers and men, had displayed an intrepid and eager valor which I never saw surpassed by any storming party of picked veterans, and which tended to deepen my regret at being so early deprived of the pleasure of leading them.

Very respectfully,

THEODORE O'HARA,
Col. Ky. Reg't.

Adj't Gen. Gonzales, late Army of
Liberation.

The Report of Lieut. Col. Pickett contains a number of statements to which many "company officers," who were quite as capable and had better opportunities of judging, will not sub-

scribe. It will be seen that he appears a little anxious to shirk the return of the Expedition upon the "company officers, and of course the rank and file." It is unquestionably true that they did refuse to make the attempt to get to Mantua, and quite as unquestionable that they were justified in doing so. And they were finally sustained in that refusal even by some of those field officers who at first wished to follow Lopez's desperate course. None of the officers were more energetic, at one time, in endeavoring to induce the men to do as Gen. Lopez proposed, than Maj. Hardy, Capt. Allen, and Adjutant Titus; all of whom, after investigating and weighing the matter more carefully and coolly, sustained the men in their course. They also acted in accordance with the opinion of Col. O'Hara, who declared the General's proposition to be a certain thing even worse than *madness*. What is more, it cannot be denied that the men generally had lost confidence in the promises and abilities of their leaders, whose conduct throughout was anything but calculated to inspire them with either confidence or devotion. Hence the "company officers, and of course the rank and file," acted without much regard for the "votes" of their field officers. Of the Kentucky Battalion, I will say that the men of almost every company in it had more confidence in, and were more devoted to their Captains and Lieutenants, and would *in any case*, have followed their lead against all the field officers together.

REPORT OF LIEUT. COL. PICKETT,
KY. REG'T.

New Orleans, June 26, 1850.

Sir—As it has just been determined to publish an official account of the operations of the late Liberating Army of Cuba, I hasten to submit the following report of my participation in the late affair at Cardenas, together with a brief narrative of our voyage from that place to Key West.

Having volunteered for the special service of seizing the locomotive depot of the town of Cardenas, to the end that communication with Matanzas should not be had by the enemy, I mustered my detachment, consisting of sixty men and officers, upon the after part of the steamer, at the proper time. Immediately upon effecting a landing I proceeded rapidly into the town, seizing the only persons I met, (a solitary armed patrol and an old fisherman), and pressing them as guides. The point to which I was directed was speedily reached. It was, however, more remote than I had been led to expect, being nearly one and a half miles from the steamer, and three-quarters of a mile from the outskirts of the town. The object was accomplished without resistance. The depot was held until late in the afternoon, when I received an order through an aide-de-camp to march my detachment back to the town. Arriving at the foot of the main street, I met the commander-in-chief. Halting the detachment, I inquired of him if I should take command of the regiment, (the Col. having been wounded

in the morning and the Major being in command). He replied that it was not necessary, as the whole force was about to be re-embarked, and ordered me to keep my then position until further orders. Presently, at the urgent solicitation of a surgeon of one of the other commands, I stepped hastily with him up to the Plaza, to assist him as interpreter in the purchase of some necessaries for the sick and wounded. Returning immediately I had scarcely reached my post, when I heard the firing of volleys of musketry in the Plaza, which I had just left—that position being occupied by Major Hawkins, with about ninety of the Kentucky Regiment. Not having been advised of an apprehended attack, I did not for some minutes conceive that it could be an engagement—attributing the firing to a prudent desire of embarking with empty pieces. The discharges continuing, however, in quick succession, I started hastily, with one officer, in that direction, but had not proceeded many paces when I perceived that Major Hawkins' command was receiving a charge of cavalry. I hastened back to my position, and, ordering Lieut. Sayre, with the detachment of Capt. Johnson's company (fifteen men) to accompany me, hurried towards the scene of combat, reaching Major Hawkins—who had retired in good order down the square, after having repulsed the cavalry—just as he had formed his command to receive a second charge, which we in effect received jointly at the moment of my arrival. The enemy, whom I

now discovered to be lancers, were from thirty to forty in number, some of whom we killed before they had quite reached us, and our ranks opening and falling back upon the sidewalks, fired into the remainder with great effect, as they dashed by at headlong speed, a number escaping through to meet their fate, however, with, I believe, but one exception, in attempting to pass the position occupied by the balance of my command, under Capt. Allen, which had fallen back a few paces behind the corner below. The engagement was thus ended. I now assumed command of the regiment, and in a few minutes an order reached me from the commander-in-chief to retire towards the steamer. This was performed in an orderly manner by column of companies—forming into line twice and facing about, under the immediate command of the general-in-chief, and finally halting the column when some 150 yards from the pier, and bringing it to an about-face. I here barricaded the street with a double row of empty sugar hogsheads, and posted Capt. Johnson's company, in two equal detachments, in ambuscade—one portion in front and the other to the right and front. We remained quietly in this position for rather more than an hour. No further demonstration being made by the enemy, we were finally ordered on board the steamer, which immediately got under way. Being sent for by yourself to where you were lying wounded, as soon as I had embarked you placed me in command, I being

the senior field officer unwounded. I continued to discharge the duties of field officer of the day until our arrival at Key West—a period of thirty-six hours.

We have to regret the loss of three officers and five privates, killed in the affair of the evening, together with nineteen wounded, several of whom were officers. The conduct of both officers and men was, as far as my observation went, beyond all praise. I had occasion particularly to observe the self-possession and steady courage of Capt. Jno. Allen. Also, of Lieuts. Greenlee, Sayre, Horton and Knott. Others have been called to my notice, but my participation in the action was so limited that I had not an opportunity of witnessing their conduct in person.

The circumstances attending the steamer's getting around in running out of the harbor of Cardenas and the almost superhuman exertions of Capt. Lewis and his first officer, Mr. Faysoux, in getting her off, have already been correctly detailed in the public press. The council held the next morning has already been commented upon likewise. Four field officers out of the six then present voted to return to the island, but the greater part of the company officers, and consequently nearly all the rank and file, would not assent. It was impossible to use coercion under such circumstances. They were feeling the pangs of thirst; they knew that a large quantity of the arms and ammunition had been thrown overboard in the harbor of Cardenas,

and that if there was coal enough on board (which they doubted) to run the steamer to Mantua—the point proposed—there was certainly not a sufficiency to take her back to some point in the United States, should we be compelled to evacuate that place. In a word, the whole command—as is notoriously ever the case with volunteer forces making a retrograde movement—was completely demoralized.

The chase given by the Spanish steamer Pizarro in the waters of the United States has already been correctly detailed. We reached the harbor of Key West some six miles in advance of that ship. After some minutes delay at the quarantine ground our steamer was moored to the pier. The wounded were carried immediately on shore and the whole command had left in less than ten minutes. The United States authorities seized the vessel, arms, &c., &c., and my authority ceased from that moment.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

JNO. T. PICKETT,

Late Lieut. Col. Ky. Reg't.

Adj't. Gen. Gonzales,

Late Liberating Army of Cuba.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.—

The following compose the list of killed and wounded of this regiment:

KILLED—Capt. John A. Logan, of Selbyville, Ky.; 1st. Lieut., James J. Garnett, of Bowling Green, Ky.; Rev. John McCann, of Paris, Ky.; Sergeant Henry Cruse, Company D., and ten privates.

