QUEEN VICTORIA.

The British Sovereign and Her Farm Laborers.

WAGES AT OSBORNE.

A Herald Commissioner Investigates the Contest Between Money and Muscle.

SAD GLIMPSES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

Interviews with the Royal Steward and the Dismissed Workmen.

AMERICA OR THE POORHOUSE.

Youth Hopes for a Competence Beyond the Sea—Age Anticipates Life's Decline Among Paupers.

The question at issue between the owners of capital and their laborers—between those giving and those seeking employment—being now universally admitted to be the crucial problem of the day in England, a special commissioner has been appointed by the HERALD to make personal inquiry into the merits of each notable case as it arises and to record the result of his investigation for the benefit of our readers. The first case which has fallen within the scope of his inquiry is an important one, of the parties being no less a personage than

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND,

who, it appears, has been at strife with some of the farm laborers employed at the royal estate at Osborne. We now leave our correspondent to speak for himself:—

LONDON, June 16, 1873.

The royal estate of Osborne, which I have recently visited, is situated in the Isle of Wight, near East Cowes, and can be reached by crossing the water either from Portsmouth or Southampton. The former is the shorter route, and consequently the one always adopted by the Queen, but the latter is infinitely more picturesque. Steamers more roomy and comfortable than are generally to be found in England convey the passenger down the broad expanse of Southampton water, where are to be seen pilot boats on the lookout for homeward bound craft, trim and elegant yachts skimming before the wind, and here and there some huge leviathan belonging either to the Peninsular and Oriental or the Royal Mail Company, ploughing its way into dock or carrying a bevy of outward-bound passengers, whose sad faces are regretfully turned toward the native land so rapidly sinking behind them. This enormous pile of red buildings, faced with white stone, said to be

A QUARTER OF A MILE IN LENGTH,

is Netley Hospital, for the accommodation of invalid soldiers, and some distance further, on the opposite side of the water, we come upon Calshoit Castle, an old fortress, now dismantled and used as a coastguard station. Here in mid-stream lies the Hector, an enormous ironclad, acting as guardship, and in front of us across the silver streak of sea lies West Cowes, the headquarters of the principal English yacht squadrons and the place where the most important regattas are held. The point to the extreme right is called Egypt Point, the favorite bathing ground of the ladies, and there are the machines drawn up with their white awnings already spread out for the service of their fair occupants. Then come terraces of houses, some on the shore, some one above the other climbing up the cliff, then the stone-embanked promenade, and immediately above that an ancient castellated, turretted building, which has now been modernized into the club house of the Royal Yacht Squadron, with a fine conservatory and a lovely, smooth-shaven velvet lawn which, in the season, are the favorite resorts of such ladies as get the much-much-sought-for privilege of *entrée*. Our steamer tacks now, and in a few minutes is brought up alongside the pier, where we disembark. Our sea journey is, however, not yet finished, and we have to ferry across the mouth of the River Medina in a tiny steam launch to East Cowes, near which Osborne House is situated.

It may here be remarked that whereas Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace and Windsor Castle are royal residences—the property of the Sovereign for the time being—Osborne House and Balmoral are the personal and private property of Queen Victoria. The former was purchased by the late Prince Consort some twenty years ago, and is a magnificent house, in a fine situation, looking down over the broad expanse of green meadow to the sea. It is, however, not nearly so finely situated or of so picturesque a style in itself as its neighbor, Norris Castle, which was much coveted by the Prince Consort while making his selection. The owner of Norris Castle, however, was a Mr. Robert Bell,

THE PROPRIETOR OF A RADICAL NEWSPAPER

called the *Weekly Dispatch*, to which the poetess Eliza Cook used to contribute, and in which a writer signing himself "Publicola" used to fulminate against aristocracy, and he determined to make royalty pay for its whim. The Prince Consort, however, had the character of carrying prudence to the extent of avarice and declined to pay Mr. Bell his price.

East Cowes is a little village, very small but intensely respectable. The poorest shops have a well-to-do air about them; placards posted on the walls implore the inhabitants "not to give money or food to beggars," and inform all such persons that they will be immediately arrested, while the walls of the coffee room of the little Medina Hotel, in which I wait while my carriage is getting ready, glows all over with loyalty. There are two portraits of the Queen and two of the late Prince Consort (one of these sensible enough, the other the simpering hairdresser's dummy in the robes of the Order of the Garter, which that essentially Court painter, Winterhalter, disgraced himself by perpetrating), a picture of the Queen receiving the sacrament, another of Her Majesty's wedding and a third of the royal party on pony back in the Highlands. Now the carriage, an open fly, driven by a very brown-faced boy, is ready, and off we start. This new brick building to our left is the barracks and in its open square are two or three squads of the regiment now inhabiting it, the Seventy-ninth Highlanders. One of these squads, going through ordinary drill, is in full dress, and the men, in their scarlet jacket and tartan petticoat, with bare knees and cross-gartered legs and high bonnet, with hanging plume, look admirably picturesque and ferocious. Another of the squads, which is in undress, prim white jacket and tartan pataloons, is being instructed in the sword exercise by a sergeant with hair of a redness, cheek bones of a height and accent of a breadth impossible to be found out of North Britain.

