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MR. F. F. MILLEN'S STORY.

Baving received a commission from the proprie ter of the HERALD to inquire into the state of the revolution in Cuba, on the 14th of last December I embarked for Havana. Since that time I have travelled over three thousand miles by sea, nearly six hundred miles on foot, about one hundred and sixty miles on horseback and over two bundred SOME WORK DONE.

to mix a good deal with Spaniards, particularly tary men. I have passed two months and two days in the camps of the Cubans who are in arms egainst the Spanish government. In that period I le the acquaintance of President Carlos Manne de Cespedes, General Calixio Garcia y Iñiguez, General Maximo Gomez, General Modesto Diaz and other prominent Cuban leaders. LOOKING FOR CUBA LIBRE.

On arriving at Havana I made very brief delay in pushing into the interior, being determined to feel for the insurgents at the nearest possible point. The story of my difficulties in this would be interesting to a great many, but the recital would occupy a great deal of space that times should be devoted to actualities. Let it suffice now to say that I tray elled to Las Cruces, and thence to Cienfuegos, whence I passed by steamer to Las Tunas, the port of entry to Santi Espiritu. On reaching the latter town I made every effort to obtain a guide and teland toward Puerto Principe. My hope in this was that I might be able TO OPEN COMMUNICATION WITH GENERAL AGRA-

then commanding the patriots in the Camaguay district. The fates seemed against me and I was obliged to return to Las Tunas, where I embarked for Manzanillo. After a few days' stay in this town and finding the espionage perpetual and the au-thorities suspicious, I succeeded in obtaining per-mission to proceed on a government despatch boat ut to ascend the Canto River with war material for the troops. We landed at Guano, and after a few days' stay there I was permitted to accompany a Spanish column to Ojo de Agua. I continued with the column as far as Las Tenas. I now found an opportunity to proceed with an army courier to Sleignin. The same espionage followed me through-

I WAS AN AMERICAN. I now completed the journey across the island, arriving at the port of Gibara. There I received a ciew from a Cuban in the volunteer service which induced me to take the steamer Barcelona for San-

tinge de Cuba.
The Barcelona made a stay of only two hours in Saracos, and, weighing anchor before twelve on the 2d of February, we doubled Cape Maystin sking the port of Santiago the next Borning

interest in connection with my nearly six weeks' stay in Santiago, I feel the necessity of greatly abservating this part of my story in order to get away to the fields and forests of Cuba Libre, to and which I have undergone some hardships and has not a lew personal risks. In Santiago I made humber of highly esteem, d friends, among them has energetic and zenious Consul, Mr. A. N. Young. Among the residents of the place, too, and some of the Spanish officers I found cultivated and greeable acquaintances. But my business in lantingo was to find the friends of Carlos Manuel pedes, and to that task my whole energies were devoted. If I succeeded after more than five weeks of as hard and perhaps as dangerous work as has ever fallen to my lot the secret is my own. It was my mission to reach the Cuban lines, and I gid do it quietly.

WITHOUT PARADING THE NATURE OF MY BUSINESS. In fact, it was desirable to say nothing about it until-meeting some of the Cuban chiefs. Leaving New York, therefore, without letters from any of the Cuban leaders here, and appearing on the scene in Santiago with no introduction to any of the friends of the Cubans there, the difficulty of my undertaking may be appreciated especially

when it is remembered that it is the worth of a Cuban's life to be even suspected for having sym-pathy with his country's cause. That being the case, it is evident that he would be very careful to whom he would reveal himself. When this is re-membered, and also that I was just as cautious not to run across the wrong party, it will not be won-dered at that nearly six weeks were occupied in

I arrived in Santiago on the 3d of February, and on the 13th of March. At this date I find a piece of a leaf in my notebook torn away. The piece that is wanting I ate and swallowed upon a certain

On the evening of the 13th March I went from Santiago to take a ride. A fresh horse was wait ing for me along the road where I expected to meet some friends on a spot well remembered by me. I had no particular permission from any body to ride out of the town—such a paper, it appears, was necessary; but the different Spanish sentinels past whom I rode did not interfere with me I was far too respectable in their eyes to be a mambi, so, with one exception, they all let me pass. The exception was that of a pert little Cata-lan, planted along the roadside near one of the posts. He asked me the hour, which I told him, and finding by my accent that I was a foreigner, immediately wanted to know

