## THE PRISONER OF WAR.

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There is no need of apology for a high-sounding address in beginning this letter. When last I had the pleasure of sending a few hurried lines to the HERALD I was seated in one of the leaf-covered huts which made up the "residence of the Repub-Humble as my shelter was on that occasion it had one attraction which is never thoroughly erty. In the midst of the so-called "bandits and escaped negroes" my person and my profession were sacred, and I was as free as the circumstances would permit. Indeed, the only restraint of which I could complain was imposed by nature. On all sides the luxuriant forests tempted the enterprising spirit to wander amid tropical glories, but the amusement could only be enjoyed by those who had the benefit of a forest education and was therefore beyond my poor acquirements.

Although I had the seeling of liberty in its widest sense, the physical obstacles kept me in some sort a prisoner during my stay in Cuba Libre, but at east the moral atmosphere which I breathed was redulent of freedom. All that is now changed, and for the blue skies, and the ever changing shadows ing the trees, the soft forest twilights, and the gorgeous noonday glories, I must needs content myself with gazing on four white walls, and conle myself with an occasional glimpse of Heaven's vault caught through the bars of my cell window. This unpleasant transformation is due to the machinations of the wicked Spanish fairy who rules over these parts, and to the confiding simplicity of the HERALD Special Commissioner. In order to save my friends the trouble of discovering at once and plead with public opinion for parden. My fault was the fault of a generous, if somewhat heard—and I heard enough to make the hair stand on a timorous person's head, and to freeze the very currents of the heart-I trusted the Spanish authorities. Following the system I have universally adopted since my arrival in this country, I rebelieve the word of others, and wished to test every statement by my personal experience.

CONFIDING IN SPANISH CHIVALRY AND HONOR. When my intention to return to the Spanish lines was first announced to the insurgent leaders, salely in Jamaica, they looked at me in amazement. as one whom the gods had driven mad. "What, trust yourself in the hands of the Spaniards? they said; you will certainly be assassinated.' "That," I replied, "is exactly what people said in New York before I left, and yet no one has interfered with me during my stay in the island. I do not entertain the same opinion of the Spaniards that you do. If I did I would accept your offer and go to Jamaica, but as I do not I will return to the Spanish lines." This resolution of mine was received with a general shaking of heads, and until the moment I quit the Cuban forces forever the chiefs would run of summary extinction as soon as the Spaniards had me in their power. It is not every an that is fool enough to make experiments wit his own person, and whatever merit may be due to sublime folly of that nature I may fairly claim. Unfortunately for my own comfort I had read "Don Onixote." and it has been one of the illusions of my life that some tincture of the chivalry of that noble ass was handed down to the Spaniards of the present day. Sac-rificing prudence, common sense and the experience of those with whom I had come into contact to this pet theory. I left the Cuban encampments, and at the risk of my life penetrated the Spanish lines, arriving safely in the town of Manzanillo, and presenting myself to the British Consul without any one in town having the slightest idea of the presence of the HERALD correspondent.

THE PERILS OF THE OUTPOSTS. At this point let me pause to take breath. If a man always understood the full danger of his acts, how much some lives would be changed! It is quite true that I had a vague feeling that, if oner, I might be shot! But it was far from being a conviction. Some lurking belief in the tion, and I half pooh-poohed the shooting idea under any circumstances. It would be much more heroic to make the public believe that I felt assured that if taken by the outposts I would be shot; but it would not be true, and it is better to be on good terms with one's conscience than enjoy a hollow reputation for a valor which has no-existence. Trained in the liberal opinions of republican Enrope, I have an almost indestructible faith humanity, and it is almost impossible for me to believe in wanton barbarity, or that men will slaughter for the pleasure of slaying. Notwithstanding this generous faith. It is satisfactory to me that the Spanish outposts took no notice of strange looking man that walked by them in the open day, endeavoring to appear as unconcerned as possible, but whose heart, to use a popularism, was in his mouth, during a march of nearly three

DANGER OF BEING STOPPED AT EVERY YARD during that morning's walk, and on one occasion when I suddenly came on a soldier, who I think was on sentry, I felt myself disappear in my boots. Of course this was not at all heroic. The proper thing would have been to examine this new outrage, instead of killing me

my puise and find that it beat with wonderful regularity; but the truth is, it did not, Not that on ordinary occasions I would have been alraid of this soldier or of any other, for I am not at all willing to admit this; but after all my hardships I felt that to all on this last step would have been a bitter mistortune. However, the soldier took no notice of me, and I pretended to take none of him, and strode along until an infernal cur dog made a terocous demonstration of attacking me. This drew the attention of a number of mobilized volunteers on me, but fortunately one of them volunteers on me, but fortunately one of them called off the dog and I proceeded in peace. My next source of fright were the groups of worthless two-legged curs loading about the dram shops waiting for their "morning," and if I had possed a magnificent wand I would have turned them into London cab nags; but as this supernatural power was not mine I avoided as much as possible these groups, and after a series of zig-zags reached the harbor, where I had been informed the office of the British Vice Consul was situated.