After the ascent of a tolerably steep hill and a short drive along a country road we arrive at a pair of huge iron gates with the gilt monogram formed of the entwined letters V and A worked in the middle of them, flanked by a neat stone lodge with a large crown graven in stone over the doorway, out of which issues a very pretty portress, who very politely asks me where I am going. My intimation of my desire to see Mr. Macpherson half satisfied her, but even then, before she opens the gate, she asks if I am expected, if I have any appointment. In Wassington I walked into the room of the Secretary of the Treasury without any antechambering, and found the Secretary of War equally accessible; but here it appears that a land bailiff thinks it right to stand on his dignity. My announcement, however, that I had come a long way to see the object of my interview caused the pretty janitress to relent, and the fly was admitted within the sacred precincts. We drove up a well-kept road, bordered on either side by fields of waving grass, when we were brought to a standstill at the command of

A LONDON POLICEMAN;

not one of the county constabulary, but a portly man, direct from Scotland yard, bound in blue, and lettered A division. Again was I asked whither was I going, but my reply, "Barton Farm," was considered satisfactory, and I was permitted to proceed. The road to Osborne House lay to the right, ours to the left, and down it we went, through a broad expanse of well-cultivated land, with here and there substantial stabling, barns and outhouses, all betokening excellent farming and stewardship, until we came upon a pretty garden, bounded by a light iron railing, where my driver stopped and I alighted.

I made my way along the gravel path, past the borders blooming with flowers, past the croquet lawn, smooth as a billiard table, to the old gray stone house with its heavy porch, under the shadow of which lay the box of croquet implements and a straw hat, which had evidently been recently discarded by some childish player. Inquiring for Mr. Macpherson, I was shown into a pretty drawing room, from which I fear my arrival had scared the inmates, as the music lay on the open piano. On the walls were more loyal portraits and on the table copies of the books written by the Queen. Presently Mr. Macpherson joined me—a big, burly Scotchman, with well-cut features and a hard, shrewd expression. I told him at once who I was and what was the nature of my business—to obtain for the HERALD full particulars of the matter in dispute between the Queen and her laborers, and to glean from the various parties their own versions of the matter.

REMEMBERS THE HENRIETTA.

Mr. Macpherson did not seem much disposed at first to enter into the subject, but the mention of the HERALD somewhat modified him. "I know the NEW YORK HERALD," he said, "and I once saw Mr. Bennett when he was down at Cowes with the Henrietta. (All men in the Isle of Wight, no matter what be their pursuits, seem to take an interest in yachting matters.) When is Mr. Bennett coming to us again? There is a Yankee yacht lying in the river now—the Sappho they call her—but she don't take my fancy like the Henrietta did. Well, now, you want to know about this question with the laborers. There is not much to tell. Thirty-two of them signed a round robin and sent it direct to the Queen demanding more wages and—

CORRESPONDENT—One moment. What wages are paid on the estate? I suppose as good as any other part of the island?

MR. MACPHERSON.—Better; a shilling a week better than anywhere. Why, some of our men get £1 a week, many of them 15s. and not one under 14s., while boys can earn 10s. a week. In addition to to this each of them has a cottage—not a tumble-down pigsty, mind, but a capitally built, good cottage, with half an acre of garden land. Then her Majesty always sends them a present at Christmas, and there is a doctor specially kept for them, whose services are at their disposal whenever they are ill, and their wages are paid during all the time of their sickness. Why, sir, I have paid a man sixteen weeks' wages and he has never worked a stroke all the time!

CORRESPONDENT.—To what do you attribute this discontent?

MR. MACPHERSON.—To a combination; started entirely by one man—I won't name him—but he is a fellow who preaches the doctrines of that radical Arch, at Sheffield. I know English laborers well, sir. I have been all over England, and I tell you the fact is, that these men were too much indulged. They thought that they had only to ask and have. And fancy the impertinence of them in sending their round robin direct to the Queen herself! Why, sir,

NOT THE GREATEST LORD IN THE LAND

would have dared to have done so. It should have come through me or Sir Thomas Biddulph, but they sent it direct to the Queen herself. My God! I never heard of such a thing.

And here Mr. Macpherson wiped his brow and looked petrified with amazement at the atrocity of the proceeding.

CORRESPONDENT—What did the Queen do with this round robin?

MR. MACPHERSON—Sent it back to me to deal with as I thought proper.

CORRESPONDENT—And what did you do?

MR. MACPHERSON—Discharged seven out of thirty-two men at a month's notice.

CORRESPONDENT—That was rather sharp work, was it not?

MR. MACPHERSON—Sharp work! It was the only way of meeting the case, and what was the consequence? Here are all these men begging and praying to be taken back again; but they wont be; and not a post comes in but what brings me heaps of letters, from all parts of the country, from people asking to be taken on as the Queen's laborers.

