## THE WAR ON THE HERALD.

Cur Secret Cuban Commissioner's Story of Three Herald Men's Captivities.

Gerona. Morro and Cabanas -- O'Kelly, Millen and Price.

Mr. Millen's Return from the Cuban Lines.

His Surrender in Manzanillo and Imprisonment in Fort Gerona.

EXAMINATION AND RELEASE.

The Mystery of an American Citizen Being Set Free.

BRITISH CHAGRIN THEREAT

A Visit to O'Kelly in Fort Morro, at Santiago.

AMENITIES OF CUBAN DUNGEON LIFE.

Journey with O'Kelly from Santiago to Havana.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. PRICE

Arrested at the Instance of Mr. O'Kelly's Prosecutors.

IS THERE A SECRET HERALD CIPHER?

The Captain General's Sarcasm on the British Consul.

An Expose of Spanish Cruelty and Maladministration in Cuba.

HAVANA, May 26, 1873. Having arrived in this city after my recent release from imprisonment by the Spanish military authorities, I first proceed to give the HERALD an account of that part of the mission confided to me occurring between the date of my departure from the Cuban lines and the present time, touching also the days passed in confinement, my journey with Mr. O'Kelly from Santiage de Cuba and the interview had with Mr. Price in Fort Cabanas.

Judging these points of more immediate interes than the recital of my successful journey through the Cuban lines, I write them here. My reasons, in addition to the above, for not writing at length my experiences before and after entering Cuba libre are obvious. I do not feel that I could render justice to my subject while under the shadow of the Spanish flag. I therefore commence my story with my return to the Spanish lines.

OUT OF CUBA LIBRE. On the memorable morning of my unexpected advent in Manzanillo I jumped out of my hammock at daybreak, made a surprisingly hasty tollet, grasped a stout staff, and, throwing an overcoat across one arm, declared myself ready to march. MY GUIDES

Of the two volunteers who had faithfully watched my repose during the night one mounted his nag to show me the way to the town, while the other took my hand in his, pressed it with the lervor of a

tant. I expected to reach the town and get into the United States Consulate before many people were astir. Could I only get under the roof from whose summit waved the starry flag my life would be in no immediate danger, but should I be caught by any of the patrels, or apprehended at an advanced post, immediate death at the hands of the soldiery awaited me. It was a thing of everyday occurrence, that of persons from the insurgent lines

HEWED TO PIECES

by bloodthirsty rumans in uniform, and reporting what they liked to superiors, who rarely took the trouble even to inquire who the unfortunate dead might be. If caught in the Spanish lines before presenting myself I would be immediately shot as a spy. There was no alternative, then, but to run the desperate chances. The success or otherwise of the next hour's march was to me a matter of THE TRAMP TO MANZANILLO.

The birds twittered cheerily on many a dew spangled spray, the trees, flowers and plants had on their brightest hues and bloomed with more than wonted verdure; each gentle acclivity, bathed in freshening light, assumed its fairest guise; the gentle zephyrs of the opening day stole calmly over the scene, attuning the seul to a delicious ense of nature's harmony and loveliness. In this glad morning, as the advancing light was lifting the veil from nature's charms I wended my way along the road in the direction of Manzanillo. knew the danger of my situation, was armed and MY VOLUNTEER GUIDE

kept in sight of me, and from time to time stopped at some turn in the road, waiting to assure himmelf that I was in the right path. He was a young man of ingenuous countenance, but appearances are deceptive. I never saw him until last nigh He knew the peril of my position. What if he had galloped off and denounced me to the nearest oops? He could do it with impunity and receive the applause of his officers. My life was in his bands. But no; he was a creote, a Cuban, a triot, disguised with the uniform of Spain, and I was secure in his reeping.

NEARING THE TOWN. At a distance of a mile or so from town I began so meet occasionally a traveller early on the road ses two or three together. It was only then hat I realized the fact of being far from the most dvanced Cuban outposts, and was again com-letely within the Spanish lines, which I had left near Santiago de Cuba just two months and two days ago. I confess to having feit a little nervous; but, putting on the semblance of carelessness and nonchalance, closely eyed each approaching passenger lest treachery or mischance might ray the secret of my coming. Yet, although my appearance must have been singular at that time and place, it seemed to escape the notice of the sers-by encountered on this eventful morn-I gained the outskirts of the town, and pres ently came within sight of

A BLOCKHOUSE POST, situated on an eminence to the left of the road. 1 was within short rifle range of the place. The nts of the soldiers within and about it were visible. They did not perceive my apch. I slipped by unnoticed, and this dangers point in the road was left benind.

one of the stores at the entrance to the town ere a number of persons talking together. They ed either to the right or left, and the

WHICH BOAD TO TAKE, so as to not show ismorance of local topography.