WHAT WAS IN MY SADDLE BAGS and demanded my papers. I was thunderstruck at this sudden audacity, but as there was no help for it—because he was too near the fort to risk the noise of a struggle in attempting to dispose of him—I had to allow him to go through the bags and read the cedula, which latter ought to have been renewed two months ago. The fellow could not understand what I wanted with such a miscellaneous assortment of knick-knacks as he saw in the bags. Falling back, as a last resort, on my dignity and assuming an air of injured loftiness, I told him it was none of his business. This I saw shook his resoluteness, and he began to doubt if he had done well to stop me. I promptly took advantage of that doubt, and putting a bold face on the matter, gave my horse a hint and marched past him without fur ther let or hindrance. I feit that he looked alter me, but I dared not cast a glance behind,

AFTER MEETING SOME FRIENDS

and conversing with them for a few minutes I con tinued on my way. It was now getting dark, when near a corner of the road a number of stout felhaving capacious sacks slung at their backs by way of knapsacks, said I should go with them. My rse they would not think of allowing me to take. so, giving him to a party who went off in another direction, they carried me along with them. It was now dark, but a glorious moon was shedding her silvery beams on the jair scene. My heart thumped loudly within my breast as, springing over the inequalities of the ground, jogging along with my new acquaintance, I found myself at last in Cuba Libre, at a distance of three leagues from Santiago. The brave fellows who marched there were the soldiers of liberty, and I was at last on my way to Carlos M. de Cespedes. All that night, under the light of the favoring moon,

WE PRESSED STEADILY PORWARD. Steep mountains were breasted, deep ravines were crossed and forest paths threaded. New and varied scenes near at hand, that looked lovely in the bright moonlight, came and went like the images in the dissolving views that have conjured up to our imaginations the magic phases of a fairy tale. As we passed a crossing of the road I could not help admiring the military precision with which the operation was performed. Before approaching the pass two soldiers would run out in advance, and, reaching it, would turn to the right and left respectively, then advancing a few steps each to his new front, would promptly drop on the left knee, and bringing down the rifle to the right side in the position of ready, would in that attitude wait until the rest of us had passed some distance, would rise up, come to attention, front carry their arms, right shoulder shift them, and

break the line of march with all the exactness of veterans on parade. A LITTLE BUT IN AN OPEN SPACE, near a sugar cane field. Here we halted while one juicy cane. In an instant our machetes were out clous, heavenly nortar to the taste! It seemed as if nothing before had ever seemed at once so desirable. It was food, drink and refreshment to at and then resumed the march. About two o'clock in the morning we reached a labyrinth of slightly

least one wearled soul. Here we rested ourselver marked trails in the forest. These were followed ranches. The male inmates were on the lookout for our arrival, and had a cheerful fire, but little or othing to eat, waiting for us. I had committed the stupidity of leaving Santiago without a hammock, the thing of all things most indispensable for the health and comfort of the Mambi. One of the men insisted that I should take his, but it was a long time before I could lie comfortably in this, to me, strange sleeping place. The next morning upon opening my eyes, I saw that the surrounding

NEGROES, MEN AND WOMEN. The poor souls were wonderfully kind to me. They moved round me in the most unsophisticated manner, evidently anxious to please and nearly ashamed of their own blackness. I responded heartily to their considerate kindness, and at once became a great favorite. The women brought me agua mona, which I drank with a relish that was really delightful. Agua mona, dear reader, is ginbruised in hot water, sweetened to please and I assure you it seems to me not only a good substitute but preferable as a beverage to either tea or coffee. As a fair store of provisions was brought for my especial benefit I was enabled to

THE LUXURY OF RREAD AND CHEESE. with a slice of German sausage, for breakfast, taking a hearty drink of good water, with a little brandy, afterwards.

As we had to pass at a certain hour a place near Spanish post it was fixed that we should start out at three o'clock in the atternoon, which was done. A man, his wife, two small boys and their dogs came with us to have the benefit of our escort we now travelled over a more level country than

yesterday; the ascents and descents were more gentle than last night. Sometimes our line of narch lay through scarcely discernible trails in dom penetrate; sometimes along a piece of weil-trodden road, and then by the side of waving, emerald colored cane fields. We marched till about eight o'clock at night, when the men suddenly cattered through the wood in different directions like the spreading of the rays of a fan from a common centre, and after going in this way about two sundred yards soon reunited again. This operation is called "MARING THE FAN."