CORRESPONDENT—And you will not take any of these discharged men back again into the Queen's service?

MR. MACPHERSON—Certainly not. I would sooner send up to the London Union Workhouses and get able-bodied paupers from them!

CORRESPONDENT—Did the English newspapers make any comments upon the case?

MR. MACPHERSON (with great disgust)—Newspapers? I am sick of them. Of course they did. The radical newspapers—that man Reynolds ought to be hanged—tried to make a great stir about it, but it wouldn't do. People are sick of newspapers now, sir, and there will be a change in the state of things. What has made the newspapers have no influence is, there is never a word of truth in any of them; they all hit either too high or too low. No offence to you, sir, but you know what I mean.

This concluded our discussion on the subject, and after a few words of general conversation I shook hands with Mr. Macpherson and took my leave. Having thus obtained the views of one of the parties to the dispute my object was, of course, to hear what the other side had to say, but this was a more difficult task. I had previously obtained the names of two or three of the discharged laborers, but on the Osborne estate at least I could not find any body who either would or could give me any idea of their whereabouts. Two men who were clipping a beautiful privet hedge were very civil and communicative until I touched upon the dreaded topic, when they declared they would "rather not say anything about that 'ere," and at one or two of the cottages at which I called they professed complete ignorance as to where the incriminated men were to be found. But later in the day I came upon two of the men who had been

GUILTY OF THE ATROCIOUS CRIME

of sending a letter direct to their employer, and here is a record of my conversation with them. I do not give their names for obvious reasons, but I will call them B. and J. B. is a man of about thirty years of age, middle height, sunburned face, strongly built, the very model of an English agricultural laborer. J. is an old man, probably nearly sixty, with bowed back and grizzled hair and deeply furrowed face. After a little talk, in which they narrated the circumstances of the sending of the round robin and their discharge, their statement differing but little from that of Mr. Macpherson, I asked them why they did not first appeal to him instead of going directly to the Queen.

B.—Appeal to him? Why, so we did. We went to Mr. Macpherson and told him that prices of everything had risen so that we could not feed our families.

CORRESPONDENT—Stay one moment. I am given to understand that you had better wages than any one in the island, and that some of you were receiving a pound a week.

B.—It's a lie. No man as I know of had more than fourteen shillings a week, and out of that two shillings a week were deducted for rent. Then there was no overtime, no pay for harvesting or anything of that kind. Twelve shillings a week was all we could earn.

J.—They gave us beer, sir, in harvest time, but it was so bad we couldn't drink it, and twelve shillings a week is not enough for a man with a family, and I told him our little ones could not live upon it.

B.—And what was his answer, do you think? He said we were too dainty and wanted prime joints. We should buy odd scraps and bits of meat at the butcher's; they were quite good enough for such as us; that's what we should do!

J.—Oh, he's a bitter, hard man, this Macpherson; hard and Scotch; not like Mr. Toward, who was here before him, and who is retired now and living down at Carisbrook. This Macpherson was head gardener then, and he was brought in and made steward when Mr. Toward retired.

B.—That's about it, sir. We all love the Queen, and think if she knew what our state was and had her own way she would be a kind mistress to us; but its people that goes in between her and us like this Macpherson here that does all the harm. She never knows, you may depend upon it, that we asked him long before we appealed to her, and she thinks it was impudence on our part writing straight to her, whereas it was our

LAST RESOURCE.

CORRESPONDENT—And what do you intend to do now?

B.—I can do well enough; I can get as good wages as I have had in any part of the country; I have been doing odd jobs for a tradesman at Cowes for the last week or two, but I am thinking of going where you come from—to America; they tell me that's the place for a man who can work.

CORRESPONDENT TO J.—And you, will you also go to America?

J. (shaking his head, and with a great sigh)—No, sir; I be too old. It's well enough for B., here; he's young and can work his way, but I be almost past work now, and me and my old woman we must finish our days in the poorhouse. God help us! There is nothing for us but that.

As the old man spoke the brightness seemed to fade out of the day, and it was some time before I could banish the sad look in his face or the weary, dejected tones of his voice from my memory.

YATES.

CONNOLLY'S SUCCESSOR.

Andrew H. Green Brought Up on a Short Turn.

Judge Ingraham Issues an Order for His Arrest in Mandamus Proceedings and Judson Jarvis Captures Him—He Pays Up and Has a Narrow Escape from Incarceration in the County Jail.