I looked for my guide, but he was gone and never again seen by me. Fortunately the right road was that followed, and I was soon on a side street that presently led to a principal one from which could be seen the volunteers' barracks, situated on the east side of the plaza. I passed this building, crossed the plaza and made for the store of Mr. Frederick Roca, who a lew months before United States Consul for this port. It was just about six o'clock. Even at this carly hour the store was open. I went in and inquired for the Consul, and was informed that

ROCA WAS DRAD and Mr. Lanton appointed in his place. As the young men in the store evidently knew me and were wondering at my singular appearance, the ses were evacuated by me on the instant, and my footsteps turned in the direction of Lanton's place. By a little judicious manœuvring the onse was reached without challenging any particular attention. The doors were yet closed, but I sought a sanctuary in the upper stery of the ouse, where another family live. I was at last within the shadow of

THE STARS AND STRIPES and thought myself comparatively safe. Presently the doors of the Consular office were opened, and I sat down to await the arrival of Lanton. A little after seven o'clock Mr. Lanton was in the office He had already been told that some strange-looking American was awaiting him. I announced my. self as an American citizen, showed my passpor and the Spanish cedula given me in Havana. He examined the documents leisurely, saying that they were the only proof he had of an applicant's right to Consular protection. When informed that

I had just entered the town PROM THE INSURGENT LINES and intended to surrender myself to the Governor of the town he readily agreed to go with me, and evinced a warm desire to do what was possible for my safety and comfort.

I WAS HUNGRY. Reader, there is a tremendous force of meaning in these words. A fine bowl of coffee and a plentiful supply of bread and butter, to which I did ample justice, seemed to me the most delicious meal in the world. The hour had now arrived for me to see the Governor. That meant to go straight to a military prison, Heaven knows when to emerge from it. Upon arrival

AT THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE the Consul and I were immediately ushered into his dread presence. A polite salutation all round and an invitation to be Seated followed. Mr. Lanton, with my passport and cedula in his hand, explained that I was an American citizen, who had presented in the Consulate my papers in due form, and that I was anxious to proceed to Havana without delay. The Governor examined the cedula and found that it had not been noted by any Spanish authority since passing through the hands of General Benegassi in Holguin on the 24th of January last. It was then the 15th of May.

"How is this," asked the Governor, "where have you been all the time since this paper was last noted ?"

My reply was that I had been in the insurgent camp and had just returned that morning, stating also the fact of being a special correspondent of the NEW YORK HERALD. The Governor gave a visible start, but, quickly recovering himself, and bowing rather stiffly when I concluded, he turned to the Consul and said :-

THE PIAT OF THE DON. "It is impossible for this gentleman to proceed on his journey. He is for the present and until further orders detained as a prisoner."

This was, of course, expected, so that the launch ing of the flat caused no surprise. Here Lanton generously proposed that I might remain under arrest in the Consulate, and that he would be responsible for my appearance when called for. The Governor thought this proposition not acceptable, and said that I must go to Fort Gerona. Here the Commandant of that stronghold made his advent on the scene, and his advent on the scene, I was very ceremoniously introduced to my future keeper. The Governor having granted me permission to telegraph to my friends, I immediately despatched messages to the HERALD, to Consul General Torbert, Consul Young and some friends in New York. I now took leave of the Governor and of Mr. Lanton and accompanied the Commandant of Fort Gerona to partake of his

ENSOLICITED HOSPITALITY. That bright May morning was pleasant. Everything looked fresh and green. Nature seemed rejoice in the renewal of Spring. My soul was in harmony with the surrounding scene; but the thought of to-morrow doubtful and dark. The little hill on the northern outskirts of Manzanillo. that is crowned by Fort Gerona, was soon topped; the narrow, unsteady drawbridge crossed, sally-port passed and the square space forming the interior body of the work reached. Over the doors of the different rooms my eyes caught the words "Comandancia de Artilleria," "Cosina," "Escusado," "Deposito" and

"CALABOSO," and to this last named habitation, the common black hole, I was blandly introduced. The Commandant placed himself at my service, teiling me to give him my orders in whatever I pleased. To those unacquainted with the extravagant flights of Spanish politeness this might have seemed like heartless irony, or an unnecessary adding of insult thin air, words that meant nothing.

THE QUESTION OF DOCUMENTS. I expected to be thoroughly searched for papers or documents. Ample preparations for that disagreeable process had been made by me days before. My notes, letters from President Cespedes and other papers were already on their way by the underground railroad. They reached Manzanillo by secure hands other than mine. By the same means my papers were safely conveyed here. and they will not reach my possession until I shall have sailed at least the conventional marine league out at sea, beyond the limits of Spanish waters. Let the Dons divine how the thing was done. To their credit be it said, however, no search was made of my person, nor was I ever asked for papers.

THE HERALD CELL.

