

SPANISH DUNGEONS

Two Startling Chapters of Experience in Cuban Prisons.

FILTH, DECAY AND AROGANCE.

Messrs. Price and O'Kelly Describe Their Jails and Jailers.

"THE POETRY OF DIRT."

Don Quixote in the New World as a Tyrannous Turnkey.

REFINEMENTS OF INDIGNITY.

From Gerona to the Morro, Thence to the Cabana--The "Carcel Nacional."

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A FRIENDLY FACE IN THE GLOOM.

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FIFTY CENTS FOR INCENSE.

The Chivalrous Spanish Government and a Steerage Passage.

MR. PRICE RELEASED YESTERDAY

MR. PRICE'S STORY OF HIS DUNGEONS.

SEARCH THE HOUSE AND ARREST ME.

"SUPERIOR AUTHORITY" IN CUBA

THE TYRANT WHO COMMANDS THEM

THE WILDEST RUMORS WERE AFLOAT

AN EXPENSIVE HOTEL.

A FORTUNATE MEETING.

BEFORE ARRIVAL AT THE PRISON, HOWEVER, I WAS

fortunate enough to meet Mr. J. A. Springer, the United States Consul Clerk, whom I had sent for, and, informing him that I was arrested without any charge being made or any cause assigned, I begged him to report the occurrence at once to Consul General Torbert and have him inquire immediately into the affair, which I supposed to be an error on the part of the authorities, as I was fully convinced that I had not knowingly infringed any of the laws of the country. Mr. Springer PROMISED ME HIS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION and to take all possible interest in my affairs. Leaving him to do this we continued on our way to the "carcel."

Upon arrival here I was delivered over to the alcalde or keeper. He immediately called one of his assistants, a gruff, uncouth and dirty rascal, who proceeded to search me, taking away from me all I had on me--money, papers, &c. As the fellow commenced to feel all over my body, running his dirty hands up and down my arms and legs to see if I had anything concealed in my sleeves or on my body, and to put his hands into my pockets, I remonstrated, telling him I would give up whatever I had upon me, at the same time putting my own hands into my pockets. With A TERRIBLE, OBSCENE OATH the ruffian struck my hands aside saying, "Nothing belonging to you is going to stick to my fingers," and proceeded with his work.

After this scene, so revolting to my feelings, I was furnished with a receipt for the money taken from me, and informed at the same time I could have whatever I wanted of it, as occasion offered, in small sums. I then had to follow my jailer up a long gallery which contained a number of cells occupied by criminals. Into the last one of the row I was pushed, for upon viewing it I involuntarily shrank back from entering. Upon looking around I found it about sixteen feet long by eight wide, very low and without any ventilation, bare of anything like furniture and not even a stool to sit on, and containing only a wooden tub, the odor from which was not of roses, and can be better imagined than described. I asked my jailer to furnish me with a chair. He said he had none; but I promised him \$1 for the loan of something to sit on, as I was very tired. He soon returned with a leather-bottomed chair. The grated iron door was locked upon me and I found myself in solitary confinement, or, as the Spaniards peculiarly term this condition of cutting one off from mankind, "INCOMUNICADO."

The horrors of which I was soon to experience, but which at that particular juncture I could not realize. Left to myself, and after the echoes of my jailer's footsteps had died away, I sank, exhausted and stifled by the close atmosphere, upon my chair. My brain was in a whirl from the unexpected scenes I had just gone through, and I racked it in vain to discover some clue to my imprisonment. All seemed to me to be a dream, and I could not even divine any earthly reason for such an unwarranted seizure of my person. What crime could I possibly have committed against Spain, unknown to myself? Neither did my conscience or any act of mine accuse me of anything. Was it because I am the correspondent of the New York HERALD? That idea remained a few minutes, but I refused to entertain it, as I had served the HERALD in that capacity during the reigns of Rodas, Valmaseda and Ceballos and

ALL THE OTHER ROYAL AD INTERIMS, and it could not be possible that a republican Captain General like Peltain would be less tolerant than his monarchical predecessors.