About half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon, in answer to our reporter's inquiries at the Sheriff's office, it was ascertained that an order of arrest was out for some important person, and later in the day it proved to be Comptroller Green. The proceedings were taken upon the following order, yesterday sent to the Sheriff and placed in the hands of Judson Jarvis:—

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

To MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, Sheriff of the County of New York:—

Whereas on the 30th day of August, 1872, an order to show cause why a peremptory mandamus should not issue in a certain proceeding in this Court, entitled, The People of the State of New York *ex rel.* J. William McGowan against Andrew H. Green, Comptroller of the city of New York, was made, and return thereto was made on the 9th day of October, 1872, and an order thereupon entered on the 28th day of October, 1872, that a writ of peremptory mandamus do issue against the respondents; and in conformity with said order a writ of peremptory mandamus was accordingly issued and served upon the respondents above named on the 29th day of October, 1872, and the said respondent having failed and neglected and refused to comply with said writ and a motion to commit the said respondent for contempt of Court having been made before one of the Justices of this Court at Chambers thereof on the 9th day of November, 1872, and decision reserved; and whereas on the 14th day of November, 1872, a motion was made by the respondents above named to alter the peremptory writ of mandamus into an alternative writ of mandamus, which said motion to commit was denied on the —th day of November, 1872; and the said motion to alter the peremptory writ into an alternative writ was granted on the same day, embodied in the same opinion and decision of the Judge before whom said motions were made, and an order on both motions having been made on the 13th day of December, 1872, appeal was taken by the relator from the aforesaid order to the General Term of this Court, dated the 13th day of December, 1872; and whereas the appeal having come on to be heard, the General Term of this Court, on order made and entered on the 1st day of July, 1873, ordered that the aforesaid order of December 13, 1872, be reversed, and that process for attachment for contempt issue, with costs to relator.

Now, therefore, you are hereby authorized and commanded forthwith to arrest the said Andrew H. Green, respondent above-named, and commit him to the County Jail, and to keep him therein under your custody until he shall pay the sum of $500, as also the further sum of $82 75, being the costs on this appeal as taxed, and also your fees on such precept.

Witness the Hon. Daniel P. Ingraham, presiding Justice of our said Supreme Court for the First Judicial department, this 2d day of July, 1873. By order of the Court.

CHAS. E. LOEW, Clerk.

He immediately sent runners out to ascertain the location of Mr. Green, and finally found that he had gone to his residence, corner of Fifth avenue and Washington place. Thither Mr. Jarvis and his deputy, Lawrence Curry, repaired in a coach, which drew up on the adjacent block. In a few minutes Mr. Green was espied by Mr. Curry passing down the street, in the company of his counsel, Mr. Carter, and Jarvis was signalled to put in an appearance. Jarvis approached him with the remark:—

"Is this Mr. Andrew H. Green?"

"That is my name," responded the Comptroller.

"Then," pulling from his pocket the order, Mr. Jarvis said, "I must arrest you."

Mr. Green betrayed astonishment and alarm as he responded:—

"You arrest me! for what?" Here he read the order over to the Comptroller, emphasizing the passage "Arrest the said Andrew H. Green, respondent above named, and commit him to the County Jail, and to keep him therein under your custody, &c." Then he continued, "Now, Mr. Green, I shall have to commit you to the County Jail unless you pay the money."

MR. GREEN—You do not mean that you would commit the Comptroller of the City and County?

MR. JARVIS—Yes, I must obey the order of the Court.

MR. GREEN (to counsel)—What shall I do?

Mr. Carter examined the order, when Mr. Green asked him if he had any money, and receiving a negative answer, turned to the officers and asked, "How much do you want?"

MR. JARVIS—$582 75 and fees on the writ.

MR. GREEN—What is your name?

"Judson Jarvis."

"Ah!" said the Comptroller, as he smiled blandly, "what do you propose to do?"

MR. JARVIS—I want this in cash.

MR. GREEN—I can get a check.

MR. JARVIS—I must have it in cash; it is very convenient to stop payment of a check.

Here Mr. Green attempted to enter his house, when Curry stopped him. A young man came out at the moment, and Jarvis and his distinguished prisoner and his friends formed line and took up the line of march to the Brevoort House, where Green took from his pocket some $300 and asked the clerk to cash a check for him. The clerk did not know him and refused, but one of the proprietors coming in honored the check. Mr. Green paid the money, when Jarvis remarked:—

"Mr. Green, I discharge you."

MR. GREEN—I am very much obliged, sir.

MR. CARTER—Can you give me a receipt for the money?"

MR. JARVIS—The best receipt I can give you is Mr. Green's body.

The parties separated after courteous salutations, and thus ended the first arrest of the Comptroller.

TO PREVENT SUNSTROKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

In a matter chiefly needing common attention for its regulation the best method would seem to be to disseminate the remedial truth as widely and as constantly as possible. Sunstroke is almost entirely the result of heedlessness, and would soon be unknown if our practice were conformed to a few simple rules. We shall do well to watch for its premonitions. The lower creation has greatly the advantage of us in the sense with which the Creator has endowed them of the effects of external influences upon their lives. In their original state they can accommodate themselves far better than mankind to the changes going on immediately around them in the atmospheric temperature; and this is a grand difference between instinct and reason. The heat is always felt to be oppressive to the brain and general system before the sun's rays produce insensibility; but, while the herds are seeking the water and the shade at the very right moment, man is often recklessly braving one of the most powerful forces of nature.