WOUNDED—Col. T. O'Hara, Major

T. T. Hawkins, Lieuts. Sayre and Harnly, Color Sergeant Rob't. Wheeling, Company D., and twenty-one privates.

Lt. Col. Bell's Report is confined to a proper, correct, and sensible account of what took place.

REPORT OF LIEUT. COL. BELL, OF THE
LA. REGIMENT.

New Orleans, June 26, 1850.

Sir—I took command of the Louisiana Battalion when Col. Wheat was wounded, which happened a few moments after he had brought his command under the fire of the enemy in the Plaza, and while gallantly leading it into action. I received an order to make an attack on the Governor's palace. I immediately charged upon the place. Officers and privates obeyed my command with alacrity and bravery. We succeeded in breaking open the barricaded doors of the lower part of the building fronting on the main street, but instantly discovered that no entrance above could be effected from that direction. This being communicated to Gen. Lopez, we received orders to retire. After the lapse of some time, an order was received to return to the Plaza, with instructions not to fire on the building while marching to the Plaza. A second time we were met by discharge of musketry. I took the responsibility of returning the fire and charged the building. It was then fired at the entrance previously effected by the force

under my command. I then surrounded the square containing the Governor's palace, returning the fire that constantly proceeded from it, until a flag of truce was exhibited, and the Governor and his troops surrendered. I cannot omit to state that Capt. Robinson's company of the Kentucky Regiment reported to me, and behaved with great gallantry; also Capt. Mizell's company from Mississippi (independent.) The surrender occurred about eight o'clock in the morning. The prisoners taken were confined in the barracks, under charge of Capt. Steed, of the Louisiana Regiment. The town remained quiet during the day. Much apparent kindness was manifested on the part of the citizens towards the troops, who, with the exception of those detailed on duty, were passing from place to place through the town in pursuit of rest and refreshment.

About four o'clock in the evening Gen. Lopez informed Major Hawkins, of the Kentucky Regiment, and myself, that he had determined to change his original plan—that as he had failed in surprising the town of Cardenas, as he had anticipated, and the information of our landing being carried to Matanzas, there would be sent by the railway train, (which would probably reach us about one o'clock that night,) a much larger force than he felt justified in our present condition in resisting. He had, therefore, determined (still holding out the idea that we were to embark on the railway) to embark the troops on the

Creole, and endeavor to make a landing at a point on the Island, where he would find a force organized and ready to support him.

I immediately ordered a portion of my Regiment to proceed to the boat, in charge of the prisoners; the remaining portion of the Regiment being at the boat engaged in taking on board provisions, coal, and water. While nearing the boat a severe firing was heard in the neighborhood of the Plaza. I immediately ordered Capt. Steed on board the boat with the prisoners, and proceeded up the street. Gen. Lopez ordered me to form my command at the foot of the street, as he anticipated an attack from a cross street. I succeeded in arranging my men just in time to dispatch some dozen lancers who were making a descent from a side street.

In the morning encounter some twenty of my command were killed and wounded, none in the evening. At no time did the force under my command exceed one hundred and fifty men. I cannot omit to mention among those of my command who particularly distinguished themselves by their gallantry in combat, the names of Adj't Bird, Capts. March, Steed, Kewen, Breckenridge, Davies, and Foster, Lieuts. Lane, Dennett, Peabody, and Vernon, Serg'ts. Parker and Stoval.

Very respect'ly, your obt. servant,

W. H. BELL,

Lt. Col. Louisiana Regiment.

Adj't Gen. GONZALES, of the
Army of Liberation.

Major Hawkins' Report reads *very curious* to those who were at Cardenas. They had no idea until this report was made, that "the campaign" was conducted with such far-seeing wisdom and regularity! No man was more self-possessed, or acted with more courage than Maj. Hawkins throughout, and he also held a very important position as commander during the afternoon; but what was done would have been done, commander or no commander. The fighting was all a harum-scarum business, and not, as one might suppose from this report, a well-laid plan either of advance or retreat.

REPORT OF MAJOR HAWKINS, KENTUCKY
REGIMENT.

New Orleans, June 26, 1850.

Sir—Herewith I have the honor to transmit to you a succinct report of the Kentucky Regiment at the town of Cardenas, from the time the command devolved on me.

Col. O'Hara being wounded early on the morning of the 19th May, I immediately brought the Regiment to a halt, and in position to attack the building from which the enemy were delivering their fire. I at once saw the only mode of attack would be to force an entrance through the doors or windows, but at the moment I was commencing the operation, Gen. Lopez came up and countermanded the order, and directed me to hold my command in front of the building. He then proceeded to the main entrance and demanded the surrender of

the garrison, on which demand they immediately threw open the doors, and the house was taken possession of by a party of our men.

During this time the Louisiana Regiment, under Col. Wheat, passed up the street into the Plaza, where they were received by a volley from the line of infantry formed in front of the Governor's house, which was situated across the Plaza, and directly opposite to the house from which we had been first fired upon. This fire was kept up for some minutes, when the Spanish forces were driven from the building. It was now light enough to discover the position of our forces. The Louisiana Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Bell, (Col. Wheat being wounded,) was under the walls of the Governor's house, and making a brisk attack upon it. My command was holding the position directed by the General, on the opposite side of the Plaza from the Governor's house. Having received an order not to fire, my men were standing at a rest, and receiving a very sharp fire from the windows and top of the building, by which several of them were wounded. The Mississippi Battalion was formed up and down the main street, their right flank resting upon my right. They were protected from the fire by the buildings in the rear.

After remaining in this position some time, I, by order of Gen. Lopez, (leaving one company under Capt. Robinson to support the Louisiana Regiment,) made a circuit to the left, and passed to the rear of the city,

where I took up a position to resist any force that might attempt to enter the place. Here the command remained some two hours, when I received the news of the surrender of the Governor, and an order to return to the Plaza. It was now nearly twenty-four hours since the command had sleep or refreshment, and the men were very much exhausted. After placing them in as comfortable a position as could be found, I proceeded to see what could be done for them in the way of food and water, and also to learn in what position we stood with the inhabitants. I found that the garrison, which consisted of a company of infantry, after learning from Gen. Lopez the object of our invasion, had determined to join our standard; but the reception we met from the citizens was far from encouraging. There were many of them leaving the place, while those who remained appeared much surprised and alarmed at our appearance. This state of affairs continued until noon, when they began to wear a more favorable aspect. A few persons came in with some show of friendship, and others brought in a number of old swords and fowling pieces for our use, but not one of them evinced a disposition to use them.

Things went on quietly during the afternoon. About four o'clock I was sent for by Gen. Lopez, who informed me that he had determined to change his plan of operations, since he had failed in surprising the city of Cardenas as he had expected, and having

learned that information of our landing had been carried to Matanzas, there would be sent by the railway trains, which would probably reach us by one o'clock that night, a much larger force than he felt justified in our present condition in attempting to resist. He had therefore determined, (still holding out the idea that we were to embark on the railway,) to re-embark the troops on the Creole, and endeavor to make a landing at a point on the Island where he would find a force organized and ready to support him. After communicating this to Lieut. Col. Bell, of the Louisiana Regiment, and Maj. Smith, of the Mississippi Battalion, I proceeded to get my command in order, and ready to move at a moment's notice.