The object is to prevent the leaving of a trail by which an enemy might find his way to the camp In a few minutes a sentinel was posted, my ham-mock up and a fine fire blazing. The machete soon did the work of clearing a space round the fire. sweet polatoes), roasted them in the embers and ate contentedly. Awhile cheerful conversation in a low tone was indulged in, and shortly, each rolling himself up in his blanket, or whatever covering he had, addressed himself to sleep. The scene was new to me, and as much for that reason as be procure sleep for several hours after the others had sunk into that delicious slumber only known to the hardy, healthy sons of toil. The gloriou moonlight struggling through the trees, the crackling and flickering of the decreasing fire, the silence of the scene undisturbed save by the hum or chirrup of the various insects that on wanton wing disported in the fresh night air, made me wakeful. Finally gentle slumber stole gradually upon my senses and the luxury of a profound sicen was mine. The next morning we were

for me. I took a piece of hard biscuit, a nip of cheese and a drink of water and we took up the candle to enable me to overcome the thousand and one obstacles of the forest path. The men were sive sight to see the picturesque forms of these sons of freedom, now illuminated by the full glare of the lights they carried, which threw around a flood of light and shade on the neighboring trees, then in an instant plunged into that dubious sha is neither light nor darkness, and finally for an instant disappearing into impenetrable gloom, to emerge as suddenly into the full glare of the artificial light by which we marched.

As the day dawned we heard the HOUTS AND CURSES OF THE SPANISH MULETEERS, who were loudly hallooing at the animals they were driving. It was a small convoy going along the high road about half a mile from where we were. It looked like tempting fortune to be so near the Spaniards, but I was assured there was not the slightest reason for apprehension had they known that we were so near. Our march lay over sparatively level ground, through a thick wood, where now and then we passed open spaces bearing the blackened ruins of former habita-At noon the man, his wife, the two small boys and their dogs left us in the midst of the forest, at a point where the beds of two dried streams intersected each other. We continued our march and passed the River Cauto, near a place called Cauto Abajo, at one o'clock P. M. Re bering the majestic proportions of the Lower Cauto I was preparing in my own mind to do the heroic and swim it with my clothes on my back; but, think of my disappointment, when approaching the stream I found it to be a shabby, shallow one of a dozen or two yards wide, its clear waters, running over a rocky bed, being hardly deep enough to reach the knees. One of the men, casting off his sack, picked me up on his back and lightly carried me over the stream, so that I had not to take off my boots or wet my feet. At six o'clock we reached the halting place, a rancho in the woods, that was as difficult for a stranger to find as the first one we had reached. I was very tired and footsore, but said nothing of it to the men, who, in consequence, gave me the credit of being a tremenous traveller. I was soon served with some excellent coffee in the shell of a small calabash in stead of a cup, and saw, with infinite pleasure, that a comfortable bed was being prepared for me. The hammock is the universal way of sleeping in Cuba Libre, but it sometimes happens that a fellow either is not rich enough to own one or may have lost it, when a bed is used.

A BED IN CUBA LIBRE The bed is formed of four forked stakes, at convenient distances, driven into the ground. Across the shorter sides of the parallelogram a stout stick is laid on either end, resting across the forks. A sufficient number of young saplings is then provided and laid lengthways over the frame. These saplings form the bottom of the bed. The sticks are bound together with withes of the demajagua, the bark of the majagua tree, which furnishes fibrous material that is manufactured into excellent ropes. Over the bottom of my bed was placed with the monthly branches of the royal palm. It is often six or seven feet long by two or three feet wide, nearly as tough as leather, and in Cuba Libré serves quite as many purposes. Over the yagua was spread my bammock and my saddle bags

formed a very good pillow. The people in this rancheria-about fifteen or eighteen men and more women and childrendid everything that their minds could suggest or their means permit to make me comfort a negro child, about three or four years old. As soon as he saw me he got awfully frightened and commenced yelling and crying at a terrible rate.

NEVER BEFORE SEEN A MAN OF MY COLOR, and he evidently thought that I must be some dreadful sort of wild animal, specially made to scare little boys. Between every fit of crying he yould look at me with frightened, wondering looks, as much as to say, "What a hideous-looking man! How did he come to lose his natural color me that cirty white?" I slept as well on my new kind of bed as the cold would permit, for in the night there sprung up a fresh northern breeze that carried the sharp chilliness of ice in its breath. To-day our march lay through a level country, with good hard trails to travel on. We again passed the Cauto, and at half-past five o'clock reached