The specific preventive of sunstroke will be found in the proper use of cold water before the external heat has seriously affected the system, as cold water and ice are also known to be the best restoratives in medical hands, after a sunstroke has occurred; but it is, of course, dangerous to drink large drafts of water after the body is greatly heated. Take a glass of water now and again, and bathe the hands and face in cold water before the heat of the skin has become excessive, and for such purposes towns and cities should always be furnished with drinking fountains. And now for the principal preventive:—Take a handkerchief, dip it in cold water and wring it out. This placed in the crown of the hat, and its moisture renewed from time to time, will be found an effectual preventive against dangerous results.

A sponge, or, in the country, a bunch of green leaves, wetted, would answer equally well, and would keep moist longer. Even a dry handkerchief within the hat is a considerable protection to the top of the head, and it seems to be too often overlooked that this is the point which almost invariably is first affected. Black hats conduct the heat rapidly down to the head. The white kepi, which has been partially introduced as a cover to the hat, is good, the white scarf twisted around the brim to shade the head at the point of contact with the hat, however ornamental it may be, is far less complete as a protection.

This branch of preventive medicine will be conceded to be most important and worthy of general culture, and every newspaper may assist in promoting it by giving currency to the foregoing simple rules.

B.

CESPEDES AND CASTELAR.

The Cuban Question Presented to the Statesman in Madrid by the Pen of the Antillean Patriot.

Study of "The Slaves' Redemption" and Its Influence on a Youthful Mind—Democratic Enlightenment by Means of the Press—"Places of Convenience" a Heresy Against the Great Idea—Colonial Freedom or National Crime—Prison Assassinations in Cuba—Names of Some "Few" of the Murdered Dead.

The following special correspondence and official local memoranda relative to the Cuban cause and the progress of the work of liberation will command the attention of the American public, and of the democracy in other lands, not only on account of the ideas which it presents but of the pen from which it emanates and the person to whom it is addressed.

Cespedes to Castelar.

FRANCISCO FORNARIS Y CESPEDES, MEMBER AND SECRETARY OF THE CUBAN CONGRESS, TO EMILIO CASTELAR.

REPUBLIC OF CUBA,
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN GIVA,
May 13, 1873.

DON EMILIO CASTELAR:—

SIR—I was yet but young when I opened one of your books. I remember it was "The Slave's Redemption." I then groaned under the weight of the greatest of despotisms. I felt upon my spirit the weight of tyranny, on my heart and body the chains that outraged my country. Your ideas, luminous with a revelation from God, opened before my eyes an immense horizon. I reared myself on the wings of your ardent imagination, on those of your admirable talent, to the elevation of right. Your splendid and sonorous style claimed more ear than celestial music. Something that I had not experienced inflamed my breast and gave to my heart a temper for hitherto unknown feelings. It seemed as if they had taken me by the hand to introduce me to a new world, where justice ruled, and where all oppressed peoples asked an account from their oppressors for their tremendous iniquities. Yours were the mysterious genius, and in the heart of tyranny you took the bandage from my eyes and taught me the way that could conduct me to the end of my noblest aspirations.

Later on I studied other works of yours. I followed you through the press and on the rostrum, always admiring your colossal intellect and profound erudition. Democracy has given to your word the force of the tempest and the light of the lightning. You illuminated history and showed to the present generation the ways that the human race has left bloody on the earth. You cursed all tyrants, showing their evil deeds. In asking justice for the unfortunate you consoled humanity. You had been, in fine, the great propagandist of those new ideas which have powerfully contributed to purify monarchies in the decline where they are placed by the spirit of the age, raising between the victories of the multitude the glorious ensign of liberty for the nations.

But a day arrived when the society among whom I was born became agitated by the conclusions contained in revolutionary thought. The expiring hour for oppressors in this great Antille finally vibrated from the alarm bell of passing deeds. The emancipating sword of this unfortunate people was brandished in the heavens of America; and I, surrounded by the whirlwind of the combat and the din of arms, saw myself separated from all contact with the rest of the world, and lost sight of you.

THE DAY STAR PALING ITS LIGHT.

Sir, after long days of struggle, in which I did not for a moment forget your holy doctrines, by chance I read in a Spanish journal your last parliamentary speeches. When this happened, when I was persuaded—because you yourself had declared it—that before being a republican or a democrat you were a Spaniard, and a Spaniard supporting national territorial integrity; when I saw you in power, that by force of constancy and of talent you had reached, with others of your party, an accomplice to the atrocities perpetrated here, to the scandal of civilization and of humanity; when I knew that the slave who in you had a hope of emancipation—because you had condemned slavery wherever your word irradiated—here, in this unfortunate country, the slave groans under the lash of the taskmaster, and that you contemplated the spectacle from the height of your triumphs, in odious league with the sellers of human flesh, with the sustainers of the *statu quo*, I do not know what gusts of darkness passed my eyes, and I determined to address you this letter as an expression of my dread surprise at so strange and inconsistent an apostacy. I, who for more than four years have combated in an unequal struggle to sustain aloft, where it has been placed by heroes, the banner of the republic—I, who have suffered the cruelest pains and sacrificed the dearest affections of my heart for the advancement of the ideas which your books and your speeches inspired me—I tell you, sir, that your actual political conduct has produced in my spirit a sense of the most immense deception and has wrested from my mind one of my most valued convictions.