Leaving me, the Commandant politely bowed himself out, and I was alone with my thoughts, in a room about twenty feet long by ten feet wide, with a rough, broken, tiled floor. In the rear of the cell was placed a large window without glass, high from the ground, and closed by a row of stout iron bars. The door looking into the interior of the fortress was terribly strong, doubly locked, bolted and barred on the outside, with a barred space in the upper half extending across its whole breadth. This space was just high enough for me to converse with the sentinel outside by sticking my face against the bars. The window in rear and the open space in the door kept the cell well ventilated. Through the door nothing was to be seen but the kitchen and the Commandant's quarters. Through the window, under which was the ditch of the fort, a rather pleasant view was obtainable of the eastern suburbs-such as they are-of the town, while to the south the sea and a portion of the roadstead of Manzanillo could be well seen. My gallant colleague, Mr. O'Kelly, occupied this identical cell during the greater por tion of his imprisonment in Fort Gerona.

THE INNER MAN. Mr. Lauton was so prompt in sending things for my comfort that they arrived at the cell nearly as soon as myself. Some chairs, a table, the inevitable cot bed and some refreshments, made my new billet assume an air of comfort, if not of luxury, that was quite consoling under the circumstances

I verily believe that if one had no money or friends he might starve in a Spanish prison. No provisions, that I could see, were made for feeding prisoners, and had not the kind Lauton promptly ordered my meals from the tavers, nothing, apparently, would have been done to keep me from

I was now in strict solitary confinement, income ado, so that my nearest and dearest friends on earth could no more get near me than if the grave had opened its jaws and swallowed the poor tenant of the ceit.

From the times of the Inquisition-that terrible nonument of Spanish religious lunacy—their code of criminal procedure dates the introduction of the order of incommunicado. This barbarous decree is founded on the theory that if the accused were

allowed to communicate freely with friends a system of evidence that might defeat the ends of justice could be concected by the defence. Here, the law supposes that a prisoner, his counsel and friends are all perjurers; and while charging him with the commission of a crime, requires him to prove his innocence by

DEPRIVING HIM OF ALL POWER AND FACILITIES FOR DEPENCE. True, after the accused has given his deposition he is then allowed free communication, but the State has taken an unfair start and is a long way ahead of him in the proceedings, where, at every turn, he is completely at the mercy of the prose-

When the boy from the tavern came with my meals he was allowed to walk into the cell, accom panied by the sergeant of the guard, leave the meals, walk out again and wait outside until he could remove the dishes and return home. A strict watch was kept during his stay, to prevent the boy from communicating with me. I earnestly begged of the Commandant to

LET ME HAVE A BOOK TO READ, any kind, even the Bible; but, notwithstanding his protests of service, under one or another pretext, the coveted means of passing away the time was withheld until the afternoon of the second day of my incarceration, when the military torney detailed to try me, as a great favor allowed me to have an odd volume of a trashy Spanish novel. As I did not smoke, and was not allowed to read, during the first and part of the second day's imprisonment time hung heavy on my hands. The hours were passed in mentally debating my chances of life or death by sentence of court martial; whether the American government would afford me any protection, and how long, under any circumstances, I would have to remain in prison. Buried in such like cogitations, I would, in the evening, mount the window sill, and, pressing my face against its cold bars, watch, with unwearying eye, the calm, glorious descent of the setting sun, surrounded by the refulgent rays of his thousand glories, until, descending with him, they were "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

CARLIST PRISONERS ON GUARD. The troops who mounted guard in the fortress had but arrived from Spain, via Havana, the day before my arrest. They were Carlist prisoners who, having suffered longer or shorter terms of confinement, had consented to volunteer for active service in Cuba rather than remain indefinitely in iail or be sent to Fernando Po. I made friends with nearly every sentinel placed at my door.

MEARLY ALL MERE BOYS.

some of them not exceeding fourteen years old, and none over nineteen or twenty. One of them repeatedly offered to convey outside any secret message to my friends. There was nothing very urgent, indeed, to employ the lad's service, but had there been I would have hesitated to use him. Several of them told me confidentially that they were out in Cuba against their will, and that upon the first opportunity they would "go." They did not say where, but a significant wag of the head and shrug of the shoulders told me it would be anywhere but to the front. They would desert, in THE DEPOSITIONS.

On the second morning of my confinement, May 16, Majer Carrean, the military prosecutor appointed to try my case, accompanied by a subordinate officer as clerk and the man Caceres, Alcalde of the town, entered my cell. The short courtesies exchanged were ceremonious and cold. The Major read his authority to proceed against me on

A CHARGE OF "INFIDENCIA" (unfaithfulness, a crime equivalent to treason) against the Spanish government. I expressed my-self ready to give my declaration, provided the United States Consular Agent were present. Caceres wanted to know if I were a native born or naturalized. This question he asked several times, and each time he received the answer, "I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

Major Carrean said that my demand for the presence of the Consul was right and that he would have Lauton cited for the next morning, at seven o'clock, and in the meantime adjourn all proceedings until that hour. Caceres sneaked out in a discomfited manner and I have not seen him since. The Major and his clerk took a friendly leave till the next morning. THE TELEGRAPH GAGGED.

Fearing that some accident might have happened to prevent my first telegrams from reaching their destinations, I requested the Commandant to ask the Governor for leave to send the HERALD the telgram of which the following is a translation :-"I am prisoner in a Spanish fortress for having

visited the camp of Cespedes."