A FALSE HOPE. In the midst of my speculations I was interrupted by the return of the turnkey, who informed me that the officer who had brought me had returned to take me away. My spirits rose at the idea that the authorities had so soon recognized their error and that my imprisonment was in reality only the duration of a dream. But my own conviction of innocence betrayed me into this candor, as I soon discovered that the officer, under a misunderstanding, had taken me to the Carcel Nacional, and his orders were to take me to the fortress La Cabana. When this knowledge was politely imparted to the turnkey, the color of my cheeks again fell. I saw I was only to be taken to a still greater distance from my family and friends, and the knowledge that I was to be incarcerated in a military prison showed me that the government considered

MY ARREST AN IMPORTANT ONE, although I understood that a fortress is considered more "respectable" than a common Carcel Nacional. In a boat I was taken across the bay to the fortress and calaboose No. 50 assigned to me.

This was not shutting a naughty newspaper correspondent in a closet, for casemate No. 50 is long and large, with a low, vaulted ceiling and two grated windows. A kind-hearted sergeant furnished me with a cot bed and a chair, and I was again left to my reflections, this time more bitter than before, for my arrest seemed finally to have been no mere mistake, but a deliberate outrage. My door was locked, and the strictest orders to allow one to approach my windows, nor allow me to speak to any one.

The horrors of being incomunicado can only be realized by those who have endured this inquisitorial torture. No galley slave, no convict is so wretched as the immolated incomunicado.

It appears to me A GNAWING IMPRISONMENT. Debarred from acquiring advice from my consul and my friends, I was entirely unable to fathom the cause of this mysterious proceeding on the part of the authorities. With the irresponsible power of those in immediate command they continually applied toward me the tortures of petty annoyances, insolence, insults, needless humiliation and the most unreasonable refusals. One would be better off among the cobras or wolves and ask pity from wild beasts than to be a prisoner, innocent of any crime, incarcerated in a fort, without knowing the cause and deprived of every means of communication with the outside world. But it is useless to enter into the details of my sufferings during

THE SIX LONG DAYS. I was cut off from the world and my friends and specify them one by one. Most certainly there is a great deal of injustice combined with ignorance and stupidity in the manner arrested persons are treated in this fortress. The Governor of La Cabana, Brigadier Velasco, cannot understand that a prisoner is a human being, flesh and blood as he is, and accustomed to the decencies of civilization. Among the officers some are gentlemen and humane and inclined, but all stand in such terrible awe and terror of

THE TYRANT WHO COMMANDS THEM that harshness is the order of the day, as the slightest inquisitorial infringement on their part of the rules laid out for them by the Governor is severely punished by "the Excellency." The management here is inquisitorial, as some of the garrison have remarked to me, and the acts of despotism that have come under my own eye are quite numerous. But it would be unwise to present to go into details and useless to multiply instances of my own experience. What benefit is to be derived from hanging out these people in a moral cage for the world to gaze upon? They have behaved so long in this willful, arbitrary manner that it has become their second nature.

No distinction is made nor any consideration taken of the circumstances of the prisoner. I have since learned that IN HAVANA REGARDING MY ARREST; no reason was known, and, consequently, rumor invented a hundred. The mildest accusation hurled against me by the inventive genius was that documents of importance had been found upon the dead body of the Cuban General Aguirre, which implicated me in the insurrection, and so forth and so on. Naturally these rumors reached the officers of this fortress, and caused them to treat me harshly.

Thus I tallied off six cruel days, minute by minute, hour by hour, enduring all sorts of petty annoyances, varied daily by the change of the officer of the guard and according to his whims.

AN EXPENSIVE HOTEL. Arrangements had been made for me for my meals--breakfast and dinner--at the cantina of the fortress, for which I have to pay \$3 a day and get miserable stuff to eat into the bargain. Occasionally the officer on duty, who had the special charge of the key to my cell, was disinclined to open the door

of my calaboose, the breakfast was set down before his door, and after being well peppered with dust and dirt, and Scher "convenience" chose to open the door, the meal was

UNFIT EVEN FOR A FASTING STOMACH. One day it was half-past one o'clock before I got my breakfast. One Sunday I was deprived of knife and fork. I had the officer called and remonstrated. He answered gruffly and insistently, and stated that prisoners "incomunicado" were not entitled to this luxury. I politely intimated the uselessness of this restriction. The officer said, "No."