THE "PREPECTURE." The Prefect is a civil officer, whose duty is that of sheriff and justice of the peace combined. Here, for the first time, I met three officials of the Cuban Republic-the Prefect, who was a smart little fellow, white, of the usual Cuban type; a commisceive correspondence from Santiago, sort and forward it. He was quite a good-looking, Spanish eyes and long, black hair. The other was a young fair-skinned man, rather tail, features well cut, with blue eyes, fine teeth, a good mouth and wellrounded chin. He talked with remarkable fluency and well, proving nimself to be a person of good and the Prefect were also intelligent persons, and seemed to have moved in a pretty good sphere of woods, where a number of ranchos were erected. A labyrinth of trails from many directions led to it; but only the initiated could have found the place. A person ignorant of the locality might wander about all day through the perplexing paths around it and not get to the right spot. This was the case with most of the other rancherias that I found at any distance from the camps. I

INVITED THESE THREE GENTLEMEN TO DISE WITH ME. I had bread, cheese, sardines, German sausages coffee and a nip of brandy. This, to them, was sumptuous banquet, though at the time I did not realize the tact. The edibles vanished with a rapidity that was enchanting to behold. After the eal the man who waited on me whispered sorrowfully, as he gathered up the debris :-

"Ah, Señor, why did you place all your provisions yourself a long time; but now they are all gone. I asked if there was not food in the camp. He

mourniully answered :-"WHO KNOWS 9"

We had travelled about twelve leagues for thirty miles) that day. My feet were blistered and I was tired out and exhausted, so that it did not cost me much trouble to sleep. Here we received news, on the 16th of March, of a threatened attack on Jiguani by the Cubans on the night of the 14th. On the morning of the 17th of March we left the Prefecture early with the intention of reaching General Gar cia's camp, ten leagues distant. During the night an aide-de-camp of Garcia, Lieutenant Francisco Fouseca, came in from the camp. He had been sent by the General to look for the men who were with me; and who had been delayed in returning because it had been impossible to meet them the day first appointed. Again we passed the Cauto and continued our march in a western direction towards Holguin. At one o'clock we reached rancheria where several families were living. Among other persons of lesser note I met a distin guished Cuban named

LUCAS CASTILLO. A lawyer of note, he was formerly possessed of wealth; but abandoned everything and took to the woods on the outbreak of the revolution, bringing kinds a family who, till that time, had never known what it was to experience an unsatisfied want Castillo is a man about fifty years old. He is tall and of commanding presence, regular features, fine black eyes and a good mouth, short, grayish hair and a small tuft of beard on the chin. He had been Secretary of State of the Cuban Republic. I had a pleasant conversation with Mr. Castillo, who. in brief terms, expressed the views that since have been so often repeated to me.

First-That it is impossible for the Cubans to again submit to Spanish rule, and that the war must continue until the present rulers be expelled the island or the Cubans exterminated; there is no

years and a half, under circumstances very unfavor-I did not see the men eat anything, but the one able to the Cubans, there is no reason why, if neceswho appeared to be the leader had his store open sary, it capnot be carried on much longer in the Guantanamo. Masco is a mulatio of perhaps thir-

future, now that the condition of the Cubans is much better than formerly, and improving every better than formerly, and improving every

Third-The Cubans have been disappointed by he attitude of the United States. The Cubans had the sympathies of the American people, but the Washington government had treated them with nuch severity and injustice. This, the Cubans deeply regretted, for they felt a sincere attachment to the great American republic and its free institu tions; indeed, the requirements of Cuba and the interests of the United States called for the an-

nexation of the great Antilles at a not distant date. Mr. Castillo, whose family was one of the first in the island, was dressed in a coarse suit of drill, not very new, and, although scrupulously clean, inno ent of starch or a smoothing iron; he had no shoes but wore cutanas, or sandals made of yagua in stead. The other officials whom I had seen were attired, more or less, in the same degree of expensive extravagance as Mr. Castillo. He showed me A SON OF HIS ABOUT POURTEEN YEARS OLD.

This lad, a bright, intelligent boy, and good-look ing, was, at the outbreak of the war, receiving the rudiments of education, in order to prepare himelf to enter some college in the United States, The war put an end, for the present, to his chances of an American education; but already the child had seen the smoke of battle and carried his rifle in more than one bloody bout with the enemies of his country. He has even been wounded.

TRACES OF THE HERALD. We had now but two leagues to travel to General Garcia's camp. There I had expected to see Ces pedes and to find Mr. O'Kelly, but was greatly disappointed to find that the former had some time since moved his residence to Eastern Bayamo and the latter had left for the same place about ten days previously.