THE SHADOW OF THE BRITISH FLAG.
Groups of Custom House officials were engaged verseeing the discharges of the two or three wharves, and as I passed by they looked at me in a lazy, sleepy kind of fashion, but without interfering with my progress or asking any questions. Not that they were very busy, fo it appeared to me that there were more official superintendents than there were workers. A few and I read the words of salvation, "British Vice sulate," with more pleasure than I ever read any announcement of the kind before.

THE BRITISH CONSUL AT MANZANILLO. Mr. William Lauten, the representative of th power and majesty of Great Britain, was in his office, and on my inquiring for the Consul, Kaiser William, informed me in English, but with a slight German accent, that he was that dignitary. Having explained to him l was travelling with a British pass-port and that I wanted my papers arranged to enable me to proceed to Havans, I handed him my passport and also my cedula, informing him that I was the special correspondent of the New York Herald and that I wished him to accompany me to the Governor of the town, to whom it was my intention "to present myself." Mr. Lauten replied that he tho there would be no difficulty; saying that he would should desire to see me we would afterwards go to see him together. With this understanding we quarters in the Caballo Blanco until noontime when the Hayana steamer would arrive.

REPLENISHING A DILAPIDATED WARDROBE As I had arrived from the maniqua without any thing that could stand in the place of a wardrobe and the clothes I wore bore patent evidence of my travels in Cuba Libre, my first care was to visit the various shops of the town in order to modify, as much as pessible, my costume, so as to look as much like the rest of the inhabitants as possible. A shirt collar at one place, a hat in another, and a few other trifles of this nature, combined with a barberising, succeeded in restoring me to the dead THE CABALLO BLANCO AT MANEANILLO.

I was congratulating myself on the transforma tion when I came in sight of the iamous "Caballo Blanco," which presented the appearance of one of those dirty dram shops which one meets with in the poorest quarters of French towns. There was a small bar and a very large billiard table, with a couple of greasy looking marble tables ocmuch past seven o'clock A. M. a number of Spanish officers were deeply occupied in their usual intellectual exercise of making the little ivory balls strike one against another. To see the joy spread over the faces of these bearded men at a more than usually lucky stroke, one would naturally doubt that persons who pass whole days in such innocent amusement could be capable of committing deliberate crimes against humanity. Such sportive joy appeared inconsistent with a would not be shown by a savage tribe in Africa. Encouraged by these delusive appearances the HERALD correspondent entered the Caballo Blanco with that confidence which is the sorrowful A ROMBSHELL IN A GROUP OF SPANISH OFFICIALS.

The effect of my appearance was electric. Every

eye was turned on the intruder in a flercely in

quisitive manner. The signs of good nature and

innocent contentment disappeared like magic, and I found myself the centre of observation of various groups of scowling pandowrs. Even the loved billiard balls were neglected for a moment and I was inspected with unpleasant minuteness. nerve than I lay claim to might well confess to a certain palpitation of the heart under the hostile gaze of those terrible Spaniards. It was impossible to retreat without exposing oneself to annihilation, so I advanced with what appearance of courage and indifference I could muster to a table which was unoccupied. Having knocked on the marble surface several times without eliciting any re sponse, I turned in the direction of the bar to see why no one was attending to me. The waiters were in a state of suspended animation in view of the terrible aspect of the Señores Officiales, and were absolutely afraid to approach me. It was evident that this would not do, so mustering the small amount of courage left me, I knocked again on the table vigorously and whistled for the waiter. Indignation overcame my natural timidity, and must have looked the impersonation of ferocity, for the waiter advanced in double quick time to do a little of the Bombastes Purioso. Half turning in the direction of a group of officers who man, with black beard and mustache, cut after the fashion of the Spanish muleteer, I looked as flercely as I could. This person appeared the very impersonation of "the terribly awful," and I con fess to a feeling of satisfaction that it was daylight met his withering glances. It is even now a matter of surprise that this terrible person did not cause my death from fright; but the fates would have i otherwise. As I looked at him steadily, and, I flatter myself, somewhat menacingly, this Don Whiskerandos turned white and green and I know not how many other colors. It was evident his ferocity was rising to the extinguishing point, and I was thinking of consulting my safety in flight when the portentous person of the British Vice