TO PREVENT YOU FROM COMMITTING SUICIDE. This appeared so ridiculous to me that I found no reply, and ate my meal with my fingers for a fork. Six days and nights I passed in conjectures and suspense--nights nearly sleepless, for at every quarter of an hour the "Alto," or "All's well" would be yelled from sentinel to sentinel throughout the fort, sometimes the soldier who was keeping his watch and ward over your correspondent volunteering the information, "A-LE-RE-RE-RI-A-A-A!"

through the gratings of my window in a prolonged howl. On the afternoon of the sixth day the Military Fiscal, the captain who arrested me, arrived, telling me that the object of his visit was TO TAKE MY DECLARATION. I at first hesitated, refusing to declare unless in the presence of the United States Consul General. The Military Fiscal said he was ignorant that I had any such right, but that if I persisted he would retire, and the matter would result worse for me, as he would have to report to the "superior authority" (formula again), which implied further delay, and that my "incomunicacion" would continue; and that if I answered his written interrogatories and nothing serious appeared against me he would immediately release me from incomunicacion, and I would then be

ENABLED TO SEE MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Worth out by my long imprisonment--"incomunicacion"--and considering that further persistence in my refusal would only postpone the early conclusion of the affair, and as I was anxious to be released from this den, fully convinced that I was unjustly imprisoned, I consented to give my declaration, first stating to the Fiscal that I did so under protest. Then the Fiscal propounded to me the following questions:

THE INQUIRY. "How long had I known Mr. James J. O'Kelly, correspondent of the New York HERALD, and under what circumstances had I become acquainted with him?"

"Whether I knew the object of his visit to this island."

"Whether I had received letters from or written letters to Mr. O'Kelly since he left the city of Havana."

"What was the purport of our correspondence." "How long since I had seen Mr. O'Kelly, and where I had seen him for the last time." "Whether I had corresponded with him in cipher or used a code."

AT, I THREW THE RUB. "Whether I instructed him how to penetrate into the insurgent camps, or if I could give any information who assisted him; as, in the character of a foreigner and unacquainted with the country, he could not have accomplished this undertaking alone and unassisted."

Did I know if Mr. O'Kelly had any despatches, letters or documents for Gespedes or other insurgent agents, or if I had any knowledge of Mr. O'Kelly being charged with any private mission?" All the questions propounded me were in reference to Mr. O'Kelly's mission, and seemed to refer to my connection with him in his great and undeniable office of not believing Spanish reports, but

WISHING TO SEE FOR HIMSELF the state of the insurrection and report it to the outside world. Of course I gave a truthful statement of my connection with Mr. O'Kelly--there is nothing whatever to hide--and stated that my intercourse with him was only such as a correspondent would have with another of the same journal. Perfectly convinced as I was that Mr. O'Kelly's mission to this island had nothing in it that would compromise him in regard to taking any active or even passive part in the insurrection, as his only object was to carry out the instructions of Mr. Bennett, "to see for himself and give an impartial report of the state of the insurrection and report it to the outside world."

TO INTERVIEW THE INTERVIEWER, having the verbal consent of His Excellency the Captain General, Señor Don Candido Peltain, and a written permit by Brigadier Don Pedro de Zea, Chief of Staff. After replying to

ALL SORTS OF CONTENTIONS and interrogatories put to me and made up for my partial silence of six days I was informed by the Fiscal that I was at liberty to communicate with my friends, and I at once sent word to my family. The same afternoon Consul General Torbert called and informed me of all the exertions he had made to accomplish something towards my benefit, but that he had been

SNUBBED AND THWARTED BY THE AUTHORITIES at every turn, who as yet had not deigned to answer any of his communications. I then learned that my fellow sufferer, Mr. O'Kelly, had arrived from Santiago de Cuba, and was the occupant of the foulest dungeon in the fort not far from me. In the bill I paid to the *cañero* for Mr. O'Kelly's maintenance there is one item of

COFFEE AND SUGAR FOR INCENSE. Mr. O'Kelly, however, said that the entire stock of incense in the churches of Havana would have purified the air of his dungeon. Brigadier Velasco, the Governor of the fort, called to see me on the day following my communication graciously informing me that O'Kelly's incomunicacion was

AN ERROR, and stating that he had given orders to allow Mr. O'Kelly to occupy the same casemate with myself, inquired if we would not rather have our quarters with some Spanish officers who were under arrest. I politely declined, thinking that Mr. O'Kelly would be companionable enough for me, and that I had been informed that he would leave the fort for Spain, hoping that the order for his departure would be the signal for my release.

