SPAIN'S PRISONERS

CUBANS RARELY LIVED LONG AFTER THEY WERE CAPTURED.

How Two Insurgent Made His Escape From Cabanas Resembled Morro Castle in Havana—His Experience That Reads Like a Chapter of Romance.

The American papers have frequently dwelt upon the barbarities practiced by the Spaniards upon their unfortunate captives in Cuba." said a member of the insurgent colony now in New York, "but with all their ability in bringing the cowardly and inhuman characteristics of the Spanish people to light some of their worst atrocities were never made known.

"As a general thing a Cuban did not live long enough after getting into their hands to experience much more than the short period of pain which attended the act of putting him out of existence. Occasionally, however, our enemies were completed, for one cause or another, to retain some of their insurgent captives in prison for varying lengths of time. The sufferings of those unfortunates who experienced the hospitality of a Spanish jailer made death appear to them as a welcome relief from all their miseries, no matter what its form.

"The citizens of this country have had an opportunity to judge of the treatment meted out to their prisoners by the Spaniards from the appearance of the few Cuban refugees who landed here last fall after having endured the horrors of incarceration in Havana's Morro.

"I know of just one case in which one of our men was caught by the Spaniards and made good his escape after having been lodged in a dungeon underneath Morro at the entrance to the harbor of Matanzas, on the eastern coast of the island. The story of his experiences reads like a chapter from one of Dumas' novels.

"Jose Marl was a Cuban by birth and spent all his early years on the island. He came to the United States when he was about 18 years old and attended one of the universities in this country. He had been graduated about three years and was settled in business in one of the towns in New York state at the outbreak of the insurrection. With many of his countrymen, Marl gave up his employment in this country and made his way with one of the best filibustering expeditions to assist his native country in obtaining her freedom.

"Marl joined the Garcia expedition, and was one of the few who accompanied that intrepid General on his perilous journey through the island to the headquarters of the newly organized Cuban army. After several months of fighting, Marl, who had endeared himself to his companions through his high spirits and philosophical way of taking the privations of their hard life, fell into the hands of the enemy one day. They were in ambush, and fell upon Marl's party before the insurgents had an opportunity to defend themselves.

"Of all the little band, Marl and one companion alone were alive when the firing was over. Marl's companion was mortally wounded, and the Spanish Lieutenant in command, who was better than most of his kind, mercifully allowed a pistol to fall within reach of his captive, who seized the weapon and killed himself.

"Marl was bound and placed in the centre of the Spanish forces. The soldiers piled him with insulting epithets but he was not badly treated on the whole, and by the time the place of his incarceration was reached he had begun to take quite a favorable view of the situation. His grounds for congratulation were of short duration, however, for any consideration which the soldiers had shown him was abundantly atoned for by the commandant of the citadel.

"Round as he was Marl was thrown down a flight of stone steps into what appeared to be a black hole. One of the turnkeys followed the prisoner down the steps in the ordinary manner and unlocked an antiquated iron door similar to those used in the prison keeps of the old-baronial castles in Europe. The turnkey seized Marl by the collar of his coat and dragged him into a fairly good sized room, with a narrow, heavily barred window, near one end.

"When left to himself, Marl turned over the various aspects of the situation in his mind, and decided that if he was going to save his life he would have to begin right away. Escape by the window was impossible, and the walls were of heavy masonry, through which Marl had no implements to force his way. Marl was left for two days without food, then merely received some cold rice.

"The keeper who brought the unpalatable food furnished the desperate man with the means of regaining his freedom, however, for Marl hurled himself upon the attendant, knocking him with his shackled hands, he beat him into insensibility.

"His captors had failed to shackle his feet, and Marl wasted a few valuable moments in attempting to loosen his hands.