Consul loomed in sight. A VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR OF MANZANILLO. This diversion gave me a momentary relief, but it was of short duration. An invitation to take "the morning" was declined by the Consul, who informed me that the Governor was particularly anxious to see me. Don Whiskerandos was known to the Consul, and joined the party without any in vitation, accompanying us to the house of the Gov ernor, who was waiting to receive us. What a reception! Señor Don Aristides de Santalis, a lieutenant colonel in the army and temporary Gov ernor of the town, is a person above the medium beight, and not at all ferocious in aspect. On the contrary, being fair, with regular features, he might claim to be rather good-looking, if he were so inclined. On presenting myself to "Your name is James J. O'Kelly, a newspaper cor respondent," he said, in a tone of voice that left by authority. Having confessed that I was guilty of the name of O'Kelly and newspaper correspond entism, I added for the Governor's information that I had just arrived from the insurgent lines /campo

"THEN YOU SHALL GO TO THE PORT." replied the Spanish Aristides, drawing himself up to his full height and motioning with his hand in the direction of Gerona. The aspect of the Governer at this moment recalled my boyish notions of Jupiter commanding the gods, and will always be associated in my mind with the idea of the "grandly awful." It is wonderful how much human nature can bear. The scene in the "Caballo Bianco" had almost used up last shred of courage which I possessed, but

as it ought in mercy to have done, only gave me courage to suffer more. Indignant with this Manzanillan Jove, I told him it "was well," for which I hope to be forgiven, for it was one of the blackest lies I ever told in my life.

THE SEIZURE OF PRIVATE NOTE BOOKS AND LETTERS. No motive was assigned for my arrest, and as I had heard so much about summary executions the thought came to me that it would be well to secure the notes and note books which belonged to Mr. Bennett, by handing them over to the Vice Consul. The Governor insisted that they should be given to him. This I declined, and told him that he would have to take them by force. He assured me that force would be resorted to, and despatched Don Whiskerandos for assistance. Under these circumstances I gave up the note books, and all other papers I had with me, among them a letter of courtesy from Carlos Manuel Cespedes to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and another letter to the same gentleman from Sedor Fornaris y Cespedes, one of the Secretaries of the Cuban Congress. On reflection the Governor said the British Vice Consul could seal the papers, but that they would remain in the hands of the

Having descended to earth, "the grandly awful" proposed a drink, and, having no objection, both the Consul and myself consented smilingly. I requested the Consul to telegraph immediately to the British Consul General the facts arrest, and the Governor promised that it should be sent immediately, a promise which he Spanish officials do not pay the slightest heed to the representations of the consular agents, and only allow them to telegraph just what is agree able to the Spanish government, a man in my post tion has just the amount of advice and help from people in power have chosen to permit. Since my arrest not a single telegram has been allowed to eass unless it pleased the Governor, so that from the beginning I have abandoned any effort to make known the true state in which I am placed. This letter, though I have the right by law to communicate freely, may never reach its destination, even when every precaution will be taken to prevent it falling into the hands of the authorities. The forms of law to which I have been subjected are mere formalities, and my fate is as absolutely in the hands of the Captain General as if he disposed of me arbitrarily. But I am antic-FROM PRIENDLY DRINKS TO AN UNFRIENDLY DUN-

As soon as the formality of sealing up my papers had been gone through, and the drinks ordered by the Governor had been disposed of, I was conducted by Don Whiskerandos and another officer of the army to my present place of abode. On inquiry I found that Don Whiskerandos was captain of the plaza, a kind of official combining the duties of policeman and aide-de-camp. After this person's conduct in the "Cabalio Blanco," it is needles to say that there were very fine compliments exchanged on the way to the fort. There are never nany people in the streets of a Spanish town, but the few scattered groups on the principal square through which we passed, and the inhabitants on the line of murch, were evidently very much interested in the latest Spanish capture. Most of the inhabitants of Cuban origin being connected with

the insurgents, by blood as well as by sympathy, naturally feel an interest in all prisoners, which they are very careful not to manifest too openly, for reasons best known to themselves. It is not to be wondered at that my person was scanned from many a window, and that eagerly every one who encountered us did me the honor to stare at me as though I were a new specimen being conducted to a museum. It is trying for a bashful man to be stared at so unceremoniously, but somehow I went through the ordeal success fully. In all probability unconsciously, I felt my vanity flattered at the unusual attention, the more so as a large part of the offenders were ladies. FORT GERONA AND ITS ACCOMMODATIONS. Fort Gerona is an insignificant building in a com-