Since I was allowed to see my friends and family my situation became more bearable, and the treatment I receive at the hands of the officers much kinder; but it is hard to be imprisoned without any cause assigned, and cooped up like a malefactor, deprived of the greatest of all boons--"liberty."

MR. O'KELLY LEFT FOR SPAIN a week ago, in excellent spirits, only too glad to shake the soil of Cuba from his shoes, but I still remain in prison. The hopes I entertained of being released upon his departure were without foundation. I still linger on, hoping from day to day that each would be the last in this hateful vault.

OFFICIAL ACTION. Consul General Torbert visits me almost daily and is taking great interest in my case, which he has reported at great length to Washington. He telegraphed my arrest, and the Department of State telegraphed back once and again to demand the reasons of my arrest. But beyond the mere acknowledgment that I had been arrested by order of a military judge, and granting him permission to visit me, with conditions, while I was "incomunicado," which General Torbert did not accept, the high and mighty authorities have

TAKEN NO NOTICE OF HIS DEMAND, made in the name of the United States. Unless the government of the United States takes up the question with more lively interest my stay within these already too familiar walls may be indefinite. Spain may apply her laws to her own subjects with all the arbitrary informalities she may wish; but when Spain arrests a citizen of the United States, who has faithfully served his government in an official capacity, and without warning or cause shuts him up in solitary confinement a week, and then indefinitely prolongs his imprisonment before expressing any charges, then the United States should firmly and forcibly, too, draw attention to treaty stipulations, which provide that citizens of either country shall be proceeded against

ONLY BY DUE COURSE OF LAW, and allowed to employ counsel. I have daily en-

deavored to get an idea, and my friends for me, of how my case stood; but beyond that it was in process of *sumario*--another interminable, Spanish, peculiar proceeding, which seems to mean preparing an indictment and finding a case against a man--could for a number of days learn nothing. Finally, to my great relief, as showing that the *sumario* had reached an end, and another step in the slow march to a conclusion of my imprisonment had been taken, I was assured that the "expediente" or case had gone to the Auditor de Guerra, where, AT LAST ACCORDS, IT STRUCK.

This gentleman will wade through the pile of papers, &c.; and, in due course of time, unless he is hurried, give his dictum as to the disposal of the case, and will consider the plea of the Fiscal, who is the prosecuting officer, and ask for a trial by court martial, and a sentence or release of a prisoner. As soon as the Auditor de Guerra consents his opinion of the case the papers will pass into the hands of the Captain General, the SUPERIOR AUTHORITY OR FORMULA, and be finally disposed of. All very irregular to justice-loving minds and people accustomed to fair play, but eminently Spanish.

During all this time the prisoner in the case--which in this instance is my unhappy self--is allowed no favors. General Torbert interceded personally with the Captain General to allow my release on bail or parole, or any kind of security demanded, but met with

A CURT REFUSAL. Even the privilege to have the fort as my prison, and leave my cell for exercise and fresh air, as occasion might require, was denied me. I am grateful, indeed, to General Torbert for his efforts to better my condition, and the attention and assistance he paid my quondam fellow prisoner, Mr. O'Kelly, in making preparations for his voyage to Spain, &c., but I am convinced that MORE GRIT IS NEEDED AT THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

and determination on the part of the United States government in their representations regarding their citizens abroad. Meanwhile I am awaiting, with what patience God will grant me, for the end of my imprisonment. L. A. PRICE.

MR. O'KELLY'S TALE OF THREE PRISONS.

FOURTEEN OF THE CABANA, HAVANA, MAY 30, 1873.