After sending Capt. Robinson's company, at the request of Col. O'Hara, to the steamer, to facilitate the reloading and supplying her with coal and water, my command consisted of the companies of Capts. Logan, Wilson, and Knight, (the latter under the command of Lieut. Dear,) and a portion of Capt. Johnson's company, consisting in all of about eighty-five or ninety men, we having lost eight, killed and wounded, in the action of the morning. I moved then to the centre of the Plaza, and there held them ready for orders. About six o'clock, P. M., the Louisiana and Mississippi Regiments, with the prisoners, arms, &c., were put in motion towards the railway, which was near to, and in the direction of the vessel. So soon as these Regiments moved off, Gen.

Lopez told me that he had been informed that there was a force, consisting of four companies of infantry and one hundred and fifteen lancers, marching upon the town, and he doubted not it was their intention to attack us. He then directed me to form my command across the street, leading from the landing through the Plaza and out of the city. I was to defend this passage to the steamer, and cover the embarkation of the main body of our troops, until the signal should be sounded on the bugle for me to retire to the steamer. If I was attacked he was to reinforce me from the other commands. Perceiving at once the importance of our position, and believing the fate of our whole force to depend on our successfully defending it, I determined to take on myself the responsibility of altering the disposition of my command. There being but three streets leading from the rear of the town to the vessel, by which the enemy could pass, one running through the Plaza, in front of which I was posted, and one on either side, running parallel to it, I determined to throw Capt. Johnson's company from my right to occupy one, and the company on my left, under Lieut. Dear, to occupy the other.

Before these companies could be put in motion, the enemy having gained cover of some detached houses in and on the left of the Plaza, opened their fire upon us. I immediately hastened the movement of my flank company, and they were just in time to effect their object. The lancers

who were moving down the street on our right, and upon discovering their passage in that direction checked by Capt. Johnson's company, changed their direction to the left, and took up a position in the main street, about three squares in front of us. Their number, as well as I could judge from their formation, which was in column of platoons, was about sixty or seventy. The company under Lieut. Dear was met at the entrance of the street on our left by a considerable body of infantry. Their number being far superior to his, he found some difficulty in repulsing them; but by great exertion on his own part and the gallant assistance of Adjutant Titus and Sergeant Major McDonald, they were finally driven back with considerable loss. During this time a severe fire was kept up between the enemy from behind the buildings in the Plaza and our centre company. This continued for about half an hour, when the signal was sounded for my command to retire to the vessel. Not having received the reinforcements promised, I took it for granted that the General had embarked the troops, and that I was to retire in the best manner I could to the vessel. The infantry on our front and flank had been driven back with severe loss, and I perceived the lancers preparing to charge. Believing that we could contend more successfully with them in the street, I prepared to obey the signal by calling in my flank companies, and putting the centre in motion down the street. At the termination of the second

square, seeing the lancers in motion and rapidly closing upon us, I brought the command to a halt and in position to receive them. The Regiment was now formed with the two centre companies across the street, and the flank companies on the side-walk. So soon as the lancers were near enough to render it difficult for them to check their career, the two centre companies fell back on the side-walk in line with those already formed upon it. As they passed at full speed we poured in a raking volley which brought to the ground nearly the whole body, some eight or ten of them escaping by one of the cross streets. Seeing their second line coming down, I moved my command rapidly to the square below, and was there met by Lieut. Col. Pickett with a portion of the detachment under his command. We formed and received the second charge in the same manner, but with a much more fatal result to the enemy. Those who passed our fire were met at the termination of the street by Capt. Allen's company, and not a man escaped. I then moved my command to the position occupied by Capt. Allen, and there formed them again to receive the enemy, should they make another attack.

The command now resting with Lieut. Col. Pickett, he moved us to a position within a short distance of the vessel, and there awaited orders to embark, which we received in about one hour and a half.

Our loss in the action of the evening was eight killed and nineteen wounded.

Among the former we have to regret the loss of Capt. Logan and Lieut. Garnett, who fell in the gallant discharge of their duty. Also, Rev. John McCann, chaplain of the Regiment, a young gentleman highly esteemed, and who had but lately taken orders in the Episcopal Church previous to his joining the Expedition.

Very respectfully, your ob't. serv't,

THOS. T. HAWKINS,

Major Kentucky Regiment.

Adj't Gen. GONZALES,

Late Liberating Army of Cuba.

REPORT OF MAJ. HARDY, KENTUCKY
REGIMENT.

Monticello, Georgia, July 1, 1856.

General: On the 12th of March last, I was instructed by Col. O'Hara, by letter from Elizabethtown, Ky., to recruit a number of men to aid in revolutionizing the Island of Cuba. In accordance with which instructions, I proceeded to invite my friends in the city of Cincinnati and the adjoining counties of Kentucky—to the number of some two hundred—to accompany me in the expedition. They generously and gallantly responded to my call upon them, by enlisting themselves in the cause of Cuba's liberation; and on the 4th day of April last, we embarked from Cincinnati and Covington, for New Orleans, and arrived at the adjacent city of Lafayette on the eleventh day of the same month, when I reported to Adjutant Gen. Gonzales and Lieut. Col. Pickett, in

the city of New Orleans, the arrival of the Kentucky Regiment at Lafayette.

For the particulars of the further movements of Kentucky regiment, after its landing at Lafayette, up to the time of our landing at Cardenas on the island of Cuba, or until the surrender of the command by Col. O'Hara, in consequence of a severe wound received by him early on the morning of the 19th of May in the attack on Cardenas, I will respectfully refer you to the reports of my superior officers, Col. O'Hara and Lt. Col. Pickett.

After the withdrawal of Col. O'Hara, for reasons above stated, the command of the regiment devolved jointly upon myself and Major Hawkins, Lt. Col. Pickett having been despatched with a detachment from the regiment, to take possession of the railroad depot and cars. [But permit me to state here, that owing to a misunderstanding existing between myself and Major Hawkins, as to our relative positions, in consequence of the very singular conduct of Col. O'Hara towards us, or at least towards myself,—neither of us seemed to know in what rank we stood to each other. For my own part, I presumed that I justly occupied the right and rank of Major to the regiment; and founded my right and reasons to do so upon the following positive assurance and guarantee of Col. O'Hara himself, given to me after I had raised the regiment, and three days previous to our embarkation from Cincinnati:

"You shall be Major in rank for your excellent services, with rapid promotion." Extract from Col. O'Hara's letter, dated Frankfort, Ky., April 1st, 1850.]

After Col. O'Hara being wounded, we moved on as we had entered the town, in columns of companies, until we came up in front of the quartel, or prison, in which the Spanish soldiers, or a portion of them were posted, whereupon they poured into our ranks repeated volleys of musketry from within, through the windows, and from the tops of the houses. Upon the head of our column arriving at the corner of the plaza, upon which the garrison was situated, the right wing was ordered to file right and march up in front of that side of the garrison fronting the chapel, whilst the left, front faced and returned the fire of the enemy into the windows from which they had fired upon us. In this position we surrounded each of the fronting sides of the garrison, when the main doors of the building were thrown open and we entered; but the enemy had withdrawn by a back door, escaping to the Governor's house on the opposite side of the square. At this period our ranks had become considerably disordered, but were soon reformed and marched by the right flank into line of battle across the plaza, from where we fired, for some time, at the enemy occupying the top of the Governor's and adjacent houses. While here it was ordered, that one company from the Ky. Regiment should occupy a house just opposite the Governor's, which was

done by Capt. Robinson's company without resistance by the occupants.