. It contains a governor, who is an officer in the artillery corps. and some ten artilleryof infantry, which is changed every day. In this country the fort is a place of importance, but some of our tolks would be inclined to laugh at the idea of calling such a place as this a fort. On my arrival I was handed over to the Governor, and accommodated with a share of the When I had time to look around, I found that I had for companions another of the human species and several rabbits. The stench of the place was horrible. A sorrowful impression immediately took possession of my mind that in case I escaped death from asphxyia I would cerviction was so strong that I was debating with myself the advisability of making my will, but a little reflection showed me that it was not worth the

AN IMPRISONED GENIUS. Turning my attention to my companion in captivity I found that he was worth while studying. It would have been difficult at the first glance to decide his nationality or vocation. He was of the mongrel kind-a mixture of a navvy and an organgrinder. The head Italian, the paunch decidedly of the biped kind. When I fixed my attention on him he was seated on the wooden banquette before settle-bed, was the only piece of furniture in the cell. While I was still trying to make out what manner of man he might be, and what the chances were of his cutting my throat during the night, if he were so advised, he suddenly began to telegraph in a most energetic style. My curiosity being aroused. I approached him, and asked if he were learning to be a telegraphist. He replied that he was. The ice was now broken, and he showed me an ingenious telegraphing machine which he had constructed out of sundry pieces of zinc, brass and wood. It worked admirably, and my fellowprisoner took immense delight in displaying his dexterity as a telegraphist, as well as the effective ness of his machine, of which he was naturally very proud. I found that he was a soldier of the sanitary corps, and had been in prison more than six months on the charge of having committed a forgery. No doubt, in the minds of intelligent Spanish officers, the companionship seemed quite appropriate. Indeed, it is not certain that they did not think a lorger too good an associate for a newspaper correspondent.

THE SWASHBUCKLERS IN SPANISH UNIFORM. These "illustrious" swords, as Castelar ironically calls them, hate nothing so much as a newspaper, except the writers, and would willingly employ their "illustrious" blades in wiping the editoria class out of existence. The sense of their importance only seems to aggravate them, for they feel that the wounds of a pen are incurable. These men, whose swords are for auction, hate corre spondents and editors the more intensely because erless against the force of an idea. Before 1 had crossed the Spanish lines, and while they imagined that I did not understand value of their "illustrious" swords, these men protested a love and reverence for press, and a desire for light on this Cuban question, which might have persuaded a that they imagine I am the repository of the secre history of these Cuban campaigns, about which we have heard so much exaggeration and bombast on both sides, they would willingly quench the light with my blood. There are exceptions, honorable exceptions; but the hatred of the light is pretty general. One fellow, who disgraces a soldier's uniform, told me that he thought I was much worse than an insurgent chief, the logical conclusion being that I ought to be treated accordingly. However, it is very fortunate for me that there are other considerations to be taken into account as well as the wishes and passions of the "illustrious" swords and their jackals, the volunteers.

FUTILITY OF AN ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS INFORMA-TION.

Whether or not the force of the public opinion of the world will be strong enough to release me from my prison I know not; but I am certain that all the illustrious swords of Spain cannot keep secret one tota of the true condition of Cuba as known to

your special correspondent. The data which ought now to be in possession of the Herald se-cures the interest of truth, even should your correspondent be doomed to eternal stience.

FIRST DAYS OF CAPTIVITY. Shut off from communication with my friends for assuring. No notice was given me that the tele gram of the Vice Consul had been detained, and the failure to receive a reply from any quarter in creased my anxiety as to the measures the author ties were prepared to take in my regard. Having ventured to dely public opinion by arresting me there was no longer any security that they would not go farther to justify their first step. It would be difficult to convey to the minds of people accustomed to the public administration of justice, and enjoying numberless safe guards against the abuse of power, even a faint idea of the mental suffering to which one who finds himself in the hands of men practically irre sponsible may be exposed. All confidence in the loyalty and chivairy of Spanish officials had been vaporated by the treatment to which I was subjected at the time of my arrest and by the aspect of the men with whom I had come into contact. The extreme precautions taken by the authorities lest I should escape also had the effect of convincing me that my case was serious. This conveys but a meagre notion of my feelings to those who are unac-quainted with Cuba and the manner in which a war of mutual vengeance is waged.