The Governor replied that there was no use disto the rebel camp without authority, and that my telegram, to be allowed to go on, must bear that acknowledgment on its face. I had no hesitation in adding the words "without authorization" to the telegram, and returned it, trusting the message would be sent off. In a short time the Commandant returned, telling me that the Governor was NOT SATISFIED WITH THE PHRASEOLOGY

of the telegram, and would retain it until one to his liking should be made out. This was provoking, but, determining to take things coolly, I desired the Commandant to write out a message in such words as he chose, and, provided it contained the sense of what I wanted to convey, in words pleasing to the Governor, I would sign it. Between us we made out a telegram that we both agreed ought to do, and he carried it off to the Governor. In an hour or so the Commandant returned the third time, having in his hand a note from the Governor, which he showed me. The letter, divested of verbiage, circumlocution and Spanish compliments, meant to say that the form of my message not vet satisfying him, it

WOULD NOT BE PERMITTED TO GO OVER THE WIRES, with a thousand regrets, assurances, appreciations, &c. My heart sunk within me at this news. Was I to be arbitrarily cut off from communication with my friends and remain here at the mercy of a remorseless military despotism? I contented myself with the resolution of appealing next day to the Consul.

On the morning of May 18, at seven o'clock, my cell door was opened, and Major Carrean, Consul Lauton, the Count of San Luis, aide-de-camp to General Menduina, and Carreon's clerk entered. Everything was now ready for the taking of my deposition. The man Caceres wisely did not put in

an appearance.
PROTESTS IN POINT. Before replying to any questions I asked the privilege to say that, while willing not to place any obstacles in the way of the proceedings, it be. came my duty to enter a couple of protests, which the prosecuting attorney could place in whatever part of the case it might be customary. I protested in the first place to being tried by a mili-tary tribunal for the reason that the United States, of which I am a cittzen, does not recognize the existence of a state of belligerency in Cuba; the Spanish government denies that there is any state of war in the island, and, while so denying, they could not at the same time try a foreign citizen by a military judge, he having nothing whatever to do with the army. In the next place, I protested against being tried on the charge of infidelity, or treason to the Spanish government. I am an American, and never owed any allegiance to the government of Spain. Where

NO ALLEGIANCE IS DUE, NONE CAN BE EXACTED. I could not, therefore, possibly be guilty of unfaithfolness to Spain. If the charge were that of levying war against the government of Spain, or for giving aid and comfort to her enemies, then it would stand; but the charge now made could not

The prosecuting attorney heard me out, and said that my right of protest was well founded, but that it must be made through the United States Consulate and to the Governor directly, as according to the laws under which he proceeded, which could not be altered, these protests, however just in themselves, could have no place in the case that he was consulting. I recognized the justice of his remark, and said that I was thus saved my right of protest declared myself ready to proceed with the deposition.

I subsequently learned that while all this farce was ing played out, the Governor of Mansanillo had put received orders from the Captain General of the Morro present some of the lovel

to release me, they having reached him the night

AN ENDEAVOR TO "PUMP" THE PRISONER. The subject matter upon which they examined bore no relation whatever to; the question of my guilt or innocence of the charge of "unfaithfulness." On the centrary, the questions put to me were touching the manner of my getting into the insurgent lines from Santiago de Cuba; where I had met Cespedes and the other Cuban chiefs; how many, and where they were, and how I had managed to reach Manzanillo unobserved. To many of the questions asked I gave no reply whatever, to others of them vague answers that served to save me from being proceeded against for contempt of Court, but furnished not the slightest scrap of information that could be turned to the least account even by the most ingenious Spaniard.

THE SUB-STORY OF A SPANISH DEFEAT. My Prosecuting Attorney, with a detachment of about two hundred and fifty men, while on escort duty to Bayamo, about three weeks before this time, had been ambuscaded and completely defeated by the Cuban patriot General Modeste Diaz. Carreau was, therefore, very anxious to know the whereabouts of Diaz, "Who," said the Major, "in

EIGHT HUNDRED MEN AGAINST MY ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY: and he ought, therefore, to have annihilated my

Diaz, to my own certain knowledge, had less than three hundred men in the action alluded to. Finding that nothing useful could be extracted from me, the prosecutor put a good face on matters and declared the examination closed. I was glad of it; but imagine my surprise and boundless joy to find, when the Commandant came to me. shortly afterwards, that

MY RELEASE HAD BEEN ORDERED I had the pleasure of breakfasting, a free man, with Lauton, and lost no time in obtaining a pass for Santiago de Cuba-for which port I sailed a couple of hours after my prison doors were opened.