THE PANOPLY OF GENIUS PERFORATED BY THE PUNCTURE OF POLITICS.

I thought you invulnerable, sir. I looked upon you as one of those geniuses whom the Eternal Power sends from time to time on earth to enchant it by his words and regenerate it by his ideas. Perhaps I was not entirely mistaken; perhaps this apostacy is only apparent; perhaps you have had to subserve the exigencies of a painful policy; peradventure you temporize to-day with the unreasonable and the unjust to raise yourself to-morrow on their ruin and to cement forever the establishment of right and of liberty; perhaps you contribute to drown in Cuba the republican idea under pretext of a badly understood patriotism, so that, as you reason in Spain, that same idea should take root and grow. A bad path you have taken, sir. Permit me to say that your conduct is worthy of censure. If you were a propagandist you should know how to be a martyr, and not put yourself in places of convenience, that discredit the cause which you defend. Only thus could you continue being a distinguished representative of the great idea. You had feared the work of your own hands because the enterprise is gigantic, and now, nearly at the moment of finishing it, you wish to soil your device by a false and criminal change. You preach emancipation of the slaves when it was not realizable, and to-day there are bondmen in Cuba and in Porto Rico, notwithstanding that you and your co-politicians are at the front of affairs in Spain.

You condemn the perverse policy of the men who preceded you in power, and, instead of diminishing, have augmented here the barbarities of a war without quarter. What matters it if the end be laudable when the means employed are odious? Think you that the tears and the blood of a people who have struggled for years for their independence weigh so little in the balance of conscience? Is it necessary that you sacrifice for the happiness of the Spaniards that of the Cubans? Is the blood shed by the sons of the Peninsula not sufficient for their own political and social regeneration without its being indispensable for Cuba to suffer a horrible martyrdom on the altar of a metropolis that so much has tyrannized over her?

THE BANNER OF UNIVERSAL FREEDOM.

Well may a successful exit crown your efforts. Well may the Spanish Republic prop itself up and become stable. But, I tell you, sir, that, above all the glories which could illuminate the ranks of your party, the spirit of humanity, the spirit of justice and of right will always prevail, showing to all nations in the pages of the republican democratic history of your country that the complicity of your actual policy with the inquisitorial policy of the tyrannical domination in the Antilles is an incompatible consort of opposing opinions, to produce, by deception and falsehood as auxiliaries, a fruit, which perhaps may be ephemeral, at the cost of a continuation of tremendous and unqualified crimes.

Excuse the frankness with which the foregoing thoughts are expressed, offsprings of an independent character and of a painful error, and receive the assurances of my highest consideration. Your servant, &c.,

FRANCISCO FONWARIS Y CESPEDES,
Member of the Cuban Congress.

Prison Assassination.

The following are extracts from the diary of a Cuban political prisoner, written while in the hands of the Spaniards, and translated for the HERALD:—

MEMORANDA.

A few days after the breaking out of the insurrection in these parts the Lieutenant Governor of Manzanillo, Major Francisco Fernandez de la Reguera, was relieved by Colonel Juan Ampudia y Dominguez, who at first covered his avaricious ness under a simulated exterior, and everybody looked for the speedy termination of the war in this district under the direction of so upright and able a soldier; but he could not conceal for a long time his sordid likings, similar to the stealthy cat, that plays with her prize before devouring it. The first proof of his speculative administration was the licensing of a large number of coffee houses, where, for the traveller, there were only a bad counter and a few dozens of bottles, but where, night and day, without ceasing, at the instigation of the Police Commissioner, Carlos Maria Madrofial, were played all prohibited gambling games, punishable with the severest fine and imprisonment. Licensing these dens of ruin and corruption has proved a source of great riches to Ampudia. A mulatto named Augustin Fijol paid him an ounce ($17, gold) daily for permission to play prohibited games. The coffee house of a negro named Delfin Socarras gave half an ounce ($8 50, gold) to the Governor for a like permission. Gradually the other places, according to what they could pay, were allowed for money to do what was prohibited by law. I had a friend who, for $4 a day, was allowed also to establish a coffee house, which (in derision) he called "*Glorias Españolas.*" The permission was obtained through the Police Commissioner, Madrofial.