THE CHEAPNESS OF HUMAN LIFE IN CUBA. Here life is no more considered than if it were thing of no value, and under the pretence of fulfilling the law the most revolting severity is pracin any way mixed up with the mutual slaughter that goes on here unceasingly, but the same right which justified my arrest would easily excuse my assassination. Once a man is dead it is easy to invent motives to justify his death, and what I had seen of Consular representation left me but little faith either in its efficacy or its disinterestedness. Had I been shot at the outposts even possible that no one would have heard of my death and I would have been fashion, "In such a point a man fit to bear arms was killed by the troops." That, in all probability, would have been the elegy of your special corre spondent. Knowing this, it is not surprising that the first days of my prison life were days of suffering and of terrible anxiety. It is a theory of mine that most men die bravely when death is inevitable, but the bravest man will shrink from an obscure and unhenored grave when no principle is involved in his dying. To fall a victim to

THE SAVAGE PASSIONS OF BRUTAL SOLDIERS, with the certainty that one's death will pass unne ticed and unavenged, is the saddest fate that can present itself to the imagination of a human being It may be thought that these fears were exagger ated. All that I can say is that those who think so ought to visit Cuba and mix among all classes, as I have done; perhaps they would then find thos iears very natural. If the public are disappointed that a Herald correspondent should "be subject to fear" it is their fault, not mine. When I was sent to this island it was not to be heroic, but simply to discharge the duties of newspaper correspondent, examine into the and political state of the counsocial try, and afterwards make report on the subject as my poor abilities would allow. So far as the mission has depended on me it has been completed, or rather it would now have been completed if the Spanish authorities in lodge me in this infernal fort, instead of permiting me, like sensible people, to go my way in this island as the country of croque-mitaines, and here in my own person is an exceedingly appropriate illustration of the truth of that state ment. In real life a very inoffensive and unimportant person, by the influence of the peculiar Cuban atmosphere my shadow has been cast in the eye of authority immense and terrible. It is reasonable to suppose that the Spanish government saw some danger in allowing me to go at liberty, or they would not have arrested me; but their calculations are certainly very perverse, for if I have the wish to injure them I can work with ten times the effect in prison that I could being at liberty. However, as the profession of a frondeur, or propagandist, is not at all to my taste, I prefer abandoning all the advantages of political imprisonment for the more solid, if less brilliant, enjoyments of that editorial chair, about whose existence some of my critics pretend to be

SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY OF SPANISH OFFICIALS. Cuba, seem determined to force well-disposed neutrais into a position of hostility. When on my arrival in this country, in order to prevent misconception of the motives of my voyage, I professed a love for old Spain, I stated only what every one who knows me knows to be true but now, when a contrary confession is decidedly more dangerous than it would have been in the beginning, I must say that my opinions and my feelings have undergone considerable modification. The more that is seen of Spanish government the less one likes it. My experience has been sufficient to disenchant me of many ab surd prepossessions in its favor. Under the pretence of fulfilling the law since my arrest I l been mystified and terrorised in a way that, for the sake of common humanity, I hope would be impossible in any other country pretending to be

civilized.

A BRIEF CHANGE IN JAILERS. On my third day in prison there was an encour ter with the insurgents somewhere in the neighborhood. This news was withheld from me by order, but leaked out bit by bit. My first observation that something unusual had happened founded on the temporary withdrawal of the regular soldiers from the lort, which was occupied or one day by the volunteers. These gentry did not fall to mark their little friendship for me in feelings. It was, therefore, with something like relief that I saw myself again under the guardianship of the regular soldiers, who, having buried their dead comrades, came back to town to await their turn to be slaughtered by the bullet or wasted by disease. It is impossible not feel sympathy for these poor dupes, who bleed and suffer for the exaggerated ambition of others. In the main they are good-hearted, simple and stupid, wonderfully obedient and passably many men whom nature intended only for mindin sheep should have the pretention to don a soldier's uniform, in which they appear as much out of place as would an ass in a lion's hide. But huma nature is full of contradictions, and those people for the most part, while liking the soldier's lothes, dislike infinitely the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life.