THE MYSTERY OF RELEASE. Before the arrest of Mr. Price, Englishmen attributed my release to the influence of the American government, and the fear which they thought Spaniards entertain of hostilities with the United States. Others think that it was due to a misunderstanding on the part of the Captain General of the true nature and gravity of the charge against me, while a few shrewd ones with whom I have conversed think that Pieltain regrets the absurd severity of the treatment of O'Kelly by Ceballos, and which he is endeavoring to remedy without confessing openly to the world that the official conduct of his predecessor entitled the world to write that gentleman down an ass. Were it not for this the same shrewd people believe that Mr. O'Kelly would have been immediately

As I have before said, immediately upon my reease I determined to set out without delay for Santiago de Cuba, where my colleague and friend, Mr. O'Kelly, was imprisoned, in order to ascertain if I could be of service to him before returning to

New York.

THE COSTUME OF CUBA LIBRE.

A couple of hours after getting out of prison : was aboard the Villa Clara and steaming for the port of Santiago. On board the ship my tremendously seedy linen suit, torn boots and awfully broad-brimmed hat, à la mambi, attracted a good deal more of attention than was quite agreeable. The officers and passengers seemed at a loss to make me out, but some way it got winded about that I was the released HERALD correspondent. This discovery brought me a good many

SCOWLING SIDE GLANCES from beneath lowering brows, to which I paid not the slightest attention. I exchanged not a word with any one during the entire trip from Manzanillo to Santiago.

The same afternoon of our departure from Manzanillo the Captain of the ship and some officers got into a warm discussion about the manners and customs of the United States. The Captain loudmouthedly condemned, in unmeasured terms, everything American. He lashed himself into a fearful fury of wrath; and, attempting to imitate, in his own peculiar way, some of our national traits of character, denounced all Yaukeedom as barba rous, savage, uncivilized and hateful in the ex trame. I felt more sorrow than anger for the fel low who gave this provoking

EXHIBITION OF HIS OWN IGNOBANCE and narrow-mindedness; but thinking that there might possibly be a trap laid to draw me into a discussion and a quarrel, in order to procure my rearrest, I took no notice of this preposterous outrage on the rights and feelings of inoffensive travellers-by the very man, too, who should be the first to protect from insult passengers of all nationalities, placed temporarily under his care. guising the fact of my arrest being caused by going | Travelling Americans should not, by any mistake, get on board the steamer Villa Clara.

> The next morning, May 18, we passed the Morro Castle at daylight and steamed up the magnificent and very picturesque bay of Santiago de Cuba. Upon disembarking I went straight to the United States Consulate. The Vice Consul, Mr. Schmit, was already stirring, and just on his way over to the hotel of Consul Young, to accompany that gentleman to the Morro Castle, on a visit to Mr. O'Kelly. The Consul was already aware that I had been released and expected my coming. It was my ardent desire to accompany these gentlemen o see Mr. O'Kelly, but I was obliged to postpone the visit until next day, because of the difficulty in mmediately procuring a pass, and the fact that the Governor of the Morro Castle would admit no one excepting by an order from the General.

MORE SPANISH COURTESY. At night I accompanied Consul Young to pay my respects to the General commanding the district, He received us very ceremoniously, but graciously, Through him I thanked the Spanish authorities for the promptitude with which my case had been lespatched in Manzanillo. The General wreathed his face with a variety of smiles at this compliment, unwarranted, perhaps, to his fellow officials. He is a bright, dapper little fellow of about forty, with a good, restless brown eye, and as nimble and exactingly polite as a French dancing master. He at once acceded to my request for permission to see Mr. O'Kelly. This being the object of my call, it was not deemed prudent or convenient to attempt to interview the little gentleman.

THE ARCHBISHOP of Santiago de Cuba and three or four other persons prominent in local affairs were with the General His Eminence looked benignantly and condescendingly enough upon us, wreathing his rubicund visage in a multitude of what were intended to be pleasant and patronizing smiles. The Archbishop is a large man in every sense of the word, more particularly with regard to his girth than his stature. He is a man of about fifty, of commanding presence, with a good Spanish eye and a wellshaped head. He was dressed, not to speak it pro-fanely, in the uniform of his order and rank.

I intended going early the next day to the Morro Castle, but had to wait on the Chief of Staff. Colonel Martinez, to receive the permit; also for Consul Young, who kindly agreed to accompany me, but who was detailed in his room between three and four hours in giving a long deposition to case. The object of this examination seemed to be to find out if Mr. Young knew of the existence

ANY CIPHER OR KEY by which Mr. O'Kelley conducted his correspondence with the HERALD and with Mr. Price, and also to learn if Mr. Young was acquainted with any of the Cuban leaders in Santiage.