It appears that the Spanish government has at last resolved on some decisive action in my regard, but, like most Spanish resolutions, it is in its nature most unlooked for. It would be useless to waste time in conjecture either as to the cause or end of my voyage to Spain. So far I have no official intimation that I am to be sent across the ocean, although the general says to-morrow. However, the General commanding the fort informed Mr. Price yesterday that I would be sent away by the next steamer. It has been my misfortune to be too much in contact with Spanish officials to allow any action on their part to surprise me, so that

WHEN I READ IN THE HERALD that I was to be sent for "trial" to Spain I only shrugged my shoulders, consoling myself with the reflection that in no part of the world could I fall into the power of a more shameless lot of rascals than the gentry who hold me prisoner in Cuba.

Some notice has already reached the HERALD of the manner of my treatment by the *so-dit* chivalry, whose dread of the light of truth makes them desire my extradition. Fortunately, the LIGHT CANNOT BE PUT OUT, nor hid from the world, as before this letter leaves Cuba General Miller, the gallant HEROIC correspondent, who entered the insurgent camp after me, will be able to supply the missing links of information about the state of affairs in Cuba Libre. Some of

THE CORRUPT ORGANS OF THE SLAVE DRIVERS in this island have been pluming themselves on the liberty allowed me in writing from my prison; but it was like every other liberty I have enjoyed since my arrival in this much-governed country--at my own risk. Every phrase that could be tortured into a sense likely to be injurious to me in the minds of the Spanish factions was called and commented on in the disingenuous and cowardly manner which marks political criticism among the "chivalrous" scribblers of the "Ever Faithful Isle." The editor of the *Diario*, blinking like an owl perched up in an old rookery, mistakes me for a swallow, and solemnly screeches forth his complaint, which even the spile of

DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD CANNOT RELIEVE FROM DULNESS. After publishing my letter from the insurgent camp in full, and writing I know not how many pages of editorial stuff calling the attention of the government to the valuable information for its guidance to be found therein, the distinguished writer can imagine nothing more severe to say to me than that I am "a swallow," and that perhaps the very illustrious and learned and chivalrous editor of the *Diario* does me too much honor in peeling a column and a half of heavy type at my head. Fortunately the weight of dulness is not material or I would long since have been crushed into powder, for only the strongest constitutions could resist the ponderous weight of even two paragraphs of *Diario* editorial. But I am taking too much notice of this scribble. He is paid to screech and howl and by turns play the Jesuit and the fanatic by the faction whose whips are

RED WITH WOMEN'S BLOOD and whose deeds of valor seldom get beyond the murder of helpless students. The conduct of the remainder of the reactionary press is of the same stripe. More than one scribbler has attempted to stab me in the back, but I have yet to learn that one generous or many words has been spoken in defence of right and justice since my arrest. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of this island that changes the nature of men and is fatal to all noble and generous thoughts. Some how or another, there got abroad an impression in the early days of my captivity that I was a mere wafle and stray on the waters of life; in fact, that I was "no body's child," and could be disposed of without protest or interference from any power other than the HERALD. One of the things that I shall want to know in connection with my imprisonment by and by is

HOW THAT RUMOR GOT AFOAT. If I mistake not the author will be discovered under an official nightcap, and it will not be well for him nor conducive to his peace. Most of the ill-treatment to which I was subjected at first was due to the state of security in which my persecutors found themselves, but their dream was dispelled by the timely

ARRIVAL OF HER BROTHER MAJESTY'S SHIP PLOVER. Commander Hipsley immediately demanded information of the cause of my arrest, and protested energetically against my being detained in the calaboose, but was answered evasively. The tone of the people about me soon changed, however, when they saw the attention paid me by the officers of the Plover and the real warm interest they took in my well being. Indeed, over-confidence in their certain hold on me gave way to a panic fear that the Plover meant to take me out of Fort Gerona by main force. The immediate result was a closer surveillance than ever over my movements, which led to some unpleasant incidents, such as the sentry being placed in my room, with orders to bayonet me if I should leave my bed in the night. These inconveniences were, however, more than counterbalanced by the marked respect with which I was treated, and which contrasted so very strongly with the cavalier way in which my demands for better treatment had been received when I was looked on as a mere wanderer, without any strong government at my back to support me.