After remaining a short time at our last mentioned position, we received orders to march to the back part of the town,—to where a small body of horsemen had been seen to come up and form, as if designing an attack,—in compliance with which we moved off at a quick step along the outside street upon the left, and running parallel with the main street by which we entered, until we came to an intersecting street, three squares back from the plaza, up which we filed until we came to the main street again where we halted and formed a line across main street. Here we remained until the fighting in and about the plaza had ceased and the enemy surrendered, when we again marched into the plaza, and permitted the men to lay down their arms and rest.

About three o'clock in the evening, orders came that we were to re-embark upon board the Creole. The Louisiana and Mississippi regiments were marched to the boat, whilst the Ky. Regiment was ordered to remain in the town as a rear guard, in anticipation of an attack from a reinforcement of the enemy supposed to be advancing upon us. As ordered, we formed a line of battle across the plaza, kept upon the *qui vive* for the expected attack by the enemy, when about 5 o'clock a body of their infantry, to the number, as supposed, of about 200, was seen advancing, and in a few minutes commenced a brisk fire upon us, which was returned by our line

with disastrous effect upon the enemy. Thus the fighting continued for perhaps an hour, during which they made several efforts to charge upon our line, but were each time repulsed, by the well directed fire of our men, with considerable loss, until they finally withdrew, save perhaps a few who still lurked behind the houses on the left, and would occasionally show themselves and fire upon us, but they too were finally driven off by Capt. Knight's company, under command of Lieut. Dear, which was ordered to move down to the street upon our left and dislodge the enemy from their position behind the houses. In the meantime, a body of some 100 lancers presented themselves in the street some three or four squares above us, where they halted and went through various manœuvres indicating that they were about to charge us, but we maintained our line, fearful to attempt the formation of a hollow square with troops so raw in drill, but they declined to charge and filed down a street as if to endeavor to pass to our rear and cut off our communication with the boat; to intercept this movement of the enemy, Capt. Johnson's company, occupying our extreme right, was ordered to form across the next street below on our right, upon doing which he met the lancers advancing as we had anticipated, but they immediately withdrew upon his approach. Our flanking companies were then called in, in order that we might again form in battalion for the purpose of moving down, some distance nearer to the boat; but

just as we had formed and were about moving off, the lancers again appeared advancing upon us at a rapid pace; but before they got near enough upon us to use their lances, we fired and drove them off in disorder, and then moved on, but they soon formed again and made a desperate charge upon us, our only alternative now to resist them and protect ourselves, was to throw the men in simple line along the pavements next the houses, and fire upon them as they passed; this movement worked admirably, and as the enemy charged through the street they received the fire of our men, which was so well aimed as to almost annihilate their entire body, whilst we had but one man slightly wounded by them. By this time we were joined by the detachment under Lieut. Col. Pickett, and that gentlemen assumed command

of the regiment, and to whose report you are referred for an account of its subsequent movements.

The men and officers generally, acted with a most commendable coolness and bravery throughout the entire day, nor do I believe that any merit an especial notice above the mass; and though some have been particularized in some of the reports, I am constrained to believe that it was done from personal and selfish motive rather than that those noticed deserved particular commendation over their comrades.

Of the universal anarchy that prevailed on board of the Creole after we left Cardenas, you are I presume aware. Respectfully,

WILLIAM HARDY,

Major Ky. Regiment.

To Gen. López, Commander in Chief of the Cuban Army of Liberation.



FRAGMENTS.

GENERAL LOPEZ.

An observing writer in the South gives the following short description of the Liberating General:

"His appearance is by no means calculated to disappoint preconceived opinions. The simplicity of his manners and dress win at once upon those who will tolerate no assumption of superiority, whether it proceeds from address, or station, or mind. A benevolence of expression is admirably coupled with a delightful suavity of manners, which leads him to extend the same courtesy to the awkward private, as to the polished officer. Each saw before him a present Republican, devoid of arrogance or ostentation, whatever may have been his previous history or predilections. The observer cannot fail to dwell upon his physical characteristics. Of medium size, a body of more compactness and strength, and agility, could hardly be imagined. It is one of those physical anomalies, rapid in every movement, and of capacity to endure every fatigue and cope with every difficulty. A Mississippian, whose pale face and stalwart limbs clearly indicated his residence

among the broad pine forests of the southern portion of his native State, facetiously remarked that 'old Lopez was nothing shorter than a pine knot.' You look in vain for that staidness of demeanor and solemnity of aspect, which we are accustomed to associate with the nation of which he is a distinguished descendant, and yet there is an air of stern romance and chivalric sentiment, that is only transmitted to us in the portraits of the self-sacrificing heroes of a by-gone age. A strong, restless dark eye, and a greyish, wiry beard, complete the figure of this extraordinary man. A fitness for any emergency, an adaptation for any crisis, and a willingness to embark in any enterprize, however perilous, are clearly indicated in every feature and movement."

SKETCH OF ADJT. GEN. GONZALES.

"A. J. Gonzales, who received at Mugerres, the appointment of Adjutant General, was born of respectable parents, at Matanzas, in the Island of Cuba. He left the place of his nativity at an early age, and in the city

of New York, carried off the highest honors of his class. By excellent fortune, the directors of his college were exiles from sunny France, who spared no pains to imbue the young man and promising Cuban, with correct ideas of Republican principles. Returning to his oppressed country, the pursuit of the law seemed to afford the best avenue for his restless spirit. We find him graduating in that department at the age of twenty. The rank pollution that beset him on every side, soon disgusted him with the avocation in which he had embarked. Until the age of twenty-six, (a thing unprecedented in the history of literary institutions,) he remained a Professor of latin, mathematics, geography, and modern languages, in the two royal colleges of Havana. There are few instances on record, of one so young, possessed of such varied accomplishments and occupying so prominent a position. It is not surprising, that the requisite confinement, and application and assiduity would soon impair the most vigorous constitution. At this time, the sudden death of a beloved parent weighed heavily upon the natural buoyancy of his spirits. He resolved upon a change of employment and scenery. Two years were now spent in the excitement of travel in Spain and the United States. If his ardent soul had faltered at any previous time, in the choice between tyranny and the glowing charms of Republican freedom, he could palter to the sense no longer. Oppression, in its most abject and loathsome character, afforded

a wonderful contrast to the pervading happiness and prosperity of a people, who exercised, in its fullest extent, the right of government. He loved his native isle, and like the daughters of Judea, he wept in secret, as he remembered her woe and captivity. The polished man of letters, the adept in ancient and modern lore, determined, from that time forth, to devote his recruited energies, and the talents which the God of nature had bestowed upon him with no unsparing profusion, to the redemption and disenthralment of the bright and sunny island that gave him birth. We find him again in Cuba, a full-blown conspirator, plotting, in conjunction with the noble Creoles, against a foul foreign domination. While we reflect, that a very large body of the more gifted and influential of the islanders are solemnly committed to this enterprize, and that Gen. Gonzales was unanimously appointed one of the four of the secret 'junta for the promotion of the political interests of Cuba,' and that he was deputed a commissioner to solicit the services of Gen. Worth in aid of the contemplated revolution, it can well be imagined that a spotless reputation, and inordinate talents, could alone have inspired such boundless confidence.