THE MORRO CASTLE

is about an hour's easy and pleasant drive frem Santiago de Cuba. It is perched upon a rocky steep on the south side of the entrance to the bay of that name. It is an irregularly traced permanent work, belonging to the style of military architecture of the early part of the last century. Advantage has been taken of the shelving recesses in the rock to lay the foundations of walls once formidable, new crumbling and inadequate to re sist the shock of modern artillery. Its guns are old smooth-bore pieces of small calibre, generally of brass. I saw a few iron eighteen and twentyfour pounders and a thirteen-inch brass mortar. I was not, however, over all the works of the

fortress.

that might be looked upon in any country. To the south and east, far below the feet of the spectator, glisten and shimmer the bright, blue waters of the cean, stretching their silvery expanses to the onfines of the distant horizon. To the west, the ofty, tree-clad range of the Cobre Mountains rises its dizzy peaks in the ethereal plue of the cle less sky. The flood of effuigent tropical light that bathes their rugged slopes shows the majestic forms of these giant sentinels of the coast, in a variety of shape and shade, exquisitely grand and cautiful. To the north lie the silvery, smiling waters of the bay, with the handsome city of San tiago de Cuba, pleasantly situated on a rising ground at its northern extremity. The vessels of many nations show their multiform ensigns from tall, shipmast tops, and a goodly line of mountains, crowned by the blockhouse forts of the Spanish troops, forms a meet background to the picture.

We reached the Morro; and after the vexatious delay of being halted by an avanced sentinel, at least two hundred yards from the glacis, we were conducted to the quarters of the Con Captain Martinez. I had known the gentleman before. He received us with courtesy and kindness, offering refreshments and instructing an officer to at once accompany us to Mr. O'Kelly's

The old drawbrige creaked and swung en its rusty hinges as we followed our guide over the main ditch of the fortress, through a low and deep sally port cut through the ramparts and riveted with masonry, into the body of the place, past the main guard, through a couple of posterns and up to the iron-studded and barred door of a casemate Having obtained the key, our guide applied it to the stont, rusty lock. A chill of horror flashed across my mind as I thought of the poor fellow immured within and of my own recent release from a similar dungeon. The heavy door swung back and the next moment

THE FIRM, PRIENDLY GRASP OF O'KELLY'S HAND was in mine. Mutual greetings of a mutually pleasant nature were rapidly exchanged between us, to the utter forgetfulness—at least on my part—of the presence either of Consul Young or the Spanish officer who accompanied us.

O'KELLY'S CELL. The casemate in which Mr. O'Kelly was confined s about twenty feet long by fourteen feet wide. The arched ceiling appeared to be about ten feet high. A strongly iron-barred, unglazed window let in both light and air. This aperture in the mas sive masonry is about two and a half feet high by twenty inches wide. The walls are whitewashed and bare, the floor dry and formed of a hard conglomerate of gravel and lime. Three chairs, including a recker, a canvas-bottomed cot bed, a table, with some books and writing materials, formed the furniture of this unique establishment. The prisoner was allowed two not yet been out, so that we came in good time to accompany him round the ramparts. It ought to be mentioned that he was allowed to board himself. As O'Kelly stood up to go out of the cell he straightened himself, passing his hand up his forehead and running his fingers through his hair.

noticed that he LOOKED A LITTLE PALER and a shade thinner than when last we met, but the same fire that burned in his eye and lighted up his countenance as our animated conversation progressed showed that long imprisonment and many hardships had been unable to bend the spirit.

Mr. O'Kelly said that in the Morro he was much better treated than in Fort Gerona. The officers so far as lay in their power, seemed to be attentive and considerate. But no progress was being made with his trial.

THE LUKEWARMNESS OF THE BRITISH CONSUL GENERAL, Dunlop, and of the Vice Consul, Ramsden, of Santi-

ago de Cuba, was the principal cause of his long incarceration. Turning to me, O'Kelly emphatically remarked:-"I look upon Dunlop and Ramsden as being my real jailers."

He then proceeded to recount some of the indignities put upon him in Manzanillo. In his own dry, ironical way he amused us by painting the hypocrisy and malicious cunning of the man Careres, the Alcalde of Manzanillo. He went over THE HARDSHIPS SUFFERED IN THE OLD CELL in Fort Gerona-the one that I subsequently inhabited for a couple of dreary days. He recounted

the sleepless nights passed with an armed sentry by his bedside, who was relieved every half hour with the slamming of the cell door, the ringing arms and the hoarsely whispered order to prick him with the bayonet-picarle con la bayoneta-if he moved during the night. He related the fact of having thrust into his cell at one time a criminal, and upon another occasion a drunken man. The latter became furious with intoxicated madness, and it became necessary to have him bound and placed in a separate cell,

But no fears appear to have been entertained that the defenceless prisoner might be grievously injured. He vividly painted the incidents of the night when they removed him on ship board, bound with a file of soldiers on either side, and one following close behind holding the end of the rope. Mr. Hippisley, the Commander of the British war sloop Plover, had treated him kindly, and through his interference Mr. O'Kelly had been removed to better quarters in Fort Gerona. He believed that if Hippisley had the power and authority to act that officer would have brought him home at all hazards.

A PRYING PRELATE. His Eminence the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, accompanied by some other persons, went to the Morro Castle to see Mr. O'Kelly.