"He finally found a key on the keeper's ring which fitted the manacles on his wrists, and arming himself with the attendant's revolver he made his way cautiously to the head of the stairs and there awaited an opportunity of making his escape. There were two pistol posted about the fortress enclosure, but Marl had no difficulty in eluding them, even in the daylight. He knew that his absence would soon be discovered and a search instituted through the surrounding country. He therefore hid during the rest of the day, and waited for night before attempting to rejoin our forces. You may be sure he was well received when he reached his friends."

The Boy Hero of Sevilla.

Among those who fell in the fierce fight near Sevilla, Cuba, was a New York City boy only sixteen years old, who had served in the United States Regular Army only since March last. In the circumstances that led to his joining the Army and meeting in consequence an early but heroic death there is a touch of pathetic romance. Frank Willinski was his true name, but he enlisted in the 1st United States Cavalry under the name of Jack Berlin. For several years he lived with his widowed mother and several brothers and sisters at No. 16 Pitt street, and was a pupil of Public School No. 34, in Broome street. Though only 16 years old, he was fully six feet feet tall, and looked at least three or four years more than his age. His mother is now living at Masapequa, Long Island, but from his sister, Mrs. Brunstein, who lives at No. 12 Pitt street, it was learned that he disappeared from home early in February last. Nothing was heard from him until April 22, when he wrote to his mother informing her of his enlistment. "I am a soldier in the United States Army," he wrote, "and am going to Cuba, where I expect to meet my death." He explained at the same time that while walking home with his sister one night either his pockets were picked or he lost the money, but believing that the excuse would not be accepted as true he hesitated to return to his mother.

"I could not pluck up courage enough," he wrote, "to go home that night, so waiting for Sunday night to come I crossed to Jersey City, where I caught a freight train for Philadelphia, thence to Chicago, suffering untold agonies. Traveling four days without food. I became desperate. Reaching Chicago, I found work for a day, amounting to $4 which I expended for clothing and food. On March 28, without food or money, I enlisted in the Army."

Subsequently he wrote frequently to his mother, who urged him to leave the Army. She threatened, in fact, to inform the authorities that he had enlisted under a wrong age and a false name, but he declared that if she did he would desert and would then probably be shot.

Male Felicity.

"Talking about the humanity of man and the felinity of woman," said the Independent Woman, "let me tell you a little story of a man and a cat. The story was told me by the wife of the man, who is a domesticated woman. It seems that the family cat, besides being of a sportive disposition, had more ingenuity than most cats, or understood better how to relieve the tedium of a domestic existence. This cat caught a mouse; being well-fed, her sporting instinct came into play, and she kept the mouse to amuse herself with. This is a feline custom, as you are aware, but where this cat showed superior mentality was in hitting upon a place to hide the mouse, thus protracting the amusement. She kept it in an old shoe in a storeroom. The man of the house discovered the proceeding, and was almost as much amused as the cat. Did he put a stop to it? No, indeed. For several days he fed both the cat and the mouse, after which the cat would take the mouse out for its daily exercise, to the delight of both conspirators. Then the man's wife found them out. She took the mouse away and let it go."—New York Post.

Cadiz an Ancient City.

The city of Cadiz, Spain, was founded about 1,000 years B. C., by the Phoenicians, who called it Gadir. It was later conquered by the Carthaginians. From [illegible] to the Romans in the year 206 B. C. The name of the city was then changed to Gades et Julia Gaditana. The remains of a temple of the Phoenician Hercules and some other edifices of the ancient city are still visible at low water. Cadiz was for some time a part of the dominion of the Goths, and in 711 it passed to the Arabs, who held it as a portion of the Khalifat of Cardova until 1262, when it was captured by the Christians.

In 1596 it was captured, pillaged and burned by the English. The booty secured by them was enormous. They destroyed thirteen ships of war, and forty treasure galleons, causing almost universal bankruptcy in Spain. Unsuccessful attacks on Cadiz were again made by the English in 1625 and 1667, and finally in 1702, at the time of the alliance between Spain and France.—New York Sun.

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

A COMPETITIVE SERMON BY A PROMINENT MINISTER.