"A casual observer would pronounce Gonzales a deep and powerful thinker. A heavy, and somewhat sluggish, yet strongly marked countenance would indicate a preference for the closet, with its seclusion and dusty tomes, rather than a desire to mingle in the fierce excitement and personal hazards of a

dangerous revolution. We would say that the extreme benevolence and kindness of heart apparent in every feature, would induce the General to perform acts of private and unostentatious charity, and then hurry to his studio to pen a political essay enforcing the amelioration of his fellow creatures. But a glance at his strong, and full, and restless dark eye, dissipated the illusion. You might as well attempt to confine the Hyrcanian tiger in a fisherman's net, as subject to the quiet walks and pursuits of life this same Gonzales. Converse with him five little minutes and he will display to you the most erudite knowledge of character and the general world. I shall say that deep policy and mental activity were his distinguishing characteristics. I have often thought that a blending of the different traits that distinguished Lopez and his Adjutant-General, would revolutionize the world—the tiger and fox, divested of ferocity and meanness. Without any tuition in that particular department, General Gonzales has displayed, upon several occasions, powers of oratory of no ordinary character. One instance suffices in corroboration. Upon a complimentary dinner given to Elwood Fisher, by the Legislature of Virginia, some time during the year 1849, he startled the assembled crowd by the pathos in which he depicted the horrors of his native land, and the wild tones of defiance he launched against her besotted oppressors."

SPEECH OF COLONEL WHEAT.

An officer in the Louisiana Battalion has given the following report of a speech by Col. Wheat, on board the Susan Loud, when about to organize his forces. This, and others which follow, are interesting specimens of *piratical* oratory:

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—We have now arrived at our point of destination and organization in the Gulf.—You are aware that we cleared from New Orleans for Chagres. Captain Pendleton informs me that it is a matter of perfect indifference with him whether we proceed to Chagres or not, since he has been paid the charter for his vessel to that place; hence, if we stop short of our destination, he cannot be injured. I hold in my hand, a paper delivered to me by one of Gen. Lopez's Aids, the seal of which he told me to break when in lat. 26 degs. N., and lon. 87 degs. W., which point we have now reached.—I find, on opening this paper, that I am directed to remain near this point until the 7th day of May, on which day he expects to leave New Orleans on the Creole; on the 7th, to morrow, we are to sail on a direct line for the Balize, and by Thursday evening may expect to see the Creole and the old General. I have addressed you as fellow-citizens because it is perhaps the last time I shall ever address you as citizens of the U. States. Long ere the sun has sunk beneath the world of waters which now surround us, we shall perhaps have consum-

mated an act that will throw us beyond the protection of the stars and the stripes, under whose auspices we have sailed thus far. This act is simply organizing our little band into a skeleton regiment for the purpose of landing on, and wrenching Cuba from the grasp of bigoted and besotted Spain. The moment we organize, that moment we pass beyond the protection of our own government, we have no longer any right to sail under her flag—but, like Hagar when she went forth from the tabernacle of Abraham into the wilderness, we still have a right to call on Him who buildeth up the feeble and destroyeth the mighty; and doeth that at all times, amongst the sons of men, which seemeth good in his sight. I shall therefore henceforth address you as Soldiers of the Liberating Army of Cuba.

“We then, Fellow-Soldiers, have arrived at the point for which we sailed, although many, nay most of you, sailed for Chagres, yet you all knew WHERE you were then bound, and for WHAT. Does any here object to landing in CUBA a week sooner than he thought to do when he left home? Does any grudge to the Cubans that boon of freedom, which it is our purpose to bestow, a few days in advance of the expected time?

“No, I feel that I address those who are not only fully imbued with the glorious principles of equal right themselves, but who will seek the post of danger at any time for the purpose of extending them to all who

may desire their beneficial influence on their social and political systems.

“It has well been said that we live in an age of progress, and no circumstance, perhaps, is more indicative of the onward march of the time than this expedition! When civilization was in its infancy, nation made war upon nation for conquest and booty, more recently, they have gone to war for principle; such was the case in the American revolution, and the memory of Lafayette is hallowed in every American heart, for coming to the rescue of our fathers in their struggle for principle and nationality, after they themselves had taken up arms to repel oppression and establish right on the basis of reason! But the march of mind is onward, and that, which three quarters of a century since was considered patriotic devotion, is now considered every patriot's duty; and patriotism now consists, not so much in going to the rescue of an oppressed people, (as was the case very recently in the Texas revolution,) after they are in open rebellion, as in striking the first blow for them, which we propose to do for the Cubans. Does any here doubt our success, let him return—does any doubt the propriety of our undertaking, let him ask himself if he would be free—does any doubt the legality of the expedition, let him read VATTEL on international law.”

[Just at this point the Cuban flag was run up to the mast-head and thrown to the breeze.]

Liberators! behold your flag!—
Three cheers for the Cuban flag!

“Soldiers of the Liberating Army of Cuba, you have embarked in a desperate and daring enterprise, should the Cubans deceive us. If we are not deceived, then we have undertaken the most patriotic and praiseworthy task of ancient or modern times, that of giving liberty and equality to an oppressed and degraded people, oppressed by heavy taxes and arbitrary exactions, degraded, because they have neither religious nor political liberty, nor are the masses elevated above the savage, either by intellectual or moral culture.

“But let them be true to themselves, to us, to humanity, morality, religion, the rights of man, and ere long the atmosphere of Cuba, instead of having the fragrance of its many rich flowers mingled with the wails of the wretched and tyrant-trodden inhabitants, as it floats on the soft zephyrs of evening, shall ascend with the music of praise, in the early dawn of the mellow and voluptuous morning to the ‘Giver of every good and perfect gift;’ and the very soil of this beautiful island shall be imbued with republican principles, as staid and as beautiful as our own dear native land, ‘The land of the free and the home of the brave’ (cheers.)

“You are aware, fellow-soldiers, that we have come from the United States without arms, without organization, without previous concert to commit any overt act which may, by any possibility, compromise the dignity or disturb the harmony of our own government; nor do we expect or intend

to violate any law of nations, unless revolution be so considered, and this cannot be, because successful rebellion is always pronounced patriotism, while a failure is branded as piracy.—We then shall soon be patriots purer than Cato, or conspirators more dark than Cataline. Then, Soldiers of the Liberating Army of Cuba, while you gaze on that flag, with its lone star, resolve to make it your winding-sheet on the field of battle, or your beacon in the camp of victory.

“You will now proceed to divide yourselves into ten equal companies, forming a skeleton regiment, and select your officers, after which they will draw lots for rank; and may success attend not only this, but every other effort on the Western Continent, yea, in the world, to eradicate the last germ of Monarchy.”

THE REVOLT AT MUGERES.

While the Creole was getting water at the Island of Mugerés, nearly the whole body of the Mississippians and Louisianians, determined at one time to abandon the Expedition. Col. Wheat's rhetoric and eloquence was again called into requisition, and assembling the battalions on the beach, he addressed them in the following strain. The “green pastures by the side of still waters,” which he so beautifully describes, became quite a by-word among the waggish officers:

“FELLOW SOLDIERS:—This day a perfect organization of the Army of

Liberators has been effected. Your wishes, previously expressed, have been carried out by our noble head—I now bear the commission of Colonel of this detachment. [Cheers].