"But," said that gentleman, "they did not to pay me a friendly visit, sending their names so that I might know that the call was intended for me; they stood at a distance and eyed me like some natural curiosity that was a treat to behold. so I decidedly and without remorse turned my back on the Archbishop and his friends." Taking a friendly leave of Mr. O'Kelly, it was

with the impression that we would not meet again in the island. A BRITISH OPINION.

It is worthy of record that in conversation, after my release from prison, Commander hippisley remarked to Vice Consul Ramsden:— "British influence can do nothing here; you and I, Ramsden, had better take out our naturalization

papers and become American citizens." Upon another occasion the irreppressible and irate Hippisley remarked :-

"Only think of it! That confounded Millen released after two days' imprisonment, and he charged with the same offence as Mr. O'Kelly, who is treated with such rigor; and all because Millen happens to be an American citizen. It's

preposterous." The fact is that my prompt release was looked upon with great dissatisfaction by British repre-sentatives in the island, because they saw in it a proof of American influence with the Spaniards and a sign of wholesome fear entertained by them of the American people.

The night before sailing for Havana I learned that Mr. O'Kelly was to be taken to that city, where, it was generally believed at the time, he would be liberated. By a lucky accident we were to sail in the same steamer. On our way down the bay the Villa Ciara stopped in front of the Morro Castle, whence Mr. O'Kelly was taken aboard. He was delivered over to the charge of Major Fernandez and two policemen. Mr. A. N. Young, United States Consul, Mr. F. W. Ramsden, British Vice Consul, Commander Hippisley and two other officers of the Plover came with him, and took their leave aboard the steamer.

THE JOURNEY TO HAVANA. No restraint whatever was put upon Mr. O'Kelly's actions on the way between Santiago de Cuba and Havana. He and I were uninterruptedly together on the steamer and on the cars, and, so far as I could ascertain, Major Perrandez en-deavered to discharge his duty as inomensively and in the least possible manner calculated to wound his prisoner's feelings. The obnoxious policemen were only seen at a distance, or, when

ts, were conveniently placed in some corner, so that they could see without being seen. On the evening of the 25th of last m O'Kelly and I arrived in Havans. While he west

O'Kelly and I arrived in Havana. The Captain to the office of the Chief of Staff, in the Captain to the find Mr. Leopoid General's palace, I set out to find Mr. Le Price, the HERALD'S regular correspon city. Great was my astonishment to learn that HE, TOO, WAS A PRISONER

in solitary confinement for the past four or five days. Mr. Springer, of the United States Consulate General, went with me, and imparted the particulars of the arrest to Mr. O'Kelly. Here I took final leave of my colleague, intending to start by the first steamer for New York.

The next morning I ascertained that Mr. O'Kelly was suddenly again placed in solitary confinement, and that Mr. Price continued in the same state. Under these circumstances I could do absolutely nothing for either prisoner; not even Consul General Torbert could see them. In the evening, ascertaining that Mr. Price's deposition having been taken, he was allowed to see his friends, his ily were going to see him the next morning and I determined to go also.

FORT CABANAS. The morning following, at seven o'clock, I jumped into a boat and was transported across the harbor to the foot of Fort Cabanas, where Price and O'Kelly were both confined. It is a strong fortress, built on a bluff, on the north side of the harbor, commanding and protecting the city of Havans. Like the other Spanish works on the island, it is of very old standing, wretchedly out of order and totally unfit to offer any formidable resistance to modern artillery. I did not see any guns mounted on either the casemate or barbette batteries within

After wending for some time through ch of strong masonry and yawning gateways I was stopped by a sentinel, who demanded my business. Upon seeing the officer of the guard he said that MR. PRICE COULD BE SEEN, BUT NOT MR. O'RELLY. They were in that part of the fort which is used as a military prison, near the main guard, in the body of the place.

MR. PRICE'S CELL is a bomb proof about thirty feet long by eighteen feet wide, arched overhead and closed in the rear: while in the front it looks across a dreary court yard at a similar cell, or at an unpleasant looking stone wall. His habitation rejoices in the possession of two large iron-barred, unglazed windows, with an awfully forbidding looking door between them. The floor of the cell is hard, though not quite dry. A thriving colony of rats, assisted by populous nest of cockroaches, have succeeded in beguiling the wakeful hours of Mr. Price, in a manner hardly to be appreciated. The omnipresent cot bed, a few chairs, a small table and some books ornamented this cheerful dwelling.

A PAMILY MEETING. It was a sad and touching sight to see the frank, honest face of Mr. Price, the very image of resigned and suffering innocence, turn towards me from the midst of his amiable and suffering family, extending the hand of good fellowship and welcome to his solitary cell. WHO CAUSED THE ARREST ?

All that I could learn touching Mr. Price's arrest was that the military prosecutor conducting Mr. O'Kelly's case had caused it. No reason was given to justify the proceeding, but from the nature of the questions asked the prisoner in giving his declaration, it appeared to be to find out the nature and extent of his correspondence with Mr. O'Kelly; if they used a key or cipher, and if any

UNDERGROUND MESSAGES
were habitually forwarded to the Herald. These, briefly, are the questions, so far as I know, to resolve which Price was illegally thrown into prison. Mr. Price bore his imprisonment with fertitude and manliness, but was evidently much pressed by the weight of his misfortune. Mrs. Price, two fine little fellows, her sons, and her sisters were greatly afflicted because of the temporary sufferings of Mr Price, but consoled themselves with the idea that his imprisonment would last only for a few days longer.