A MODERN COURT OF INQUISITION. I had scarcely been reassured for my immediate safety by the return of the regular troops when an incident occurred that threw me again into the greatest uncertainty as to my proba-ble fate. On the evening of the fourth day of my incarceration I was preparing to seek forgetfulness of my troubles in sleet when the cell door suddenly opened and the cor porsi of the guard ordered me, in a peremptory tone, "to pass this way." I was already in dishabille, but, notwithstanding, I obeyed the order of the corporal. On reaching the door I perceived that there were a number of officers waiting outside, and not wishing to appear bare headed before these gentry I returned to my cell to seek my hat was then conducted into a small room adjacent to the one I occupied, where found three officers in full uniform and a civiliar waiting to receive me. It was already dark, and the room was lighted by a small lamp placed on the table before one of the billcers, who appeared to perform the duties of a secretary. There was something spiritual in the uncertain glimmering of that lamp. The assistants were half in shadow and the scene full of mystery and gloom. The effect on my imagination was terrific; all the stories of secret murders and assessinations that

I had heard from the moment of my arrival in Cuba rushed into my mind, and I saw myself A VICTIM TO THE VENGEANCE AND HATRED OF THE

A few days before I had learned practically what men mean when they talk of military law and military justice, and certainly the prospect of being would be difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to give anything like an idea of the leelings of the ments in which I found myself so suddenly and unexpectedly before a court martial. A small wiry man, nervous in expression and movement sharp in feature and evidently possessing more than the average intelligence of Spanish officers, andressed me in Spanish, informing me that he was the fiscal appointed by the Captain General to examine me as to the causes of my arrest, and that the other persons present were the secre tary and two interpreters appointed to assist me. This was repeated, for form's sake, by one of the interpreters, in English. In the meantime I had leisure to examine the "court" with more attention. The fiscal wore the uniform of a major, and his quick, impatient action and habit of speaking as well as his close cropped, iron gray hair, gave him more the appearance of a Frenchman than of a Spaniard. Neither of the interpreters spoke Eng lish very fluently, or understood it very profoundly, although the civilian, whom I afterwards learned wa

THE ALCALDE OF MANZANILLO, United States. This person deserves more than a passing notice. Much above the ordinary size, he belongs to that class of giants who devote their im mense physical strength to the useful employment of selling ribbons, pins and matters of that nature. His whole person conveyed an idea of the nobility of soul naturally associated with his elevated pur suit. He had been prosperous in life—that was in evidence—and if things continue in the same road for many years he may hope one day to rival the celebrated Daniel Lambert. Such is the advantage of a quiet, if not a very clear, conscience. Over a fat round face of unusual pallor plays a constant angelic smile, typical of innocence and goodness of heart. Notwithstanding these personal advantages this good man fell under the suspicion of the authorities as not having been able to resist the temptation to turn an honest penny by selling supplies to the insurgents at a good profit. His connections were suspicious, although Old Spain had the honor of giving birth to this prosperous and simpering Alcalde. Somehow the suspicions never went to proof, and, as is usual in this changeable clime, the suspected rebel of one day became the devoted patriot of the next. It appeared to this worthy that my arrest offered an easy and safe way of exhibiting his devotion to the Spanish cause, and during my various examinations before the Piscal, he, on all occasions, endeavored to give the most unfavorable interpretations to what I said in order to prove his patriotism. As soon as this smiling personage had concluded speaking

REFUSAL OF THE PRISONER TO PLEAD. I informed the Fiscal that I refused to take any part in the proceedings until my Consul was pres-This objection seemed to take them what by surprise, but it was admitted, the Fiscal informing me that I could not claim the presence of my Consul as a right, but that in order to give me more confidence in the good faith of the tribu nal he would notify the Consul to be present in the morning. I confess that I felt relieved when the session came to an end. The impression made on my mind by the whole proceeding was most unfavorable. All the guarantees that we are accus tomed to look for in a court of law were absent. Confined in a fort, surrounded by soldiers, no witnesses allowed to be present, the refusal of liberty of speech, the semi-gloom of the room and the secresy of the proceedings, all tended to recall memories of the barbarous ages. It would have been easy to imagine oneself before the judges of the Inquisition—there was only need to intro-duce the rack and to change the uniform of the soldier for the frock of the priest. I am not satisfied but that there were not more guarantees for the life and liberty of an accused man in the courts of the Inquisition than are afforded by the military courts martial of the nineteenth century.