“I therefore seize the present opportunity of conveying to you my unfeigned thanks for the preference you have shown me, as also to detail in a few words, my views of the Expedition in which we have jointly embarked, together with the line of conduct I shall, with assistance of Divine Providence, endeavor to pursue. While yet within the borders of our beloved country, the distant wail of oppressed Cubans, to whose rescue we are now rushing, saluted our pained ears, every breeze from the southward that should have been laden with the sweet perfume of tropical flowers, was freighted with cries of anguish and shrieks of despair. Men born in the image of their Maker, entitled, as are the whole human family, to rights and the delicious boon of liberty, are trampled in the dust. The iron heel of oppression is upon their necks. A bigoted tyrant in a distant land sends forth her cohorts to enthrall and enslave them. The lovely island, blooming with perennial flowers, about which are clustered the fond associations of birth and childhood, is made the theatre of a brutal oppression, unprecedented in the most diresome periods of a Nero or a Caligula, and this too, within a short distance of a land that boasts of a Washington, an Adams, a Hancock, and a Patrick Henry! [Cheers]. Of a land whose offspring shudders more at the

least infringement of right, than at the tiger's leap.

“The inhabitants of this beautiful isle have learned the distinction between freedom and slavery, they have occasionally seen how everything prospers under the glorious influences of institutions based upon correct principles, and they burn to throw off the grievous chains that environ them. But the eye of the bloody monster never sleeps, and his nostrils are keen scented, his arm is nervous and strong. The slightest manifestation of dissatisfaction is detected, and the poor victim sacrificed ere he has breathed his wish to escape from the loathing embrace.

“I have said, fellow soldiers, that the cry of their distress has long floated in the breeze. With tearful vision they have gazed upon the broad blue waters that sever the soil of freedom from the isle of debasement, wrong and outrage. They ask in plaintive tones, is there no sympathy for the helpless and down-trodden Creole? Will not those gallant souls that rushed so nobly to the aid of Mexico, Poland, Hungary, and Texas, will they forget their poor neighbors who groan under a vassalage more galling, and who seek deliverance with emotions as strong and ardent as these? Will not, they ask again, the hardy offspring of revolutionary sires facilitate them in making an effort for manhood and nationality? You my worthy comrades, heard those heart-rending cries and warm appeals. When did a deserving American listen to the cry of distress, and not fly to succor and Re-

lieve! ('Nary a time,') said one Lieut; 'never,' said another; and 'never' said we all; just at this time the tall Lieutenant said, 'wa-wa-well we will o-o-offer them the cup of liberty, and they may use it or refu-fu-fuse it as they like.) Order being restored, Col. Wheat proceeded: "I glory in being connected with such a noble enterprise; I thank God that I have contributed my mite, in furtherance of the great cause of human rights; I thank you from my inmost heart that you have placed me in your van!" [Cheers]. (Here the Colonel was sensibly affected, and wiped off with a new kerchief, the flowing perspiration). He resumed—

"The kindly interposition of a suppeintending Providence, is clearly apparent in every step we have thus far taken, but our government, though every artery is throbbing with pulsations of sympathy for our success, is compelled to make peace offerings to a silly code of international law. If our own government, my gallant friends, should think it their duty to exercise a ridiculous espionage over our movement, then indeed will our chances of success be much diminished; but land us once in Cuba, let the standard of liberty be raised, let us make a successful stand, and that mighty engine, public opinion, will sustain us at home, while our arms will sustain us in Cuba, and soon, 'we shall feed in green pastures by the side of still waters,' in this gem Republic of the Ocean. [Cheers and evidences of returning enthusiasm.]

"But I thank God our little vessel has so far carried us safely past the booming cannon of our vessels of war. The Spanish government too, made acquainted with our designs by the officious intermeddling of foreign and mercenary spies, has been upon the alert.

"Her steamers and vessels of war are known to be cruising upon the Gulf in search of our glorious band, yet thanks to the powers that be, here we are, escaped from perils and released from dangers.

"I tell you, my noble soldiers, success must perch upon our banner. The one-starred flag will soon float over the gloomy battlements of Moro's dismal dungeons, (loud cheers.) Cuba shall yet be free! and the blood gorged tyrants shall lick the dust, or run howling to their mountain caves, or seek for safety on board their tall masted, vessels, (cheers.)

"I need not, soldiers, utter one word to stimulate you to deeds of daring and hardy valor. The daring of American troops is a part of their nature and being, the world echoes it to the skies—the Lion of England has twice quailed, when the American Eagle stooped from her eyrie (great cheering).

"We may die perhaps, the future is in the womb of time, but there is no such word as fail, ('die first,' said the Lieutenant). Should the humble individual who now addresses you, fall beneath the sword of his foe, he asks but 'a soldier's grave and a soldier's tear!'

"In conclusion, permit me to urge upon you all, the necessity of most

rigid discipline, for in that consists our strength. Let it not be said that female virtue has been violated by one of my brave Louisianians—guard strictly the rights of property, (I've lost a plug of tobacco I notice, said a Punchified private, aside.)

“And now my brave boys, let us under command of our noble chieftain rush to the field of glory, pluck the besotted usurper from her Island pedestal.”

—“Our watchword shall be,
On to the battle! Let the Cubans be free!”

After this, whenever the men would become doubtful and discontented, a tall stuttering Louisiana Lieutenant would help to dispel their foreboding by his funny “hints.” He would say:—

“Ma-Ma-Men! you all recollect that but y-y-yesterday, Colonel Wheat told us, w-w-we sh-sh-sh-should soon ‘feed on gr-gr-green pastures by the side of still waters on the g-g-gem Re-Re-Republic of the ocean.’ I never knew Col. Wheat to *lie standing*, I th-th-therefore think we had b-b-better go down and see those pa-pa-pastures anyway, s-s-something may turn up green *down* there, if it is only a turtle.”

“And what if a Spanish war steamer should board us on our way to this delightful place?”

“Now wa wa-would’nt that be a commentary on th-th-these green pastures sh-sh-should they turn out to be but blue waters after all? For my part I should have an u-u-utter contempt for the su-su-substitute just now,” said the tall Lieutenant.

COL. BUNCH’S SPEECH.

It will be seen from the following that Col. Bunch could *talk* as brave as anybody:

“In a short time, my companions in arms, we will reach the land destined to be a scene of conflict. I conceive the present therefore, a fitting occasion to address to you a few observations. It is idle for me to say that I esteem it the greatest of all honors, to be the leader of as brave and determined a body of men, as ever assembled together in a good cause. In times past, Mississippi has become known to fame by the gallantry of her noble sons. Wherever the contest has waged the hottest, her offspring have been found. No tarnish rests upon her escutcheon, and to be the commander of her worthy lads, under any circumstances, is sufficient to swell the heart with gratitude and pride. I need not here repeat that every effort will be made on my part, to lead you on to glory and victory. Sooner would I die, than pluck one flower from the garland of honor and reputation, which has been woven by her Quitmans and Davises. [Cheers].

“We have much reason to congratulate ourselves, upon the favorable progress of our projects thus far. The distinguished warrior who heads our enterprise, has already secured our confidence and esteem, and if I may be permitted to gather your sentiments from my own, there is not one among us, that is not ready to pour out his heart’s blood in defence of a General,

whose prudence, and sagacity, and valor, are equally manifest. In addition to our reliance upon so exalted a chieftain, it is a subject of gratitude that we have been permitted to mature our plans, without interference from our own, or the government against which we are about to array ourselves.

“Everything is now prepared for our anticipated descent, and but a few short hours will elapse, before our ears will be greeted with hostile cannon.