SPANISH MEANNESS AND CRUELTY. I was grieved to learn from Mr. Price that the night before last Mr. O'Kelly had slept on the rough, damp ground of his cell floor, not having a bed, but that last night an officer had been induc FOR A CONSIDERATION

to let him have one. The officer also told Mr. Price that Mr. O'Kelly was confined in a horrible cell, without any floor save the wet ground, and that if kept there many days it would be the death of him. This will convey the contemptible vengeance which a Spanish officer can take and how he can turn a dishonest penny without shame. Knowing that I could do nothing myself, and could not prudently venture to see the authorities, I immediately went to the British Consulate and related the whole story of Mr. O'Kelly's present suf-Mr. Dunlop.

THE ACTING BRITISH CONSUL GENERAL appeared neither to have sympathy nor pity for

"Mr. O'Kelly put his nose in the business; not only so, but his whole face." To this unfeeling remark I was too indignant to reply. Crawford deliberately said that he

WOULD NOT MOVE HAND OR FOOT excepting to save Mr. O'Kelly's life, because the imprudent and inconsiderate course observed by him in the island had brought about all the dimculties with the authorities; that foreigners had no right to expect one law for them and another

for the people of the country. A VERY PRO-SPANISH OFFICIAL. In coming to Cuba people must abide by the laws and not try to twist them to the suiting of individuals. If the authorities threw their own people

nais. If the authorities threw their own people into prison any length of time without specifying charges, foreigners were liable to the same treatment. I demurred to this proposition, but that did not signify to Crawford.

"By the way," said Consul Crawford, "you were lucky; you had a narrow escape; how did you manage to get out of prison so specdily?"

"That," said I, "you must inquire of the Captain. General; for I can only tell you that after my deposition, which was taken in presence of the United States Vice Consular Agent, Mr. Lauton, I was released."

released."
Crawford admitted that he was advised by letter from Mr. Vice Consul Ramsden of Mr. O'Kelly's coming to Hawana; that the letter had reached him before ten o'clock on the morning of the 28th—the arrival being on the night of the 25th—but that no steps whatever had been taken in favor of the prisoner. He mumbled out that if Mr. Ramsden had telegraphed in time something might have been done. He would now write to the proper authority, and try to get admission to see Mr. O'Kelly.

been done. He would now write to the proper authority, and try to get admission to see Mr. O'Kelly.

Upon returning to my hotel I found a message from Major Fernandez, desiring me to go to his quarters and receive O'Kelly's baggage. Until that moment I thought that his things, being in the hands of the government, had, of course, been given to him for use in his cell. Reaching the Major's quarters I found that he had gone out and would not return until late that night. My first care next day was to get Mr. O'Kelly's baggage and take it to the British Consulate to have it sent to Fort Cabana without delay. Positively nothing had yet been done for poor O'Kelly.

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S SARCASM.

Consul Crawford said that he had been speaking to the Captain General about my case, and that His Excellency intimated the fact of my being released under an erroneous impression as to the merits of the case. Crawford argued that there was no difference between Mr. O'Kelly's case and mine, and he could not understand why an American should be released and a British subject kept in prison under one and the same set of circumstances. The Captain General replied that if Comsul Crawford

LODGED A FORMAL INFORMATION AGAINST ME

stances. The Captain General replied that if Consul Crawford
LODGED A FORMAL INFORMATION AGAINST ME
he would order my rearrest. This, the smiling
Crawford blandly informed me, he did not fixtend
doing. In fact, he generously made me a present
of the favor of my liberty, as my arrest would in
no way assist the case of Mr. O'Keily. To this it
was my duty, as an American and as a man, to
reply that I was obliged for his good intentions,
but
PREFERRED NOT ENJOYING MY LIBERTY ON

reply that I was conget in a good inclusions, but PREFERRAD NOT ENJOYING MY LIBERTY ON SUPPERANCE from any one, and therefore advised him not to spare me, as, if it should be iound that my government did not afford the protegtion to which all Americans are entitled, I was prepared to undergo whatever punishment an arbitrary and illegal military court might in its caprice and the whim of the moment inflict upon me. The Consul sided in a discialmer of sinister intentions; but

EVIDENTLY HE WAS NOT PLEASED that Americans should not be treated with the utmost rigor of the burbarous military laws under which the people have groaned until patience ceased to be a virtue.

EXPLANATORY.

Here let me put it on record that Mr. O'Keh entirely blameless in connection with any as ance, direct or indirect, that Spanish authormight suppose him to have rendered me in reing the Cuban lines. My going there and corback are acts entirely of my own coing, out