The remaining two leagues lay through patches of savannah and Guinea grass, separated here and there by strips of wood, along near the northern bank of the Cauto. Going through the Guinea grass the heat was intolerable. A little less than a eague from camp we heard the report of a gun. Lieutenant Fouseca explained that it was probably GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ,

who was out hunting, of which he is fond. It turned out to be so, and, after the regular challenge had been responded to and pass words given, we approached the General, who was accompanied by several officers and men. Maximo Gomez is a native of St. Domingo, where he participated in the late war there with the Spaniards. At that time he was only an obscure subaltern. He is about thirty-eight or forty years old, of slight but very wiry and active build, nearly approaching to medium height, spare of flesh, regular features, good black eyes. He wears a mustache and chin beard of rather moderate length, and not bushy the beard, originally black, is now pretty well tinged with gray hairs. He is a person of quick but agreeable manner, a sharp observer and of an intelligent, appreciative turn of mind. He is but moderately well educated. Before arriving at camp our party were

REPEATEDLY HALTED BY OUTPOST SENTINELS rising out of the guinea grass, or peering through the trees on either side and in front, in a way that put one in mind of Clan Alpine's response to the whistle of Roderick Dhu. One of these sentinels, pointing down the bank of the river to a gravelly space left bare by the receding waters, said the General was down there. Our party descended the sloping bank, and in another minute we were along with

GENERAL GARCIA

and those who accompanied him. There were some four or five officers and six or eight orderlies and servants. Some were lounging about on the river's bank, some were pursuing the finny tribe, with a laudable desire of uniting profit and sport, while a couple of the soldiers were engaged in washing, without soap, which is an article of rare luxury, the residue of whatever rags of clothing the fortunes of war had left them. The General received me cordially as an American citizen, and with much warmth as a representative of the New YORK HERALD.

When I first saw General Garcia he was just covering from a severe attack of fever that had prostrated him for a week or more, this being the first time he had ventured out.

Calixto Garcia y Iñiguez is thirty-four years of age. He is rather tall and quite spare of fiesh. There is a slight stoop in his shoulders. His features are clean-cut and regular; forehead high and well shaped; eyes large, brown and rather soft than penetrating, though in moments of excitement they assume a threatening and sinister aspect. Has rather long, smooth black hair; is prematurely tinged with gray; so also is his mustache, which is trained in a downward direction gone, thus imparting a rather harsh expresaddress and pleasing manners, possessing a fair though not classical education. Before the war he was in a store in the town of Bayamo, of which

Having read a letter or two, handed to him by my escort, the General led the way up the steep river's bank, in a direction opposite to where we entered, and, followed closely by the others, we passed through several clearings with huts in them, through interminable labyrinths of beaten foot-paths, that apparently led to nowhere. Those hats, or ranchos, were occupied by the chosen soldiers of the General's escort, mostly composed of colored men. Reaching the General's rancho, I hut was surrounded. Two horses picketed near by and a couple of cows were the first animals of of small clearings near each other, but separated by intervening unfelled frees, some PAMILIES WHO HAD POLLOWED THE FORTUNES OF

were living in such rude style as this sort of campaign life would admit of. The General seated himself in his hammock under a little branchcovered awning just at the door of his hut, conversing freely with his two principal medical mcers, Drs. Figueredo and Biancarosa, while his secretary sorted the correspondence just received from Santiago. I could not help noticing

A GOODLY SIZED PACKAGE OF HERALDS, which I subsequently saw carefully and eagerly perused by the General and such other officers in camp as could read English. I say carefully, because these copies of the HERALD, that had been brought through the Spanish lines with so much trouble and risk, were on their way to Cespedes, who by this means regularly received the paper. Garcia could read English a little, and when I left camp he was studying hard to acquire a good

knowledge of the language.

During the half hour or so passed in conversation with the General a completely new habitation had been built, without my knowledge, for me especially. The General's secretary conducted me o my new abode, and he came to live with me, so that I might not feel lonely. THE BANCHO

is an institution peculiarly useful in Cuba Libre. It is a hut, with a sloping palm branch or guineagrass covered roof, supported on stakes and posts driven into the ground, near to which the roof descends. It is generally open all round; but sometimes the sides are closed in the same way as the roof. The two centre posts at the ends are especially designed to have the inevitable hammock sung from them. It is high enough for a man to stand comfortably upright, and large enough for two persons. My companion and I received our meals from the General's table. They consisted of dried beef, boiled or stewed, with sweet potatoes. It freopently happened that there was no meat, when we fell back on the great staple food of the Repub-