“It is not for me to urge upon you, the necessity of stern valor. Bravery has ceased to be a merit with the American character; cowardice has become a fable, a chimera of the mind. Rather is it my duty to warn you, against reckless courage, that will not bow to discretion—there is more danger to be anticipated from wild displays of frantic valor. Let me be permitted to enforce upon you, a subserviency to the laws of strict discipline. Towering above the feelings of gratitude and friendship which this occasion is so eminently calculated to inspire, allow me for a moment, to assume the stern position of a military commander. Our duties will lead us into the heart of a densely populated country, and opportunities will not be wanting to stimulate to the baser passions of our nature, particularly in the dull hours of a soldier's leisure. I now declare that I will visit the extreme rigors of martial law upon the unfortunate man who will so forget his honor, and the moral character of the land of his nativity, as to violate fe-

male chastity. In this particular, my own views correspond with the orders of our commander-in-chief. Let it not be said my brave comrades, that your Colonel was forced to so cruel an alternative—that a Mississippian permitted his lust to outrun his valor and his honor. Nor less severe shall be the penalty upon such as infringe in the slightest degree upon the rights of property. We did not leave the protection of the stars and stripes, to revel in besotted madness, or to pursue a life of buccaneering. Ours is a higher, a nobler motive. We wend to a land of dire oppression, that we may aid a struggling people in their efforts to obtain a freedom, such as the God of Nature has destined to the whole human family. The painful information has reached me, that a few of our numbers have determined to withdraw from our glorious expedition. Use no efforts to detain them. By our side lays the Georgiana, fully competent to transport such to the United States.

Base, cowardly traitors, if there be any in my ranks, stand forth, that the ineffaceable mark of infamy may eat readily into your craven foreheads. Stand forth, I say. I will have no tainted knaves in the midst to pollute my valorous men. None? God be thanked, and I earnestly entreat your forgiveness for the suspicion.

“In conclusion, let us with lusty lungs raise cheers for our glorious chieftain.” [Great Cheering].

FUNERAL ORATION.

On the burial at sea of Capt. Logan and Quartermaster Sexias, Judge Smith, of Mississippi, delivered the following oration:

“FELLOW SOLDIERS.—The painful duty devolves upon me to consign to the deep the lifeless forms now lying stiff and stark before you. Forgive me my friends, should I betray emotions unusual to a soldier. I knew Logan well. In the halcyon days of childhood I knew him—in boyhood I loved him, and as years stole on apace, we became companions and friends in maturer years.

“Kentucky never boasted a nobler son. Descended from one of the earliest Judges of the State, he inherited his parent’s talents, and that devotion to right and fearlessness in its defence, that characterized the hardy pioneers of his native State. I never knew him to swerve one tittle from the path of rectitude.

“Last night when the death-sweat was upon him, he summoned to his side his esteemed friend, Capt. Allen, and poured into his ear a kind father’s behests for a far distant, but much beloved son. When his noble soul was about to extricate itself from its carnal casement, and wing its way to realms of bliss reserved for the brave, he forgot not his little son. When the cries of the oppressed Cubans reached our shores, he was the first to espouse her cause, and he has been among the first who has poured out his heart’s blood in her holy cause. A curse upon the

hand that slew him. A hecatomb of Spaniards would not make one Logan.

“Friend of Freedom, farewell.”

“And Sexias too! The wag, the life of our noble enterprise, where now are your songs, your flashes of wit, and your ever welcome jests. Alas! a watery grave is now your portion. Unscathed by the bullets of the serried Mexicans, you were doomed to fall while bearing the one-starred flag that shall yet float o’er Cuba—then shall the first martyr to the flag be remembered. A dependent mother will wail as she hears of the untimely fate of her darling boy. The glorious cause of human rights shall buoy aloft her broken heart to heaven.

“Forgive a soldier’s tears, I find a faithfull response in your unalloyed sorrow.”

LETTERS.

A great number of letters were written by the Liberators, and entrusted to the officers of the Geogiana at Contoy, when she was expected to return to the United States. They were all seized by the Spaniards on capturing that vessel. Some of them have been published, no doubt to the great edification of the Don’s. Here is one from a “one-armed Lieutenant Colonel” to his flame.

“Dearest—I am now on my way to Cuba; you will say this is because I am fond of the battle-field—but let me assure you once again that is a wrong imputation; I never was fond of fighting; I never, that I now re-

member, sought a difficulty with any one, but you know, and you have told me you like that trait in my character, I have never taken an insult from any one.

“But you will say, as you said when I went to Mexico, I need not have gone. It is true I need not have gone to Mexico; my country was then engaged in the war, and was able to have gotten out of it without my help; but she called for volunteers—I was young and vigorous—I offered my services—they were accepted—I lost an arm in defending her rights and national honor—I regret the loss of the arm, but glory in the cause in which it was lost.

“I have another left, that I am now going to peril for the liberation of the Cubans, and if it shall be my good fortune to aid in promoting the independence of Cuba with this right arm, I shall be fully rewarded, if on my return, after having wielded my sword in defence of the fair daughters of this beautiful isle, I am permitted to encircle your delicate waist with this same right arm, and call you my own, my own dearest——. You told me that you loved me, I knew it was true, your tell-tale eyes had told your secret before your lips made the confession. I told you that I was poor, without a name, and no prospect before me that justified my aspiring to call you mine. But, thank God, an opportunity has offered, which, should I be so fortunate as to survive, I shall have not only fame, but fortune; and the very day that Cuba is free, I shall

fly on the wings of love to the home of my dearest, and lay whatever of fortune or fame I may have acquired at your feet.

“I left home a captain—I am now a lieutenant colonel. But I am still true to promise; at sun-rise I think of you, and as oft as it sets beneath the western horizon, my thoughts wander back to Mississippi. Do you think of me then—yes I know you do, and it is pleasant to commune with thy spirit, though the broad blue Gulf separates us.

“I have ever worn your likeness next my heart, and if I fall, it shall be buried with me.

“Yours as ever, faithful and true,

“W. H. B.”

Here is another, from an ambitious and patriotic Kentucky Lieutenant to his mother:

“DEAR MOTHER.—When this reaches you, I shall perhaps be far away on the blue bosom of the Gulf of Mexico, or perchance I may be in Cuba, a prisoner in the Moro, a martyr at the stake, a criminal at the gallows, or a patriot on the field of glory. Start not, mother, at this announcement; you know the blood that my grandfather shed in the revolution hallowed the ground from which I have eaten bread; wonder not, then, that liberty is innate in the bosom of your wayward son.

“There is a people inhabiting the most lovely spot on earth; imagine a beautiful island, stretching its gorgeous length across the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, blessed with all that soil,

climate and scenery can give a country, and you have but a faint idea of the natural wealth or beauty of Cuba! You know, mother, I have been there, I therefore speak knowingly, when I say that the people who inhabit this lovely spot are the most degraded, downtrodden dagos on earth; but they have heard of the beauty, justice, liberty and fame of our glorious republic, and desire to have a government like it. They have sent their agents among us; they have told us the story of their wrongs and their oppressions, and have asked us to assist them in bursting asunder the bands of tyranny that bind them.

“Would you suppose your son would engage in such a work! Yes, mother, I know you will say, God be with you, my son; the blood of a McAfee or a Marshall, a McCormeck or a Morgan, a Crittenden or a Clark, a Desha or a Davis cannot be shed in a better or more glorious cause than that of spreading abroad human rights, and enlightening human reason.