In these hells, which are strictly prohibited by law, many persons come to ruin and bankruptcy. I cite only one case—that of Captain Martin Lerida—who deserted the ranks of the Spaniards and passed over to the insurgents because of having gambled away the funds of the army to the amount of more than forty thousand dollars, lost mostly in the gambling house of Fijol, under the eye and in the presence of Ampudia, who, without running the risks of chance, has secured an ounce of gold in winnings every night. Ampudia had at his disposal the confiscated stock farms of accused insurgents. He employed men whose only duty it was to drive the beeves from these places, selling them in the town, or sending them on the steamer Cienfuegos or Villaclara to Santiago de Cuba, there to realize their prices. The number of cattle thus disposed of cannot be less than a thousand head, without any one knowing what has been done with the large sums thus received by Ampudia.

VESSELS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

There lives here a silversmith named Carlos Silvevia. He can enumerate the jewelry of all kinds, gold and silver, with settings of fine stones, and watches that have passed through his hands, in his character of expert and valuator, to fill the coffers of the Governor—of course, all acquired for a third part of their value. As a case in point, I cite the jewels of the licentiate Juan Sanchez Isaguierre, who a short time ago went to join the insurgents. The wife and family of this gentleman remained in the town. The wife and family of this gentleman remained in the town. But, their means of support becoming scarce, the family determined to seek the father and husband in the field, and to that end all their jewels were sold to Ampudia, who, without considering his rank, position or the pay he receives from the nation, found no difficulty in converting himself into a vile trafficker, to purchase these goods from the family of an insurgent—effects that perhaps, by the right of embargo, belonged to his government. A friend of mine, recently arrived from Barcelona, afforded me an opportunity to personally prove the truth of these vile transactions. He sent for the silversmith, Silvevia, to sell jewels and plate. I went with them. "I wish," answered Silvevia, "to take them to the party wishing to buy;" and straightway he took them to the Governor's house, afterwards confessing that it was he who wanted them. Our Governor was the man who wanted to buy the articles at fifty cents the ounce in weight, so that he aspired to gain double his money, besides the workmanship, on plate that had never been used.

HOW THE TRADE GOES ON.

The propagation of gambling, the sale of beeves and the purchase of precious metals are three great branches of business that in a few months have enriched the Governor of Manzanillo.

PAYING HIMSELF.

I shall mention a few acts of the Police Commissioner, whom I formerly knew as corporal of night watchmen. When he entered into the discharge of the duties of his new employment, he adapted himself perfectly to the character of Ampudia. This municipality, for want of funds, has not been able to give him any pay, nor to any others of its dependants. Macrofial possesses to-day a considerable number of beeves, among them some lost cows, from which he supplied, during the long siege suffered by the town, a milk dairy, and favored the people by selling milk at the rate of forty cents a bottle.

PRISON KEEP MORALS.

I shall now speak of the jail keeper of Manzanillo. He is a retired sergeant, named Juan Bonastre y Benabent, a native of Valencia, in Spain. Three years ago he entered on the discharge of his duties, with the salary of $35 a month. During this time he has kept a well furnished house and a table equal to any in the town. One who knows Cuba will affirm that he spends each month for his table alone at least three times the sum of his pay; so that in three years of service, during which he has received no pay from the Corporation, he has been able to satisfy all his caprices, at the same time that he never wanted half a dozen of gold ounces in his pocket, besides having to-day a capital of five or six thousand dollars, from what he has saved in maintaining the prisoners. From this the reader may imagine how much the stomachs of the unfortunates committed to his care have suffered; taking also into account that he had to share the swindle, so that he might do it in safety.

A considerable number of us, political prisoners, all friends, were together in a corridor when we heard one day the grating of the lock-hinges of the iron bars, and saw a bed brought in on the shoulders of four men. A wounded man, doubled up in a bloody sheet, was lying on it. The unfortunate man was José Manuel de Biritan. His sufferings were such as to move a heart of stone. The poor fellow was naked, having only the bloody sheet to cover his body, which contained sixteen bullet and bayonet wounds. He had been in the hospital and was brought from thence to the cell opposite our corridor. The nourishment they gave him was the same as to the other prisoners—a plate of rations at nine o'clock in the morning and another at four in the evening. But what rations! A little rice and nard peas, half raw, swimming about in salt water. A good day it was when in that disgusting soup was mixed a piece of lean beef. The conduct of the keeper toward his wounded prisoner soon changed. One morning he ordered that better food should be given him. He gave him a change of clothes, had the sheet changed, giving an additional one, and animated him with cheering conversation. Afterwards he visited the prisoner every morning, and made the hospital practitioner take care of his wounds. I noted this sudden change on the part of the turnkey, and, in his forced smiles and assumed good nature, concluded there lurked some secret danger to poor Biritan. His wounds were already closed, and to the paleness of death had succeeded a healthy color of flesh, and his brow bore the aspect of satisfaction and cheerfulness. Bonastre entered one lovely morning with an aspect of gladness more than on other occasions. He said, "Friend Biritan, to-day you will be released, now that your wounds are completely cured, as the other political prisoners have been pardoned by the provisional government; you will see your mother and your brother, whom you so much desire to behold; but remember me, who have taken such good care of you, so that you can resume your labors in the field and enjoy the happiness that industry offers."