PATRIOTIC PROVENDER. The julia is an immense wood rat, weighing from

six to twelve pounds, living in the cleits of trees seen specimens of this animal in the Central Park collection. This little animal, cooked with bonialos, or sweet potatoes, makes a very good substitute cles, when all others failed, kept together the souls and bodies of the hungry patriots and infused life into the revolution. On the following day

COLONEL MASEO

ty-four years of age, rather low-sized, but stoutly ooth face, very cleanly shaved, with side whiskers, a good eye and fine teeth. He is an officer of great promise and has already on many occasions distinguished himself. The brigade o sable warriors whom he commands are greatly attached to their leader. Maséo was glad to see a representative of the HERALD, and expressed his regrets that I could not go over the Guantanamo district with him. His command was at once sen off on the main road west of Palma Soriano to destroy the telegraph line, and I did not see him again for ten days.

came in from the main camp at Dos Bocas on the 19th. He is a smart little man of about forty-eight

years, of plain exterior, rather long black hair and black eyes, with a wart under the left eye. Before the war he was a rich planter near Manzanilio, but now has hardly a second shirt to his back. He has lent good service to the Cuban cause.

General Garcia paid me a visit, and we had a ong conversation, on the evening of the 26th o March. The next day General Calvar told me that Garcia thought it would be better for me to accompany the former to the main camp at Des Bocasthere was much life in it, and I would be more amused than in a little detached camp where there were only a few families. In the afternoon I STARTED FOR DOS BOCAS,

and reached the camp with a servant, a guide and two officers, before sundown. The camp was constructed of a single street of huts on both sides of the pathway running along the northern bank o Cauto, in Holguin. No attempts, even, were made at temporary fortification-not a tree felled nor a sod raised to protect the entrance to either front or rear of the camp. True, it was well watched by vigilant guards and sharp eyes, for every man present has a personal interest in the ecurity of the whole; but at the same time that did not excuse apparent neglect or ignorance in dopting proper defensive measures. Between this camp and that of Dos Rios, on the south, or Cuban (district of Santiago Cuba is meant) side of the Caute over eight hundred troops were concentrated about eight days before my arrival. Since then they had been sent off on expeditions in different directions, leaving but a handful of men with Calvar. Colonel Limbano Somchez, with his command had been sent in the direction of Mayari; factenant Colonel Silverio Prado was out in the direct tion of Guantanamo; Masco was there, and 100 met had gone to Jignani

TO ESCORT MR. O'KELLY on his way to the residence of the Executive Besides, the escort of General Garcia were wit their chief at the little camp of the families where had left him. The troops whom I found in came were those of Jiguani, under Lieutenant Colonel Saladriguiz, of Holgule, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Herero, and about a company con posing Calvar's escort. Then, only a portion of these troops were present, the rest being occupied in escort and detached dary, thus reducing the number in camp to about one hunnred and twenty combatants, and nearly as many-what shall we call them-military servants would perhaps be the best name for the convoyeros.

The same night of my arrival at Dos Bocas some foragers brought in word from the toniatales of the yaya that their escort had exchanged shots with the outposts of

AN ADVANCING SPANISH COLUMN. The guards were doubled and all requisite preparations made for the expected attack in the morning. Upon awaking on the morning of the 23d of March I found everybody at his post, momentarily expecting the approach of the Spaniards. Women, children, people on the sick list and other non-combatants, forming a mournful spectacle as they passed, were conducted by a small guard to a place of safety in the woods. It was a melancholy yet amusing sight to see those poor creatures, laden with pots, kettles, dishes and bundles of clothes, wend slowly their weary way towards the inmost fastnesses of the friendly forest. The HERALD man being a non-combatant they wanted to send him to the rear with these reserve forces; but he did not see the matter in that light, and told the officer who brought the message that it would be vastly preferable to remain where he was. Things continued in this condition until about

four o'clock in the afternoon, when a scout brought. reliable news that THE ENEMY HAD RETIRED

the way they came, and that everything was quiet. I had nothing to eat until about two o'clock P. M .. when some of the officers kindly gave me roasted contatos. Afterwards I gined with General Calvar on dried beef and boniatos, enjoying, by way of dessert, the luxury of chocolate sweetened with wild honey. At nine o'clock at night tresh news was brought in that the Spaniards continued to hold themselves ready for action in the morning or to evacuate the camp, as the case might be. MARCH 23 .- The camp was early astir, and to non-combatants a second time despatched to the rear. The garrison waited patiently until about