THE RAGE OF THE SPANISH OFFICIALS was in part turned away from me to the Plover, which had appeared so inopportunist to interfere with their schemes. It had been more than once hinted to me that my claim to be removed from Manzanillo was inadmissible, and that the court martial would proceed with the force of trying me without paying any heed to my protests or my objections. It was never the intention or desire of the clique that dishonors the name of Spain and of humanity in this

island that I should have a fair trial. As I was a foreigner it was necessary to preserve some appearance of judicial formality, but beyond this nothing was ever dreamed of but my condemnation to death. This may appear incredible to an American public, but had I been put on trial in Cuba nothing but the express command of the Captain General could have prevented my condemnation. The Fiscal charged with the preparations of my *sumario* allowed himself to be carried away so much by his enthusiastic patriotism that he made up

THE BLACKEST LIST OF ACCUSATIONS against me that has ever been prepared in the whole insurrection. My information on this point is from sources that leave no doubt on my mind as to its correctness; and it was notorious, even before I left the Morro of Cuba, that the penalty of death had been demanded by the military judge in my case. What may have influenced him in this great desire to have me severely punished may yet be somewhat explained by me should I have the happiness to find myself one day free again. There are some instructive incidents to be related about the judicial system in Cuba, but it would scarcely be wise to say much about them now.

ORDER OF REMOVAL. On the 6th of May the Fiscal or military judge quite unexpectedly, visited me in my cell at Manzanillo. He informed me that orders had been given by the General at Santiago de Cuba for my translation to that town. The notice, though abrupt, was certainly most welcome, for I longed to leave the stink and fanaticism of Manzanillo behind me. As the officers of the Plover had been very kind to me I requested permission to inform them and also the Vice Consul of the voyage I was about to take, but the Fiscal interrupted me with a negative wave of his hand, informing me that I was *incomunicado*, and could communicate with no one--absolutely no one. At the same time the legal Major pledged his word of honor that I would be conducted safely to Santiago de Cuba. The reason of this promise being a doubt which he suspected to exist in my mind lest the soldiers should play what is known here as

"THE FORAGING TRICK," by which inexperienced people are cleared off the track. However, the word of the Major reassured me very little, for my experience of Spanish promises was not such as would allow me to place any very implicit faith in the most solemn vow even of an Archbishop. A request to write letters to be delivered after my departure was likewise refused, but this piece of official impertinence roused my Miesian blood, so that I resolved to test the Fiscal's right in the matter. With this idea I wrote letters to the Vice Consul and Commander Hipsley, entrusting them to the Governor of the fort, who promised to deliver them in the morning.

Between ten and eleven o'clock at night the Fiscal came again, and I was roused out of a sound sleep to go on board the steamer for Cuba. At this point I was informed that, as a matter of precaution, it was

THOUGHT NECESSARY TO FINISH ME. Knowing the chivalrous character of the people with whom I had to do I submitted to this outrage, simply informing the Major that, being a prisoner, he could dispose of me as he thought fit. A sergeant then advanced with a long rope, by the aid of which he bound my arms tightly above the elbows, drawing them back with force until I presented something of the appearance of

A SEWERED CHICKEN. The rope was wound many times round my arms, and so tightly that for many days my arms bore the marks of the bruises. As soon as the tying up was completed I set out, surrounded by some sixteen soldiers, who were ordered to load their arms, and "three illustrious swords," a powerful soldier holding on to the end of the rope in order to make assurance doubly sure. In this order we left Fort Gerona and directed our footsteps towards the town, which lay at our feet bathed in a flood of silver light, the square, flat-roofed houses looking like checkerboard patches of light and shadow in the calm moonbeams. Whether THE TREASURES OF CARTHAGO MY FRIEND affected my judgment I cannot say, but the night seemed to me one of the most beautiful I had ever witnessed. It was owing to this fact, no doubt, that many groups still loitered in the streets and on the door steps, although the hour of midnight was fast approaching, when under ordinary circumstances a Cuban town is as silent and deserted as a graveyard. The party, on reaching the town, carefully avoided the more populous streets and marched zig zag through the blocks so as to reach the steamer, which was moored at the farthest outlying wharf from the center of the town. My progress through the town had created