“Mother, I may fall, but I shall never be taken! and if I should never return, rest assured that your son fell with his ‘face to the foe’ and his last shout was for liberty.”

GENERAL LOPEZ'S APPEAL TO THE
SPANISH ARMY.

Soldiers of the Spanish Army: Called by the inhabitants of this island to

place myself at the head of a great popular movement, which has for its only object political liberty and independence, and upheld in this great cause by the power of a great and generous people, I now come to these plazas at the head of warlike troops, determined to consummate so glorious an undertaking.

Soldiers! I know you endure both the despotism and the harshness of your chiefs; I know that, torn from your fire-sides, and from the arms of your fathers, sisters, brothers, and all that was dear, by the barbarous laws of conscription, you have been confined in this country, where, in place of mild treatment, which would at least, in a measure, soften your misery, you are treated like beasts, and in the midst of the most profound peace, you are subjected to all the fatigues and rigors of war.

Former companions in arms! you know me, and I also know you—I have seen you in a hundred battles; I know that you are brave, and that you deserve to recover the dignity of men; and to you I open the ranks of my army, and invite you to occupy within them a place among the champions of liberty. Thus will you be able to have rest and a good reward after the struggle, which will be short, is over, with the free return to your firesides, where the voice of family affection calls you.

Soldiers! between liberty and the continuence of your ignominious servitude, choose? But think well with your swords drawn, and sheath them

not until you have left assured the liberty of the whole country. Thus will you fill with esteem your former

General, the commander-in-chief of the liberating army of Cuba.

NARCISCO LOPEZ.

THE TEN DESERTERS

[The text in this section is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a list or a narrative of ten individuals, but the specific names and details are difficult to discern.]

THE TEN DESERTERS.

Mention has been made of ten men deserting from the Creole at Mugeris Island. One of them having got back, and met with the writer, has given the following account of their travels and fate.

It appears that a great number of those on the Creole had determined, at one time, to abandon the Expedition, on reaching Mugeris. Their officers, on the trip from New Orleans, had failed to arrange matters with any view to their comfort, or to conduct themselves in such manner as to inspire the men with confidence either in their capacity for leaders or the success of the attempt at revolution. Even the engineer of the boat had determined to go no further, through fear that the Creole would swamp with so great a number of men on board. All, however, were finally induced to return, except these ten. As the Creole went out, some of them for sport painted a death's-head and cross-bones on a neck handkerchief, and hoisted it on the beach. These men had very foolishly neglected to take with them any arms. With a musket each they might have "taken" the Island. But they only had one

or two bowie-knives, and the inhabitants there all carried a long knife beneath their shirts. They manifested decided hostility to the deserters, but were afraid to attack them, notwithstanding their numbers. The poor fellows soon began to suffer for hunger; nothing could induce the Mexicans to offer them the least assistance. One or two of them did manage to get a few *tortilloas* from a woman, for a few needles which they happened to have. They went off to one part of the Island, and kept strict guard every night, fearing an attack. The people on their part did the same. The fact was, they had no leader or unity among themselves, and therefore did not know what they could do to get along, or what was best for them to do. They remained in that position for seven days, during which time they would positively have starved, had they not been lucky enough to kill a huge turtle, that was made to do them, sometimes eating it raw, and sometimes making soup of it. When it was exhausted, they resorted to lizards, berries, and roots. Some of them wanted to go on the mainland; others had concluded to settle down

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on the Island, make friends with the inhabitants, and cultivate the soil, which was rich and bountiful the year round. Before either party had done anything, on the seventh day a war vessel of Yucatan came to Mugerres, and the officers seeing the piratical flag flying on the beach, took the whole party prisoners as pirates.

They were taken to the city of Campeche. On arriving there, they were compelled to remain twenty days at Quarantine, on an old hulk anchored five miles at sea. While there they were fed on sour oranges and *tartilloas*, which were brought to them daily—enough to make a tolerable meal for *one* man. One day they discovered a vessel come in displaying the “star spangled banner.” The poor wretches immediately shouted with joy, long and loud, and made all sorts of signals of distress. The vessel was the U. S. cutter *Flirt*, but her officers meanly refused to have anything to do with them.

On the expiration of the term at Quarantine, they were taken to Campeche. Thousands of the inhabitants assembled at the mole to gaze upon the “American Pirates,” as they were called. Inquiring for the American Consul, they were referred to a Don Francisco Maggregor. On finding that individual, he told them that he had at one time acted as Consul for the United States, but resigned two years ago, never having, however, received any answer to his letter of resignation. He could do nothing for them. But the boys thought he was only try-

ing to put them off with this story, and pursued him, declaring he *must* do something for them. He was the only man with whom they could talk, as he spoke English tolerably. Don Maggregor then had them arrested, and after being confined a few days in the guard house, they were brought before the Alcalde’s court. An awful array of judges, clerks, and interpreters were on hand. They were required to prove themselves American citizens. Their coats, and extra clothing, had all been seized by the government as lawful prey, in the pockets of which they found sundry papers—a certificate which one had received as a Police officer in New Orleans, some of General Lopez’s addresses, &c. These were found, and being considered “proof positive,” by the “periwig-pated” Alcalde’s, the party were set at large. General Lopez’s address to his army was translated and published in the paper at Campeche, with great laudations. I have no doubt the people there would have treated them much better had they not been *deserters* from the old General, of whom they have a high opinion. Campeche is a beautiful and rich walled city, of some twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants.

After being released, Don Maggregor manifested a disposition to help them a little. He gave them a room in his castle, which occupies one whole side of the grand plaza. He also drew up a subscription paper, which they carried around, and raised nearly fifty dollars—mostly from the Senori-

tas, who appeared to pity and sympathize with the "poor Americans" very much. During their stay of several weeks at Campeche, they grew very desperate, and became quite the terror of the city. Whenever any of them got a little drunk and noisy, they would frighten the barefooted guards into fits, and defy the entire police department, until the Campechians became about as anxious to get them away as they were to leave. Two or three of them sold themselves as soldiers to go and fight Indians; others started on an expedition to Merida, and but four remained at Campeche.

Three of these at length found an opportunity of getting to Sisal on a small vessel. There they found a gentleman named Walgari, an interpreter, who befriended them most generously. On arriving at Sisal, they took up quarters in an old shed, where they lay down to rest. While resting, a villainous jenny came up and devoured their whole stock of *tortilloas*, which were wrapped in a handkerchief. They arose, *en masse*, and

took signal vengeance on the animal. These proceedings were observed by Walgari, who happened to be standing opposite. He then came forward and spoke to them in good English, remarking—"Gentlemen, I see you have met with a loss." They then explained to him their situation, and like a human being fit to be called by the name of MAN, Walgari took them to a restaurant, and paid their board for several days. He told them he was not rich, but had a father-in-law who was. There were three American vessels in port. Three of the wanderers succeeded in shipping on them for the United States, the other remained. The one who has arrived at home took passage on a bark for Alexandria, *via* Havana. At Havana he was arrested and confined in Moro Castle three days, but was released after a sort of trial. He returned perfectly satisfied, from his own experience and the fate of the "Contoy Prisoners," that on all such expeditions the wisest and safest policy is to follow the flag and leader.

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