BE-ASSEMBLING OF THE SECRET COURT. Next morning the Court assembled early, Mr. Lauten, the Vice Consul, being present. After the form of opening the Court I was asked my name, country, age and religion. To this series of ques tions I replied by asking who were the persons that made the inquiry. This information hav ing been given I asked whether the tribunal was military or civil in its character. The Fiscal an. swered that it was military. I then, in the pres ence of the British Vice Consul, retused, as the subject of an independent State, to ac-Some bodies politic are wise enough to desire ardently the conversion of enemies into friends, but the military oligarchy that, unfortunately for short speech which I denly stopped by the Fiscal, who informed me that was to answer categorically his questions, and not to enter into any inconvenient discussions He then read for me a portion of some regulation in which he warned me that my conduct would be prejudicial in case I continued to

DENY THE AUTHORITY OF THE COURT. Notwithstanding this warning I persisted in my refusal, and, after a number of formalities, the Court adjourned. One advantage derived from these legal proceedings was the removal o absolute prohibitions to communicate with the outer world. Permission was given to renew my wardrobe, which was sadly in need of being renewed. In these circumstances I have to thank Mr. Lanten, the British Vice Consul, for the prompt and generous way in which he placed his services and funds at my disposition. With clean underclothing came other reforms scarcely less desirable. My ingenious triend and the rabbit were removed, and the air of my cell had become more purified, or else I had become more used to it. Since then, however, the telegraphist has been sent back, and the result is that I am not for an instant, day or night, free from the most minut supervision.

A NIGHT OF EXCITEMENT. The night of my refusal to acknowledge the milltary court I was alarmed by the frightful noise made by the soldiers after I went to bed. Truly ught came to me that my last hour had arrived, and in order to receive the expected not fication of my execution with becoming dignity got up and dressed myself. The tramp of soldiers the rattle of grounding arms and the clanging o swords on the paved court continued for a long time, during which I suffered the most terrible and pense. No reply had come to my telegrams or let ters, though five days had passed, and I felt assured that if the news of my arrest had been communicated to the British Consul General or the representative of the Herald in Havana that I would not have been left without some word. It was only natural that my first fears should return with renewed force. The temptation to go to the door to learn the cause of the unusual movement was very great; but as I was unwilling to give to my jailers the satisfaction of witnessing my anxiety I lay down on the bed to wait the result. There the idea cating with my friends, slaughtered like a sheep without the power or the means of resistance caused me to pass hours of bitter anguish. How cursed my foolish confidence in the honor and faith of Spanish officials! I would have given all I pos-

A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE SPANISH OUTPOSTS WITH A RIPLE IN MY HANDS. This, I admit, was not heroic, but it was human, and though I risk destroying whatever reputation for valor I may have acquired, it is more h to my mind to speak the truth than to build up a false reputation, which in after life would be to me a source of constant self-reproach. One of the least pleasurable subjects of reflection is a military execution, when one has reason to fear that he may be the central figure in the toat presents itself to the mind. Next to being shot the least enjoyable thing that I know is to imagine that one may be subject for target practice; but this is one of those truths that can only be known to a select few who have the distinction to pass through the experience and survive it. Still, when one finds himself exposed to this risk, although it is an unpleasant subject-or, rather, because it is so-

the mind of the unfortunate obstinately centres in all the details of the scene, which is presented to the imagination with terrible distinctness.

A SHORT SHRIPT IN CUBA LIBRE. In my case this tendency was aggravated by re-cent events. Among the insurgents was a prisoner whose only crime, so far as I know, was that of being a Spanish soldier or officer. He had been placed on trial before a court martial, and I had seen him conductpoint on my way to take a bath in a river close by. Haif an hour later, leaving the bath, I was startled by the report of frearms, which was followed by the heart-rending shricks of women. For a moment I thought the camp had been surprised; but as the firing ceased with the one volley, those who were bathing with me informed me that in all probability the court martial had sentenced the prisoner to death and he had been immediately executed. The shock of that event had beer severe. It was not the first death by bullets among the insurgents during my stay with them, but it was the one that made me feel most keenly the terrible state of society into which I had been thrown. All my previous ideas of the sanctity of life and the protection of the law were annihilated, and I had come to recognize that force was the only law which could impose respect for right or life in this Island of Cuba. With these impressions fresh and vivid in my mind it is scarcely surprising that I fell asleep wondering why men who are shot fall forward, and if I should furnish an exception to this general rule.

A SUSPENSION OF PROCEEDINGS. Next morning, having somewhat recovered from the depression of spirits in which I had been for some days, I wrote a letter to the Vice Consul, asking him to see the Piscal and request him to suspend further proceedings until a reply came to a telegram which I desired to be sent to Mr. Dunlop, the British Consul General in Cuba. requesting him to obtain my removal to Havana for trial. The Fiscal sent me back word that he would await the reply, and nothing was done till next day, when the Court reassembled, although no reply had been received to my telegram. Even now there is no certainty that this telegram has been delivered, as no acknowledgment of its receipt has come either by telegraph or by mail.