A SUBDUED SENSATION among such of the inhabitants as had not retired to rest. They looked on me no doubt as "one more unfortunate" going to his doom; and in truth there were moments when I doubted whether or not my destination was the one announced. However, all inquietude on this point was soon set at rest by our debouching at the head of the wharf and our arrival a few minutes later on board one of the South Coast steamers. Here I had

THE HONOR OF BEING SEATED AT by some hundreds of passengers, idlers and porters, who evidently had something of feeling of curiosity in my regard that a cockney out for a holiday at the Zoo, experiences at the sight of a caged wild animal. It is well that umbrellas are scarce in these regions or I am certain that some inquiring genius would have poked me in the ribs to see if I would not growl or show my teeth. After about ten minutes of this open mouthed examination, which was indulged in with little as little delicacy as though I were an animal rather than a man, I was conducted to a cabin and informed that I might go to bed if I liked, but

THIS WAS "SARCASMIC," as, even if had liked, the manner in which I was piloted precluded the possibility of my doing so. Under these circumstances I inquired when my guardians intended to take the cords off, as it was impossible to go to bed under existing conditions. I was told that the steamer would not leave for some hours, and that the twenty armed men who were guarding me did not think it safe to loosen my bonds until we had left the harbor. With this pleasing prospect before me I sat down to await the good will and pleasure of my amiable guardians, consoling myself with reflecting on the honor, the generosity and

CHIVALRIC VALOR OF THE SPANISH NATION, as displayed in the treatment of an unfortunate whose principal fault was having believed Spanish rascals capable of the very ordinary virtue of a decent respect for their word of honor. After a short time the Fiscal became ashamed of himself, and orders were given to take off the rope, so that I might go to bed, with orders, however, to leave the door open, so that the sentry could keep me in view all night.

The following afternoon we arrived in the Bay of Santiago de Cuba, where the steamer was overhauled by a police boat with the object of carrying me off to the

CASTILLO DEL MORRO, which is situated on a bold headland at the mouth of the harbor, a most romantic looking old edifice, that in old times must have been a formidable defence, but that nowadays, like most Spanish glory, is a subject for the antiquary. A quarter of an hour's rowing from the point where I was taken off the steamer brought us to a small cove lying between the Morro and the castle of the Estrella. We were allowed to approach without being challenged, and it was only when the noise of the boat grating on the beach called the attention of the colored sentinel to our presence that any notice was taken of us, and even then not much. Full twenty minutes were occupied in toiling up the winding path that leads to the citadel that crowns the works. After crossing a heavy looking drawbridge, about which other groups of

LAZY, DIRTY-LOOKING COLORED TROOPS were loitering, who straightened themselves up as well as they could to salute his mightiness, the major who had me in charge, I found myself passing through a series of arched passages, dim and low-vaulted, dingy-looking courtyard, and, on climbing flights of time-eaten stone steps which seemed to crumble beneath the tread of the venturesome passenger, until at last I found myself gathered into a lofty casemate, com-

pletely empty, but which differed from the rest of the fortress in looking clean, if somewhat cheerless. Everything about the Morro would have delighted an artist's eye, and a wandering member of that peculiar tribe might have enjoyed, in all its fullness,

"THE POETRY OF DIRT," and the sentiment of decay. The swartly faces of the soldiers, their almost fantastic raggedness, the sheen of arms and the clanging of chains as some unfortunate convict hobbled across the courtyard, would have supplied inexhaustible food for brush and pencil if one were at liberty and could enjoy these sights from a strictly artistic point of view; but seen through a grating about nine inches square in one's cell door quite takes the interest out of the most romantic scenes.