A SHOT PROM THE CUEAN ADVANCED GUARD. followed in quick succession by a number of others, told us that the fight was inevitable. There were a few minutes of excitement, but not a trace of fear visible on any of the faces about me; everybody dropped silently into his place, and the patriots were ready. I attached myself to the person of Calvar, and expressed my intention of remaining by him during the battle. I was asconished to see that in a short time he left the camp, accompanied by a small escort, opposite direction to that which the firing proceeded. The reason for this move. I afterwards learned, was that the Spaniards, refusing the direct road to the Cuban amn had inclined to their left and taken a path to the right of it, which would have brought them near the ford of the Cauto. General Caivar continued his retrograde movement for a distance of the river, where we crossed a shallow ford to the south side, not far from the place where General Garcia and the families were camped. Upon reaching the level above the river's steep bank it was found that

THE SPANIARDS HAD ALREADY TURNED THE CUBAN and were on their way to take possession of the fords, being at that moment in a place caded Sabanilla, a little more than good cannon range from where we then were, the Cuban forces being in full retreat for the fords, having promptly evacuated the camp. Calvar gave orders for the retreating Cubans to take possession of the fords,

and to hold them, advancing himself in an easterly

direction along the path on the level of the

southern bank. We had not been five minutes

marching in this direction when A FIRE OF MUSKETRY WAS SHARPLY OFENED AT in our front. The Spaniards were crossing the ford nearest Sabanilla and engaging the Cabans who defended the passage of the river. The fire from the Spanish column came close, quick and

sharp, while that from the Cubans was weak and scattered, like the falling of heavy rain drops be fore a coming shower. The reason of this, beyond a doubt, was the great numerical inferiority of the neighboring trees, must have seen their enemics from head to foot, and, being any sort of marksmen, they ought to have decimated the attacking columns. For a good while the rattling vollies con tinued to ring from either side, until finally THE SPANIARDS MOUNTED THE RIVER BANKS

and began to deploy along the level, when the Cubans gave way, and, retreating from tree to tree, kept up a dropping fire on their advancing oes. I must confess that I did not see a man ia! the whole time. Meanwhile Calvar retreated and fell back to that we bad crossed awhile before, to find there the rear guard of the garrison of our late camp. He gave some orders hastny, forest in a direction south from the river's bank. The Spanish troops, who had rapidly forced their way west along the river, were close upon us a this juncture, but the Cubaus whom they were driving, finding themselves reinforced by the presence of their rear guard, made a new stand behind the trees, which offered time for Calvar

A guide conducted the retreating Calvar a mile scouts, we lay close for a couple of hours as com. fortably as men could who were dripping with perspiration, choking with thirst and hungry as wolves. While lying here we heard the battle renewed with as much vigor as ever on both sides, excepting that now, the Spaniards, having brought up their artillery.

COMMENCED TO SHELL THE WOODS I counted twenty-five cannon shots, which they discharged within an hour; and, so far as material damage or moral effect is concerned, they might as well not have wasted ammunition. The Cubans laughingly told me that during the entire war none of them have ever known any one to be killed by the Spanish artiflery excepting on two

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, when, the firing having ceased, we began to cautiously move again towards the river. The Spaniards, they said, having achieved what they came for, retreated eastwards along the Cauto and there would be no more fighting that day-a prediction that turned out strictly true. We came to a deep ravine that, at an angle to our line of march, led down to the river. Here we expected to find the impedimenta-the non-combatants and the cook ing things. They were not there, and after a dili-gent search we found out from stragglers that unfortunately the Spanish troops had run across their place of concealment, dispersed, but not captured, the old men, women and children, and had completely captured and

DESTROYED ALL THE POTS AND PANS around which so many fond hopes were centred-We proceeded on our way and soon came across ebris of the ruined plates and dishes. What our hungry feelings were at contemplating that dire sight I must excuse myself from describing. Had we only in our power some of the fell authors of this desolation what vengeance would not be wreaked on the miscreants. With wistful eyes we passed these dear remains of blasted hopes and soon found ourselves again on the banks of the tortuous Cauto.