"Silver Wings" the Subject—Lives of the Christian and the Unbeliever Contrasted—Scenes at the Deathbed of Napoleon and Voltaire Compared With Death of Paul.

TEXT: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—Psalms lxviii; 13.

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian serfdom. They made brick. Amid the utensils of the brick kiln there were also other utensils of cookery—the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food, and when these slaves, tired of the day's work lay down to rest, they lay down amid the implements of cookery and the implements of hard work. When they arose in the morning they found their garments covered with the clay and the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after awhile the Lord broke up that slavery, and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better pots, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David in my text come to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she has often seen, just before sundown, pigeons, doves, which had, during the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared, picking up the crumbs that they might find, just about the hour of sunset spread their wings and fly heavenward, entirely unsolled by the region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as these pigeons flew away the setting sun would shine upon their wings and gold on their breasts. So you see it was not a far-fetched simile or an unnatural comparison, when David, in my text, says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy, "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

I am going to preach something this morning which some of you do not believe, and that is that the greatest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in his bishopric of Durham that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his life warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac Newton, and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I have examined the subject, and you have not, and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never examined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it consists of something that will not work, something Pocksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

To enter the religious life is to put yourself in the pardon, the comfort, the companionship, the omnipotence of the Illustrious Christ, the Saviour of one world and the chief joy of another. The storm His frown; the sunlight His smile; the spring morning His breath; the earthquake the stamp of His foot; the thunder the whisper of His voice; the ocean a drop on the tip of His finger; heaven a sparkle on the bosom of His love; eternity the twinkling of His eye; the universe the flying dust of His chariot-wheels. Able to heal a heart-break, or hush a tempest, or pardon a soul, or dismantle immensity with His glory. What an uplifting thing to make such a Being our ally!

But how is it that a young man becomes a Christian? All through the gay circles where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say, "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth." Here is a young woman who becomes a Christian; the velos, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing-room. Now all through the social circle the whisper goes, "What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, that such a graceful girl should be crippled, that her gay, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharaoh make his own bricks. When David in my text come to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

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"Ah, my friends, it can be shown that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace; that religion, instead of being dark and doleful, and lachrymose, and repulsive, is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow gold.

See, in the first place, what religion will do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say he will laugh any louder; I do not say but that he may stand back from some forms of pleasure in which he once indulged, but there comes into his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man, not a Christian, depends upon social success to keep his spirits up. Now he is prosperered, now he has large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows well how to spend; everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes—there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone, he goes down, down. He becomes sour, morose, queer, misanthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything; rushes perhaps, to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble drowns his body and drowns his soul.

But there is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up? No. He throws himself back on the resources of his God. He says, "God is my Father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my good. All the promises are mine—Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole creation. What though my friends be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe. What though my health be gone? Christ is the chief joy of my soul, and my heaven is secure." Yes, and my health will be restored, and my friends will come back to me, and my money will come back to me, or I shall be content. I sit at the King's banquet."

You and I have found that the people who pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man carousing, reeling, tottering, cursing, swearing, and everything good, going into roystering drunkenness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, tearing the glasses from the marble counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor, shrieking, "I'm happy! I'm happy! I'm happy!" Yes, he is happy! Will he sleep? Will he sleep on a pillow? Will see him turn the gas off? I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as that pillow on which that pure young man sleeps. Ah, no, some one has taken the pillow out of his bed, some one has taken the quietness of his mind, some one has taken the peace of his soul, some one has taken the dance out of his heart, some one has taken the voices of conscience out of his ear, some one has taken the deep peace of God out of his soul. Let the bells ring in the opera house, let the dancers tread the floor, let the wine cup sparkle, let the music pour its sweet notes down the corridors of the opera house, let the people shout, let the dancers tread the floor, let the wine cup sparkle, let the music pour its sweet notes down the corridors of the opera house, but there is no peace in that young man who carousing, reeling, tottering, cursing, swearing, shrieking, "I'm happy! I'm happy! I'm happy!" Let the bells ring in the opera house