VIOLATING THE HERALD CORRESPONDENCE. On the reassembling of the Court on the 6th of April I was surprised to find that Mr. Lauten, the British Vice Consul, appeared as witness in the case. I wished to protest, but was ordered to remain silent, and the Fiscal further forbade any communication between me and the representative of my Government. The Vice Consul, under protest then recognized the packet of papers which I had delivered to him as my property, and the Fiscal in a theatrical fashion broke the cover, saying that it the English government protested that he, as judge, would assume the responsibility of his act. It was difficult to refrain from laughing at the figure cut by this official while, like a modern Ajax, he was defying the British thunder. In the packet were found three note books, filled with notes concerning the three note books, filled with notes concerning the state of Cuba, books and notes being the property of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. A letter from Carles Manuel Cespedes and one from Fornuris y Cespedes, one of the secretaries of the Cuban Camara, addressed to Mr. Bennett, a list of women and children whom the insurgents alleged to have been killed by the Spaniards in cold blood, and some numportant private papers, made up the contents of the packet. As it was necessary to have the notes translated into Spanish in order to prepare the charges against me, the Court adjourned, and I was left in peace to ruminate over the beauties of Spanish justice.

NEWS FROM FRIENDS AT LAST.

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NEWS FROM FRIENDS AT LAST.

The first answer to any of my communications came from the Consulate at Santiago de Cuba, where the news of my arrest had been received five days after the first telegram. This is a sample of the freedom of communication that has been permitted me, and the ideas of justice and fair play entertained by the people in whose hands I have so confidingly placed myself. Had I been less credulous, or more so, I would have taken the advice of the Cubans and proceeded to Jamaics. However, regrets are useless. Besides there is a little secret history attached to the circumstance which decided me not to place myself entirely in the hands of the insurgents. It appears very strange that communications which I sent by special agents have never reached the Healald, for as I have heard nothing of them, I assume that they never reached. This circumstance strikes me as very snapicious, because the messengers were thoroughly reliable, and if the communications in question have not arrived they must have been stopped by interested parties. At present I am completely in the dark, but as soon as Mr. Price arrives I will know better what to think about the apparent miscarriage. There are a great many things which I have to say that I cannot say now lest my reasons for saying them should be misunderstood. In one of my first letters the belief was expressed that it was almost impossible to write the whole truth without offending both parties, and I am now more than ever convinced that to write about this Cuban question one requires to be absolutely free from even the suspicion of being influenced by either side.

A RROGHT TO PREJURY.

On the 8th of April I was again brought out of

formalities.

RECOGNITION OF THE SPANISH TRIBUNAL.

This incident, however, had considerable influence in determining me to recognize the mill. tary court, in order to hasten the proceedings. The conviction was forced upon me that I was completely in the power of the authorities, because if they could find a person willing to swear that I had been in a point where I never set my foot, it was evident they could find others willing to swear that whatever they thought pleasing to the authorities. Under such a system no man's life could be considered safe, and I thought the best thing to be done was to have the matter settled before too many aspirants to the distinction of perjury could have time to present themselves. I, therefore, made a pretty general statement, admitting that, as the Herrald correspondent,

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I HAD ENTERED THE INSURGENT LINES,
visited the camp of Calixto Garcia, Modesto Diaz,
and other chiefs, as well as "the residence of the republic, and its occupant, Carlos Manuel Cespedes." Since then I have enjoyed more liberty of a relative kind, and am to a certain extent free of pretty analysis.

pedes." Since then I have enjoyed more liberty of a relative kind, and am to a certain extent iree of petty annoyances.

PROSPECT OF A PROTRACTED IMPRISONMENT.

It has been hinted to me that the papers in my case will leave by the steamer to-day, and when the authorities in Havana have perused them, they will decide what disposition will be made in my case. From this it is evident that I shall be here for many days yet. Unfortunately the position is not favorable for writing, and for reasons easy to conjecture, I do not make much use of my pen. This morning, however, it struck me that it would be a good idea to try what was the value of the freedom of communication which the law secures me, as far as the statues can secure anything. As to my future I have no idea what the people in power think of doing with me. No word has come from the British Consul General that would enable me to form an opinion on the matter, which is to me of the utmost importance. Some four or five days must elapso before the Captain General can decide on his course of action, and if no help comes from Madrid before then I may look forward to the continuance of an imprisonment which is for me most irritating and inconvenient. In the letters and telegrams ent from here the necessity of settling the matter in Madrid has been constantly insisted on, and unless the republican government is as stupid as the authorities here the affair ought now to have been arranged, if my communications are allowed up pass.