While I was discussing in my own mind how I should dispose of myself the door of my cell opened to allow the entrance of the canteen keeper, who wished to know if I desired to eat something, expressing his regret at the same time that there was nothing to be had but some

BREAD AND PRESERVED MUTTOS, seasoned with cayenne wine. The prospect was not very inviting, but it was necessary to eat, so I told him to furnish the luxurious repast, at the same time requesting that he would send me a chair and table until such time as I could procure furniture from Santiago de Cuba. Notwithstanding a long fast and excellent good will, the prospect was not too much for me, and I was obliged to content myself with a cup of coffee and dry bread until morning. While I was still discussing this somewhat humble fare some convicts arrived from Santiago with chairs, table and bed, sent by the military administration, so that I found myself in

COMPARATIVELY COMFORTABLE QUARTERS. During my stay in this port more consideration was shown to me than at any other point. This was chiefly due to the warm interest taken in my welfare by the American, English and French Consuls, supported by the presence of the Plover, whose commander had put to sea as soon as he had learned of my abduction from Gerona. The mystery attending my removal was due to fears entertained by the authorities lest the commander of the Plover should attempt to release me by force. On this account they did not hesitate to slight the British commander in a most marked manner; indeed, the indifference of the Spaniards to the representations and protests of England in this affair has been most marked--at times bordering closely on contempt. An instance of this occurred at Santiago de Cuba, where Commander Hipsley paid the authorities two visits, neither of which was returned until the Commander telegraphed the fact to the Commodore at Jamaica, when the Governor sent one of his aides-de-camp to go through the form of acknowledging the visit.

In obedience to instructions received from Jamaica Commander Hipsley asked to be informed of the date of my trial, and the constitution of the Court. After some days he received a reply from the Governor stating that he would FIND THE REQUIRED INFORMATION IN THE NEWS-PAPERS.

This piece of impertinence had to be submitted to, as the England of Gladstone & Co. is believed incapable of any effort in defence of the national honor. John Bull snubbed by the miserable set of rascals who rule here and submitting quietly to the snubbing is certainly something new under the sun. Several officers of the Plover expressed their belief that it was

TIME TO TAKE OUT THEIR PAPERS AS AMERICAN CITIZENS, and quietly roll up "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" and send it to some museum of antiquities to be preserved as a curiosity. The most annoying feature of the case, so far as British pride is concerned, was

THE RELEASE OF GENERAL MILLES, a HERALD correspondent, arrested exactly under the same circumstances as myself, but who had the good sense to abandon the British flag some years ago. Fortunately for him, he had in General Torbert a worthy representative of the nation who insisted on his immediate release, while the shoe-poking representatives of the British lion were trying to invent excuses for the Spanish government's action against me. When the whole truth comes to be known it will be seen that the British representatives in this island have been my jailers rather than my protectors. The only noticeable incident in my residence at the Morro was the

TARDY PERMISSION TO PROMENADE FOR TWO HOURS EACH DAY ON THE BARRIQUETS, which was granted owing to the persistent demand of Commander Hipsley. It was not accorded a whit too soon, as the prolonged close confinement had begun to tell seriously on my health. It has even left traces that I fear may not be soon eradicated, unless the sea voyage allows me to recuperate. The decision of the Spanish government has certainly puzzled me; but if I am being conducted to Spain with the intention of extracting from me information about the Cubans which it would disprove me to give the result will

SCARCELY MET SPANISH EXPECTATIONS. In one of my former letters attention was called to the peculiar constitution of the Spanish official mind which makes words, pens and consciences appear so much merchandise, to be purchased at will. It does not seem to strike these acorns of chivalry that an honest man holds his good name above price; but not having this sentiment themselves Spanish officials never suspect its existence in others. It would pain above expression to find that men like Castelar and Figueras should lend themselves to such villainy, though I am prepared for any amount of rascality at the hands of Spanish Governors or officials in Cuba.

REMOVED TO HAVANA. On the 21st of May I was put on board the steamer for Havana, without any further explanation than that it was done by order of the Captain General. That awful man was enough for me, besides my friend assured me that to a certainty I would be immediately released on my arrival at Havana. This idea was encouraged by the consideration that I received during the voyage from Major Ferrandiz, in whose charge I was placed. On my arrival in Havana all illusions of this kind were somewhat rudely dissipated by the news of Mr. Price's arrest, and the order for my confinement in the Cabana fortress, where I was conducted by the special order of the republican Captain General. Here, at least, I expected to be treated with consideration, but was f