It was now after four o'clock. We were them about two and a half miles from the Cuban troops, who were then resting after the fatigues of the fight. Continuing our march the Cubans were soon reached. Without the semblance of formation the men were congregated in different groups along the pathway. I learned that

THE LOSS OF THE CUBANS had been one corporal killed and two soldiers wounded. These I saw and was present when the corporal was buried. He was killed by a rifle ball, which entered the forehead above the roots of the hair, and, ploughing its way through skull and brain, came out of a horrible hole behind the head. Passing over a portion of the ground occupied by the morning's fight, and following in the tracks of the Spaniards the direction they had taken, a little before sunset we came to a halt in the footpath by the river's brink. Pots and something to put in them were wanting; so, taking

A LONG DRAUGHT OF RIVER WATER, and gently caressing our craving stomachs, we tried to sleep around the camp fires, while the spaniards were encamped about a league off. The following morning was lovely; but, being the

second on which there had been nothing to eat, some of the people began to look a little blue. Servants now began to find their masters and masters to learn the extent of their irreparable losses. Horses were gone, clothing lost and family relies that had been carried for years missing.

AFTER THE BATCLE. No news was heard of the Spaniards, and various

opinions prevailed as to whether or not they would renew the attack. General Calvar, accompanied by his staff, went in the direction of General Garcia's camp, probably to consult with him. Colonel Maséo, on the road back from his raiding expedition, was expected to return to-day.

At three o'clock the fatigued and hungry forces took up the line of march and crossed to the northern side of the river, over the ford, where I first met General Garcia. We continued our march for a league over a savanna and came to the woods, running at right angles to the road, where the troops encamped for the night. At haif-past five o'clock Generals Gomez and Garcia paid a visit to the camp. I found that Garcia's whole personal following and his escort were already encamped woods a league further east from where

were. The loragers and servants were despatched without delay, though now so late, to the yaya bomtatales to get tood. The men were now roaming about through woods, looking for wild fruits, edible roots, the esculent part of the palm top, julia, but there was none in the vicinity. At half-past eight o'clock at night, after

I had the infinite pleasure of eating with Colonel Masco and Mr. Ignacio Mora a meal of jutic and boniato. At first I imagined the whole mess would not suffice for one of us, but on this occasion very

ittle sufficed,
THE FIGHT OPENS AGAIN. MARCH 25 .- At seven and a half o'clock in the morning the Spaniards crossed to the north side of the Cauto, drove in the Cuban outposts, and, pushing along the open savanna in front of the camp we occupied, opened fire on the position. In a moment all was excitement and hurry. The troops were formed up for action, Colonel Maséo com manding in absence of General Calvar, reported sick. The firing continued for a short time only, the Cabans readily giving ground to the push of the numerous Spaniards. The position was abandoned without much resistance, and a retreat commenced along a bypath in the woods in the direction of the Barajagna road. Colonel Mased told me to accompany the hospital convey for a league or so, where I would find General Garcia, who was looking for me. Such another sight of suffering and misery as those poor people in

THE HOSPITAL CONVOY presented I never witnessed, and never hope to see another again like it. Yet amid their sufferings they were cheerful and resigned. I soon came up to where Garcia and Gomez were standing on the roadside conversing while the hospital filed past. Garcia told me to accompany the hospital convoy. and gave me in charge of an officer, telling him to treat me weil. This seemed a most extraordinary proceeding. I afterwards learned that the General, consulting my ease and comfort, wanted to send me to a place of safety until the operation would be over. This was the very reverse of what I wanted, so, giving my hospital friend the stip on the road, I took that along which I saw some of the General's staff and the families go. In the

A BUNNING FIGHT last long, and in a short time all was quiet.

After wandering through the dreary woods all forenoon, about two in the afternoon my weary leet had a rest in a new camping ground at a point the Cauto River. There was nothing to cat all that day till then, when an officer gave me a piece of raw sweet potato. I thought it the sweetest morset that ever crossed my lips. General Garcia reached the camp at four o'clock. He was surbeen more comfortable for me to remain some time with the hospital, as the movements of the troops would entail much hardship. I said that it would be necessary to fill my mission by remaining with the forces, so that I might see any operations about to be executed. I was cheerfully allowed to

remain. The next day the families were sent in one direction, the hospital continued its march in another, and the serviceable troops, with Garcia now sum ciently recovered to place himself at the head of the whole, countermarched and went again in the direction of the Cauto. As we marched through the trails in the woods I noticed a line posts very skilfully posted at intervals in such a way that it would have been im, possible for an enemy to approach unfelt. A scout brought intelligence that the Span pards, having united their columns which had left Jiguani, Holguiu and Santiago simultaneously with a view to surround the Cubans, were now passing cast along the north (Holguin side, on which we then were) of the Cauto, at a distance of about a league and a half. Orders for silence were given, and the Cubana lay on their arms for an