A BLOODY DEED AND THE DARK VALLEY.

At the grating of the corridor Lieutenant Vicente Rios awaited Biritan. I observed the indescribable ferocity and gladness that lighted the face of Bonastre, and overheard the sarcastic accent in which he said to that officer, "Take care of him you as I have, so that he remembers us well and feels by all means his separation." Rios treacherously assassinated Biritan in the Ingenio of Silverio Valerino, a league from Manzanillo. This is one of the brave deeds that to-morrow will be certified to in the service sheet of this officer.

"DONE TO DEATH."

In the second period of my imprisonment they brought from the field the family of an insurgent chief named Ladislao Garcee, composed of the mother and eight children, one at the breast and the eldest a girl of fifteen years. All were shut up together in one of the cells that was about fifteen feet square. They had no place to sit down or rest but the ground, which they covered with their wretched clothing at the hour of going to sleep. They all got sick because of the bad food, little ventilation and the coldness of the floor upon which they lay. The child, who the mother yet nursed, was the first to feel the terrible effects of yellow fever. On the third day the unhappy woman knew that her infant was expiring for the want of some medicine, and she begged the cell keeper to tell Bonastre of its condition. He went to the cell smiling with gladness in the presence of that unhappy spectacle, saying to the weeping mother, "Do not fear, señora; if the child dies we will bury it; there will be no want of a hand-barrow and a couple of negroes to lift the child." Brutal words, worthy of a savage only. He offered to send a physician, but at going out prohibited one's being called, although the doctor lived about forty yards from the jail. The child died the following day, and, to fill the formula, a doctor was then called, who did nothing more than certify the death. I, who have a family in the town, and ample means for them to supply my wants, was not permitted to use a cot bed or blanket until after two months' imprisonment, during which time my bed was a mat on the ground. Here is the order of the Governor permitting me the use of a bed:—"The jail keeper will allow Mr. —— the use of a cot bed and a blanket. Manzanillo, December 18, 1868. The Governor: Ampudia."

Bonastre is a tyrant with absolute power in all things concerning the prisoners. The City Magistrates, who should visit the jail and see after the treatment of the prisoners, never go there. During three months, the time of my first imprisonment, I never saw one of them visit the jail. The prisoners suffer whatever punishment Bonastre may be pleased to inflict upon them for the slightest omission. None of the articles of the jail regulations are observed by this employé, who only attends to two things:—Steal all he can and inflict as much punishment as possible on the unhappy persons who have the misfortune to fall into his power.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PUEBLA, MOLERO, PONTES AND LORENTE.

Juan Puebla was made prisoner on the 4th of August, Antonio Molero on the 19th, Juan Pontes on the 15th and Jesus Lorente on the 20th of the same month. I shall speak of these four victims, these beings, who, in the dark shades of mystery, were immolated to the barbarous vengeance and grovelling ideas of their enemies. The cause of locking up Puebla, he told me, was because the government suspected his complicity with the insurgents, judging from what he could gather from the questions put to him by the Governor a few minutes after his arrest. The others did not know what was the reason of their apprehension. The authorities put no questions to them. They knew nothing whatever until the last moment of the reason why they were arrested.

Juan Puebla and his three companions were apprehended in their houses, having their police documents and other papers from the authorities in good order. They may have been guilty of conspiration, but I defy the authorities of Manzanillo to show the slightest proof of their trials having been even commenced; so that in virtue of no conviction were these four beings hurried out of existence.

But, in connection with this quadruple assassination, read the following document, which is a copy of the original in my possession:—

TO THE COLONEL, MILITARY LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF THIS GARRISON:—

Don Miguel Puebla, of this neighborhood, with respect and submission before Your Honor, says:—That his son, Don Juan Puebla, who is also father of three children, minors of age, and he, as well as the petitioner, live with their families, supporting them by the earnings of their personal labor, always hard, but, in the present circumstances, as Your Worship will easily comprehend, much more so. These circumstances and that of Your Worship's petitioner being a sexagenarian, impel him to molest your attention, in view of the fact that the delay in the trial being conducted against his son involves his life and the happiness of the beings forming his family. For as much to Your Worship petitioning that you be pleased to order the corresponding declaration of his said son to be taken, so that the innocence and inculpability of the accused may speedily appear, obtaining by this means his liberation and return to his occupation that brings him the necessary means of support for his unfortunate family, the undersigned appears, asking this grace and favor from Your Worship's magnanimous heart. God guard Your Worship's life for many years.

MANZANILLO, August 18, 1869. MIGUEL PUEBLA."

This document bears the following endorsement:—

The jail keeper will release Don Juan Puebla, who is now a prisoner under his charge.

By order of the Colonel, the Secretary,
GERARDO ALBORNOS.

MANZANILLO, August 20, 1869.

The aged father, as we have seen, presented his petition to the Governor on the 18th day of August, fourteen days after the imprisonment of his son